Behind the Neighbor's Door - Part 1

Hey there folks. So here is the first part of what will eventually, slowly, become a new series here about. I guess I've been hinting at it in the Discord servers with my apartment hunting and whatnot.

I haven't been able to title it yet, so sorry about that.

I can warn already that this will be a slower burn than My Neighbor was, and I want to try to challenge myself in other ways with this one. I hope I succeed, but I've already heard good things.

Fair warning, whenever part 2 comes out, it will likely be within the good ol' tier system, for Emperors, then Kings, and then for Penguins, but for now, I hope you enjoy part 1! Let me know what you think!

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“Shit, I forgot the eggs in the car!” Grace Harris said, just as she had stepped through the door into their fairly new apartment hallway.

“I need my goddamn eggs, woman!” Nolan Buckle roared, playing up the stereotype of a trad-husband with the added rage of someone who had his meal 2 seconds late. Grace simply giggled, seeing right through him, spinning on her heels, waving her long neon blonde hair around in the process. And granting Nolan a nice ol’ view of his girlfriend's amazing butt clad in skin-tight blue jeans.

Grace Harris and Nolan Bickle had been dating for a few years, but they finally found a decent apartment in the same town where they had both gone to college, Courtington, Indiana. Nolan had originally hoped that they’d move to a proper city, but as they had been browsing for suitable apartments in Nolan’s cramped dorm room, it dawned on them how expensive that would be, especially as Grace worked as a gardener and Nolan was factory-new in his sales job.

The price ranges in the bigger cities Nolan had hoped for were sadly way out of their current price range. Plus, Nolan suspected it was mostly him who was gungho on moving away, as Grace sort of liked the small-town feel of Courtington. The opportunity of a big city was alluring for Nolan and his ambition, but if Grace liked it here, having just gotten herself a steady and exciting job as a gardener, he’d endure for a while.

So, instead of moving to the big city, Grace and Nolan found a decently sized, decently priced apartment in a small complex just outside town. Fourth floor with no one above, and just one neighbor to their left. There were two bedrooms, one could act as a home office for Nolan if

needed, one and a half baths, a decent living room, and a nice balcony with prime-time sun conditions.

When they found the apartment online, one of the main features that drew them in was the amount of sunlight they would get, especially as Grace was very much an outdoorsy person. According to the rental agency, they would have sun from it rose till it set, which was a huge win for Grace, and inadvertently Nolan's, as she loved to soak those sun rays. And there was this matted wall between the balconies which meant that she could do so in more or less her own privacy too. They only had one neighbor also, and the opposite part of the complex was at the entrance side of the building anyway, meaning their balcony faced a treeline instead, so that wouldn't really be a problem either.

So this apartment became their home. They moved in over the new year, wanting to start the year fresh in their brand-new home. Their home. The significance of that was somewhat daunting, but exhilarating for the young couple. She was 23 and him 27, yet they had already secured their first rental, and moving in together. A natural progression in their relationship, but yet so, so significant. To say they spent their first few weeks fucking like rabbits wouldn't be an understatement, as they were both quite frisky and outgoing. Both of them were still young and virile, so they enjoyed one another thoroughly.

Grace Harris and Nolan Buckle met each other while Nolan was just beginning his master's degree and Grace was starting her Major in Horticulture and Landscape Design a few years before moving in together. Grace was always the outgoing type (something Nolan had found somewhat contagious), and not particularly shy. Well, yes shy, but not shy away from a challenge, nor her interests, nor was she afraid of talking to someone strange.

This was among her many fine qualities that Nolan admired. She also had many other qualities, such as a killer body. Being outdoors a lot, and living an active lifestyle, had given Grace an amazing ass, being perma juicy, yet somehow fit and shapely. She didn't have the biggest set of boobs, but Nolan would never find himself complaining.

Her steel-blue eyes were also to die for, and how she had a smile just hovering on her lips at any given moment. Even when Nolan was being silly, Grace was graceful enough to laugh along. Nolan Buckle could easily have gotten lost in those eyes of hers, and her smile truly lit up his day.

Nolan himself was tall, with brown hair and brown eyes, with a strong face that had earned him a lot of attention in high school. That, and that he was the quarterback at a rather small school, which meant he was the king of the jungle.

“Could you grab the mail on the way too?” Nolan called after her. No response, so he went out into the open corridor. Nolan could see from here that she was already by her big SUV, out of earshot. Or, she wasn’t, but he didn’t want to make a fool out of himself by yelling out into the common parking lot.

Nolan then noticed someone in his peripheral vision. The neighbor, their left neighbor, was on his way down the corridor from where the elevators were. Nolan had never seen his neighbor in person before, just a couple of times from down in the parking lot, but now they had finally made contact.

He was a bit shorter than Nolan, perhaps around Grace's own height, but had a large beer gut and a kind of rugged, coarse face, though looked to have that blue-collar strength to him. Dark beady unkind eyes, dark, unruly hair, and a 6-day stubble spread like pepper across his pale cheeks.

Nolan couldn't quite put his finger on it, but something about the guy seemed off to him. As if he had an air of malice around him. Perhaps it was his stained sweatpants or the dirty white tank top he wore. Nolan tried to shrug it off, as he thought that this guy couldn’t be that bad. It was just because he didn't know him yet.

The two men nodded at each other in passing, then the neighbor slipped into his apartment with his newspaper under his arm while Nolan went down to fetch the mail himself.

"Anything interesting?" Grace asked, having run up the stairs.

"Of course not. There's a package from Mom, though. A present left behind," Nolan said.

"I can't believe that woman nags about us getting married. Like, are we in a rush to spend thousands of dollars on filing some paperwork?" Grace chuckled. "But she's a sweetheart though. Those socks she gave me will no doubt be a lifesaver in the winter."

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As they settled into their new home, Grace and Nolan found a nice groove. As they had gotten comfortable with their surroundings, the two of them began exploring their new town more and

more, going out and having dinner or drinks or whatever else caught their fancy. They even went dancing one night.

Their first few weeks in their new home had been filled with sex. But, as they settled in more and more, their intimate time dwindled. Nolan was worried that they'd drift apart because of it, but he figured that it was normal in a relationship. He had read up online, and people who had moved in together often reported that their sex life had been affected.

But after a while, Nolan found that it didn't bother him so much. They were still close, still cuddled on the sofa while watching TV. Even if they weren't having sex, they still made each other happy. And Nolan would do anything for Grace.

However, it seemed like Grace noticed too, taking matters into her own hands.

"Hey Nolan, could you help me out with something?" Grace called from the bathroom.

Nolan paused the video game he was playing, got off the sofa, and walked across the living room to the bathroom. Grace was standing with her back turned towards the door, wearing nothing but a bathrobe.

"Yeah? What's up?" Nolan asked, eyes scanning Grace's body. He loved how the bathrobe accentuated her shape, showing just enough to make him want more. Her hair was up in a ponytail, giving him a good look at her neck, which always drove him wild.

Then, she dropped the bathrobe.

Black strings extended from a silky garter belt, holding thigh-high stockings in place, while hugging her waist and hips perfectly. Nolan's eyes drew to her ass in a lacy thong, her ass framed like the most precious art.

"God, babe," Nolan mumbled, reaching out to Grace almost involuntarily.

She giggled, then spun around, her hair sweeping gracefully. His gaze landed upon the matching black lace bra, and then suddenly Grace closed the space between them, planting a heavy kiss upon Nolan's lips.

"Baby..." Nolan started, breaking the kiss.

"Shh," Grace replied softly, gently biting his bottom lip, before leaning in for another kiss, wrapping her arms around his neck, running her tongue along the edge of his teeth, and into his mouth. She then snaked one hand down towards his jeans and groped his dick firmly, through the fabric.

Grace opened the clasp of his jeans with a deft hand, tugging them down to his ankles, and freeing his erect cock. Grace pulled her hand up again, running her fingertips ever so gently over Nolan's length, and to his tip. A hand quickly grabbed his length, gently stroking up and down.

Nolan moaned. He would've fallen backward if the wall hadn't been behind him. Nolan leaned heavily against it, using it for support as Grace's touch started to make his knees wobble, his hips quiver, as if he were already cumming.

"Babe, you're so amazing," he muttered between staggered breaths.

"You like it when I take the initiative? We'll never grow into one of those boring couples who just sit and watch television while ignoring each other. Promise me," Grace purred, jerking him slowly, teasing the tip just a little extra.

"No we will not," Nolan grinned. "W-what brought this on?"

"You've been so patient with me. This week has been intense with me working overtime with all the snow and all(as a gardener there wasn't much gardening to do this time of year, but plowing snow was always something that needed to be done)," she said. "I'm sorry that our sex life has been so... dormant."

"Don't worry about it, babe," Nolan said. "You're worth the wait."

Grace smiled, then pressed a wet kiss against Nolan's lips, before slowly sinking down onto her knees in front of him. Her fingers trailed along the insides of his thighs as she descended, her tongue tracing over his cock as she went down. Then, Nolan felt her lips close around the tip of his cock, sucking softly, swirling her tongue around it, her lips making a tight seal.

"Fuck," Nolan muttered.

Her fingers traced along his balls, cupping them gently, her fingernails scratching softly, and sending shivers up Nolan's spine. Then she took him in deeper, slowly moving her head back and forth, her lips gliding effortlessly over his hard member, her tongue massaging every inch of it as it slid along.

Grace was never a huge fan of blow jobs, so when she finally got down to business, Nolan was beside himself with excitement. He knew that it was only because she loved him, and that it was an occasional treat for him. However, Grace had gotten good at it too.

"Oh fuck babe, I'm gonna cum," Nolan warned, trying to keep his hips still so as to not choke Grace. But she took it in stride, sliding her mouth back and forth a bit faster, taking him deeper than before.

Nolan let out a low moan, shooting his seed into her mouth, and filling it up. Grace swallowed several times, then pulled away, grinning.

"You taste so fucking good," she said, licking her lips. Nolan shuttered at her words then quickly helped her up, kissing her passionately, tasting himself on her lips.

"That was amazing," Nolan said. "But... you didn't get anything out of that."

"I know," Grace said. "I think it's time for you to go down on your knees a little bit."

God, she was so adorable, which meant that her commanding Nolan around was even more sexy. It felt so right. He had always loved being somewhat submissive to her, which wasn't something he ever thought he would say, but for her he really loved it. And the fact that she took the initiative was hotter than ever.

Nolan got down on his knees and ran his hands up Grace's thighs. The garter belt felt so smooth under his fingers. He hooked his fingers into her panties, pulling them down, then off. He pulled one of her legs over his shoulder, and dove in, letting his tongue lap at her pussy.

He knew just how she liked it.

"Fuck," she gasped, leaning her back against the wall, using it for support.

Nolan lapped at her clit, slowly and gently at first, then gradually getting faster, and harder. She was wet already, her juices sweet and savory, and Nolan wanted more. He slid a finger inside her, curling it slightly, and finding her g-spot. Grace always had a hard time orgasming, but after plenty of practice, Nolan knew his way around her pressure points, especially orally.

"Oh god, don't stop, please," Grace whimpered.

Nolan had no intention of stopping. He kept going until Grace shuddered and moaned, her body tightening around his finger, then releasing in a series of contractions. Nolan kept lapping at her until she was done, then stood up.

She leaned up to kiss him, tasting herself on his lips.

"I love you so much," she said.

"I love you too," Nolan said, grinning.

"You know, we haven't christened the kitchen yet..." she grinned back at him, winking. "Maybe if you play your cards right, you can have my ass again?"

They had tried anal for the first time not so long ago. Neither had been a virgin coming into their relationship, but it gave Nolan some sense of ego boost to know that he was the only one who owned her ass. And the rest too, but that juicy set of cheeks and the delicious valley between them had just one conqueror ever. Nolan.

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The next day, Nolan's spirit at work was utterly fantastic. Not that he was ever unhappy at work, as Nolan truly enjoyed his job. He was a salesman at a local office and was very good at it. Nolan could sell ice to an Eskimo, which made his coworkers hate him but also made him well-liked among clients (and his bosses), as he would make them feel like they were making a good decision even if they were in doubt.

He had always been good with people, and now his skills had finally been put to use in a proper job. But as he was new, he only got to handle smaller clients. The salary was good still, but Nolan wanted to show his worth.

But with images of his darling Grace wrapped up in sexy lingerie on his mind, well, he was distracted. Nolan was able to channel his lust into salesman energy, which he would use to help customers find the perfect product for them. A win-win, and his boss liked him as a result.

As the clock passed 3 PM, the boss let everyone go early on Fridays as long as they met their quotas, Nolan headed out, picking up some flowers and chocolate for Grace. She was a real sucker for the sweet things, and those sweet things combined with the amount of exercise she got from work and her general activity levels was the perfect set of ingredients for that sexy booty of hers.

He drove back to the apartment complex, whistling a tune that had been stuck in his head since this morning. He parked his car next to some old, rundown Volkswagon Golf, carefully as Nolan was known to be an awful driver, and grabbed the gifts before making his way upstairs. He hoped Grace was home, but she didn't always arrive at the same time as him, especially as she had been working overtime the last few days. Snowy weather could be a treacherous bastard. Maybe Nolan could surprise her with a nice home-cooked meal, though he suspected she got the better of him in that regard, as she often tried to get dinner ready so that they could eat together before she headed out.

However, when he opened the door, he is met with a pretty upset Grace. Her face was flushed with anger, and the way she moved around was tell-tale clues to her mood. Nolan immediately scanned his mind to think if he had done anything to offend her, but he came up empty. So what was up?

"Hey babe," Nolan said, trying to keep his voice steady, not wanting to further upset her.

"Hi Nolan," Grace said, trying to smile, but it looked more like a grimace.

"You ok?" Nolan asked.

"Yes," Grace replied, a bit too quickly.

Nolan nodded slowly, then decided to get right to the point. "What happened?"

Grace let out a heavy sigh, stirring something in a pot. "I came home a bit early today. I was out with Dora(her best friend) and went shopping, but when I got home, I was getting the mail when our asshole neighbor suddenly came up behind me and grabbed my fucking ass!"

Nolan stood there stunned for a second. "He did what?!"

"He grabbed my ass! My fucking ass, Nolan!" Grace exclaimed, almost slamming the wooden spoon she was using down on the counter. "He was like *'oh shit sorry'* or whatever, but I just... UGH!"

"Who the fuck does he think he is?" Nolan asked, feeling himself getting angrier by the second. He wasn't the type of guy to start fights or get into trouble, but he wasn't afraid of a confrontation either.

"Some asshole neighbor who needs to mind his own goddamn business!" Grace yelled, slamming the spoon down again. "Some men just think they can do whatever the hell they want to a woman just because she has an ass."

"Babe, I'm so sorry," Nolan said.

"It's not your fault," Grace said. "I just wish I could punch that douchebag in the face."

"You're not alone," Nolan replied. "Do you want me to talk to him?"

"No... it's fine. I'm just angry, but we have to live with this asshole next to us for now. I don't want to make things worse," Grace sighed.

"Well, I got you some chocolate and flowers," Nolan said, trying to lighten the mood.

"Thanks," Grace said, smiling softly. "That was very sweet of you."

Nolan hoped that was that, but images of that old creep that he had seen lurking around the building flashed through his mind. And when he went to bed that night, he found himself

thinking about what had happened to Grace, and how he wished he had been there to protect her.

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Nathan Bertsch, Nate among most people, did his morning routine like most mornings. Started a pot of coffee, then meandered his way down to his mailbox to fetch the Times. By the time he was back upstairs, the pot was ready and he'd enjoy the nice and quiet while reading the stock market like they did in the old times. He liked to follow it online too, but he enjoyed this routine since before the internet was what it is today, from when he was a fresh intern at a big holding company back in the day.

That was some years ago, Nathan has spent his years doing this and that, a few years in the joint for fraud and some other charges as well. At 49 he had enjoyed a sort of early retirement, or at least a small break before getting back into it. For the time being his savings and movement in the financial market in conjunction with his modest spending rendered him an easy life.

Nate had of course noticed that there were neighbors next door finally. The last tenants had been a nuisance. The girl had been real pretty, Nate had caught a whiff or two of her hair and she smelled like a fine cut. He had tried to get close, but they seemed to not leave their apartment much. He hadn't even gotten close enough to learn their names.

But now he had new neighbors on his right. He didn't particularly give a fuck about them, having only seen what he assumed was the boyfriend once or twice, but hadn’t given a shit about them since they kept to themselves for the most part. The other neighbor he had, at his left was Mr. Hammer, one of the “big wigs” in their complex. Hammer liked to host parties down in the yard where the pool and some fire pits were, but Nate never gave a fuck about that either. Unless there was some easy ass to be had, of course.

But one morning as he was making his way down to his mailbox, he heard someone running in the stairs, causing all kinds of echo and noisy ruckus. He'd tell whoever it was to fuck off if he ever got a chance. It was mostly annoying in the morning, as that’s when he headed down. Whoever it was usually disappeared to work or whatever, so he didn’t have a chance to ask them to calm down.

Something else that Nate found distracting on another morning on another trip to get his newspaper, almost gave him a heart attack.

Right there, bent over while searching for something in her mailbox, Nate was greeted to the grandest view of what had to be the best set of cheeks he had ever seen wrapped up in such tight jeans.

Nate stood there for a moment, staring, almost feeling a twitch in his hand to adjust his bulge. Blood was pumping into his crotch, making him swell. He wanted to reach out and touch, wanted to feel those smooth globes, to sink his fingers into them, maybe slap a cheek just to hear the sound of it.

Nate couldn't fight the urge, as it was just too juicy of an ass to ignore. Nate took a step towards her, raising his hand slightly.

And then it happened.

The woman had already closed her mailbox and had begun to stand up, when he suddenly reached out and grabbed her ass. His fingers sank into her soft flesh, feeling it give way to his touch. Her skin was smooth and firm even through her jeans, and Nate sharply drew his breath filling his nostrils with her scent. She smelled like flowers.

She jumped in surprise and whipped around, letting out a shriek. Nate instantly pulled his hand away, stepping back from her. She had a look of shock and horror on her face, but she also looked angry. Damn. It was his next door neighbor, the girl who had moved in with her boyfriend.

"What the fuck is wrong with you?" she asked, glaring at him.

"I'm sorry," Nate replied, trying to sound sincere, but he couldn't help but notice how good she looked up close. She was tall, about 5'8", about his own height. Her long neon blonde hair was pulled into a ponytail, which made her steel-blue eyes stand out even more. Even angry she looked utterly stunning.

Nate looked her up and down, noting that her jeans were tight, showing off her curves. He could see that she was fit, and probably worked out a lot. And she was wearing a white button-down shirt that accentuated her figure and her petite breasts.

He swallowed hard, feeling himself swell again.

"Don't fucking touch me!" she snapped, heading away. Nate followed her butt cheeks, watching them jiggle as she walked up the stairs. He wished he could take a bite out of them, to watch them bounce while riding him. He would grab onto her hips and pound into her until she collapsed, exhausted and spent.

Nate chuckled at his own fantasy, then turned around and headed back upstairs. He didn't have anything better to do, and he wouldn't mind seeing more of his new neighbor. Maybe he could get to know her a little bit better? Maybe his too-forward approach would bite him in the ass.

But she didn't seem as easy as the others he had tried to get to know. He hoped he hadn't fucked things up too much already. Nate's mind started to shift through his mind for a good strategy to plow that hot blonde and pound her until she forgot all about her pathetic boyfriend. She certainly didn't seem the easy type, so he had some area he had to recover, that was for sure.

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A few days passed without any other incidents. But on Thursday evening, as Nolan drove home later that day, he couldn't help but think about what had happened to Grace. Nolan could barely focus on work after she told him, and he had to cancel two appointments with clients in order to keep his emotions under control. What he found odd, however, was that yes, he was angry with Nate and he wanted to beat the shit out of him, but he was also... strangely aroused by the thought.

Images of Nate touching her ass, grabbing it, sinking his fingers into her flesh.

He was angry, sure, but Nolan couldn't deny that he was also... turned on. He was surprised by this feeling, as it was not something he'd normally feel, especially not when thinking about his girlfriend getting groped.

But still, Nolan couldn't help but feel a little aroused.

He wondered if Grace was feeling the same way, but he didn't want to ask her. He didn't want to upset her again, and he wasn't sure if he even wanted to know the answer. And as he got aroused by his girlfriend, his possible future wife, being groped, he of course felt guilt. How could he feel this way? How could he be so selfish? It was all a bit confusing.

But on that Thursday, Nolan came home to find their neighbor standing outside his door.

"Oh hey, dude," the man said.

Nolan nodded, looking him over. The man was dressed in a plain white t-shirt and black sweatpants and had a smug look on his face.

"Did you need something?" Nolan asked, trying to keep the disdain from his voice.

"Yeah, I just wanted to apologize to you. And to your girl, I guess," he said. He then extended a hand. "Nate Bertsch, by the way."

"Nolan Buckle," he replied, shaking his hand.

"So anyway, I just wanted to say sorry for what happened," Nate said.

"I appreciate the apology," Nolan said, not wanting to push it. He knew that Grace would probably want to hear an apology too, but he didn't want to make a scene right now.

"Look, man, I don't know how to behave around fine women, and your woman is among the finest I've seen. But we're to be neighbors, so I don't want us to not get along. Can you accept my apology?"

"Sure," Nolan replied reluctantly, feeling a bit awkward being confronted by this lecherous man.

"Thanks, man," Nate said, extending his hand again. Nolan shook it. "The missus home?" he asked. "I wanna apologize to her too. Never said sorry to a woman before, but I honestly feel like shit that that was her first impression of me. Not exactly how I'd like to make friends around here."

Nolan considered it for a second. He wasn't sure how Grace would take any of this, but Nate seemed sincere enough. And it was true, they had to live next to each other, especially now that they had signed the lease. And Nolan was fairly certain neither he nor Grace wanted to uproot themselves right now as the apartment was nice, as well as the area.

"I guess I can go get Grace," Nolan said. "And I have to tell you now, if you even think about pulling shit like that again, I'll fucking beat the shit out of you."

"Don't worry about that. That was just a one-time thing. And besides, it's not like I'm interested in some chick with a boyfriend," Nate said, shrugging.

Nolan stared at him for a second, then turned and entered the apartment. He didn't know what to make of the guy. He seemed friendly enough, but there was something about him that Nolan just couldn't shake. He had an air of malice about him, and it made Nolan's stomach twist with unease.

"Hey babe," Nolan called.

"Hey!" Grace replied from the kitchen. "What's up?"

"Nate is outside. Our neighbor next door. He wants to talk to us," Nolan said.

"What? Why?" Grace asked, her voice rising an octave.

"He said he wanted to apologize," Nolan said. "He seems pretty sincere."

Grace looked at Nolan for a second, then sighed. "Fine, whatever. I really didn't want to deal with this. He's our neighbor, so I guess it makes sense to go along to get along."

"Funny, that's what he said," I said, chuckling in an effort to lighten the mood. "Maybe he's just a bit old timey."

"Yeah, sure, whatever you say," Grace said.

They exited the apartment, finding Nate leaning against the wall next to the door, smoking a cigarette.

"Hey guys," Nate said, taking a long drag on his cigarette, then flicking the butt onto the ground. Nolan glared at him, but Grace simply ignored it. “So you’re Grace?”

"So what did you want to talk to us about?" Grace asked, out of patience already.

Nate chuckled. "No need to get hostile, girl. I just wanted to apologize for what happened the other day. I don't know what came over me, but I felt like an asshole afterward. I've been trying to figure out how to approach you about it since then, but I wasn't sure how to go about it. I've never been good with apologizing, especially not to women."

As Nate talked, Nolan tried to read him, trying to catch him staring at Grace in any way, but Nate maintained eye-contact for the duration of his speech. It seemed like he was sincere, but something still bothered Nolan about the man.

"I appreciate your apology," Grace said. "But I don't want you doing anything like that ever again."

"Of course not," Nate said, raising his hands in mock surrender. "I didn't mean to offend you, and I feel like a piece of shit for doing that to you, especially when you just moved in next door. If anything, I'll owe you one. Ever need anything done, I'm your guy. I can be quite resourceful when I need to."

"Well, thanks," Grace said, giving him a small smile. "I'm glad we got this sorted out, then."

"Yeah, I'm sorry too. For being angry," Nolan chimed in. "We'll have to get used to each other since we'll be living next to each other."

"True, true," Nate said, his beady eyes studying Nolan for a bit. "You watch football? Sports or anything?"

"I watch some, yeah. I played quarterback in high school, actually," I said.

"Who you got, then?" he asked.

"Chargers, of course," I chuckled as if anything else was preposterous.

"Why, I don't think we can get along after all," Nate said, though this time with a lot more humor than before. "I'm a Colts fan."

"The Colts are shit," Nolan retorted.

"Well, if you ever wanna hang out and watch the Chargers destroy the Colts, though, let me know. Beers on me," Nate chuckled. He seemed to be truthful, but his laugh didn't exactly meet his eyes.

"Haha, I'm sure we can make that happen," Nolan said.

"I'm heading inside if you two are going to discuss football all night," Grace said, rolling her eyes. It was a good sign, really, as Grace was always teasing Nolan about how he spent so much time watching sports. She would often tease him about being a big dumb jock. And her heading inside, fed up with Nolan's footballness, then she was in a better mood already.

"Sorry, babe," Nolan said.

"Well, I'd better head back in too. See you guys around," Nate said.

"Sure thing," Nolan said. "See you around."

"And once again, I'm sorry about what happened," Nate said.

"It's fine," Grace said, sighing. "I'm just glad that we can put that behind us."

"Me too," Nate replied, nodding.

Nolan and Grace entered their apartment, closing the door behind them. Grace let out a long sigh, leaning against the wall.

"That was awkward," she said. "I wasn't expecting him to come knocking on our door like that."

"I know, it was a bit weird," Nolan agreed. "But I'm glad that he came to apologize."

"I guess," Grace said. "He still gives me the creeps."

"I know, but we have to get used to him," Nolan said. "I don't want to make things worse."

"You're right," Grace said. "But I don't trust him."

"I don't either," Nolan said. "But we're neighbors now. We're stuck with him for the next few years."

Grace sighed again, rubbing her temples. "This is going to be harder than I thought."

"Hey, maybe you can plant some Fire Piranha Plants," I joked. Grace shoved at me, a plant enthusiast to say the least.

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Grace was happy they were able to move past the whole incident. She was a bit uneasy about their new neighbor, but she wanted to be the better person and move on. Besides, how much did they really have to interact with that man anyway?

Nolan had asked a few times if there had been more incidents, but luckily the answer was no.

Grace on her part enjoyed work, and life in general. She knew Nolan wanted to go to a bigger city, but he was such a loveable man for agreeing to stay here. He was always the more ambitious one, while Grace was more the settling type, perhaps because he grew up in a bigger place and she grew up mostly in the countryside.

While there wasn't much to do in the winter in regards to what one would expect out of a gardener, Grace picked up other duties. She ran her own little company that made smaller contracts, and plowing snow was one of them. Sitting in her John Deere with her neon blonde hair, looking mighty out of place, was surely a sight in itself. But she didn't care about that.

In the summer there would be more work up her alley, but for now, driving a tractor was fun and exciting. She was pretty good at it too, careful not to send heaps of snow into people's freshly shoveled driveways and whatnot.

This made Grace mighty popular, and several neighborhoods preferred her over the other roadworkers, as they weren't as careful. Some folks had wanted her to return in the summer to be just a diligent with their yards as she was with the snow.

Though Grace could be somewhat of a tomboy at times, she certainly knew how to present herself like a finer lady of a better establishment. Perhaps tomboy was a faulty term. She wasn't afraid of getting her nails dirty, unlike so many other women. As an only child of an army-dad, her father's influence ran deep into her nature, and that made her confident in how she handled an enormous tractor with ease, and due to her mother being the woman she was, Grace also carried herself with an air of sophistication.

Grace and her big ass drove into their neighborhood, doing her last run before hopefuly wrapping up for the evening. Hauling snow off a busy street was a lot of worke and was mostly done in the dark, as her colleagues at the city road crew kept the day shift. Grace had only contracted the nights and evenings, plus emergencies during, as it was much better paid work. But at least she could sleep late, spend hours dragging her ass out of bed, go to cafés and whatnot during the day, and enjoy the few rays of sun that winter offered them by being outdoors. Either hiking or just enjoying a warm cup of cocoa on their balcony.

While Grace didn't hold any ill will toward office folks, she sure was happy she wasn't one of them. Even if Nolan wanted to earn enough money so she wouldn't have to work, she loved being her own boss, and not relying on her boyfriend whenever she wanted to buy something, or just to enjoy her womanly independence.

And for the time being, he wasn't exactly bringing home money as good as what her business brought home.

"Heh, you sure know your way around some big tools," a rusty voice said between a few coughs of cigarette-fumed breath. It was Nate, who else.

"Ever driven one of these?" Grace asked, ignoring the innuendo.

"Nah, I'm a city boy at heart," Nate chuckled, before shuffling his way back inside the apartment building. "I've had the odd job doing this and that in my hay days, but I prefer my hands clean and ready."

Grace parked her tractor for the night, hoping there would be no sudden snowfalls and no emergencies either. She just wanted to jump in the tub with her oils and her cream and relax the shit out of the rest of the evening. Nolan had gone to an important client dinner and then had to drive them to the airport, which meant Grace had the apartment to herself for the evening.

From a hard-working, tractor-driving roadworker to a relaxing young woman in her early 20s with her face covered in cream, a shitty Stephen King novel, and some wine. Grace wasn't afraid of breaking a few social norms, as long as she was comfortable, but sometimes behaving like the proper woman she was was just the right cure after a hard day. At least as much of a cure as one might get from reading Stephen King's yack.

"God how beautiful you are," Nolan said, emerging in the doorway, tilting a glass at her. "Though I think there are too many bubbles," he teased.

"How'd the client thingy go?" Grace asked, tipping her glass as well, a small toast between the two.

"Well," Nolan began, sitting at the edge of the tub, starting a tale of which Grace heard none of. It wasn't because what he said wasn't important or uninteresting, but his perfectly deep voice slowly going over the details of his dinner was the most soothing thing Grace could think of.

Nolan had many qualities, but those kind brown eyes glinting with excitement and his three-day stubble along with his sexy voice were just an absolute winner in Grace's book. Nolan was perfect.

"Anyway, I think you'd make an awesome addition, as I pitched the idea for having you included as the chief landscape architect and manager to the bigger contract with them," Nolan was saying, but was met with a drooly grin of Grace's. "You ok?"

"Mmmh," Grace answered. "Wait what now? Me?"

"Yeah. I was thinking the city could use a firm hand like yours when they plan to expand that industrial lot outside town," Nolan smiled. "Make it green and more graceful, pun intended. The client loved that pun."

"Oh, well that would be interesting, for sure. How far in the future is the thing?"

"Maybe... five years down the road. If you want, of course. You still have your company running and you'd have more clients lined up, but this gives some backbone and portfolio, I think," Nolan said.

"Wow," Grace said. It wasn't unusual for Nolan to be unselfish, and often go out of his way to satisfy Grace, but this meant locking themselves to the small town for at least a few years. Which meant he wanted to stay. "So you don't want to go to Chicago."

"We can do that later if we want. We're still young," Nolan smiled. "Anyway, I'm hitting the bed. Say 'hello' to Dora for me. That was tomorrow right?"

Grace nodded, but before Nolan got anywhere, she sat up, grabbed his tie, and pulled him in for a nice thank-you kiss. "Thank you, boy toy," she whispered in his ear. "And walk slowly out of here."

"My pleasure," Nolan answered, straightening, turning to leave with a wink and a smile.

*

Nate was happy that he had been able to make amends with the young couple next door. Sure, it had been somewhat of a stiff interreaction, but with time Nate knew he'd get on their good side. Especially that girl Grace, what an ass on her. Prime hips for carrying a kid or two, and those eyes of hers... Nate could hardly wait until those eyes furrowed in pleasure while he filled her up. He would fuck her senseless, pounding her into submission.

But he'd need to get her alone first. That guy Nolan seemed to be a bit of a cockblocker... but everything in good time. There was no rush. In fact, he sensed that he'd have to make waves before things would finally give way. And if things went his way, well, he'd be in for a treat.

Per his routine, though molded a bit to fit Grace's as she seemed to work evenings a lot, Nate limped his way down to the elevator, hitting the button to call it up. The thing was quite modern, so Nate was soon down by hallway where all the mailboxes were. And again, Nate was treated to a fantastic view of Grace's ass. She stood there, flicking through some envelopes, not paying any attention to him.

Slowly, his hand crept toward his crotch, having to adjust it from how tight his sweatpants were getting. The fabric of his pants would stretch and cause some attention, which would undo his apology the last time they spoke.

Grace then side-glanced him and turned, noticing him. Luckily his hand had snuck far away from his crotch. This one would be worth the work, so he didn't want to scare this one right away, not like he did last time. Though, she'd be scared enough once she saw his beefy cock pushing into her, making her feel stars, making her feel things she had never felt before.

But for now, he had to make her realize she could trust him when it was just the two of them.

"Hey there, Nate," she said suspiciously.

"Cheers," Nate smiled, prying his eyes away from her. He had to act modest. He wracked his brain on social etiquette. "How... do you find the building?"

"It's nice. Good conditions for lots of good Sun. The grass could do some maintenance, but it's not even spring yet so I guess it's fine–" Grace said.

Nate couldn't decide if he wanted to shut her up with his big hard cock, or if he liked the way those pretty lips moved as she spoke. Would it be too bad if he'd ask her to turn around again? However, from the front, she looked flawless as well. Those hips would look beautiful around Nate's waist, soft calves pressing into his lower back as he broke her in.

"– so he's working a lot, but it means I get all the nice and quiet, right?" Grace said.

"Right. Wait, who's working late?" Nate asked.

"Nolan," Grace said. Her tune was less hostile now, which made Nate feel better.

"Well, I hope you guys are happy here. We'll be neighbors for a while," Nate said. He had to play up the nice neighbor persona.

"Yeah, we are. It's nice to finally have neighbors who are friendly," Grace smiled. "I'm sure Nolan and I will warm up to you, eventually. Just... give us some time."

"Sure thing," Nate said, trying not to sound too enthusiastic. "Take all the time you need."

"Thanks," Grace said. She then started walking towards the stairway, causing her hips to sway hypnotically. "See you around, Nate."

"See you," Nate said, his eyes following her until she disappeared up the stairs.

The next few mornings, they had very similar interactions at the mailboxes. With time though, Grace seemed to be more and more relaxed, as if she didn't mind talking to him anymore. It was a good sign, and Nate knew he was getting closer to his goal. He couldn't wait until she was under him, crying out for more.

He was sure he'd be able to break her spirits and make her his if he only was given half a chance. People seemed to like to underestimate Nate, but he knew very well his way around the soft features of a woman's body. He knew exactly where to touch, how to move, and what to say, to get a woman hot and bothered. To make her want more. And once he got her in his bed, he would show her a good time.

And Grace would be no different.

"So, Grace, you're a gardener?" Nate asked one morning as they were collecting their mail.

"That's right. I love working with plants," she said.

"You know, the rail in our corridor faces the sun mostly during the morning, so you'd probably be able to grow something there. I won't mind if you use the rail in front of my door either," Nate offered. It wasn't the grandest gesture, but it was a pinky toe in the door.

"Really? That would be awesome!" Grace smiled. "I was thinking about growing some herbs and stuff, especially some that might not like too much sun and a bit of a chilly environment."

"Oh yeah, you'd definitely be able to do that. Heh, maybe you can help me get some plants going myself. God knows I could use the better air," Nate chuckled. He had read somewhere that plants gave better oxygen in apartments, especially modern ones.

"Heh, maybe," Grace said. A maybe if fifty percent no and fifty percent yes. Grace's maybe was at least ninety percent no. "Anyway, I have to go now. I'm heading for coffee with my friend Dora. I'll see you later."

"Later. Say hi to your friend from me," Nate said, waving at her as she went. He had a feeling that his offer was a bit much, but then again, it was in a more playful setting, he figured.

*

Weeks rolled by as Nolan worked at Calhoun Holding, and Grace's late shifts started to dwindle. It wasn't often, but he had used his contacts and his position as a salesman and landed her a nice gig where she got to prepare a huge area outside the town for some industrial stuff. Mostly set up the internal infrastructure, make some nice areas with lawns and trees and whatnot, a contract that would last for a good while. Spring was almost here, just a month or two away, so there was less and less snow to deal with, so she had already started drawing schematics and blueprints for how she wanted it to look. She had pretty much all the freedom she wanted, except that she needed to leave space open for where the building would emerge (which was the contract Nolan initially worked on.)

Grace had told Nolan she had talked with Nate here and there when they both fetched the mail and that he seemed nice enough for the most part, but it was pretty obvious that he was still checking her out.

"But I guess that can't be helped," Grace said.

"He's warm-blooded, what can I say?" Nolan replied, wanting them both to move past this, and tried to play it casual. Like they had said so many times, they'd warm to him eventually. "As long as he doesn't make a move on you."

"I don't think he will. He's actually been pretty nice to me, though," Grace said. "He glances here and there, but I don't think there's anything more to it."

"He has been kinda nice to me too, actually," Nolan said. Whenever Nolan would come home late, he'd always exchange a few words with Nate. It wasn't every evening, but it was like an icebreaker after tense workdays. Nolan was also glad that they were getting along with their neighbor. It made things more comfortable for all parties involved.

"Well, I'm glad," Grace said, leaning in and kissing Nolan.

"Mmm... me too," Nolan replied.

"I missed you," Grace said, biting her lip. She was wearing one of Nolan's t-shirts, which hung loosely on her. She looked sexy as hell. And now that the obligatory *'how was your day'* was out of the way, it was time to to end this mediocre day on a high note.

"I missed you too," Nolan said. "We've been so busy lately..."

"I know," Grace hissed sexily, reaching under the covers and taking his dick in her hand. Her fingers were soft and warm, and her touch felt amazing. He grew hard quickly under her grasp.

"Oh god, Grace," Nolan moaned. "I can't wait until you're my wife."

"That's right," Grace said, stroking him up and down, squeezing gently. "And you're going to be my husband. Want me to show you how husbands get treated around this place?"

Nolan's hand was quickly guided up until it found her perfect ass, and he wasted no time in letting his fingers sink into the soft flesh. He couldn't believe that it belonged to him, that he was allowed to touch it. And Grace loved it when he played with her ass. She often asked him to massage and squeeze her ass when they had sex, and sometimes she would even ask him to slap it. Nolan was more than happy to oblige. And whenever she let him have her ass, well, that was the best.

Grace let out a low moan, grinding her hips, rubbing her clit with his erection. She was wet already, her juices soaking his dick. It felt amazing, and Nolan couldn't wait any longer. He wanted to be inside her.

He pushed her down onto the bed, causing her to giggle. He quickly positioned himself between her legs, spreading her knees wide. Grace wrapped her calves around his waist, pulling him

close. Nolan kissed her passionately as he pushed into her. She felt amazing, her walls squeezing around his cock.

Nolan began thrusting, slowly at first but soon picked up the pace. Grace's moans were driving him wild, and he knew that she wouldn't last long. Her orgasms were always a hard feat, but tonight he could feel that it wouldn't be too difficult. She was already soaking wet, and her moans were getting louder.

"Oh god, Nolan," Grace moaned. "Oh fuck, I'm so close."

Nolan kept thrusting, going harder and faster. Grace's body started to shake, her walls tightening around his cock, and with a small cute yelp, she came. Nolan followed suit, shooting his seed deep inside her. They stayed like that for a while, holding each other, basking in the afterglow.

"I love you so much," Grace whispered.

"I love you too," Nolan replied.

The next few days, Nolan had some late nights at work, so when he got home, Nate was usually still awake. It was a good time to get to know him better, and Nolan actually found himself enjoying the talks with Nate. He was funny, in his own way, and he always had some interesting stories to share. Nolan often found himself laughing along, even though some of the stories were a bit inappropriate.

Nate would always ask Nolan about Grace too, but more in a friendly way, rather than what Nolan would first expect from this guy. From how they met to what degrees the two had, and of course how Grace’s small business was doing. And on that note, Nate and Nolan seemed to have a few things in common.

For one, Nate used to be a sales rep himself, though at a much larger company in Chicago, much bigger than Calhoun Holdings where Nolan was at now. Apparently, he had worked from selling vacuum cleaners and worked his way into a paid internship, and got a decent career from there on out.

"But I'm sure you'll drag that little pot shop you're at out from the gutter," Nate chuckled. Nolan enjoyed Calhoun Holdings a lot, so Nate demeaning it didn't sit right with him. But like with so many other things with Nate, he'd endure. Besides, the best way to prove him wrong was indeed to be part of the team and build them toward new heights.

"They're always expanding, so I hope so. The PR branch is in the bid to help Mona Marcetto with her campaign," Nolan said.

"Marcetto, eh? Never took you for a Republican. She's a vengeful type, but very popular," Nate mused. "I wonder who'd be better, her or Gina Strom."

"Oh yeah, they're both popular," Nolan nodded.

"Though, I'd have to say that Gina is much hotter," Nate chuckled. "Have you seen her ass?"

"I mean, she's pretty hot," Nolan said, offering a smile. He didn't always indulge in locker room talk, especially not when it came to women, but he wanted to be nice. And Gina was indeed quite attractive. But so was Mona, in a much more fierce way.

"So, tell me about Grace. You said she was in college for plants and shit, what is that? Is that like farming or something?" Nate asked, taking a drag of his cigarette.

"Yeah, she's studied horticulture," Nolan said. "She works for the county, actually. Maintaining the parks and whatnot, keeping the campus good and nice-looking. And that new industrial lot outside town? She's developing the green areas and the roadmap out there."

"Yeah, she told part of it. Huge contract, I bet you made her happy with that one," Nate said. "I actually have some contacts in the city too, and in the county, should she need more contracts. I mean, I can't make promises, but who knows? Anyway and by the way, Hammer is hosting a barbecue next weekend down in the yard. Not this one, but the one coming next week, I mean. I never go, especially when it's this fucking cold, but if you fine folks are interested in integrating yourselves with the folks around here, I bet that's a good way," he said, tossing a thumb over his shoulder toward his left neighbor.

"Ah. We have guests, actually," Nolan replied. It sounded fine enough, but she wasn't sure if dragging their friend to something meant for the community was fine.

"Hammer has always been the generous type," Nate said. "Anyway, whatever your S.O.'s cooking smells good, so I won't keep you."

When it was finally Saturday, it was Nolan's turn to do the groceries, do the cooking, and let Grace off the hook. It wasn't on purpose that they fell into the traditional roles where she did most of the heavy lifting, but Nolan simply had longer days. So he made sure to make her feel appreciated during the weekends at least. And whenever he could in the weeks.

So with several bags of groceries, he was on his way up, excited to test this new recipe. Some clam sauce that was perfect for many different dishes.

But as he exited the elevator on the fourth floor, he heard the angelic voice of Grace down the corridor. But it wasn't just her that Nolan heard, there was a rougher but familiar voice too, one reminiscent of rusted nails in a bucket of sand.

As Nolan was about to exit the stairwell, he saw his girlfriend standing outside their apartment, fiddling with some plants on the rail outside the corridor. Slightly bent over so that her ass looked even better, her wideset hips giving her such an alluring arch. Her ass looked so squeezable, so touchable, and Nolan felt a familiar stirring in his loins.

Next to her, keeping her company was the wide frame of Nate endlessly grunting a somewhat conversation with her. It was Grace's good nature that she hadn't told him to fuck off. Plus, from the tone, it didn't seem to Nolan that the conversation was anything bad or forced.

As the two talked, as Grace was distracted with her plants, Nolan saw Nate was pretty obviously checking out Grace's ass while he thought she wouldn't notice. It wasn't unusual for men to ogle her, as she looked amazing in whatever she wore. But it was a bit different when it was your own neighbor who had already groped her. A disgusting old man who had no business ogling someone over half their age. Nolan felt himself tense up, feeling that old football player's strength returning to his body. He knew that Grace could handle herself, but he didn't want her to have to.

Nate was staring at Grace's ass with his beady little eyes, Nolan clenched his fist and was about to step forward, when he suddenly froze. Instead of jealousy, or in addition to jealousy rather, Nolan felt... something else. He didn't know what, but it was like arousal, but not quite. Nolan felt his cheeks flush as he watched Nate look at his girlfriend's perfect ass, and Nolan found himself wishing Nate would do something.

And the way that Grace's ass was presented, as if she was asking for it, begging for it, made Nolan feel dizzy. It was all in his imagination, but yet so vividly on display right in front of him. But instead of stepping forward to defend his woman, he leaned back against the wall of the stairwell, wanting to stay hidden. Grace was wearing a loose jacket and some leggings, which

clung tightly to her legs and accentuated every curve of her body. It hugged her ass so perfectly, so beautifully, showing it off to its best abilities.

Nate was obviously loving it too, as he quietly moved closer towards Grace, standing right behind her, getting a good angle of the prize. His hands were moving too, as if he wanted to touch as if he wanted to grab that soft flesh, feel how good those cheeks felt with his bare hand against her silky smooth skin. It wasn't outside the realm of possibilities for Nate to do something like that, they all knew that. And Nolan almost wished he would. What was wrong with him? Did he want his own girlfriend of almost 4 years to be ravaged by their disgusting old neighbor?

His thoughts were interrupted as he watched Nate slowly, carefully adjusting his sweatpants. Nolan saw Nate's hand move slightly, almost as if he was jerking off. He was looking at Grace's ass and touching himself! What a disgusting old pervert! But as Nolan thought about that, he felt his cock stir. He looked down and saw that he was already hard, tenting the front of his own jeans.

Was this how all their conversations went? Nate subtly jerking off, checking out Grace's ass while talking to her about random shit? How did Grace feel about it? Did she even notice? Was she enjoying it? Nolan thought that maybe she was, but she would never admit it. She loved him, and she would never cheat on him. Or perhaps he wanted her to enjoy it. Maybe some sick part of him wanted her to take pleasure in showing off to this creep who was older than her dad, and twice her own age.

Nolan snapped back to reality, deciding it was time to make his presence known.

"Hey guys, how's it going? Are those bay leaves coming along?" Nolan said, trying to sound more confident than he felt just then.

"Nolan!" Grace said cheerfully, turning to Nolan and giving him a hug. "I didn't hear you come in. Look who's here!" She certainly sounded way more enthusiastic about their neighbor than she did a few weeks ago.

"Neighbor," Nate greeted, giving Nolan a dirty look. Did he know Nolan had spied on him? Certainly not. Nolan was just imagining things.

"Well, thanks for keeping my girlfriend company, but we need to get ready for dinner," Nolan said, ushering Grace inside.

"See you later!" Nate called.

"It was nice seeing you again," Grace said, waving goodbye.

"Bye," Nate said, his eyes lingering on Grace for a moment before he went back into his own apartment.

Nolan hurried Grace inside as his excitement levels were on another planet.

Grace giggled. "Someone's happy to see me," she mused, as Nolan tore off her apron, her tight jeans shortly after.

"Been a long day," Nolan excused. He wasn't sure if he could tell Grace about his taboo debased fantasies, but he hoped to take it out on her at least.

"The pasta will overcook," she moaned as Nolan kissed her neck. He loved hearing her moan, and he was sure to elicit a few more sounds from her tonight.

"Fuck it," Nolan hissed, taking her to the floor of their small hallway, pulling at the zipper in the front of his own pants. He had to have her now.

"Woah, baby. Slow down there," Grace groaned, though that moan changed a few decibels as soon as he penetrated her. Grace never protested when he took charge and gave her all the rough treatment she could have asked for. "Oh god, yes. Fuck me, Nolan."

Nolan was already close. Watching Nate rub himself to Grace had set something off inside him. Something dark. Something... taboo. It was like something primal, something carnal. It was like he had to claim Grace as his own, to save her from his dark fantasies.

"Shit, babe. I can't. I'm so close," Nolan moaned, thrusting into her as hard and fast as he could.

"Yeah? Are you gonna cum inside me?" Grace asked, her eyes half-closed as she savored every thrust. She loved it when he finished inside her, and that always seemed to push her over the edge.

"Yeah," Nolan moaned.

"Then do it. Fucking fill me up, Nolan," Grace ordered, pulling him even deeper into her, nails scraping his scalp as her hands cradled his head.

That was all Nolan needed. With a shudder and a few loud grunts, he exploded inside her. He kept thrusting, even as he had finished his own climax. He could never get enough of Grace. Her smell, the way her voice sounded, how soft her skin was. She bore no signs that she knew where the sudden passion came from.

"I love you, woman," Nolan hissed, kissing her everywhere he could reach.

"I'm glad to be appreciated," Grace laughed, a hand sneaking down to clutch one of his still-thrusting ass cheeks.

*

Nolan felt quite a bit of shame and a smidge of humiliation at what had transpired during the weekend. He had never been the jealous type, but watching another man ogle his girlfriend's ass like that, watching him stroke himself while doing it, and enjoying it, made Nolan feel things he had never felt before. He would have expected to be angry, or sad, but instead, he had felt... aroused.

And that in itself was incredibly emasculating, which was far from what Nolan felt himself to be. And he felt even more emasculated as he thought about it more. There was some pride in having such a hot girlfriend, but creeping on her and *him* like that... He wasn't sure why he found it so hot, but the more he thought about it, the more he couldn't deny the fact that he had enjoyed watching his girlfriend being checked out. Especially by a guy like Nate, who they knew could be a sleazy perv. Though, with time Nate had sort of become a friend of Nolan’s, as well. He was just having a look, for sure, and Nate hadn’t made a too offensive comment about her still.

He thought about telling Grace about it, but he couldn't bring himself to do it. It would be too embarrassing. Besides, he didn't want to upset her. And he knew that she didn't like Nate. So

instead, he kept it to himself, trying not to think about it. But whenever he did think about it, he couldn't help but feel aroused.

On Monday, as Nolan was preparing for work, Grace had already left for a hike with her friend Dora. She liked to get out and about as much as possible, and working a lot of nights and evenings meant she had the best part of the day open for a lot of walks. As she had exited their apartment, though, Nolan had found himself wondering if Nate would be rubbing himself while watching Grace leave.

He wasn't sure why he even thought those thoughts, but he felt like he was doing something wrong. Even as he was doing nothing but thinking, Nolan couldn't deny that the idea of Nate rubbing himself while watching Grace's ass made him feel... excited. It made him feel like a bad boy, being excited by his girlfriend being looked at. He couldn't deny that it was kind of hot, but Nolan didn't know where this was coming from, or what was happening to him.

He wondered what would've happened if he wasn't there... would Nate dare to try something? Would he actually grab her ass again? Or maybe try to do more? Nolan had always been protective of Grace, but in this instance, he felt like he could trust her to handle herself. Nate was perhaps the last person Grace would've touched like that, but somehow that was part of the allure. Maybe Nate was disgusting enough that he would do something to Grace that she would never allow Nolan to do.

And that was the most confusing thing: why would he even think that? It was like his brain and dick were on two different wavelengths. His brain thought it was wrong, but his dick kept getting hard whenever he thought about it. And it made him feel even more confused. Why did it make him feel this way? Was he gay? No, he still liked women, still liked Grace. But he still found the thought of another man touching her arousing.

So many questions swirled in Nolan's head as he drove to work. He tried to think about something else, anything else, but his mind kept wandering back to the events of the weekend before. He wanted to stop thinking about it, but at the same time, he wanted to keep thinking about it, to keep imagining things. He felt guilty for even thinking this way and was even scared that his mind might wander if he didn't stop himself.

But most importantly, he wanted to know why he was feeling this way.

As Nolan sat on his computer, after checking over his shoulder and around his cubicle, he found himself browsing the internet. He had been googling some words related to what he was experiencing, and he was finding quite a few things that seemed to describe how he was feeling. He was finding terms such as cuckold, hotwife, and other terminology.

He didn't really understand all the words and their nuances, but he understood the concept. People who liked watching their partners have sex with other people. Was that Nolan? Did he like the thought of Grace having sex with other people? It sure did make him feel something. He kept reading, trying to learn more, and as he did, he found that he was starting to understand why he was feeling this way.

He had always been attracted to Grace's body, and the thought of someone else touching it made him feel jealous. But at the same time, it made him feel excited. The concept and idea of seeing her naked with another man was so hot, an unbelievable thrill, and the thought of her being pleasured by someone else was just too much for him to handle. He was getting hard again, and while there was shame, he knew what he was feeling now.

But Nate was so… much older than Grace. And so… Nolan hated people who thought this way, but that creep was just so ugly. He had a big beer belly, and Nolan didn't think he'd ever seen him clean-shaven. But there was something about seeing Nate rubbing his cock while looking at Grace's ass that just did it for Nolan. It was like a dangerous fire that Nolan wanted to play with, even though he knew it could hurt him, and them.

And that made him feel guilty. He shouldn't be feeling this way. He shouldn't be getting turned on by the thought of his girlfriend being touched by another man. He should be angry, should be protective, should be jealous. But instead, he was getting off on the idea.

He had never thought of himself as being into anything like this, but it was undeniable that this was something Nolan got excited about. Perhaps… some innocent, but indiscreet exploration would do the trick?

He was of course way too ashamed to say anything to Grace, she'd toss him out for sure. But Nolan wanted to see more, wanted to feel more. He wanted to know what it would be like to watch his girlfriend being pursued by someone else. Just to see how she'd react, just feel that incredible burn that would come with it. It would be dangerous, but if it was just a look, then it would be fine. Right?

Nolan felt his heart beating faster and faster as he thought if this was something he was legitimately planning to do. He knew it was risky, but he couldn't help himself. He had to do it. He had to see what would happen. It wasn't something major, but just to dip his toe. Most of it would be in his head anyway.

But nothing that was too far. Was this really obtainable? The more he thought about it, the more he realized that he wanted to try. He wanted to see if he could make it happen. He wanted to see if he could make Grace want to cheat on him. If only just a little bit. If anything, just to see the two interact... he'd add the dangerous bits in his head for himself. No harm done.

As Nolan sat at his desk at work, he realized that this was something he needed to explore, even on a minuscule level.

The next day, as Nolan got home from work, he saw Nate standing outside his apartment, talking to Grace. The two of them seemed to be having a good conversation, though, from Grace's stiff smile, Nolan could tell that she was uncomfortable with Nate's presence still. Nolan approached them, and Nate turned to leave, giving a short wave and excuse.

Nolan felt bad for Grace, and guilt started to well up as he more or less objectified her with his fantasies, not considering how she might feel about it. And who the fuck knows what sort of guy Nate truly was? He was friendly but had also shown a more sleazy side. However... something was alluring about that too... But Nolan had to let this whole thing rest.

"Hey babe," I said, kissing Grace on the cheek.

"Hi," she said, smiling. "Just talking to Nate... I don't know, he gives me a bad vibe. Like, he's always checking me out."

"I know what you mean, but at least we know now he’s mostly harmless," Nolan said, trying to sound supportive. "But hey, let's go inside and forget about him."

"Sounds good," Grace said. "Remember that Dora is coming over later."

"Right," Nolan replied. Dora was Grace's best friend, a raven-haired girl with a sultry smile and a killer, tight body. She was never the biggest fan of Nolan, though. "Are we going out or something?"

"No, she's helping me paint the bathroom," Grace replied. "And probably sleep over as well."

"She'll join us for the thing Mr Hammer is throwing?" Nolan asked, curious if his idea would go anywhere.

"I think so," Grace said. "Why do you ask?"

"No reason," Nolan said, shrugging. "Just curious."

"Nate even asked if I could introduce him. That old sleaze bag," Grace chuckled. That got a laugh out of Nolan as well. Dora had an attitude and a half. She'd eat Nate for breakfast. "I told him he better stay clear. She might be married, but she's the one he'd worry about."

"That's true," Nolan said.

"Anyway, enough about Nate," Grace said, rolling her eyes. "Let's forget about him and focus on dinner."

"Sure," Nolan said, kissing her again.

"And dessert," Grace added coyly.

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Grace sat at a café, the table filled with sketches of how she wanted to utilize the area she was set to design the landscape of the property outside town. This type of work, while related, was a mile away from the day-to-day landscaping she had done before. Though, she did look forward to laying new asphalt, as those rollies were a blast to drive.

“Oaks can be quite nice,” Dora quipped, slowly flicking through a few pages of a magazine. She looked quite bored, but then again she always did. Being married to her husband Greg, a guy with a well-paid job, the raven-haired beaut was bored to tears as Greg wouldn’t hear a word of her working.

Dora wasn’t a city planner and had no interest in landscape design herself, but she used any excuse to get out of the house, as she was utterly bored.

“Yes, they are, but they take a lot of space. While numerous, oaks won’t fit these small patches I’m to decorate. I only wish I knew what sort of industry they were planning here. Then I could go with a theme perhaps, but I might just go with something standard. If only I knew what ‘something standard’ was,” Grace said, folding a paper plane out of one of her sketches, and sending it gliding into a bin.

“I don’t get why you bother with this. Tell Nolan to suck up and get a better salary, then you don’t have to plan city bouquets or whatever,” Dora said, slumping back in her chair.

“And be bored to tears like you? No, thank you,” Grace chuckled, getting a scowl from Dora. She was never the biggest fan of Nolan’s, but the two had known each other since high school, and eventually the same college. Dora went to some fancy pantsy makeup thingy but dropped out just before graduation. “Besides, I’m the one who’s keeping us here. And Nolan is gentleman enough to indulge.”

“He needs to fuck some sense into you then. There’s nothing here,” Dora sighed.

“You’re the one who decided to get married too soon,” Grace chuckled, nudging her friend’s shoulder.

“Don’t pretend you wouldn’t say yes if Nolan popped the question,” Dora shot back.

“I don’t want to think about that yet,” Grace said, downing the rest of her coffee. "All I want is my afternoon coffee date with you while I get to complain about my job. I've complained, and now I'm out of coffee. So see you later, sis!" Grace gave her pouting friend a peck before she drove all the papers off the small coffee table and shoved them back into the abyss of her backpack.

"Let me buy you another one," Dora said. Grace slumped down and shrugged her shoulders. "Thanks. It's too early to go home yet. At least for me. So how's that neighbor? Still staring at your ass?"

"You bet. Though, I've gotten used to it. I guess it can’t be helped. I mean, he's mostly nice actually, and he and Nolan get along pretty well. I hear them talking outside after Nolan gets back from work. Not every day, but close to it."

"I can't believe Nolan hasn't told him to fuck off yet," Dora scoffed. "Greg would've. He is so possessive."

"There's a balance, I think," Grace said. "Besides, we can't really have him tossed out yet."

"If he ever touches you, you can. The building has to," Dora said.

"I'm not sure... though, he has touched me. Once. He grabbed my ass way before we knew each other. It was, like, such a violation of consent," Grace said, twiddling her straw a bit. "But Nate got flustered as hell when it happened, and he said he was sorry and has been on good behavior ever since so we've forgiven him."

"Dude, that's pretty fucked up," Dora said, eyeing Grace carefully. There was more than just concern behind that look, however, but then, Dora was dying for anything exciting, even if it was minute gossip like this. "Why would you forgive him after that?"

"We have to live next to each other. Sure, we don't have to be best friends, but getting that stuff out of the way sure helps. He's quite the chatter too, always interested in hearing how my business is going and seeing that I take care of the herbs I've got in the corridor," Grace explained. "But I don't wanna focus on the negative. Live's too good for that."

"I wish I had your optimism," Dora sighed."Greg wants kids, and here you are, building a solid foundation with your future husband. I'm an old hag before I'm even old."

"Don't be like that. My parents had me young, and look at them now? Loving life without breaking a hip," Grace said.

"Again with the fucking optimism," Dora said, though this time with a slight smile. "At least we're getting drunk at that party, eh?"

"We should be able to make that happen, yes," Grace smiled. "But only if you promise to be nice to Nolan. He's not the useless douchebag you want him to be."

"Spineless was my verbiage, but fine," Dora said. "I'll be nice."

The two chatted for a while about the good ol' days for another hour before they parted ways, leaving Grace to go grocery shopping and for Dora to go get Greg something. However, the conversation made Grace realize a few things. The first was that she and Nolan were doing very

well. They were almost four years together, they didn't fight, and their communication and connection were good.

The second was that Grace swore to never grow as bored as Dora was. She felt bad for her friend, but Greg had a good name and had a good job, so it probably seemed easy at the time.

They weren't exactly the rich elite, but there wasn't anything more challenging, at least for Dora, anyway. And honestly, it was pretty miserable, hearing her rant about every little boring detail, the mind-numbingly dull hours. But Grace wanted to be a good friend, so she listened to all of it.

Later, as Grace got home from her day at the 'office', she was unloading groceries from her big SUV. She'd likely have to go two rounds, but she didn't mind the exercise. Speaking of which, the forecast for the weather gave prime conditions for a hike tomorrow. Perhaps she could bring her work along too, and drink warm cocoa while planning what kind of shrub went best with gray concrete walls.

"Need any help with that?" Nate's gravel voice suddenly asked. He was shuffling his way over to her in nothing but a large t-shirt, stained sweatpants, and slippers. He was an unpleasant sight, but aside from the frequent stares he had proved himself to be a likable enough of a guy. Or, acceptable, perhaps.

"Sure!" Grace said. "If it's not too much trouble. It would save me a trip!"

"Heh, you'll owe me one," Nate chuckled.

"If you ever need help with your plants or lack thereof, I'm your gal," Grace smiled.

"You got it," Nate said, grabbing a bag and following Grace inside. He was a lot less talkative than normal, though. But it wasn't like they knew each other that well yet.

"I can take it from here," Grace said once they reached the door. For some reason, she didn't want Nate in her and Nolan's apartment. He was nice enough nowadays, but perhaps it was because he had already touched her ass before.

"Alright, well, you know where to find me if you need any more help," Nate said, handing Grace the last bag of groceries. He looked like he wanted to say something else, but after a brief

pause, he just turned around and walked back to his apartment. Grace watched him go for a moment, wondering if she had offended him somehow.

She shrugged and headed into her apartment. She put the groceries away and then began preparing some food ready for the barbecue this weekend. She was looking forward to having a good time and eating some good food, so she hoped it would be fun. And maybe she'd get a chance to do some networking, as well. She was looking forward to the event, even though Dora was joining them. She didn't mind her, not at all, she just hoped she kept to her promise and behaved herself.

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Even though it was halfway through the week, the weekend seemed like such a distant mirage, and the party with it, something so far away that it was almost not worth mentioning. But still, Nolan kept stealing glances at Nate and Grace talking in the corridor outside of their apartments. A lot of the time it seemed like Grace was just pretending to do something, like her plants, while Nate stood there. At least that was what Nolan imagined her doing. Really she was mostly too polite to just walk out on whatever Nate was nagging her about.

The fact that Nolan was getting such a great view of her ass didn't hurt either. It made it all the more tempting to take things a bit further. To see what would happen. And to see how much he could get away with. But how would he even get Grace to do anything? He hadn't even told her about his fantasies. How'd she react?

She'd think Nolan was some sort of pervert, much like Nate, and she'd be justified in thinking so. But how could he bring it up to her? And was this even something Grace wanted? Did Nolan? It was fun to think about, but every time he found himself imagining what was happening after he had busted (yes, Nolan had started masturbating to this debauched fantasy of his) he was overwhelmed with guilt and shame. It was like a monster in his belly awoke.

Though, if anything, he felt even more shame as he thought about it. He knew he shouldn't want this, but at the same time, he couldn't help it. The idea of someone else touching Grace, someone else pleasuring her, it just did it for Nolan. He wanted to see it, wanted to watch it happen. He wanted to see someone else making her feel good, wanted to see her enjoying it. Perhaps even see her lose herself to it while it was happening.

But what would happen after? Would he feel jealous, would he get angry? Would Grace even want anything to do with Nolan after making her do something like that?

And it was always Nate in Nolan's fantasies too. The man who had groped his girlfriend's ass. The man who had checked out his girlfriend's ass every chance he got. The man who was so much older than Grace. The man who was such a sleaze. The man who was so unattractive.

It made Nolan feel dirty, but at the same time, it turned him on so much. Grace was cordial, but it was obvious she couldn't stand Nate. While Nolan got along with him, Grace was just being sociable. The thought of Grace submitting to him willingly, getting pleasure from him, made Nolan feel so hot. And the thought of her not wanting it, but still doing it because she wanted to, say, appease Nolan, only to find that she enjoyed it, turned Nolan on even more.

Nolan tried to focus on his work, but his mind kept drifting back to the thought of Nate touching Grace, Nate making her moan, Nate fucking Grace. It was something he found himself obsessing over, even though he knew he shouldn't. It was wrong, it was weird, and it was kinky.

Anyway, Friday evening, the day before the community party, Nolan came home after a long day of work, only to find his living room occupied by Grace and her friend Dora. The two were laughing and gossiping, having a good time. The smell of fresh paint hit Nolan's nostrils, and he knew they must have spent their whole day painting. Dora was always sort of lazy, but Nolan figured her new boring life had her grab for anything that broke her monotonous routine.

"Hey babe," Nolan said, kissing Grace on the cheek. “The painting all done.”

"Hey. It sure is!" Grace said, smiling. "How was your day?"

"It was fine," Nolan replied. "And hey to you as well, Dora," he added, giving her a hug. She returned it.

"Hey," she said, flashing a smile. That was unusual. She mostly scoffed and roller her eyes at Nolan.

"I'm going to go take a shower," Nolan said. "Then we can all have dinner together."

"Sounds good," Grace said. "We'll be here."

"Good to see you again, Dora," Nolan said. "It's been a while."

"You too. I used to think you were chump, but here we are, in your home," Dora smiled. She glanced at Grace. "Might have to make sure your dear husband washes behind his ears."

"Shush, slut. And we're not even married," Grace shot back.

"Yet," Dora teased.

It was unusual for Dora to be this nice, but Nolan also knew that she was most likely pretending to gag behind him as he left the room, probably getting a scolding shove from Grace in the process. Well, well. Can't win 'em all as they say.

Nolan headed to the bathroom, undressed, and turned on the water. He stepped into the warm spray, letting it wash over him. He closed his eyes and took a deep breath, trying to relax. This week at been quite something. He was glad they were heading out to have fun. With all the late nights at work, they barely had time for fun. He had to scale back a bit, he knew, but once he got going it was hard to leave a task undone.

He thought about how Grace looked in her shorts, painting the bathroom with Dora. A smile crept across his face, thinking how lucky he was.

Given that Grace had company, Nolan decided to take an early evening. Dora playfully asked if he wanted company, which was shot down by a playful shove from Grace. The two probably sat up gossiping for way too long anyway.

The next day, Saturday, the three of them ate breakfast. The girls were gossiping and chatting, before heading out for tennis. Nolan did what he did last Saturday, and most other Saturdays; he ran some chores around the house, did the grocery shopping, and all that. A man provides in more ways than his salary. Sure, he worked hard, but it gave him some joy to let his mind loose as he roamed around the apartment. Also, giving Grace a break was an added bonus.

"Hey, Nolan," Nate said, as Nolan had just dumped the garbage. He sounded conspicuous.

"What's up?" Nolan asked. "You need help burying a prostitute?" They had discussed a crime show earlier, hence a small inside dad joke.

"Worse," Nate smiled widely. "I tried to make some beer. I'm pretty sure it's awful, and I hoped your hands would be able to pry at least two sixers from my cold hands."

"That sounds like something I'd do," Nolan replied with a smile. Nate gestured for him to join him inside. This would be the first time Nolan was inside Nate's apartment. He was curious how it was similar and how it differed from their own.

"So, this is the kitchen slash dining area," Nate said. It was similar to Nolan's and Grace's place, though it was all in one big room, while Nolan and Grace had the kitchen and living room split as two. He saw that Nate had a huge television in his living room. No doubt a bunch of tears had been spent in front of it watching the Colts get destroyed.

He also kept it surprisingly tidy. Or, perhaps he just didn't have much stuff? That was a bit of a depressing thought, but then again, not everyone was as much of a homebody as Nolan was.

Nolan spotted a framed picture of Nate and a woman. The picture seemed old, as Nate looked much younger and fitter. The woman in the picture was very pretty, though she looked unhappy.

"My mother," Nate said.

"She's young," Nolan remarked.

"Yeah, my dad knocked her up pretty young, then went straight to Nam'," Nate chuckled, though without humor. "Beer?" he asked, handing Nolan a bottle so cold it the condensation on it was almost freezing.

"Thanks," Nolan said, taking a swig. It wasn't as bad as Nate had made it seem. "This isn't too bad."

"Yeah, well, I'm no brewmaster, but it'll do," Nate said, opening his own bottle and taking a swig. "So, you excited about that party tonight? Your missus won't mind you pregaming a bit?"

"She won't mind," Nolan chuckled. He was a grown man after all, and Grace never judged him when he had a few beers.

"Good man," Nate said, clapping Nolan on the shoulder. "I'll tell you what, I've lived here for almost 6 years now, and Hammer is a good guy with these things. It was meant as a party for newcomers, but there were a few years in a row where new folk came and went so it more or less became a yearly thing."

"Is that so?" Nolan asked. "How come you never went?"

"I do sometimes. But, erh, I don't like crowds," Nate said, though it seemed like he was holding something back. Nolan mentally shrugged. Everyone had their issues.

"Well, I think it'll be fun," Nolan said. "It's been a while since Grace and I could go out."

"Oh yeah? She working late?" Nate asked, sipping his beer.

"Yeah, but she's not the only one. Calhoun Holdings has me pulling my hair out," Nolan chuckled. "Grace is working fewer and fewer evenings now though, as that damn snow is melting away."

"They're a good company. You'll do fine," Nate said. "So Grace is home alone a bunch?"

Nolan didn't like the sound of that question, though the tone of Nate's voice was polite and curious enough. "Sometimes, yes," he answered, masking his sudden suspicion.

Nate didn't really follow up on that, just nodding slightly as if he was thinking of something else. His eyes darted to the balcony as if he was just reminded of something.

"Perhaps she can help me set up some plants, eh?" Nate chuckled.

"Maybe," Nolan said. Nate's eyes narrowed ever so slightly. If reading people wasn't Nolan's job, he wouldn't have noticed. "Anyway, I'm making homemade pasta. Want me to bring over a casserole later? Get you something other than pizza rolls? The bay leaves are straight from the corridor out here."

"What's wrong with Pizza rolls?" Nate chuckled. "But yes, that would be nice of you. And here, take a six-pack. I can't drink too much anymore."

Pregaming at Nate's turned out to be a good idea, as the party was lively from the get-go. Nolan was able to strike up conversations with several of the different neighbors, and with Grace on his arm, they made quite the impression. Dora was there too, but was utterly bored it seemed, so Grace eventually went to keep her company.

Nolan ended up chatting with the Hammer himself, which was quite the honor. Hammer was quite a well-built man, though, from the looks of it, he was getting on in years. But he was still impressive. He was an old veteran, one of the few that survived Nam'. Though, not without a couple of scars. He had lost an eye during a firefight in 'Nam and had a prosthetic one in its place. He had gotten it after a few months of recovery. It wasn't a glass one either, but a real, functional prosthetic eye.

"That's impressive," Nolan remarked.

"Yeah, it's nice," Hammer chuckled. "I just wish I could have saved the real one as well, though. I guess I'll have to live with being a pirate."

"At least you'll make a fine attraction for the kids during Halloween," Nolan joked, which caused Hammer to laugh.

"True, true," Hammer said. "So, your wife tells me you work for Calhoun Holdings?"

"Yes, I'm part of their marketing division, mostly securing new business," Nolan said. "I'm also in charge of managing their public relations with some smaller existing accounts."

"Really? Well, that's great," Hammer said. "I never liked you advert folks, but at least you sold the shit out of 'Nam."

"Or college, depending on your point of view," Nolan retorted. Hammer chuckled. It was good that both were getting a bit of buzz. It made things a bit looser.

"Speaking of, you have any kids?" Hammer asked.

"No, we're thinking about it, but not yet," Nolan replied.

"You better hurry," Hammer said. "Your wife is a beauty. She'll be snatched up in no time if you wait too long."

Nolan chuckled nervously at that. "She's not my wife yet, but working on that. I kinda wanna pop the question, but I also think we're sort of the modern type, y'know."

"You better say that to her then, she's primed for marriage," Hammer chuckled, though without any malice. "Anyway, I think we better get those grills fired up. Them steaks don't cook themselves."

The grills were indeed fired up, and Nolan and Grace got to meet some of the other neighbors as they were munching on burgers and sausages. The party was a lot of fun, and Nolan felt like he had really bonded with some of the neighbors.

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Nate had tried to be friendly toward Nolan and Grace, but it was fairly obvious they didn't trust him yet. Not completely. Perhaps more discretion was required. Less hanging around Grace while she was alone, perhaps. Nate had to wonder why he even tried so hard, but the chase was part of the fun in his opinion. Nate was never one to give up on a goal that he had set anyway. And having Nolan willfully hand over his girl would be the ultimate prize.

He was still trying to figure out how to make that happen, though. The first step was getting closer to Nolan and Grace, and now that they were on better terms, it should be easy enough to strike up a conversation. The problem was how to proceed from here. Especially as he was blue-balled to hell. He needed to empty his nuts something tight and warm. But not just any old hole would do.

He knew that Nolan and Grace were going to that party. Maybe there were some easy lay there. Maybe he'd join them. Maybe talk to Nolan a bit. Nolan was a decent enough guy, but that didn't deter Nate at all. He'd have to tread carefully, though. He knew he had a tendency to fuck up when he got excited.

"Howdy, neighbor!" Nate called as he emerged at the party. He saw Nolan, Grace, and Grace's friend Dora sitting by the grills, talking to Hammer. Nate walked over to them, nodding at Hammer. "Hammer. How’s the wife?"

"Nate," Hammer said. "She’s fine."

"Hello again, Nate," Nolan said. "You finally decided to join us."

"Yeah, well, I never go, but having such lovely neighbors next door for once, I thought why the hell not," Nate said, smearing on thick with the compliments. Almost as thick as those milky thighs of Grace's.

"Aw," Grace said. It sounded like a mix of sarcasm and sincerity, who knew with these young folks nowadays?

Nate took the opportunity to gawk at Dora. She was a beaut in her own right. Nice silky, raven hair. Kinda reminiscent of Jolie, though with darker eyes. Those lips though, those were made to be wrapped around a big meaty cock. He had seen her when Nolan brought over his pasta, and she had blushed a little when Nate offered her a knowing smile. It seemed like she had the same idea as him.

"Well, come on then, have a seat," Nolan said, gesturing at an empty chair next to him.

"Thank you kindly," Nate said, sitting down.

"So, what's been going on at your end since we last spoke, Nate?" Nolan asked. He was trying to be cute about having just talked to Nate, and Nate had to force himself not to roll his eyes.

"Oh, nothing much," Nate replied. "Just trying to get my business up and running again, but I don't know if it's worth it."

"What do you mean?" Nolan asked.

"Well, I've always had trouble getting things to take off," Nate said. "And I'm not exactly the most likable guy."

"I think you're just fine," Nolan said. "You worked in advertisement right?"

"Yeah, but that was some years ago. I've had a break. But your little adventure has got the ol' nogging turning again," Nate lied, omitting huge chunks of the truth. It was just shit he said on automatic. Though perhaps getting a job wouldn't be too bad. It would cast a less scumbag light on him at least.

"I think that is a great idea," Grace chimed.

"What about you, miss?" Nate asked Dora, who slowly sipped her drink.

"I don't care," Dora said, smiling and arching her brow in a very apologetic but condescending way.

"She's always been like that," Grace chuckled. The two rose and disappeared, leaving Nolan, Hammer, and Nate.

"Nice pull," Nate chuckled, once again testing the waters of what was a reasonable compliment as he elbowed Nolan, nodding at Grace. Nolan smiled sheepishly.

"I know," Nolan said.

"Bet a rascal like yourself gonna give 'em both the business, eh?" Nate said.

"I don't know about that. Dora is married, and I don't wanna wake up one morning with a shotgun in my face," Nolan chuckled.

"Damn it, why are all the good ones taken," Nate said, trying his hardest to sound jovial. It was easier in small bursts and without alcohol in his system.

"Well, I'm gonna make sure that grill doesn't go out," Hammer said, slapping Nate's back harder than necessary, ruffling Nolan's hair, and then left. Nate and Nolan sat there for a moment before Nolan spoke up.

"So, you're getting your business back up again?" Nolan asked.

"Something like that," Nate mumbled. He suddenly felt like fucking off, so he stood up. "That's enough of the socializing for me. You'll excuse me."

Nate found himself a quiet corner by the fence of Hammer's yard, smoking and nursing a beer. He watched as Nolan talked to Hammer and Dora and Grace walked around chatting with the other neighbors. He found himself staring at Grace's ass, which looked incredibly perky and tight in those short shorts she had worn. Fuck, he just wanted to feel her soft skin under his palms. One day. For now, he needed to drain his balls in some other way. He limped off toward the elevators.

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It was some time later, when the party was sort of calming down and most just sat around the grill with marshmallows on sticks. Grace sat wrapped under Nolan's arm, Hammer was managing three sets of marshmallows. Some others were sleepy as the orange glow of the flames flickered in the dark. Dora was sipping a beer under a blanket, but was finally done with all this.

"Nolan, could I have the keys? I'm heading upstairs," Dora asked, holding her hand out already. "I'm outta here."

"You sure?" Nolan asked.

"No, I just ask for fun," Dora shot back annoyed.

"There's the Dora I know," Nolan chuckled, handing her the keys. Dora spun on her heels and stormed off.

"She's always like that," Nolan sighed after a few minutes.

"It's because she hates I got the good one while she's stuck with Greg," Grace yawned.

"Ah, jealousy," Nolan mused, though he had found himself exploring that topic a bit himself lately. Though, if Dora was envious of Grace due to him, well, that warranted a small celebration sip from his beer.

"What's it like?" Grace asked.

"What?"

"Being jealous. As a guy."

Nolan was caught a bit off guard. While she surely had no idea what sort of salad she had stepped in and thusly scrambled his brain, it still made him feel slightly flustered. "Ehm, well, it's not pleasant."

Grace nodded against his shoulder. "You better go make sure Dora isn't locking the door, leaving us out all night," Grace said. "And bring my winter jacket."

Nolan got up, stretched out so hard his back made loud cracking sounds, and then wandered after Dora. He didn't see her in the hallways, so he pressed the call button on the elevator. As it arrived and opened, Nolan ventured down the open corridor.

His ears suddenly perked as there was a loud thud and a moan. As Nolan stopped to listen, he heard more thuds and moans. Rhythmically coming from down the a few doors from the stairwell.

His curiosity piqued, and Nolan took a few steps towards the sound. There was something familiar about it. And as the sound grew louder, he realized that it was coming from Nate's apartment. The door was slightly ajar, and as Nolan approached, he could hear Nate grunting and groaning, and what sounded like a woman moaning.

For a fleeting moment, Nolan thought it was Grace, that Nate had seduced her and been able to bed her, and that along with the animalistic sounds made him swell. But it didn't sound like Grace.

Nolan felt his heart rate quicken as he slowly approached the door. He knew he shouldn't be doing this, but he couldn't help himself. He wanted to know what was going on. He knew that it

was wrong, that he shouldn't be listening to his neighbor having sex, but he couldn't stop himself from satiating his morbid curiosity. It sounded so raw, he just had to... look.

Nolan felt his cock get hard as he listened to Nate fucking some girl. He couldn't help it. He felt dirty and ashamed, but at the same time, he reached for the door, his instincts guiding him.

Carefully, he slid through the door, feeling like he was defusing a bomb as he slowly made his way into Nate's apartment. It was absolutely insane, and if anyone told Nolan five minutes ago that he'd sneak into his dirty neighbor's apartment to catch a glimpse of him having sex, he'd call them insane. Because that was what Nolan hoped to achieve, right? Watch Nate do his worst with some poor girl who was unfortunate to end up in his bed.

"Yeah, you better take that fat cock," Nolan heard Nate grunt, his voice sounding dangerous and menacing, way different from the jovial type he was used to. "Fuck, you're tight."

"Mmm, you feel so good inside me, Daddy," the girl moaned, her voice sounding like she was having fun, almost as if she was getting off on it. But there was something familiar about her too. "Fuck me harder, please!"

Nolan crept closer, trying to stay out of sight, but still wanting to see what was happening. He was scared that he might get caught, but at the same time, he wanted to see what was going on. He wanted to know what Nate was like when he was with a woman, and he wanted to see the girl that he was with. What sort of lady would Nate be able to pull?

The first thing Nolan noticed was the smell, a mix of sweat, sex, and something else, though he wasn't sure what. Then he saw Nate's naked ass pumping away like he was drilling for oil, shining and sweating. It was grotesque and somewhat brutal.

Nolan looked past him at the girl.

It was sheer luck Nolan didn't make some sort of shocked noise. The girl was none other than Dora. Her face contorted in pleasure as she took Nate's cock. Nolan watched as Dora's body bounced on the bed, her tits shaking with every thrust. Her mouth was open wide in pleasure, and it was clear that Nate was giving her a good time.

Dora was married, but that didn't stop her from cheating on her husband. And not only that, but she was also cheating on her husband with Nate, the man she had called a creep and a pervert just hours ago.

Nolan could see that Dora was enjoying herself. She was clearly getting off on being fucked by Nate, and it was obvious that Nate was enjoying himself as well. His face was red, and he was sweating profusely.

Nolan had always hoped to see Grace's best friend naked, but had never thought it would be like this. But it was even better than what he had imagined. Dora's breasts were large and bouncy, and she was taking Nate's brutal fucking like a champ. Nate was truly manhandling her. It was hot, and Nolan couldn't help but feel turned on at the sight.

"Harder, Daddy," Dora moaned. "Make me cum."

Nate did as he was asked, pumping even harder and faster into the naughty wife. He was showing no signs of mercy or kindness. It was pure primal lust. His pelvis smacked onto hers with every thrust. From the angle from which he stood, Nolan couldn’t see what Nate was working with, but the guttural sounds from the girl told him that Nate was punching both deep and wide.

But as Nolan stood there, watching the display in front of him, he couldn't help but wonder what was going on through Dora's mind as Nate plowed her. Was she thinking about her husband? Did she even care? Or was she just enjoying the moment and getting what she wanted from the older man? How had they even ended up like this?

And as Nolan stood there, watching Nate and Dora having sex, his mind began to wander. He wondered what it would be like if it was Grace who was having sex with Nate. What would she think? How would she react? What would she do? Was this something that he wanted for Grace?

Nolan felt himself growing even more aroused, his cock straining against his pants. It was wrong, and it was disgusting, but Nolan couldn't help but think about Grace having sex with Nate. He was sure Nate would be just as brutal with her, maybe even more so.

And as he wondered if Dora offered her husband a thought while she got plowed, Nolan wondered if Grace were in the same position, would she? Not that she'd ever do something like this.

It was disgusting, really, and Nolan felt a pit in his stomach. He was such a deviant that he would imagine his girlfriend being violated by his old neighbor. He hated it, but he couldn't help it. It was something so dark and twisted, yet so sexy and exciting.

And as Nate was seemingly grunting his way to a climax, Nolan snuck out of there, with a mix of terror and shame. While the spectacle had turned him on, as it was some of the most grotesque sex he had ever seen, it also brought his dark fantasy quite a new light. If this was part of it, as hot and poisonous as it was, Nolan wanted no part of it. It was too dangerous, too scary. Dora was utterly lost. God, what had she done? What would Greg think if he ever found out?

Real life versus fantasies carries consequences of another dimension. Nolan had wondered if this was a path he wanted him and Grace to take, well, Dora gave him the answer. A firm 'no' on that one.

A loud *'AH SHIT'* from inside Nate's apartment was enough for Nolan to snap back to reality, fetch Grace's jacket, and be on his way.

Behind the Neighbor's Door - Part 2

I'm still a bit unsure of the title. I really liked the "Behind the Neighbors Door" or maybe some pun would've worked. There's a chance I might still change things around, but we will see. I will push public release until I've figured it out.

On another note, I talked with a certain OF/Instagram model whether it was okay for her to be the muse for Grace, and she said yes. So that's the image you see in the collection tab(I might post a few in Discord too(public ones, as I don't want to get noscoped by Discords banning team))

This is a work of fiction that describes explicit mature content between 18+ adults. Viewer discretion is advised.

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Quite some time passed since Nolan had witnessed what Nate had done to Dora. She had been quiet as a mouse the next day, though she was still somehow able to put on a brave face for Nolan and Grace, pretending like nothing was awry. As Nolan rarely saw her, he had no idea how she had been coping since then. One part of him was still in shock at what she had done, but the human part of him hoped she was okay. She certainly didn't let on anything the morning after, nor did she give any indication whether she knew that Nolan had spied on them.

For his own part, he had buried his deepest, darkest fantasies way down in his brain. What he had seen scared him, honestly. He had never expected to see his friend cheat on her husband, let alone with a man like Nate. It was clear that Dora was enjoying herself, but it was also clear that Nate was not gentle or kind. He was rough, and he was brutal. And Nolan wasn't sure that was what he wanted for Grace. Just thinking how much it would hurt Greg was enough for Nolan to stay clear of any such dark debauched fantasy.

And it wasn't only about what Nolan didn't want to experience himself, would he want Grace to endure that savagery? And what if she liked it? What if she liked it better with a guy like Nate than her own boyfriend? That would surely break Nolan's heart. And yet, he couldn't get the thought of it out of his head.

Nate was an even odder nut to crack. He was as friendly as ever, and even helped Nolan change tires as spring rolled around, and helped him put together some lawn furniture Nolan had got from a client for the balcony. It was just a sofa, a few chairs, and the accompanying cushions, plus a small table.

Though, Nate's first venture into Nolan and Grace's apartment had Nolan kinda on his toes. Not because Nate did anything, but letting him into their abode seemed in some weird awkward way significant and somewhat forbidden. It wasn't, though. Grace wasn't even home. In fact, as far as Nolan knew, Grace hadn't talked that much to Nate other than their occasional banter at the mailbox, and even that had died down. It was reduced to only the weekend nowadays. She had been busy, so it made sense.

In those months, Grace and Nolan truly settled in though. While Nolan still wanted a bigger city to bask in, he had found his place here in Courtington as well. It was a slower pace, but plenty of fun to be had still. Indianapolis was just an hour and change away should they need a bigger hub for activity too.

Grace picked up ballet, something that surprised Nolan a bit. He wasn't sure he recalled her dancing before, but apparently, it was something she enjoyed doing back home. While Grace had strong thighs and a god-like booty, she much preferred sports and activity over weightlifting, so it made sense.

While the small college town was just that, small, the minor nightlife that was to be found in Courtington was found to be exciting enough. On the first day of spring, they celebrated the new season by going to a club. Nolan got a rise out of finally taking note of all the people who was leering at his girl, and when they got home, Nolan gave Grace the business. After they had finished, she asked what was up with this newfound vigor, but Nolan was unable to tell her what had happened. How could he?

"You just look hot tonight," he settled on. "I think I finally realized I might have you sunbathing on the balcony sometime soon."

"Oh, is that so, you voyeuristic pervert," Grace teased, having no idea how right on the money she was. But even if it was pillow talk after sex, her teasing me like that only served to make me stupid.

"Yeah? I wasn't the only one looking," Nolan retorted. "Half the club was staring at your ass in those shorts."

"And you're gonna do what about it?" Grace asked, arching an eyebrow.

"Well, I think I'll start by giving you a spanking," Nolan said, and Grace laughed before they started kissing again.

The next time Nolan was able to bring anything up, was two weeks after that.

As it started to grow warmer, some other activities sprang to life that Nolan was very much looking forward to.

“I might be able to sunbathe soon too,” Grace smiled, looking out the window one morning.

“Yeah? In that red bikini?” Nolan asked. Grace offered him a dirty look.

“Naughty,” Grace said. “But it’s kinda revealing. Your girl got back, and I don’t want to be the cause of some heart attack. Ouh, that rhymed! Sort of. I don’t know if I even have any other bikini than that red one you got me.”

“Why don’t you just take advantage of the balcony?” Nolan suggested, knowing that it was pretty secluded. But as secluded as it was, the thought of Grace sunbathing there was very much appealing to me.

“Pff. I’d so feel exposed out there,” Grace said.

“Pff yourself,” Nolan said. “The balcony is facing the forest, and if you’re worried about being exposed, there are matted walls between our balcony and Nate’s, remember? Come to think of it, I don’t see a single reason why you should not wear your skimpy little red bikini out where I can look at you all day.”

“When you put it like that, my dear demanding boyfriend,” Grace teased. “I do like being a bit naughty and sexy. And that bikini is pretty sexy if you ask me.”

“Especially on you,” Nolan added, getting a knowing ‘you bet’-smile from Grace.

Nolan did want to see more of Grace, that much was true, but the thought of her slightly exposed was also intriguing. It was a safe way for him to get some of that thrill but without any real danger of anything happening, just like with the nightclub. But like she said, so far it was still too cold for anything like that.

As for work, well, it was getting a bit intense. The bosses, Mr. Calhoun and his sister Miss Calhoun had a campaign for one of their companies, so a lot of the sales representatives were getting relocated. There were even talks about opening new out-of-state- offices. Nolan of course started daydreaming about the benefits that might come along with such a change. Grace loved Courtington, but Nolan couldn't help but think of the possibility of getting a job in Chicago, Pittsburgh, or something like that.

And daydreaming, as one might imagine, can make one distracted from other tasks. Such as driving, which Nolan was already quite questionable at.

A loud honk brought Nolan back to the surface, just in time to swerve away from a semi-truck. He managed to not hit any other vehicles or pedestrians, thankfully but instead grazed a couple of bushes by the side of the road. Nolan felt his heart beating fast as he pulled over. He knew he could have caused a major accident, or even worse. He took a few deep breaths, trying to calm himself down, cursing under his breath.

Thankfully, there was only minimal damage to the car, and Nolan was able to drive home without any problems. He was supposed to give Grace a lift to her ballet classes, as she hated driving with her ankles all sore.

"Wow, that's quite the story," Grace said, as Nolan had told her what happened on the way to her class. "You need to be more careful. You'll crash one day." It was true. Nolan wasn't the most careful driver.

*

Finally, the weather was decent enough to emerge from his lair. Nate loathed his smoking habits when it was cold, but now that he could sit out on the balcony, he could smoke whenever he wanted. It was liberating.

He sat on the small sofa, drinking a beer and smoking a cigar, watching the sun rise over the city. He had spent the night up late watching Netflix, and had decided to get some fresh air and a smoke.

As he sat there, enjoying the morning breeze, he heard Grace and Nolan's door to their balcony slide open. There was a matted wall between him and them, so he couldn't see anything, but judging by the muddied frame of the long, neon-blonde hair, he figured it was Grace.

She didn't seem to notice him, due to the aforementioned matted wall between them, as she hummed some happy tune. It wasn't uncommon for her to do so, but it was the kind of humming that one did when they were alone. It seemed that she didn't know Nate was there.

Nate was curious about what she was doing, so he quietly moved closer to the edge of his balcony, trying to catch a glimpse of her. She was wearing a tank top and shorts, and was barefoot, but the wall prevented him from getting a good look.

But as she moved over to the far end, Nate could see those shorts fight for their life to contain the roundest, firmest, and perkiest ass he had ever seen. Nate felt his cock growing hard as he

watched Grace walk around, oblivious to him. He couldn't help himself from imagining how it would feel to sink his cock into that tight little hole, and how much of a whore she would be for him.

Nate felt his cock throb in his pants, and he reached down, rubbing it through his pants. He let out a quiet moan, but thankfully it didn't seem like Grace heard him. He had half a mind to rush over to her apartment and show her how a real man took care of a woman's needs, but he held back. He had been burnt before.

Nate also took note that Grace had her earpods in, which meant she didn't hear shit, but he had to be sure.

"Grace," he said, low, but still with enough volume so that she would've hear him. She didn't react. "Grace, can you hear me?" he asked, louder. But again, she didn't react. "Fuck, I bet you're such a dirty whore," he muttered to himself, as he started rubbing his cock faster. "I bet you would love a real man taking care of you."

Nate felt his balls tighten as he stroked his cock through his pants, imagining how it would feel to slide into Grace's tight pussy. He imagined how she would moan and squirm as he fucked her, and he imagined how she would beg for more as he pounded her into the mattress, making her forget all about her little boyfriend. Grace's girlfriend sure had been fun, but perhaps too easy.

Something about Grace made her a bigger conquest, and Nate was ready to give it his best shot.

Nate was close to cumming now, and with a trembling hand he pulled his cock out of his pants, stroking it fast and hard. He looked over at Grace again, and the sight of her perfect ass only turned him on more. "Oh fuck, Grace, I'm gonna cum," he moaned quietly, as he stroked his cock. "I'm gonna cum all for your perfect ass."

With a few more strokes, Nate came, shooting his load all over the railing of his balcony. He grunted as he stroked himself dry, and then tucked his cock back into his pants. He looked over at Grace again, and saw that she was still oblivious to his presence. She was stuffing fertilizer into a pot, it looked like. He smirked to himself, knowing that he had gotten away with it, and then headed back inside, leaving Grace to her gardening.

However, when he got back inside his apartment, Nate realized what would happen if she had caught him. The risk of getting caught is one thing, but if Grace had turned around, all his work would have been undone. Enduring Nolan's rants about work, creating this facade for them to trust... All would've been pointless. Then he could just as well rushed over there, pushed her against the railing, and fucked her raw, consequences be damned. But that wasn't what he wanted.

He had to be more careful. But that woman... was intoxicating.

*

Warmer weather also meant more time outside, and that was where Grace found herself more often than not. Even when she was at the apartment Nolan found her fiddling with the plants on the balcony, or out by the corridor. Nolan found it endearing. Grace wasn't a tomboy but loved nature and activity, so it made sense she'd be outside whenever possible.

"Hey, babe," Nolan said, leaning against the sliding door. "I've been thinking."

"You? Thinking? Wow," Grace joked.

"Shut up," Nolan chuckled. "Why don't you wear that red bikini we talked about? That way you can work on your tan while working on the plants."

"Oh yeah? Is this some covert ploy to get me to parade around in a thong with my ass hanging out?" Grace asked, teasing him.

"I mean, if you're offering," Nolan replied, laughing as Grace gave him a playful smack on the arm.

"I don't know. I feel like I would be so exposed out here," she said, rubbing her shoulder.

"Well, yeah," Nolan said. "But there is nobody who can see you out here. It's just me and you."

"I was actually about to lie down to work on my tan, now that you mention it," Grace said. "Why don't you join me? You can have a beer while you enjoy your Sunday with me. God knows you could get out more."

"I'm often out," Nolan said.

"Out under the sun, I mean," Grace corrected, scolding Nolan in jest. "And yes, I'll wear that sexy bikini. But not for you, for me. Believe it or not, it's not just for men."

"Yeah?" Nolan asked, eager at the prospect regardless of the motivation behind it.

"Yes. Women like to feel sexy too, and oh lawdy, that one is so naughty and revealing," Grace said, waving her hand as if fanning herself.

So, the two of them agreed to spend a sunny Saturday afternoon outside on their balcony.

But things started to turn after a few beers and a warm sun. The old Nolan had emerged, as he was ogling Grace and her soft curves, which were so accentuated in her bikini. It wasn't a g-string, and probably not a thong technically

And Grace, well, she seemed to enjoy the attention from her boyfriend. It didn't go any full ten minutes without him running a hand across her silky smooth skin. Not always to grope, just to feel how mesmerizing Grace was.

"Oh wow," Grace said, looking at Nolan's bulge. "Someone likes the new attire."

"You bet," Nolan said with a grin. As Nolan admired Grace, he caught a silhouette beyond the matted wall that separated their side from Nate's. It appeared that Nolan wasn't the only one appreciating the view. He wondered what Nate was doing over there, and he wondered if Nate could see anything.

Nolan's cock twitched at the thought of Nate being able to see Grace's barely covered ass. He imagined Nate jerking off at the sight of Grace's tight body. Once again Nolan's dark fantasy surfaced, and even the warning signs he had put in place for himself were ignored. He thought he had shaken it, but as he faintly saw the broad frame of Nate, he couldn't stop himself.

What was the harm? Nate wasn't able to do anything but watch. That's right. Soak in the woman who was out of your reach, figuratively and literally. And Nolan didn't even know if Nate saw anything at all. It may just be his own mind playing tricks on him.

Visions of Nate's sweaty shining ass churning and plowing into Dora, her moans echoing through the apartment, flooded his brain again. He had never been this close to such raw, carnal lust, and it was exciting, even if he felt a little shameful for getting off on it.

"Earth to Nolan," Grace said, waving her hand in front of his face. "I know my ass is mesmerizing, but don't forget about me."

Nolan chuckled and pulled Grace in for a kiss. "How could I ever forget about you?" he asked. Grace smiled, and they kissed again, Nolan's hand finding her ass, squeezing it hard. "God, this thong is so sexy on you," he said.

"Mm, I thought you'd like it," Grace said. "It does make me feel so naughty. But I know you love it, and that makes it extra fun."

Nolan's cock throbbed in his pants, and he couldn't help but press himself against Grace's body, wanting to feel her soft skin against his own. "Fuck, you're so hot," he groaned.

Grace giggled and kissed him again. "You're not so bad yourself," she said. Nolan was sure that she could feel his cock pressing against her through their clothes.

He started to wonder whether he could have her out here on the balcony. Putting on a show for Nate, to show how sexy Grace was and how she belonged to Nolan alone, that all he could do was watch, was a bit too tempting. Though, Nolan didn't really have any idea if Nate saw anything, or if he was even paying attention. He might just be hanging out with a pair of headphones in or something.

Grace took his decision for him, though, and dragged him inside and rode him hard and heavy on the couch.

*

Nate was quite surprised by the show Grace put on, for her to be so risque while relaxing on the balcony. Sure, she made anything look sexy, and when she wore something tight it reassured Nate of his conquest. But that bikini had to be illegal on some level, right? That flawless ass more or less on full display for him to enjoy.

But Nolan didn't seem to mind either. Nate took him to be a jealous type, but perhaps he was confident enough in their relationship so that he saw no issue flaunting the goods of his girlfriend. Grace was a stunner, but Nolan's trust seemed misplaced. The moment Nate got the chance, he was gonna take the woman and make her his own. It was inevitable.

Nate even heard them going at it, as they had left the glass door ajar. It sounded like they had a good time, but it also sounded like Grace wasn't really reaching her full potential. And it pissed Nate off. A good woman like that wasted on a young, useless buck like Nolan. She needed a man. Was this jealousy that Nate was experiencing? Envy? Was it because he wanted Grace for himself, or because he didn't want anyone else to have her? Nate couldn't tell.

But regardless of how he felt, Nate knew it wouldn't be for a while. Even as cordial as they were, Grace could hardly look at him. Nolan was also a problem. As long as he was around, Nate doubted he had a shot. He just needed to show Grace what a real man had to offer, and to lower her defenses around him.

Nate cursed himself for not being good with computers. Maybe she had some social media presence where he at least could stare at her. But perhaps that would be too distracting and

derail him from his plans. But perhaps he could make notes, to see if there were places to exploit, to weaken the relationship and strengthen their perception of himself in the process.

Peering down at the parking lot while he was out smoking, pondering these things, Nate saw Nolan try to park his car next to his own old Volkswagon. Nolan might have a better car than himself, but seeing the young buck put the car in reverse and almost crashing, well, Nate could jot that down. He had overheard Grace a few times complaining to Nolan about his driving, so perhaps there was something there.

What else was there?

Grace liked to be active. She liked plants and shit. He realized he didn't really know that much about her. Yet, his obsession seemed almost borderline unhealthy.

What about Nolan, then, back to him... Well, Nate had sometimes tried to compliment his girl, and that seemed to go over well. In fact, sometimes it seemed like the awkward fuck spaced out a little bit, but that could be fatigue too. The guy worked a lot. In fact, Nate was pretty sure Nolan was dying to move away and was just staying here because Grace loved it in Courtington. Nate chuckled as he imagined the young buck getting a job and having to move away, leaving his precious Grace behind with him, just next door.

But the last few days, Nate hadn't seen much of either of them. That could be because it was Monday through Friday, or because they went somewhere together. But they did leave their balcony doors open a fair amount, and he heard them come and go. It was odd how he had never really paid attention to it, but the sound carried fairly well whenever the doors were open. He couldn't hear the words or anything else conclusive, but he could hear when they talked, when glasses clinked, and sometimes even moans from them fucking.

It pissed Nate off to hear Nolan have Grace all to himself, how that boy had a successful career, while Nate had to rely on what he had scraped together from his old job and the stock market. And it pissed Nate off even more when he heard Grace moan from getting fucked by Nolan when Nate knew that he could make her moan much louder than that.

Perhaps Nate should get a job. He had done all sorts of things before, from welding to selling vacuums to PR and working in sales like Nolan did. Well, he hadn't made any contacts, but surely there was someplace where a veteran like him could find work.

*

"Hey there, buddy!" Hammer called to Nolan as Nolan was about to head to work. Nolan was still a bit sleepy, but turned around to see what Nate wanted.

"Good morning, Hammer," Nolan said. "What's up?"

"Well, I'm about to head downtown, and I was wondering if you wanted a lift?" Hammer asked. "I saw your car was having issues again."

"Oh, yeah, the transmission is kinda busted," Nolan said, sighing. "I'll probably have to get it fixed. Or just buy a new one, I dunno. But sure, a lift would be great."

"No problem," Hammer said. "Come on."

They headed out to Hammer's old van, which was covered in dust and dirt, but seemed to run smoothly enough. They chatted a little bit on the way, mostly about Nolan's car troubles and about work.

"Yeah, it's been pretty busy lately," Nolan said. "I've been working a lot of overtime, trying to get a promotion."

"That's good," Hammer said. "You deserve it, you work hard."

"Thanks," Nolan said, smiling. "It's nice to get recognition for all my hard work. I just wish I had more time at home."

Hammer laughed. "Yeah, I bet. I remember when I was young and working hard, trying to prove myself to the old bosses. But you'll get there. But listen, there is one thing I wanted to talk to you about. You know the big company over at Oakwood, right?"

"Yeah," Nolan said.

"Well, they need some people who know how to sell their products," Hammer continued. "I talked to my friend down there, and he said they're looking for someone. And, well, I put in a good word for you."

"Oh, wow, thank you, Hammer," Nolan said, smiling. "That's really nice of you. I appreciate it."

"No problem," Hammer said, grabbing my knee for a friendly squeeze. "You're a good kid, and you deserve a chance to prove yourself."

"That's true," Nolan said. "Thank you again."

Nolan felt his chest swell with pride. The thought that Hammer had recommended him to his friends down at Oakwood made him feel special. He knew that Hammer didn't do this for just anybody, so it was an honor to be chosen. And bringing in a large contract would set his head high above the crowd.

As they pulled up to the office, Nolan thanked Hammer again for the ride.

"Of course, no problem," Hammer said. "And another thing... Nate, your neighbors between my place and yours... Be careful around him."

"How come?"

"Let's just say, he's a bit of a creep," Hammer said. "Just keep an eye on him, and don't let him get too close."

"Alright," Nolan said. "I'll keep that in mind. Thanks for the heads-up."

"No problem," Hammer said. "Take care. And it's probably nothing, just, y'know, letting you know."

"You too."

As Nolan headed inside, he couldn't help but wonder what Hammer had meant by that. Nolan knew Nate was brash and a bit forward, and knew already that he was sort of creepy, but hearing it come from Hammer made it seem like there was something more to it. But Nolan shrugged it off for now. He had work to do.

As soon as he got back home that day, Nolan told Grace about Hammer's recommendation to Oakwood.

"That's so great!" Grace said, hugging him tight. "I'm proud of you!"

"Thanks," Nolan said, smiling. "I really hope I get it. It would be a huge break for me."

"Should we celebrate?" Grace asked, smiling coyly. "Wanna go dancing again? Last time my sexy moves got you all riled up!"

Nolan hadn't told Grace yet why that trip to the club had made him rail her like no tomorrow. All those eyes staring and lusting after her... Well, perhaps a trip back to the club would be a good idea.

But then Nolan looked at Grace and that smile of hers. Her body was incredible, but there was just something extra there on those lips. Like, she knew she was beautiful, that she was aware of the attention she got, but all those men could only dream because I was the on dating her. A small mischievous smile, perhaps. Or perhaps, possibly, I was reading into the small arch of her lips a bit too much.

"You're staring," Grace said.

"I'm sorry," Nolan replied, sheepish.

Grace laughed. "Don't apologize. Wanna have a shower while I go get dressed into something more club-appropriate?" she suggested.

"Sounds great," Nolan said, grinning.

As they headed for their bedroom, Grace gave Nolan a playful slap on the ass, sending him off to the shower. "Don't take too long," she said, before disappearing into the closet.

Nolan smiled as he headed for the bathroom, looking forward to a night out with Grace. It had been a while since they had gone dancing, and he knew that it would be a fun time. And who knows, maybe they could even continue the fun when they got home.

As Nolan stepped out of the shower, he was greeted by Grace wearing a short red dress that hugged her curves perfectly. She smiled as she saw him staring at her, and she gave him a little twirl to show off her ass. "What do you think?" she asked.

"Wow," was all Nolan could say. "You look amazing."

"Thank you," Grace said, smiling. "You don't look so bad yourself."

"You really gonna go out like that?" Nolan asked in disbelief.

"Yeah, why not? I felt so naughty on our balcony, so I thought why not indulge in my sexy self a little bit?" she said with a shrug.

"You're gonna turn heads tonight," Nolan said, grinning. "And make me look good."

"Oh, you mean more than I already do?" Grace teased.

Nolan chuckled and shook his head. "Come on, let's go have some fun."

The club was just as busy as last time, but this time it was the two of them alone. No friends or colleagues to distract from them, just Grace and Nolan, dancing together and having fun. And

just as Nolan had predicted, Grace was turning heads left and right. But every time he looked at her, she was just looking at him with a smile on her face.

"Having fun?" he asked.

"Yeah," she said. "It feels good to let loose and have fun."

"It does," Nolan agreed. "I'm glad we did this."

"Me too," Grace said. "Now come on, let's dance."

"You bet," Nolan said, pulling her close to him as they danced together. The feel of her body against his was intoxicating, and he couldn't help but want her even more.

As the night went on, Nolan and Grace got more and more drunk, dancing and drinking, having fun. Eventually, Nolan decided to taste fate a little bit. He trusted Grace, but he just wanted to see what would happen if she was left on her own for a few moments.

"Hey, I'm gonna go to the bathroom," Nolan said.

"Okay," Grace said, giving him a kiss. "Be quick."

"I will," Nolan promised.

As Nolan made his way through the crowd, he kept an eye on Grace, watching her dance alone. He watched as guys came up to her, trying to get her attention, but she just smiled and kept on dancing. He watched as one extra cocky guy in particular kept coming back, trying to talk to her. And then, finally, Nolan saw what he was hoping for. The guy put a hand on her shoulder, trying to pull her close to him, but Grace just pushed him away, shrugging him off.

Nolan chuckled as he watched the scene unfold. It was like seeing Grace reject a puppy. But he felt a sense of pride knowing that Grace was his girl, and only his. But that was also why he felt it so exciting to see her being checked out and flirted with by other guys. It was a huge rush, and he loved every second of it.

Nolan watched as the guy tried to dance with Grace, keeping half a feet between them. That seemed to be acceptable as Grace just offered him a smile and kept moving to the rhythm next to him.

The guy seemed to be getting bolder though, and Nolan could see him lean a bit closer to talk over the music, but not really stepping into her comfort zone. Whatever he said, Grace nodded politely, her neon blonde hair gently bouncing as she moved. Then the guy seemed to ask something else, because Grace shook her head, but the guy took another step, now definitely in her bubble, and started talking again. He was definitely trying to hit on her, and Nolan felt himself getting excited at the scene in front of him. The dancer wasn't overly close, but after having rejected him twice, he now had gained quite some ground.

Nolan felt his blood boil as he watched the guy essentially now dancing with Grace, not just next to her. What was Grace doing? Was she just playing along, or was she actually enjoying this guy's company? Nolan couldn't tell, but he was sure that Grace wouldn't let it go too far. But at the same time, Nolan wondered what would happen if he did let it go too far. How far would things progress if Nolan didn't intervene? Would Grace eventually accept the guy's advances?

Nolan felt his cock grow hard as he imagined Grace allowing the guy to touch her, to feel her up as they danced together. He imagined the guy trying to kiss her, and Grace reluctantly kissing him back. And then, finally, Nolan imagined the guy trying to take things further, to take Grace home with him. And Nolan imagined Grace agreeing, allowing the guy to take her home and fuck her until sunrise.

It wasn't a pleasant thought, and pretty dark considering how loyal Nolan thought Grace to be, but that poison is what turned him on. Perhaps it was some weird form of self-torture. He wanted her to be loyal, but the thought of her being tempted by other men, and being unable to resist, was hot. It was something that Nolan had never experienced before, and it was exciting. It was dangerous, and it was sexy.

As Nolan watched the guy get even bolder, putting his hand on Grace's lower back and pulling her close to him, Grace shook her head and pulled away from him. Nolan felt a sense of pride as he saw her reject the guy again. But as the guy tried to get close to Grace again, Nolan knew he had to step in. He made his way over to her, pushing through the crowd.

"Hey, you ready to go?" he asked, putting an arm around Grace.

"Yeah," she said. "This guy was just getting too friendly for my liking."

Nolan glared at the guy, who backed away, looking embarrassed.

"Sorry, I didn't know you were together," the guy said. "I'll leave you guys alone."

"Thanks," Nolan said, pulling Grace close to him.

They made their way out of the club, Nolan feeling an odd mix of jealousy and excitement. He was jealous of the guy for getting close to Grace, but he was excited at the idea of her being tempted by someone else. And as they got into an Uber, Nolan couldn't help but imagine what would have happened if he hadn't been there. Would Grace have allowed the guy to take her home? Would she have fucked him? She was never a one-night-stand kind of girl even when she was single, so something like that would be so unlike her. But there was always a first time.

The second they got home, Grace pushed Nolan against the wall and kissed him hard.

"What got into you?" Nolan asked, laughing.

"I don't know," Grace said. "I just felt so sexy tonight, and I couldn't wait to get home and have you all to myself."

"Well, I'm here now," Nolan said, kissing her back. "And I'm all yours."

"Good," Grace said. "Because I want you to take me right here, right now."

Nolan felt his cock grow hard as he heard those words come out of Grace's mouth. He couldn't believe that she was so horny, but he wasn't about to say no.

"What's going on with you?" Nolan asked.

"I got a surprise for you under this dress," Grace moaned. "Dancing around with what I'm wearing, knowing you could see me, God, I'm so fucking horny for you, babe."

"A surprise?" Nolan asked, intrigued. "What kind of surprise?"

"Why don't you find out?" Grace asked.

Nolan grinned and reached down to feel what Grace had in store for him. His eyes grew wide as he felt the silky material of something he guess was straps. With a glance down toward her perfect legs, he saw that she was wearing stockings, but was starting to realize they were perhaps not stocking at all, but thigh-highs held up by straps.

"Are you... wearing lingerie under there?" Nolan asked in disbelief. "To the club? You naughty girl..."

"I wanted to surprise you," Grace said. "You've been working so hard lately, and I thought I'd do something special for you. Do you like it?"

"Fuck yes," Nolan said, grinning. "God, you're so sexy. I can't believe you're wearing lingerie in public."

"I know," Grace said. "It's so naughty. But I love it. Now, are you gonna fuck me or not?"

Nolan chuckled and kissed her hard. "Of course I am," he said. "But first, I want to see what you're wearing."

Grace grinned and reached down to lift the hem of her dress, revealing a pair of black lace panties and matching garter belt. She slowly pulled the dress over her head, revealing a lacy black bra that accentuated her breasts perfectly. The lace was perfect, and the way the strings framed her body made her look like a good late-night snack.

"Damn," Nolan said, grinning. "You really went all out, didn't you?"

"I did," Grace said. "I wanted to make sure you knew how much I appreciate you."

"Well, it's working," Nolan said, reaching out to run his hand over her body. "God, you're so hot. I can't believe you wore this in public."

"You already said that, Mr. Stupid," Grace snickered. "I love how you're so amazed. It's just a bit of skin and some thigh."

"Just a bit of skin and some thigh? Is that a joke?" Nolan breathed, sinking down to his knees to inspect the goods. He ran his fingers over her silky smooth skin, feeling how god damn warm this being was. Those thighs, to think he was the lucky one to have them wrapped around him while he fucked her senseless. Nolan felt himself getting harder by the second as he admired her, and he couldn't wait to get his cock inside of her.

"Like what you see?" Grace asked, biting her lip.

In response, Nolan buried his face in between her thighs, inhaling her scent and kissing her soft skin.

"Mm, someone's eager," Grace moaned, running her fingers through his hair.

Nolan continued to kiss and lick her thighs, his hands roaming all over her body. He could feel Grace shudder under his touch, and he knew that she was enjoying herself. He moved up her body, kissing and licking her stomach, her breasts, and her neck, before finally kissing her on the lips.

"You're so sexy," Grace moaned, kissing him back. "I love the way you touch me."

"I love the way you feel," Nolan said, smiling. "I can't believe you're mine."

"I am yours," Grace said. "And I'm going to be yours forever. Now, stop talking and fuck me."

Nolan chuckled and kissed her again, before moving behind her to pull her black lace panties down. As he did so, he admired the sight of her tight ass, and he couldn't help but give it a playful smack. Grace let out a surprised squeal, but then laughed and pushed her ass back into his hand. Nolan smirked and gave her another smack, making her yelp in surprise again.

"Do you like that?" he asked. "Do you like it when I spank your naughty little ass?"

"Yes," Grace moaned. "I love it when you spank me."

Nolan grinned and spanked her ass again, this time harder. "That's what I thought," he said. "You're such a dirty little girl, aren't you?"

"I am," Grace moaned. "I'm a dirty girl who needs to be punished."

Nolan chuckled and gave her ass another smack, making her moan again. He loved how she responded to his touch, and he couldn't wait to bury his cock inside of her. Squeezing her ass, Nolan thought back to those douchebags at the club lusting after his girl, and he felt like he was going dizzy, slowly losing his mind. Thinking of it while enjoying Grace's body was an intoxicating combination, but he wasn't about to let anyone else have her. She was his, and only his.

Grace turned around, kneeling in front of him, and undid his belt and zipper. She pulled out his cock and began stroking it, looking up at him with her blue eyes.

"Want me to show my appreciation to this little guy?" Grace asked coyly.

"Fuck yes," Nolan breathed, leaning his head back and closing his eyes.

Grace smiled and leaned forward, taking his cock into her mouth. She began sucking him off, her lips wrapped tightly around his shaft, her tongue swirling around the tip of his cock. She was amazing, and Nolan couldn't help but moan in pleasure.

"You're so good at that," Nolan grunted, running his fingers through her hair.

Grace responded by taking more of his cock into her mouth, and he could feel her gag slightly as he pushed himself deeper down her throat. But she didn't back off, instead sucking him harder and faster, and Nolan knew he wasn't going to last much longer if she kept it up.

But before he could finish, Grace pulled away, grinning up at him. "Not yet," she said. "I want to feel you inside me."

Nolan smirked and pulled her up to her feet, kissing her hard. He lifted her up and carried her into their bedroom, laying her down on the bed and climbing on top of her. He kissed her again, his hands roaming over her body, exploring every inch of her skin. It was all familiar territory, very much so, but Nolan still found himself getting lost in her soft curves.

He moved down to her breasts, kissing them, licking them, sucking on them. He could hear Grace moan in pleasure, and he could feel her nipples harden against his tongue. It was a huge turn-on for Grace when he played with her tits, and Nolan took full advantage of that fact.

"You like that?" he asked, smirking.

"Yes," Grace moaned, arching her back. "I love it when you play with my tits."

Nolan grinned and continued to play with her breasts, his hands roaming all over her body. He could feel Grace shudder under his touch, and he knew that she was enjoying herself.

Eventually, Grace couldn't take it anymore, and she reached down to grab Nolan's cock, stroking him.

"I need you inside me," she moaned. "Fuck me now, Nolan. Don't make me tell you twice."

Nolan chuckled and climbed up to find her lips again, kissing her deeply. He positioned his cock at her entrance, and with one quick thrust, he slid inside of her. He moaned as he felt her tight walls clench around his cock, and he began to move inside of her, slowly at first, but then picking up the pace.

"God, you feel so good," he groaned, thrusting deep inside of her.

"I felt so naughty tonight," Grace whispered as if it was a secret. "With all those eyes staring at me. Nobody knew what secrets I hid under my dress," she said with a giggle.

The thought of all those eyes drove Nolan to thrust with more vigor, thinking how all of those guys wouldn't hesitate to do what he was doing right now. The thought made him possessive, and he wanted Grace to know that she was his and his only.

"You're mine," he grunted, pushing deep inside of her.

"Oh fuck," Grace moaned. "I'm yours, Nolan."

Her words drove him wild, and Nolan began fucking her faster, harder, deeper. The sound of their bodies slapping against each other filled the room, mingling with their moans.

"I'm yours, Nolan," Grace repeated.

"I love you, Grace," Nolan gasped as his thrusts got harder and quicker, pounding into her harder.

Grace moaned in pleasure, her eyes closing, her hair flinging wildly as her head bounced with his forceful thrusts.

"You're so fucking tight," Nolan groaned. "God, I love your pussy."

"I love your cock," Grace moaned. "Fuck me harder, Nolan. Make me yours."

Nolan smiled as he pressed into her, plundering her pussy, giving her everything she begged for and more. He was loving the sound of her begging and whimpers, knowing his cock was hitting the right spots for her. She was all his, and he was going to make sure that she knew it. He thrust as hard and deep as possible, determined to make her come undone beneath him.

"A-almost there," Grace panted in his ears. Her voice is desperate and he loved it. "I'm g-g-gonna cu-uum," she keened and her entire body quivered and stiffened. Then she groaned loudly, her pussy clamped and sucked Nolan's cock. Nolan pounded into her with renewed determination.

"Yes, yes, yes! Fuck!" Grace shouted. Never pausing in his onslaught, Nolan came right along with her, his own pleasure consuming him completely.

He collapsed down onto Grace, and they laid like that, panting for air as their orgasms faded, leaving them sweaty and satisfied.

"Fuck, that was hot," Grace said with a small laugh as she regained her bearings.

"It really was," Nolan said, rolling off of her, and lying down next to her. He turned his head to her, and kissed her on the lips, both of them exhausted, and Grace looking well and thoroughly fucked. Her perfect hair was all messy, and she had a tired, content look on her graceful face. Yes, her name lent itself to many good, appropriate puns.

"Is it weird that I preferred it like this?" Grace said, rolling over to look at me. "Or, I should say that I like this as well. The variation."

"What now?"

"You spanking me, behaving like an animal," Grace explained. "I much prefer when we make love, but I also think I have an appetite to vary things up a bit."

Nolan wasn't sure if this was an opportunity to push his cuckold fantasy, but was too chicken shit. But Grace talking about sex, wanting to have some variety, and experimenting. That was quite a revelation. Perhaps she didn't mean what Nolan had fantasized about, but it was quite the admission nevertheless.

"Do you have anything in mind?" Nolan tried to push, maybe try to figure out exactly where her mindset was on things. He knew some guys were a bit insecure about hearing their girl's fetishes, but he didn't mind. Nolan knew her pretty good, but they were still young and there was so much out there to explore.

"I'm not sure. I like to be naughty sometimes, I guess. Like wearing lingerie underneath my dress... or how... God, it's kinda embarrassing," she said, covering her face.

"What is? Now you gotta tell me!" Nolan said. Grace waved her hands at her face as if it would cool her down.

"Okay... Don't laugh, and you'll totally think I'm such a pervert," Grace started, but gave a pause. When Nolan didn't interrupt, she sighed and continued. "When I blow you... I love it when I, like, rub your cock on my face. Not only on my face, but like, ride the tip along my lips and then up my cheek. It's so weird, but I think it’s so sexy and I get so aroused and it makes me feel slutty."

"That's... not perverted or weird at all. That sounds really hot actually," Nolan said, perplexed as to why she found the notion embarrassing, but happy to go along for the ride. It sort of explained a lot, actually. While it wasn't too often that she blew him, she did it with quite the vigor when she first did it. "Anything else?"

"Um, yeah," Grace admitted sheepishly. "Anal... And I know I only give it to you on your birthday, but it's just too intense."

"Wait, you love anal?!" Nolan said, almost jumping up.

"Love is a strong word, but I like it. And I know you think you can fuck my ass whenever, but no. Please, I can't explain it, but it has to happen on special occasions," Grace said.

"But... Why? I love your ass," Nolan complained.

"Because it's the butt," Grace said as if it was common knowledge.

"Alright, I suppose," Nolan said, surprised as the revelations kept pouring. "Anything else?"

"I love it when you cum inside me. It's like the utmost way of claiming me. Like, taking ownership of your girlfriend… Sorry, does that sound too much?" Grace wondered, growing redder in the face by the moment.

"It's so sexy," Nolan moaned. It seemed that his fantasy and her fascination were like kindred spirits. They were too much into the same weird shit. How could she be so gorgeous, but so naughty at the same time?

"Just feeling you pump away, losing yourself inside me. If there's anything that comes close to perfection, that's it," Grace said, her voice starting to grow hoarser.

Nolan was impressed with his young lover, not thinking that such a wholesome little flower could be so dirty. Perhaps, this was his best chance ever to broach the cuckold stuff with her, but Nolan didn't. Grace's fetishes and kinks were all pretty vanilla compared to that.

"Anything else?" Nolan asked again, eager to learn more.

"I think that is enough of the confession box for one night," Grace giggled. "You best believe I'm gonna give you the same interrogation some other time." Nolan gulped at the thought. He doubted she was prepared for what she'd learn. Perhaps he could get away with some of the more vanilla stuff he was into.

"How about I rub my cock on your face?" Nolan said with a grin.

"No, I have to do it. Or you can do it hands-free. This is why it's so weird," Grace said, chuckling at her absurdity.

"I can't help but feel like I'm getting to know the dirtier side of you," Nolan said. Grace gave him an apologetic look, and he immediately interjected her thoughts. "And I like it. It's oddly cute and endearing. And hot, of course. If anything, you just became even sexier in my eyes."

"Aw, thanks," she said, pulling him in for a kiss.

Nolan smiled and wrapped his arms around her, pulling her close.

*

The following morning, Nolan woke up feeling a bit groggy from the night before. But it wasn't a bad feeling. No, that was the kind of hangover one felt after having too much fun. After waking up, he found Grace laying next to him, sleeping soundly. He smiled as he looked at her, and he felt a surge of affection for her. She truly was amazing, and he was so lucky to have her in his life.

As he got dressed, he felt a bit guilty for what he had done last night. He knew it was wrong, but he couldn't help himself. He had been so turned on by Grace being flirted with, and he couldn't resist the temptation. But he promised himself that he would make it up to her later, even she had no idea what he had done.

"Good morning," Grace said, stirring. "How are you feeling?"

"I'm feeling great," Nolan said. "Last night was amazing."

"It was," Grace said. "You were really into it."

"I was," Nolan agreed. "You looked so hot in your lingerie."

"I know," Grace said. "I loved how you reacted when you saw it."

Nolan smiled and kissed her. "I love you, Grace."

"I love you too, Nolan. I'll slumber a bit more if that's okay."

After a long shower, Nolan felt like his old self again. He still had a bit of a hangover, but it was manageable. Sitting out on the balcony drinking his coffee and enjoying the cool breeze was just what he needed.

But then he heard the sliding door to Nate's balcony open, and the man stepped out, also enjoying the cool morning air. He couldn't see him, other than a faint silhouette through the matted wall. Nolan jumped up, went up to the railing, and leaned out to talk to him. It had been a few days, and Nolan had a growing appreciation for the chit-chat they had been doing.

"Howdy neighbor," Nolan said. Nate looked a bit startled, but it was perhaps due to it not even being 9 AM.

"Oh hey. Didn't expect you to be awake this early. Not with the night you've had," Nate said, shooting him a dirty grin.

"Shit, sorry, did you hear anything?" Nolan said, worried they had been a nuisance.

"Nah, I just saw when you guys came home last night. But sounds like you got lucky, eh?" the older man said with a knowing smirk.

"Yeah, Grace looked smoking in a red dress," Nolan said.

"Heh, I bet," Nate said. "Sorry, I don't wanna be crude."

"Pff, she's a hottie, I'd think you were insane if you didn't think she was hot as fuck," Nolan retorted, hoping to make Nate squirm a bit, teasing him with what he got. Nate looked indifferent.

"Who are you talking to?" Grace had suddenly appeared, rubbing her eyes.

Glancing at her, Nolan could see that she was wearing just a baggy t-shirt loosely hanging off her shoulder, and a small glimpse of her black lacy thong underneath. Thank god there was a wall between them and their neighbor because her coming out like this those thighs looked just as good this morning as they had last night.

"Is that Grace I'm hearing?" Nate asked cheerfully, glancing toward the matted wall in the direction of where Grace was standing.

"I'm so sorry, I didn't know you guys were talking," Grace said, embarrassed. "I thought you were on the phone." Turning slightly pink, she spun around and went back to bed. Nolan chuckled, shook his head, and turned back to Nate again.

"Sorry about that," Nolan said. "But yeah, we had a fun night. Grace looked amazing."

"I'm sure she did," Nate said. "But you better treat her right. She seems like a sweet girl."

"I do," Nolan said. "But enough about me, how are things going with you?"

"It's been good," Nate said. "I've been looking for something to do later tonight, and I thought hey, why not ask my dear neighbor to go out for a beer or something?"

"Yeah?" Nolan replied, surprised by the offer. "Sure, why not."

"Great," Nate said, grinning. "I'll see you later tonight then."

"Sounds good," Nolan said.

As Nate walked away, Nolan couldn't help but smile. It had been a while since he had made a new friend, and he was excited to get to know Nate better. He seemed like a fun guy, and he was always down for a drink. Sure, he was a bit old school and crass, but there was something about him that Nolan was starting to like.

"Hey babe," Grace said, coming out on the balcony again a few hours later. Now she was dressed in regular clothing, tight jeans, and a loose tank top showing a bit of sideboob if you were fortunate enough.

"Hey," Nolan said, smiling at her. "Did you sleep well?"

"Yeah, I did," Grace said. "What time is it?"

"It's around ten," Nolan said.

"Wow, I can't remember the last time I slept in that late," Grace said. "I was thinking of heading up to that industrial lot and get some work done, but I might actually indulge myself and relax here on the balcony."

"Yeah? Is that so?" Nolan asked, getting his hopes up.

"Yes, I'm going to wear the red bikini," Grace said with a playful sigh. "Be right back," she said, giving me a wink before she disappeared back inside.

Nolan grinned as he watched her walk away, enjoying the view. He was looking forward to seeing Grace in that red bikini again, but perhaps even more so, he looked forward whether Nate would enjoy the view as well. It was a weird thought, and one that he wasn't quite comfortable with, but there was something exciting about it. It was like he was playing with fire, and he knew that it could burn him, but he couldn't help himself.

Grace came back a few minutes later wearing the red bikini, just as promised.

"There's my girl," Nolan said, grinning.

"Yeah? Do you like what you see?" Grace asked, twirling around to show off her body.

"Fuck yeah, I do," Nolan said. "You look amazing."

Grace smiled and kissed him. "Thank you," she said. "I'm gonna go lie down on the sunbed and get some sun while I work. By the way, could I borrow your laptop later? I have to make some blueprints and my mac is in for service. The battery is busted or something."

"Sure," Nolan said, leaning his head back against the chair.

After a while, Nolan heard a noise from behind the wall, and he knew that Nate must have been on his balcony again. He looked over at Grace, who was lying on the sunbed on her stomach, in prime position for some neighborly voyeurism. If Nate could see anything, Nolan still had no idea, but it was exciting nonetheless.

Then Nolan got an idea.

"Hey, babe?" Nolan said, looking over at Grace.

"Yeah?" she said, not opening her eyes.

"Do you want something to drink? I was thinking of making some fresh pressed orange juice," Nolan suggested.

"That sounds good," Grace said lazily, enjoying the sun.

"Alright, I'll be back in a minute," Nolan said, getting up.

As Nolan headed inside to get the fruit and the press, he took his time, hoping to see some interaction between Nate and his girlfriend. Unfortunately, the kitchen was positioned so that he couldn't really get a good angle to what Nate was doing, and due to the window not reaching the floor, he couldn't really see Grace either.

Frustrated, Nolan tried to hurry, the anticipation of what was going on killing him. He knew he was overreacting most likely, but the thrill seemed to amplify all stressers.

While he had been looking for the presser, as it was never in the same spot it seemed, Grace had apparently gotten up. Nolan saw her check some the plants that hung from the ceiling when she suddenly reacted to someone talking to her. Nate, no doubt.

If Nate had been looking over the railing while Grace fiddled around with her plants, he no doubt would've gotten a world-class viewing of Grace on her tippy toes, ass clad in a thong-bikini bottom stretched and right there for to be soaked up.

The thought made Nolan's cock twitch, and he found himself wishing that Nate had gotten an eyeful.

Nolan was also frustrated that he couldn't hear what they were saying, but he tried to imagine what might be happening. Was Nate flirting with Grace? Was he hitting on her? Somehow, the frustration of not knowing worked to turn Nolan on even more. There was something exciting about the unknown, about not being able to see or hear what was happening.

Grace looked a bit flustered, no doubt expecting Nate to see her in such a skimpy outfit.

Nolan smiled as he watched her blush. She still maintained the conversation of whatever Nate was talking about. Nate no doubt wanted to stall and talk as long as possible, wanting to enjoy the view, but Nolan doubted Grace was up for that.

After the initial shock, it seemed like Grace was more engaged in the conversation, nodding and talking along with whatever it was they were talking about. Suddenly, as Nolan realized he had spent an unnatural amount of time squeezing some oranges, Grace suddenly appeared in the doorway.

"I'm heading over to Nate's," Grace said, making Nolan's poor heart jump. "He started asking me about my calathea rattlesnake, then asked if I could come over and help him make some decoration plans."

"Okay," Nolan said, trying to sound casual.

"What's up, why are you being weird?" Grace asked.

"I'm not being weird," Nolan said. "I just didn't expect you to actually go over to Nate's in that bikini."

"I'm just being neighborly," Grace said. "I was getting a bit restless anyway."

"You're not worried... he'll try something?" Nolan asked. "You know, how he grabbed your ass when we first moved in."

"Ah, that's what's bothering you?" Grace asked. "I don't know, he seems like he has come around a bit since then. Sure, it was a fucked up thing to do, to violate my space like that, but he seems friendly enough now that we know him better, right?"

"Sure," Nolan said. "I just don't want anything to happen to you."

"I appreciate your concern, babe," Grace said. "But I think I can handle myself."

"You gonna wear that, though?" Nolan asked, nodding at the skimpy bikini. Grace looked down and shrugged.

"What, would that make you jealous?" Grace teased. Nolan faked a chuckle, as his heart was about to explode through his chest. For a fleeting moment he though she was on to him and his weirdness, but luckily she was just joking around with him.

"Hey, I don't own your body, like, you're your own person," Nolan said, holding his hands up, half joking.

"It doesn't bother you that your neighbor, who's older than my dad, will get an eyeful of these heavy cheeks?" Grace said, grabbing one for emphasis.

"No," Nolan said, playing it cool. He had no idea why, it did bother him, but the excitement of Grace being so exposed was overwhelming. "Why would it?"

"Fine then. I was going to change, but if it doesn't bother you, then I won't!" Grace said, taking the challenge and strutting off to the front door. "I'll go see what Nate needs help with. See you in a few," Grace said with a smile.

Nolan's heart pounded in his chest as Grace exited the apartment. What was he thinking sending her over like that? Perhaps he wasn't. He was just so desperate to experience Grace being flirted with and potentially even seduced, however, he never thought she'd actually take Nate up on any of his advances. It wasn't likely that anything would happen, but that faint possibility that a man and a woman might indulge themselves, and the fantasy of something so taboo. And Grace being so precious to him, and Nate while being jovial could be quite the creep.

As Nolan stood there, wondering if he had made a mistake. He thought back to Nate's first engagement with Grace. He had grabbed her ass, and that was kind of sexual assault if you think about it, and he was immediately starting to regret sending her over in just her bikini.

Then again, she didn't seem to think that would be a problem. It was too late now, though. What would he do, grab her and yell at her for going over there? Nolan felt his cock jump into an immediate erection as he heard the front door of their apartment close, knowing that Grace was on her way next door, clad in a skimpy bikini. He couldn't wait to see what happened.

The second he heard Grace knock on Nate's door, he ran to the front door to hear what was said, but all he could gather was they greeted each other. He could only imagine Nate's reaction when he saw that Grace hadn't put on anything before coming over.

Then the wait began. It was almost painful. Nolan had in his fantasies always wanted to see something happening, but being in dark was almost just as powerful. He tried to do some work while Grace was over at Nate's place, but he couldn't focus. All he could think about was what was happening over there, and it was driving him crazy.

Of course, why would Grace even entertain the idea of anything happening? It wasn't like she knew her boyfriend had such fantasies about her, and he wasn't about to tell her anytime soon. Nothing would probably happen, most likely, as Grace had no interest and, as unlikely as it was, if Nate tried to force anything then Nolan was within earshot.

But entertaining the fantasy in his head, with Grace in his apartment wearing that bikini, was too tantalizing to pass up. Just thinking about her next door with a dirty older man with only a thin wall separating them made Nolan's cock rock hard.

His imagination started to drift. He even moved closer to the wall facing Nate's apartment so he could listen. He even found himself wondering if he would be able to hear them moan. The thought made his cock twitch, and he felt a surge of excitement at the possibility of hearing Grace getting pleasured by another man. He knew it was wrong, but he couldn't help himself.

He imagined Grace standing in Nate's living room, wearing nothing but the red bikini, her body on display for the older man. He imagined Nate telling her how beautiful she is, how sexy she looks in her outfit. Grace would get flattered, and she would blush. Then Nate would start touching her, feeling her body. He would run his hands over her skin, exploring every inch of her. He would kiss her, and she would kiss him back. She would moan as Nate touched her, and she would want more.

Nolan felt his cock grow harder as he imagined Grace and Nate together, and he couldn't help but reach down to stroke himself as he pictured the two of them together. What if Nate didn't simply touch her? What if he didn't run his hands over her to explore, but to push her down on her knees, interlocking his grip into her silver hair while she serviced him?

What if Nate didn't just kiss her, but made her take his cock in her mouth? Nolan knew that Grace would be hesitant, but he also knew that she would give it her best.

God, Nolan could picture it so vividly. Grace, clad in her red bikini, on her knees and looking up at Nate with innocent eyes. He would hold onto her hair, forcing her to take his cock in her mouth. He would tell her how to suck it, and she would follow his instructions. She would be eager to please him, and she would moan as he used her.

What if, instead of kissing, Nate would make out with her with a growing passion, allowing his tongue to lick the soft pink interior of her mouth, tasting her. Or would he trace the inside of her soft thighs with his rough hands?

Fuck.

That is how he ended up stroking himself at the entrance, imagining what was happening next door. It took about six strokes to get him off, and another six seconds for him to come back to reality. He suddenly felt sick to his stomach with embarrassment and shame. But the question was: did that turn him off or had that made it even hotter?

Nolan hated how fucked up this was, yet, his cock grew harder than ever when the fantasy evolved. His filthy thoughts came together to create a scenario that simply wasn't happening. It was both frustrating and relief because if Nolan got his wishes if the fantasy came into reality, it

would change his life. How? Well, not learning that was probably for the better, hence the relief. Nolan had to remind himself that this was all in his head, and that Grace would never entertain Nate. No, they'd just have a good chat and Grace would be back before he could count to twenty.

To stay calm and sane, he cleaned up, even going as far as washing his face, then put a game on to pass the time. After some mindless killing on screen, and not even really trying his best, Nolan figured enough time had passed, so he checked the wall clock and saw that not even fifteen minutes had passed since Grace went over. How the fuck was that even possible?

Just then, he heard the front door open and close, announcing the return of Grace.

"Hey, babe!" Grace said, sounding very chipper, almost smug. "How's your work going?"

"Good," Nolan lied. "What did Nate want to do?"

"Nothing. I think he just wanted me over to have me over," Grace said, shaking her head. "He's old enough to be my dad, yet he can't keep his fucking eyes off of me. He even wanted me to pick up a pot from the floor like I didn't know what he was up to."

Paranoid from his fantasy, Nolan tried to see if anything was amiss or if anything was off. To his relief, Grace seemed to be the same old Grace. No signs of distress, nothing, she was her usual bubbly self. Nolan couldn't help but feel relieved.

"Did you?" Nolan blurted out, unable to stop himself.

"Did I what? Pick it up?" Grace asked, confused.

"Yeah," Nolan said.

"It's not like I'm worried he'll try something," Grace said. "He's just a creep."

"So, what did you do?" Nolan asked, trying to sound casual.

"I picked it up," Grace said impatiently. "God, are you trying to imagine me bent over now? He totally objectified me, and you're doing the same!"

"No, no, I'm sorry," Nolan said. "I didn't mean to. It's just..."

"Just what?" Grace asked. Nolan then realized she wasn't actually angry. She was just getting a rise of busting his balls a bit.

"You devil, you knew I'd bite," Nolan laughed.

"Of course, you're as predictable as they come," Grace said with a wide smile. "No, there was no pot to pick up. He did do a whole bunch of looking though. God, it was so embarrassing."

"What do you expect, wearing that?" Nolan said. "You're gonna turn heads no matter what."

"It can't be helped, I'm simply the goddess of fertility and voluptuous curves," Grace chuckled. "I helped him order some plants and flowers. Easy once that smells good. Lavendel, mint perhaps, basil, oregano, dill. Some others I can't remember."

"Well, that was nice of you," Nolan said, feeling his heart beating faster. "And nothing else happened?"

"Nope," Grace said, raising an eyebrow at him. "What, did you want something to happen?"

Shit! Nolan thought.

"What? No!" Nolan said, trying to sound offended. "Why would I want something to happen? I trust you."

"That's good," Grace said, kissing him. "Because I'm not out looking for trouble. I get enough trouble walking across the living room, you horny man."

"Hey, you're the one who looks so good," Nolan said, grinning.

"I'm not complaining," Grace said, bending down to give him a kiss before heading out to the balcony to read her book. If she had rubbed his crotch, she'd be on the trail to deduce how much that little trip had excited Nolan.

He was surprised himself. He had no idea how this could have excited him. One thing was to be proud of having a bombshell of a girlfriend like Grace, and perhaps you could justify showing her off a bit, but downright dreaming about her getting groped by a dirty old man... That was something entirely different.

And he couldn't shake the thought of it either. He kept imagining what would have happened if Nate had tried something with Grace. There was no way in hell she would let a guy like Nate do anything with her, she didn't even entertain any of the folks at the club who was much younger.

Then Hammer's warning shot into his brain like lightning.

"Just keep an eye on him, and don't let him get too close."

Was this what Hammer had meant? Or was this just Nolan's own stupid imagination? Nolan started to wonder what it might be. He was fairly certain that he wasn't some sex offender because they would have to be informed about that. He could always ask him, as they were getting quite friendly, even going out for drinks.

Then Nate's shining ass plundering away at the poor lithe frame of Dora flashed through his brain, and his cock was rock hard again.

He couldn't understand why he was so turned on by the idea of Grace being flirted with and ogled by another man. He had no desire for Grace to be with someone else, but the thought of her being tempted by another man was exciting. It was dangerous, and it was sexy.

And that man being Nate, well, it could be out of convenience and his proximity, but there seemed to be something else there. Like, he was so unkept and honestly not handsome at all, while Grace was a princess born to be adored, worshipped, and pleasured.

Nolan decided that he should do like he did with any other things he was curious about. He decided to google it, which led to a two-hour binge-reading about men's cuckold fetishes. The more he read, the more he realized that he could actually relate to a lot of the stuff. It was a weird feeling, but it was exciting. He had never really explored his sexuality before, but now he felt like he was on the brink of discovering something new and exciting about himself.

Some of the stories and videos were surely fake and pure fetish fodder, as they portrayed the husbands and boyfriends letting their women willingly have unprotected sex with other men. But Nolan understood that the whole point of being a cuckold was for the woman to enjoy herself and that usually didn't involve getting pregnant by someone else.

Why Nate had become his de facto fantasy 'bull' was hard to comprehend at first. Like, when Grace and Nolan was at the club, the intensity of other people hitting on her was exciting, but Nate was a special case. Nolan could not pinpoint the exact reason, but there was just something about him that made him irresistible. Maybe it was the fact that Nate was old enough to be Grace's dad. Maybe it was because he was so rough and uncaring, such a contrast to Nolan who was much younger and always wanting to please her. Perhaps he had already molested Grace, as sick as that was. Or perhaps, and Nolan thought this the most likely himself, because he had seen Nate's naked ass dig away at Dora.

It was both disgusting and yet so hot because it was real. He could picture it so vividly, Nate's fat frame sweat as he was banging against the small girl, the bed creaking, the headboard slamming into the wall, and Nate grunting as he rammed away at her. Nolan's cock twitched at the thought of it, and he knew that he wanted to see more.

That was the first time he ever saw another woman being plowed, and it had been an eye-opener. And the thought of Grace experiencing that kind of raw passion was exciting.

It was a strange feeling, wanting your girlfriend to be fucked by another guy. But for Nolan, it was a deep and intense desire. He wanted to see her get fucked, to watch her get pleasured by another man. He wanted to see her lose control, to let go and experience pure ecstasy.

Nolan knew that he would never be able to act on his fantasies, but the thrill of it was enough for him. The idea that Grace could be tempted by another man was intoxicating, and he couldn't wait to see what would happen if she ever got the opportunity.

Nolan knew that Grace would never cheat on him, but he could dream, and that was all that mattered. It was a strange and twisted fantasy, but it was one that turned him on like nothing else. And that was exactly what he did as he imagined Grace being fucked by Nate. Perhaps sex would be too far. Maybe a blowjob?

But as he was laying there, he had to face reality. He had never been more in love with Grace than right now. She was perfect, and he would never want anyone else. But the thought of her being tempted by another man, of her giving in to her desires and letting herself go, was so wrong, and the thought of losing her to that made him both scared and excited.

Enough was enough.

Nolan found Grace reading her book on the balcony.

"Hey, babe," he said.

"Hey," she said, smiling at him. "What's up?"

"I just wanted to let you know that I love you," Nolan said, squatting down next to her.

"Awww, I love you too," Grace said, kissing him.

Nolan felt his heart swell with love for her, and he knew that she was the only woman for him. He would never do anything to jeopardize their relationship. How could he even want that? Though, he didn't. He was just fantasizing.

"Did you need something?" Grace chuckled, as Nolan was jut looking at her.

"No, I just wanted to tell you how much I love you," Nolan said, smiling.

"You're such a sap," Grace said, kissing him again. "But I love it."

"Good," Nolan said, kissing her back. "Now, I'm gonna go inside and get some work done."

"Okay," Grace said, chuckling at her boyfriend acting all weird.

*

Nate never expected Grace to accept his invitation to come over under the pretense of helping him with his lack of greeneries around his apartment. He certainly didn't expect her to come over dressed in nothing else than that bikini of hers. But as soon as he saw her standing there on his doorstep, wearing that little red number, he knew he was in for a visual treat.

Just her wearing it around the balcony had been plenty, but once had heard Nolan announce he was heading inside, Nate had struck up a conversation with her immediately.

"Hey there," Nate said, grinning. "Nice outfit."

"Thanks," Grace said, rolling her eyes.

"Sorry, it has been a long time since I've been active in the market, so I have no idea how to even talk to a pretty woman anymore," Nate said, hoping it would suffice.

Grace scoffed. "Sure," she said sarcastically. "So, what did you want my help with?"

"Oh, I just wanted to get some help ordering plants. Get the right ones, and such," Nate said. "I'm not really good with that kind of stuff."

"You sure?" Grace asked. "Or did you just invite me over to stare at me?"

"Hey, I'll admit, you look hot in that outfit," Nate said. "But no. I'll be as pious as a priest."

"Not Catholic one, I hope," Grace joked, earning a laugh from Nate.

"There we go!" Nate said, hoping his boisterous front would help her lower her guard. He stepped aside to let her in, and to his delight, she walked in without hesitation.

As Grace walked around his apartment, Nate couldn't help but admire her body. Not only her immaculate ass, but her perfectly thin waist, her strong thighs, the girth of her hips. Wideset and perfect for Nate's hands to grab onto. And those breasts. Grace wasn't as large chested as Dora, but she certainly had a pair of juicy small melons. No doubt with cute little nipples dying to get licked while her womb was getting drenched.

And then her hair. Neon blonde, reaching down below her bare shoulder blades... Nate had never even had a proper blonde.

"So, what did you need help with?" Grace asked again, breaking the silence. She looked at the empty window sill. "That's a bit bleak isn't it? An empty sill is lost potential."

"Oh, yeah, right," Nate said, snapping out of it. "I was thinking of getting some plants and flowers to liven up this place. The window like you said, but otherwise indoors. I think I should budget my efforts, eh?"

"Maybe so," Grace said, slowly turning to take the room in, while Nate took note of the slight cellulite in her ass cheeks. Nate always had a thing for that, it was like the smiling dimples of the ass. It also gave an extra sense of shape and texture to her cheeks.

She seemed pretty confident in herself, and why wouldn't she be? She was gorgeous. But Nate could tell she was also a bit uncomfortable. It was clear she didn't want to be here, and she was clearly uncomfortable with the way he was looking at her, but she was trying to be nice.

"I was thinking something practical. Like herbs and shit," Nate said, wanting to seem like he truly was interested in plants and not those breeding hips of hers. "But also some flowers or something. Something to brighten up the place."

"Well, there are a lot of different kinds of plants and flowers," Grace said, looking around. "It really depends on what you want to do."

"I'm not really sure," Nate said, shrugging. "Maybe I should let the expert decide."

"Well, do you want to have any kind of theme?" Grace asked. "Like, do you want a lot of bright colors, or do you want something more subdued?"

Nate looked at her confused. What the fuck was the difference? Blue, red, yellow, whatever.

"Eh, bright colors I guess. More exciting," Nate said.

Grace nodded. "Well, I think I could set you up with something that is easy to maintain and probably some herbs if you like," she said.

"Sure. I'm just worried I'll kill 'em," Nate said with a rather forced chuckle. "Erh, I know it's a bit awkward and it seems perhaps a bit too convenient for me to ask, but would it be possible for you to stop by sometimes to help me water them? Check that I'm doing everything right?"

Grace smiled apologeticly. "I'd love to, but I have way too much to do. Sorry, Nate," she said, sounding like she meant it. Grace seemed like the girl who wanted to help whenever she could, so it made sense for her to feel a bit bad about it.

"It's fine, don't worry about it," Nate said, waving her off. "I guess I'll just have to figure it out myself."

"Yeah, sorry," Grace said again.

Nate nodded and they lapsed into an awkward silence. Like a magnet, his eyes went directly to her ass. The way the string disappeared between the round cheeks of her ass was incredible. He had always loved a nice round ass, and Grace had the best ass he had ever seen. Not only was it round and perfect, but it was also firm. She clearly worked out to get that toned body of hers, and it showed.

"Like what you see?" Grace asked in a way too sweet of a tone, loaded with sarcasm. It was clear that she was uncomfortable with his staring, but it wasn't like he could help himself. She was stunning.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to stare," Nate said, though he knew it was a lie. He did mean to stare. He just didn't mean to get caught. "I was just enjoying the morning. You look great in that bikini."

Grace rolled her eyes, clearly not buying it.

"Thanks. But you better behave yourself, or Nolan will kick your ass," Grace said.

"Hey, like I said, I'm barely around women anymore. If anything, having you around makes me more... what should we say, human? Maybe old Nolan can teach me a few things," Nate said, killing his own ego temporarily. Grace smirked.

"He could," she said, turning to his balcony. "You like hanging out there often?"

"Just when I'm smoking," Nate said. He then decided to be honest with her, thinking it would perhaps show that he was to be trusted. "I've seen you working on your tan, though, so I try to be discreet so you won't freak out."

"Sounds like bullshit," Grace chuckled. But she seemed in a bit better mood now. "Anyway, want me to give you a list you can order? If you have a pen and paper I can write it down. Then I can come by and plant some of them for you."

"That would be great!" Nate said, yanking a piece of paper from his printer, and placing it on the kitchen table along with a pen. He was careful to put the pen a tiny bit out of reach. "I'm actually heading out with Nolan later."

"I heard. I'm glad you're getting along," Grace said, bending over slightly to reach the pen, giving Nate a perfect view of how that thong barely covered the goods.

With a shaking hand, he hurriedly produced his phone and took a series of quick pictures for later, and just in the nick of time to, as she looked over her shoulder to see if he was checking her out. Nate pretended to look out the window, but he was probably caught. At least she her annoyed snort told him as much.

Grace handed him the list, and Nate quickly scanned it, pretending to know what he was looking at.

"Thanks," Nate said, grinning at her. "And thanks for helping me out. I really appreciate it."

"No problem," Grace said. "I'll let myself out, okay?"

"Sure," Nate said. "Grace," he said, wanting to feel that name grace his tongue, pun intended, but he didn't mean for her to hear it. She did.

"Yes?" she asked. Nate had to think fast.

"Erh. Sorry. I just want us to be friends and I really hate to... make you uncomfortable. I mean, I'm taken aback by how beautiful you are and all, but it doesn't give me the right to ogle you like that. I'm old enough to be your dad, for christs sake," Nate said, the old salesman awakening in the hour of need.

"Oh," Grace said. He had apologized a few times now, but it seemed like she appreciated it a lot more when he made an executive point out of it. "Well... I guess it can't be helped to have a little look from time to time. But you better not do anything about it," she said with a smile.

"Of course not," Nate said. "I'll be good."

"Good," Grace said. "Then maybe we can be friends. I'll talk to Nolan about coming over to plant some stuff for you. When are you going out with him?"

"We're meeting up at six or so," Nate said, suddenly remembering they were going out for a drink. He had already forgotten all about it. Hearing Grace give the tiniest of leeway had distracted him a bit.

Grace nodded. "Don't get too drunk," she said, heading for the front door. "See you later, Nate."

"Yeah, see you later," Nate said, watching her ass sway as she walked away. Man, how she said his name... He felt his heart thud like a motherfucker.

*

Later that evening, as planned, Nolan showed up at his door so they could go out for drinks. Nate figured he didn't mind Nolan's company too much, though it still pissed Nate off how that boy had everything that should come Nate's way. But this was a fishing trip more than anything, to see how the land lay. He needed to know more.

The awkward silence that occurred between Grace and him, the tiny hostility that lingered during her last visit, all that needed to be melted away. Eroded so that those things were welcomed. Both silence and his attention should be something Grace would learn to appreciate. Though, fiery passion, taking out her frustration over him gawking at her all day on his poor cock... That was also an option.

"Howdy," Nolan said.

"Lemme just gets my jacket," Nate said. "Your wife is quite an energetic lady. I have no idea how you keep up with her. Real helpful. This place will look like a greenery after her assistance, for sure!"

"Yeah?" Nolan said. "Well, truth is, I barely can. I do my best though, she truly is the one for me. She loves to stay active. She's even picking up dancing, making me her designated driver."

"Can't she just borrow your car?" Nate asked, stepping into his shoes, gesturing for them to get moving.

"Yeah, there's no problem there, but her ankles get real bruised up, especially if she falls a lot, so she prefers that I pick her up. At least until she gets more into it," Nolan explained. Foot massages and giving lifts came to Nate's mind. Maybe he could read up on manicures. Or is it pedicures? "But I think she regrets it most of the time. Not the biggest fan of my driving."

"Is that so?" Nate said, not really paying attention. He was busy envisioning Grace's cute little toes with red nail polish rubbing up and down his fat cock.

"I don't really care about cars, to be honest. It gets me from A to B and that's all that matters to me," Nolan said. "Of course, clients like it when you have a nice enough car."

Despite highlighting his ability to drive, Nolan offered to drive the two of them to the pub. It wasn't the longest drive anyway, and Nolan said he'd get the car in the morning. Nate didn't mind it, and with the short distance, Nolan's lack of skill wouldn't make much of a difference anyway.

The rest of the trip Nolan proved why he was a salesman. He talked about this and that, and Nate had to admit he was able to engage Nate quite a bit, and they soon steered into things Nate actually cared about. The young buck had caught up on his liking of a good cigar, his interest in football, and seemed quite interested in how Nate got into sales from his meager days as a vacuum salesman. He didn't even get uncomfortable when Nate mentioned how the job had landed him a few bored-housewife-blowjobs.

All in all, it was quite fun to just sit back and let someone else carry the conversation. It was nice not having to think for a while, and Nolan was surprisingly knowledgeable about some things.

He knew a lot about football, and as both of them had played in highschool and later in college. Grace didn't much care for it though.

When they got to the pub, Nate sent Nolan to find a table while he got the drinks. This proved to be more crucial than Nate had anticipated.

"Just keep it to beers, though. I get shitfaced way too fast with booze, and Grace hates when I get hammered," Nolan said.

"No problem," Nate said, turning to the bartender to make his order.

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The bar was nice enough. Booths along the side, some mid-floor tables, and it was sectioned nicely. Not too much music, and generally had a more blue-collar atmosphere.

Nolan's family were pretty much upper-middle-class so it wasn't his usual crowd, but it was quaint and he always liked to try new places out.

Nolan took a seat by one of the booths, thinking it would be a bit quieter and a bit more comfortable to have a chat. It wasn't long before Nate returned with two beers, placing one in front of Nolan.

"Here we go," Nate said, taking a sip.

"Thanks," Nolan said. "This is a nice place."

"Yeah, I thought it could be a good place to hang out. Close by, not too noisy. I'm here pretty often," Nate said. "So, tell me, how's work? Burning down any buildings lately?"

"Oh, you know, the usual," Nolan said, trying to sound casual. "Just going through the motions and all that."

"Sounds like a real fun job," Nate said, chuckling.

"I guess it is," Nolan said. "Hammer though. He came through like a motherfucker. Some folks over at Oakwood? Apparently, he knows the people over there and put in a word for me. It might be a huge contract."

"Oakwood Pharma?" Nate asked.

"Yeah. I needed to find an in with some guys in the chemical industry, but I didn't expect Hammer to know folks there, let alone recommend me," Nolan said, rubbing his neck. He sipped his beer. It tasted a bit weird like it was just a bit too strong for his liking, but whatever. He looked at Nate and was surprised to see him staring quite intensely at him. It freaked him out a bit, but when he blinked, Nate was back to his jovial self. What the fuck was that?

"What's Mr. Calhoun cooking up over there?" Nate said, chuckling. "And wouldn't you know it, I also know a bunch of the guys over there too. You know that slogan they got going on for their painkillers?"

"No?" Nolan said, taking a sip of his beer, but it tasted weird still. The fuck is in this? Maybe he just needed to warm up.

"Eh, I don't remember it, it was a long time ago, but it was something like, *'You can trust Oakwood. We only deal in the best, not in the cheapest,*'" Nate said, mimicking what Nolan assumed to be the company's tone. "That was me and my buddies who sold them that slogan. I'm surprised you never heard of it."

"Huh. I'll have to look that up," Nolan said, feeling a bit awkward. He took another sip of his beer. Then he got an idea. "Wait, so you probably know a lot the ins and outs of that place? How they are and whatever? You see, there is this erosion thingy I'm trying to sell to them, but I don't really know what I'm doing here."

Nate nodded, and Nolan knew he had him on the hook.

"What if you joined me?" Nolan said. "I mean, like an advisory role. It would probably a temporary thing, but it could be made permanent if you know your shit. And you know your shit, right?"

"I wouldn't call it shit, especially not within earshot of the clients, but yeah," Nate said, nodding knowingly. "I'll consider it. I mean, Hammer could probably help you out too."

"Probably," Nolan said, nodding slowly. He stopped for a few seconds. He was again reminded of what Hammer had said. It was something he had been quite curious about. Perhaps he could just ask the man himself. Hey, the mood was alright, and Nate didn't seem to talk about his past. And who knows, perhaps this was one of those bonding sessions one has with your friend over a beer. "Can I ask you something?"

"You'll have to buy me dinner first," Nate teased, downing the rest of his beer. Nolan wasn't even halfway with his. The man was much larger than him, perhaps his thirst was greater too.

"Funny," Nolan said. "But why would Hammer warn me about you?"

Nate's eyes widened a bit before he waved his hand, laughing it off. "I have some fraud charges, probably that," Nate chuckled. "I was a stupid asshole before. And that combined with me being a bit rough around the edges."

Nolan studied Nate for a moment, taking a larger gulp of his beer to buy time. Nolan had been quite good at reading people, but sometimes Nate was a stonewall. Like now. He had laughed the question off, but the laughter didn't really meet his eyes. And now that he looked at Nolan, it was as if he dared Nolan to challenge what Nate thought was the reason Hammer would warn anyone about him.

"Besides, I think Hammer might be gay. Maybe he's trying to get in your good graces," he joked, getting a laugh from Nolan. He wasn't a huge fan of gay jokes, but it came so abruptly it couldn't be helped. "Hey, can I get you another one?" Nate asked, nodding toward the beer. It was now past halfway.

"Sure," Nolan said. "But I'm getting the next round."

Nate nodded, and without missing a beat, got up to head to the bar, leaving Nolan to his thoughts. What did Nate have to do with Oakwood? Was he even telling the truth? He knew that there was no way that Hammer was gay. The man was too macho for that, but the fact that he was warning him about Nate? It seemed odd. Nate had been pretty nice so far, and Nolan's whole perspective had changed a bit. He still thought Nate was sort of… not a loser, but not

completely on the up-and-up, and could be a leering old bastard, but other than that, he seemed alright.

Nate returned with two more beers, placing one in front of Nolan.

"Here we go," Nate said, sitting back down.

"Thanks," Nolan said, taking a sip. It tasted a bit better than the first one, and it made him feel a bit calmer. "So, you gonna help me out?"

"Sure, why not," Nate said, shrugging. "I mean, I don't know how much I'll be able to help, but I'm always happy to help a buddy out."

"That's awesome, thanks!" Nolan said, grinning. He really hoped that this would work out. It could be a huge opportunity for him. Bringing in the expertise and securing a good deal was paramount for his career.

"Hey, I hope I'm not being a dick here, but damn, kinda ballsy letting your girl sunbathe out there in that bikini, eh? Hey, I'm not complaining though," Nate said.

Nolan almost spat out his beer but regained his composure quickly enough. He had not expected Nate to bring that up, and he wasn't sure how to react. It was uncomfortable to talk about Grace with Nate, especially because of what he had fantasized about, but he didn't want to make things awkward between them.

"How come?" Nolan heard himself ask.

"Kinda daring. Again, I'm not complaining. I hope you don't mind me saying it, but I did catch a glimpse here and there," Nate said, chuckling as if he was reliving a fond memory.

"Oh, yeah, she likes to tan," Nolan said. He could feel himself blushing a bit, and he hoped that Nate wouldn't notice. "Says the guy who invited her over, by the way."

"I never expected her to say yes," Nate said. "Or for her to show up wearing nothing but a bikini!"

"It's all her. She's got a mind of her own," Nolan said.

"I'll drink to that," Nate said, raising his glass. "To your woman."

Nolan chuckled, raising his glass as well. "To my woman."

They both took a sip of their beers. Nolan had no idea why he didn't let the topic rest. Perhaps it was due to his intoxication, though he had only drank one and a half beers, or perhaps it was due to his newfound discoveries about himself, but for some reason, he decided to push it.

"Nothing wrong with catching a look now and then, as long as that is all there is to it," Nolan said, trying to sound casual. He wasn't sure if it came across the right way, but Nate seemed to understand him.

"Of course," Nate said, nodding. "Still, it's kinda ballsy, given the caliber of woman you got. But at least it's somewhat secluded, apart for poor ol' me. And the woods."

"I mean, she can do whatever he wants. It's not like I can't 'let' her do anything. Grace is a grown woman, headstrong, and knows how to handle herself," Nolan said, taking a large gulp from his glass. "Besides, heh, what's wrong with showing off? For her and me? You told me you got a bonus at work, and you bought cigars for the whole crew. Well, I got a nice piece at home.

People can look all they like, but that's all mine." As he had said that, he realized how objectifying his language had been. It wasn't at all what he had meant, but perhaps his tolerance for alcohol was a bit off this evening.

"You're a lucky man, Nolan," Nate said. "If I were in your shoes, I'd be doing my best to keep her around."

"I'd do anything for that woman," Nolan said.

"How come you haven't married yet? I'd lock that one down as soon as possible and start producing kids," Nate said.

"We've talked about it. She wants to get married, but I want to have saved up more first. And I wanna make sure she has a nice wedding. I want everything to be perfect for her," Nolan said. "My mom pesters me all the time. On one hand, she thinks she's too young to be a grannie, but on the other, she wants us to get married and start a family yesterday."

Nolan looked at Nate's empty glass and his own. Where did all the beer go?

"Want another round? I might call it after this though. I have no idea, but the beer is really getting to me," Nolan said.

"You're under a lot of stress, makes sense to me," Nate said.

"I'm getting this," Nolan said, trying to stand, the chair caught his leg a bit.

"Heh, hey, same as before," Nate called to a passing server. The server nodded. "Don't worry, I'll let you pay for it. Or do you need to get going?"

"Nah, just feeling a bit woozy," Nolan said. "Guess I'm not used to this kind of beer."

"They make a good brew here," Nate said.

"Yeah, but it's pretty strong," Nolan said, looking down at the glass. His stomach felt a bit unsettled, and he wondered if he had eaten enough today. Grace always made sure he was well-fed when he was hungover the next morning.

"Eh, I think it's just your nerves. You're a lightweight," Nate chuckled. He chuckled, but the demeaning comment didn't sit right with Nolan. It wasn't like he was a big drinker, but Nate was older than him, so he should have had a higher tolerance.

"Says you," Nolan retorted, chuckling, nodding at Nate's big belly.

"Hey, I'm an old man. What's your excuse?" Nate laughed. "Nah, I'm just fucking with ya."

The server came over and placed two new beers on the table.

"Thanks," Nate said. "You know, I've heard that when women give birth, their chemistry, their biology, change, that they grow even more attached to the father. Even if the guy is a total douchebag. It can't be helped, it's their biology or something."

Nolan stared at him. "What's that supposed to mean?" he asked. He was a bit drunk but wondered where Nate was going with this.

"Just saying, maybe she'll be even more into you after she's pregnant, is all. I'm sure she really loves you, and it doesn't matter, but she could find you even sexier, even more desirable than ever before," Nate said, grinning.

"I don't think so. Grace is already horny as fuck, and we already fuck like crazy, but she's not gonna get pregnant. She's on birth control," Nolan said, realizing he probably shouldn't be telling Nate that. But then again, it didn't hurt to boast.

"Ah, too bad," Nate said. "Hey, if you need any help, don't hesitate to ask!"

Nate burst out laughing, making Nolan think he was just breaking his balls. But there was a moment between Nate laughing and his comment where Nate looked dead serious. Nolan couldn't tell if he had imagined it or not, and he wasn't sure what to do with it. Was Nate trying to be funny? Was Nate suggesting that Nolan needed help getting Grace pregnant? Nolan decided to just roll with it.

"Ha, ha, ha, very funny," Nolan said, forcing a laugh. "I'm fine in that department, thanks."

Nolan knew that Nate was just messing with him, but Nate's words were getting to him. Grace was so hot, and he couldn't help but imagine Nate pounding her, filling her with his seed, making her moan in pleasure.

Nolan felt his cock twitch, and he shifted his position to hide it. He took a sip of his beer, and it tasted bitter. He took another sip, trying to ignore the strange feeling in his stomach. He couldn't focus on this, or be distracted by it. Not here, not now.

Nolan tried to act as casually as possible, but he could feel himself blushing. He hoped Nate wouldn't notice.

"Hey, I'm just kidding," Nate said. "I know you're doing fine. From what I've seen, if I may, that girl loves the shit out of you. Besides, I always thought that men seeking validation in their virility was kinda bullshit. Don’t you agree?"

"Yeah," Nolan said, nodding. He felt a bit silly for getting flustered by Nate's teasing. He didn't like how he made him feel like a boy compared to a man. Nate seemed to have an air about him that made him seem larger than life. "But I like to think that I'm able to provide for her. And I'm proud of it."

Nate nodded. "I can respect that," he said. "But remember, she's your woman, and no one else's. You should make sure she remembers that. And I mean, if you want to show off, who are we to complain, but just don't go too far, eh? You don't know who's gonna try and steal her from you."

"Hey, you're drunk," Nolan said, trying to laugh it off. But his words hit home, and Nolan started to think about how much his fantasy had been getting to him. Maybe Nate was right. He shouldn't let it get to him too much.

"Nah, I'm just fucking with ya," Nate said, taking a sip of his beer.

"You really think she's hot, huh?" Nolan asked. He wasn't sure why he asked, but he felt like he had to know. Nate nodded.

"Of course. I'd be an idiot if I didn't think that. And it's not like you're keeping her under lock and key. Besides, you've got nothing to worry about," Nate said. "She's head over heels for you.

Besides, she's too good for me, and I have no intention of going after another man's woman. That's just wrong."

"Yeah, I guess you're right," Nolan said. He wasn't sure if he believed Nate, but he appreciated him saying it. Nate was a good guy, and Nolan was glad that they were becoming friends. He finished his beer, and it felt like the last one. He could feel the alcohol affecting him, but he didn't mind. He was relaxed, and he was enjoying himself.

"Hey, I think I'm gonna call it a night," Nolan said.

"One for the road?" Nate asked, waving at the server before Nolan could reply. Nolan felt like he could do one more, and he nodded.

"Sure, why not," he said.

The server returned with two fresh beers, and Nolan thanked her. He took a sip of his beer, and it tasted like it had before. It was still bitter, but he didn't mind it. He was having fun, and he wanted to enjoy this last drink with his new friend. He felt his stomach gurgle a bit, but he ignored it.

They chatted for a while longer, talking about various things. Mostly Nate telling war stories from his days as a vacuum seller and later as a sales rep at a larger company.

When Nolan was done with his beer, he stood up, wobbling slightly. His head was spinning, and he could feel his stomach churning. He had only drunk, like, four or five beers, but he felt toasted nonetheless.

"Whoa, steady there," Nate said, grabbing onto his arm.

"Thanks," Nolan said, steadying himself. He felt his stomach rumble again, and he could feel the alcohol in his veins. "I'm gonna call it a night."

"Alright, I'll drive you home," Nate said.

"Nah, I'm fine," Nolan said, trying to wave him off. But he could feel the room spinning. He wasn't sure if it was the alcohol or if he was just tired, but he knew he needed to get home.

"Are you sure? You look like you're about to keel over," Nate said, sounding genuinely concerned.

"Yeah, I'll be fine," Nolan said. He tried to stand up straight, but he stumbled forward slightly. Nate caught him. "See, I'm fine."

Nate laughed and shook his head. "You're drunk as hell. Come on, let me drive you home."

"But you're drunk too," Nolan slurred.

"Nah, I drank non-alcoholic. My liver isn't what it used to be," Nate said, leading him to the door.

"You didn't tell me that," Nolan said, stumbling along with Nate.

"You didn't ask," Nate said.

Nolan nodded and let Nate lead him to his car, too drunk to argue. Nate helped him into the passenger seat and buckled him up. The rest of the evening was a series of blurry flashes. He slept the short ride home, and the next time he remembered was an angry Grace as Nate

dumped him outside their apartment. She hated it when Nolan got too drunk, but he was too drunk to care. He remembered apologizing and passing out on the couch.

The last thing he remembered was the sound of Grace scolding him for drinking too much.

He woke up the next morning with a pounding headache. It was one of the worst hangovers he'd had in a while. His head was throbbing, and his stomach was churning. He tried to sit up, but the world started spinning around him. He felt bile rising up in his throat and barely managed to get to the toilet before he vomited violently. The next hour or so was a blur of vomiting and pain.

When he finally felt like he could stand up without throwing up again, he stumbled into the kitchen and found Grace making breakfast. She looked angry and disappointed.

"Good morning," she said curtly.

"Hey," Nolan said sheepishly. "I'm sorry about last night."

"Can you explain what the fuck this is about?" Grace asked, turning my laptop towards Nolan. With each inch it turned, Nolan could feel his heart sink.

Behind the Neighbor's Door - Part 3

Hey. I decided to after all change the title of the series from "Stolen by the Neighbor" to "Behind the Neighbor's Door".

Anyway, happy reading.

*

Nolan stared at the screen in disbelief. There, on the screen, was the evidence of why you should clean your search history, or, hell, use another browser. Another computer. How could he have been so careless? He who was so worried what Grace might think of his secret desires, had accidentally exposed them to her.

Grace stared at him, waiting for an answer. Her eyes were hard and cold.

"I, I don't know, I can explain," Nolan said, feeling sick. But he couldn't. He had no idea how to explain this to her. How could he tell her that he had been fantasizing about her sleeping with other men? How could he explain that he was attracted to her being used?

"You better, because I wanna know why the fuck you're watching cuckold porn or reading stories like *Cassie's Escapades*, *the Nerdy Tenant*, or whatever," Grace snapped. She was furious, and Nolan couldn't blame her.

"I don't know! I just did! I'm sorry, I was just curious and... Look, it's not what it seems," Nolan said, his mouth moving faster than his brain could process. He was not ready for this confrontation, least of all severely hung over. His head felt like it was going to split open.

"You bored of me? That why you're looking at that crap? God, just thinking about you fantasizing about these men being with me is making me... sick!" Grace said.

"No, I love you! I'm just curious, I swear. I love you, and I would never do anything to hurt you," Nolan pleaded.

Grace stared at him for a long moment, her face a mixture of anger, disgust, and sadness. She shook her head slowly. "I just don't understand. I thought we were happy. Why are you watching this? Do you want me to... do this?" she asked, her voice breaking. "Why are you fantasizing about me being with other men? Why?"

Nolan felt like he was going to throw up, but forced it down.

"It's just fantasy. Like, imagining the worst taboo stuff. It's silly and fucked up, and once I get going I get off on it," Nolan said. "I don't want to actually happen, I just like reading these stories. Like, if you watch a movie about World War II, does that mean you want to fight on the eastern front?"

Grace didn't seem to pay attention, as she closed her eyes, as if she was just realizing something. Maybe she was, "Is... is that why you have insisted on me sunbathing in that bikini? And here I thought it was for you..."

Nolan felt his stomach churn and bile rise in his throat. He had to think fast, but he couldn't lie to her.

"Look, I'm sorry. I don't want you to be with other men. I just like the fantasy of it. I know it's fucked up, but I can't help it. It turns me on. But I would never want it to happen," Nolan said.

Grace looked at him with tears in her eyes. She shook her head and turned away from him.

"I don't understand," she whispered. "I guess... we never know what we get off on until we sort of discover it, but this is so far. Like, me loving having a cock on my face is something completely different to this. I want it to be your cock, not... not Nate, or whoever..."

"And I want that too–" Nolan tried.

"... And that is another thing, why Nate? Why do these stories repeatedly feature these sick bastards? Like Noel in *'Cassie's Escapade'*? He's a despicable, unattractive bastard by all measures. Is that why you want me waving my ass around? You trying to hook me up with Nate of all people?!"

"Grace!" Nolan sighed. "I understand that you're pissed, but please understand, or at least listen to me. Don't you think I know how fucked this is? I hate that I get off on it and that I've perhaps pushed you a bit in an effort to test the waters, but it is what it is. It's something I can't get my brain to move on from. I hate myself for it, and I wish I could be better for you. And no, I'm not trying to hook you up with Nate. I was just curious if he would check you out, and he did."

"You know he fucking grabbed my ass, right? Or did that turn you on too?" Grace spat.

"No!" Nolan promptly replied. "I don't want anything to happen. To be honest, you enjoying it is, like, 90 percent of the thrill. That you experience something like that with someone else." Nolan felt like a pussy for not putting the true words to the test, but dancing around the subject just seemed easier.

Grace held her hands up, closing her eyes for a second.

"Nolan," she said. He braced himself for the death blow. "This is just too much right now. I... I need to just go for a walk or something. Sorry, I'm sure this is hard for you, and perhaps you hoped I'd never discover this or tell me under different circumstances, but... This is a lot."

"I'm sorry," Nolan said. "I don't know what else to say. I'm sorry."

Grace nodded and gave him a hug. "I know. And I love you, but I just need some time to process this," she said. "I'm sure you'll tell me all about it when I return."

*

Grace drove her truck up to the industrial lot to work. It was the only thing she could think of right then that could serve for some mental yoga. She felt so confused by her recent discovery about Nolan. It was like he was a completely new person now... though perhaps that wasn't fair. Maybe it had always been there, and that was a part of the Nolan that she loved. She had simply not known. Perhaps he didn't.

Perhaps he didn't even know what he liked about cuckolding. It seemed so farfetched to want your girl or your wife to sleep with other men. Then what was the point of being in a relationship? It was such a messy mental edit to wrap her mind around.

Grace tried to equate Nolan's fetish to her own desire to be naughty, to feel a little bit filthy. That was something she understood. Perhaps Nolan's fetish was along those lines. Maybe it was like her own desire to have a cock on her face or in her mouth. Or perhaps it was something deeper and more complex. Maybe he wanted to feel emasculated or humiliated by her. But why? Why would he want to feel that way? She didn't understand.

As she got out of her car, she felt her stomach grumbling. She had skipped breakfast, not really feeling up to it after the confrontation with Nolan. The thought of him fantasizing about her sleeping with other men made her feel sick to her stomach. She had no idea what he saw in it, but she wanted to understand. She doubted she'd ever indulge in it herself, but would she not accept Nolan for who he was? Like he said, he couldn't help it. And like the other thing he had said, as weird of an analogy it was it seemed perfectly apt. Grace had watched documentaries and movies about this and that, but that didn't mean she wanted to experience it herself. It just meant that it was fascinating to think about.

But what about Nolan? What did he see in it? Was he trying to get her to cheat on him? Or was he just curious and didn't know how to process it?

She walked into the workshop, slipped into her coveralls, and started working without really thinking about it. She needed to clear her head, and the work was a good way to do it. She needed to figure out how she felt about this whole thing, and what it meant for their relationship. She loved Nolan, and she wanted to be with him, so did she have to accept his fetish?

Grace thought back to how exposed she had felt in that bikini, and how Nolan had insisted. Were there similar situations? Was he having these thoughts while they had sex? If she wasn't so tired, she'd giggle at the thought of Nolan thinking about another man while sleeping with her. That seemed so flipped on its head.

With a sigh, she started to calculate the amount of fertilizer she'd need the next week. Both for her own accord, but also for the guys who paid the bills. They had been a bit stiff when it came to the amount of time it took to get the work done, but was even more opposed to letting her hire an assistant. So Grace, in order to meet her schedule, chipped in with a few extra hours here and there. It honestly stressed her out a little, but it was the sort of stress she liked. Working under pressure, with her back against the wall, and still coming up with a good result, always gave her a great sense of pride.

But the stress of work, Nolan getting drunk last night and the small tension they had at home had built up, and it would take her a while to relax and unwind. Not today. Today was not a good day.

Perhaps it was for the better to accept Nolan. It must have been difficult for him to walk around with such an emasculating fetish, and her freaking out about it wasn't going to make it easier.

Maybe if he got more comfortable talking about it, and maybe if she could explore it a bit, she could understand what he saw in it. Perhaps it was something fun for her to do as well, but she couldn't be sure until she tried it. And the idea of it scared the hell out of her, but she didn't want to run away from her fears. She loved Nolan, and she had to trust him, and if she ran away now, if she wasn't willing to meet him halfway, then what sort of person would that make her?

Grace rested her elbows on the small table, rubbing her temples as she closed her eyes. She didn't even give him a chance to explain himself. It wasn't like they had to agree on everything in life, perhaps this was one of those things. He had this thing that turned him on, and so what? She liked dicks on her face, she didn't expect Nolan to like it as well. Letting him explain she would at least understand. Maybe they could do an innocent version, down the line, where she got to be naughty and he got to have his fantasies fed. No, there was too much risk involved. But it didn't have to involve sex, right? Would the thrill would be enough?

Grace groaned. When she got home, she would sit Nolan down and try to be as understanding as possible, shove prejudice and societal norms aside for a bit, and listen to him. He was, hopefully, her future husband, and she wanted to be accepting of everything that was part of what made Nolan Nolan.

It didn't even have to result in her sleeping with anyone. Just the thought made her nauseous.

After a few hours of work, Grace made her way back to the apartment. She was by now legitimately feeling bad for Nolan. She had left him hanging after blasting him for something he likely didn't understand himself. She needed to talk to him about it and find out how they could both get some enjoyment from it, without crossing any lines. She was willing to meet him halfway, and she hoped he was willing to do the same.

As Grace walked into the apartment, she heard the sound of the TV playing, though as she looked past the living room and out on the balcony, she saw Nolan standing out there, leaning on the railing while looking out into the forest. There wasn't really much to see, unless you're a horticulture fanatic like Grace, so she knew he was probably dealing with a lot of things in his head right now.

The man was wearing nothing but his boxers and a t-shirt, not having dressed since he woke up. He was clearly upset, and she didn't blame him. She felt like she had handled this whole thing badly. She should've been more understanding and listened to him instead of freaking out.

Grace walked over to the balcony door and opened it. She stepped outside, walked up behind him, and placed a hand on his back. "Hey," she said softly.

"Hey," Nolan replied. "Do you want me to move out?"

"Move out?" Grace said. "What, and leave me here with Nate all alone?"

Nolan's eyes went wide with surprise.

"Too far too soon?" she asked, blushing a bit. Nolan didn't respond. "I'm sorry I just left like that… and even doing it just after having yelled at you. That was a dick move."

"It's okay," Nolan said.

"No, it's not," Grace said. "I was just… surprised, I guess? I don't know, it was just a lot to take in. I don't understand how you could be into this stuff."

"I don't either," Nolan said.

"But we'll figure it out," Grace said, wrapping her arms around him from behind. "I love you, and I don't want you to feel bad about your… fetish or whatever."

Nolan turned around to face her, looking surprised. "You mean that?" he asked.

"Yeah," Grace said. "I'm sorry for being such a bitch earlier. I can't say I approve or anything like that, but I want to at least understand it, and if there is a way we can… explore this, without anyone getting hurt, I'd be willing to meet you halfway. What that means… I don't know yet."

"Thank you," he said, hoarsely.

"Hey, it's okay," Grace said. She pulled him close and hugged him tightly. "I love you, Nolan. I'm sorry I freaked out earlier. I just… I was caught off guard."

"I understand," Nolan said.

"But please explain it to me," Grace said. "Tell me why you like this stuff."

Nolan nodded and took a deep breath.

"I don't know," he said. "I just... I think it's because I'm so into you. You're so hot.. And I love you so much. I just want you to be happy, and if that means I have to... step back and let you... I don't know, explore your sexuality, then I'd love to be there with you."

Grace shook her head and gave him a smile. "Nolan, I appreciate the gesture, but I don't think that's necessary," she said.

"But it's not just that," Nolan said. "It's, like, the worst thing you can do to someone. To betray them, cheating on them, whatever, but that sort of adds to the thrill. To put it in 'Grace'-terms, it's the naughtiest thing you could do. But doing it together, well, I don't know, the idea of it just comes across as hot to me. The thought of someone as precious as you doing something as vile as that."

"So, hypothetically, you wouldn't like it to be behind your back?" Grace asked. She saw Nolan's eyes brighten up a bit, getting ideas. "No, I'm not going to fuck some dude, Nolan. I just want to understand. Is it the affair part that you enjoy or..."

"I think it's the idea of you being taken from me," Nolan said. "That you're so desirable that someone would take you from me. Like you're some prize. And also to, like, see you in action. See how you act with someone else, in conjunction with it being so taboo."

"What, like a trophy wife?" Grace asked.

"I think it's just the taboo aspect of it," Nolan said. "Me not being allowed to watch, or you, like I said, doing something so vile and even keeping it from me when... you know what, I'm getting ahead of myself here..."

"And is that what gets you going? Me being a... naughty little wife or whatever?" Grace asked. She could feel her cheeks warming up. This was very unfamiliar territory. "You want me to cheat on you?"

"It's just a fantasy," Nolan said, clearly feeling awkward and a bit uncomfortable talking about this with her. "And... I guess I wouldn't want you to actually cheat on me."

"What if I just flirted with someone and teased him or something?" Grace asked, not sure if she believed what was coming out of her mouth or if it was a genuine suggestion. "That, uh, wouldn't count as cheating, would it?"

"I don't know," Nolan said quietly.

"That could be fun though," Grace said. "Teasing some guy. Would that be in accordance with this whole... thing?"

She didn't really mean it, but it was clearly working on Nolan, and perhaps, a slight introduction to the lifestyle would be exciting for both of them.

"Yeah," Nolan said. "God... I feel stupid about all this now."

"Don't," Grace said. "It's perfectly fine. You can't help what you're into. And we all need our sexual spice, I guess, and... Look, I've no fucking clue how this would work, or even if I'd want to explore it fully. I mean, flirting and stuff is one thing, but sex is another..."

"Of course," Nolan said, quickly."Look, I think it would be incredibly hot for you to tease someone. To play around with a guy and let him think he has a shot. To get all excited about it and stuff, but like, I'd never push you into anything you didn't want to do. And I one hundred percent agree with you. Sex is something completely different, but the thrill that it might... I'm just gonna stop talking..."

"Well, we can always start with flirting," Grace said with a slight shrug. "Maybe... if it would turn you on to see me flirt and tease some guy, then perhaps we could do it that way. As long as you're not trying to actually set me up with someone else, I mean."

"God, just the fact that you're talking about it," Nolan said. Standing in just his t-shirt and his boxers, Grace could see that he had swelled slightly from the little turn in their conversation.

Grace smiled. "I still feel like a crazy person for thinking it," Grace said. "But maybe we can try it." She walked over to the balcony and leaned sideways on the railing, facing him. "Just to see how it goes."

They stood there for a moment in thought. She glanced at the matted wall that separated their balcony from Nate's, and how she had several times been quite exposed for their wretched neighbor. The fantasy was so messed up in its own, but Nolan had purposefully pushed her toward showing off in front of Nate. Was it by convenience, or was there something else?

"Why Nate?" Grace asked.

"What do you mean?" Nolan asked. "Maybe we should, erh, go inside?" Grace agreed and they went inside. It gave Grace a bit of time to collect herself a bit, and she wanted to see how her boyfriend would react if she pushed him a little bit. Not to actually indulge, just to know.

"So. Why did you choose Nate as the one to potentially steal me from you?" Grace asked, pushing him a bit to gauge his response. Nolan had the expected reaction, gasping sharply, but not in a negative way. He liked it. He was for real about this fantasy. "I want you to know that I'm only teasing you. I don't want to cheat on you, but a bit of flirting here and there and some teasing I can do. But tell me, Nolan. Why Nate?"

"I, uh... well, I thought he'd be fun," Nolan said.

"Fun? How so?" Grace asked, smiling.

"I don't know," Nolan said, clearly feeling uncomfortable.

"Don't be shy, now," Grace said. "You were bold enough to bring it up, and you wanted me to prance around half-naked out there for him. I think I deserve an answer."

Nolan looked at her, his eyes wide with surprise. "I... I just thought he'd be fun to tease," Nolan said. "Well, I know we're not pretentious or anything, but would you ever consider a guy like him as someone you'd be with?"

"No?" Grace said, disgusted by the prospect. "He's kind of brash and... you know, he doesn't seem to have the best view of women either. Like, he grabbed me, he ogles me, all that. And he's much older than me, probably older than my dad too."

"Yeah, I know," Nolan said, nodding. "And that's sort of why. It all comes down to how taboo it is. To have a guy like that be interested in you, to try and take you from me, to see if he's going to get a shot at you. I can't explain it, but it just gets to me. A fair beauty like yourself getting seduced by an ugly brute."

Grace blushed. She couldn't believe she was hearing this from Nolan. She had never imagined that he was into such things. But she understood what he meant, sort of. It was just the taboo aspect of it, the forbidden fruit, the idea of cheating on your partner, of being with someone else. It was all about the thrill, the excitement, the danger. And then there was Nate. He was older and kind of sleazy, but there was something about that which turned Nolan on.

Grace smiled and leaned forward, pressing her lips against his. "You're a dirty boy," she said.

Nolan moaned softly as she kissed him. His hands roamed across her body, squeezing her ass. "I know," he said.

They kissed for a few moments before pulling away. "I still think it's kind of fucked up," Grace said.

"And that he lives right next door, with such easy access?" Nolan joked, trying to lighten the mood a bit.

"Exactly," Grace said, giggling. "But... what sort of easy access would you like him to have?" she whispered into his ear. Nolan gasped sharply, his cock twitching.

"You're not serious?" Nolan asked. Grace looked at him and cocked an eyebrow. Nolan's eyes traveled across her body, soaking in her simple outfit. She only wore sweatpants, a plain t-shirt, and a hoodie, but he still looked at her with some slight wonder. A wonder whether he would pounce on her within the next few minutes.

"When you were drunk last night, passed out on the bed, Nate, eh, took liberties in admiring my form and groped me a bit," Grace said.

Nolan stopped breathing. He closed his eyes and groaned loudly.

"He grabbed my ass again while you were asleep and for whatever reason, I let him," Grace whispered moving her hand over Nolan's crotch, softly massaging him through his boxers, and he was starting to become erect. "The most vulgar, filthy... Neanderthal thing. He touched me and moved close and was breathing hard and it's all a bit of a blur... and then I scolded him like the bad boy that he was."

Nolan groaned as he became rock-hard underneath her touch. "You're so bad," he said, opening his eyes and looking into hers.

"And, like you said, he lives right next door. Easy access," she whispered. Her breath was hot, and her heart was racing. She could not believe what she was saying, or the idea of giving in to a small fantasy, and a messed-up one at that.

Grace moved her other hand down his torso, to his lower abdomen, teasing the skin there, before sliding it underneath his boxers and feeling his cock. She gasped when she felt how hard he was and how hot his skin felt.

"Yeah, like that, baby," he whispered, moaning softly as her fingers explored his cock. She wrapped her hand around it, feeling his girth, her fingers barely able to hold him.

"He was bigger," she whispered. "He was rough, and thick, and hard."

Nolan was breathing heavily, his cock twitching in her grasp, pre-cum leaking from the tip.

"Fuck, baby, you're so good," he said.

Grace squeezed him lightly and smiled. "You like that?" she asked. "You like thinking about me with another man?"

"Fuck yeah," he grunted, thrusting his hips against her hand. He was so hard and thick. "Fuck yeah, baby, tell me what he did to you."

"Well, you were there too, honey, while he touched me. Unconscious and unaware as our nasty neighbor was groping me while I was watching you. Such a naughty boy, making his girl fall prey to another man," Grace cooed.

Grace blushed and leaned into his embrace. Their foreheads were now touching, panting hot air in each other's faces. The scent of beer, a hint of shame, and a lot of lust hung in the air. Grace, ever the sweetie, found a new avenue for this fantasy, "He was rough too, baby. Made a comment about you not being a real man. Does that turn you on?"

"Uh huh. He grabbed you where?" Nolan hissed, not answering. Grace had him.

"My chest, my hips, my ass," Grace whispered, playing him. And while Grace did not find Nate attractive in the least, there was a thrill at the thought of a perverted older man forcing himself onto her. Just a small one, that.

Nolan gasped, a shiver running through him. Her hand treated Nolan expertly. He always loved both her blowjobs and her handjobs, and she took some pride in how he reacted to her touch. But that wasn't the only thing that drove him right now. It was her dirty talk, her hand was just an instrument now. "Fuck, that's so hot," he said. "Tell me more, please."

"Would love to, honey," Grace cooed. "But it's between Nate and I."

Nolan gasped loudly and his cock jumped in her grip. His face was red and his breathing was heavy. Grace stroked his cock slowly, teasingly, building up the pleasure and driving him closer to release.

"Fuck," he grunted. "I'm gonna cum, baby. Keep talking. Tell me about it. Tell me more, please."

"Oh yeah," she whispered. Her cheeks were flushed, and her pulse was pounding, but it wasn't all just her doing it for him. "What part, hmmm? About him grabbing me? Or, or maybe me... spreading myself for him to fuck me with you knocked the fuck out?"

Grace couldn't believe the words coming out of her mouth, it didn't sound like her, but was turned on from the mere notion of what she was saying.

The apartment fell silent, no other than their combined breathing and the slick sound of Grace's hand stroking him. Nolan grunted, pushing himself into her hand as much as he could before his entire body tensed up and a low, guttural groan escaped his lips.

Thick spurts of cum shot out of the head of his cock and onto the floor. His body spasmed and his legs shook, the climax overwhelming him, but she didn't let go, wanting every last drop.

"I'm... sorry," Nolan whispered.

"Oh, not to worry," Grace said with a warm smile. "We've got a lot more where that came from. Right, handsome?"

"Sure, but just out of curiosity... What happened?" Nolan asked, taking a half step from her.

Grace for a second considered not telling him, to let him hang, but decided against it. "Nothing at all. He showed up at the door with you, said you had a bit much, then went off. Nothing happened," Grace said. It was the truth. Nothing had happened. Nate hadn't even set foot in their apartment. "You better clean that up," she said, nodding toward the floor.

"You didn't get off though," Nolan said, ever the gentleman.

"I know," Grace said, taking a step toward him. "Get down."

Nolan obeyed and slowly lowered himself to his knees. She smirked, looking down at him and removing her sweatpants and underwear.

Grace was surprised herself at how horny she was. It had to be from her teasing him so.

Grace quickly draped a foot across one of his shoulders, landing her bare crotch directly on his mouth, grabbing his hair.

"Open," she commanded.

Nolan let his tongue slip out and she let her weight situate upon him, putting her free hand on the wall as she let him lick, suck, and enjoy.

*

After teasing Nolan about his fetish, Grace felt conflicted by it. It was fun to tease and see her boyfriend's reaction, but it still made her feel dirty afterwards. Like she was doing something wrong. But she couldn't deny that there was a part of her that enjoyed teasing Nolan. The look of absolute bliss on his face when she told him about his fantasy was an odd sort of high. Nolan was so into it, and seeing him getting turned on like that was intoxicating. It felt good, knowing that he loved her, and that he was into her. But she wasn't sure if she wanted to indulge him like this.

Teasing was fine, but going all the way with it was another thing. She didn't want to cheat on him, and she wasn't interested in other men. She had let him know that several times after they had made each other cum. Nolan said that it was okay and that he didn't expect her to actually do it. Just talking about it was enough for him. It made Grace feel relieved. Still, it didn't feel right.

Grace was pulling on her overalls. It was getting pretty warm out, especially with her line of work, activity, and whatnot, so she dropped the pants and the sweater, wearing nothing but her green lace panties and a white t-shirt under. It felt kind of naughty wearing nothing underneath, which was fun, but then again, overalls were just pants with suspenders attached to them, so what was the big deal anyway?

Nonetheless, it gave her all the air and mobility she needed for hoisting sacks of fertilizers onto her pick-up truck. The industrial lot was several acres and had its own grid of roads everywhere. She had no idea still what sort of industry that would be here, so she had started to name the small streets herself. 'Nolan's street' which was where Grace knew the office building would be. 'Green Wall Avenue' which was a street where they had a Crataegus monogyna hedge facing the

neighbors. The neighbors was just an office building, but Grace figured it was better to look at a beautiful green hedge with white flowers rather than brick and concrete.

Probably the people who would work here would never notice. Whatever, that was their loss.

Later, Grace had to pick up a bunch of seeds for some flower beds around the parking lot. And... and she had to pick up the plants and whatnot she had ordered for Nate when she visited him. It had been a few days since Nolan and Grace had indulged in his dirty little fantasy, but it permanently, to her regret, changed how she viewed their sleazy neighbor Nate.

She had always seen him as sort of sleazy, yes, but she hadn't ever put him and sex in the same context together. Not in that way, at least. Grace wasn't a slut or anything, and even with the boyfriend's new-found infatuation with a taboo sexual fantasy, the notion of herself jumping in bed with her next-door neighbor was absurd. He was older than her dad, for christ's sake. She was just glad Nolan was reasonable enough to keep it all at arms length.

She sighed and grabbed a smaller plastic pot filled with straw, ready with holes at the bottom to make plantation easier. She couldn't be entirely sure if she would put him at arm's length though, not when Nolan had put that damn fantasy of his in her brain. It was odd how such a small change of notion could change your perception of someone.

Still, she had agreed, in a way. Ugh, and she had told Nate she could drop the plants off and help him get them set up and a watering schedule later today. She had half a mind of canceling it, or at least postponing it. Maybe make some excuse that the herbs and plants hadn't arrived yet.

No. That was, for one, going back on her word, and secondly, shitty. Grace didn't want to lie. The poor man was just an innocent victim to her own prejudice. Not completely innocent, perhaps, but still, she didn't want it to have a necessarily negative impact on Nate that Nolan had these strange notions about him. It didn't matter. It was just a fantasy. A twisted, perverted one. Besides, she was just helping her neighbor.

'Helping,' Grace thought to herself, offering herself a snicker as she caught herself. *'Who knows what sort of help Nate would prefer!'*

Grace drove to the store where she got her plants from, picked up her delivery for Nate, and headed toward their apartment building. Still in her truck, as she was heading back to the lot with the seeds she had picked up. It was barely afternoon and still lots to do, but she needed those seeds right away, and the building was on the way.

Grace parked the car outside the apartment building and took a few minutes to gather her thoughts. She didn't know why, but she was feeling nervous about this. She shook her head and told herself to stop being silly. She was just helping her neighbor. While Nolan and her had changed one dynamic about their relationship, hers with Nate was for the time being unchanged.

She got out of her car, headed to the elevator and went up to Nate's door. She knocked on it and waited for him to answer. After a few moments, she heard Nate's heavy footsteps approaching the door, followed by the sound of the locks being undone.

The door opened, revealing Nate on the other side. He was wearing his usual attire, a stained t-shirt and some cargo pants. He looked at her and smiled. "Hey, Grace," he said. "What's up?"

"I got your plants," she said, gesturing toward her car downstairs, next to his own rundown Volkswagon. "Ready to get your hands dirty?"

"Always," Nate replied. He stepped out of the doorway, having a look over the rail. "Need any help with that?"

"No, I've got it," she said. She turned to walk back down to the elevator and could feel his eyes glued to her ass. Even in overalls, Grace's ass seemed to draw a lot of attention from Nate. She always knew that she had a good ass, but now that she knew that Nolan was into this kind of thing, she was starting to notice Nate's eyes a lot more.

Grace opened the back lid of her truck and grabbed some plastic pots. She turned around to see Nate out in the open hallway, leaning on the rail. He was looking at her ass again, even from up there, but quickly looked away when he realized that she was watching him.

She rolled her eyes and made her way back upstairs.

"Here you go," she said, handing him the pot. "You got a place where you want this?"

Nate nodded and walked back inside. She followed him into the apartment and saw that he had made some space by the window.

"Here's good," he said, placing the pot down. He looked at her and smiled. "Like we talked about?"

"Right," Grace remembered. She knew he expected her to do the planting for him, to bend toward the window sill and give him an eye-full of the denim clad cheeks of her ass. She blushed at the thought.

She went back outside and picked a sack of soil and smaller already opened sack of fertilizer. She went inside and placed them on the floor by the window. "Let's get you all set up then," she said.

Nate grinned and nodded. He leaned against the wall, watching as she got down on her knees and started digging holes in the soil for the plants. It didn't take long, but Grace could feel his eyes on her the entire time. She didn't look up at him, but she knew what he was looking at. Somehow, that made her feel weirdly powerful, to have such a strong effect on him.

"So, how's Nolan?" Nate asked suddenly.

"Huh?" Grace asked. "He's fine."

"Good, good," Nate said. "How was his hangover?"

"Fine, I guess," Grace said. She kept her eyes on the plants, not wanting to look at him. If she did, she knew he'd look away. Perhaps it was Nolan's ideas implementing themselves on her brain, but it felt so naughty to stall and give Nate a show.

"That's good," Nate said. "He's a good guy."

Grace nodded. "Yeah, he is," she said. She placed one of the plants in the hole and began covering the roots in fertilizer. She could hear Nate breathing heavily somewhere behind her, and she could tell from the way he was shifting around back there he was trying to get a better view. She smirked, knowing that he was enjoying the show.

As she was placing the last of the plants, she heard Nate groan slightly. She turned and saw him moving his hand down the front of his pants.

"What are you doing?" she asked, feigning ignorance.

"Nothing," Nate replied. He quickly pulled his hand out of his pants, but she could see the bulge in his crotch.

'Holy shit,' Grace thought as she saw the size of his bulge. It was huge, and it made her blush. *'Oh my god, he's so big.'*

Realizing she was staring, she quickly glanced up at him, still on her knees. The smirk on his face let her know that he knew what she had been looking at. She looked away, embarrassed and turned on, but also annoyed with herself. He probably stuffed his pants anyway.

It was almost just as annoying that he didn't even say anything. That knowing smirk was so smug!

Grace got up from her knees and brushed off the dirt from her overalls. She turned and looked at Nate, who was still smirking at her. "Well, I better get going," she said, turning to leave.

"Hey, Grace," Nate called out to her.

She turned around, giving him a curious look.

"Thanks for helping me out," he said. "Let me know if I can help you in return. With anything."

"Sure," Grace said. "I'll see you later."

She walked out of the apartment, feeling her heart pounding in her chest. She couldn't believe how bold he had been, grabbing himself like that in front of her. She couldn't stop thinking about the bulge in his pants, how big it had looked. It made her feel warm and tingly all over.

She shook her head and tried to push those thoughts away. She had work to do. She needed to focus.

*

It was evening when Grace finally returned home. She had spent all day working, and now she was exhausted. It was honest work, but it was also hard labor. A bath with some red wine would be just fine, then find her best and coziest sweatpants, and then perhaps do her nails. She hoped Nolan had taken the initiative and made dinner, as this day in particular had been more taxing than others.

"I'm home!" she called as she entered the apartment. There was no reply. "Nolan?"

Still no reply. He was probably out getting groceries or something. Grace sighed and dropped her bag by the door. She walked into the bathroom and turned on the water. She stripped off her clothes and stood naked in the mirror waiting for the tub to fill up.

She knew she was pretty, and worked hard to maintain her body. Her neon blonde hair, considered silver by some, was also something that many found attractive about her. Her booty was of course a feat of good genes and hard work.

Was it weird that Nolan wanted to share all this? Was it weird that he wanted to share all this with someone like Nate Bertsch? The thought of sharing her body with a man like that made her

shiver. A brash, loud-mouthed pervert. And yet, there was a part of her that was attracted to him. Maybe it was Nolan's ideas rubbing off on her, or maybe it was something else entirely. Was it so easy that she was impressed by what she saw in his cargo pants? Was she not ashamed to admit she liked big cocks? Men like big boobs and women like big cocks, and perhaps she wasn't above that.

But he was such a jerk. He was rude and arrogant, and he always seemed to be leering at her. If he hadn't been so crude and obnoxious, maybe she would've gotten along with him at a platonic level, but alas.

But Nolan insisted that his fantasy was just that, that he didn't want her to do anything. Grace agreed with that. Yet, some of these thoughts remained persistent.

Grace turned off the water and got into the bathtub. The hot water felt good against her skin, and she let out a sigh of relief. She closed her eyes and let the water wash over her.

After a few minutes, Grace started to nod herself to sleep, allowing her mind to wander of into thoughts that turned into a dream about a giant snake of some sort, coiling around her body and squeezing her tightly, but never letting go. The serpent kept its grip on her, wrapping itself around her waist and hips, squeezing them to the point of discomfort.

Grace herself looked to be an apple, and the snake wanted to bite the apple. She didn't want to, but the snake would have its due. The snake opened its mouth, revealing rows of sharp teeth. It lunged for her, and she screamed.

"Hey, hey," a voice said, rousing her from the dream. "It's okay, you're fine. You were dreaming."

Grace opened her eyes and saw Nolan kneeling by the tub, looking at her with concern. "Are you okay?" he asked.

"What the fuck?" Grace muttered. She had never experienced anything like this before. It felt so strange. Every instinct told her to bolt up and run, but as her mind awoke, she realized there was no snake and she wasn't an apple. Snakes don't even eat apples and they certainly didn't have rows of teeth. If this was some sort of awkward way for herself to warn herself against forsaking paradise then she was getting her bible references mixed up.

"I was taking a bath, and I must have fallen asleep," Grace said, still a bit confused.

"Perhaps the warm water made you a bit too sleepy," Nolan said, handing her a thick towel. "You should be careful."

"I know," Grace said, getting out of the tub. She dried herself off and wrapped the towel around herself. She gave Nolan a kiss on the cheek. "Thank you for waking me up."

"Of course," Nolan said. "Are you okay?"

"Yeah, I'm fine," Grace said. "I think I just need some rest."

"Okay," Nolan said. "I'll make us some dinner."

"Thanks," Grace said. She walked into the bedroom and changed into her sweatpants and a T-shirt. She crawled into bed and pulled the covers over herself. She closed her eyes and tried to clear her mind. The dream had been strange, but it wasn't anything to worry about. She was just tired and stressed from work.

It didn't take long for Grace to be back to her regular self. Walking into the kitchen she saw her man working some ground beef, with spaghetti boiling, and a tomato sauce simmering. It was a simple dinner, but it was homemade.

Grace loved it when Nolan made dinner. He was a great cook and always seemed to know exactly what she liked. It made her feel special and loved.

"Something smells good," Grace said, kissing Nolan on the cheek.

"It's almost ready," Nolan said in that sexy voice of his. "So you do you by the way. Smell good."

Grace spanked Nolan lightly. "You better keep your eyes on the road, or you'll crash."

"Yeah?" Nolan chuckled, giving her a spank back. "Go set the table. How was work?"

Grace did as she was told, found the plates they had gotten as a gift from her mother when they moved in together and started to place them out along with cutlery and whatever else they might need,

"It was good. You'll never guess who I visited today," she said. As expected, Nolan froze up for a moment. "Nate Bertsch."

"What?" Nolan asked, turning to look at her.

"Yeah, he needed some help planting those herbs and plants I had helped him order when I last visited," Grace said, smiling coyly at him. "I thought perhaps I'd show him how to fertilize, but I guess he figured that was a woman's job. So I got down on my knees and did all the work for him."

Nolan shortened the distance between them in two long steps, placing his hand on her ass, giving it a tight squeeze. "Is that right?" he asked, his voice low.

"Yeah," Grace said, trying to keep her cool. "He stood there, watching me, leering at me, while I planted his flowers."

"Fuck," Nolan said, pulling her closer. His cock was hard, pressing against her thigh. He leaned down and kissed her neck. "Did you show off for him?"

"You bet I did," Grace moaned, as her neck was the most sensitive part of her body. "I made sure to bend over nice and slow, letting him see my ass in my overalls."

"Fuck, baby, that's so hot," Nolan groaned. His cock was rock hard against her thigh. She knew he was turned on by the thought of her flirting with Nate. He liked the idea of her being a tease.

"I know," Grace said, kissing him. She pushed his mouth open with her tongue and forced him to play second fiddle. It was not the first time she took the initiative. The last time had been when she previously had teased Nolan about this fantasy of his. "He got a good eyeful. What do you think he'd want to do with me? Bent over right in front of him like that."

"Oh my god," Nolan groaned. He grabbed her ass with both hands and pushed her up against the wall. "You're such a bad girl."

"I know," Grace said, kissing him passionately. She loved the way he was holding her, the way his cock was grinding against her. She felt so turned on by his desire for her.

She looked up at him, her eyes filled with lust. "What would you want him to do with me?" she asked. "Would you want him to fuck me right there while you were at work? Or would you want to watch?"

"Both," Nolan groaned.

Grace smirked. "You like that, huh?" she asked. "You like the idea of me being fucked by another man?"

"Yeah," Nolan said. His breathing was heavy and his cock was rock hard.

"Well, I was right in front of him, in my overalls, in my t-shirt, and right under that my green lacy panties that you like so much. What if he had torn them open right then and there? You couldn't really have done much to stop him," Grace said. "You were at work. I was all alone with him. He could have done anything to me."

Nolan groaned as the words washed over him. "I know," Grace continued, kissing his neck, grinding her hips against him. "I turned to look at him, you know, over my shoulders. And I didn't see it, but I just know he was jerking it for me. Right there."

Nolan wrapped an arm around her back, lifted her, and spun them both around toward the table. Sitting her down on the edge of it, removoing her sweats, Nolan entered Grace in quite an impatient way, wrapping her soft thighs around him, her hand draped across his neck as he plunged into her.

"You like fucking me on the dinner table?" Grace grunted, licking his lips with her tongue. She couldn't believe how horny he was from her talking about flirting with a different man. He really got off on that. There could be no doubt.

Grace wondered if she should tell him about Nate's perceived endowment, but wondered if that would scare Nolan off from this. Was it too much fun to see him lust like this for it to end so abruptly? Would it be a fun tease or simply overstep a line?

Her thoughts were interrupted when Nolan began to speak himself.

"Yeah," he groaned, pumping his cock into her. He grabbed her ass with both hands, pulling her closer.

"I was so wet," Grace moaned, running a finger over his lips. "I couldn't help myself. I was just sitting there on my hands and knees, feeling so exposed. I'm ashamed to admit it, but half a second there I was wondering if this fantasy of yours would be a good idea after all."

Nolan gasped, his cock throbbing inside of her. "That's so fucking hot," he said, grunting. "Fuck, I can't believe you were doing all this while I was at work."

"Oh yeah," she moaned. "And by the time you'd be here, it would be several times over too late." Grace grabbed his hair and pulled him into her neck for him to nibble and suck on, making sure she had his undivided attention. "If I didn't have work to get back to, I might just let him push me over his couch or something, just to feel that thick cock of his..."

Grace's dirty talk made Nolan's knees buckle and thrust hard. And since she was on the table and thus still elevated slightly over him, his force pushed into her tight canal and overcame the g-spot rather quickly. Grace gasped, the feeling was new and intense, her words of encouragement became an impromptu chant of "fuck me" repeated over and over, as this felt

really fucking good. Nolan was so worked up that the fast, strong pace he kept didn't let up at all.

This was just all fantasy and talking about things in the heat of the moment. That's all it was, and Grace hoped her man knew it too.

Afterward, Nolan helped her put back on her pants and smacked her ass.

"Tell me, was any of it true?" Nolan asked.

"I came to his apartment. I was on my hands and knees while I planted his plants, yes. And he was touching himself, I think. But I didn't have any of those thoughts. I won't cheat on you, understand?" Grace said. It was important to her that he knew that.

"Yes. I know you'd never, but it's like... what if you did," Nolan said.

"And I'll be honest with you about everything. As long as you don't grow bored of me," Grace said.

"Never! With an ass like that?" Nolan said, teasing her a bit.

"I'm just a set of cheeks for you to gawk at, huh?" Grace said, playing along.

"And much more, of course," Nolan said, knowing not to take it too far. "So what brought this on?"

Grace now blushed. What did bring her sudden switch? She hesitated, unsure how Nolan's ego could handle it, so she decided to stall.

"Get the sauce ready, will you, I am hungry," she asked him.

"Don't avoid the question," he said.

"Maybe, while thinking and stalling with his plants, I found out Nate might be hung," Grace said, deliberately looking away, bracing herself for Nolan's reaction. "Not that we are or are to ever consider it, or anything," she quickly added. "But you know, being naughty like that, you know what that does to me."

"My my," Nolan said, much to Grace's surprise. She looked at him and saw an awkward smirk. "Never took you for a size queen."

"I'm not!" Grace said indignant. She had to get him back for this. "You of all people should know that's not the case at all!"

Nolan laughed at her implication, making Grace laugh too.

"You're pretty weird, Mr. Bickle," Grace said, shaking her head. He shrugged. For being a guy who fantasized about his girl getting fucked, he sure was confident in himself. By all rights. From his gentle brown eyes to his sexy voice, to how he carried himself. It was all man. A flash of Nate shot into her mind, and the idea of him being a stud by comparison, made her shudder.

No. Nolan was better than that.

"Dinner's ready," Nolan said. "And you better eat up, you need your strength up with what Nate has in store for you."

"Pff."

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Nolan was on cloud nine for several days after Grace had not only accepted and forgiven him for his depraved fantasies, but also indulged in it. Two times had she dropped a bomb on him which had both times resulted in explosive sex and orgasms. It doubled over when it occurred to Grace that she was getting off on it too.

Nolan had a secret mission in trying to figure out just what she saw in his fantasy. Was it because she liked to be a bit naughty? Was it because she loved him and saw what her teasing did to him? Or was it the fact that Grace got the impression that Nate was hung? The latter struck his ego the most, but his precious Grace being so easy seemed wrong on all levels. She was the complete opposite from an airhead slut after all.

Nolan smiled as he sat in his cubicle, working on a report. They had done some background work for one of their clients. Mr. Calhoun, or Josh as he insisted on being called, had been very happy when Nolan was able to drag in Oakwood Pharma.

"This Nathan Bertsch, however," Josh said, rubbing his neck. He was younger than Nolan, but Nolan sort of looked up to the guy. He had done so much already and seemed in all rights to be a decent guy. Even if it was a small company still, he was happy that Mr. Calhoun was his boss. He also had a great taste in employees, a lot of them very, very pretty girls. "I don't know. I might consider it, but I need to resolve an issue with one of our other sales representatives. I'm relocating him, so he will end up in another budget. After that, maybe. Is he good?"

"I can ask for his resumè," Nolan said. Josh nodded slowly, glancing at the window. "Nice weather, eh?"

"Sure is, buddy," Josh said, standing. It was his cue that the meeting was over. He easily towered over Nolan. He'd be intimidating if he wasn't so friendly. "Expect a bit of a bonus if this thing goes through. Let that be a carrot. Mrs. Lewis will be pleased."

Nolan nodded, turned, and went back to his office. A bonus. Already? Thanks to both Hammer and Nate. He had quizzed Nate a bit before presenting them to Josh, and that had done wonders. The contracts and whatnot were not done yet, that would be up to another department, but the pharmaceutical industry was known for the resources that were put behind it. Did Nolan dare think of a multi-million contract?

If anything does something to your ego, it is that. And the knowing smiles from some of the pretty secretaries and other employees didn't exactly have a negative impact either.

When he got home early that day, it was Friday, Nolan got a bonus that he could appreciate right away. Grace apparently was home as well, and it was a nice day as Mr. Calhoun had said. Thus, the sexiest woman in Nolan's life stood basking in the sun in his favorite red bikini. Her hand rested on the railing as she stood there as she seemed to peer out into the wilderness that was behind their apartment building. It wasn't really wilderness, more a patch of untended nature.

But regardless, Grace Harris stood there with that magnificent ass, not even aware she was being observed. Maybe it was time for Nolan to make her into a Bickle in the near future. If that bonus went through, then certainly. She'd be the proud wife of a top salesman.

Grace turned around, and stretched out her arms with a satisfied grin, before something to Nolan's left, her right, caught her attention. She glanced over at Nolan, noticing him, then turned presumably to Nate and shook her head. Something more was said, and Nolan could

hear his voice. He couldn't really hear what exactly but Grace threw another glance and then moved toward where the two balconies met. And out of sight, obscured by the wall of their apartment along with the blinds.

Nolan knew she was putting on some sort of mischievous show, and felt himself glued to the floor. Not seeing her completely, except for her blonde hair blowing delicately in the wind. It felt like an eternity and his heart was beating the shit out of his chest. His cock started to tent up in his suit pants and the imagination ran wild.

Then Grace appeared again, but instead of going back to sunbathing, she hurried inside, looking flustered while she was adjusting the top of her bikini.

"What happened?" Nolan asked hoarsely. Had Nate felt her up? Was that why she adjusted her bikini like that? Why was she so flustered?

"He wanted a closer look," Grace said, blushing slightly. "I could've put a stop to it, but..."

Nolan stared at her, his mouth agape. She didn't... did she? "Did he touch you?"

"He was so demanding. Man, those fingers can work magic," Grace said. "Quick, get down. I need to get off right now!"

And they both hurried into their apartment, making love on their couch. It was quick and rough, but amazing all the same.

Afterward, Grace said she was just giving him some watering tips, and that she was adjusting her bikini to fuck with Nolan. Nolan had no reason not to believe her, but some fucked up part of him wanted it to be true. That these times when she was dirty talking, that it had actually happened.

To satiate that, Grace agreed that she could always sunbathe more often out on the balcony.

"If you really like it that much," Grace said.

"I do... but don't you?" Nolan asked. Grace didn't look like she expected him to turn it around on her. "I mean, sure, you fixed your bikini to fuck with me, but I saw how flustered you were."

"God..." Grace groaned. "I just... It's so fucking naughty and wrong to feel this way, but it's such a thrill, you know? To flirt with him, knowing what he wants from me. You like it when I tease him, right?"

Nolan nodded.

"And that does it for me. The thrill of flirting, and the confirmation that I have stud in here that wants me, even if it's so wrong," Grace said. "Does that make sense?"

"Yes," Nolan said. "I like it when you tease him too, you know. And knowing that he wants you... well, it makes me want you even more. And I love you for doing this for me."

"Well, I'm glad," Grace said. "So... how far do you wanna go?"

Nolan gulped. The dreaded question all wannabe cucks is doomed to face at one point. At one hand, it was such a thrill like Grace had said. The rush was like nothing else. Their sex life had never been lackluster, even in their valleys, but it was in full steroid mode now. But would Nolan really step aside and let another man take over his duties and claim his woman as his own? It

was in fantasy for the time being, and Nolan had envisioned it to be that way for some time. Perhaps they'd never go further than this. But now Grace was asking that dreaded question.

"I mean, I can do, like, yoga out there and stuff," Grace continued, trailing a finger along Nolan's chest. Oh, that's what she meant. How far would he like her to take the teasing on the balcony stuff. How could he assume anything else?

"That would be hot. Hell, even without Nate and our little exploration game, I'd want you to do that," Nolan said. He grabbed her hand and brought it to his lips, kissing it lightly.

The next few days became a most devious torture for Nolan. The weather was nice, and Grace held true to her promise of doing yoga every day out there. All sorts of poses, where she pushed her ass high into the air. And she did it in either tight yoga or lycra pants, or in her bikini. Sometimes Nolan was out there with her, seeing that Nate hovered around on his side beyond the matted wall, sometimes Nolan would linger inside, peeking through the blinds, and on occasion he would catch a glimpse of Nate on his balcony, staring at Grace like a lion.

Nolan felt oddly proud and possessive about it at the same time. He wanted to be there and show off his girl to another man. Show that he was the one who could take her back inside and fuck her. Sometimes he just wanted Nate to ogle and lust. Either way, it always resulted in steamy couplings between the two young adults.

By Thursday, Grace started bringing some kettlebells and started doing lunges, squats, and deadlifts, all with a knowing smirk on her face. She seemed to enjoy the attention of the two men who lusted after her, knowing that she was driving them mad.

Every time Grace would tease Nolan with the most rank dirty talk, especially those times when Nolan had lingered inside and not been able to see everything with his own eyes. For some reason, when Nolan didn't know the full picture, and had to guess what had actually happened until Grace would eventually come clean, that just made everything even better.

Meanwhile, Nolan would from time to time hang out with Nate. He didn't seem too different to Nolan, perhaps apart from a few knowing smirks here and there. Like he had something on him. Probably did he think he had one over on Nolan or something? And to be honest, he kind of did. Knowing that Grace was willfully exposing herself to him was a thrill, but sitting next to him and watching football over some beers felt… strange.

Nate would occasionally drop hints that Grace was a "fine piece of ass" or the like. Sometimes it felt like he was testing the water to see how much Nolan would allow. Nate wasn't stupid, he had to have caught on that Grace was indeed showing off, but he didn't seem to know why. Just as well. That would really change the, what should you say, power dynamic between them. Nate was already the older more experienced guy in their friendly relationship, and this would probably make him feel even more entitled.

As Nate was out having a smoke, Nolan noticed that there was a small gap between the matted wall between their balconies and the wall of his apartment. On their side, there was a plant that didn't make it obvious, but there was at least a 3-inch gap between the two walls. It wasn't noticeable unless you knew where to look, but it was enough to give Nate an eyeful. That meant that he had potentially been ogling Grace even when Nolan was out there, not caring that his silhouette could be seen. Nolan had always assumed that Nate just hung around and saw some vague figures through the matted wall, but no, he was likely creeping on Grace the whole time. It didn't change much, but it was a fun little discovery nonetheless.

"By the way," Nate said. "Here's your car keys. I drove you home, but forgot to give these back."

"Thanks! I've been using my spare ones," Nolan said, grabbing them.

"Right," Nate said.

"How's the herb garden?" Nolan asked.

"Great, thanks to your missus," Nate said.

"Yeah, she's pretty great. In more ways than one," Nolan said. Nate gave him a look, and then looked away, shaking his head. Nolan grinned. Oh, he knew.

"You two are like rabbits, I bet," Nate chuckled. "The walls aren't exactly thick."

Nolan didn't reply but felt himself blush a little bit. Did they really get that loud? He hadn't really thought about it. Maybe they did, but that was part of the thrill. Or perhaps the walls were thin.

"Hey, I'm not judging," Nate said. "I'm glad you two have a healthy sex life. I just wish I had any better luck!"

"How come you don't have a wife or a girl or something?" Nolan said. "If you don't mind me asking."

"I don't mind. And what do you mean 'or something'?" he asked, barking out a laugh. "I don't know, I just never found someone who matches my pace, if you know what I mean."

Nolan nodded. He wasn't sure what he meant by that, but he assumed Nate was saying he had a high libido or something. Maybe that was why he kept leering at Grace.

"I'm sure you'll find someone," Nolan said, finishing his beer.

"In the meantime, I'll keep creeping on all the pretty girls around the block," Nate chuckled. "Want another one?"

"Hey boys," they heard Grace call cutely from the other side. The two of them turned to look past the matted wall and were greeted by the sight of Grace parading out in her red bikini again. She had a hand on her hip and she was biting her bottom lip.

"Howdy, Grace," Nate called back, smirking as he leaned against the railing. Nolan just stared at her, knowing exactly what she was doing. She was teasing them both, trying to get a rise out of them.

"I hope you don't mind me stretching out a bit. Just had a long run and need to get the tension out of my muscles," Grace said. She stretched her arms over her head, arching her back as she did so. Her perky breasts were practically spilling out of the top of her bikini.

"Not at all," Nate said, grinning as he took a sip of his beer. Nolan glanced at him and saw that he was staring at her with obvious lust in his eyes.

"I'm glad. You boys have fun now," she said, turning around. She bent over, sticking her ass out at them as she touched her toes.

"Oh, we will," Nate said, glancing at Nolan with a smirk.

"Yeah, we'll have plenty of fun watching you," Nolan said.

Grace giggled and straightened up, rolling her torso from one side to the other. Then she pretended to ignore them, bending over at the waist again. This time with her side to them. She was no doubt fully well aware of the allure of how she moved around. Both the visual, but to Nolan, it was also the fact that she did so with Nolan right there next to Nate himself.

Nate glanced at Nolan again and raised an eyebrow. Nolan smirked and shrugged his shoulders. He was enjoying this as much as Nate was.

Nate shook his head and chuckled. "Well, I'll be damned," he muttered. "She's somethin' else, ain't she?"

"That she is," Nolan replied, nodding.

Grace turned around and faced them, smiling innocently. "How are you boys doing today?" she asked, her voice sweet as sugar.

"Oh, we're just fine," Nate said, grinning. "You look like you're having a good time."

"I am," she said, giggling. "I love doing yoga."

"I can tell," Nate said.

Nolan watched as Grace ignored them again, getting down on the wooden panel floor to reach for her toes, before doing a couple of leg stretches. As she sat with her leg straight in a V-shape, Grace reached out to touch her toes on one foot, then the other.

All the while, Nate and Nolan were watching her intently. Their eyes roamed up and down her body, taking in every inch of her. She knew they were looking at her, and loved the attention. It was so naughty, yet within the boundaries of what they had both agreed was allowed.

Nolan was so enthralled by her flaunting herself for Nate, with Nolan himself standing right there was such a display of... what was it? It is like whenever you hear men in the movies telling someone to control their wives. Grace showing off like this under the guise of doing yoga made him look completely powerless here. She'd show the goods and he had to deal with it. At least that was the perception that Nolan thought this was giving, and it was driving him wild.

All he could think of was beasts mounting fair maidens, and Nate sure seemed like one. He could see the lust in his eyes as Grace showed off for them. And it was obvious that he wanted more than just to watch. The way he licked his lips, the way his jaw was set, the way he clenched his fist. It all spoke of a man who wanted to claim Grace for himself.

Nolan knew that wasn't going to happen. Grace belonged to him. She was his girl, after all. But still, there was something exciting about having another man lust after her right in front of him, and so obviously.

"Okay, that's enough," Nolan said suddenly. Nate looked at him, but Nolan didn't care. He hurried out of Nate's apartment, over to his own, found Grace, and dragged her inside.

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"What brought that on?" Nolan panted afterward, the two of them a mess from having just fucked their brains out.

Grace blushed at the question. She knew it was risky to do something like that, but the temptation of teasing them both at the same time had been too great. And it had worked, to her defense. Nolan had been an animal once they got inside.

"I read that... in this cuckold thingy that you're supposed to do stuff in front of the husband," Grace explained. Nolan looked like he had seen a ghost. Again Grace surprised him. He'd never expected her to actually delve into this other than just what they had talked about and what she had done so far.

"Oh..."

"Is that not how it works?" Grace asked.

Nolan gulped. Grace knew she was right, but she neither wanted to rub it in his face, nor did she want to risk anything by overstepping or crossing any lines.

"You liked it, no?" she asked as Nolan remained silent.

"It is," Nolan said, rather hoarsely. "I just didn't expect it."

"You like it when I take initiative during sex, so I was thinking you'd like it when I did it with the flirting and teasing stuff as well," Grace said.

"I did. I do," Nolan said. "Does that mean you're enjoying this ride too?"

"Did I not just cum from you fucking me?" Grace asked back. "I guess I do. It's so debased and taboo, but seeing you two lusting after me like that was simply incredible."

They lay there for a few moments, letting the implications wash over them.

"We have to be careful though," Grace said. "This is all just for fun, but we need to make sure we don't do anything that crosses the line."

"I know," Nolan said. "I won't let anything happen to you."

"I'm not worried about that," Grace said, rolling her eyes. "I'm worried about what will happen to you."

Nolan chuckled. "Yeah, I get it," he said.

"I'm not saying I want to go further than our current status quo, but if we do... I think it's smart to let Nate know. I don't want him to get any ideas," Grace explained.

"What?!" Nolan said.

"Not yet, we're so far from even considering it. I know you like that illustrious danger of him thinking he has a chance, but we're playing with fire. And we don't know how he will react. And again, this is a huge *'what if'*, and simply a suggestion."

"I guess it makes sense. Us two, we're solid. But a third party? We never know how they might deal with it. And I guess there's a matter of consent. I mean, we're sort of perving on him, in some weird way," Nolan said.

"That's one way of looking at it," Grace chuckled. "But we don't have to take a stand on it now."

"You're smarter than you look," Nolan said, earning himself a playful slap from Grace. "Hey, that's saying something, have you seen yourself?!"

Friday morning came quickly enough. The sun had just come up and Grace was preparing herself for work. Nolan had been gone for a while. He had told her that he was going to do some extra work at the office. Nolan was usually home early on Fridays, but he wouldn't this time around.

"It's gonna be a busy week next week, so I wanna try and get some things done now," he had said.

Grace didn't mind. Nolan was so eager in his new role at the company and seemed to be like Courtington after all. In any case, it wasn't a problem for Grace. She already was slated to attend the staff meeting on Friday and discuss how things were going.

Having pulled a few extra hours here and there, Grace was ahead of schedule, but attending such meetings always reminded her why she never wanted to work at an office. She preferred to be free like a bird, to spread her wings and be her own boss. But meeting with the people she worked for was apparently necessary, which meant putting on some professional clothes, making sure she looked put together, and heading to the main offices.

Today she was wearing a black pencil skirt, which showed off her ass quite nicely. Grace also wore a white blouse that was unbuttoned low enough to make it look somewhat tasteful, but still somewhat showing a bit of skin. Her red lipstick helped finish the look, and with the tight curls of her blonde hair, along with some nice heels, Grace felt confident that she could walk into any meeting. Though, it was shoes she rarely wore, as she never found them comfortable, but being a woman often is dealing with less practical clothing sometimes.

But her carefully selected outfit was unfortunately the only exciting thing about that meeting. She did her presentation, showed her progress and plans, budgets that Nolan had helped her put together, and was then forced to remain standing as the most minute questions were being asked. To Grace, the presentation she'd give in this particular meeting was a huge setback.

The thing was that Grace liked being praised, just as everyone did, and that was the big part that came along with a proper work environment. Proper business practices with rewards for excellent performance. However, Grace never handled being corrected very well and tried to defend her choices, her project, or any other number of things. It resulted in her arguing with several people in that board room, and not at all backing down when someone decided to challenge her work and try to steer her in the direction they wanted.

Of course, as she was a woman, these business apes thought it appropriate for them to tell her how to do her job, but she didn't budge at all. In the end, they seemed to capitulate from one question to the other as she did everything by schedule and well within the budget, that they couldn't really do much to her.

Walking out from that meeting, Grace felt proud and like a badass, but also exhausted and annoyed. But nothing really compared to what was awaiting her. She was in no mood for his shenanigans, but checking her schedule she saw that she was due to head over to Nate in an hour and follow up on his plants. She decided that he could wait until tomorrow, even if it was a Saturday. It wasn't like he was paying her to do this anyway.

Instead, Grace hurried to her workshop to get rid of this ridiculous business-esc outfit and get some nice comfy overalls on and a dirty t-shirt. There were loads of weeds in the flower beds, the perfect remedy. Gwen Stefani and pulling weeds was the only medicine she needed right

now. And an icy cold beverage, obviously, and then call it an early day. This weather was way too good to let some idiot executives ruin it.

Dirt was her balm, and Grace quickly sank her mind into the comforting, liberating, and serene thoughts of soil, gardening, and flowers. The fresh smells of different plants, the feeling of the breeze. There was no one to question and try to guide her here, apart from her favorite Mr. Bickle, he could bother her all he liked, but right now it was her and her plants.

It didn't take long until she was humming happily along, pulling one long, twining stem of Calystegia sepium, hedge bindweed, out from the ground after the other.

"You're not choking my motherfucking flowers," she muttered under her breath, feeling the sun in her neck. Luckily it was still spring, late spring, but spring nonetheless, so she wouldn't get burnt. She rarely did anyway, having amazing tanning genes from her mom.

After a few hours of work, Grace called it a day. While it was her mental yoga to work like this, the meeting before was taxing and she was in need of some proper relaxation and decided to head home to read a book on their balcony. A tall glass of ice tea in hand.

"Nolan, are you home?" she called out as she entered. No answer. She peeked in the kitchen and saw a plate of lasagna and a note saying he had to go back to the office, and that there was dinner in the fridge. He had probably stopped by to during his lunch hour. "Good job, honey," Grace said with a smirk. That man always knew how to take care of her.

Grace took a quick shower, changed into something comfortable, her regular sweats and t-shirt, and went out to the balcony to relax. She grabbed a blanket and sat down on a chair, curling up into a ball as she opened her book.

It was nice and peaceful out here on the balcony. The sun was still warm, even though it was already past 3 PM, and Grace enjoyed the quiet evening. It was almost summer, so the days were getting longer, and she liked to make the most of that.

"No bikini today?" Grace heard Nate say from his side of the matted wall, peeking past the edge. He often talked about her attire when she was out on the balcony, but after what Nolan had said, it just landed different. Nate was so forward. Maybe thought she could not hear him. "A shame."

Grace looked over at him and smirked. "You know, I can hear you perfectly fine," she said, getting up from the couch. "Should you be ogling girls who are not even half your age?"

"Hey, I was just making an observation," Nate said, though his eyes trailed her figure even as she made her way over to him. Even in sweatpants and a well-worn t-shirt, her body garnered the attention of sleazy old men. "Hey, where were you today? I thought you would stop by earlier?"

"Yeah, sorry about that," Grace said, leaning on the railing. "I had a meeting, and I just needed some time for myself after that."

"Is everything okay?" Nate asked, concern lacing his voice.

"Yeah, it's fine. Just some stupid people giving me a hard time," Grace said, waving him off. "It's nothing to worry about."

Nate nodded, looking at her thoughtfully. "Well, if you ever need someone to talk to, I'm here," he said.

"Thanks, that's really sweet of you," Grace said, smiling at him.

"Hey, what are neighbors for, right?" Nate asked, grinning at her.

"True," Grace chuckled, shaking her head.

The two of them stood there for a moment in silence, before Nate cleared his throat. "So, uh, did you wanna come over and check out the plants?" he asked. "I don't think I'm doing too good."

Grace did feel bad for leaving her appointment, it was something she really hated to do, but she was just so pissed off from the meeting and couldn't bear it to head over to Nate right away. She wanted some time to herself first. But now she felt guilty, so she smiled and agreed.

"Yeah, sure," she said. "Let me just grab my stuff."

As Grace made her way inside, she felt her heart flutter in her chest. She was actually quite nervous to go over there, even though she'd been there several times before. But now that she was feeling more comfortable in this whole flirtation thing, it felt different. Like there was more tension between them somehow.

"Don't be ridiculous," she muttered to herself, grabbing her bag and heading back out onto the balcony.

Nate was waiting for her at his door, and when he saw her, he held the door open for her. "Ladies first," he said, smirking.

Grace rolled her eyes, but couldn't help but smile as she walked past him into his apartment. It was fun to be a tease, and Nate was always very willing to be teased. It was hard to fathom that Nolan was into this, that he was letting her flirt and tease with another man like this. She didn't quite understand it, but she enjoyed it. The feeling of power it gave her, the thrill of being able to make someone want her so badly. It was intoxicating.

She could feel Nate's eyes on her as she walked past him, and it sent a shiver down her spine. She knew that he wanted her, and the knowledge that Nolan was okay with it only added to the excitement. As she made her way further into the apartment, Grace couldn't help but wonder what would happen if she let things go further. What if she actually gave in to the temptation and let herself be fucked by Nate? What would Nolan do then? What would it feel like to fuck someone else?

As Grace reached the living room, she quickly concluded that it was an impossibility. Sure, one can be curious, but in her predicament she shouldn't entertain those thoughts. It sort of annoyed her how Nolan had changed how she thought of their neighbor. The more they did this, the more it couldn't be helped.

"So, what can I help you with today?" Grace asked, turning back to face Nate. He was standing there, just watching her with a smirk on his face.

"Just check on my plants and see if they're doing alright," he said. He no doubt wanted a repeat of the last time she was here, on her knees while planting his pots, giving him a show of her ass each time she leaned forward.

"You want me to... look at your plants?" Grace asked, turning her voice sensual. Nate seemed to initially be taken aback by it, but grinned widely, nodding. She wondered if she was giving him

some sort of made-up confirmation or something, but if that was the case, Grace had no issue with it. She could be a tease.

"Well, alright," Grace said, dropping her bag down next to the couch. She walked over to the plants that were lined up against the window and bent down to inspect them. She made sure to stick out her ass as she did so, giving Nate a show. She could hear him moving around behind her, no doubt enjoying the view. His thick groan was a dead giveaway of how much he liked those sweats clinging into the cleft of her ass. The same ass she worked so hard to keep in prime condition for her man.

"How are they looking?" he asked after a minute or two, his voice thick with desire.

"They're looking good," Grace said. They truly did. The watering was alright, the soil wasn't void of nutrients. Sure, there was some moss already, but she easily pinched that off with her fingernails. "I'm glad to see you're taking such good care of them."

"I do my best," Nate said, chuckling.

Grace smirked to herself and continued to check the other plants, making sure to give Nate a good show. She could hear him moving around behind her, and the thought of him standing there, watching her, turned her on more than it should have. She felt so naughty, being such a cocktease, and it excited her to no end.

She could hear him shuffle a bit closer, perhaps a bit too close for her liking. Teasing or not, she preferred this to be at arms length, or as far as she could go without invoking the fantasy. She figured this was far enough, so when he was behind her so that she could smell the cheap cigarette smoke permeating his clothes, Grace decided to end their little game while it was still fun.

"They're looking really good," she said again. Sitting back on her heels, Grace turned to face him, smiling innocently.

However, her smile dropped. Nate was standing awfully close, more or less standing over her. Grace was staring up into his intense eyes, which were dark with lust and longing, a hunger to claim her. All of her. There was no longer any pretense of friendship. Suddenly, sitting under him on her knees like this Nate felt very intimidating and Grace had no idea what to do, or say.

She quickly stood up and took a step away from him. "Nate, you're making me uncomfortable."

"Pff, you shouldn't show off then," Nate chuckled, with a hint of his usual boisterousness. "Though, I suspect you like the attention."

Touche. "I do… but, well, it's still not okay," Grace said, relieved he didn't take a step to follow her. He respected her boundaries that much at least. How could one blame a guy for getting ideas when she was teasing him like that? That was the point, no?

"Can't blame me for having a look when you're showing off like that," Nate said with a shrug, taking a step back as well. Grace now felt bad for telling him off. It wasn't his fault that a 23-year-old blonde was flaunting her goods at him.

"Show off… like this, you mean?" Grace asked innocently, testing the waters a bit by turning her ass toward their neighbor slightly so he could ogle her a bit more. Nate groaned as he eyed her up and down. "I'm sorry, I just thought… I mean, you seemed to enjoy it the other day."

Nate chuckled and shook his head, looking at her with amusement in his eyes. "You fucking tease. You're a naughty girl, Grace," he said, his voice low and thick with desire. Him calling her those names made her shiver, however. "But, yeah, I do enjoy it. Very much."

Nate then seemed to take this as an invitation to close the distance a bit again, though not quite as much as before. Grace felt her heart skip a beat as he looked at her, his eyes hungry and full of lust. She took the opportunity to look down and she could see that bulge in his pants again, and knew she was the reason for it. Her heart skipped a beat when she saw how thick it looked along the inside of his thigh, like a fat barrel threatening to rip through his pants if he got any harder. He was a well-endowed man indeed.

As Grace had been eyeing his package, Nate had taken another small step toward her, and she saw his hand slowly move toward her waist. Grace tensed up, knowing exactly what he was about to do. Before he could reach her though, she took a step away from him, putting some more distance between them again. She could tell that Nate was surprised, and a little annoyed.

Without another word, she bolted out of his apartment. With no Nolan at home, Grace found herself doing something she rarely did. Masturbating. She came hard, thinking of the situation she had just been in, and how much she liked Nate's attention.

Afterward, she felt almost scared that it actually aroused her to show off for a man like that, and how close Nate had gotten to touching her. If Nolan knew how hard Grace came after that, would he have an issue? Grace had no answers to it, but all things considered, this had been quite intense.

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Behind the Neighbor's Door - Part 4

Nate had been quite surprised again when Grace had come over to show off her amazing curves, but then again perhaps he shouldn't be so surprised anymore. She had flaunted that bikini so many times, but Grace in sweatpants, who'd think that was Nate's kryptonite? It had been a very long time since he had felt this kind of hunger for a woman, and Grace had him hook, line, and sinker. And the fact that she seemed to be into it as well was even more surprising. He couldn't believe that a woman so beautiful, so hot, wanted to show off for him.

The way she bent over to look at his plants, giving him a perfect view of her ass, and the way her sweats clung to it, he couldn't help himself. She even stalled when she saw that Nate had been very diligent in keeping his plants healthy. But it was odd. Why would she show off like this? Despite calling him out the last time he had been caught staring, she came over and showed off like that. Was she simply the biggest cock tease? Grace never came off as a cheating slut, or a superficial tease. In fact, her perfect demeanor was part of her allure. Did Nolan know his girl was such a tease? Nate had been pushing him a bit, but it was still some piece of the puzzle that Nate was either ignoring or unable to gauge.

Before, Grace had shown off, but you could always play it off as something else. This time, she had deliberately turned slightly to show how even sweatpants struggled to hide that heavy, juicy ass. She had on purpose let him stare. And she had even stared back. Nate knew she had eyed the big tool in his pants, he had seen her blush from the thought of it. Grace Harris, the most stunning young lady in their complex, was thinking of getting a taste of Nate's big cock.

Now, Nate wasn't stupid. He knew that this was a long shot, that Grace was a woman way out of his league, but he could tell that she was curious about him and his big meat. There was no way he could let this opportunity slip by, not after seeing the way she looked at him. Nate was determined to get Grace in bed, and if Nolan had an issue with that, well then that was too bad.

But Nate wouldn't complain about her willingness to present herself for him. Her eagerness to show him what she had only made him more determined to claim her. He had been too forward earlier, scaring her off, but he wouldn't let that happen again. That was why he hadn't just pinned her down and fucked her right there.

Now that he knew how much she liked being a tease, he was going to make sure that she was going to give him everything he wanted. He wanted how far he could push things, and how soon he'd have any success. But he was here for the long run, that was for sure.

Nate wondered how he'd play this, though. Getting her alone wasn't enough. Maybe a longer period of time with her? Or maybe if she had a long stressful day with Nolan far away, Nate could play the innocent, helpful neighbor who'd be there to relieve her of some of that tension. Or maybe if there was tension in their relationship she might look elsewhere? Nate had been spiking Nolan's beers in hopes that would piss Grace off, but so far it hadn't been yielding any results. Though there are many roads to Rome, you might end up in a traffic jam if you choose the wrong route.

Nate eyed the car keys on the kitchen counter. When he had gotten Nolan good and drunk that one evening, spiking his drinks with vodka after Nolan had let his disposition slip, he had kept the keys for a few days. Fortunately, Nolan never raised any suspicion, probably thinking he knew that Nate had them and that he'd pick them up later, but Nate had gotten his own copy of the keys in the meantime. Some guy who owed him a favor helped him out, no questions asked.

There were numerous possibilities there as Nolan was a notoriously bad driver. Heh, Nate could even bump his own car, blame it on Nolan, and most likely get away with it. However, that might cause strain on their friendship, and Nate wasn't ready to sacrifice that just yet.

One thing was for certain. Next time Grace wanted to tease, Nate would have to do something. She couldn't simply get away with being such a tease. She'd understand. She'd probably let him too.

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What scared Grace most about her encounter over at his apartment was the fact that Nate had actually triggered such a response. The thrill of him walking closer and wanting to touch her. The exhilaration from the way he looked at her, how deep the need was burning in his eyes. How thick that erection in his pants was. All of it was too much, and yet it turned her on like nothing else. It made Grace feel things that she'd never felt before. Not even with Nolan.

Nate had gotten this predatory look on his face, a hunger to claim her that she hadn't seen before. It was like he had sensed her weakness, that she was curious about certain aspects of him and thus held a certain attraction to him as well. But still, she shouldn't allow any of his advances. Even if Nolan was totally cool with it, it was still cheating and so debased, and Grace feared how it would go if they were to go down this route. Nate looked at her as if he already owned her. Hence why she wanted to let Nate know what was going on, so that it would potentially be more easy to control.

After her brief tryst alone, Grace had quickly recovered and gone about her evening normally, waiting for Nolan to come home. She immediately fucked his brains out, having him rub his beautiful hard cock all over her face to make her feel as dirty as she believed she was, blowing him back to hardness after that and riding him hard.

"What has gotten into you?" Nolan had asked.

"Stressful day. I needed the relief," Grace panted, crashing on top of him, not sure if it was a good idea to tell him yet.

The next day, Saturday, Grace had her lunch date with her friend Dora before their shopping plans later. Grace had half a mind to indulge her best friend with Nolan and her's latest adventures but thought it perhaps too emasculating for Nolan. Dora already didn't like him anyway, and there was no way such a revelation would tarnish his reputation even further.

"You know, he's not that bad," Grace said after telling Dora about how she had been helping their neighbor out with his gardening. She wasn’t sure why she felt the need to defend him, though. "Nate. I'm not sure if you remember, but you met at that barbecue a while back."

Dora scoffed, focusing on her food. "Yeah, sure. I remember him," she said, taking a bite of her sandwich. "So, what's going on with you and Nolan? Is he treating you right? He hasn't talked anymore of moving you far away from me, has he?"

Grace couldn't help but smile at Dora's protective nature. She had always been like that, ever since they were kids. "No, he's fine. He's been great, actually. He's been so supportive of me and my work. He even helped me with some of the budgeting stuff," she said, sighing happily. "I think he might be the one."

Dora raised an eyebrow. "Really?"

"Yeah. I can't imagine being with anyone else," Grace said. "And he's not pushing me to do anything I'm not ready for yet. I think we're really good together."

"Well, that's nice," Dora said, giving her a small smile. "I can't imagine him being duller than Greg."

"Aren't you expecting?" Grace asked, nodding toward Dora's belly. "That should at least bring back the old spark, eh?"

"If it was ever there," Dora sighed, poking at her olive with a fork. "I mean, he's a good guy and all, but... I don't know. I just feel like he's not very passionate about anything."

"Not even the baby?" Grace asked, surprised.

Dora shrugged. "I don't know. Maybe I'm just being hormonal or something, but he's just so bland," she said. "But whatever. Enough about my sorry excuse of being a bored housewife. You've been helping your neighbor out?" she asked, eyeing her friend with a small smile, her dark eyes scanning Grace as she steered the conversation back to Nate.

"Yeah," Grace said, taking a sip of her drink.

"So you've been spending a lot of time with him?" Dora asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Well, yeah, but it's not like that," Grace said. She knew where Dora was going with this, and she didn't like it one bit.

"Right," Dora said, clearly not buying it. "You sure he's not into you? Because from what you've told me about him, it sounds like he is."

"He's just a flirt," Grace said. "It's harmless. And besides, Nolan is okay with it."

"So, Nolan is okay with you spending time with another man?" Dora teased. "Oh my, sounds like you're getting your cake. Or your neighbor is..."

"Dora! He's older than my dad!" Grace said, abashed. She wasn't sure of how old Nate was, but he at least looked to be at least a few years north of her own dad.

"So you've been thinking about it then, already making excuses," Dora chuckled.

"It's not like that," Grace protested. "And please, I'd never do something like that. I'm just saying he's way out of my age range. Nolan is plenty anyway."

Dora grinned, relentlessly sensing victory. "You know, age can be a plus. You know, he probably has plenty of experience. If Nolan doesn't treat you right, you could just go to Nate and get it there. You said yourself Nolan wouldn't mind," Dora pointed out, and Grace wondered what had gotten into her friend. "And Nolan? He's such a wannabe-alpha male. It's pathetic," Dora said.

Grace rolled her eyes and scoffed. "Well, that's just your opinion," she said. "And besides, I don't need you judging my husband."

"Husband?" Dora asked.

Grace blushed. "Well, not yet, but... I think it's gonna happen soon," she said. "I don't think he has that disgusting wannabe-douchebag-alpha-aura, though."

"Maybe not. But this whole thing of moving to the big city, wanting to be the top salesman in the Midwest thing?"

"He's ambitious," Grace said. "I don't need to make excuses for him to you, Dora. I love him, and if he is a bit ambitious like that, well, he's willing to put it aside for me, isn't he?"

The two of them sat there in silence for a while, finishing their food. After a few minutes, Grace couldn't help but laugh a bit at the ridiculousness of it all. "Look at us," she said. "We're talking about our husbands like two old gossips."

"Oh my god, we are," Dora said, laughing as well.

"So, do you want to go shopping now?" Grace asked, grinning at her best friend. "Or do you want to keep grilling me about my love life?"

"Oh, I could keep doing this for hours," Dora said, grinning back. "I mean, you say Nolan is... okay with it? Like how 'okay' are we talking about here?"

Grace blushed at that. She didn't mean for Dora to investigate that part. "Uhm... well, it's kinda complicated," she said. "But yeah, he's cool with it. He likes it when I, erh, tease and flirt a bit. It makes him excited, I guess. It has been quite crazy, actually."

"You sure he's not the only one who likes it?" Dora teased, wiggling her eyebrows suggestively.

"Oh, stop it," Grace said, rolling her eyes.

"Hey, I'm just saying, have your fun, girl. Remember, I'm team Grace, no one else," Dora said. "So he's into you flirting? What is that about? Shouldn't he be worried? I mean, with and ass like yours..."

"No, he doesn't have to be worried," Grace said, shoving at her friend playfully. "And stop ogling my ass!"

"It's hard not to when you're flaunting it in my face like that," Dora said, still grinning.

"You're so bad," Grace said, giggling.

"What? It's true! You've got an amazing ass," Dora said, giggling as well. "So, you don't think it's a ploy for him to get with other women or something? He's a man, after all."

"Not really. I don't think so, at least. So far, he has been in on it for real. Like, for real, for real. And it has been fun," Grace admitted. "I guess I do enjoy it a bit. And it's not even anything physical, it's just talk and being a bit of a tease."

"Naughty girl," Dora chided, with Grace smiling mischievously back at her friend. "So is that why you're hanging out with neighbor-Nate?"

Grace shook her head. "Awfully interested in poor old Nate, are we?" Grace shot back, and this time it was Dora who was taken unaware and blushed.

"What, no, not at all!" Dora said, but not really convincingly. Grace raised an eyebrow, and Dora relented. "Okay, fine, maybe I'm a little curious."

"Really?" Grace asked, deadpan. "Why do I get a feeling there's more to this? Come on, I told you about Nolan's kink, you tell me why you're so interested in Nate!"

"Ugh, fine," Dora said. "But you have to promise not to tell anyone! I'm dead serious!"

"I promise," Grace said, laughing. "Come on, spill the beans!"

Dora looked around, making sure no one was listening in on them, before leaning in close and whispering to Grace. "Well, the last time we met, at that barbecue, Nate and I ended up... well, doing stuff."

Grace gasped. "What?!"

"Shut up! I'm not telling shit if you're gonna cause a scene," Dora hissed, looking around.

"How can I not react? But sorry. Now I'm really curious," Grace said. "What happened? Was it during the barbecue?"

"Yeah, you know how I went upstairs way before you guys? Eh, well, Nate sort of... followed me," Dora said.

"Oh my god!" Grace said, her eyes wide. "Did he–"

"No, nothing like that," Dora said, shaking her head. "We just, well, you know."

"Oh my god," Grace repeated, shaking her head. "Wow... so you slept with him?"

"Yes," Dora said. "And it was amazing. He was so good at it. Like, he really knew what he was doing. And the way he made me feel... god, I'd never had sex like that before."

"Holy shit," Grace said, staring at Dora in disbelief. "What happened? I mean, did he, like, seduce you right there in hallway?"

"That's what you're worried about? Not that I cheated on Greg?" Dora said, obviously regretting the incident.

"Well, yeah, that's so fucked. I remember you being bored to tears with him, but I didn't expect you to cheat on him like that!" Grace said, though she was still very interested in hearing about her friend's tryst with the neighbor. "So, what happened?"

"Well, Nate followed me upstairs, and we started talking," Dora said. "And he was really charming, and we were getting along so well. And then one thing led to another, and we ended up in his bedroom. It was so good, I can't even tell you. Like, he really knew what he was doing."

"Wow... I can't believe you did that," Grace said, shaking her head.

"Me neither," Dora said. "But it was so hot."

"So, is it over?" Grace asked. "Are you going to see him again?"

"No, that was it," Dora said. "It just kind of happened. I was drunk, and he was so quite... persistent ... I just couldn't help myself."

"So you just hooked up?" Grace asked.

"Yeah, pretty much," Dora said.

"Is he... big?" Grace asked, blushing at her own question. It was such a slutty thing to ask, but she had to know. She had seen the bulge, and while she wasn't sure if that was information she'd share with Nolan right away, she couldn't help that she was dead curious herself.

"My, my, Grace, aren't you the naughty one!" Dora teased. "Yes, he is. Very."

Dora grinned and held up her hands about ten inches apart. Grace's eyes widened as she realized just how big Nate actually was.

"Jesus, you're not kidding," she said, shaking her head.

"No, I'm not," Dora said. "He was so thick too, I could barely wrap my hands around it. And he was so rough with me, just fucking my brains out. It was amazing."

"Damn... I can't believe you did that," Grace said, still in disbelief.

"I know, it was crazy," Dora said. "But now you know what you're up against."

Grace shook her head, not sure how to feel about this sudden development. "Well, I don't think Nolan would want me to fuck him anyway. So, it doesn't matter," she said.

"You don't know that," Dora said. "But if he is okay with you flirting with him, maybe he'd be okay with something else too?"

"I doubt it," Grace said. "But still, thanks for sharing. That was... enlightening."

Dora chuckled. "Anytime. So Nate is the one you've been flirting with, then?" Dora asked. Grace nodded. "So what do you think about him?"

"He's... intense," Grace started. "He's just... I don't know. There's something about him. And I'm not sure what it is."

Dora chuckled. "He's gonna make you a bad girl if you're not careful, Grace," she said. "Flirting with your neighbor and everything. You're gonna get yourself into trouble."

"Shut up," Grace said, though she couldn't help but smile as well. "It's just a game. It's all harmless fun."

"Yeah, sure," Dora said, rolling her eyes. "Well, I'm here for you. If you ever need someone to talk to, you know where to find me."

"Thanks, Dora," Grace said.

"Or if you need someone to help you manage that neighbor of yours," Dora smiled mischievously.

"Slut," Grace said.

"Skank," Dora said back, and the two laughed.

The rest of their lunch date went by without any further discussion about Grace's love life. It was nice to have a friend that she could talk to about these things, though. Even if Dora didn't really understand it, she was still there for her and willing to listen. That was enough.

But the revelations Dora had dropped made Grace think about what she was doing. Sure, it was just flirting, but was it really harmless? Nate had already bedded one girl who was taken. And that was another thing. Dora, her bestfriend, had fucked their neighbor, cheating on her husband in the process. How fucked up wasn't that?

She wondered if she should talk to Nolan about this. He would probably just tell her it was nothing to worry about, that it was all in good fun, but she couldn't help but be a little bit

worried. But then again, Nate hadn't sought anything from Dora since then. Maybe that made him a safer choice as a flirting object?

Grace hated not being in control, and these things really sent her for a loop. She hated how she was feeling now, not knowing what to think or do, but also couldn't help but feel a little bit excited by it all. She was more and more convinced that if this was to be done in any safe way, they had to talk to Nate about what was going on.

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Nolan sat at his desk in his office, peering over some documents. Josh, or rather his sister Luna, had hired a new head of sales. Nolan had sort of hoped the position would land on him, but alas. Mirella, a woman in her mid-30s, brunette with bright blue eyes, fairly attractive to be honest, was chosen. She had way more experience, anyway. But that meant more diligent reports, and within a format that she preferred. That meant he had to redo much of the last few reports.

It sort of made Nolan feel a bit inadequate that this new supervisor wanted everything done her way, despite Nolan having put up pretty good numbers for months since before she arrived. But this was Luna's choice, and it wasn't like he could say anything against her. She was a bit of a tyrant when it came to the sales team. That wasn't to say that he didn't want to thrive. Nolan loved working under pressure, but these reports were just tedious and annoying.

He was also a bit nervous because he had sort of insisted that he might need Nate for this Oakwood Pharma business. Nolan had never tried bringing in new people, but now Nate was in for an interview with Luna Calhoun and Nolan's own supervisor as a temporary advisory role under Nolan. He had no idea how Nate, who seemed to have some ego about him, would survive working under someone younger. And even younger than Nolan, as Josh, Luna, and the whole management were pretty youthful in general. It led to some mistakes, but Nolan, in all felt like he was in good hands.

"There we go," Nolan sighed. He looked at the clock. Mondays were always the slowest days, it felt like, and today was no different. There was a small part of him that wanted to rush back home to Grace.

She had been such a rabbit this weekend. Nolan knew something had happened, perhaps even with Nate. Ke could see it on her, but she hadn't said anything yet. He wondered if he should ask her or if she would tell him when she was ready. She would probably tell him about it eventually. He also liked the small masochistic thrill of not knowing.

But he didn't want to push her. He knew that she had gone through a lot with his fantasy already, that it was a lot for her to deal with. Yet, he wanted to know what Nate had done to trigger her minx mode so strongly. Nolan thought back to Friday, when Grace had come home and practically thrown herself at him. Her ass bouncing on his cock, her perfect little titties in his face...

"Nolan, do you have a minute?" Nolan heard someone call out from behind him and turned to see Mirella standing there. She looked stern, but she often did. Mirella was a hard ass, but Nolan didn't mind it. He liked her no-nonsense attitude.

"Sure, what's up?" he asked.

"I just wanted to let you know that your friend did great in the interview," she said. "He's got some issues, but I think you'll be able to work with him."

"Issues?" Nolan asked, raising an eyebrow.

"He has a record for fraud, as you know. This means we cannot trust him to be head of any contracts at all, but we can have him on as a temporary advisor if you really want him around that badly. And he does know his stuff. Just not to the point of trusting him with anything major, is all I'm saying," she explained. "I'm not sure why you're so keen to have him around, though, especially considering he is such a mess."

"Well, he's my neighbor. He's a good guy, and I want to see him back on his feet," Nolan said. Nolan did it also for his own benefit. Nate knew the pharmaceutical industry better than he did, and this had the potential to be a multi-million dollar contract, so Nolan wanted to do what he could to ensure that things went well. He didn't like that Nate had a record for fraud, but that was something he would just have to deal with. "Besides, I think I can handle him."

"I hope so, because I won't clean up after you if you make any mistakes," Mirella said, giving him a stern look. "Mrs. Lewis trusted us with this, and Josh trusted you. So while I won't oppose Nate joining in, I'm not entirely sold on it either. But we'll let it go for now. He gets the first three months guaranteed, then we'll reevaluate if his efforts are needed."

"That's generous," Nolan admitted.

"It is. That's how our boss likes to operate," Mirella said, indicating it was not how she wanted things done.

"Well, I appreciate it," Nolan said. "I'll try to keep him in line."

Mirella gave him a small smile. It was a very pretty smile but came across as kind of menacing to Nolan. "You better," she said. With that, she spun on her heels and marched out, Nolan following her lithe frame, her muscled ass hiding under that tight pencil skirt.

Nolan shook his head, chuckling to himself. He had no idea how he had gotten so lucky, but he knew that he needed to make the most of it. He couldn't afford to mess this up. He couldn't afford to fail. This was his chance to prove himself, to show that he had what it takes to succeed. And he wasn't about to let anyone get in his way.

As soon as the clock struck 5 PM, Nolan gathered his belongings and left the office. He was excited to get home to Grace, to see how her day had been. She had been so on fire this weekend, and he couldn't wait to see if she was still in that mood or not. He could always hope.

"Nolan?" Grace called as Nolan made his way into the apartment. She peered around the corner from their living area, a bright smile on her face.

"Who else?" Nolan chuckled rhetorically, hanging his coat on a hanger. "How's your day been?"

Grace smiled gracefully, making her way over to him. "It's been okay. A bit of rain, so I didn't get much done at the industrial lot, so I did a lot of home visits," Grace said, draping her slender hands around his neck.

"Did you visit our neighbor?" Nolan asked, causing his girl to blush.

"I've stayed away from him for a bit," she muttered, looking away.

"Won't his plants die?" Nolan teased.

"He's better at keeping them than he'll admit. It's too girly for him," Grace said with a grin. "Can I talk to you about that, by the way?"

Nolan scanned her expression for clues if she was about to drop some sort of trauma bomb on him or something, but found none. "What's on your mind?"

"How are you really doing with this 'cuckold' thing? Is that even the right term? It feels so demeaning calling you that... But I've been thinking about it a lot lately and... well, I'm just wondering if it's all just fun and games for you, or if there's more to it," Grace said, looking at him with her beautiful steel-blue eyes. "Do you like where we're at with it?"

"Why do you ask?" Nolan said, trying to dodge the question.

Grace sighed. "Nolan, we're in this together, and I want to know how you're feeling about it all. If you're having second thoughts or whatever," she said.

"I don't know," Nolan admitted. "I guess I feel weird about it. I mean, I know that it's part of the fantasy and everything, but it still makes me feel like less of a man."

"You shouldn't feel like that. I know I scolded you initially, but I think it's sort of brave that you admitted something like that to me," Grace said. "And that is why I'm going to tell you about Friday, and why your girl has been in your pants non-stop. And today is not excluded in that, by the way."

"Yeah?" Nolan challenged, as Grace pulled back and started fiddling with his belt. "Do tell. Have you been naughty?"

"Well, I was relaxing on the balcony, like I always do, and then, wouldn't you know, Nate showed up. Unfortunately for him, though, I wore what you see before you now, sweatpants and a t-shirt," Grace said.

"Those sweatpants might as well been a thong with how you wear them," Nolan grunted, wrapping his arms around his girlfriend to dig his fingers into that big, heavy ass. Each cheek felt like they weighed a ton, which was odd when you consider how slender her frame and her waist were. But each cheek was in desperate need of lifting and groping nonetheless.

"I think Nate agrees," Grace whispered in his ear. "He scolded me for not wearing something nicer for him, but it didn't seem to make much difference because he immediately lured me into his apartment. Nate wanted me to come over and check on his plants. So I did that. I went over there to check on his plants. They were perfectly fine as he has been diligent with maintaining them, but I could tell he loved seeing me bent over in front of him like that so I stalled a bit to show him the goods. It's not often the creepy fuck has someone like me on display all for himself like that, so I guess I gave him a treat."

Nolan nodded, listening intently to her every word. Grace's tone was low and sultry, and he could tell that she was turned on by the memory of it all. She was rubbing her hand over his crotch as she spoke, and Nolan couldn't help but get hard at the thought of Nate ogling her.

"Then what happened?" Nolan asked, his voice thick with desire.

"Then he came closer," she said, continuing her story. "I could feel his presence behind me. Right behind me, well within my comfort zone. Still on my knees, I turned around and looked up at him and he was practically standing over me."

Nolan felt a shiver run down his spine as she talked. The thought of Nate getting so close to Grace was intoxicating, with her on her knees no less, and he could feel himself getting harder and harder in her hand. She knew exactly what she was doing to him. He didn't want Nate to do anything with her, but the idea of him wanting to was enough to send a thrill through him. Nolan wondered what would have happened if Nate had pushed her then.

But there was more to the story. As Grace started pulling down Nolan's pants and underwear, she continued. "He was so close and… he looked so intense. Like he wanted to own me," she said. "It was scary and exciting all at once."

"And then?" Nolan prompted. He knew that Grace was enjoying telling him this story, and he wanted her to keep going.

"And then I told him it was uncomfortable. He said I shouldn't be a tease, that I showed off because I wanted to. And God, Nolan, he was so right. It was like he could see right through me," she said.

"Did he touch you?" Nolan asked, his heart pounding in his chest. He didn't want Nate to touch her, but he needed to know. He needed to know what had happened.

"Then I sort of… turned. Like, to show actually show off, without any pretense at all. I turned my ass towards him as if to say 'go ahead, big boy, get your fill'." Grace said, turning around for Nolan now, sticking out that ass, letting his eyes roam her curves.

"Did he touch you?" Nolan asked again.

"No, but I wish he did," Grace whispered.

Nolan's heart skipped a beat. "What?" he asked, surprised at her answer.

"I know, I know. It's bad, but I just can't help it. The way he looked at me… it was like he wanted to own me. Like he wanted to make me his," she said, biting her lip. "Just letting him have a feel of this big booty is the least I could do for the poor old pervert. He's just a bit pent up, is all. But I was a good girl. I got the hell out of there and went home and…"

Grace stalled.

"… And masturbated," she whispered. She was rarely shy, but Nolan knew it was something she never really did much of. Sure, she was a bit of a voyeur, but that wasn't quite the same.

"You did?" Nolan asked, surprised. He knew that she had masturbated a couple of times, but it being triggered by Nate was something new.

Nolan was conflicted. He wanted to be angry at Nate, but he was also turned on at the thought of what might've happened if she hadn't run out. "Did you… Did you like that?" Nolan asked quietly, looking at Grace.

"Well, I–"

Before she could say another word, Nolan pulled her close and kissed her passionately. His lips were hot and rough as they clashed with hers, his body pressed up against hers.

Grace pulled away, panting. "What was that for?" she asked, her face flushed.

"Do I need a reason?" Nolan grinned, pulling her closer again.

"Nolan. You don't understand. It scared me," Grace said, placing a hand on his chest. "What if he... what if something happened?"

"So what if it did?" Nolan asked. He was trying to gauge if this whole thing would be worth it or if it would have unintended consequences. He couldn't see it hurting. This was just about exploring, fooling around. Nate could never have actual sex with Grace. This was just talk. Nate could have all the ideas he wanted, but that wouldn't matter.

Grace smacked his chest.

"I'm serious. He wanted to grab my ass," Grace said. "And god knows what else..."

"Of course he wanted to do that," Nolan moaned, grabbing it himself. "Who wouldn't? This thing is amazing."

Grace chuckled and rolled her eyes. "Yeah, but it's not okay," she said. "He can't just go around grabbing my ass whenever he wants. That's not right."

Nolan shrugged. "Well, no one's stopping him. I mean, you're showing off, aren't you? Why shouldn't he have a feel?" Nolan could hardly believe he was actually saying this, pushing Grace to accept Nate groping her.

Grace looked at him, aghast. "Nolan!" she said. "I can't believe you! How can you be okay with this?"

Nolan sighed. "Look, I don't like it either," he said. "But... well, it's kind of hot, isn't it?"

"That's not what this is about! He can't just... It's not okay, Nolan. I don't want him to touch me like that," Grace said. She sounded almost panicked. "Come on, back me up on this!"

"Well, then don't let him touch you," Nolan said, smacking her ass playfully. Grace was visibly getting more annoyed with Nolan now. "Hey, I'm just kidding! Come on, you know I'm on your side."

"Don't do that," Grace said. "You can't just keep doing that, teasing me about letting Nate touch me like that. You can't push me into this, Nolan. I'm not some piece of meat you can pass around to whoever you want."

"No, I know. But I don't see the harm in letting him look," Nolan said. "I mean, what's wrong with that? He's not hurting anyone. And besides, it's kind of fun, isn't it?"

"Nolan, you're not listening to me. Nate is... he's different than us. He's more... assertive," she said.

"What do you mean?" Nolan asked, raising an eyebrow.

"He's not afraid to take what he wants," Grace said.

"And he wants you?" Nolan asked.

Grace nodded, biting her lip. "I think so," she said. She then looked up at Nolan, her blue eyes filled with determination mixed with a hint of being pissed off. Grace was sexy when she was angry.

"And is that so bad? He can want it all he wants, but this is all mine," Nolan said. "In what way is he so different?"

Grace glared at Nolan. She wasn't buying into the fantasy as much as Nolan was. "Look, I don't want to get into this right now," she said. "Can we just drop it? I told you about my day because I wanted to be honest with you, not to hear you talk about how awesome it would be if I let him touch my ass."

Nolan sighed. "Alright, fine," he said. He didn't want to push her too hard on this. He knew that she was still struggling with the whole thing, and he didn't want to make it worse. Honestly, it was probably well beyond what Nolan found acceptable, should Nate actually grope his girl like that. However, it was kind of hot to hear about.

"Come on, don't pout," Grace said, leaning in close. "Why don't you take your girlfriend to bed and show her why she shouldn't even be thinking about other men?"

Nolan smiled and picked her up, throwing her over his shoulder as she giggled, and carried her to the bedroom. He wanted to show her how much she meant to him and how much he loved her. He wanted to show her that she was his and only his.

Grace squealed and laughed as Nolan dropped her on the bed, climbing on top of her and kissing her deeply.

Nolan stripped himself down to his boxers and then climbed on top of her. Grace was already in her panties, and as he climbed his way up her body, he also pinned her arms above her head.

"Do you really want Nate to touch me so... intimately? Do you think you'd be able to handle another man feeling up your girl and for your girl to let him?" Grace asked, teasing him for pissing her off, but also to get a rise out of him. "And it being Nate, who's so crass, so unpleasant, and old enough to be my dad... are you sure you could handle that? I'm not sure I could..."

Nolan looked down at her, his eyes full of lust and desire, and she stared up at him defiantly, refusing to submit to him.

"You're mine," Nolan growled, his voice low and husky.

Grace rolled her eyes. "If you say so," she said, smirking. "But if Nate touches me, gropes me, fondles my tits, ass, or pussy, it won't matter, will it?"

Nolan's cock was throbbing in his boxers, and he ground it against her pussy through her panties. "Fuck, baby," he moaned. "You're driving me crazy."

Grace grinned up at him. "That's the point," she said, leaning up and kissing him passionately.

In response, Nolan pressed his lips to hers, kissing her hungrily, his tongue sliding into her mouth. She kissed him back, her tongue meeting his, and she could feel his cock pressing against her through his boxers.

But Grace wasn't done yet. Instead of squirming underneath her man, she pushed him onto his back, grabbed his wrists, and quite forcibly shoved them above his head. Nolan was taken by surprise but rolled with the punches. She was feisty today.

She broke the kiss and looked down at him, her eyes filled with fire. "You're so fucking hot," Nolan moaned in awe, Grace smiling faintly at his admiration.

"Oh yeah?" Grace challenged, leaning down and whispering in his ear. "Yeah, well, you're not so bad yourself," she teased.

She then let go of his wrists slowly, making sure he kept them up there. Satisfied that he would remain in position, Grace pushed her up his torso until she straddled him right where Nolan liked it best, her crotch pressed against his face. He couldn't help but smell her arousal, her pussy lips already glistening with her wetness.

Nolan licked his lips in anticipation as he watched her slowly grind her hips, rubbing her pussy against his face. He loved how wet she got when she was turned on, and he wanted nothing more than to taste her.

"You want a taste, baby?" Grace whispered, looking down at him. Nolan nodded eagerly, his tongue darting out to lick at her pussy through her panties. Grace moaned softly, pushing down harder against his face, and proceeded to more or less fuck his mouth. Small, gentle, but determined thrusts. Between them, Grace managed to slip her panties aside and Nolan immediately began licking and sucking at her wet pussy.

Grace continued grinding on him, moaning and gasping as he ate her out. He loved the feeling of her clit against his tongue, and he could feel her getting closer and closer to orgasm. He knew her body well, and he knew how to get her off quickly and easily.

"That's it, baby. Make me cum," Grace moaned, grinding her pussy against his face. He was completely at her mercy, and he loved every second of it. He could feel her getting closer and closer, her breathing getting heavier, and her moans getting louder. Finally, with one last gasp, she came, her juices flowing out of her and into his eager mouth. She tasted so perfect, so sweet and wet, and he lapped it all up, not wasting a drop.

"God damn," Nolan breathed, watching his woman pant above him, catching her breath as her orgasm faded. "You taste so fucking good."

Grace smiled down at him and licked her lips. "You're a good boy," she teased, running her hand along his cheek and to his mouth, her thumb tracing his bottom lip.

"So, Nate touching you–" Nolan began.

"I was just talking shit. I dunno, I just wanted to see how you reacted to that," Grace said. "It's fun teasing him, but you're still my favorite person to toy with."

"Yeah? And why is that?" Nolan asked.

"Because I know that it turns you on. I can see it in your eyes," Grace whispered, running her hand from his mouth to his hair. "And because I know that you'll fuck me like no one else can."

"You bet I will," Nolan promised.

"Not tonight, you won't," Grace said, taking hold of Nolan's hair. "Not after the shit you just pulled. Teasing me like that doesn't come without some punishment."

"Yeah–" Nolan was cut off by Grace guiding him back into her crotch, planting his face between her legs again.

He started eating her out like there was no tomorrow, his tongue and mouth going crazy between her legs. He could hear her moan, feeling her pull at his hair as he devoured her. He licked and sucked and nibbled at her, trying to get her to orgasm as quickly as possible.

Grace would have her way with his tongue for the next ten minutes, making his tongue sore, and her entirely spent from the stimulation.

She released her grip on his hair, and his neck fell back. Looking up at her, he found her tired, satisfied eyes looking back down on him. "Good," she praised.

Nolan was fortunate, however. She took pity on him and climbed down the bet to take him in her mouth.

"If I'm too bossy, you need only say something, baby," Grace said between servicing his cock with her tongue. "If you play your cards right, you'll be my future husband, and I want you to love everything I have to offer, and I want to love everything about you."

"No," Nolan said. "It's all good. If anything, you being a bit aggressive, well, it's exciting. As long as it's us, and we work together, I'm a happy guy."

"Happy man," Grace corrected with a prideful grin. Grace then pursed her lips against his cock head and firmly pressed him inside her mouth, one hand at his balls, squeezing and groping them, while the other stroked his shaft.

Nolan saw the stars come up before his eyes, he was being too turned on from all of this. He gritted his teeth and groaned and grunted as she pumped him inside her mouth, his tip already at the entrance of her throat.

As she took him deep, Nolan suddenly thought of Grace doing the same thing for Nate. The thought was thrilling. The idea of her being so naughty, so dirty, was so arousing to him. Knowing that someone else would enjoy the skill Grace had developed over the years with him, knowing that she was using those skills to cuckold him made him weak. And as Grace deep-throated him, he couldn't help but thrust into her mouth, unable to stop himself from cumming.

Grace moaned as she swallowed, drinking him down.

"That was incredible, baby," he panted.

"You're welcome," Grace chuckled, wiping some cum from the edge of her mouth.

"You really are the best," Nolan said, running a hand down her neck and shoulder. "You're fucking perfect. You know that, don't you?"

Grace leaned into his touch, sighing contently. "I know, babe," she said, smiling at him. "Don't worry, I won't let anything happen with Nate. You're the only one I love. But I can't lie, I got a bit of cold feet from Friday."

"Do you want me to talk to him?"

"No, but I think we should definitely at least consider telling him what's going on," Grace said, suggesting letting their neighbor know of Nolan's dirty fantasy for a second time.

"It might not even change anything, but it could make things awkward," Nolan said, shrugging.

"At least give it a second thought?" Grace pleaded, looking at him with her perfect blue eyes. Those eyes could make him do almost anything. Nolan who was a force to be reckoned with was beckoned to bow before this womanly representation of perfection. "Just consider it? For me? Please? If not... the way we're going, I might get cold feet for real."

"Fine," Nolan said. "I will consider it."

Nolan slumped down on the bed, exhausted. He wondered if telling Nate would really be that bad. His instincts screamed yes, that this was something he should never admit to no man ever, and that he shouldn't let his guard down. It would be a point of weakness, especially with a guy like Nate.

However, it wasn't like he didn't want to trust Nate. Their friendship had been great, and Nolan considered him trustworthy. Nate was a friend. If they didn't tell him, he might simply think that he actually had a shot, that this wasn't just a happy byproduct of Nolan's dirty cuckold fantasy.

But telling him would make things awkward. Would it be worth it? Nolan wasn't sure.

He looked at Grace, who was lying next to him, and he felt his heart swell. He loved her so much, and the thought of losing her was terrifying. She was everything to him, and if anyone or anything came between them, he didn't know what he would do. Letting Nate know might push them in a direction they weren't ready to take yet.

"Are you okay?" Grace asked softly.

"I'm fine," Nolan replied, pulling her closer. "I'm just thinking."

"You need to stop doing that," Grace teased. "Do you need something to distract you?"

"Maybe?" Nolan said. Grace smiled confidently and slightly, ever so slightly, parted her legs.

"Go on then. Have some dessert," Grace purred.

With her words, she didn't have to say anything more. Nolan dove face first between her soft, velvety thighs, feasting upon her delicious pussy. She tasted sweet, with a hint of salt, and he couldn't get enough. His tongue darted along her labia and inside, his nose nuzzling that tender clit. Soon enough, Grace was shuddering, moaning his name and pulling his hair, keeping him in place. He loved it when she grabbed him like that.

When she was finished, Grace let out a satisfied groan and sighed, smiling down at Nolan.

"That's better," she said. "Good boy."

"Only for you," he said. "You're amazing."

"I try my best," she said, running a hand down his face, then tugging at him a little. "Get up here and rub that big cock all over my face."

Nolan knew she could be demanding, but he was eager to keep up with her demands. And that was how he lost track of time again, as her own eager tongue started lapping at him when he straddled her beautiful face.

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To think that Grace was catching on to Nolan's fetish so easily... Nolan was on board with that. Or rather, she was getting around to it and was perhaps a bit scary for her. It was a bit daunting to hear what sort of emotions Nate was able to invoke, let alone to find out that once again he had nearly grabbed that juicy ass that Nolan loved so much. That could very well push Nate to try more, and who knows what the man might've done.

However, the way Grace responded to the entire situation was also curious. She was obviously turned on by Nate and his boldness, which was something she had never shown for him before. She'd always accommodate Nolan when he made advances, but their best sex was whenever she took the initiative and sort of took what she needed from Nolan. He could never imagine Nate letting himself be pushed around like that. Was that something Grace wished from him as well? For Nolan to be more... forceful, assertive, or whatever you'd call it?

Well, as the week progressed, everything seemed to be more or less back to normal; no real progress had been made in that whole kinky endeavor since Monday. Unfortunately, there had been a streak of gray weather, which meant no red bikinis awaited him on the balcony when he got home from work. Nolan had tried to ask Grace if Nate had done anything at any point, but she hadn't seen him much. It was a bit of fun to consider that Grace was perhaps a bit scared of their neighbor.

However, this small pause ended up dragging on until Friday. Nothing too special happened: Nolan and Grace ate dinner together, watched a movie, and had some sexy time. On Saturday, Nolan was planning a day-long stay at the office to meet a deadline. It was a sunny day finally, but he had to pull the extra hours to make a difference. However, as he had his jacket already on and had picked up his work laptop to go, his girl caught him, dressed in nothing but a big t-shirt.

"Hey, where you going, sir?"

Nolan turned. "Work stuff, honey. Gotta make sure it gets done. They're really counting on me on this one."

She pouted, then grabbed his wrist.

"I'm sure it can wait..." she whispered, sticking that booty out and drawing his hand right onto it.

"Sure you want to spend this nice day inside all day?" Nolan moved his hand lower, grabbing her cheeks eagerly and jiggling the hefty pair in his palm, "These deserve some sunlight, don't you think?"

"Oh, you want me out there working on my tan, showing my goodies to the world, huh?"

She had a spark of a dirty idea in her eye, which he had now grown accustomed to and had come to expect.

"So, no second thoughts?" Nolan asked. "You're over your nerves and whatnot? I think it's fine to be nervous, but I think some of might be due to the incredible excitement. That's at least how I feel."

"Maybe," Grace said. "I'm certainly happy you're not pushing for this constantly though. I think that would drive me crazy. But... yeah, I'm still okay with this. I still think we should let Nate know, but... well, I'm sure we'll figure it out. For now, I just want you to have fun with it. If you're truly cool with it."

"So you're gonna sunbathe out there today? Be a naughty girl and tease our poor neighbor?" Nolan asked with a small devious smile. "What if our dirty old neighbor wants to touch you again? Will you still be able to resist?"

"You'll just have to find out when you get home. Have I snuck over to Nate's? Have I gone out for a girls' night out with Dora only to get groped on the dance floor? All you can do is wonder," Grace purred, giving him a wink.

"You're evil," Nolan chuckled.

"Yeah, I know. That's what you get for working on a Saturday," she said, shoving him towards the door. "Now go get that work done so you can come home and fuck me for being so naughty."

With that, Nolan was out the door and on his way to work. The thought of Grace being out on the balcony, or even going out with Dora, was enough to keep him distracted all day. He couldn't help but imagine what she might be doing. Was she really being a naughty girl? Or was she just teasing him?

He knew it was just talk, but the teasing still got to him. He still wasn't sure if he truly wanted her to do anything for real, beyond dirty talking and flirting, but it was hard not to think about what might happen if she did. It was a dangerous game, but one that Nolan was willing to play.

He knew that Grace wouldn't actually cheat on him, but the thought of her doing so was exciting. He loved knowing that she was so naughty, that she would flirt and tease and do whatever else she could to get what she wanted. The fact that she was so into it too, was even more exciting. He had never expected her to be so into the whole cuckold thing, especially after her initial reaction to finding it out, but she clearly was. And he couldn't help but think about what that meant for their relationship. Grace had been so apprehensive in the beginning, but now she was openly rubbing it in Nolan's face. She knew how much he loved it, and she was using that to her advantage.

Nolan found himself once again wondering if he should tell Nate. He didn't want to give him any ideas, but Grace was right; they needed to tell him before things went too far. But how would he take it? Would he be disgusted? Think Nolan is less of a man? Or would he be intrigued? Surely Nate would eye the possibilities he thought were there with such a kink involved. Nolan didn't know, and he wasn't sure which option was worse. He didn't want to lose his friendship with Nate, but he also didn't want to come of as some sort of pathetic loser who can't please his woman.

He knew it in his heart that Grace would never leave him, but he still couldn't help but worry about what might happen. He wanted to trust her, but he knew that there was always a chance something might go wrong. And if Nate found out the truth, he might try to take advantage of the situation. Nolan didn't want to think about what might happen then. One thing was for it to involve Grace and Nolan, but bringing in a third party came with a decent amount of risk.

But it wasn't just Grace and Nolan. They had involved Nate anyway, he just had no idea about it.

The thought of telling him was terrifying, but Nolan knew that he might have to do it down the line.

The hours dragged by, and Nolan found himself glancing at the clock every few minutes. He was eager to get home and see what Grace had been up to, and the anticipation was killing him. Every time he looked at the clock, the minute hand seemed to tick even slower than the last

time. It felt like time was standing still. He couldn't help but fantasize about what Grace might've been doing while he was gone. He wondered if she would tell him about it, or if she would keep her dirty secret to herself. He could only hope that she would be open with him. Though, not knowing was exciting as well.

The morning finally seemed to creep towards late afternoon. As he wasn't finished yet, Nolan decided to stay later than he intended to, mostly because he felt that the client was expecting a rushed product, but Nolan, the perfectionist, made sure that everything was perfect. Thus he pushed on.

There wasn't anyone else in the office, but Nolan always had this vague hope that one of the higher ups would stop by and see him there. That would send the perfect signal who was willing to put to down the hours necessary.

Finally, the day's task was done, and he headed out the door, a relieved sigh escaping his mouth. He would have tomorrow off, and he couldn't wait to spend some quality time with Grace.

Amidst the work, he had almost forgotten everything about their little adventure on the balcony, or wherever else Grace would take it.

It was still midday, so it was bright out when he got out of the office and into his car. As he started driving home, he had a small hope that she was back on the balcony, teasing Nate once again. But when he got home and entered his apartment, it was quiet. No sound of movement from the living room and no noise coming from the kitchen.

Nolan put his coat on a hanger and kicked his shoes off, looking past the living room toward the balcony, his heart thumping as that was the only place Grace could be if she was home. He walked slowly and quietly through the living room, keeping to the left side so not to startle Nate should he be there. The glass doors were open, and he could see her lying on her stomach on a towel, her red bikini top undone, with a small bottle of sunscreen beside her. Her head was turned away from him, and he couldn't help but stare at her perfect ass and legs. She was gorgeous as always.

Nolan was glad to see her, but from this angle, he couldn't really see if Nate was there as well. Probably. That guy didn't miss a chance to ogle Grace.

But as he stood there, Grace suddenly stirred, turning her head toward where Nate would've been. She said something, but despite the door being open, Nolan wasn't able to catch what was said.

He took a step back so as not to get caught. He desperately wanted to see the two interact, but he couldn't risk Nate spotting him. It would be the first time they spoke together since the incident where Nate had scared her off, and Nolan was lucky enough to be there to witness it.

Grace sounded cheerful enough, ever the sociable fellow, chatted while laying on her stomach. She no doubt had no rush in getting up, seeing how her bikini was untied, thus kept the conversation from the balcony floor. Not that Nolan thought Nate would complain, that meant a great view of the most flawless set of ass cheeks out there, full on display and probably glistening from a perfect combination of sun lotion and sweat.

But showing of her breasts completely nude would be a step too far, no doubt.

Nolan still couldn't quite hear her, so he moved a bit closer. He wasn't sure if she knew, but he made sure that Nate for sure didn't know of his presence. As he got bit closer, he could hear the relatively mild tone of their conversation.

"No biggy. Just a bit startling is all," Grace said, no doubt responding to something Nate had said.

"I know, you just looked like you had seen a ghost!" Nate chuckled from outside Nolan's view. "But I was in your space, and I know I can be a bit clumsy with how I act around a beautiful woman, so I just wanted to say sorry for that."

"No need to say sorry if you keep those compliments coming," Grace said. Nolan couldn't believe his ears. She really didn't sound like she had any nerves now. Perhaps them talking through their grievances with their exploration had warmed Grace a bit to the idea. Or perhaps she was always this flirty with Nate when she didn't know Nolan was listening. Nolan both hoped and hoped not that the latter wasn't true.

For now, they were talking about when she had been spooked by him, apparently. And by Grace's response, she seemed pretty alright about it. Perhaps talking to Nolan and them two working through it as a couple had helped.

"Oh, so you want me to compliment you?" Nate teased. "I'm not sure if that's appropriate. Don't want people thinking I'm some sort of creep."

"You are a creep, though," Grace laughed. "So it's fine to say such things."

"I mean, you do have the body of an angel, so I guess I can't help myself," Nate said.

"An angel, huh?" Grace chuckled. "I've never gotten that one before."

"What, people don't compliment your body enough? That's a shame. A woman like you should be showered in compliments," Nate said. "I bet Nolan doesn't even know what he has."

Nolan felt a lump form in his throat. He knew that Nate was just teasing, but it still made him uncomfortable to hear him say those things. He knew that she wouldn't actually cheat on him, but hearing her flirt with another man was still hard. And now Nate wanted to belittle Nolan directly to Grace.

He tried to remain quiet, hoping that she hadn't heard him enter the apartment. He knew that she was just teasing, and he didn't want to ruin the moment.

"Well, Nolan knows plenty, I'm sure," Grace said, more sternly, making no room for argument. Nolan felt a pang of pride from that. "Besides, I'm pretty sure you're the creepiest out of the two."

"Ah, so I'm not as smooth as I thought," Nate said. "I'll have to work on that."

"Don't worry, I think you're plenty smooth. You just need to tone it down a bit," Grace said. "And maybe don't scare me half to death next time."

"That wasn't my intention. But you looked so good, I couldn't help myself," Nate said, sounding almost apologetic.

"Hey, hey, no worries," Grace said, waving her hand. "I'm just messing with you. It's all in good fun, right?"

Nolan breathed heavily now, his heart racing. He was conflicted. On the one hand, he wanted to know what else Nate would say to her, but on the other hand, he was terrified of what might happen. Nate was obviously flirting with her, and Grace was flirting back. Would this be the beginning of something more?

But it was what he wanted. This right here. The flirting, the teasing, the danger of it going somewhere he couldn't control, beyond his own reach. Nolan wanted to feel powerless, he wanted to see Grace with someone else, even if it was only for a moment. But it still scared him.

"Of course it is," Nate said, his voice low and husky. "I just want to make sure you know that."

Grace giggled. "I do know that. And I like it," she said, winking at him. "I'm just not used to it, that's all. Most guys are too afraid to hit on me. They're all scared of Nolan."

"Well, I'm not most guys," Nate said, his voice filled with confidence.

"No, you certainly are not," Grace said. Nolan could hear the smirk in her voice. But Nolan had to wonder what she meant by that. Was she implying that he was a creep? Nolan didn't know, but he couldn't help but think there was something else in that statement.

"So, how long have you two been together?" Nate asked, pulling Nolan out from his thoughts.

"Oh, almost four years," Grace replied. "We met in college."

Nate whistled. "Four years, huh? That's a long time. And you still look as amazing as ever. You must keep him on his toes," Nate said.

Grace laughed. "Yeah, well, I do my best," she said. "But I think Nolan is pretty happy with me."

"I would be happy with you too," Nate said. "You're an incredible woman, Grace."

"Thanks, Nate," Grace said. "I'm glad we got to talk again. I've missed our chats."

"Me too," Nate said. "So how about it? Wanna give me a closer look of that gorgeous body of yours? Maybe I can throw a compliment in for good measure?"

Grace giggled. "I don't know..." she said. "I think I'm good here."

"Aww, come on," Nate said. "You know you want to."

"Do I?" Grace teased.

"Of course you do," Nate said. "You love the attention. You love knowing that someone thinks you're hot."

"Maybe I do," she said, playing with her hair. Grace then rolled over onto her back, making a point of holding her bikini top in place as she sat up. She knew that Nate was watching and was careful to sit faced away from his gaze.

Unfortunately for Nate, but luckily for Nolan, she turned toward the window so she could tie it up without exposing herself. From where Nolan stood, though, she was plenty exposed.

"God damn," Nate breathed, no doubt soaking in the red bikini clinging to her hips and ass. "You are something else."

"You like what you see?" Grace asked, smiling over her shoulder up at him.

"I'd love to take a closer look," Nate said.

Grace bit her lip. Part of her knew that she should say no, but she couldn't help herself. The way Nate was looking at her was intoxicating. She had never felt so sexy, so wanted. It was thrilling, and she wanted more. Without saying anything else, Grace stood up, her nipples slightly erect and standing sexily from those perky breasts, clearly visible through the fabric.

Her eyes then darted toward Nolan for a split second.

Nolan almost yelped in surprise. How long had she known he was there? Did she just notice him? Or was she waiting for him? He quickly backed away from the door, making sure he stayed out of sight. He couldn't let Nate know he was there.

Grace smiled when she spotted Nolan watching her, making eye contact with him for a split second. Her expression was impossible to read. Was she pleased that he was watching her flirt with Nate, or was she angry that he had been eavesdropping on her? But Nolan knew deep inside his soul that this was exactly what he had wanted. His fantasy was coming to life right in front of his eyes, and he could hardly believe it.

She then took her eyes off him and moved without hesitation towards where Nate was, out of Nolan's field of view. Nolan gasped and was desperate to move after, but if he did, he'd expose himself for Nate's attention. And so he chose not to, despite every inch in his body yearning him to peek at what's happening behind the wall.

For a few heartbreaking moments, there was a complete lack of sound, and he felt his heart hammering in his chest. He moved as close to the half-open door as possible without being seen, peering his ears for anything and everything.

A few birds sang, and the wind was blowing in the nearby trees, but apart from that, nothing. Until a bit of shuffling could be heard, before Grace said, "Oh, Nate!" and a soft moan. Then silence again.

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Grace had seen Nolan almost as soon as he had come home, but apparently, Nolan didn't think she had noticed him. She saw him sneak up to the door as she was talking to Nate. That was one of the side effects of putting so much effort into making sure your best bodily assets stay in prime condition: men sometimes become completely unaware that a woman also has eyes.

Grace took the opportunity to flirt with Nate a bit, just to get a rile out of her man. She made sure to put extra stank on it too and to engage as much as she dared. It was such a rush to indulge in a bit of back and forth, especially when she knew Nolan was listening in. It made her feel extra naughty, and that was her kryptonite.

What she didn't expect, though perhaps foolishly, was her own reaction to Nate more openly flirting with her, and her pushing back and playing into it made her grow ever more excited. Seeing Nolan, and him basically spying on her had increased her boldness in ways she couldn't have foreseen. So when Nate asked for a closer look, Grace was ready to give him one.

With barely a thought, she was on her feet. With a quick glance towards Nolan, almost trying to silently ask him if this was what he wanted, Grace made her way to where the matted wall cut down to just a half-wall, where Nate stood waiting for her. She felt so naughty as she walked

over to their lecherous neighbor, his intense eyes boring into her, feeling her own heart rate shoot up with each step.

Nate was thrilled to have her come, and she couldn't stop herself. She knew she should say no, but part of her wanted it. Nate's flirting and the desire to act naughty had mixed to make the perfect cocktail for her to do something rash, reckless. And yet she didn't turn away or make any protest. She didn't turn back.

His breath smelled of whisky, his grin one of a confident predator. Without asking for permission, Nate reached a hand across from his side of the half-wall, and almost as if in slow motion, Grace looked at him with a mix of nervousness and excitement when his calloused fingers reached up to one breast, gently feeling it.

As soon as his hand made contact with her bikini-clad breast, Grace let out a small gasp, and she felt her heart skip a beat. It was exhilarating. She had never felt so alive, so free. She had never felt so turned on before. It was incredible. Grace could hardly tell if it was because of her increasing interest in Nate or because she knew it would drive Nolan crazy to hear about this. Was he watching now? Nate would surely have seen him if Nolan dared a peek.

God, she felt so naughty, and the fact that it had happened faster than she could react, that Nate likely had planned to get a feel… But it also gave her extra courage to not push Nate's hands away like she should have. Her instincts fought for her to swat his hand away, but the allure of her and Nolan's adventure told her that this lap of judgment was allowed. So she stood there, taking his pawing, letting him stick his hand from his balcony and over to theirs so he could feel what was Nolan's.

As his other hand came up to fondle the other, the fingers began to trace the contours of her nipples on top of the bikini, teasing her slowly in a way Grace hadn't expected from a man like Nate. His palms were rough and yet soft, his fingers slightly calloused from whatever it was that he did, his whole attitude almost predatory.

It felt strange, having his hands groping her, feeling her soft flesh through the thin layer of fabric. She couldn't help but notice how much bigger and stronger his hands were. As much as she hadn't expected to get groped today, she equally didn't anticipate how good it'd feel. Nate knew exactly how to touch her, and it was making her breathing feel so much heavier, and the balcony suddenly felt much warmer than it had a few minutes ago.

"Oh, Nate!" Grace whispered, closing her eyes to let out a small moan. Nate continued his assault on her breasts, not missing a beat. His fingers explored them, massaging them with just enough force to make his hunger apparent but gentle enough to not chafe or hurt her.

For a fleeting moment, Grace thought this was surely a mistake, but it was too late now. Nate already had his big hands on her body, and he was so enthralled by it. The look on his face. It had happened a bit faster than she'd anticipated, as she hadn't expected to get groped at all, but now that she was here, looking at Nate's hungry gaze, it was hard to back out. And then there was Nolan listening to her being felt up, hearing her moan their neighbor's name…

Grace turned slightly, more so her back was toward Nate, wanting to feel his hands around her he groped her. Instead, Nate let one hand quickly travel down to her perfect butt, his fingers pressing lightly down against her skin as he dug and spread her cheeks. The other stayed firmly massaging her boob.

She could hear Nate breathing, his breath becoming somewhat erratic as he enjoyed the softness, the suppleness of her flesh. His fingers massaged her harder, and Grace couldn't help but groan slightly as she felt Nate press his fingers deeper. Soon he'd have his fingers in the cleft of her ass, and perhaps even further than that. Her heart was racing now, her breathing was getting heavier. Her pussy was starting to tingle. This was getting hotter than expected.

"You like this, don't you?" Nate growled in a low voice.

That seemed to snap Grace back to reality for a bit. What was she doing, standing here on her balcony letting him fondle her like this? She couldn't let this go any further. This was a mistake.

It felt like it had lasted an eternity, but it had probably only lasted for five-to-ten seconds. What had she done indeed? In those seconds, the two of them mutually agreed that it was fine for Nate to touch her body freely, to just stick his hand out and squeeze whatever of hers came to his liking. But it wasn't fine. No matter what she or her man felt. She shouldn't let the fact that this is what her boyfriend wants be an excuse.

Grace quickly pulled away, turned, and took a few steps backward until she hit the wall.

Nate looked confused, and Grace couldn't help but notice how much darker his gaze was than before. He was looking at her differently now. Almost like a wild animal stalking its prey.

She opened her mouth to say something, but nothing came out. Instead, Grace bolted inside, sliding the door shut behind with more force than she intended.

She leaned against the wall, trying to catch her breath. Her heart was beating so fast, and her head was spinning. Part of her was thrilled about what had happened, but another part of her was horrified. She couldn't believe she had let that happen. She wasn't a cheater, but there she was, having let Nate grope her.

So far there had been teasing, flirting, ogling, snide comments, but now it had gotten physical. A real violation of boundaries. They had entered dangerous territory, and they needed to be more careful going forward. She hadn't meant for this to happen, but now they were involved too far for her to deny that she had a big kink for the very man that was an inch from fingering her right then and there.

From the time when Nate had spanked her and she called him out in it, to now letting him grope her tits and butt. A subtle sexual abuse. How could they have ended up here? This was a bit too exciting...

A million different thoughts ran through her mind.

And just then did she spot Nolan, wide-eyed, staring at her, wild with jealousy and lust. She wondered how much he had seen or heard. Had he heard her moan their neighbor's name?

Grace gave Nolan a shaky smile and shrugged sheepishly. Her expression seemed to speak 'Shit happens'. And indeed it did. Nolan looked to be out of it. Not quite understanding the situation or where this was heading. He definitely seemed worried though, but his pupils were blown out of proportion, staring at her hungrily, mouth open a bit.

A myriad of emotions ran through Nolan's face. The confusion, the wonder, the lust, the excitement. He was lost, unsure what had just transpired just outside on the balcony of his own apartment. He kept quiet. He wanted more of it, and Grace realized she did, too.

Despite the sudden flurry of emotions, neither of them said anything, each of them simply staring at each other, each waiting for the other to make the next move.

Grace could tell that Nolan knew something had happened, but as both Grace and Nate had been outside of his field of view, he had no idea what. He had heard a small moan and Grace calling their neighbor's name, but other than that, he didn't know what had happened. The desperate look on his face was priceless, making Grace smile and feel even more naughty seeing her man so out of it.

Grace smiled sweetly at Nolan. "Nice day out, isn't it?" she asked, deciding to play with Nolan a bit and keep quiet about her and Nate, at least for now.

As expected, Nolan's eyes grew wide. "Erh. Yeah," he said.

"Nate seems to think so too," Grace continued. "He's really enjoying the sun."

"Is that so?" Nolan asked, his voice wavering slightly. He was trying to sound confident, but Grace could tell he was nervous. He was struggling to keep his composure.

"Yeah, he's been telling me how much he loves the view," Grace said.

Nolan was silent, not sure how to respond. He had no idea that things had taken a dramatic turn, and that, oddly was a thrill for Grace. To not let him in on what she had been doing. Secrecy. And it seemed to her that perhaps Nolan liked it as well. But he didn't want to admit it, seemingly. No, that would be too scary to admit, even now.

"You look like you've seen a ghost, babe," Grace teased. "Are you okay?"

"I'm fine," Nolan said, his voice cracking slightly.

"Anyway, I'm going to go play tennis with Dora. See you later, alligator," Grace smiled, knowing her walking out without relenting would keep Nolan on his toes until she was back. It sort of reminded her how some women would tie or be tied up to the bed until their significant other came home, all pent up and frustrated.

She walked over and gave him a kiss on the cheek. Nolan was still looking at her like he had seen a ghost.

"Don't worry, baby," she whispered in his ear. "I'll see you later."

Grace then headed towards their bedroom and quickly changed into tennis attire. As she changed, she couldn't help but think about how crazy things had gotten. She couldn't believe she had let Nate grope her like that. It was insane. And yet part of her loved it. It was scary, but it was too exciting. She loved the thrill of it all.

When she returned to the living room, Nolan was still standing where she had left him, his eyes wide and his jaw slack.

"I'll see you later," Grace said as she walked past him.

Nolan didn't say anything, but he nodded. His eyes were glued to her ass as she walked away, and she couldn't help but smile.

As she made her way out of the building and to her car, Grace felt giddy. She knew she should feel guilty about what she had done, but she couldn't help but feel excited. She had never felt so

naughty in her life, and she couldn't wait to see how things would develop. She knew that she shouldn't have let things go as far as they had with Nate, but it was too late now. There was no turning back. And she wasn't sure she wanted to anyway.

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After a tiring session of tennis, Grace and Dora went for some smoothies at a local café. Dora in her blue tennis attire, Grace in her white. It was good to get out of the house and just chill. As they sat there talking about this and that, the topic drifted over to her and Nolan's latest adventures, which wasn't really surprising. Dora loved juicy gossip, especially when it came to Grace and her man. Part of it was jealousy, Grace knew, as Dora and her husband were the dullest couple ever.

Grace refused to give anything up, as she was still processing things. But Dora wouldn't relent. So after a few more rounds of 'Just tell me what's going on!', Grace finally caved in.

"Okay, okay, fine," Grace said, rolling her eyes. "I'll tell you."

Dora leaned forward in her seat, a wicked smile on her face. "So, what happened? Did you do something naughty?"

"Maybe..." Grace said, taking a sip of her smoothie. "I may have let Nate touch my boobs."

"What?!" Dora exclaimed, almost dropping her drink. "You didn't!"

"I did," Grace said, a smirk on her lips.

"Oh my god, Grace, that's so naughty!" Dora said. "How did that happen?"

"Well, we were talking, and he was being his usual creepy self, and then he asked for a closer look, so I went over to where he was standing and let him feel them up," Grace explained.

"Holy shit, that's insane," Dora said. "Was it hot?"

"Yeah, it was," Grace admitted, feeling her cheeks flush.

"God, Grace, you're such a slut," Dora teased.

"Hey, I'm not a slut. Don’t call me that," Grace protested, laughing. She hated being called a slut, and Dora knew it, but the situation truly warranted it. "I'm just having fun."

"Uh-huh, sure," Dora said, rolling her eyes. "You're totally not a slut."

"Shut up," Grace said, punching her playfully on the arm.

"So, what happened next? Did you let him do more?" Dora asked.

"No, that's as far as it went. Well, he touched my ass too, but everything was over my bikini," Grace said. Dora's eyes went wide. "I don't think either of us expected things to go that far. And I was suddenly so turned on, so I ran back inside before anything else happened."

Dora shook her head, laughing. "God, I can't believe you, Grace. You're something else."

"I know, I know," Grace said. She couldn't believe it either, but she loved the excitement of it all. She had never felt so naughty in her life, and it was exhilarating.

"Does Nolan know? Is he 'okay' with this too?" Dora asked, biting her bottom lip.

"No," Grace muttered.

"You naughty girl," Dora replied.

"God, I haven't told him yet. He just thinks it's flirting and me showing off a bit. I've got no idea how he feels about it getting physical," Grace said.

"Barely physical. It's just a bit of groping," Dora said. She then hesitated a bit, suddenly seeming unsure of the whole situation. "You know, it's fun and all to hear this, and as much as I think Nolan is kinda lame, you two got a nice thing going. I'm not saying you shouldn't do whatever this is, but be careful what you wish for."

Grace looked at her friend for a moment, taking it in. Then she barked out a laugh. "Didn't you fuck him?" Grace asked. Dora turned red, as expected. "If you can fuck him, I can let him grope me. I know what I'm doing."

"You better know what you're doing, Grace," Dora said, her voice serious for a change. "I just don't want you to get hurt."

"I won't get hurt, I promise," Grace said, smiling at her friend. "Nolan and I are just playing around a bit. But I appreciate the concern, I really do."

"Cool," Dora said, eager to drop the topic and get back to something lighter. "So, are you going to tell Nolan what happened? Or are you going to keep it a secret?"

"I don't know," Grace said. She knew that she should tell Nolan, but she was afraid of how he would react. Would he be angry? Would he be jealous? Would he be turned on? She didn't know, and she wasn't sure if she was ready to find out. "I'm scared that he won't approve. If so, I'll be in the dog house. I just have no idea with all of this. I hope I didn't fuck everything up."

"Well, you better figure it out," Dora said. "You can't keep secrets from your boyfriend. That's not fair to him."

"I know, I know," Grace sighed. "I'll tell him eventually. Just not right now. I need some time to process everything first."

After chatting a bit more about other topics, Grace and Dora finished their smoothies and headed back to their cars. Grace gave Dora a hug before heading home.

As Grace headed up their apartment building, as she hadn't picked it up on Friday she stopped by the mailboxes. She opened up theirs and found a few letters, as well as a magazine. She took them out and then closed the box. As she did so, she felt a hand gently squeeze her ass on top of her white tennis skirt. She jumped in surprise, turning to see who it was.

"Hey there, gorgeous," Nate said, his eyes roaming her body.

"Nate, don't scare me like that!" Grace exclaimed, her heart racing. She hadn't expected to run into him. "And you shouldn't go touching me like that. I'm spoken for, remember?"

"Sorry, couldn't resist," Nate said, a smirk on his face. "How are you doing?"

"I'm fine," Grace said, trying to catch her breath. "A little surprised to see you, but fine."

"Yeah, I just saw you come in and couldn't help myself," Nate said. "You look amazing."

"Thanks," Grace said, her cheeks flushing. She couldn't believe he had the audacity to touch her after what happened earlier. But part of her liked it. The boldness of it all was exciting. Him touching her on the balcony and openly flirting with her had brought a new side to this whole engagement that she hadn't expected, namely that Nate wasn't afraid to go after what he wanted. He was aggressive and sort of creepy, and it was thrilling. They had opened the door for him to now touch and openly flirt… no. They hadn't opened the door. Grace had. So Nate took full advantage of that.

"You're welcome," Nate said. "And I'm sorry again about earlier. I got a bit carried away."

"It's fine," Grace said, her heart still racing. "I should've stopped you, but I didn't."

"Yeah, and I enjoyed every moment of it," Nate said, scanning her body.

"Yeah, I bet you did," Grace teased. "But seriously, you can't do that. It was fun, but I need to know my boundaries, and you yours, otherwise, things can get out of control."

"I can respect that," Nate said, though Grace could tell he'd love to try and go beyond it if Grace let him. He had a wolfish smirk on his face.

"You better," Grace said, laughing. She couldn't help but enjoy the playful exchange they were having, even as she told herself that she needed to end it and go see Nolan. But she couldn't bring herself to leave. "Or I might have to stop visiting you in the future."

"Oh, I'll be a saint then," Nate said. He then pulled his hand back for a moment, before suddenly giving Grace's ass cheek a hard spank. Grace squeaked in surprise. On instinct, Grace reeled back and cracked Nate across the face with her open hand. They both looked at each other, utterly shocked.

"Sorry!" Grace yelped. "I-I just don't respond well to, fuck, to getting spanked!"

"It's fine," Nate said, the stunned look quickly vanishing. He smirked once again and shrugged. "Believe it or not, this is not my first slap."

"Sorry!" Grace said again, almost pleading for it now. "Did it sting?"

"Not worse than my mom!" Nate chuckled, laughing it off. Grace was thankful he wasn't pissed from her assaulting him. "It's all good, really. Look, just to make sure, are we still good? No bad blood on either end?"

"We're good," Grace said, still breathing heavily. "And I mean, you had touched me like, sexually, before, and that's not okay either, but spanking me… that's too far."

"Some people respond in different ways," Nate said, rubbing his neck. "You got a hell of a right, I'll tell ya! Well, I'll go and see if I have some frozen veggies. Take care. And don't worry about it. I deserved it."

"Yeah… you kinda did," Grace said, earning a laugh from Nate and even herself.

After that awkward interaction was over with, the two went their separate ways. Nate disappearing outside, Grace up to the apartment. Grace couldn't believe that had just happened. Nate had groped her, then he had spanked her, and she had slapped him in return. And all of that in a short period of time. Her heart was beating wildly, and her face was flushed.

When Nate had groped all those months ago, even then she hadn't slapped him. Why had her instinct been so physical now that they were... more friendly? What would you even call this? Friends don't go around spanking and flirting with each other. Lovers do, perhaps you do so with your best friend, but Nate was neither of those things as far as Grace was concerned. And concerned she was.

She needed a moment to collect herself before heading up to her apartment. Grace sat in her truck for a few minutes, her mind racing. How had things escalated so quickly? What had started as innocent flirting had turned into full-on sexual contact. Nate had been bolder than she had ever imagined, and her reaction had been just as surprising. She should've put a stop to it, but she had let things go too far.

Grace knew what she had to do. Nolan didn't like it, but it was either that or pull full stops on this little, dangerous adventure of theirs.

*

Nolan wasn't sure why he thought it was a good idea to go for a beer with Nate, but he just needed to get out of the house. At first he had thought to just go out for a beer alone, but eventually, after an hour or so alone at the bar, Nolan texted his neighbor if he'd be able to join him.

With the latest developments with Grace and him, whatever it was, it felt almost oppressive to be cooped up. It had been hours since Grace had left. Was it a mistake? Perhaps, but he needed something to clear his thoughts. But sitting alone, well, that wasn't really Nolan.

Why Nate? Well, Nate was a great companion to help clear his mind from his current state of mind despite being the culprit. He was also close by and available. Nolan had to chuckle as that was also the reason he worked so well with his fantasy- that and the fact that he was sort of sleazy. There was also a level of masochism to hang out with the guy who was actively trying to hit on his girl, Nolan acknowledged to himself. Plus, Nate was charitable about buying the rounds, so there was that.

But as it turned out, he didn't talk much about Grace at all. Instead, Nate was hellbound on keeping a normal, friendly conversation. Maybe in Nate's mind, Nolan didn't know, and thus, they were still comrades. They were still friends, yes, but Nate's obliviousness brought an odd level of amusement to Nolan, and he didn't want to mess with that. Plus, he was here to get distracted, and Nate did that job thoroughly.

Instead, the two chatted about work, the local football team, the latest gossip at the office. They talked about the weather, football. They talked about everything except Grace. But throughout it all, there was an elephant in the room that both men avoided mentioning, both thinking about her and, in Nate's case, about what happened on the balcony just this afternoon.

Nate had no way of knowing that Nolan knew, though. If anything, he probably thought he had gotten away with it. That he had gotten away with whatever he and Grace had done. Nolan found himself occasionally looking at Nate's hands, wondering if... he doubted it, but given the scenario, there was a vague chance that Nate had perhaps used his fingers on Grace. Like, fingering. Why else would she have moaned his name? But then again, Grace was never the biggest fan of that; she much preferred it when Nolan used his mouth.

But as the intoxication levels rose, Nolan had to stay clear of those thoughts so as not to slip up.

And the intoxication levels rose indeed. Nolan wasn't the biggest drinker, but he usually handled beer well. Now, however, it seemed like five rounds in that he was having a greater buzz than expected. He hadn't had dinner yet, so maybe that was why. And maybe it was because of how his mind was constantly circling back to Grace and what she was doing right now. He had no idea what she was doing, and that made him anxious.

"I might call it," Nolan groaned sluggishly.

"Yeah? No problem at all. You good to drive?" Nate asked, still seeming relatively sober. He had had less than Nolan, but he also didn't have the luxury of an empty stomach.

Nolan hesitated for a moment. He wasn't sure if he was okay to drive. His head felt a bit fuzzy, and his vision was slightly blurry. But he didn't want to risk it.

"Never mind, I'll get us home," Nate said, taking the keys out of Nolan's hands. Nolan hadn't even noticed taking them out, but he had been looking at them with glassy eyes as he tried to gauge his own level of drunkenness. "Come on, buddy, let's go."

Nate helped him up, and the two of them headed out of the bar. The fresh air seemed to help clear Nolan's mind a bit, but he was still pretty tipsy. He knew he shouldn't have drunk that much, but he couldn't help himself. He had been so anxious about what was going on with Grace that he had needed a way to distract himself, and alcohol seemed like the best option. He'd have to live with Grace's scolding, though. She hated it when he got this drunk. Last time, she hadn't been too happy, and tonight would be no different.

A fleeting thought made Nolan tempted to tell Nate he had his shot tonight. Angry girlfriend who needs her relief. That's a good recipe for a guy who's trying to get into your woman's pants. But he decided against it. He didn't want to encourage him any further.

The short drive home was uneventful, with Nolan resting his head against the window, trying not to fall asleep. When they pulled up to the apartment building, he felt a bit better, but he was still pretty drunk. He needed to get some food in his stomach and sleep it off.

"Thanks for the ride, man," Nolan said as they got out of the car.

They walked a few paces, and then Nate had to hurry back to Nolan's car for his phone. Nolan looked up at the apartment building. It was quite nice looking. He never really took in architecture, but being drunk, he suddenly deemed himself some sort of art critic.

"Ah, shit," Nate groaned, rummaging through the car. "Must've left my phone in here."

"You should really be more careful with your things," Nolan said, wagging his finger at Nate. "What if someone stole it?"

"I know, I know," Nate said. "I'm an idiot. Here it is. Let's go seek mercy."

As expected, Grace was livid. She didn't expel her anger while Nate was there, but her ice cold stare was enough to make Nolan almost sober.

"Hey, babe," Nolan said, his voice slurring a bit. "How are you?"

Grace frowned. "I'm fine, but you're drunk."

Nolan shrugged sheepishly. "Yeah, I guess so. Sorry. I didn't mean to get this drunk."

"You never do," Grace said. "I had no idea you were going out, even less that you'd be drinking like this."

Nolan opened his mouth to reply, but nothing came out. He knew that he had made a mistake. He knew that he shouldn't have gotten this drunk, but he had needed a way to distract himself from what was going on with Grace, and alcohol seemed like the best option. But now, with Grace staring at him with disappointment in her eyes, he felt like a fool.

"I'm sorry," Nolan said again. "I just needed to get out of the house for a bit."

Grace sighed. "I get that, but you can't just disappear like that without letting me know where you're going. I was worried about you. I came home to an empty apartment... and with what happened earlier... I was so worried."

Nolan felt a pang of guilt. He hadn't meant to worry Grace, but he had been so caught up in his own emotions that he hadn't even thought about how she might feel. It made sense why it wasn't a great look for her to come home to an empty apartment after whatever happened on the balcony.

"I'm sorry," he said again, unable to come up with anything else.

Grace shook her head, a small smile playing on her lips. "You're lucky I love you."

Nolan smiled back. "I know. I'm a lucky guy."

The two of them stood there for a moment, smiling at each other.

"Will you be able to drive me to ballet tomorrow?" Grace asked, looking him up and down.

"If not, I can," Nate said, suddenly standing in the door. Had he been there the whole time, or did he just have impeccable timing?

"I'll drive you, don't worry," Nolan said. He could handle it. Probably.

"It's okay if you can't," Grace said, moving closer to Nolan. "Nate is more than happy to step in."

Even drunk, Nolan caught the teasing. Grace smiled, and behind her, Nate did too. Nolan wasn't sure he was meant to hear that, but it felt just like on the balcony when she teased them both by doing yoga and whatnot, she was now rubbing his fantasy in his face. He wondered if it was a punishment for being drunk or just for fun. Either way, Nolan was eager to throw Nate out and mount his feisty girlfriend.

"Nah, it's fine," Nolan said. "I can do it."

"Great," Grace said. She then turned to Nate. "Well, thanks for getting him home safely. I appreciate it."

"No problem," Nate said. "I'm always happy to help out."

"I'm sure you are," Grace said, smiling. She then turned back to Nolan. "Come on, let's get you to bed."

Nolan stumbled into the bedroom, Grace's hand on the small of his back guiding him. He felt like a child, but he didn't care. He was drunk, and he knew he needed help. Grace helped him get undressed and tucked him into bed.

"I'm sorry, babe," Nolan slurred, his eyes struggling to stay open.

"It's okay," Grace said, smiling down at him. "Just get some rest."

With that, Grace turned off the lights and left the room. Nolan was more or less asleep before she had even closed the door.

The last thing he heard was Grace, from the living room, in a hushed voice, talking to Nate. It sounded like she was telling him to be quiet as Nolan was trying to sleep. Some shuffling, a gasp, and then Grace saying something with a hiss. There was a small pause, and then Nolan heard Nate say something in an agreeing tone. A few seconds later, the front door opened and shut. Suddenly, Grace was in the bedroom door, framed in the light from the living room, looking at Nolan, who had fought to stay awake when he heard something happen in the living room. But as the situation washed away and his mind gave in, he fell short.

Behind the Neighbor's Door - Part 5

When Nolan awoke, he was greeted by the sound of Grace humming to herself as she cooked breakfast. The smell of bacon and eggs filled the apartment, making his stomach grumble. He groaned and rolled over, trying to block out the light that was streaming through the window.

"Hey, sleepyhead," Grace said, poking her head into the room. "Are you up for some breakfast?"

"Yeah," Nolan croaked, rubbing his eyes. His head was pounding, and his mouth felt like sandpaper. He was definitely hungover, and he knew that Grace would give him hell for it.

He slowly got out of bed and made his way into the kitchen. Grace smiled at him as he sat down at the table.

"How are you feeling?" she asked, setting a plate of food down in front of him.

"Like shit," Nolan said, taking a bite of bacon. It was delicious, as usual. Grace was a great cook. "But this is delicious. Thank you."

Grace smiled and sat down next to him. They ate in silence for a few minutes before she finally spoke up.

"So, what happened last night?" she asked, her voice hesitant. Nolan could tell she was worried about him. He meant to be the one asking that, as he swore something had occurred as he passed out, but he was too drunk last night to know if that was actually something that had happened.

"I'm not sure," Nolan said. "I just needed to get out of the house. I was so anxious, and I was just pacing around. Not knowing what happened was just so exciting, but it was torture too. So I called up Nate, and we went out for a few drinks."

"You were anxious because of what happened earlier in the day with me and Nate?" Grace asked, taking a sip of her coffee.

"Yeah," Nolan said, his cheeks flushing. "I was so confused, and I needed to talk to someone about it. I couldn't talk to you because you were out with Dora, and I... I'm not sure what sense it makes to hang out with Nate when it's him and you that drives me mad like this, but he was there and available and..." Nolan trailed off, not sure how to explain his reasoning.

"It's okay," Grace said, her voice soft. "I understand. I'm sorry for making you feel that way."

"It's not your fault," Nolan said, taking her hand. "I just need to learn how to deal with this better."

Grace smiled at him, squeezing his hand.

"You're not angry with me?" Nolan asked. He had expected her to rip him a new one, but here she was, glad as ever.

"No. Or I was, but I know all of this is hard for you. Like, to me, it is confusing and scary, so I can only imagine how it's for you. It's your darkest fantasy, and it's coming to life in front of you. Of course, you're going to be overwhelmed," Grace said.

Nolan nodded, taking a bite of bacon. He hadn't expected Grace to be this understanding, but he was grateful for it. He knew that he needed to be more careful about how he dealt with his emotions, but he was glad that Grace was willing to help him work through it.

"You said that not knowing was torture but also exciting," Grace continued. Nolan gulped. That was a dark twist to his already so dark fantasy. He hadn't even fully been aware of it until they started to explore this kink together. "Is that why you didn't try to peek at us?"

"Maybe," Nolan chuckled nervously. "I don't know how to explain it. I wanted to see what was happening, but I also didn't. Like, I want to be in the know, to be included, but I also want the thrill of not knowing, you know?"

"Yeah, I think I get it," Grace said. "So you'd actually like it if I didn't tell what happened on the balcony? Or down by the mailboxes?"

Nolan felt his heart skip a beat. He knew that he should say no, that he wanted to know what was happening, but part of him wanted to keep the mystery alive. To keep the uncertainty going.

"I think so," he said, his voice barely a whisper. "I'm not sure."

"We can play it that way," Grace said, her voice soft. "I won't tell you what happened, and you can just wonder about it. How does that sound?"

Nolan nodded, his mouth dry. The prospect of it was terrifying and exciting. Part of him didn't want Grace to keep it a secret from him; he wanted honesty, and he, of course, was dying to know what had happened, but another part was excited by the prospect. He was still anxious about what had happened between her and Nate, but he knew that she was committed to their relationship, and so was he. He was starting to realize just how much he loved this woman, and that made it all so much better.

Nolan realized that he didn't even know anything had happened at the mailboxes. This was the first time he heard of it. And Grace didn't even address anything of what happened after he had passed out. He had heard something but had no idea what.

"You'll tell me eventually, right?" Nolan asked, avoiding making a decision for himself, suddenly apprehensive.

Grace shrugged. "Who knows. It's so sexy to just leave you guessing."

Nolan hated to admit it, but it was indeed exciting to leave him guessing like this. He was already thinking about all the things that could've happened, and he had a feeling that Grace was just starting. However, the torment of wondering and the real uncertainty that would come with it if Grace kept this up would drive him crazy. Nolan wasn't sure if he could handle that, if it continued like this. For him to remain completely in the dark.

"Is it too much?" Grace asked, this time in a quieter tone, a kind hand rubbing his shoulder. She was so good to him, he knew. He had gotten drunk last night, way beyond what was acceptable, and instead of running him through a woodchipper, she took care of him and was considerate of his reduced mental capacity after all of this. It was the reason he adored her so much.

He swallowed audibly. Was it too much? Maybe.

"Yes," he finally managed. "I love it, don't get me wrong, I do. But I also hate not knowing. It's torture. Especially when I know things have gone further. Maybe with time, but it might be too much now."

Nolan never wanted Grace to end the teasing. But this was getting too intense too fast. Grace looked him up and down and nodded, smiling warmly. He had no idea what was going through her mind.

"How about we compromise?" she asked, tilting her head slightly to the side. "Even now, I can see how desperate you are. I'll tell you everything. After ballet. That will keep you all angst up, but you know I will come clean. It is important that we're on the same page," Grace promised. "But are you sober enough to drive? Do you need anymore coffee?"

"You devil," Nolan gasped, suddenly wanting her right now. "Yeah, yeah, I'll drive you."

Grace laughed, getting up from the table. "Good. Now, hurry up and finish your breakfast. We don't want to be late."

Nolan hurried to finish his breakfast, jumped in the shower, and tried to shake of both his hangover and the excitement of finally getting to know what had transpired yesterday. He knew it was a dangerous game to play, but he was eager to see where it would lead.

After getting ready, Nolan and Grace head to the car. But as Nolan approached his Chevie, he saw that the passenger door was slightly ajar. Had he forgotten to close it last night? He sure hoped the battery wouldn't be dead, as the light was always set to automatically turn on when the door was open. But there was no light now.

Nolan dreaded trying to start the car already. It hadn't been the first time he had forgotten to turn the lights off, but leaving the door open overnight like that? That was just plain negligence.

Grace hadn't noticed anything amiss yet, but Nolan had a sneaky suspicion that the battery had been drained, or at least was on its last leg.

He got into the car and turned the key. Nothing. No sound, no nothing. Just dead silence.

"You're kidding me," Nolan groaned, slumping in his seat. He couldn't believe it. The car battery was dead.

"What's wrong?" Grace asked.

"The battery is dead," Nolan said, his voice defeated. "I think I left the light on last night."

"Damn," Grace said, shaking her head. "I don't want to be late."

"Can't we just use your truck?" Nolan asked.

"No, I'm not letting you drive my truck," Grace said, her voice firm.

Nolan sighed, knowing there was no use arguing with her. He knew he should've been more careful, but now it was too late. They were already running late for ballet.

"Sorry, babe. I should've been more careful," he said, turning to look at her. His bad habits with cars and him being drunk last night truly bit him in the ass.

"It's okay," Grace said, her voice softening a bit. "We'll just have to figure something out. Let me call Dora and see if she can pick me up."

"Wait. I have an idea," Nolan said, before he could stop himself. It was actually something Nate had said last night, but he was probably just joking around. And it was perhaps stupid to push

further when he didn't know what had happened up till then, but Nolan was eager to see where this would go.

Grace raised an eyebrow at him, waiting for him to continue.

"What if we asked Nate?" Nolan asked. He could hardly believe he suggested it. Grace looked like she could hardly believe it either.

"Nate?" Grace asked, a smile playing on her lips. "You want me to call Nate and ask for a ride?"

"Yeah, why not?" Nolan asked. "He seems nice enough. And I'm sure he'd be happy to help."

Grace shook her head, laughing. "Are you sure you're sober enough to make this decision?"

Nolan looked at her. She was clearly trying to let him make the right call. He quickly scanned her. A pair of gray, unflattering gray sweatpants, and an equally baggy t-shirt loosely hanging off her one shoulder, exposing some tan lines. The t-shirt was long enough to cover the sweats, but Grace's god tier shapes were still visible. It was clear she hadn't put much thought into this outfit. Not that she needed to; Grace was always a sight to behold in whatever she wore. Or didn't.

"I'm sober enough," Nolan said, his voice firm. He knew he was taking a risk, but he wanted to see how far Grace would take things.

"Are you sure? I mean, you have no idea what happened yesterday," Grace continued, again giving him the chance to opt out of this. "Are you sure you'll risk it happening again today? Whatever it may be?"

Nolan felt dizzy, his head throbbing with anticipation, but still felt himself nod. "I'm sure."

"Okay," Grace said, a wicked smile on her face. She then took out her phone and dialed Nate's number.

Nolan listened as Grace made the call, her voice sweet as sugar as she asked Nate to come to their rescue. She thanked him profusely before hanging up.

"He's on his way," Grace said. "But I'm not sure if you'll be able to handle the tension, knowing that he's about to get me all to himself. For over two hours, until I'm back, you'll have no idea what has happened. More so if he picks me up after as well. Who knows how long I'll be away then?"

"I can handle it," Nolan said, his voice wavering slightly.

"We'll see. If this is what you want, then I'll play along," Grace said, a smirk on her face. She sensed his slight insecurity, but Nolan had insisted, so he had to deal with the consequences of his choice; he knew that.

They sat in silence for a few minutes, waiting for Nate to come down. When he finally came out three minutes later, Nolan felt a mixture of excitement and anxiety. He wasn't sure if he was ready for what was about to happen, but it was too late to back out now.

"You sure?" Grace asked as the two exited the car.

"Yeah, I'm sure," Nolan said. His heart was racing, and he felt like his entire body was on fire. He knew that he was playing with fire, but he was eager to see how far things would go. Grace

reconfirming with him over and over sent all sorts of warning signals off in his mind, but he was too excited to pay them any mind.

"I'm here, I'm here," Nate said, panting. He was wearing a grey T-shirt and a pair of worn khakis. His hair was disheveled, like he had just rolled out of bed.

"Hey, Nate, thanks for coming to the rescue," Grace said, her voice sweet as honey.

"No problem. Anything to help," Nate said. He then turned to Nolan. "You okay, man?"

"I'm fine," Nolan said, trying to sound as nonchalant as possible.

Nate nodded, not pressing the matter further. He then turned to Grace. "So, are you ready to go?"

"Yep," Grace said, a smile on her face. Nate had already turned to his old Volkswagen, no doubt eager to get this pristine specimen into his lair. She then turned to Nolan, her expression suddenly serious. "Are you sure about this?" she asked again, her voice low.

Nolan nodded, his throat dry. "I'm sure." He had said those words a few times now, but doubt suddenly crept into his mind. Maybe this wasn't such a good idea after all.

"Okay," Grace said, nodding slowly. "If you're sure."

With that, she turned and headed to Nate's car, leaving Nolan standing there, watching as she got into the passenger seat. He felt a pang of jealousy as Grace flashed him one last smile before closing the door. Nate grinned at Nolan as he started the car and drove off, leaving Nolan alone in the parking lot.

Nolan stood there for a moment, watching as they disappeared down the road. He felt a mixture of excitement and dread as he thought about the risk involved, especially when he had no idea how far things had gone. From the balcony to apparently something happening down by the mailboxes, Nolan didn't really know what kind of fire he was playing with. But it was too late to back out now; he had to trust Grace and let things play out. It was out of his hands now, and that terrified him.

With a sigh, Nolan headed back into the apartment building and up to their apartment. He tried to distract himself by cleaning up from breakfast, but his mind kept drifting back to what Grace and Nate could be doing right now. He tried to reassure himself that nothing would happen, but he couldn't help but wonder. What if things did go too far? What if Nate made a move on Grace? What if Grace decided that she liked it more than she should? The thought of losing Grace to Nate made Nolan's heart ache, but he also knew that it was a risk he had to take if he wanted to continue exploring his fantasy.

It also brought him a sick sense of excitement, the idea that he could lose everything that mattered to him the most. As he put the dishes away and tidied up the kitchen, he thought about how Grace might be sitting next to Nate, chatting away like old friends. Would Nate try to touch her? Would Grace let him? Nolan's stomach churned at the thought of Nate's hand wandering up Grace's leg, but he also knew that it might happen. How could it not?

Nolan drew out his cock and hurried to the bathroom. And as Nate's hand disappeared between Grace's legs in his mind, he erupted into the toilet like never before. Nolan felt a mixture of relief and dread. He had released some of his pent-up anxiety, but now the realization of what he and Grace were now doing hung heavier over him. Grace and Nate were somewhere else right now,

doing God knows what. The reality hit him that Grace might very well go for it and return home all sore and satisfied from the company of another man. He had pushed her to take such risks, but what would it cost him in the end?

As he cleaned himself up, he felt a great wave of jealousy, picturing Nate groping his girlfriend, doing as he pleased with her. Would Grace even consider it, though? She had expressed some interest in Nate, and Nolan had been pushing her a bit despite her warnings.

He took out his phone, tempted to send Grace a text and tell her to come home. He wanted her to himself now, to fuck her until she forgot about Nate and everything about him. But he resisted the urge, knowing that he was just being jealous and didn't want to come as… possessive? Paranoid? Grace was an adult and could make her own decisions, and Nolan had to respect that. He had to know she'd make the right call.

A shiver ran through Nolan as he finished cleaning up. He also decided to go buy Grace some flowers, and perhaps a voucher for a spa or something. Not just to show that he was her significant other and no one else, but also as a thank you for being so kind this morning, for being so accommodating when Nolan himself wasn't sure what he wanted anymore. It was a fantasy with so many aspects and nuances, it was hard to digest what he really wanted from it.

After running those errands for his precious Grace, Nolan sat at a cafe with his small notebook from work. He wanted to concretely write down what he liked about this fantasy. To hone it in and really try to understand himself. Perhaps some of those things that were a no-go had already breached; he had no way of knowing, but that would be his own fault for pushing his fantasy without taking the necessary precautions of understanding his own kinks first. He'd take those potential mistakes on the chin and move on. No fault in any of this was with Grace, he knew that. This was his stupid fantasy, and she had rightly reacted with disgust and confusion when it was first brought up. It was her being too good for Nolan that made her compelled to explore at all. So that one was also his mistake. If it was a mistake. Time will tell.

So. It was actually really hard for Nolan to discern what he liked. Flirting, teasing; check. What else? He liked the *idea* of Nate touching her, but it actually happening for real… no. That was too far. And that automatically excluded sex. Right? Maybe for now.

Also, as Grace had noticed and taken some initiative for, Nolan liked some secrecy to what was going on between them, as weird as that sounded. At this point, secrecy had become part of the allure. Wondering was half the game. As twisted as it was, that aspect excited Nolan more than anything. He wanted to be included, but what if Grace withheld a few things? Maybe it could work with how they did it today, that Grace would eventually spill the beans.

But it couldn’t be understated. It added some danger and risk, like a forbidden fruit that you shouldn't taste, but you can't help yourself. Nolan now wondered if that was the actual allure to this fantasy of his; the fact that it's wrong. A taboo. That it goes against everything he stands for, everything he loves about Grace.

She was perfect, his most treasured, and it was so wrong to want her to tease and flirt, but that was the wrongness. And there was some sense of pride, too. He bagged this caliber of woman, a goddess, and everyone could gawk, flirt, and get teased, but it was all for Nolan at the end of the day. But breaching that boundary, that someone, like Nate, would be able to conquer her was still… Well, that was a thought he'd have to ponder later.

For now, he knew that he liked Grace teasing Nate and Nolan, and he liked the idea of Nate trying to get with Grace, but he didn't like the idea of them actually doing stuff. Like, physically.

Nolan then checked his wristwatch. He didn't expect anything from Grace in another few hours and by now it had been only an hour or so now since they had left. Nolan checked his phone, but there were no new messages from Grace, though that was much as expected. He tried not to think about what they might be up to, but his mind kept drifting back to Nate and Grace. He wondered if Nate was trying to convince Grace to go back to his place after ballet, promising her a good time. Nolan knew that Nate wasn't a bad guy, but he also knew that he couldn't be trusted around women, especially women as beautiful as Grace.

He tried to shake the thoughts from his mind, but they kept coming back, taunting him. Nolan sighed and took a sip of his coffee, trying to focus on his notebook. Grace had some nerves, but now it was Nolan who had to calm himself down. And not like yesterday. He was done with drinking himself to such a level of intoxication. Maybe it was excitement. That's what he told her at least, when she was nervous.

Well, flirting, teasing; check. That was the list. He also put a question mark on touching. He wasn't sure now. He had been thinking it was a no-go, and perhaps it still was, but the level of danger that came from them potentially doing something against Nolan's 'rules' was too enticing to let go of.

What about getting naked? Like, showing the goods. Nolan almost had to giggle at Nate being naked. He wasn't morbidly obese, but definitely not in shape. He also looked sort of… greasy. Then Nolan found himself wondering about Nate's dick. He didn't know if he was hung or not, but judging from how he had plowed Dora, he probably was decently skilled. Or Dora was so bored that anything would do.

But Nate seeing Grace naked, or at least partially naked… That would perhaps be the next step in his mind. They were basically halfway there with the red bikini anyway. Her ass was amazing in both sweatpants and in that red bikini alike, but sliding those pesky fabrics down her long legs was beyond measure a special treat. And if she undressed in front of Nate… Slowly. Nate would no doubt love that. His eyes would bulge from the sight of Grace, the pristine woman that she was, exposing herself, showing off what Nolan had bagged. But Nate would be left with nothing. A tease, for sure. Nolan knew if that were to happen that he'd be all over Grace after. It surprised him himself how much he wanted his girl to undress for their sleazy neighbor.

That made Nolan smile. He liked that idea. The fact that Nate would see all that, but nothing would come of it. It was a thrill to imagine Grace showing off her perfect body like that, but with the added safety that Nate wouldn't touch her. Or her touch him, but Nolan sort of thought there was no reason why she should want to touch Nate. She was the one with all the goods.

After a few more moments of lingering in the cafe, he decided to head back to perhaps take a look at his car battery. How hard could it be to get it fixed?

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It annoyed Grace greatly that Nolan had gotten too drunk last night, that his car battery was dead, and that she now had to hitch a ride with their creepy neighbor. Sure, her tone with Nate was far from hostile like when they had just moved in, but it was still not an ideal situation for her.

Nolan had no idea what had happened on the balcony, at the mailboxes, before he headed out with Nate, or later when Nolan was passed out. Nate had tried to seize the opportunity almost as soon as Grace stepped out of the bedroom where Nolan was sleeping like a rock after his drunken escapades.

Grace was sure that Nolan hadn't heard anything from their living room when Nate had cornered her against the counter between the fridge and the stove, his hands running up her powerful thighs. When Grace tried to swat his hands away, he simply chuckled, took hold of her wrists, and continued with his groping of her divine form.

"Even in sweatpants, you're fucking perfect," Nate had mumbled.

"Nate! Nolan is right there!" Grace had hissed.

"I've got something large and heavy to muffle you," Nate had teased, which had made Grace cringe, but also chuckle. The bad joke was perhaps too bad not to be funny. "Besides, you haven't slapped me again yet, so..." Nate's hands then made their way down, pulling at her waistband. Grace wasn't wearing panties underneath her gray sweats, so she doubled the force and kicked out. Hard. Nate yelped and jumped backward.

"I'm trying to set up boundaries. I am so close to slapping you again," Grace groaned. "If you push it further, I'll have to."

"What? You keep teasing me like this, then when I try to take initiative for something fun, you get squeamish about it?" Nate said, taking a step back.

"I'm setting limits for when the situation demands them. Not the time, nor the place to escalate," Grace said in her best no-nonsense teacher's voice.

"What, are you some kind of tease?" Nate complained, giving Grace enough personal space with another set of steps back.

Grace had felt a bit bad for Nate then. She thought that perhaps she had been a tease, and maybe she was giving the wrong signals. Perhaps she could rectify this by indulging Nolan's little fantasy a little bit, but with the safe boundaries that needed to be in place. And maybe she could indulge in the thrill herself in the bathroom later. For a fleeting moment, she wished she had her college vibrator. She had thrown it out when Nolan and she moved in together, but with him drunk and temperatures rising, it would very much be of use. Maybe Nate could help her out? No, that was a dangerous thought. Unavoidable, sure, but not one to investigate.

"Maybe I am a bit of a tease," Grace shot back with a naughty grin and took a step towards Nate. He seemed to take the hint and remained standing where he was. "Maybe I like the attention. But you should respect my boundaries and my boyfriend. That is not the case to be insensitive and forward. We can both have fun like this. Within reason, okay?"

Nate had slowly nodded at that, trying to gauge where this was going. Grace decided she'd be daring. With that, she closed the gap between them by taking a couple of steps toward Nate, standing only about two feet away from him. Nate at first looked a bit apprehensive but excited, like he was unsure what was about to happen, but hoped for the best.

Grace had let her eyes scan his body. He wasn't attractive, she noted. As sleazy as he was sleazy-looking. A bit of belly, rugged, and with a coarse face. Beady eyes and dark, unruly hair, and with a bit of stubble. Why was this man the one they had chosen for their fantasy? Nolan

perhaps thought it was a Beauty and the Beast situation, or perhaps he didn't see Nate as a threat, or maybe Grace, Nolan's perfect girl, with a man like Nate, was a fitting recipe to stir up trouble in his mind.

For Grace's part, well, there was much the same as what Nolan might think, but also the allure of what this man could do... and if Grace could allow herself to be so easy, Nate's probable size wasn't too bad either. Not that she'd ever let him know that, of course. But she liked to imagine what kind of monster he was hiding in his pants, what it would feel like to have that inside her...

Grace realized she had been standing there for a while, seemingly staring at Nate's crotch. She blushed and cleared her throat. "Like I said, we can have fun together. Just within reason."

"And what do you consider reasonable?" Nate asked, his voice low and husky. He was clearly enjoying himself.

Grace grinned and shook her shoulders. "Oh, I don't know," she said, turning around while looking over her shoulder at Nate, pushing her hips back toward him to stick that ass he admired out for him. "I'm not sure at all."

"Fuck," Nate grunted, taking a step back so he could see more of her ass.

"Not today," Grace teased, trailing her hands up along the outside of her thighs, up to her hips, to her slim waist, and then back down.

On her way down, however, Grace let her thumbs slip inside her sweatpants and pulled them down just enough to reveal some skin. Nate groaned again as he saw the exposed skin.

"Not today," Grace repeated, grinning at Nate. He was clearly enjoying the show, and that made her feel a bit powerful.

She continued her teasing, slowly moving her hips side to side, almost sensually, letting her sweatpants dance down in slow motion. The arch of her butt cheeks, however, prevented the sweats from falling down completely, but Nate was clearly very enthralled, his hungry eyes glued to her perfect ass. He no doubt took note that there was nothing between him and those perfect cheeks but those sweatpants, and he was no dangerously close to seeing it all in its might and glory.

"Jesus... You're a fucking work of art," Nate mumbled.

Grace smiled, feeling the power she held over him. She was definitely enjoying herself and almost felt tempted to show off more of her ass. Nate had seen it in her bikini. What was some set of naked ass cheeks with a safe distance between them compared to that?

Suddenly, Grace felt Nate's hand on her lower back. She let it linger for a moment, enjoying the feeling. Nate's touch was soft and warm, and it sent tingles down her spine. But it didn't linger there; his fingers ran down the arch of her ass before slipping into her sweatpants, cupping her ample right cheek. Grace gasped, feeling him grab her ass like that. His touch was gentler than Grace would've expected, but still assertive, and she was suddenly reminded just how big his hands were.

"Nate!" Grace hissed.

"Sorry, I can't help it!" Nate said. But Grace grabbed him by his shoulders, turned him around with more determination than even Nate would've anticipated, and shoved him toward the door.

"Show's over," she said in an angry, no, frustrated whisper.

Nate stumbled out the door, with Grace not far behind. She was both furious and horny, angry at Nate for trying to grab her like that, and upset with herself for even allowing him to. What the hell was wrong with her?

"Sorry! Sorry! I don't know what came over me," Nate mumbled.

Grace huffed. "Go. Shoo." She slammed the door on his face and hurried back to check on Nolan, her cheeks flushed, her heart racing.

She stood for a moment, watching Nolan sleep. Part of her wished she could just wake him up and have his way with him. She was frustrated and horny, and her thoughts were racing. Nolan stirred slightly, muttering something incoherent. Grace sighed, her mood changing slightly. She suddenly felt sad, the thought of cheating had crept into her mind, and she hated it. What the hell was wrong with her? Why did she allow herself to let Nate touch her like that?

Grace wouldn't have ever thought of Nate in a sexual way if it wasn't for Nolan's fantasy, but now it was like it couldn't be avoided. The thought was there. Perhaps it wouldn't be so bad. She had always had a strong libido, and it was only made worse by having someone like Nate lurking around.

That was last night. She hadn't told Nolan any of it yet. Partly because of the excuse of his fantasy, but also because she was both embarrassed and frustrated at how riled up she had been, how far she was letting it go already. This was supposed to be Nolan's little fantasy, but here she was, letting things escalate beyond what they should.

But Nolan had insisted, wanting to explore his fantasy, ignoring the dangers of it, unaware of what Nate and Grace had been up to, so here she was, small-talking with Nate on the way to ballet. They didn't really have that much chemistry when it came to just regular conversation. Just something Grace noted. Like a lack of common interests. Luckily, it wasn't a long drive. The only reason she didn't drive herself was because of how sore she often was afterward. Ballet was especially tough on the heels.

"Thank you, again," she repeated.

"No problem," Nate replied. "I'm happy to help."

"Well, we appreciate it," Grace said, offering him a smile.

There was an awkward silence in the car, but the short trip was quickly over. Nate found a parking spot and stopped the car.

"We're here early," Nate noted. There were a few cars here, but they were indeed early. 15 minutes or so. Grace then noticed that he had chosen a spot that was somewhat secluded. It was just the two of them here.

"Yep. We are," she said, biting her lip, a surge of nervous energy going through her. What was his plan here? Was he trying to take advantage of the fact that they were early? She couldn't blame him for being desperate to feel her curves. However, this was not the time nor the place.

But Nate no doubt wanted to continue what he had tried to start last night. Grace felt bad for having to reject him once again. Maybe her consistency in denying him anything would have him

lose all interest, and her and Nolan's fantasy would be forfeit, but it would just have to be that way. Or maybe Nate could learn to respect boundaries.

"My Mom was a dancer too," Nate said, breaking the ice. "Ballet, I mean."

"Really?" Grace asked, slightly caught off guard. He sounded like a person sharing a mutual hobby for a bit rather than a sleazy asshole that wanted to get her into the backseat for a quickie. But that was perhaps all part of the game, she supposed.

"Yeah," Nate continued, a faint smile on his lips. "It was the only thing that brought her joy. My dad was in Vietnam, so he wasn't much around, and I was a dipshit when I was young, so she took great pleasure in dancing. It was her sanctuary, I think."

It surprised her, that this guy had more depth, as she had only considered him a dirty old bastard, looking to get into her pants. It changed a bit from the narrative Grace had constructed of Nate so far; an entitled prick who never had to take no for an answer. However, she still thought he was a sleaze, and she wasn't going to let her guard down, especially as they were now alone together.

"That's really sweet," she said, offering him a smile. "Was she a nice lady?"

"She's still alive. And no. Beautiful, yes, but she beat the shit out of me all the time. Like I said when you slapped me, not my first time getting hit by a woman," Nate chuckled.

"Now I feel even worse about it," Grace said.

"Nah, don't. I know we like to flirt and tease each other, and whatnot, and that makes up for it. And to be fair, I slapped you first. Just not your face, of course," Nate said. "But that was my fault. You're just too damn beautiful to not want to feel."

Grace blushed at his words. She didn't know if he was genuinely complimenting her, or if he was just trying to get in her good graces after last night's rejection, but she had to admit that she liked the way he spoke about her. It was a softness that she didn't expect, especially after his little tale of his mother.

Nate seemed to sense her apprehension and continued. "I'm sorry if I came on too strong last night, but you're a beautiful woman, and I'm a man. And like I said, we're both into flirting and teasing, and well, I can't help myself. And a few drinks, some bad judgment, you can perhaps take pity on an old sleazeball like myself."

"I get it. And I do appreciate the compliments," Grace said, a small smile on her lips. "If anything, I invited it by letting you have a feel on the balcony. It was a step I shouldn't have taken, but I can't blame you for being excited, I guess. And maybe that gave the wrong impressions for... what happened last night."

"Yeah," Nate sighed, staring at her. His gaze sent a shiver down her spine. She knew he wanted her, but she also knew that he wasn't going to force himself on her. Still, it was a tense situation to be in, and she didn't know how far she was willing to go with this.

"I can't take it back anyway," Grace said. Why did she linger on it, though? They could move on, yet Grace decided to continue the conversation.

"Well, I'm glad you let me have a closer look," Nate said, grinning at her, taking the invitation to talk further about their... interactive relationship. "You have no idea how much I loved it."

"I think I have a pretty good idea," Grace said, smirking. She felt more comfortable now, and she was starting to enjoy their little game. She had thought that Nate might try to take advantage of the situation they had here, but he seemed to be content with just flirting and teasing for now.

"I suppose so," Nate laughed. "But seriously, thank you for indulging me. It's a big thrill to be able to get so close to a beauty like you."

"You're welcome," Grace said, blushing. She hadn't expected him to be so sweet and respectful, but she was glad that he was.

"I haven't had the best experiences with women, so you've been a real joy to be around. I've had loads of fun, heh, don't get me wrong, but the barn always burns down. So if I ever step over any boundaries, I want you to tell me. I'd rather sulk in your shadow and be your friend rather than not get to hang out with you guys," Nate said. Grace felt her almost melt a bit at his words. He was really trying to make her feel at ease, and she appreciated it.

"I will," Grace said, smiling at him. "And I'm glad that you're respectful. You could easily have taken advantage of the situation, but you haven't. And I appreciate that."

Nate shrugged. "I'm not a total monster, you know. Just a horny guy who enjoys flirting with a beautiful woman."

"Well, I'm glad that you're not a total monster," Grace said, laughing. "And I've enjoyed our little game too. It's been fun."

"I'm glad to hear that," Nate said, grinning at her. "I've had a blast."

They sat in silence for a moment, just looking at each other. Grace felt a flutter in her stomach as Nate's gaze lingered on her body. He looked hungry for her, but she also knew that he wouldn't try to force himself on her. She felt a strange mix of emotions; she was excited by the attention, but she also felt a hint of apprehension. This was dangerous territory, and she knew that she had to be careful.

Nate then reached out and took her hand in his, gently stroking her skin with his thumb. Grace shivered at the contact, but she didn't pull away. It was a bold move, but she was willing to give him this. After all, he had been very sweet and respectful, and she wanted to reward him for that.

"Your hands are so soft," Nate said, his voice low. "I can't get enough of how silky smoothe you feel."

Grace blushed, her heart racing. This was a new level of intimacy, and she wasn't sure if she was ready for it. But she also knew that she wouldn't want to stop now. She felt a tingle of excitement between her legs as Nate continued to stroke her hand, his eyes locked on hers.

Nate then slowly leaned in towards her, his lips almost brushing against her ear. His breath was warm as he whispered, "You're driving me crazy, Grace."

She let out a shaky breath. Her heart was pounding, and she felt a rush of adrenaline coursing through her veins. This was thrilling and terrifying at the same time. Nate's hand moved from her hand to her thigh, and he slowly began to stroke it, sending shivers down her spine. She knew that she should stop him, but something inside her was begging for more. Just like last night, her body wanted to give in while her brain screamed no.

Nate then moved his hand to the top of her thigh, his fingers teasing the hem of her sweatpants. He was getting bolder, and Grace knew that she had to put a stop to this before things went too far again. But as his fingers brushed against the bare skin of her lower abdomen, she found herself wanting more. It felt wrong, but it also felt so good. She was torn between her desire for pleasure and her fear of giving in to Nate's advances.

"I can't take it anymore. I need to feel you," Nate growled.

His fingers were dangerously close to reaching into her panties now, and Grace knew that she was at a crossroads. She could either stop this and tell Nate that she wasn't interested, or she could give in to her desires and let him touch her. Her body was betraying her; she knew that she should stop this, but she also knew that she wanted more. It was like her mind and body were at war with each other, and she didn't know what to do.

No.

No, no, no.

Grace shoved her hand to his wrist, stopping his descent. She didn't say anything, but the look she gave Nate told him that this was as far as it goes and that it had, in fact, gone too far already. Nate looked at her, his other hand suddenly wrapping around her own wrist and gently guiding her hand down to his crotch. She felt the steel pipe in his jeans, and her heart skipped a beat. Warm and thick, pulsing even. And like she had suspected, Nate was big. Like, scary big. The kind of big that could make any woman forget her morals and standards.

Nate then pushed forward in his seat and moved his mouth to kiss her, and just as he was about to close the distance between them, Grace abruptly leaned out of his reach, his lips landing in her neck instead, giving it an unwarranted, unwanted slobber. Nate, not backing down, started kissing and sucking on her skin, making Grace squirm in her seat.

She was overwhelmed by his advances, but she knew that she had to be strong. Grace pushed his face off her, making a disgusted look at him, shaking her head at the daring fool that he was.

"We have to stop," Grace said, her voice firm. "We can't do this. It's not right."

"But you want it," Nate groaned, squeezing her thigh. "We both want it."

Grace felt a familiar warmth pool in her core, but she pushed it down. She knew that she had to be the sensible one here and put a stop to this before it went too far. But even now, Nate's hand was still on her thigh, his finger lightly stroking her skin.

Grace clenched her jaw and sat back in the seat, not sure what to do now. Nate looked at her, a mixture of disappointment and excitement in his eyes.

"Can you move your hand, please?" Grace asked.

"I'm just giving you what you want," he said.

"What I want is for you to keep your hands to yourself," Grace said, her voice shaking slightly. "I'm not interested, Nate."

Nate shook his head. "You're lying. I know you want me."

Grace swallowed. This was getting out of control. Nolan hadn't agreed to any of this, this was purely wrong. But what Nate said wasn't a lie. She did want this, but that didn't mean that she

was going to give in to him. Grace knew that she had to be strong and resist his advances, even if her body was screaming at her to let him have his way with her.

"I'm not lying," she said, her voice barely above a whisper. "I don't want this. I'm sorry."

Nate sighed and removed his hand from her thigh. "If you say so," he said, sounding disappointed. "I'll respect your boundaries."

Grace nodded, relieved that he had finally stopped touching her. She felt guilty for wanting him, but she knew that it was wrong. Still, the memory of his touch lingered, and she couldn't help but wonder what might've happened if she hadn't stopped him.

She also felt guilty for leading Nate on like this. What else was he supposed to think? They'd flirted and teased each other for a while, and he must've thought it was only a matter of time before she would give in to his advances. Nate had been respectful and kind to her, and she had rewarded him with mixed signals.

"I'm sorry for coming onto you like that," Nate said, his voice soft. "I got carried away."

"I should be the one who's sorry. I've been leading you on," Grace said, her voice barely audible. Nate didn't say anything. "Th-there's a reason why I'm letting you get away with these things, and why I'm playing along like I am."

"Playing along?" Nate chuckled.

"Okay, fair. There's a reason why I'm being such a tease. But I can't explain it now. I'll find time for it later, and with Nolan..." Grace said. She knew this was a decision she should've made with Nolan, but what had just transpired, and last night, was precisely why they had to let Nate know of their kinky adventure. The poor man had only responded to what he thought was a feisty girl hungry for... well, something extra.

It was all going too fast, though.

"Are you fucking with me?" Nate asked.

"No. I'm not," Grace said, shaking her head. "I'm serious, Nate. There's something going on that I can't explain right now, but I promise that I will tell you later. I'm sorry for leading you on like this and being so difficult. I'll get someone else to drive me home; don't worry about it."

She grabbed her things and was about to exit the car when Nate gently grabbed her arm.

"Wait," he said, his voice soft. "Are you okay? I mean, obviously there's something happening that I don't know about, but are you okay? You seem upset."

"I'm fine," Grace said, sighing. "It's just complicated. And it's my fault, not yours."

Nate nodded, his eyes searching her face. He then let go of her arm, and Grace opened the car door, stepping out into the parking lot. She glanced back at Nate, offering him a small smile before she turned and walked away. As she headed towards the studio, Grace felt a mixture of guilt and excitement. On one hand, she had led Nate on and given him the wrong impression, but on the other hand, it had been thrilling to see how far he would go, and boy had he pushed her this morning. And now she was going to have to explain all of this to Nolan. She just hoped that he would understand.

But her mind was made up. To keep going like this, it simply wasn't fair to anyone.

Grace made her way to the studio and signed in, her mind still racing with thoughts of what had just happened. It was as far as they'd gone and much further than Grace was comfortable with. It was all too fast. She knew that Nolan had pushed her to tease Nate, but this was a whole other level. She felt guilty for not stopping things sooner, and she knew that she would have to talk to Nolan about it. Grace hated keeping secrets from him, and she knew that she would have to come clean about what had happened between her and Nate.

And from Nate's perspective, Grace had to guess it was even more confusing.

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Nate scratched his stubble, utterly confused. He still sat in his car, watching the door where Grace had left for her ballet class. It was as frustrating as it was exhilarating. One moment, Nate thought he'd finally bag Grace, then the next, she was all over the place with excuses for why she didn't want to go the extra mile and indulge in what she truly wanted.

But Grace wanted it. Whatever obstacles that was in the way, Nate knew a horny girl when he saw one.

"Fuck," Nate muttered, annoyed with this setback. It had gone so smoothly. He talked about his mother, forcing himself to be the gentle soul Grace sought, but then it blew up in his face. Nate had barely been able to not take what he wanted, regardless of her protests and fake disillusionment.

Changing tactics from yesterday didn't go anywhere, apparently. Was this such a slow game that progress was only made with patience? Well, patience wasn't really his strongest virtue.

It was barely that he remembered that he was supposed to be a caring man when she left. But he was glad he was able to pull back up on the horse and ask Grace about her well-being after their little session in his car. She had smiled back at him. It was enough of an answer that Grace appreciated his concern. At least he knew what buttons to push with her.

And that smile was beautiful, he thought. Her steel-blue eyes stared into his dark, brown ones. It was like the world stood still for a moment. He could feel her breath on his lips, her body inches from his, her skin tingling at his touch. She wanted him, and he wanted her, but she was holding back. And that was what frustrated him the most. He was so close to getting what he wanted, and then she pulled away.

Nate had half a mind of finding some whore to take his frustration out on, but he knew the victory would be all the sweeter once he got Grace out of her shell. It was just a matter of time. He'd be patient, no matter how hard it was. It would pay off in the end. Nate would make sure of that. He'd make Grace his and nobody else's. That, Nate was sure of.

As he started his old Volkswagen and headed back home, his mind continued to race with possibilities of what could be going on with Grace. She had said there was something she needed to tell him, and it involved Nolan. Would Nate finally get the full picture? He always had a suspicion there was some outside factor that he wasn't able to gauge.

Damn it. He really wanted to see her come out from her dancing class, sweaty and perhaps even still wearing her dancing attire.

Nate found himself driving around for at least an hour, just mulling and sulking as he headed in no particular direction. In the end, as all roads lead home, he was outside his apartment

building, finding his neighbor hovering around his car. He looked like had no clue of how to wire a battery, and Nate was in no rush to instruct him how. Let the idiot simmer.

"Howdy, neighbor!" Nate waved at Nolan as he passed him in the parking lot.

The kid had gotten him that temporary job as an advisor for a project around Oakland Pharma. It would be good to get some new money into the old bank account, but he hated to reap fruits from Nolan's tree. Though, perhaps he sort of was doing that with Grace, no matter what he did. What really was an annoying factor was that the higher-ups at the holding company didn't trust him, which meant no permanent contract, and there were certainly few reasonable expectations of promotion or just elevating his position in any way.

"Hey there," Nolan said, starting to talk about something Nate didn't care about. Nate, in the meantime, was trying to weigh if he should try actually try to do some real work at Calhoun Holdings.

On one hand, he enjoyed the freedom of being jobless. He had a few bucks from saved-up funds and could still live pretty comfortably.

But on the other hand, maybe it would serve to help his plans in conquering Grace. She liked ambition and was quite a strong-minded woman in her own right. Nate knew his sleazy demeanor was somewhat appealing to Grace, but if there were long-term goals here, then he had to make some adjustments. At least until she was broken in.

Then Nolan stopped talking, interrupting Nate's thoughts.

"Well, I'll going to head in now," Nate said.

"I gotta fix this car battery anyway. If that’s even the right terminology," Nolan said with half a chuckle. "But can’t go to work without it, can I?"

"Oh, yeah, of course. I'll see you later, then," Nate said, offering him a smile. "And thanks for the gig. It was really kind of you."

"No problem," Nolan said, grinning at him. "So tomorrow, right?"

"Sure. And do you mind if I drive?" Nate asked. It was a genuine concern. Nolan was a shit driver, and if Nate wanted to experience Grace then he had to stay alive.

"Not at all. I could split the gas if you want," Nolan said.

Nate was about to accept but remembered he was supposed to be nonchalant and charitable, soft if you will. "Nah," Nate said, waving his dismissal. "It's on me. You're already doing me a solid."

Nolan shrugged, not pressing the matter further. "Well, thanks, man. I appreciate it."

"Don't mention it," Nate said, giving him a pat on the shoulder before heading towards his apartment. As he walked, he wondered if he was going too far in trying to be a better person. When he got up to his floor, he sent a glance down at Nolan, who was still down by his Ford Equinox. Nolan looked at Nate as a friend and an equal.

Nate couldn't help but chuckle to himself. The poor boy had no idea what Nate was truly capable of. If only he knew what Nate was thinking when he smiled at him. If only he knew what Nate wanted to do to Grace. If only he knew what Nate would do to get what he wanted.

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Nolan had stared for quite a while on the car battery and the wires, wondering which end went where. He had no clue how any of this worked but was determined to fix this himself. Almost as a karma-building exercise, or whatever. Character building. Maybe.

It was also a menial task he found himself doing so he would remain distracted from Nate and Grace being out and about. Sure, it was just a matter of an hour or so until she was home, but it drove Nolan quite anxious still. Every time they were alone together, some small steps toward a dark cavern had been made. And as they took those steps, Nolan felt him swaying closer to the edge. Especially now that some parts of what the two had been up to was in the dark. Nolan wanted to think they only teased and flirterd, but a darker part wanted it to have blossomed into something more taboo. But those were sickening, taboo thoughts, some that he didn't want to think too much about.

It wasn't fair to Grace. Perhaps it was getting too drunk for the second time in a short period that made him sort of wary. If it was one thing that could truly upset Nolan it was Grace getting upset. And being the cause of that, well, it wasn't too great. Nolan often thought of himself as a somewhat conservative stoic man, although his practical abilities were severely lacking, but when it came to Grace, he was all pudding and puppy.

But perhaps that was why it was such devious fun to see her flirt and tease, and down the line, who knows, did Nolan even dare think it, for her to experience pleasure from someone else. That Nolan would let the love of his life, a woman he deemed perfect in every way, and that she was out of his league, to let another man feel her up. It was like a forbidden fruit, something you shouldn't do, but you still crave. It was deliciously wrong, and yet, it was also an exciting thrill to think about it.

Of course, there was no doubt that he felt jealous. That was one of the main reasons why this fantasy was so taboo, and perhaps why he loved it so much. But the more he thought about it, the more he realized that it was mostly about feeling that loss of control of the situation.

And that was exactly what he was experiencing now. Nate was giving Grace a ride after Grace had said something had happened yesterday, and if that had moved the status quo, who knew what was going on? The anxiety was killing him, and he found himself constantly looking at the clock, waiting for the ballet to be over, for Nate to show up with Nolan's source of worship. But the more he waited, the more he realized two things. He loved Grace more than anything, and he loved this burning sensation in his chest at a masochistic level. What was it that Fyodor Dostoevsky said? Something like, *'Love is one long moment of bliss, surrounded by many moments of despair.'*

It was like that with Grace and this kink. His heart soared whenever he saw her, and when they were together, he never wanted the moment to end. But there was always a tinge of fear that he wasn't good enough for her. That she would realize he was nothing special and that she deserved better. It was a constant battle between his desire for her and his fear of losing her.

And losing her to a man like Nate through one of his own kinks, if only for a little bit, felt like an exquisite torture. The pain of losing her to someone else, the pleasure of knowing she was enjoying herself with someone else. And that pain was what drove his lust, or perhaps the danger of that pain, and hand in hand with that the thrill of that danger. With the added bonus of real-life consequences.

"It's the height of egoism," Nolan muttered, finally inserting the cables into the battery terminals. How Nolan had sat down to write down at a cafe how he wanted his girlfriend, his love, to behave in accordance to only how he felt? There was something to that didn't sit right with Nolan in retrospect. It was all about him, with how he was approaching this. "I am so full of myself I can't even see what is in front of me." What did he mean by that? Due to his own hellbent fixation on his kink off late, perhaps he didn't truly appreciate Grace's effort and her side of the equation. And he'd already been feeling like she was too good for him.

But he was also sure she wouldn't want to hurt him, or at least she wouldn't want to hurt him badly, and never intentionally. But hurt, the pain of the jealousy, wasn't it ingredients in the same cauldron?

"Howdy, neighbor!" Nate suddenly called. How long had Nolan stood there philosophying his own stance on his own kink? How long had he stood there contemplating his own desires versus his love for Grace? The latter won out, but wasn't there a possibility for both to occur? Like down the stretch? Perhaps that was why Grace insisted on telling Nate.

Nate who stood before him now.

"Hey there," Nolan said. He then started talking about work, something he could do on auto-pilot. Without thinking, he went on and on, Nate nodding along. Nolan wondered why Nate had shown up without Grace. The ballet wasn't over for another hour or so. Had something gone awry? If so, Nate didn't give any signs of anything.

In the end, the two of them concluded that Nolan would hitch a ride with Nate the next day to work, and Nate disappeared up to his apartment while Nolan spent the next ten minutes googling how to hotwire a car battery. Apparently, he needed a whole other battery, which meant borrowing Grace's truck. He wasn't sure he dared to borrow her car, fearing he might do something wrong with it. Her livelihood was dependent on that car.

With a heavy sigh, Nolan went upstairs to start an easy lunch instead. Something nutritious and light, just the way Grace liked it.

It wasn't until later that Grace came home. Tired from the ballet, she hung her coat, kicked off her shoes, and seemed like her regular self, though tired.

"I forget how tiresome dancing can be," she sighed. "Oh, Caesar Salad? For me?"

"You bet," Nolan said, kissing his girlfriend as she came floating toward him. "So, what happened last night?" he asked.

"Eager are we?" Grace asked, biting her lip. "Promise me you won't be mad. Because it sort of continued in the car today. Hence why I hitched ride with someone else home."

"What continued?" Nolan asked immediately. This sounded alarming.

"Don't get mad, but..." Grace started. "You know what, I think you need to be a bit more on your toes. I'll tell you after lunch."

"No. Now," Nolan demanded.

Grace studied him for a brief moment. "I can tell you now if you want. But is that what you want?" she asked, playing right into his fantasy. Did she enjoy torturing him like this? Or was it for his benefit? Or was his benefit why she enjoyed torturing him? Well, that couldn't be so bad.

"Are you able to wait?" she added, biting her lip seductively.

"You devil," Nolan muttered, moving over to his girlfriend to study that delicious booty with his hands.

"But before anything–" Grace began, but Nolan quickly shot in his own remarks.

"Wait. Let me go first. I know ladies first and all that, but before I watch those sexy lips of yours tell something that will turn me into pudding, I want to say a few things, and it has been things that I've been thinking about all morning," Nolan said. He let out a long sigh. Not to clear his mind or to buy time, but to find the right words. "I'm grateful. For everything you've done. I love you more than anything, and perhaps even more after you've accepted my weird kinks. You got quite upset at the beginning, but I really appreciate, more than I can say, how you actually came around and accepted me instead of running out on me. You're the strongest person I know, and I'm an incredibly lucky man."

"Aw," Grace said, kissing her future husband on his cheek.

"And perhaps all those reasons are what makes my kink so... potent. But, that being said, as much as I think that fantasy is a thrill, I want you to be happy. If it upsets you to a point where you want to stop this adventure, I will respect that. It's not heroin, I can kick it," Nolan continued. "If it comes to that, then I won't be upset or hold any grudges. If you're not comfortable with it, then that's it. No pressure, okay?"

"That's really sweet, Nolan," Grace said, cupping his cheeks and planting a kiss on his lips. "But I'm not there yet."

Nolan breath caught in his throat.

"In fact... I'm actually sort of getting into all of this. It's like a huge thrill to me, too. And I do have to confess I feel quite guilty for it," Grace said, letting her hands trail down to Nolan's shoulders. "But, I mean, I guess I sort of want to continue exploring, if that's what you're asking. I'm curious myself to see where this is coming from. So it is not any longer a kink for you, it has sort of become something I find exciting, too. And the more we explore it together, the more excited I become."

"Are you serious?" Nolan asked, staring at her. He felt his heart pounding in his chest, his palms sweaty. He had manned up and thought this was something he had to lay aside, but no. Here Grace was, professing her interest in it as well. What had happened in the car? Should Nolan be scared or excited?

"Deadly," Grace said, giving him a sultry look. "But I have to ask you if you're okay with it, too. You have to be honest with me here, okay? I need to know that you're not just going along with it because you think it's what I want. You have to be honest with me."

"I-I am," Nolan stammered, his mind racing. "I think it's the hottest thing ever."

Grace laughed and shook her head. "I should've known. You dirty little pervert. I love you."

"I love you too," Nolan said, smiling at her.

"But I will only continue on one condition, and if this is not met then I will absolutely pull the plug. And perhaps you will see my point when I'm done telling my story of yesterday. And this morning," Grace said.

"I think that is fair. I've been on the fence about it myself," Nolan said. "So... you'll tell me what happened then?"

"Oh, yeah, I'm sorry," Grace said, shaking her head. "So, what is the last thing we did that you don't know about? Oh, right, the balcony... so I guess I have quite something to tell you."

"Oh-oh," Nolan teased.

"You might have heard how I moaned a certain someone's name," Grace said, her hand moving touching Nolan's chest with the most sensuality. Just her hand on his chest and with what was to come was enough for Nolan to swell. Chest and crotch alike started to rise to the occasion. Her hand trailed from his chest to his stomach, and he looked intently at this devious woman that was Grace. "Oh, you heard that, didn't you?"

"Yeah," Nolan said.

"I want you to promise not to be angry," Grace said with innocent wickedness. "Because I have no idea why I let it happen, or if you'd be okay with it... still, I cannot lie about what it did to me. I feel guilty and ashamed, but it is what it is."

"Spill the beans, woman," Nolan said, before taking her unoccupied hand and kissing it.

"Nate beckoned me over, and before I could really understand what he wanted to do, his hand was kneading these heavy ass cheeks that you love so much," Grace said. Nolan gasped, muted by what she told him.

Everything from what Grace said to how she told it, the hand that was still trailing down, the one that had reached his navel, and the way she looked at him. She was a master at seduction. If this was a dream, then Nolan didn't want to wake up.

"And so there we were, on the balcony, and he had his hands all over my ass," she continued her voice barely a whisper. "I hate to admit it, but I think it's only fair, but I loved it. I don't know if it was because of the roughness and eagerness, or if it was finally reaching some sort of physicality after all the teasing and flirting, but when Nate's hand started feeling up what I had been almost parading in front of his face, well, I fell into it. But only for a moment. I once again got scared and got out of there.

And then when I got home from tennis later, at the mailboxes... you know, where Nate felt me up the very first time so many months ago? Well, he started flirting with me, and I didn't exactly tell him to fuck off. Until he grabbed me again. I have no idea, but I actually slapped him. But I think he didn't mind, because when I ended up apologizing. Can you believe that? He grabbed my ass, even when I'm spoken for, and I apologized to him."

Nolan swallowed, trying to comprehend what she had told him. His throat was so dry he felt like he couldn’t breathe. He did not like that Nate had touched Grace, least of all on his own initiative, but he couldn't deny the way Grace was telling it, and the fact that it had more or less happened under his nose, well, that was the sort of painful thrill he had been chasing. Something he had thought was selfish of him to yearn for.

"And then last night... when you got shitfaced, Nate decided enough was enough." Grace's hand now shoved hard into Nolan's pants, soon jerking his length in the tight confinements. "He was so eager for me. God, I never thought he'd turn me on so much, but there we were. He was like an animal, and I was so close to letting him do anything he wanted."

"Oh my god," Nolan gasped. He was harder than ever before, and his balls ached for release. His mind was spinning, his heart racing, and his skin tingling. He didn't like that Nate had groped his girl, but he'd deal with that later.

"There was no god present with what Nate wanted to do to me. That is, I haven't got any holy vows to abide by yet so..." Grace said, trailing off. She smiled deviously at Nolan as she talked, gauging his reaction. "His hands were all over me. I wore a sexy pair of baggy sweatpants and a just as baggy t-shirt, but apparently, my forms drove him mad regardless. God, how hard would he have fucked me if I hadn't stopped him, huh?"

"Fuck," Nolan grunted. He took Grace by her shoulders and guided her to the counter where he bent her over.

"My my, what are you to do to me?" Grace teased as her pants slid over the curve of her flawless ass cheeks. Nolan felt like he was possessed. If he didn't fuck Grace now, he felt like he'd go insane. A deep animalistic part of him just wanted to pound his girlfriend silly, consequences be damned.

"You stopped him?" Nolan asked, scared of her refuting it despite the fact that she had just said that she had indeed stopped him.

"I did. I told him he should respect my boundaries and that he should keep his hands to himself," Grace said, smiling at him over her shoulder. "But then I felt bad."

Nolan worked his length inside of Grace and almost came right away. And his erection throbbed angrily inside of her when she didn't immediately follow up on that last cliffhanger. The anticipation would have been appreciated if Nolan hadn't already been so turned on.

"Continue," he asked.

"Well, I felt bad for being such a tease. So I teased instead of fucking him," Grace said, for the second time bringing up *'not'* fucking Nate. Was there any intention behind that? Was that something she had been thinking about as well? "I gave him a bit of a slow tease, peeling off my sweatpants slowly for him. Just a bit. Though, I was about to show him my whole ass fully naked when I felt him touch me again. Gently, instead of ravaging me in pure eagerness. I'm... ashamed to admit it, but I let him have his fun for a bit... and I liked it. God, Nolan, I liked it a lot. His hand on my ass, molesting these cheeks you worship and love so much... fuck, I might cum just thinking about it. You gonna make me cum while I think about our neighbor groping me when you were passed out in the room right to us?"

As Grace had been talking, Nolan had increased his work rate, and through their mutual efforts, they both reached a climax together. Nolan leaned down over Grace, kissing her neck, his hands groping her breasts. He felt his cock still inside her, but he didn't want to pull out. He wanted to stay there forever.

Grace turned her head and kissed him, her tongue exploring his mouth. She moaned into him as she came down from her orgasm, and Nolan held her tightly, his cock still hard inside her.

"That was amazing," Nolan said. "Was that all true?"

"Yes," Grace said.

*

It wasn't until later in bed that they rekindled the topic. Nolan was already in bed, while Grace was just coming out of the shower. Nolan was glad the door was ajar so he could admire the naked form of his definition of a perfect woman. Grace just loved the way he worshiped her. She simply couldn't understand why, not entirely anyhow, he wanted to share her. Or rather, why he wanted to play a dangerous game where that might be one outcome.

Nate looked at Grace as a lay, like Nate was the center of the world, that he was the god of his world, and that Grace belonged to him due to that fact. In Nolan's world, he saw Grace as the goddess instead, and he belonged to her and was so devoted to her.

It was like that analogy of cats thinking they are gods because they get taken care of, while dogs think you're the god because you take care of them. Grace had snickered in the shower calling Nate a pussy(cat) and Nolan a dog. Dogs were loyal and easy to keep happy. Was Nolan a dog?

It spoke volumes that he was willing to give up his darkest fantasy for her. But Grace had said to him that she wanted to continue. So they were on this path because she wanted it. That was the truth now. Grace was intrigued by Nate's dangerous allure and his… big heavy tool. Again, it baffled Grace that such a shallow reason could motivate her, but apparently, it did. She had no idea if it would ever lead to sex, that was something her and Nolan would have to talk about among other things, but Grace was curious.

But was Nate truly such a dirtbag as they first had thought? He had opened up to her in a way that she hadn't expected. His relationship with his mom, and how his dad was not around when he was little.

It didn't excuse him being a creep and a perv, but it was enough to make Grace sort of pity him. He had been through some shit. He was an asshole, but not a total monster.

Grace donned her sexy, silky night dress. It was light purple, with simple but delicate embroideries along the rim, and would fit their evening as she thought it would be an important one. She was determined that they should either quit the exploration or tell Nate. She had already laid the foundation for telling Nate by vaguely alluding to the situation.

"About the car ride today," Grace began as she appeared in the doorway from their bathroom. As expected, Nolan sat up. But this wasn't supposed to be a sexy tale. "Like you heard about yesterday, Nate has taken it upon himself to initiate the next step. I've stopped him. It was no different in the car. He apologized then…"

Grace was unsure if she should tell Nolan about Nate opening up. It sort of felt like something personal to Nate, something that wasn't for her to share.

"… then he tried again. I rejected him. He got upset but respected it. But I think this is twice now that he has gotten way too physical. Three times, if we count the balcony, which I sort of do. Four with the mailboxes, but I got him back for that. And I'm sure we can trust he won't do anything… too forceful, but I think it's wrong of us to play him like that. And play me like that, too, for that matter."

"I agree," Nolan sighed. "While I desperately want to hear the tale of him groping and touching you more, it is honestly not an escalation I was ready for. Not yet. I mean, perhaps… well, what are you proposing then? That we tell him?"

"Yes. And that we talk among us two thoroughly before that. And perhaps we can do it now?" Grace asked, placing a knee on the bed, bending forward to crawl into bed. It wasn't meant to be sexy, but it just was.

"We can," Nolan said, but leaving the door open for them to postpone the talk as well.But Grace closed that door immediately and continued.

"So," she began, slumping down next to Nolan, staring up at the roof. "I think we should talk about the long-term perspectives. Like, where does this go? And that means asking some questions that might be a bit difficult. And I think you know where I'm going with this."

"I do," Nate said. "And yeah it is a bit difficult. There are no manuals for this. At least not that I know of."

"This is why you need to say your peace," Grace said. "Regardless of what I feel and want, purely objectively speaking, would you be okay with this leading to sex? I mean, that is what most of these fantasy tales lead to."

Nolan felt silent for a bit. Grace rolled over on her side to study him. She loved him so much. She couldn't imagine being with anyone else. But she also wanted to explore this fantasy with him. It was like a part of her had come alive that she didn't even know existed. It was an exciting new world, and she wanted to learn everything about it. And it was also a thrill that she sought out as well.

"I think... that I can get there," Nolan finally said. "And I'm not saying that because I think it's what you want to hear. I'm saying it because I think it's true. But I also think it will take time. It's a process that we need to work on together. It's not something that's going to happen overnight."

"That makes sense," Grace said, nodding. "And I think that's how it should be. Because if we consider what Nate probably wants, that's one of them."

"Do you, regardless of what I feel and want, want it to lead to sex?" Nolan asked before he was able to stop himself.

Grace wasn't prepared to have the question turned back on her. She opened her mouth, but no words came out. She looked at Nolan, trying to read his expression, but it was unreadable. He simply stared back at her, waiting for an answer.

"I... I don't know," Grace said, finally, feeling herself blush and her cheeks grow warm. "It's hard to say. I mean, there's a part of me that's curious. And there's a part of me that feels like it would be wrong. But then there's another part of me that thinks it could be fun and something, sorry Nolan, but something different and new. But I'm not sure I'm ready for it. And I'm not sure I want to do it. Not even ever. But I'm not sure I don't want to do it either."

"We're in the same boat then," Nolan chuckled. He ran over her belly, softly tickling her with his nails. "But... I'm not sure, but if it ever gets there, I think I want him to... erh, wear a condom. And I'm not sure if I could handle him... finishing in you... or if he made, you know, you cum as well."

"So if it ever gets to sex, you'd prefer I didn't cum, that he wears a rubber and that he doesn't cum inside me?" Grace said. It was just a summary, but the bluntness, the objectiveness, was apparently turning Nolan on, and in turn Grace too. "Sounds like a hypothetical plan. But we're not even past touching. But now we know. If only there was a way to satiate my, or our, curiosity without actually fucking Nate."

"Now we know," Nolan said, running his hand from her belly down to her right thigh.

They lay quiet for a moment. Grace regretted admitting perhaps her darkest desire, but she wanted to be honest with Nolan. Even if it was perhaps hard to hear, she thought he deserved the truth.

"I think you should really think it through whenever, or if ever, we get there," Grace said, wanting to hammer it home with Nolan. "The best sex I've had has been with you. Do you really want to risk that to change that? Because that's a big risk. And I have no idea how I'll react once it has happened, or how it may change me while it is happening."

Nolan nodded.

"It's a big step, and perhaps we're not there yet, but I think it is smart that we're talking openly about it now. Time might give us the option to consider it more thoroughly," he said. "Are there aspects about sex with Nate that you wanna bring up by the way? Like, how I want him to wear a condom and so on?"

Grace thought for a moment. There were a few things she had been thinking about, but she wasn't sure she wanted to admit them out loud. She was worried that it would upset Nolan.

"I... I think if we ever get there, that I... don't want you to be there. At least for the first few times," Grace said eventually, choosing her words carefully. "It would be too much for you, I think. And I don't want to put you through that. And honestly, I'd be so nervous, you being there would just make it so much more difficult. You have no idea how hard it would be for me to cheat on you like that, and it would be worse with you there."

"That's... fair," Nolan said, his voice strained. He seemed like he was trying to hide his emotions from her. But Grace knew him well enough to know that it upset him. But it was a compromise Grace needed to make.

"I'm sorry," Grace said.

"No, I get it," Nolan said. "I just... it's hard, you know? But I think I understand what you mean. At least now I know, and I have time to deal with it. If we get there. If any of us get cold feet, perhaps we'll never have to deal with that."

"Yeah," Grace sighed. Did Nolan try to imply he was getting cold feet? "And if that's the case, that's fine too."

But Grace didn't want that to be the case. She felt guilty for admitting that she wanted to have sex with someone else, but she did. It was an exciting new world she had been opened up to, and she wanted to explore it. But she also loved Nolan dearly. She couldn't imagine being with anyone else. And if Nolan didn't want to explore this further, then she would have to live with that. Like Nolan said, it wasn't heroin. But it would be something she'd wonder about for a good while after.

"Do you think he's hung?" Nolan asked. Grace froze for a moment. She had hoped he'd never ask that.

"I... don't know," Grace said, not wanting to scare Nolan. Nate was, by all accounts, very big. But it was technically true, Grace didn't truly know. It could've been a zucchini in his pants. She hoped that would be enough for Nolan not to ask any further.

Grace thought back to Nate's car, her hand down in his crotch, her palm pressed against his girth, as it stirred under her attention. His sheer size and heat alone had turned her on.

"So, tomorrow is the big day, then?" Nolan asked.

"It is," Grace said.

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Nate threw a glance over at Nolan as they were driving to work the next morning. He'd half expected him to be all passive-aggressive or angry or something, that Grace had snitched to her little boyfriend. But no. The dude seemed nervous and a bit anxious, if anything. In fact, Grace and Nolan had, over text, invited Nate over the next day. They didn't say about what, or anything like that, just a simple invitation. So it wasn't like she'd ratted him out to Nolan.

"So, how are you doing?" Nate asked.

"Oh, fine. You?" Nolan responded.

"Yeah, I'm good. Just trying to wrap my head around later tonight," Nate said. "I mean, has Grace said anything? I hope I'm not in the dog house or something!"

Nolan glanced over at Nate. He was nervous, yes, but Nate could see that this man had some resolve. "We'll talk about it later. Tonight," Nolan said.

"Sounds ominous," Nate chuckled.

"It's not meant to be," Nolan said, looking out the window. Nate decided he'd drop the topic.

It had all been quite frustrating to Nate. Grace had been showing all the signs, but none of the actions. Though she did give him a bit of a strip tease, and boy did it work wonders. Nate regretted grabbing her, regretting missing out on how far it might've gone if he hadn't lost his cool. But Grace brought it out in him. The desire to possess her, to own her. That he was the one who was supposed to have her. No other woman had been able to stir Nate up like that. It was maddening.

Nate knew he couldn't force himself on her. That would be wrong, and he wasn't a monster. Besides, on the pragmatic side of things, that would ruin his long-term goals. And he had plans for Grace. But she wasn't making it easy for him.

"Wanna learn how to park?" Nate asked as they pulled into the parking lot. Nolan was an awful driver, and his parking skills were abysmal.

"It's a bit late for that," Nolan chuckled.

"Just because you're too old, doesn't mean you can't learn new tricks," Nate laughed.

"Old?" Nolan chuckled. He was 20 years younger than Nate, or thereabouts.

They spent the morning working together on the Oakland Pharma project. Nate spent the morning sort of being a mix of errand boy and researcher. They had to be well-prepared, and he knew what sort of things that entailed. Nolan put it all together, and, honestly, he was quite good at it.

At least initially. Every time Nate went to get them coffee, he was careful to slip just a tiny bit of vodka into Nolan's coffee from his hip flask. Not enough to notice, but enough for the effects to show after a while.

In general, Nate was very impressed by the office. He had imagined that this company, which was a hybrid PR and agency and a holding company, was a poorly managed and run place. But they had done a fairly good job hiring the right people, and the guys running the place would, in general, be regarded as nice people. Nate didn't put much stock in people who were overly nice, but at least the atmosphere in the office was good. It was a new-age office, complete with game consoles, sofas, and such stuff, though he still insisted that this project have at least a whiteboard with some pens and paper. There's no replacement for brainstorming like that.

However, one aspect that Nate found disappointing, aside from the general lackluster performance of Nolan after a few cups of coffee, was how loosey goosey people were. The bosses were nice, but there was nothing to keep these fools on their toes. You can't give people candy all day and expect them to take their work seriously.

But it was an environment where Nate would excel and thrive. He'd stand above these lazy co-workers of his. With a good enough performance, perhaps they'd look past his criminal record. And maybe, down the line, he'd be able to carve out a small department with himself at the head. Nate almost snickered at the possibility if he'd be able to get Nolan as his underling. He'd take his job and his girl. Heh. Well, those were long-term ambitions. But first, he had to survive today. That was the biggest hurdle.

"You okay?" Nate asked as Nolan was rewriting a sentence for the third time. It was late in the afternoon, and Nolan had at least three cups of vodka-laced coffee. Grace hated it when Nolan got drunk, and if there was a wedge, he'd be able to pry himself in between.

"Yeah," Nolan said, staring intently at the computer screen. "I just... I need to focus."

"I get that," Nate said. "Do you want a coffee?"

"Yes, please," Nolan said, his eyes not leaving the screen.

"Sure thing, buddy," Nate said. Nate wasn't sure if buzzing Nolan like this would get him anywhere, but he was certain that down the line it would pay off. Plus, if it lowered his inhibitions enough, perhaps Grace could finally give him a shot. Or at least make his judgment not as good, should there be a pressing situation. A meeting, a presentation, or something else at work, or just how he conducted himself when he got home to his girl.

Nate got Nolan his coffee and placed it on the desk. "What can I help with?" Nate asked.

"You know these guys, right?" Nolan asked. Nate nodded. They proceeded then to have a lengthy conversation about how best to present themselves and Mrs. Lewis's product. Nate wasn't sure what the product was, something about eroding acids and whatnot, but he was able to guide Nolan in the right direction.

It took quite some time before they had finished their workday. Nate had to admit that Nolan worked hard when he was focused, even if he did drink Nate's special mixed coffee.

The two of them drove back in silence. Nate couldn't tell if Nolan was drunk or if he was tired. Perhaps a mixture of both. Nate wondered if he could get Nolan hooked on alcohol without knowing it, and almost smiled at the thought.

"So later tonight, right?" Nolan asked as Nate parked next to the big Ford Equinox that Nolan owned. Nate had his shitty old Volkswagen, but at least he knew how to drive.

"Yeah. I gotta say, I'm kinda nervous about what you guys wanna talk about. Has Grace said anything to you?" Nate said, trying to both fish for information and gauge Nolan's reaction.

"We'll talk later," Nolan said, exiting the car. "Be over at our place at seven."

"You got it, chief," Nate said, following him up to the elevator. The two of them stood in silence as they waited for the elevator. There was a bit of tension in the air. Nolan seemed nervous like before, but perhaps a bit more... relaxed. Is that even possible?

"Later," he mumbled, hurrying down the open corridor.

"Later," Nate replied shuffling his way down to the apartment just next to theirs.

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Grace sat by the kitchen table, staring blankly at the wall. She was nervous. She was worried. She was excited. Nolan was on his way from work, but he'd soon be home. Grace was more stressed than in a while, finding this whole process more difficult to see through than she thought.

"It will be fine," she murmured. They had already invited Nate over, so it wasn't like she could back out now. And honestly, she didn't want to. She wanted to see this through. There were some nerves, yes, but once this little meeting with Nate was done, they could at least move on. Either with or without Nate. But that was up to how Nate took this, and if he could abide by their boundaries.

Grace stood up and stretched. She'd gone to the gym earlier in the day and had been working out a bit. Her muscles were sore and strained. And she was sweaty. Grace sighed and walked into the bathroom, stripping as she went.

She loved their apartment, she loved their building, so that was one reason to hope for Nate's cooperation, but Grace knew that there was more to her slight nervous excitement. There was a thrill to seeing where this would finally go. If Nate agreed to their terms, they could finally begin to explore this fantasy properly. Grace had no idea if it would lead anywhere, and if it would end with her fucking Nate or not, but it was exciting nonetheless.

Grace turned the water on, letting it run down her body. She was sweaty from her workout, and she felt dirty. And perhaps not only from her workout. She lathered her loofah up with soap and started scrubbing herself clean. As she washed herself, her thoughts drifted off to what she hoped would happen. In an ideal world, where everything proceeded without any bumps, perhaps both Nolan and Grace could experience something great. Grace didn't know what that something great would entail, but it would be something new, something different.

And Grace hadn't had a new or different experience like that since she started dating Nolan. She loved him, don't get her wrong, but there was something thrilling about the thought of exploring something new with someone else. And it was with someone that she wouldn't fall in love with. It was with someone that she was slightly scared of, and yet he was able to invoke some primal emotions in her.

And for Nate, well, he got to ogle a pretty young girl without consequences. Nolan had been quite adamant about that, that it had to remain as a visual teasing sort of situation. While it

turned him on to have those boundaries broken, he had been quite clear this morning that he preferred if Nate didn't feel her up and whatnot. Part of Grace knew that was for the better, but a part of her did want to do more with Nate.

Grace sighed as she rinsed the suds off her body. She ran her hand through her wet hair and let the water run over her face. She wanted to fuck Nate, she just knew it. She didn't want to want it, but she couldn't help it. It was the thrill of it, the taboo of it, that drew her in.

But the fact that Nate was so pushy also made Grace hesitant. She was worried that he wouldn't be able to handle the boundaries Nolan and she had set. Perhaps he'd end up going too far? She didn't really trust Nate to behave himself. And she wasn't sure how Nolan would react if that happened. But then again, Nate had surprised her on more than one occasion. From apologising when he thought he had fucked up, to softening up and talking about his mom. Perhaps he could handle it after all?

And if he couldn't... well, it was time to tell him no. Grace turned the water off and grabbed a towel, drying up after spending a few too many minutes in the shower thinking these things over.

Buck naked, she wandered into the bedroom. That was something else she had learned to enjoy. When there was no one at home, she loved walking around her apartment completely in the nude. No prying eyes, no uncomfortable glances, she just loved the freedom it gave her. There was no shame, no guilt, nothing. Just freedom.

She grabbed some clean clothes from the drawer. She put on a simple, white T-shirt and black yoga pants. Not the sexiest outfit in the world, but she didn't want to give Nate any ideas. Well, no more than she had already given him. And still, the yoga pants were quite tight around her ass, giving it a nice shape and curve.

Grace had considered dressing more nicely, but she didn't want this to be too serious. The tone needed to be light and charitable, an open space where Nolan could feel secure, and, well, for Grace as well. But most of all for Nolan. She was worried he'd get jealous. That he'd get angry. Or perhaps hurt? She couldn't tell. He was a complicated person, and she loved him, but she also had reacted quite poorly when she first discovered his fetish, and he had now gotten quite drunk twice. She worried about him for that.

After showering and getting dressed, Grace spent the remained of getting some snacks, some non-alcoholic beverages, then spent the rest of the day doing the accounting for her landscaping business. It had been a few weeks since she had done it, so it was high time to get caught up with it all.

By the time Nolan came home, Grace was finished with all the accounting, and they had plenty of time to talk and eat before Nate was due to come over.

"So, what are we going to say?" Nolan asked, taking a seat opposite Grace. They were sitting at their small dining table, eating dinner together. Grace had made an easy salad, which was quite delicious.

"Well," Grace said, pausing to swallow a piece of cucumber. "I kinda want to be direct, but I also know this is, erh, sort of demeaning to you, so perhaps a gentler approach."

"Demeaning? What do you mean?" Nolan asked. "I think I know, and I guess I agree, but what makes you think it's demeaning to me?"

"I don't know," Grace said, shrugging. "It feels like we're asking Nate if he wants to help us make you a cuckold. Fuck, I still don't like that word."

"I don't either, but I think it fits the situation pretty well," Nolan chuckled. "But I get what you mean. This is kind of degrading to me, and we're basically asking if Nate wants to... I don't know, I don't want it to be physical so perhaps take care of you is the wrong way of putting it, but something like that."

Grace nodded.

"How do you feel about it, though?" she asked.

"It's weird. I know that I'm into it, but it is a bit odd to actually have this conversation with you. Like, you're basically asking me if I want my girlfriend fucked by someone else," Nolan said, chuckling nervously.

Grace reached out and took his hand in hers. "We don't have to do this."

"I know," Nolan said, giving her hand a squeeze. "And I appreciate your concern, but I want to do this."

"And it's not like I'm actually fucking him. We're just gonna let him know why I've been such a tease. And, honestly, I want to see his face when I tell him that," Grace said. She wasn't entirely sure why she wanted that, but she did. It was one thing to say it to Nolan, but to Nate... well, that was another thing entirely.

"So you wanna see him squirm?" Nolan laughed.

"Oh yeah," Grace chuckled. "The only reason he gets close to me is because you want him to get close to me. That's gotta be frustrating for him."

Nolan nodded, smiling. "It probably is."

"And hey, I do love the attention. Two men lusting after me, being the center of attention," Grace smiled. She stood up and slid over Nolan. Sitting down on his lap, straddling him. His hands landed on her hips almost by reflex, her legs wrapping around his torso. "God, it does so much for me. Having all this power over you. Two men who have no choice but to want me. And especially you. My favorite man to toy with."

She pressed a hard kiss against his lips, pushing her tongue against his. Grace could feel him throbbing underneath her, his hands coming around the curve of her ass, grabbing tightly. Grace knew how hot he thought it was that she was so confident, how he wanted her to treat him. And she loved the reaction she was getting out of him. But would he be able to live with it once it had happened? She didn't want him to feel betrayed, should they ever get so far.

Grace loved the contrast, the extreme differences between how she treated him and how he treated her. Nolan had always been so devoted to her. So worshipping, and almost... innocent, with her. And not in a naive way, but that he was so respectful, so loving, so giving.

Nate, on the other hand, was a very demanding presence, so pushy, almost cruel, and borderline vulgar in how much he seemed to want her. He wanted her bad, and the thought of being desired like that, it was a powerful drug. Something that Grace wanted more of. And it had affected her more than she'd like to admit. Even though she had rejected his advances and continued to reject them, a part of her did long to truly find out just how deep his depravity went,

how hard he could push, and how far he would go to possess her. She had enjoyed his lusting after her far more than she liked to admit.

Grace peppered Nolan's mouth, face, neck, and ears with hard kisses, his grip only tightening as her display of affection increased.

"I just love you so much," she mumbled into his ear, kissing him softly and sucking his earlobe. She felt him shuddering at her attention. "But I need him to want me. That's so intoxicating. But you need to tell me if you can handle him wanting me too. Because you might not like where it might lead."

She began gyrating her crotch, only now noticing her own increasing excitement. But she couldn't get too wrapped up in it, she had to keep focused. She kissed Nolan again.

"Tell me where that might lead," he begged, his voice strained.

"Like, all the way," Grace sighed, now grinding herself harder against Nolan. "Like me ending up... sunbathing out on our balcony. Then perhaps he flirts with me some more. I pretend to hate it, but I can feel him looking at me, at my exposed body, my ass, my legs, my belly... my... god, and then he keeps flirting with me until I've gotten all kinds of tingly and horny. Oh, god, Nolan, the thought of being groped by Nate on our balcony, while you sit in here... perhaps watching through the window."

"Oh my god," Nolan panted, pulling Grace closer and moving a hand to squeeze her left ass cheek. "Then what?"

"Maybe I'll eventually cave. Maybe I'll get up, come in here then, look you dead in the eyes as I make my way through our apartment and over to his. You watch in awe, knowing I'm on my way over there," Grace cooed, grinding against Nolan, pressing her breasts against his chest.

"He'll touch me. Fuck me. And I'll like it, a lot," she whispered into his ear. Her right hand had sneaked under his shirt and was caressing his chest. "I'll be moaning, screaming, begging for him. Shrieking. Do you like that? Me grinding in your lap while I talk about 'fucking' Nate?" she asked, emphasizing 'fucking'.

"Yeah," Nolan breathed. His cock was straining in his jeans. His head had lolled back, and his eyes were closed.

"Imagine it. Nate taking me, while you're just next door. I bet you'd hear. I bet he'd let you know," Grace continued. She felt both wicked and wonderful. To tease Nolan like this turned her on, to picture her being fucked by Nate made her wet. And telling Nolan the tale seemed to only arouse him even more. "The bed is creaking. I can't stop moaning. It goes on for so long, Nolan. Hours. And in the end... he pumps my tight young body with his sperm, cumming deep inside of me. And before you can think to come over to stop him, he has rolled over. Pulled his cock out of me. Then... the deed has been done. Once that happens, there's nothing you can do about it."

"Yes," Nolan hissed.

Grace lifted his shirt up and leaned down. Her tongue running over his bare, hairless skin, kissing his flesh, then playfully biting him. Nolan's eyes popped open and stared at Grace with his big brown eyes.

"You love being this helpless. That I'm this sexy. I can tease the fuck out of you," Grace continued. "Nate likes my young and fertile body, my round ass and perky tits. My silky smooth skin and juicy thick thighs. God, his big cock would destroy me, baby, you have no idea."

The two of them groaned together at the thought.

Grace smiled at Nolan, kissing him deeply. "But you know I'm just teasing you, right? I wouldn't ever do that to you. But tell me, tell me what you really think about that. Does it turn you on or make you angry?"

"God, it turns me on," Nolan panted. "It turns me on so much, I almost can't stand it."

"Good," Grace purred, kissing him again. "But remember, I'm just teasing you. I wouldn't ever do that to you."

"I know," Nolan said, pulling her back into a kiss. Grace giggled into his mouth as they kissed, then pushed away.

"No, no, no, we can't continue. We gotta get ready for our guest," Grace said, climbing off Nolan's lap. She saw his cock straining in his jeans, but she could also see his frustration.

"Yeah," Nolan sighed. "But that was fun."

"It was," Grace chuckled. She walked over to the counter and began to clean up the rest of the dishes from dinner, cleaning up the kitchen. She was happy that they had talked about it and that they seemed to be on the same page. Also, now Nolan was on his toes until she could have her way with him after they'd thrown Nate out.

She knew it would be devastating for Nolan if Nate should take care of Grace in any capacity, given how much Nolan loved her, but it was still fun to use it for both of their advantages. Perhaps in another period of their relationship, she'd feel bad about it, perhaps she still did a little bit, but Nolan had insisted on this, so it had rubbed off on her. But she also wanted to keep things as clear as possible. It was an exciting new world of exploring, but it was also one that she had to tread carefully.

Grace looked over at Nolan, who was sitting by the kitchen table, fiddling with his phone. He looked calm, but she could tell that he was nervous.

Half an hour later, minutes that crawled by with hay balls rolling down mountainsides, there was a small knock at the door. Grace was amused by how light the knock was.

Grace exchanged a glance with Nolan, who remained in the kitchen, then nodded. The time was upon them. She walked over to the door and opened it. Nate stood outside, smiling at her while he scanned her body. He was in his usual attire, baggy dark khakis and a t-shirt. He seemed a bit nervous, but also hellbent on not showing any weakness. Did he think he was here to be scolded for his inappropriate behavior again?

"Hey, come on in," Grace said, stepping aside to let him in.

"Thanks," Nate said. "Hey Nolan."

"Hi," Nolan said, raising a hand from the kitchen table.

"So what's this all about?" Nate asked, looking around as if he was expecting something. Maybe he thought some ax killer lurked in a corner.

"It's nothing too serious," Grace said. "Though, perhaps that is not entirely true. Want something to drink?"

"I brought some beer," Nate said, holding out two six-packs of beer.

Grace shot Nolan a stern look, which he cowered under. "Nolan is having a break from alcohol. We've got fresh-squeezed lemonade. The lemons are from my own stock. We also have soda and... water."

"Nolan, you rascal," Nate chuckled, handing Grace his jacket. "If it's from Grace's stock, then I'll take some lemonade." Grace smiled at that. It was a nice compliment that he didn't protest, but immediately went for what she had produced herself. "You should get sparkling water, that's what all top salesmen drink. The water of successful men."

"Yeah?" Nolan smiled awkwardly. "I personally don't like how they add salt to it."

The two chatted a bit about businessmen's fashion nonsense for a few minutes while Grace made refreshments ready. She handed Nate his lemonade, which he thanked her for. He kept glancing over at Nolan, as if he expected him to explode or something. In the end, he took a seat in the recliner opposite Nolan.

"So, Nate," Grace began, pulling over a chair from the kitchen. "There is a reason we've invited you over."

"Yes?" Nate asked, taking a sip of the lemonade

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"We need to discuss something delicate," Grace said, crossing her arms, sitting down with conviction and determination. She needed to be the strong one in the room.

"Hold on, you made this lemonade?" Nate said, taking another sip, holding his other hand out to silence Grace. "This is amazing! Nolan, you're one lucky man having such a crafty woman around!"

Grace couldn't help but blush a bit.

"Thanks," she murmured, looking down.

"You should bottle this up and sell it. 'Grace's Stock' you could call it!" Nate chuckled. "But you were saying?"

"Right," Grace said, trying to start again, but their little conversational detour had thrown her off her game. "Well, we need to talk about... erh, us. As in, you, me, and Nolan."

"Right," Nolan echoed. He was catching on that Grace got a bit flustered and surprised Grace by taking the intitiative. "So, you've probably noticed that Grace has been flirting and teasing a bit." Nolan made a small pause, and Grace saw that he was gauging Nate's reaction. Nate seemed to have tightened up a bit, but not in an angry way. A nervous kind of way. It was a reaction Nolan clearly picked up on. "I know this might be hard to understand, but we do that on... purpose."

"Yeah," Grace said, taking the lead again. "And I'd like to say that we're both sorry that we've been leading you on like this, but there is a reason for it. I was as shocked as you will be, but basically, erh, well, Nolan has this fetish that he has and we've sort of tried it out a little bit. Basically, he likes it when I tease and flirt with other guys. And sorry to say, you were sort of

there, so... it was convenient. I know that doesn't excuse it, and that you probably feel used and misled. And that's all true. But it was something we got caught up in and found exciting. Then we saw that perhaps we were leading you on and that simply wasn't right. But that didn't mean that we didn't want to continue, but we had to have a talk and figure out what we should do about it."

Nate stared at Grace as she spoke. Then he looked over at Nolan, then back at Grace. He looked very confused. "I'm... not sure I understand. So Nolan gets turned on by you flirting with other guys?"

"Yes," Nolan said. "And I'm sorry for how you've been used like this. We've been really terrible to you. And I apologise from the bottom of my heart."

"And, again, sorry," Grace added, looking away. "But... we hoped that we could get your perspective, and if this is something we could be able to explore further?"

"That's... wow, that's a lot to take in," Nate said, chuckling, rubbing his greasy neck. "Gimme a sec, here."

Nate sat there for a moment, looking between the two. Grace had been nervous to begin with, and honestly thrown off guard by Nate's compliments, but now she was back to being focused. Nolan seemed nervous, but determined.

A few awkward moments of silence passed. Nate finished his lemonade and put the glass down on the table.

"I'm sorry to say this, but I'm a bit confused," Nate said, chuckling again. "So, you're saying you want me to... fuck Grace?"

"Erh, no, not exactly," Grace said. "We just wanted to see if you would be interested in maybe... continuing to sort of play along? Nothing too serious, just a bit of flirting. Like, I know we've sort of gotten a bit physical, but that is too far. And we were hoping we could, y'know, keep it as it was before. You get to watch me in my bikini, and we can tease the hell out of each other."

"And why would I do that?" Nate asked.

The young couple was caught off guard again. They hadn't foreseen Nate objecting to continuing like they had.

"You've used me for your own benefit, and you think a quick apology is good enough?" Nate said. It could've been said with malice, but Nate held a crooked smile as he talked, and snorted a bit at the sentiment. "So, I'm not to touch Grace? Ever? Why the fuck would I flirt if I don't know it goes anywhere? Tell you what. You're young and need to do this and that in this day and age, and that's fine, and I wanna help you guys out because I like you. But see it from my perspective. I'll walk around with the biggest set of blue balls this side of the Mississippi."

"I guess that is true," Grace muttered. She and Nolan were still confused about where Nate was going with this.

"I think it's only fair that I put some demands forward," Nate concluded.

"What sort of demands?" Nolan asked immediately.

Nate paused again. It was obvious that he was stalling. That he hadn't expected this to turn into a negotiation. But he was clearly trying to come up with something. Grace wondered what sort of requests Nate would have. Would he be reasonable? How would Nolan react?

"Well, I think just watching her in a bikini... I'll never grow bored of that, but I want at least once a week, that she does a little bit more. Like, put on a show. Or maybe she can sunbathe on my balcony instead."

"How about this?" Grace began. She looked over at Nolan before she continued. "Once a week, you get to choose? Either I sunbathe over at yours, or I'm putting on a show. I'm not sure what that means, but I think we can work something out. And it really depends on the weather, doesn't it?"

"Seems fair, I guess. It's a bit like we've done up till now. Yoga, stretches, and I guess a tease show here and there won't be too much different," Nolan said. Grace was happy to hear the excitement in his voice. That meant that she had his approval. He liked her taking the initiative in bed, but this trail still had a lot of bumps that could cause you to trip.

"I'm not done yet," Nate said. "Two more things. I want you to have a bikini that is just mine. Nolan doesn't get to look at it, or you wearing it. The other is... well, it's a bit embarrassing."

"What is it?" Grace asked, feeling her curiosity. Nolan shot her a look she couldn't quite read. Did he take her curiosity for excitement?

"You see, I'm terrible with women. I'm sure you've noticed Grace, and I'm truly sorry I'm not less rough around the edges because I do think you're an amazing woman. I've been out of the game for a while, and I'm not sure if I was ever in it, at least not with any good intentions. But ever since you two moved in, you've treated me nicely even though I'm as rough as I am, well, I've grown to like you guys. Perhaps I've taken that the wrong way now and then, and perhaps you've done so for your own reasons..."

Grace could hardly believe the level of humility on display from Nate. Where did that come from? Was this a new tactic from him? A way to manipulate them, perhaps?

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"... But the point is, I'm out of practice, and I'd like to be able to talk to you more often. Get some pointers, if that makes sense? You see, I'm bad with women, and I want to get better. And perhaps, you know, if I could, erh, dull my edges," Nate said. He looked from Grace to Nolan once more.

The recent revelations had destroyed any semblance of respect he had for Nolan. What a pathetic loser! How could someone have such a perfect woman like Grace and actually want people to flirt with her? Sure, looks couldn't be avoided, but encouraging it? And if Nate knew anything, it wouldn't stop at flirting. Fucking idiot.

But it had sort of altered his goals. He didn't only want to take Grace as his own, but he also wanted to do it right in front of Nolan. He wasn't sure if he'd want to fuck with the idiot in the room, though there was something to that as well. But he wanted to show Grace how she deserved to be treated. That she should never settle for a weakling like Nolan.

He would never understand why women went for the weak type. The type that was safe, kind, considerate, and would never challenge them. It made no sense. Grace seemed like a woman

who was adventurous and outgoing, and wanted to be challenged. Someone as assertive and demanding as herself needed a man that could give it back to her, someone that wouldn't just roll over and play dead.

Grace was clearly in need of a real man.

But in due time. For now, he had to play nice.

"So I hoped that if I agreed to be your little fetish-dummy, that I could at least get a date with you," Nate continued, staring right at Grace. This was something he asked of her: if she would accept that. "And I'll play nice. I won't do anything you don't want to do, but I want it to be a proper date. You give me pointers and whatnot, and I get to spend the evening with a lovely woman. I just need to be able to practice my flirting skills. I've been on my own for a while, and perhaps you can help me find someone to finally settle down with."

Nate had to admit he was a bit nervous about this part. He wasn't sure how far they were willing to go, and he was trying to keep it as tame as possible, but also enticing. He still wanted Grace to know that he wanted her. That he'd stop at nothing to possess her.

Nolan and Grace exchanged a look. Nolan seemed nervous but excited, Grace was calm and collected. Nate knew that she'd probably be the one to decide, and he knew that she was an intelligent and cunning woman. She'd see right through him if he tried to be too much. And that was a problem.

But she would fall for it. He knew she would. It was just a matter of time. He had to keep in mind what he had learned about her from their interactions. That she was a tease, that she was turned on by being desired by a man, but also that she liked to be in control. That she liked the power of being the center of attention. Nate could use that. He knew he could. He just had to stay the course and keep his wits about him.

And Nolan. His weaknesses now became Nate's strengths. As long as Nate didn't push too hard, he could get Nolan to agree to anything. Nate just had to keep it light, playful, and not take it too far. But he needed to get to know Grace, really get to know her, and the only way to do that was to spend more time with her.

"I'm not sure about that," Grace said. Nate could tell that Grace was thinking it over, but her kindness and sense of empathy were taking the wheel. "It feels like you're asking us for a lot. We need to talk it over."

"I get that," Nate said. "I can wait here, or go out on the balcony for as long as you want so you two can discuss it." He wanted to give them time, but not too much time. He was reasonable enough to let them talk it out, yes, but if they agreed to talk it out now, he had a pinky toe in the door already. Then perhaps it would be easier to convince them later? If they were inclined to accept his offer, he needed to appear like the reasonable man he could be. The reasonable, generous man.

"Alright," Grace said. Once again, she was taking the initiative. "We'll just need a few minutes."

"Alright," Nate echoed, and got up. "Mind if I smoke while I'm out there?"

"No, not at all," Grace said, turning to Nolan again. Nate wondered if Grace would light a firecracker of jealousy off inside Nolan or if she'd manage the balance between generosity and assertive dominance.

"Sure, knock yourself out," Nolan said.

"Thanks, guys," Nate said, smiled, and stepped out on the small balcony, the glass door closing behind him.

He lit his cigarette and stared out over the view from their balcony. He was beginning to see the picture from a larger perspective now, not only the pieces. Sure, there was luck involved, but Nate knew he could take things even further. He didn't know what those extra steps were or when to take them, but he knew that he could push this situation to his advantage.

Nate finished his cigarette and looked around. Their balcony was nice, as Grace was such a master of plants. Her horticulture skills made Nate almost forget he was in Indiana; it more felt like he was in some exclusive garden retreat, perhaps at a private villa in Italy or something. There were quite a few plants around, so he had to be careful with his cigarette. He didn't want to be disrespectful to Grace.

Once Nate was done, he looked back through the glass door into their apartment. Grace was sitting in Nolan's lap, her arms around his neck, kissing him softly. Nate couldn't help but feel a pang of jealousy, seeing Grace display such intimacy with someone else, and that someone was Nolan. Nate wanted to be that someone. He wanted to be the one she kissed, the one she held like that, the one she whispered sweet nothings into.

Nate sighed and took a step back. It was best to give them space. As much as he hated it.

After a while, Nate saw Grace get up. She walked over to the glass door and slid it open.

"We have conditions," Grace said.

"Good. Like a true negotiation," Nate chuckled as she let him back in.

"First off, we agree to the two previous terms. You can have a show once a week, or I can sunbathe on your balcony. You can have a bikini that is, erh, yours," Grace said, moving over to her chair. As she sat down and crossed her legs, Nate took note of how elegant and majestic she was, even in simple yoga pants and a white t-shirt. "As for the date... well, we have a stipulation. We agree that you can take me on a date, as long as it is not too far out there, but only if you can keep your hands to yourself for a month. If you don't, we add another month."

Nate thought it through for a moment. It sounded like a hell of a challenge, but the amount of teasing and flirting over a month might make that date such a treat and such a success.

"Wait, so I can touch you? But a month gets added?" Nate asked. Grace shrugged.

"I will stop you after a certain point, but I guess you can look at it that way."

"And Nolan?" Nate said, forcing himself to remain jovial around this fucking moron. He could barely stomach this idiot right now. But Nate was Nolan's friend, so had to try to act respectful of his wishes. "I wanna hear it from you."

"We're cool," Nolan said. His voice was surprisingly calm and collected. "I trust Grace, and I think that throwing you a bone after we've been using you more or less is a nice conciliation. And, erh, well, it plays into my fantasy so, yeah."

"If you're that sure, buddy," Nate said. "So I get a date in a month? It's all settled?"

"I guess?" Grace said, looking at her boyfriend for any signals of disagreement. "But you can't do anything I don't want to, and if I tell you to stop, you gotta stop. Right away. You get me?"

"Of course," Nate said. "You two are in charge, and I'll follow your lead. Just point me in the right direction."

Grace smiled at that. Nate was pretty sure she liked that statement. That she was in control. But he was too.

"That sounds good, then," Grace said, standing up. She held her hand out. Nate looked at her for a moment before shaking her hand. "I'm glad we got this sorted out, then. I gotta say, I'm surprised you're not disgusted with us and that you're so agreeable."

"Heh, miss out on my chance at flirting with a hottie like you?" Nate chuckled. He looked over at Nolan. "I'd be fucking insane to miss out on a girl like Grace, even if it's just to kiss her feet."

Grace chuckled. She liked to feel in control indeed, and to be put on a pedestal. And Nolan chuckled at that, missing entirely the point of what Nate was saying, thinking Nate was the jovial guy he had portrayed himself to be.

"But will you still tend to my plants? Like, outside this deal? I don't wanna be greedy, but those poor things won't survive without you," Nate lied. He had made sure to learn how to take care of his plants so that Grace spent less time on them and more with him. "I'm a paying customer after all, I want my twenty minutes!" Nate managed to sound like he was joking, but that was exactly what he wanted.

"Of course," Grace blurted out, the ever professional. "I'll tend to your plants like always."

"Good," Nate said, smiling. "So, erh, when can we begin?"

"Oh, yeah, that was kinda stupid of me to forget that," Grace said, laughing awkwardly. "I guess I could start tomorrow? I'm getting picked up for ballet in a bit and won't be back until late."

"Sounds good," Nate said. "Nolan, wanna have a beer? Y'know, to celebrate that we've come to an agreement?"

"Sure," Nolan said.

Grace shot Nolan another look. This one was more stern, but she didn't protest.

"Alright, then," Grace said. She walked over to Nolan and kissed him softly on the lips. "Have fun, guys."

"We will. I'll give him nothing but light beer," Nate said, deciding not to booze Nolan up this time around. He couldn't help but feel a sense of victory. "You sure we can't get a small teaser from you, precious Grace?"

Grace shot Nate a dirty look over her shoulder, still leaning over her current boyfriend. Then, much to Nate's surprise, she slowly moved a hand up to the hem of her yoga pants and slowly pulled them down. She only got the waistband as far as bottom of her shapely cheeks, but her ass looked round and gorgeous, a small piece of white lacy underwear hugging the two firm mounds perfectly.

Nate swallowed, dying to get his hands on those sumptuous young cheeks. But he couldn't. Not just yet, at least.

"There. A little something before ballet," Grace smirked before pulling her pants back up. She gave a playful little wave to Nate before she picked up her bag and disappeared down the hallway, her tight ass twitching playfully underneath her tight, tight yoga pants.

A moment later, Nate and Nolan heard the front door open, then close.

"Fuck, how the hell did you bag that?" Nate grunted. "Did she get that ass from ballet?"

"That, and probably a mix of perfect ingredients. From genes to jeans. Or yoga pants," Nolan said, in as much awe of his girl as Nate was. "But she does get sore a lot."

"Heh, one of my favorite things to do is giving hot little girls foot massages," Nate teased, hoping it came off as camaraderie.

"Heh, what a surprise," Nolan chuckled, seemingly getting more comfortable as Nate remained non-hostile but friendly instead.

"So... beers?" Nate asked.

Behind the Neighbor's Door - Part 6

"So, just to make it clear," Nate begun as they settled in a booth. "You want me to flirt and tease, and have these little devious moments with your girlfriend? A girl so perfect, who also is the woman of your dreams. And I'm not supposed to think you'll grab an ax and murder me in cold blood?"

Nolan snorted with laughter.

"Yeah, I guess I could see why you're confused," he said. "It's kinda crazy to be into cuckolding, I get that."

"Cuckolding?" Nate asked.

"Yeah, well, erh, being into watching your girlfriend get attention from other guys. It's sort of like humiliation, or a... power trip, perhaps. I don't really know, and neither does Grace. It's kind of a weird thing to be into. But it turns us both on. And we're exploring it, which is why we're grateful you're helping us."

"You two are very open about sex," Nate pointed out. "I mean, I can appreciate that."

"It's good for the relationship."

"I'm surprised you gave away so much, though. Poor negotiations, you should've pushed back. Or is that part of it?" Nate asked.

Nolan thought for a moment. It was true. Grace had asked what he wanted when Nate was out on the balcony, if Nate had been asking for too much. Given what had happened thus far, Nolan had thought he would've asked for more and was perhaps relieved. But it was also the undeniable fact that he could tell that Grace really wanted to explore her teasing side, to be a naughty girlfriend, like she had explained before, that it was something she was into, and that Nate was an obvious target, given his crude attitude.

But it wasn't like Grace had agreed to let Nate fuck her or anything. Though with this looming date in the future, if Nate were to keep his hands to himself, would that date lead to something more? Was that what Nate hoped for? Was that something Nolan hoped for? Nolan scared shitless and felt a stab in his gut thinking about it now. He was glad it was a month away, potentially more if Nate didn't respect their rules.

"Well, if you step out of line, you won't get that date. And if you really, really step out of line, we can just end the whole escapade, or remove one of your perks," Nolan said.

"That is true," Nate said, nodding. "I better keep in check then."

Nolan sipped his beer. For once, he didn't get tipsy right away. He had no idea what he did different, he hadn't even eaten that much today, yet he didn't feel drowsy after four beers like had the last few times.

"You thought of a bikini yet?" Nolan asked.

"I think that's between Grace and me," Nate said, staring Nolan directly in the eyes. He chuckled, but Nolan could tell that Nate was serious.

The thought of Nate buying a bikini for Grace made his stomach churn. But it was sort of exciting, in a way. That he didn't know what sort of bikini Nate would choose, and that it was meant to be a secret. Grace had never bought a bikini without showing him first.

"Alright, just curious," Nolan said.

"I'm just pulling your leg. To be honest, you guys bamboozled me a bit with the whole thing, and I was thinking on the spot. Truth is, I haven't given it a thought at all," Nate said. Nolan nodded slowly.

But Nate was playing right into Nolan's fantasies. He had no idea if Nate knew that Nolan liked a bit of secrecy, and it was one aspect of the fantasy he simply knew Nate could not ever learn of.

The thought that Grace would actually get a bikini that was just for Nate, and that Nolan would never see... that was a new thrill. He wondered if Grace would let Nate pick something risque, or if she'd let Nate join in on the decision. Surely that would be giving him too much power, much more than he had already been given.

"Fair enough," Nolan replied.

"But I can't wait to have your girl giving me shows, or just have her sunbathe out on my own balcony, giving me a free show," Nate continued.

"I'm glad you're taking this so well. I honestly thought you'd be more weirded out."

"Heh, if there is one thing I learned in this world, it's not to judge, man. And I get your girl all to myself for at least once a week," Nate said. It didn't have to sound snide, but it did. It seemed like Nate was testing his boundaries a bit.

"I guess so," Nolan said. "But as long as you play by the rules, yeah."

Nolan hoped that the last part would've made Nate pause, but he just gave him a cocky smile.

"Don't worry. I'm a nice guy," Nate said. "So four weeks from tonight, I get a date? I really look forward to getting out of my shell and learn some new things."

"Yeah, something like that, Nolan replied.

*

The next morning, Nolan decided to work from home. He's paranoia won over, as simple as that. He wanted to keep an eye on Grace, not because he didn't trust her, but more because he desperately wanted to see if she did anything. She had her work, though, and was gone most of the day, doing her landscaping job at different clients as well as her bigger contract with that industrial lot just outside of town.

But there was another reason to stay at home, at least for today. He just needed a break from Nate. It was a bit much, perhaps, working with him and also having him be their de facto bull. Nolan didn't like that term, but he figured it was the most accurate one to describe Nate's relation to this whole dynamic.

Nolan was also wondering when things would start. It actually made him a bit anxious, not being sure if the rules were in effect. A glance outside told him that there was little chance of sunbathing, and the forecast for the next few days didn't really promise anything else. Were they

already on the clock? How soon would Nate initiate something? Or would Grace be the one to do it? That last part really intrigued him.

The fact that this was happening was almost too good to be true. The fact that Grace was so eager to play along with this whole thing, and that she was even into it, was just incredible to him. He didn't know what he had done in a previous life to deserve this. But he was thankful.

Around two o'clock, he heard Grace come home. She went into the bathroom for a while, probably to change out of her work clothes. When she came out, she was wearing a simple green t-shirt, black yoga pants, and had her hair in a ponytail.

"Hey, you," she said, leaning over and giving him a kiss on his forehead. "How was your day?"

"Fine. I just wanted to stay at home," Nolan said. He was sitting at the kitchen table, watching Grace walk over to the fridge and grab a bottle of water.

"Oh? Did you get any work done, then?" Grace asked. She leaned against the counter and drank.

"Yeah," Nolan said, looking at his computer. He had done a lot, actually; he never had any issues focusing on his job. "How was work for you?"

"It was fine, got some stuff done," Grace replied. She looked over at him. "Did you hope that something happened between Nate and me? As far as I know, he has been at work all day, and I've been at mine. I don't really wanna sunbathe over at his place, so I guess I'll have to put on a show this week."

"Have to," Nolan muttered.

"I want to. For you. For me. And I guess for him," Grace said, cocking her head to study her man.

"For him?"

"Well, me teasing him and getting him an exclusive bikini that is his, that's for him, isn't it?" Grace said. She gave him a little wink, then left him to his work.

Nolan sat there for a moment, staring after Grace. He wasn't sure how to interpret that. Was she hinting that she'd get a risque bikini? Was she trying to get a rise out of him? Or did she actually want to please Nate like that?

But she was right. The deal was struck, and the rules were clear. That was what they had decided.

Nolan continued working for a few more hours. After a while, he heard Grace rummage around the hallway, getting ready to leave again. She had also changed into other clothes, a pink t-shirt, and skin-tight blue jeans.

"What's up?" Nolan asked.

"I'm heading out," Grace explained.

"In those jeans?" Nolan asked. Grace looked down and shrugged.

"I figured I'd get that bikini for Nate today," Grace said. "I always wear jeans like this, though." Fair, she was. Nolan was just a bit anxious.

"Heh, that was quick," Nolan said, feeling that anxious excitement again. Already. It was happening. And before he could stop himself, he asked, "Mind if I join?" He knew she had to reject him, but a sick part of him want to feel that burn of rejection, knowing that it was for someone else.

"That would defeat the whole purpose, wouldn't it?" Grace asked, smiling. "It's supposed to be a secret. You're not supposed to know what I'm getting him."

"Yeah, I know. I just wanted to..." Nolan hesitated. "I guess feel the reality of that sinking in. It hurts, but it hurts so good. Like, you denying me access so clearly, but for the sole purpose of getting him something sexy. To excite him."

"You wanted me to reject you?" Grace asked, coming over, leaning in.

"Kinda, I guess," Nolan said. His entire body was so full of excitement and nervousness right now.

"You're a strange man," she muttered, kissing him.

"It's sort of like a weird reality check," Nolan explained.

Grace scanned him for a few moments.

"If anything happens, today or the rest of the week, do you want me to tell you?" Grace asked. "Or... do you want to know when it has been four weeks? If I had a date with him, would you want to know beforehand, or afterwards?"

Nolan stared at her. He hadn't even thought of that possibility, but perhaps that was a bit far-fetched. But he liked that she had suggested it.

"I... don't know. I guess I'd like to know beforehand... and if something happens this week," he said.

"Alright. So I'll tell you if anything happens, then," Grace said, giving him a soft kiss on his cheek. "Just don't go nuts with this. We're just exploring this, but if it gets too much for you, just tell me. Okay?"

"Okay," Nolan said. Grace smiled, stood up, and kissed him on his lips, soft and sensual.

"And I know Nate is on the line... are there things you want me to do or not do?" Grace asked, staring down at Nolan.

"I... I trust your judgment. I mean, I don't want to be controlling, but, erh, you know how I feel about it getting physical."

"I understand. I love you," Grace said, caressing his cheek.

"Love you too," Nolan replied.

Grace smiled again and walked out the door. Then she was off. Nolan felt excited and nervous, like he was playing with fire. He had just sent his sweet princess to shop for a sexy bikini. One that was not for him. It was overwhelming, and his stomach did somersaults.

But at the same time, there was something so thrilling about it.

Once Nolan heard the car leave, he decided to continue working. Perhaps if he had his computer screen right up his face, and had to give his tasks his utmost attention, he'd get less nervous. There was nothing he could do. If he wanted to pursue the whole experiment, he had to allow this to happen. He should learn to accept this was part of who he was and what he wanted, and be grateful for Grace being so good to him and exploring it, even if it was starting to become for her own benefit as well.

Nolan realized he was perhaps coming across a bit too nervous and unsupportive, so to rectify that, he sort of came up with an idea. This was not all Grace after all, he could come up with things too that he thought would be hot. He quickly sent her a message, knowing she'd read it once she parked.

'Hey, u could always ask Nate what sort of bikini he wants you to get,' Nolan wrote.

About ten minutes later, a reply came.

'Good idea, babe. I'm not sure if that constitutes as my show for the week, though,' she replied. Nolan raised an eyebrow. Why the hell not? But he also liked that Grace was sort of hinting that she'd be willing to give up more of her time for Nate.

'Consider it a bone thrown.'

'So you want me to send text messages with Nate?' Grace asked, now really asking permission to indulge in private conversations with a man that they were actively pursuing as their third partner in this kinky adventure.

'You're free to talk about whoever you want,' Nolan typed, realizing that this might've been a bit too far. But he was curious how far Grace would take this.

'Okay. I'll tell you if anything happens, okay?' Grace wrote.

'Sure. Have fun shopping,' Nolan wrote back, trying to sound supportive and loving.

*

Grace read the last message from Nolan and smiled. She was glad he was getting more comfortable. He was quite anxious and nervous, especially now that they had told Nate. It was probably quite intimidating.

She initially didn't think she'd involve Nate at all in picking a bikini, and it was kinda scary to include him. He was a horny old man who loved her ass in as little clothes as possible. But it was also exciting. The fact that she was going to buy a bikini that would be just for Nate, something Nolan would never see, and that he could pick out, that was both scary and exciting. And surely, if Nate got his pick, he'd choose something rather risque. But wasn't that what they wanted? For her to show off for him?

Grace found herself in the mall, in the women's section of the biggest clothing store there. She stood in the bathing suit section, staring at the racks of bikinis and other swimwear. There were quite a few. A lot of plain one-pieces, but also an abundance of bikinis. Some were skimpy, some were a bit more modest. The question was: which ones were the sexiest?

Maybe she should indulge Nolan's idea to ask Nate for his advice.

'Nate,' she wrote their creepy neighbor.

'Grace,' he replied. *'u coming over today?'*

'Maybe. I'm out getting that bikini of yours,' she wrote. *'Wanna help me pick the right one?'*

A few moments passed. Grace could imagine Nate smiling when reading that. She wondered if he'd be able to hold back and keep it reasonable.

'Depends on what ur looking 4,' Nate replied.

'I was thinking a black one with green trim. Like Shego,' Grace wrote.

'I have to google that,' Nate wrote. *'Hey, why dont you pick a few, then we can make a video call as your try them on'*

'I'm not getting naked in front of you,' Grace said, not really refusing it.

'Then turn the camera away, silly,' Nate replied. Of course.

Grace bit her lip, considering it for a few moments. Why not? It was easier than sending pictures, waiting for replies, then go back and forth. And... a depraved part of her liked the thought of undressing in his presence. He wouldn't be physically near, and the camera would be faced away, but it still felt naughty.

'Okay.'

She browsed through the different options, finding three black bikinis with green trim. She put them over her arm and headed for the dressing rooms. She found the most remote one, picked the biggest one, and locked herself in. Then she sat down on the bench and picked up her phone again.

'Alright, ready,' Grace wrote. She waited, the butterflies in her stomach fluttering.

'Nice. Here I come,' Nate replied. A moment later, her phone rang, showing an incoming call from Nate.

"You look like you're in a dressing room," Nate said, immediately upon accepting the call. Grace had put the phone down on the bench so that Nate could see her.

"I am," she said, holding up her arms, the three bikinis hanging on her hands. "Which one should I try first?"

"Hmm," Nate said, sounding excited. "The one on the left."

"Alright," Grace said, putting the others down next to her on the bench, then held the one Nate had pointed at up to her chest. It was a simple, basic black bikini with green trim around the top and bottom.

"It's a bit too modest for my taste, though," Nate said.

Grace felt a bit weird that Nate had such strong opinions on the bikini she should be buying for him. But she did want him to like it, and that was why she asked for his input.

"Perhaps something with a bit less fabric," Nate said. "I need to see it on you, though."

Grace sighed, then stood up. She put her bag in front of the phone so he wouldn't see while she got changed. She tried to do it quickly, but it was a bit challenging.

"You there?" Nate asked.

"Yeah, I'm here," Grace muttered. "Just getting changed."

"Ah. Hurry up, I'm excited," Nate said. Grace rolled her eyes, but she was quite excited as well. More than she realized that she would be.

She pulled her shirt off, then unbuttoned and took off her tight jeans. They were a real hassle getting off, and she had to shimmy a bit to get out of them. She was wearing a simple white bra and panties underneath, which she quickly took off.

Grace grabbed the bikini top and put it on, feeling weird doing it in front of someone else, even if he couldn't see. The top was snug on her, but covered enough. She adjusted it a bit, then turned around. She did feel quite comfortable in it.

"There. I'm done," she said, removing her bag so Nate could see her. He looked up from the screen and stared at her for a few moments. His jaw was basically on the floor.

"Damn, you look good," Nate said, making Grace chuckle. "Alright, turn around, let's see the whole package."

"I thought you said it was too modest, though," Grace pointed out, turning around, feeling her quite enthusiastic in showing off like this.

"It is," Nate replied, grinning. "But you make anything look good."

Grace smiled, feeling herself blush a bit. She had fished for that compliment, but she enjoyed hearing it.

"Alright, let me try the next one on," she said, grabbing the next bikini from the bench. Once again, she covered the phone while she undressed, then put on the other bikini. It was much more revealing, and it felt strange to wear something like this in public.

"Well, how about this one?" Grace asked, doing a quick twirl.

It had a much higher waistline, the back disappearing into her cheeks like a thong, but it was overall very stringy. Grace was ready to put down a veto as this was way too raunchy and actually rejected even bringing it into the changing room, but still she wanted to hear Nate react to it.

"Wow," Nate muttered. "That's... wow."

"Too much?" Grace asked.

"No, that's exactly what I want you to wear when you're sunbathing over at my place," Nate said. "Turn around, let me see your ass."

Grace sighed, but complied. She played coy, but she wanted to put on a show for him. She turned around and pulled up the strings on the side of the bottom, showing off her young, round, pert ass in almost all its glory.

"Fuck," Nate breathed. "Okay, maybe it's too much. I like it, but, erh, I might not be never get that date if you come over like that."

"Fair enough," Grace said. She turned around and walked over to the full-body mirror. She looked at herself in the bikini. It was quite sexy, but perhaps a bit too risque. And Nate's statement... well, yeah, maybe it was a bit too much. It was too sexy and she felt it.

"But it looks incredible on you," Nate added. "And, heh, seeing your ass almost naked. Wow."

"Thanks," Grace said, smiling at him in the camera. "Alright, next one."

But as Grace was about to place her bag in front of the phone again, she suddenly felt this urge to... put it down sloppily. She put down the bag to cover the camera, but not really all the way. Just enough so that it looked like she had misplaced it by accident. And to play it off, she turned her back to her 'misplacement' of her bag to strip out of the bikini.

What was she doing? Did she really want to undress in front of Nate? Under a weak guise of it being by accident?

She did. A part of her wanted to show off even more. To tease him. To get more reactions from him. To get him going. To push things a bit further. It was just her ass and her naked back, but it was still some sort of full nudity. Grace knew this was probably pushing it, but she liked the excitement, the attention. How would Nate react to finally seeing her perfect ass? Even if it was by accident.

With her back to the camera, and Nate, Grace slowly reached behind and undid the bikini top, letting it slide off her smooth, pale skin, revealing her naked back to Nate. She could feel his eyes on her, and she felt so fucking sexy. With slow, deliberate movements, Grace reached behind her back to untie the knot to the bikini bottom. She let it fall down her long, toned legs, revealing her perky ass now completely exposed to Nate.

As she stood there for a moment, bare as the day she was born, she could practically hear Nate's heart beating in excitement. This wasn't her plan, but that just made it even hotter. This little candid ordeal was making her feel quite horny. She would've just simply gotten dressed, and they'd continue their call. But she had shown him more than he had been invited to, and now that she was like this, it just felt so natural and so good.

Slowly, teasingly, she squatted down, turning slightly sideways to make sure not to show anything she shouldn't, and quickly she shot back up with her third bikini in hand. Grace could tell from the intense silence that Nate was paying close attention to everything she was doing. It felt incredible.

Once Grace was dressed in her new bikini, she quickly moved her bag and smiled down at Nate.

"Sorry for taking a bit longer," she said.

"Fuck, don't be sorry," Nate said. "Wow."

"So this bikini was better, then?" Grace said, twisting this way and that.

"Much," Nate said.

It still disappeared into her ass in the back, and rode quite high on the sides, but was still much modest than the previous one. The top part was also cut quite low, showing a lot of skin. But her breasts were more perky than they were big, so she wasn't that worried.

"So, do we have a winner?" Grace asked.

"Heh. You could probably make a burlap sack look good," Nate admitted. "That looks good. Very good. And the color really suits you."

"Thank you," Grace smiled. "Okay, I'm gonna buy this one, then. See you later."

"Today?" Nate shot in before she hung up. The hunger in his voice made her almost shiver.

"I'm not sure," she replied. "Maybe."

"You can show me your new bikini in person," Nate added.

Showing off when trying new bikinis, and then showing him her naked butt had gotten Grace quite worked up. She loved being desired, and Nate's desire for her was so clear. Perhaps she should give him a little more. She knew she could go home to Nolan and fuck him senseless, but part of her wanted to play this little game a bit more.

"I'll think about it," she said, giving him a sultry smile.

"I'm looking forward to it," Nate said, as if it was concluded that she was coming over.

Grace hung up.

She quickly got dressed again, got out of the changing room, and headed for the cash register. She felt giddy as she paid for the bikini and left the store. She had flirted with Nate, and she had even pushed much further than before. Sure, he didn't touch her, but Nate got a good eyeful of her naked form, at least from behind. Nolan said he trusted her judgment, but her judgment had been compromised by already showing off her body in sexy bikinis.

Grace got into her car and leaned back. She hadn't anticipated going this far, but it felt so right. She was still riled up from the experience and desperately needed some relief. She reached down and slid a hand into her panties, quickly finding her sensitive clit.

She gasped softly as she began to rub herself. It was such a taboo thrill, rubbing herself in a public parking lot. But she was alone, and nobody could see her. It would only be for a few seconds.

No.

This was dangerous.

Grace bit her lip, forcing herself to stop.

"Fuck," she whispered, pulling her hand out of her panties.

Grace shook her head, trying to shake away these bad thoughts.

'Hey, got the bikini. It's sexy,' Grace texted Nolan.

A reply came just a few moments later.

'Good. Hope u didnt do anything too risque.'

'It's hot. Nate liked it. Tho I think I pushed my limits,' Grace replied. She had contemplated not telling him that, but it was such a huge step and it had got her so riled up, she had to say something.

'Oh? What did u do?'

'I... accidentally flashed him when I got changed,' Grace wrote. *'My ass. But not on purpose.'*

Grace waited for Nolan's response, which took a while. He was probably processing what she had done.

'Wow. Did he like it?'

'Yeah. A lot. I think I got him excited.'

'That's hot,' Nolan replied.

Grace hesitated, then wrote, *'I'm heading over to his now.'*

Nolan took a while before he replied; no doubt he was reeling, questioning everything. Grace wanted to keep him on his toes, so as he hadn't replied yet, she turned off vibrations on her phone and put it aside. Grace pulled out of the parking lot and headed for their apartment complex, her heart beating nervously.

They had their rules in place, but she couldn't imagine Nate respecting them. And that was part of why this was so exciting. Sure, Nolan trusted her, and he would accept whatever she did, but there were so many variables. She had shown Nate her ass, and she was going over to his now, and she was going to wear the new bikini for him. Perhaps she should've had it on under her regular clothes so she didn't have to strip down in his apartment, but too late for such considerations now. She could barely wait to show it to him.

Once Grace pulled into the parking lot, she parked next to Nolan's Equinox and got out. One elevator trip later, and she was outside Nate's, knocking lightly on his door. She was almost hoping her knock was too faint, or that Nate would for some reason not be home. But she heard him walk towards the door, then open it.

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Nolan read and re-read the last few texts from Grace. It was easy to act casual over text messages, but in reality, Nolan's hands were barely functioning when Grace told him that she had flashed Nate. Nate, their neighbor, his now colleague, who was sort of growing on them despite being kind of a creep, had seen Nolan's darling princess in the nude.

Nolan instantly wanted to know every detail. How much had he seen? Had he said anything?

And then there was the fact that she was, after all that, no doubt quite hot from it all knowing Grace, on her way to visit with Nate. Nolan recalled the last few times they had interacted. Grace always became incredibly horny. What was it about Nate that intrigued her so? Nolan knew he was supposed to be more worried, but he was determined to trust Grace in this. She'd never deliberately betray him.

And truth be told, Nolan's perfect princess losing herself, slipping up, and letting her commitment to her relationship fall short for a few moments of pleasure, made him so fucking hard. He would love to see her come undone like that.

And Grace was not the only one undone by their situation. Nolan wasn't sure what to say. In the end, after several minutes of starting his message over and over again, Nolan simply asked what Grace would do. No reply.

Nolan paced his apartment. From the TV area to the kitchen, then back to the living room. He turned off the lights in the bathroom, something Grace always told him to remember. Still no reply from Grace. What the hell was this?

Was she ignoring him? Was this Grace being such a tease again? Anger and jealousy from being left out and the anticipation of something happening without him were boiling within. But also arousal, because he knew how hot Grace got, and how excited she must be. It was torture waiting for her response.

And then there was the fact that Grace had told him that she was on her way over to Nate's.

Nolan knew that Grace was doing everything possible to make him squirm. She loved the attention and the thrill of being such a specimen that men drooled for her attention, and that even her boyfriend was in check.

Nolan figured this was how Nate felt it, whenever Grace flaunted her goods in front of him while he couldn't touch her. And now she was doing it to him as well, teasing him, keeping him on his toes. And speaking of Nate...

As Nolan stood in the doorway to their balcony, he heard the older man get up from his squeaky old chair and hurry inside. Only one thing could get that man to hurry, Nolan figured. And it wasn't a thing, it was his own girlfriend.

Nolan hurried inside and over to their own front door and immediately pressed himself against it to hear whatever was going on outside. He was desperate to hear them interact after Grace had been out shopping for clothes that were uniquely for Nate.

He could hear Nate greet Grace, but for some reason, Grace sounded almost timid. Nolan had never heard her like this, even through a door. A pang of worry hot through him but was parried away by Nate's pursuit of her visit.

"Wanna come inside and show me that sexy thing you bought?" Nate asked.

Nolan's knees buckled. He quickly checked his phone. No reply. She hadn't even read his last message. Fuck. His brain was so hot at this point that he feared and hoped for the worst.

Grace said something confirming, and shortly after, Nolan heard his neighbor's door close, with his girl behind it. Nolan felt like he was going mad, not knowing what was going on behind that door. He tried to keep his imagination at bay, but it was hard.

*

"Hey, princess," he said, smiling at her. He was wearing a tank top and boxers, his hairy legs looking like two trees. "You look stunning."

"Thank you," Grace said.

"Wanna come inside and show me that sexy thing you bought?" Nate asked. Grace bit her lip, hesitating. But she had already come this far. What was the harm in a little more? She would still be within the rules, so Nolan would be okay with it. She was just here to give Nate his weekly show now that the weather didn't let her sunbathe on his balcony.

Grace shook her shoulders in a small shudder. Where was her confidence? Why was she hesitating?

"Yeah, sure," she said, putting on a smile as she walked inside. Nate closed the door behind her and followed her into his living room. He sat down on his couch, giving her an expectant look. Grace felt herself blush as she realized what she had to do.

"Where... erh, where do I change?" Grace asked.

"You can use the bathroom, of course," Nate said. "Or you can change right here."

"Right here?" Grace asked.

"I mean, you flashed me a while ago," Nate said, grinning. "Don't think I didn't notice you suddenly taking forever, giving me an eyeful. That was very naughty of you."

"It... it was," Grace admitted. She smiled at him, feeling herself blush. It was true, after all. "It was very naughty of me."

"You're a bad girl, aren't you?" Nate said, his voice husky. "A naughty little tease."

Grace looked away for a moment, but nodded.

"Yes," she whispered. She could feel how her heart was beating so fast.

"Show me," Nate said. "Show me that bikini of yours."

Grace hesitated for a moment. She felt like she was losing control over the situation, which was both scary and exciting.

"Go ahead," Nate said, nodding to her bag. "You already showed me your naked ass, what's wrong with a simple bikini?"

"Nothing," Grace said, giving him a small smile. He was right. "But you seeing my ass naked was an accident, so I'll just go to the bathroom and get changed there."

"Alright," Nate said. "But don't take too long."

"I won't," Grace said. "It's a bikini, after all. Not a big deal."

Grace walked down the hallway towards Nate's bathroom, leaving him alone in the living room.

She stepped into the bathroom and locked the door behind her. For a moment, she just stood there, trying to catch her breath. She had been so bold before, even showing Nate her naked back and ass, but now she was hesitating again. Was it because she was in his bathroom, about to change into a bikini he had helped her pick out? A bikini meant for him?

Grace closed her eyes and leaned against the door for a moment. She could do this. This wasn't anything serious. She was just doing what she agreed upon with Nolan. Nate wasn't even allowed to touch, or else he'd forfeit another month until his promised date. It was all under her control.

She gave herself a wink in the mirror, as if to say, *'you got this, girl,'* not wanting Nate to be able to dismantle her like this. It was the situation that aroused, not him. Right?

Grace stood up straight and put her bag on the toilet seat. She opened it and took out the bikini, holding it up. What did she have to be nervous about? She'd look great, get more horny, and go over next door where Nolan was on his toes waiting to do his worst to her. That thought alone made her feel better.

With quick movements, she pulled her shirt off and let it drop to the floor. She unbuttoned and pulled down her tight jeans, then slid out of them. Grace reached behind her back to undo the clasp of her bra, letting it slide off her toned arms, leaving her standing in her white panties. She gave her body a glance. She worked hard for it, not only through working out and dancing, but through her very active lifestyle. She was strong, but still had a slim waist and round ass that drew the attention of men no matter what she did.

Grace smiled to herself, then removed her panties, kicking them aside. She was standing completely naked in Nate's bathroom. He was just on the other side of the wall. He was waiting for her to walk out in the bikini she had bought just for him.

Grace picked up the bikini and put it on. It fit perfectly, showing off her tight tummy and her perky boobs. Luckily, the material was thick enough not to show her nipples too much.

She looked at herself in the mirror, giving a playful twirl. Her ass looked spectacular in this, the thong disappearing between her firm cheeks, giving it a nice round shape without showing absolutely every inch of her cheeks. Her ass looked like it was begging to be touched, spanked, squeezed. Nate would just love it, she knew that for sure.

It also helped that the material was very nice to wear. Possibly even more than the red bikini she usually wore. Perhaps jumping an extra price level helped, as her red one was bought on a students budget. This felt luxurious, and it looked even better.

"You good in there?" Nate called.

"Yeah," Grace replied, staring at her reflection. "I'm coming out."

"Can't wait," Nate said. Grace bit her lip, feeling so fucking naughty. She liked how she looked and felt, but now it was time to let Nate see.

Grace unlocked the door and opened it slowly. She could hear Nate's couch creak as he sat up straight, eager to see her in her new bikini. She looked out from behind the door, seeing him looking back at her, his eyes wide in wonder.

"Wow," Nate breathed.

"Do you like it?" Grace asked, feeling her heart beat fast.

"You look incredible," Nate said. "Turn around, let me see."

Grace gave him a smile, then stepped out from behind the door, turning her back to him. She stood there for a moment, letting him look at her from behind. He made a few grunting sounds, as if he was having a hard time staying seated. She knew how much he wanted her ass, and how horny he got when he saw it. And here she was, standing right in front of him, letting him have his fill.

"Jesus Christ," Nate said.

"Good, huh?" Grace asked, looking over her shoulder at him.

"Come closer, let me see better," Nate said, his voice hoarse.

"You wanna see?" Grace teased, cocking her hip. "You want to see my butt? You know, I could show you my ass again. But this time on purpose."

"Fuck, yes," Nate said. He reached down to his crotch and adjusted his already hardening cock in his boxers. "Show me that fine ass of yours."

Grace turned around, facing him fully. She could feel her heart beat so fast, her breathing getting heavier. Her entire body was getting riled up, and she felt so fucking sexy. She slowly walked towards him, making sure to swing her hips teasingly. It was only a few steps before she stood before him, her hands on her hips.

Nate stared up at her, his eyes wandering all over her body. His jaw was clenched, his body tense. His hard cock was tenting in his boxers, twitching every now and then.

"How did you like that?" Grace asked, biting her lip.

"I loved it. You're so fucking hot," Nate said, staring at her face.

Grace smiled at him, then turned around, giving him another good view of her ass. She looked over her shoulder, seeing his eyes glued to her firm cheeks, which were almost completely bare.

"I like the way you look at me," Grace whispered.

"Oh?" Nate asked, his eyes still glued to her ass.

"You want me so bad," Grace continued, her voice low. "Don't you?"

"Fuck yeah," Nate growled.

"Do you wanna touch?" Grace asked. Nate looked up at her, his eyes dark.

"Yeah," he breathed. "But I can't. You know that."

"Too bad," Grace teased. Feeling safe that he would abide by their rules, she felt brave enough to tease him more. She reached behind herself and grabbed her cheeks with both hands, squeezing them tightly. "What if I let you touch? Just a little?"

Nate stared at her, not knowing what to say. Grace grinned at him, then suddenly smacked her ass lightly. Nate grunted loudly.

"Fuck," he muttered. "Don't tease me like this, Grace."

"But it's so much fun," Grace replied.

"It is," Nate admitted. "But it's so fucking cruel."

Grace chuckled.

"Alright, I'm sorry," she said. But she wasn't. This was such an exhilarating feeling. And the fact that Nolan was at home, waiting for her, made it even better.

She turned around and smiled at Nate. He returned her smile, though his was tinged with frustration. And he was awfully close to her cheeks now.

"I think I should go," Grace said, biting her lip.

"Why?" Nate asked.

"Because you're getting too excited, and I think we need to be sensible," Grace said.

"You could stay," Nate suggested. "I can behave. Hey, why don't you, erh, water my plants?"

"I thought I was here for pleasure, not business," Grace teased.

"Do it," Nate breathed heavily, sounding desperate as hell. The influence Grace held over him was intoxicating.

"Only if you promise to keep your hands to yourself," Grace said, giving him a serious look.

"I will, I promise," Nate said, nodding eagerly. "I won't touch you."

"You better," Grace said. "You know what will happen if you do."

Nate nodded.

With a last look at him, Grace walked over to the kitchen, where she found a clean pitcher. She filled it up at the sink, Nate no doubt getting another long glance at her cheeks while she did so, and brought it over to the plants on the windowsill. They needed watering. It felt a bit strange, but she got to work. Horticulture was her number one passion, so she was momentarily pulled from her arousal to focus on her plants.

But not entirely. Like a small ember glowing in her throat and belly, she felt the tension was there. The whole time, she was acutely aware of Nate's eyes on her. The way he looked at her made her feel so damn sexy. She knew she was, but his hunger just added to her own.

In the corner of her eyes, though, Grace swore she could see small fidgety movements in Nate's lap. Wait... was he...

Grace thought for a moment that the awkward angle of a side glance probably fooled her, but as she finished watering the plants and turned to him... well, his hands were resting on his belly, but his boxers had suddenly a massive strain, a large bulge tenting it out.

Grace looked up at Nate, giving him a small smile, pretending not to notice anything yet.

But Grace was experienced in catching men ogling her. She turned to pretend to do something with another plant. One moment, two moments.

When she was comfortable that he was back to business, she paused, pretending to adjust her bikini bottoms. As she did, she discreetly glanced back at him. Sure enough, Nate was slowly jerking off, with his cock still hidden under his boxers, his eyes glued to Grace's ass. She had told him not to touch her, but not himself.

"Nate!" Grace exclaimed, turning around to face him. "What the fuck!"

Grace hurried into the bathroom, threw her jeans and her t-shirt on as fast as they let her, and got out of there as fast as she could.

But when she entered her own apartment, instead of finding Nolan right away, Grace shut herself in the bathroom.

Leaning up against the door, she stood there almost hyperventilating. She should be pissed, feel violated, disgusted. But all she felt was a powerful, unforgiving, and almost scary high level of excitement.

So fucking exciting. So forbidden. So dangerous. He was touching himself while she was just trying to water plants! Part of her regretted calling him out on it, but she was so surprised that

she just panicked. It would've been a normal reaction. But she knew deep down that she liked it. That a part of her had wanted to turn around to see it.

"Grace?" Nolan tried from the opposite side of the door.

Grace flung the door open and more or less attacked him. She spun him around, and shoved him back up against the bathroom door, and her mouth was all over his. Their kiss was wet, sloppy, and full of lust. She was burning up, almost desperately so. And with their lips locked, she began tugging his pants down frantically.

"You dirty man," Grace moaned once their kiss parted. She pulled down her own pants and the bikini underneath and jumped on him. She swung one leg outside his, and placed her knee on the wall behind him at waist-level, almost standing over him, then while them both standing up against the bathroom door, she sunk herself down, impaling her soaking pussy on his thick cock. Grace cried out with pleasure, clawing his back with her hands.

"Are you... upset?" Nolan asked, moaning.

"Not at all," Grace sighed. Her head felt fuzzy, and she began moving her hips slowly up and down. Fuck. "Feels so fucking good."

"Oh," Nolan said, and gave her a soft, loving kiss, while her wild pace started fucking the life out of him. She grabbed a tight grip on his ass and really rode him. Her legs were tired from working that morning, but she used every little reserve she had.

It was so fucking hot. All she could think was his strong cock, his firm grasp on her ass, the way he grunted and whimpered for mercy against her neck, kissing her pleadingly as she Grace held all the control and railed her sweet prince silly.

"Mmmh," Grace panted against his cheek, "Fuck, Nolan, fuck!"

"What, ugh, happened?" Nolan asked, reminding Grace of what exactly had happened.

Within three more thrusts, she came in a violent seizure, and, utterly exhausted, she fell backward against the cold floor of their hallway with a small thump.

Nolan followed and tried to keep fucking her, but it didn't take him more than a dozen slow strokes before the furious spasms of her insides milked him dry.

The two lay panting like lunatics on the floor, staring up at the ceiling.

"That was fucking wild," Nolan said after a few strong gulps of air. "You go out for a few hours, then come back, shut yourself in the bathroom. Two minutes later, you fuck the shit out of me. Five minutes later, we're both a mess on the floor. What the fuck happened?" he asked, in sheer astonishment.

Grace rolled onto her side and proceeded to tell everything that had happened, per her promise. From trying the bikinis to her going over to his place to show off, watering his plants, teasing Nate about wanting to touch her, and all that. She guiltily left out that she had shown Nate her naked body from the back, not sure how Nolan would take such an escalation.

"You have no idea how wild you drove me with that last text, though," Nolan said.

"And I'm not done," Grace said. "There's one more thing, that, erh, really set me off..."

"And what is that? Should I be worried?" Nolan asked.

"I'm pretty sure Nate was… touching himself while watching me," Grace said, bracing for impact.

Nolan stared at her a bit, making her a bit unsure of what his reaction was. Normally, she could read him like a book, but perhaps she wasn't in the right mind right now.

"… And? Did he touch you?" Nolan asked, baffling Grace in the process.

"What? No, he touched himself! While looking at me!" Grace said.

"Of course he did, have you looked at yourself? I'm tempted to do it right now, even, and you just drained everything I had," Nolan said.

"So that is not an issue for you?" Grace asked, sitting up more upright.

"Is it for you? If anything, you should've provided him with more eye candy," Nolan said. "Damn, now I really wanna see that new bikini…"

"You're impossible. Provide him with more eye candy? That bikini gives him plenty, let's say. Or what, did you want me to get naked?" Grace asked.

"Hey, if you're actually upset over this, I'll talk to him for you. If you're upset, I'm upset, but–"

"I'm not upset. Maybe a bit surprised," Grace said, interrupting him. "He just caught me off guard.."

Nolan smiled at her.

"What?" Grace asked.

"I love you so much," Nolan said. "And you're just… amazing. At least you don't have to be there for at least another week. And you watered his plants too, so you don't even have to do that."

"That is true," Grace concluded.

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The rest of the week was riddled with work and medium weather for all three of them. Oakland Pharma demanded both Nolan's and Nate's attention fully, and way beyond their regular hours. Grace, on her end, was also busy with her work. She was almost considering getting an employee. It was something she deemed a huge risk, but as Nolan had explained it, it would be an investment for further growth. She would be able to cover more ground with an extra set of hands, freeing herself up a bit more for the bigger projects that needed more planning. Like the industrial lot. She was able to manage it now, but it was a close call and a lot of stress.

"If I can pick up an extra contract or two, maybe. Like, steady contracts, or long-term ones," Grace said. It was Friday, the very anticipated end of the week, and she was eating her lunch in her little shack over at the industrial lot, facetiming with Nolan as she did. With no colleagues, she often found herself talking with folks on the phone during her lunch break, but she enjoyed doing it with Nolan. He had such an easygoing attitude and was always upbeat.

"You sound like you're doing fine, though," Nolan said.

"I am. But a few more contracts would make sure there is always something to do. It would suck to hire someone and then fire them because I don't have enough liquid or enough work to keep them around," Grace argued.

"That is true–" Nolan continued talking, but Grace suddenly became distracted by an incoming text message from Nate. She hadn't heard from him in a while and Grace had quite honestly avoided him herself, feeling a bit weird about their last meeting. She had shown off her body in front of him, he had touched himself while watching her, and she had then had sex with Nolan in a haze that she had rarely felt before they started this fantasy. It was embarrassing to her how undone she became by it. And it made her wonder if she should perhaps put some boundaries in place.

"Hey," Grace said, interrupting Nolan mid-sentence.

"What is it?" Nolan asked.

"Nate just texted me," she said. Nolan paused, probably waiting for more.

"And?" he finally asked.

"He's letting me know that the weather this weekend will be perfect for sunbathing," Grace said.

"But you were already there this week," Nolan said.

"I think he wants to ogle me on our balcony, or perhaps try to get me to come over to his," Grace said, teasing her boyfriend a bit. "I mean, I won't go over to his place, but I actually did hope to sunbathe a bit. The weather has been so shit."

"Well, he's not wrong, it's supposed to be nice this weekend," Nolan said.

"So I guess I'll sunbathe at our balcony, then," Grace said.

"In the bikini that Nate helped you pick out?" Nolan asked. Grace bit her lip.

"Maybe," she said. "Let me ask you something, again I guess... last time, Nate touched himself while he watched me. That is, like, a huge violation of... of, I guess, me as a person. It's objectifying, but I guess that can't be helped. But he did it right in front of me, and you're okay with that?"

Nolan bought himself a bit of time by taking a sip from his coffee. Then he shrugged.

"He didn't touch you, and he didn't force you to watch him do it," Nolan said.

"I know that, but it's still... weird," Grace said. "It's super creepy."

"I know. And it is a bit, I'm not gonna lie," Nolan agreed. "But I trust you to not do anything stupid, and I also trust you to set boundaries if you're uncomfortable. Besides, I kinda like how excited it makes you, and how much it turns you on. Even if it's because of Nate. Or perhaps especially then."

Grace smiled at him. She couldn't deny it, though. The idea of sunbathing in a bikini that Nate had helped her pick out, then let him see her in it, was incredibly sexy to her. Especially the fact that she could entice Nate to pleasure herself while watching her.

"That's true," she said, smiling at Nolan. "And I do like it. It's such a naughty thrill."

"Exactly. But I don't mind how much it arouses you, or how much it turns you on, but don't let it go to your head. If last time is any indicator, hell, I'll encourage it even. You more or less forced yourself on me last time," Nolan said.

"I know. I was so horny. And you were just standing there. You should've seen yourself. All sweet and innocent. So fucking adorable and sexy. You drive me wild," Grace said.

"You mean Nate drives you wild, and I happened to be there," Nolan teased.

"No, it's not just that. It's all of this. This whole game we're playing," Grace said. "And I love how into it you are. And the fact that you trust me completely. So much."

"I do," Nolan said. "I really do."

"I love you, you know that," Grace said.

"I do know that. And I love you too," Nolan replied.

Grace smiled at him.

"Okay, I gotta get back to work. I'll see you tonight," Grace said.

"Have a nice rest of your day," Nolan said, blowing her a kiss.

Grace blew him a kiss back, and they hung up.

Later in the week, on Thursday to be exact, the weather indeed cleared up. It wasn't as hot as it had been just a few weeks earlier, but the sun was shining brightly, and it would be warm enough for Grace to wear her new bikini. So once she was back home from work, Grace quickly changed into her bikini, then headed outside to sunbathe for a bit.

As Grace sat down on their lounge chair, she made sure to put on a thick layer of sunscreen, making her perfect forms shine in the sun. It was nice to have some alone time, but it was also kind of exciting to know that Nate would most likely be watching her. She stretched out her long legs in front of her, leaning her head back. She sighed softly, enjoying the feeling of the warm sun on her skin.

"Hey, princess," came a voice from above. Grace opened her eyes, seeing Nate standing there, his head peeking out over where the wall of their balconies arched down to more or less a half-wall. Grace couldn't help but smile at him.

"Hi, Nate," she replied.

"So you got the message about the weather?" Nate asked, giving her a grin.

"I did," Grace said, smiling. "How do you like the bikini I'm wearing?" Grace lazily lay over on her side, showing the girth of her hips as well as the width. Her head leaned on her shoulder, neck cocked, studying Nate's obvious reaction.

"I love it," Nate said. "It looks great on you."

"Good," Grace said. She slowly rolled onto her stomach, making sure to wiggle her ass a bit. She even pulled a bit on the sides of her bottom, riding them high to show the curvature of her butt more. Nate was staring at her, and she could feel his eyes on her firm cheeks. She felt so sexy, putting on this little show for him.

"Damn," Nate said, chuckling. "You're such a tease."

"I know," Grace said, pretending to pout at her own actions. She was having so much fun, but she didn't want to push things too far. She was already showing off in a bikini.

"Wanna come over here?" Nate asked. "The weather is perfect."

Grace chuckled. Nate wasn't serious, she could tell. He was just teasing her.

"Yeah, it is," she said. "But I'm not going anywhere."

"Listen, about last time," Nate began. "I'm really sorry for that. I'm not good with personal spaces and boundaries, and you, well, you really know how to wind me up, yeah? So I wanna apologize for being such a creep and such an asshole. I mean, I guess my judgment was clouded, and I thought it would fall under the 'no touching' rule, but I totally"

"You don't have to keep saying sorry. I was just surprised," Grace said, cutting him off, and waving her hand dismissively at him. "And I guess you're right. You weren't touching me at all. And I know it's hard for you to control yourself. It's quite flattering, actually."

Nate smiled at her.

"And if you want my honest opinion, it was hot. Seeing you... touch yourself while watching me," Grace added, lowering her voice as she spoke. She was surprised by her own words, and it felt a bit naughty saying them out loud. But they were true.

"Yeah?" Nate asked, grinning.

"Yeah," Grace said, giving him a small smile.

"That's good to hear," Nate said. "I really wanted to show you that I can be trusted, but, I mean, I'm only human."

"You can't help it," Grace said. She reached back and grabbed her ass. "I know what I got," she added, releasing her cheek, letting her hand glide across it instead. She saw his reaction and simply had to giggle.

"And I see that you're wearing my bikini," Nate noted.

"I am. It's actually quite comfortable. Certainly a higher quality than my old one," Grace said.

"Just remember, Nolan can't see it. It's all for me," Nate said, grinning at her.

"Right," Grace said, smiling at him. "All for you."

"Is he there?" Nate asked. Lo and behold, Grace heard Nolan shut the front door, calling out his arrival. "Quick, throw on a towel, before he sees!" Nate urged.

"Two seconds, babe," Grace called through the glass door, hurrying out of view, suddenly feeling a mix of anxious anticipation and a playful sense of danger.

"Here," Nate said, throwing a towel to her, as she hadn't brought one herself.

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Nolan was a bit confused when he came home and saw Grace hurry out of view. He swore she was wearing a bikini he didn't recognize, but wasn't able to catch any details as she soon emerged with a towel wrapped around her, shielding her body from him.

What was this? Nolan felt a half-chub growing at this blatant display of his own girlfriend rejecting him in favor of another man. Because that was what was happening right? Under his own roof?

"Sorry, Nolan, I'm wearing Nate's bikini... could you, erh, like, go to the bedroom or something?" she asked, sounding at least apologetic.

Nolan felt himself grow pissed off, both from Nate bossing him around and being denied access to his own girlfriend. Hell, it wasn't even one of Nate's 'sessions' or whatever! Yet, Nolan couldn't deny the underlying arousal of being sent to their bedroom, locked away essentially while Nate got to have his fill of his girlfriend.

"For real?" Nolan asked. "You're asking me to sit and wait in the bedroom while you two have fun?"

Grace's eyes grew wide at the realization of how it might sound, but her silence spoke volumes.

"Fine," Nolan said, rolling his eyes and walking towards their bedroom. "Whatever."

He knew he sounded like an angry child, but that's because he felt like one. And part of him hated that he was getting turned on by this, but he wasn't gonna say no to his own hard-on.

He walked into the bedroom, then laid down on their bed, still fully dressed. He took a few deep breaths, trying to calm himself down. It didn't make any sense to get angry over this. They had agreed upon this arrangement. And if anything, this meant that they would fuck once Nate was done. But he was still jealous, and he didn't like how Nate ordered him around like he owned the place. He wasn't even allowed to watch them!

Nolan reached down and undid his pants, pulling them down along with his boxers. He grabbed his hard cock and began stroking it slowly, trying to relax and not be so angry. There was a thrill to this, he had to admit. The idea that Grace would rather wear a bikini that Nate had chosen for her than show him, that she would rather hang out with Nate than spend time with him, it was so fucking hot. Nolan had to bite his lip to not moan loudly.

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"You really sent him to his room, eh?" Nate teased.

"I did. It's so naughty," Grace said, almost beaming. She knew Nolan would be pissed, but she'd make it up to him, and Nolan surely knew that as well. Oh, how hard would she make it up to him. "This is all so naughty."

"It is. And you look so fucking good in that bikini. I can't believe you're wearing it for me again," Nate said. "It's so hot."

Grace looked over her shoulder at him.

"It is," she said, biting her lip. "But I'm not wearing it for you. It is a much better bikini than my old one. It's so smooth and light."

"Right," Nate said, grinning at her. "Can I ask you something?"

"Yeah, of course," Grace said, cocking her head.

"Are you enjoying all of this?" Nate asked. "Is it what you wanted? Are you satisfied with the agreement we've got?"

"Yes," Grace replied without hesitation. What was Nate getting at?

"Do you want to take things further? Do you feel like..." Nate asked.

"No, I love our arrangement. It's super exciting, and I love Nolan being able to watch," Grace said, interrupting him, killing any ideas of anything else. "I get to tease you, and if you keep those big hands to yourself, you get a date."

"Sorry, I meant more like, I'm just curious what you and Nolan get out of this. I mean, teasing and I guess Nolan loves to see his girl get so much attention, yeah sure, but what exactly are you looking for here, you know?" Nate asked.

"I don't know, I guess it's just a fun fantasy to play around with. But you know that Nolan and I love each other very much, right? So nothing will ever happen between us. Just fantasies," Grace said.

"That's true," Nate said. "And I guess what I'm gathering is that you like being naughty. Does that start and end with teasing me? Or do you do stuff for yourself, for Nolan, or, like, doll up a bit extra to get some attention from all the poor souls out there?"

"I guess a bit of everything. Call me shallow, but I love the attention, honestly. I won't ever betray Nolan, so perhaps concentrating all my attention-whoring towards you sort of amplifies things," Grace said.

"You're not being an attention-whore. Please, I don't like crass words like that to describe someone as beautiful as you. You're not putting on a show, either. You're just... being yourself. I mean, you have this look about you, and it's not really a bad thing. If anything, it demands the attention of men. And you seem to enjoy that," Nate said.

"This look about me? What do you mean?" Grace said.

Nate shifted his weight a bit. "That you're simply better," he said. Grace felt her heart skip a beat. "You know how you look. You've probably heard it since you were a teenager, hell, earlier than that even. But you can't help it. And there is nothing wrong with that. All you want is to be treated well, to be cherished and loved. But at the same time, you want men to lust over you, to dream about you. And that look, that small smile and relaxed, confident arch of your eyebrows... you just radiate confidence."

Grace blushed hard.

"I... wow," she said. "No one has ever told me that before."

"Really? Because it's so obvious," Nate said, shrugging. "I guess people don't see past their own envy."

"Maybe," Grace said. She wasn't sure how to react. No one had ever been so honest with her before, and she felt a bit overwhelmed. "You're right, though, I do love the attention. And it is exciting, knowing that I can make you... touch yourself. It makes me feel so powerful."

"And it makes me feel like a horny teenager," Nate said, grinning. "It's quite embarrassing, actually. But I can't help it."

"You don't have to," Grace said.

"I know," Nate said.

The two of them fell silent for a bit.

"So, uh, you're okay with me jerking my cock to you?" Nate said, rather bluntly. Grace had to laugh at the sudden shift.

"Okay is perhaps a bit strong. I'm fine with it. I won't encourage it, but yeah, I guess I'll let it slide," Grace said.

"You won't encourage it? You encourage the hell out of it, even wearing dirty sweatpants and a T-shirt," Nate chuckled.

"Oh my," Grace teased. But Nate being so forward and honest was refreshing. Normally, it was Nolan, people staring, or a drunken remark. Nate was neither of those things. "I guess I should make you wear a bag over your head then. Would that help?"

"It might," Nate said, grinning at her. "Hey, I have an idea."

"Is that so?" Grace asked, weary of him now.

"It's nothing too bad. Or, it is, but it's just for you," Nate said. "You enjoy being naughty, even if it's just for you, right? Or, maybe especially so."

"What's the idea?" Grace asked.

"It's not something specific, but one thing you could do to be a little naughty is to dress more... provocatively," Nate said. Before Grace could object, Nate continued. "I mean, under your regular clothes. Lingerie under your coveralls, be naked around the apartment when nobody is around, have sexy gym clothes that you wear only for you, that sort of thing."

"Like a secret?" Grace asked, curious now. She hadn't considered doing anything like that before, but it did sound fun.

"Yeah, a secret. I know it sounds silly but think about it. It's just for you. You don't have to tell anyone, nor does anyone have to know," Nate said.

"You'd know, though," Grace pointed out.

"True, but it's just me. I don't count," Nate said. "And I don't have to know... unless you want me to. Neither does Nolan. It's just a fun game for you to play by yourself."

Grace thought about it. It sounded like a lot of fun, she got to do it in private, without anyone knowing. It would be her little secret. Should she tell Nolan? That she'd sometimes be a bit naughty just for herself and nobody else? If she told him, that would defeat the purpose, but Nate would sort of know about it too. He was right, though, nobody else had to know.

"That sounds fun, actually," Grace said. "A secret."

"A secret," Nate repeated, grinning. "Now you'll be naughty not only for Nolan, me, and everyone else but also for yourself."

Grace smiled at him. This could be fun, and it would make her feel even naughtier. She could feel her heart beat faster, just thinking about it. She couldn't wait to start.

"Okay, I'll see you later," Grace said. She got up from the lounge chair, pretending to drop Nate's towel to the floor. Nate let out a grunt as she did. "Oh, sorry," Grace teased, slowly picking it back up, making sure to show off her firm ass cheeks. "Here you go," she said, smiling deviously at him as she handed him the towel.

"I can't wait till next week," Nate grunted.

"Me neither," Grace replied, giving him a wink.

With that, Grace headed inside, making sure to put on a bit of a show for Nate as she walked away.

Once inside, Grace went to the bathroom to take off Nate's bikini and store it away and then went to find Nolan on their bed, his pants pulled down and his hard cock in hand. He was stroking it slowly, looking over at a completely naked Grace with dark, hungry eyes.

"You've been jerking off?" Grace asked. Nolan nodded, biting his lip. Grace grinned at him, feeling so naughty. "Did you have fun?"

"I did," Nolan said, sitting up a bit more. He looked so fucking sexy. Grace felt her own arousal flare up.

"I guess I should take care of that for you," Grace said, closing the distance between them. She grabbed hold of his shirt, tugging it upwards. Nolan let go of his cock, letting her remove his shirt. Once it was off, Grace pushed him back onto the bed. "I'm gonna fuck the shit out of you," she whispered.

Nolan groaned as he lay back.

*

The next few days, and over the weekend, Nolan and Grace spent a lot of time together. They rarely went out, as both were rather tired from their jobs, but this weekend they decided to make the most of it. On Saturday, Grace had to go over to the industrial lot to catch up on some things, but she made sure to take Nolan with her, letting him watch her work. He helped her out a bit, fixing some broken fence posts that she didn't have time for. They had a nice day, just the two of them, and it was lovely.

But once the weekend was over, it was back to work for both of them. Nolan found himself buried in work again, and Grace was no different. She had just gotten her a new steady contract, a row of trees on either side of Main Street that another company had botched, and she was busy with that. It wasn't the biggest job, but it required her full attention, which made it an even better job. Knowing that someone fucked up and that the county decided to give her the job instead was also quite nice.

Grace spent the week doing her usual stuff, work and other tasks. She had promised herself that she'd start being a bit naughtier, dressing up more under her coveralls, wearing lingerie, or even being naked underneath, but she hadn't gotten around to it yet. She didn't know why. She liked the idea, but when it came to actually doing it, she got a bit nervous. She had never done anything like it before. So she promised herself that she'd start soon, just not today.

But as work made the week fly by, she realized that she hadn't been paying a visit to Nate this week. And that wasn't part of their agreement.

So, on Friday night, as she and Nolan ate their dinner, she mentioned it.

"Hey, babe, I think I should head over to Nate's tomorrow," she said. Nolan looked up at her. "It's been over a week since I've seen him. Not sure if I can keep putting it off without breaking our agreement."

"Yeah, you're right," Nolan said. "What will you do?"

"I'll probably go over there during the afternoon. Sunbathe in my bikini for him. Let him ogle me some," Grace said.

"That sounds nice," Nolan said. "Just don't forget about me," he added, giving her a small smile.

"How could I?" Grace replied, grinning at him. "You're my sweet prince."

The next day, Grace woke up early, like she usually did. She got up, put on a tank top and a pair of panties, and headed to the kitchen to make breakfast. She had planned to go over to Nate's apartment in the afternoon but decided to do it sooner than later, so that she could spend more time with Nolan in the evening.

Once her breakfast was ready, she sat down on the couch and watched a bit of tv, eating her food while thinking about Nate and what she was going to do. She was looking forward to sunbathing, but it was still exciting to think about how he would react to seeing her in a bikini again.

With a small grin on her face, Grace finished her food, then got up and headed back to the bedroom to put on some clothes. She chose a pair of blue denim shorts and a simple white t-shirt. She quickly brushed her hair, then applied some light makeup, making her look a bit more glamorous than normal. She had to admit that she enjoyed looking pretty for Nate.

Once she was ready, she left the bedroom, picked up Nate's exclusive bikini, and found Nolan sitting on the couch, watching TV.

"You're going now?" he asked. Grace quickly shoved the bikini into her handbag, so Nolan wouldn't see it. Nolan caught it, but didn't decide to push it.

"Yeah, I'm just gonna head over for a bit. An hour, I don't know," Grace replied.

"Okay, well, have fun," Nolan said, smiling at her.

Grace walked over to him, then leaned down and gave him a deep kiss.

"I love you," she said, smiling at him.

"I love you too," Nolan replied.

With that, Grace left their apartment and walked down to Nate's apartment. She knocked on his door and waited for him to open it. She started to feel a bit nervous, and couldn't help but smile in anticipation.

After a moment, the door opened. Nate stood there, wearing a pair of gray sweatpants and a white t-shirt, his hair slightly ruffled. Grace looked him over, biting her lip.

"Hey, princess," Nate greeted. "What are you doing here?"

"I just thought I'd come over to see you," Grace said.

Grace stepped inside his apartment, and Nate closed the door behind her.

"So you're here to sunbathe, I take it? I wondered when that might be, but I didn't want to nag you or anything," Nate said, giving her a grin.

"Yeah, I just thought I'd come over and do it now," Grace said, looking over her shoulder, and running a hand over her ass. "Is that okay?"

"Of course it is," Nate said, chuckling. "You can come over any time you like."

Grace smiled at him, then pulled out the bikini from her bag. "Here, I'm gonna go change into this," she said, handing him the bikini. "Can I use your bathroom?"

"Sure, go ahead," Nate said.

Grace headed to Nate's bathroom. As she was about to close the door, she suddenly stopped. Instead, she left the door slightly ajar, so that Nate could see her if he wanted to. She knew that it was wrong, but she liked the idea of Nate watching her undress. Like when she was trying on bikinis. She couldn't explain why she did it, but she did, and that's all that mattered.

Whatever the reason, Grace began to undress, pulling her t-shirt over her head, revealing her bare breasts. Keeping her back to the door, she dropped the t-shirt onto the floor, then hooked her fingers into her shorts, sliding them down over her hips slowly. She slowly bent over as she did, pushing her hips out, making sure to show off her firm ass cheeks in her panties. She didn't know if Nate was watching her or not, but she still felt her heart race and her skin flush.

Once her shorts were around her ankles, Grace stepped out of them and picked them up. She couldn't resist and quickly looked over her shoulder to see if Nate was watching her. He wasn't there. Her heart sunk for a second then raced wildly once more.

Turning back, Grace hooked her thumbs in the waistband of her panties and began sliding them down her hips. Once she had them around her thighs, she swore she heard a low groan. Suddenly feeling a bit nervous, Grace turned slightly so that if Nate was watching, he'd only see her at an angle. Then she quickly pulled her panties down to her ankles, kicking them off to join her shorts. She stood there for a second, completely naked, her back to the door and her heart in her throat. She couldn't deny that she loved feeling so vulnerable and exposed. But it excited her so incredibly.

Taking a deep breath, Grace finally turned to the bikini, picked it up, and started putting it on. She wasn't quite sure if Nate had watched her, but if he had, he'd just gotten another small treat, the sight of her completely nude backside. It excited and mortified her equally, but she couldn't stop thinking about it, how hot it would have been, Nate seeing her in all her nudity, completely helpless to him. Why did she want so badly to show off her body to him?

Grace shook the thoughts off and put on the bikini. Once it was securely in place, she quickly checked her appearance in the mirror. She smiled and shook her head in disbelief.

A naughty little thing had managed to infiltrate her psyche.

After a deep breath, she went outside, wearing Nate's exclusive swimwear.

Grace immediately locked eyes with a grinning Nate, who was now lounging on a couch and had obviously watched her change.

"Done?" he teased, casually stretching out, which revealed his semi-hard cock. He clearly had enjoyed the show. Grace smiled to herself and decided to ignore it.

"You bet, darling," Grace chirped, "Is it sunny on the balcony?"

Grace went straight over to the sliding doors to the balcony and pulled them wide open. Nate just chuckled.

Once there, Grace instantly leaned into a lounger, letting the sun shine on her smooth skin. She stretched out her long legs and arched her back. It was warm out, and it felt so good.

"Damn, you look amazing," Nate said, joining her outside. "It's gonna be hard to keep my hands off you."

Grace gave him a cheeky grin, but said nothing. She knew she was being bad, but she liked it. She could feel her heart beat faster, and a warmth spread through her body.

"I've got some sunscreen for you," Nate said.

"Thanks, honey," Grace said, accepting the bottle from him. "Could you do my back?"

"Sure," Nate said, taking the bottle back from her. "Wait, I can't touch you."

"Too bad," Grace teased. "I guess you have to watch me do it then."

"Fuck," Nate groaned. Grace couldn't help but giggle at his reaction. She loved teasing him like this.

Grace squirted a bit of sunscreen into her hand, then started rubbing it into her skin. She made sure to take her time, spreading the lotion all over her body. She was so horny, and she couldn't believe how much she was enjoying this. She loved teasing Nate, making him squirm, and knowing that he couldn't touch her.

Nate watched her like a hawk, his eyes glued to her body. Grace knew she was glistening with the lotion, and that Nate was drinking in every inch of her smooth skin, his gaze like a caress. When he licked his lips, Grace could feel her heart skip a beat. She was playing such a dangerous game, but she was having so much fun.

"God damn it, you are a fucking tease," Nate growled as Grace finished rubbing the lotion into her thighs.

"Sure, you don't want to help me out?" Grace pouted, almost dying for Nate to relent. How quickly did these scenarios not turn her on?

"I-I want to, but I can't," Nate said. Was he flustered? Was Grace able to get the assertive, slightly creepy man up against the ropes? She had to be dreaming.

"Okay, I get it," Grace cooed, batting her eyes innocently at him. "But you're having fun, too, aren't you?"

Nate glared at her for a second, but the intensity was replaced with an eager nod. He loved this just as much as Grace did, if not more. It was evident that her teasing and displays were getting the best of him, and if the visible bulge was an indicator, he was fully erect. Grace felt the

excitement so thoroughly in her chest it was almost painful now. Nate couldn't stop staring at her, and she loved it.

"Good," she purred.

Grace lay down on the lounger, donned her sunglasses, and closed her eyes, enjoying the sun on her skin. She felt so sexy and naughty, wearing Nate's exclusive bikini, knowing that he couldn't touch her. She smiled to herself, feeling like a goddess.

After a moment, Nate spoke again.

"How's Nolan doing?" he asked.

"He's good," Grace replied. "Probably quite anxious about what's going on over here, behind your door."

"I'm sure he'd be able to steal a glance from your guys balcony," Nate chuckled.

"He won't. He's good at playing by the rules and such," Grace replied, smiling to herself.

"That's true, but even he isn't immune to temptation, right?" Nate asked.

"Yeah, but I know my sweet prince. He's not gonna peek," Grace said. "What about you?"

"What do you mean?" Nate asked, chuckling. "Of course I'm tempted."

"I know you are," Grace said, grinning. "But what I meant was, what would you do if you could touch me?"

Nate groaned.

"Don't torture me like that," he said.

"Sorry, I just wanted to know," Grace said, not sorry at all.

There was silence between them for a moment as they both basked in the sun.

"I'd want to run my hands all over your body," Nate said after a while, his voice low. "Feel your soft skin, and the curves of your hips. I'd kiss your neck and make you moan. Then I'd spread your legs and eat your pussy like it's my last meal."

Grace bit her lip, feeling a flush of arousal. Nate's words sent a thrill through her body. She loved hearing him say that.

"And then?" she asked, her voice barely above a whisper.

"Then I'd fuck you until you screamed," Nate said. His words were like electricity in Grace's veins, sending a wave of pleasure through her.

"Fuck," Grace moaned. She was so turned on. She had to fight the urge to touch herself. But she didn't want to give in yet. "That sounds amazing."

"It does, doesn't it?" Nate said, chuckling softly. He leaned back, letting his hand rest on his stomach. His eyes lingered on Grace's body, drinking in the sight of her. Grace felt so sexy, being ogled by Nate. "So this turns you on? Lying like this in front of me, showing off your perfect body, all oiled up?"

"Oh yeah," Grace said with a confident smile.

"Are you turned on right now?" Nate asked, raising an eyebrow.

"... Yes," Grace admitted, feeling the warmth of the sun on her skin. She couldn't believe how much this turned her on, and how much she was enjoying it. She knew it was wrong, but she couldn't help herself.

"I can't wait for our date," Nate said, grinning at her. Grace blushed, unable to meet his gaze. She was so horny, and she couldn't believe how much she was enjoying this. And now Nate knew too.

"You should. Just keep your hands to yourself," she replied, giving him a sly grin, trying to hide her growing embarrassment.

"You're such a fucking tease," Nate chuckled. "God damn..." He ran a hand through his hair and let out a heavy breath. Grace could see he was aroused and couldn't help but blush. "Aren't you? Looking forward to our date, I mean?"

Grace couldn't help but catch the underlying implication that Nate thought he'd get lucky after their date. A part of her wanted to tell him otherwise, but she found herself wondering that herself. If they came to a point where that was an option, for Nate to get lucky, what would she do? This was surely something she had to discuss with Nolan. Part of her saw the reasonable thing; no, Nate wouldn't get anything more than the date. But another part of her, a more adventurous side that had begun to emerge, wondered if she'd let it go further. Would she fuck Nate?

The thought made her heart skip a beat. She was already playing with fire, teasing him like this, wearing his bikini, and letting him look at her. Wasn't it natural to take it one step further? Just thinking about it in her slightly compromised state made her flush, but she couldn't deny the rush that went through her body.

"Sure, I'm looking forward to it," Grace said after a moment. She tried to sound casual, but her voice was barely above a whisper. "As long as you behave."

Nate chuckled at that.

"I'll behave," he said, giving her a sly smile.

Grace lay back on the lounger, trying to relax. She couldn't believe how much this was turning her on, and she knew it was wrong. She tried to push the thoughts out of her head, to enjoy the sun, but it wasn't easy. Her body was tingling all over. She wanted nothing more than to touch herself, to rush over to Nolan and attack him. But she remained. Something kept her locked to that lounger.

She tried to focus on other things, like the feel of the sun on her skin and the sounds of the nearby trees blowing in the wind, but it was difficult. She could feel Nate's eyes on her, drinking in the sight of her. She could hear his breath, shallow and heavy. It was intoxicating, knowing how much she was affecting him.

"Did you remember to oil up your tits?" Nate asked.

"Why, such crass language, mister," Grace teased, looking over him. Nate leaned back on his palms, still facing her. Thankfully, she still had her sunglasses on, or he'd see her eyes trail down to his obvious bulge.

"Sorry, some habits are hard to beat," Nate said.

"Well, you wanted pointers. You've mostly reined in your language. Boldness can be fine, but being outright crass in the wrong setting will make people feel uncomfortable," Grace said.

"Right. Sorry, it just came out. I didn't mean it that way," Nate said.

"I know you didn't," Grace replied. "Anyway, yes, I did oil up my chest."

She reached up and rubbed her hands over her chest, feeling the smoothness of her skin. She could feel her nipples harden under her touch. She knew she was putting on a show for Nate, but she couldn't help it. She loved teasing him.

"Fuck, you're so sexy," Nate said, his voice low and husky.

Grace grinned at him. She didn't reply. She simply rolled over on her side, her back facing him. Nate cursed under his breath, and Grace had to bite back a giggle. She stretched out on the lounger, the cool sunscreen glistening on her skin, and then closed her eyes and enjoyed the sun.

For a little while, the two of them just basked in the sunshine together, enjoying the peace and quiet. The tension was thick and exciting, but at the same time, it was relaxing. It was a strange sensation. Grace liked it, though. It was the perfect blend of arousing and comfortable.

At some point, after maybe fifteen minutes of sunbathing in silence, Grace heard Nate stir behind her. She opened her eyes and looked over her shoulder. Nate had sat up and was looking straight at her. His eyes trailed up her body until he locked eyes with her.

"Are you okay there, Nate?" Grace asked, looking over at him.

Then her eyes trailed down to where his hands were, down in his lap, and she could see that his pants were tented. Nate was quite obviously massaging the huge erection that he was hiding. Her face flushed at the sight of him pleasuring himself. It was incredibly erotic, and she felt a rush go through her. Her heart began to pound, and her skin felt like it was burning.

"What are you doing?" Grace whispered, feeling her entire body grow warm, her arousal flaring up inside her.

"Nothing," Nate said, his voice low. His eyes were full of desire, and he had a smirk on his lips. He was enjoying the effect he was having on her.

"It looks like you're doing something," Grace pointed out, her voice barely more than a breath. "You're touching yourself."

"Yeah," Nate grunted, rubbing his erection through his pants. "You said it was fine. Do you want me to stop?"

Grace hesitated. "... No, it's fine," she said.

"Okay."

Grace felt frozen to the lounger, hand resting on her chest, unable to tear her eyes away from Nate, or his movements. She could hear his breathing becoming heavy, and she could almost see the pleasure rippling through him as he stroked himself.

"Do you mind if I get a bit more comfortable?" Nate asked. Grace didn't reply; she barely even nodded.

Nate rose her hips, and when Grace understood that he was undressing, she immediately turned away. This was so crazy.

Nate's pants hit the floor, and Grace could hear him sit back down, letting out a content sigh. Her heart was hammering in her chest, and her face felt like it was on fire. She was so turned on, and she couldn't believe how much this was affecting her. She heard the sound of heavy meat getting gripped and worked over, and she could feel herself getting wetter.

"Are you doing all right back there?" Grace asked nervously.

Nate didn't reply. Instead, he let out a grunt. A deep, primal sound that sent a shiver through Grace's body. She felt like she was going to explode. She tried to calm herself down, but she couldn't. Nate's noises were driving her wild. She knew it was wrong, but she wanted to see what he was doing. She wanted to watch him jerk off.

Without thinking, she reached for her sunglasses and removed them. Then she rolled over onto her other side, so she was facing him.

Her breath caught in her throat at the sight before her. Nate was sitting on the edge of the lounger, legs spread wide, completely naked from the waist down.

"Fuck," Grace whimpered as she saw how huge his cock was. Nate was so fucking big it was unfair! It was long and thick, roped and veiny, and now he was stroking it with slow, deliberate motions, right in front of her.

The sight of him, his huge cock in hand, was almost too much for Grace to bear. She felt her pussy throb with need, and her body flushed with heat. She wanted to touch herself so badly, to ease the ache between her legs. Instead, she just watched Nate, mesmerized by his movements, his thick meat glistening with pre-cum.

Grace was completely lost in the moment, her body burning with desire, and her mind racing with thoughts of curiosity and guilt. She knew she shouldn't be watching him like this, but she couldn't tear her eyes away. Nate's cock was so beautiful and so masculine. It was making her feel things she had never felt before. She wasn't ever a size queen, it wasn't something she ever thought about, other than it would hurt like hell, but now seeing Nate's meat in the flesh a deadly mix of intimidation and fascination took over her mind, and she had to wonder how it would feel inside of her. It was like a beast that had to be tamed.

"You look so good," Nate said, his voice low and husky. "Your skin is so smooth and your body is amazing."

"Thank you," Grace said.

"I wish I could touch you. Your body is perfect," Nate said, his voice thick with lust. "I'd run my hands all over you, feeling every inch of your skin."

"That sounds nice," Grace whispered, her heart pounding in her chest.

"I'd kiss you too, all over. Your lips, your neck, your tits. Everywhere."

Grace felt her pussy ache at Nate's words. She bit her lip and let out a moan. She was so turned on, and she couldn't stop herself from touching her chest, feeling the warmth of her skin through the bikini.

Suddenly, Nate stood up. He stepped closer to Grace and stood over her, his massive cock looming above her. Grace stared up at him, her eyes wide.

"What are you doing?" she asked, her voice barely more than a whisper.

"Just getting a better look at you," Nate said, his voice low and husky. He looked down at her, his eyes roaming over her body. "Fuck, you're so beautiful. Turn around."

"What–"

"I just wanna look at your ass, then I'll finish," Nate grunted.

Grace felt her heart race in her chest, but she slowly rolled over onto her stomach. She felt her pulse quicken as Nate moved even closer. He knelt down behind her, and she could feel his hot breath on her skin. She could smell his musk, and she felt her body flush with heat. His knees were resting on her lounger, and Grace could feel the heat from his body through the thin material of her bikini.

Nate looked at her ass, her gorgeous full butt that had won her numerous stares throughout her life, his gaze lingering on her soft cheeks. He traced a finger along the curve of her backside, without actually touching her. Half an inch separated him from her, a reminder not to violate his agreement. Still, the sheer proximity made Grace whimper and nearly implode into her own burning skin. She had never been touched with such intensity.

She had no idea where her life would go if Nate decided to break the rules and go any further. Grace found herself almost saddened, disappointed even. But he did nothing of the sort, instead standing up to continue stroking his massive cock. And what a specimen it was. Grace, still on her lying on her stomach, arms crossed under her chin, stared up at Nate's impressive length and girth, still working it with his massive hands.

"You are fucking amazing," Nate growled, his eyes fixed on her. "Your body is perfect. You're so sexy."

"Thank you," Grace whispered.. "You look very big," she admitted, blushing furiously. She couldn't believe she had said that, it was just coming out, driven by her lust.

Nate chuckled. "Yeah, I am," he said, giving his shaft a stroke. Pre-cum oozed from his tip, which he ran the pad of his thumb over. "Do you want to feel it?"

Grace bit her lip and gave a shy nod. "... Yes."

With that, Nate closed the distance between them and knelt down next to the lounger again. His cock hung heavily just a foot from Grace's face, his musk strong in her nostrils. She stared at him, her heart hammering in her chest. After what felt like an eternity of waiting, Nate gripped his meat and brought it closer. It was right in her face now, and Grace saw the grotesque details of his big cock. The veins, the red angry tip. A thrill ran through her body, and she had to admit to herself that she liked how intimidating it was. It wasn't an exaggeration that it would take some work getting inside of her, if they ever got that far.

"Is this all right?" Nate asked, his voice thick with need. Grace could only nod. "Go ahead," he said in a low voice.

Tentatively, Grace lifted her hand, feeling the warmth radiating from Nate's shaft. It was so warm she could feel the heat, and she could feel the strength of him even without touching him. It was incredible, his dick. And it wasn't fully erect. How was Nolan a match for something this virile?

Size didn't really matter, the motion of the ocean and all that, but this was a physical unfairness about his sheer size. Something that simply couldn't be taught or done anything about. This was just nature at its finest. Or most cruel, depending on who you were.

Grace slowly reached out and wrapped her small fingers around Nate's shaft. His skin was soft and smooth, but there was so much strength and power in him. She felt him throb in her hand, and she felt a thrill run through her body.

"Fuck, that feels good," Nate said, his voice heavy with need.

Grace bit her lip and stroked him slowly. Once, twice. She felt his heat, how he throbbed–

Then she stopped. Abruptly, she pulled her hand away, surprised and disgusted by her own actions. What was she doing? Why was she touching him? She knew this was wrong. She shouldn't be doing this. She needed to stop.

"Sorry, I-I can't," Grace stammered. She sat up on her lounger.

"It's okay," Nate said. "We'll just say no rules were broken--"

"That would be a lie," Grace said, shaking her head. She was utterly distraught and confused by what had happened. She looked at him, her face flushed with guilt and shame. He was ever stoic, though, an arch on his brow indicated his sympathy.

"It wouldn't. You touched me," Nate said. Was he truly making excuses for her? "I didn't touch you. It's not so bad." But it was. Instead of Nate caving, it was Grace. She had felt his big, warm cock, she had made it move, and now she couldn't stop thinking about how amazing it felt in her hand.

"But it is. It is bad," she insisted.

"No, it isn't. And besides, it felt good, didn't it?" Nate said.

Grace didn't reply. She couldn't admit it. Not to him. Not to herself.

Nate reached out and put a hand on her shoulder. His touch was gentle and reassuring, and Grace felt a tingle run through her body. She wanted to pull away from him, but she couldn't bring herself to.

"Don't worry about it, princess," Nate said, giving her a smile. "It's just a bit of fun. And I know I'm touching you now, but I don't care. You seem out of yourself and sometimes dates have to go to waste if a wonderful girl like you needs consoling."

Grace looked up at him, her eyes full of confusion and guilt.

"But... but I..." she stammered, trying to find the words. She couldn't. She didn't know what to say. She had violated the terms of their agreement, and she was guilty of it. But she knew that Nate was right. She was just having fun, and perhaps Nolan would find it in himself to forgive

her. He had said how he didn't like things to become physical, but what was she to do? How could she not give in?

"Hey, we can keep it on arms length from now on," Nate said, sitting back on his lounger as to prove his point."You're not a bad girl, I know you're not."

"Thank you," Grace replied, feeling some of the tension leave her body. Nate was being so understanding, and she was thankful for it. She didn't know what she would've done if he had reacted with anger or frustration.

The two of them sat there for a moment, enjoying the sun. Grace felt a little better now, and she was glad that Nate wasn't mad at her.

After a while, Grace dared to look over at him. She still felt like she had crossed a major line, but Nate didn't seem to care. He was just enjoying the sun, his hands resting on his stomach. His cock was tucked away in his boxers, still hard and ready. Grace couldn't help but stare at it. It was so big, and so intimidating. She felt another rush go through her body. She bit her lip and looked away.

"You're so big," she whispered. Nate glanced over at her.

"Yeah, I am," he said, grinning smugly. Grace looked back at him, feeling embarrassed. She shouldn't have said that. Why did it just keep coming out of her? She wasn't like that. Why was she saying all these things, acting in these ways, around him?

"Do you mind if I finish what we started, so I can rest up, too?" he continued. Grace quickly shook her head.

"No, go ahead. It's only fair," she said, biting her lip.

Grace was curious. She wanted to see Nate pleasure himself. She wanted to see him cum. She couldn't deny that it was thrilling to watch a man climax, especially a big man like him. It was a natural, raw act of masculine potency. And it was just so damn arousing.

"Alright, princess," Nate grunted. "Just keep watching."

Nate picked himself up and stood, his massive cock right in front of her. Grace felt herself getting wet, her body flush with heat, her heart racing. Nate gave her a small smile and began to stroke his cock.

Grace watched in awe as Nate started slowly rubbing his big shaft, his eyes locked with hers. It was the sexiest thing she had ever seen, Nate stroking himself in front of her, his intense gaze locked with hers. It was intense and primal, and it was sending shivers through her body. She couldn't look away.

Nate's breathing became heavier as he stroked himself, his cock throbbing in his hands. Grace watched as a drop of precum oozed from his tip, a milky rivulet running down the side of his shaft. She felt herself getting hornier and hornier as she watched him, her pussy aching with need.

Suddenly, Nate began to jerk himself faster, his strokes becoming harder. He let out a deep moan as he pleasured himself, his cock growing impossibly large. He looked so huge, standing before her, jerking his big shaft. Grace felt her pussy throb. She wanted nothing more than for

Nate to fuck her, right there and then. She didn't care about the consequences; she just wanted him to fuck her brains out.

"God damn it, you look so fucking hot," Nate grunted as he pumped his big shaft. "You're driving me fucking crazy."

Grace didn't say anything. She didn't trust herself to speak. Her mind was a haze of arousal and confusion, and all she could focus on was how insanely angry his purple crown was. It was the ugliest yet hottest thing she had ever seen.

Without even thinking, Grace decided to tease him a bit more. As Nate pumped his shaft, his pre-cum drooling and glistening in the sun, Grace arched her back, presenting her perky tits up to him, making sure he had the best view possible.

"You like the way that looks, don't you?" Grace said, licking her lips. Nate let out a deep groan as he pumped his shaft harder.

"Yeah, it looks amazing," he panted.

Grace reached up and slowly ran her hands over her curves, teasing him even more. "You like that, huh? You like seeing me touch myself, thinking of you, *looking* at you?" Nate couldn't respond. He was too caught up in his own pleasure.

"Come on, baby, cum for me," she urged, wanting to see him lose control.

Grace's heart raced in her chest, and she felt her whole body flush with heat. She couldn't believe how aroused she was. She had never felt like this before. It was intense and primal and uncontrollable. It was everything she had dreamed about and never dared ask for.

And it was happening because of her much older neighbor. Someone who they thought was a creep, who was older than her dad. Now, she found him the most alluring man on earth. She just wanted to drive him off the edge, like it was a responsibility she couldn't walk away from. She was teasing him into a point of no return, and she couldn't wait to see it.

Nate moaned, and his hand moved at a rapid pace, the crown of his massive member seeming even more intense. He was so close to climax, so close to cumming.

"Yes, baby, that's it," Grace moaned, stroking her tits. Nate's breathing was coming in ragged, deep gulps, and his whole body was shaking with need. "Cum for me."

"Oh God!" Nate grunted, his cock throbbing furiously in his fist. "Oh God!"

Finally, he let out a loud moan, his hips bucking and his cock shooting his seed violently in thick ropes. Grace could see the jet of jizz flying through the air. She watched, her pussy aching with need, as his hot cum splattered all over her chest and tits. It felt so good, warm, sticky, and sweet, but so fucking good. Even through the bikini could she feel the sheer weight of Nate's cum.

Grace cried out in ecstasy, her mind consumed with lust. She had never felt anything like this before. It was a wild, desperate rush, a craving so primal, it couldn't be explained or tamed. She just felt a deep, primal desire to be filled, to be owned by such a man.

Nate groaned, pumping the last bit of his load onto Grace's tits. She sighed contently as the warm seed landed on her skin and was amazed at the sight of him climaxing. There had always

been a fetishist appeal of being cummed on in pornos, but now she got why they loved it. It felt dirty and intimate and sexy as hell. It was marking her. Marking his territory. He was claiming her as his.

As his orgasm subsided, Grace looked up at him with heavy-lidded eyes. "Did it feel good?" she asked, her voice shaky with lust and need. Nate looked down at her and let out a chuckle.

"Hell yeah," he breathed, his body glistening with sweat and his cock hanging heavily between his legs. "That was fucking amazing."

Grace smiled as she felt his hot seed stubbornly ooze down her chest, a tingle running through her. She looked up at him, a dazed expression on her face. "Do I make you feel good?" she whispered.

"God, yeah," Nate murmured, giving her a lazy smile. "You really do."

With that, Nate flopped down on his lounger with a grunt. Grace watched him catch his breath for a moment, her brain swimming with the events of the past couple hours.

She didn't know what to do. She didn't know what to think. Here she was, covered in her neighbor's semen, wondering what the consequences of her actions would be. Would it be best to sneak in before Nolan notices, take a quick shower? She hoped he wouldn't mind or make a fuss. Things were starting to get good, and she loved this adventure they were on. But they'd crossed a line. Both had. She just didn't want to see the end yet. Though she had to figure out why she lost herself around Nate all the time.

As Grace picked herself up, still a bit shaky, Nate glanced over at her. "Erh, does that count as touching you?" he asked, sounding slightly annoyed.

"I, uh..." Grace stammered. "I have to get home. I'm a mess," she said, gesturing to the cum covering her body. Nate smirked and shrugged.

"Use my shower. If you're still a bit undecided about what to say to Nolan," Nate said, reminding her again of the lines getting blurred.

"O-Okay," Grace said, not sure if she liked the idea of that sentiment. But it was probably for the better for now. "Thank you."

With that, she headed inside to take a shower, hoping that she could wash away some of her guilt and confusion. But she knew deep down that she'd never forget this moment, or how good it made her feel. Nate had opened her eyes to a world of possibilities that she'd never even dreamed of. And now that she'd tasted it, she knew that she wanted more.

But could she have it? And what would Nolan say? Would she come clean about everything? What if he got angry with her? And a guilty part of her... wanted to continue, and if telling Nolan meant risking the thrill of their new discovery, did she really want to do that?

Grace tried her best to push those thoughts out of her head as she stepped under the hot spray of Nate's shower. She needed to focus on getting clean and getting home. Then she could worry about what to do next.

Only time would tell...

Behind the Neighbor's Door - Part 7

Nate was feeling pretty good about himself as he sat back in his lounger after his climax. It had been a long time since he'd felt this relaxed, and he couldn't help but smile. The sun felt good on his skin, and he knew that he'd made a good decision. He had jeopardized his date with her, but he had given Grace comfort after having showered her with pretty little words. Nate always had a knack for that, but it was fun to see the effect he had on Nolan's girlfriend. Even after she had second thoughts, she let Nate jerk off to her, and she hadn't even screamed at him for unloading directly on her chest. She just took it like a champ.

She was perfect, he had to admit. Maybe too perfect. Nate had never seen a woman who represented perfection in every sense of the word. Her confidence, her voice, her skin, her entire body. Heavy ass cheeks, slim waist, perky tits, overall in great shape. Her teasing nature, of course.

Nate was also pretty sure that her showing off naked for him was not something that she and Nolan had agreed upon. Why else wouldn't she make any mention of it? And keep doing it?

It was just a matter of time before she gave in to his charm. He'd been with enough women to know when one was interested. And Grace was definitely interested. Her poor boyfriend had removed the barriers of guilt, thus now she could freely enjoy the thoughts of Nate plowing her. And it obviously turned her on.

Grace's attitude towards Nate had shifted, that was at least for certain.

"See ya next week?" Nate called from the balcony, giving her some needed distance as Grace slipped out of his bathroom. Fuck, her neon blonde hair all wet like that, a shower warranted because of his doings...

"I-I'll have to talk to Nolan first," she replied. "I don't think we agreed on--"

"I get it," Nate said, waving his hand dismissively. "Let me know. If he doesn't approve, then I guess it as fun while it lasted."

Grace shifted a bit, her face dropped a bit. Nate had to fight his smirk back, getting a visible confirmation that she didn't want their fun adventures to end just yet.

"I'll let you know. Bye," she said quickly, giving him a wave and hurrying out of his apartment.

Nate leaned back, closing his eyes and grinning to himself. He was drawing Grace closer to himself; now, he just needed more tension between her and Nolan. He knew she hated Nolan getting drunk, but he was already working on that. Nolan's driving had already caused some tension, earning Nate points as he was the man of the hour, giving Grace a lift to her dancing class. Sure, he had pushed his luck too far, but his story about his mother had resonated with her.

He was making progress, but there was still a long way to go. Grace needed more encouragement to let go completely, and he had a feeling their date would be the thing to push her over the edge. He just needed to make sure Nolan didn't get in the way. And there was at least one aspect of Nolan that he was sure he would be able to get rid off.

A few days later, Nate was driving to an appointment with a shrink. He had somehow managed to get it covered by the company. He had come into Josh Calhoun's office, all meek and humble, and told him how he was appreciative of the chance he was given, but that he was worried

about his mental well-being, and hoped to take the next step of coming back to society as a productive member. The man had swallowed every word like it was a candy, and Nate got a free pass to talk to a shrink for a few weeks.

He had also caught a glimpse of Mrs. Calhoun, Kimberly. Fine piece of latina ass. If he wasn't busy with Grace, maybe he could put some effort into getting her as well.

The shrink had been quite easy to talk to. A middle-aged woman who seemed to be good at her job. Her name was Anna, and she was a short brunette with an attractive face. She had an easy-going attitude and seemed very non-judgmental, which was always a plus. She had also been quite receptive to his story, and had offered him some insight into dealing with his depression.

It was all bullshit, of course, but it was good bullshit. He wasn't going to do any of the shit she suggested. This was just a means to an end. After his stint in the joint a few years prior, he had talked to the prison psychiatrist, so he had some practice of what to do and say to get what he wanted from them. But he did enjoy listening to her voice and the way she spoke. It was soothing and calming, and it made him feel better.

"So, Nate. I'm glad to see you're taking the initiative for your own health," Anna said as their first session commenced. "Based on what you told me, I'm going to prescribe you Zoloft. We're starting at a low dosage of fifty milligrams a day and see if that helps you. And if you experience any side effects, I want you to know that it is normal, but that you should contact me or the office straight away. Okay?"

"Sure thing," Nate said in his most cheerful way. Any shrink medicine would do, but Zoloft was perhaps perfect. At least based on fifteen minutes of googling. It could help with depression and anxiety, but most importantly, it could reduce sex drive, fuck up your sleep, et cetera.

"Alright. We'll start with that. And please, don't hesitate to reach out to me if you need to talk. That's what I'm here for," Anna said. "We'll meet again in two weeks, okay?"

"Sure thing," Nate said. "Thank you for all your help."

"You're welcome, Nate," Anna said, giving him a warm smile.

Two minutes later, Nate was back in his car, on his way home. He felt pretty good about himself. He had made progress with Grace, and now he was going to fuck up Nolan.

Life was good.

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Grace couldn't help but feel a bit frustrated. She was horny all the time now, and it seemed like it revolved around Nate no matter how she twisted and turned. She was honestly sort of livid that Nolan put her through this, as much as how hot it makes her. She wanted to explore and push things further, and she wasn't entirely sure if it was to drive the excitement for Nolan or if it was for her own selfish reasons.

Grace loved Nolan. She truly did. But she also felt this powerful allure towards Nate, a force that drew her closer to him. Why was it like this with him, and not with other men? She had plenty of admirers, and she didn't give one flying fuck about any of those, so why did Nate provoke such strong feelings in her?

Grace shook her head. She didn't know.

"God damn it, Nolan, you and your stupid fantasies," Grace muttered as she did the undercut on a branch.

She was at work, and she was feeling a bit overwhelmed. She needed to get her head straight. She knew that she had crossed a line with Nate. She had let him touch her, and she had touched him. She was guilty, and she knew that it was wrong. But she couldn't escape the feeling of holding his powerful meat in her hand, feeling its strength and warmth, feeling it pump as she gave Nate a stroke or two. It had been so intense, so powerful, so erotic.

"Fuck," Grace whispered, closing her eyes for a second. She had to get a grip. She couldn't think about that right now. She needed to focus on her work.

Grace finished her shift at the park, trying to forget about everything. She didn't even say anything to Nolan yet. She had to, but she was honestly scared of his reaction. That she had hurt him, disappointed him. Or that he would be angry with her. She didn't know what she'd do if he got angry with her. Paranoia was a bitch you can't easily shake off.

But it was that time again, where she was to visit Nate, so it was now our never. She had to tell Nolan of her sins and worries. She was honestly afraid of what would happen should she go over to Nate's place without clearing the air. The tension would be too high.

When she finally got home, she felt drained and tired. She had been thinking about what she was going to do all day, and now that she was finally home, she just wanted to relax and unwind. She needed some time to herself.

"Hey, princess," Nate said, finding her while she was picking up the mail. "How was work?"

"It was fine," Grace replied, looking over at him. Nate was leaning against the wall, his arms crossed over his chest. He looked relaxed and calm.

"So, any word from Nolan?" Nate asked, raising an eyebrow. "I hope you talked to him. I really enjoyed our time together, and I don't want it to end."

"No, not yet," Grace said, feeling her face flush a bit. "I'm still... trying to figure things out."

Nate grinned at her. "Well, let me know when you've made up your mind. I'm dying to see you again."

"Okay," Grace said.

With that, Nate turned and headed back to his apartment. Grace sighed and followed suit. She needed a long shower.

Later that night, after she had eaten dinner with Nolan, she sat down on the couch and watched TV. Nolan was at his desk, working on something. Grace could see him glancing over at her every now and then. She knew he wanted to talk, to know what was up. The last few days he had been dying for information, but all he got was Grace in his lap, taking her frustration out on his cock.

"So, uh... how was work today?" Nolan asked, turning to look at her.

"It was fine," Grace replied.

"Are you okay?"

"Nolan," Grace said, determined. She wasn't some shy schoolgirl. She was confident, hot, and driven. She could handle this. "We need to talk."

"Okay," Nolan said, frowning. "Is everything all right?"

"Yes," Grace replied, feeling her stomach churn. She didn't know why she was so nervous. It was just talking. But this wasn't just talking. This was telling Nolan that she had broken their deal. And not only that. She had shown herself naked to Nate, touched him, and he touched her too, though that was a consoling gesture more than anything. But the most important factor was: she had broken them, and that was much scarier than if Nate had been the one to initiate it.

"So, uh... I wanted to talk to you about Nate," Grace said.

Nolan's eyes lit up, and he nodded eagerly. "Yeah, what happened? How did it go? I've been waiting all week to hear about it!"

Grace sighed and ran her fingers through her hair. She couldn't believe she was doing this. She was about to confess her sins, and she didn't know what Nolan would think. She couldn't keep it from him. It wouldn't be right.

"Nolan," Grace said, looking at him. "I... I touched him."

Nolan stared at her, his eyes wide. "You what?" he asked.

"I touched him," Grace said. "We were... I don't know, flirting, I guess, while hanging out on his balcony. We got close. Too close. And I-I touched his... well, you know."

Nolan stared at her for a moment, and then a smile spread across his face. He let out a low laugh.

"Really?" he said. "You touched his cock?"

"Y-yes," Grace replied, feeling embarrassed. "That's not all, though."

"Oh?" Nolan said, leaning forward. "What else happened?"

Grace took a deep breath and steeled herself. "He has seen me naked. He didn't touch me... then..." Nolan stood, with a wild look on him. "Easy now. You know when I went and bought that bikini for him? Well, I had him on a video call... I turned the camera away when I changed, but then, I have no idea why, I decided not to hide from the camera... so he saw me naked."

Nolan looked at her with wide eyes.

"But he only saw me from the back! And he didn't even say anything. It's so wild. We both know he saw, but neither of us made any mention of it..."

"Wow," Nolan said. "This is... wow." He sat back down and rubbed his face. "I can't believe it. You've really been pushing the boundaries. You're amazing."

Grace blushed a bit and smiled. "Thanks," she said. "But I'm sorry, Nolan. I know we had an agreement, and I broke it. I... I let my feelings get the best of me."

Nolan shook his head. "Don't be sorry, Grace. This is so hot. I can't believe you did all that. You're so fucking sexy."

Grace's blush deepened. "Thanks," she said. "I just... I want to make you happy."

"You do, Grace," Nolan said. "You make me so happy. And you're so fucking hot. I think I'm going to fuck the hell out of you."

Grace's heart skipped a beat. She couldn't believe that he wasn't angry with her. She couldn't believe that he still wanted her. And she couldn't believe that he was okay with her touching Nate and showing him her naked.

"But Nolan," Grace said, frowning. "I broke the deal." As she saw his face, Grace bit her lip, and a smile spread across her face. She couldn't believe it. He wasn't angry with her.

"I'm not gonna lie, it's kind of messing with me, but seeing how turned on it makes you, it's just so fucking hot, Grace," Nolan said, sitting down to rub her thigh over her sweatpants.

"He touched me, though," Grace said. That gave Nolan pause. "But... I hate coming to his defense, but basically, I got upset that I touched him. So he, erh, consoled me."

"Oh," Nolan said. His face looked odd. Hard to read. "I guess... I mean, it wasn't in a sexual way, it was to be nice, I guess, so I'm not sure that... counts?"

He said the 'right' words, but Grace could see that it bothered him for some reason. "But we quickly got over it," she said hurriedly. "We took a small break, then he... continued to jerk off, and, well, came all over my tits."

That changed Nolan's mood like a light switch. "That's so fucked. You continued? And let him cum all over you? Jesus, I bet that would've been hot... Is that why you cleaned up before you got here? I thought the excuse of too much sun lotion was a bit out there."

"Yeah... I felt guilty and was scared of how you'd react," Grace said, turning meek. She was never meek, but this was Nolan, and she had just confessed her sins. She could afford some meekness.

"Well, I'm glad you told me," Nolan said, rubbing her thigh. "I can't believe you did all that. You're so sexy and naughty. I can't wait to fuck you."

"You're not mad at me?" Grace asked, looking at him. Nolan looked toward the bedroom, no doubt wondering if it was worth the effort of bringing this in there instead, but apparently, urgency won over.

Afterwards, the two lay strewn across the living room like two heaps of steaming mess, panting after a passionate, full-room session.

"No, Grace, I'm not mad at you," Nolan said.

Grace smiled and snuggled up close to him, both of them still on the floor. She felt relieved, and she couldn't believe how understanding Nolan was being. She couldn't believe how much she had enjoyed touching Nate. She couldn't believe how good it felt. To think they had to continue these sessions of ultimate teasing for at least another two weeks...

"About the date," Grace started.

"I don't think we need to postpone it over this," Nolan shot in.

"That's good... I think. But I think Nate has some expectations of what's going to happen then," Grace said, carefully trying to mask her own hopefulness. "I think he expects to get more... intimate."

Nolan tensed up next to her.

"I'm not saying that we should jump in bed or anything, but now that we have two weeks to think about it, we can at least make a less impulsive decision, right?" Grace asked.

"What do *you* want to happen?" Nolan asked, catching her unaware.

"Oh... I haven't really," Grace started, but cut herself off. She knew she was about to lie. "I have, actually."

"What is it?" Nolan asked, propping himself up on his elbow to look at her.

Grace bit her lip and looked down. "Well... I wouldn't mind... I don't know, maybe a blow job?"

"A blow job? You want to blow Nate?" Nolan asked, his face incredulous.

"Maybe," Grace replied. She felt her face flush and heat rising in her body. "I mean, it's doesn't have to happen, but you know how turned on I get from that. I'd get back here and drain you for hours."

"I was worried you'd ask to sleep with him," Nolan chuckled. Grace's heart leapt. Nolan was taking her confession too lightly. But the question remained: Would she sleep with Nate? "If you're comfortable with just a blow job, then I won't push beyond that."

"Just a blow job? What, you'd let me fuck him?" Grace asked, her heart racing. She had to bite her tongue not to add 'finally'.

"Well, yeah, I mean, you seem to be pretty into him," Nolan said. "And I'm sure it'd be hot as hell watching him fuck you."

"I don't know..." Grace said, trailing off.

"Well, let's see how the date goes first," Nolan said, running a hand through her hair. "We'll play it by ear."

"No promises," Grace said. "I'm curious, not gonna lie, but I don't know if I can go that far."

"Well, we'll see," Nolan said.

"And until then... me touching him?" Grace asked.

"I'll admit that it annoys me, like I said, and that I'm perhaps a bit frustrated and jealous of how Nate is able to get under your skin... but that is part of it. It fuels the fire, right?" Nolan said.

Grace didn't respond. She just stared at the ceiling, her mind swirling with thoughts.

"I actually have an idea surrounding all this, and I think you might like it," Nolan said. Grace raised herself up to look at her man, elbows resting on his chest, eyebrows raised. Sensing that the danger was perhaps just a mirage, she felt more comfortable. This whole kink was so confusing, but perhaps it brought them closer by being able to talk about these things, to experience it all together. "How about if you give Nate a helping hand the next time you're over there?"

"What?"

"Hear me out. You're touching him, and not the other way around, so you're technically not breaking any rules. And here's the kicker, which creates the ultimate tease: you'll only help him

up to a certain point, but not over the finish line. So he'll get frustrated and needy. Imagine his frustration," Nolan said, sounding more eager about the idea as he spoke.

"It does sound fun," Grace mused. She never expected Nolan would come up with such an idea, though, and perhaps that spoke volumes of just how into this he was. Grace knew that she had to tread lightly and make sure he didn't feel left out. Perhaps she had crossed some lines, but she couldn't be blamed for giving in to temptation. After all, she had tried to resist, but it was hard. And maybe she had enjoyed pushing it a bit, knowing that it got her man hot and bothered certainly helped.

"I think it would be the ultimate tease, and Nate would be completely at your mercy. You'd be in control, and you'd know how much it drives you crazy. Think of the power trip you'd get from it," Nolan said.

"I like it," Grace said. "I'll do it."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah," Grace said. "And I'll be sure to tell you every detail afterwards. I promise."

"I can't wait," Nolan said, grinning. Grace smiled back at him and snuggled up close to him again, resting her head on his chest.

They lay there for a few moments, content and happy.

"Can I tell you something?" Grace asked, biting her bottom lip excitedly.

"What?" Nolan asked.

"One of the reasons, one of them I reiterate, that I didn't tell you… was because I worried you'd call it quits on our little thrilling adventure," Grace admitted, blushing hard, but kept both eye contact and her grin in place. Nolan's dirty smile told her that she needn't have worried.

"Why you little naughty–" Nolan began, rolling on top of her and silencing her with a deep kiss, letting Grace feel one of the perks of sex with Nolan; his ability to go again and again with her.

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While Nolan was torn on the fact that Grace had given Nate her hand, even for a brief stroke or two, it couldn't be denied that this was exactly what was meant to happen. To be a part of this sexual exploration of Grace, where she learned just how far she was willing to go, and to push boundaries and explore her own desires.

And the fact that she had been so turned on by touching him… It had made him realize just how much she was enjoying herself with Nate. She was pushing her boundaries, and it was turning her on in ways she hadn't expected. In ways Nolan hadn't expected. A warning by Hammer given to him months ago, and the images of Dora getting railed, crept into Nolan's mind, but he chose to shove those thoughts down. He trusted Grace, and he knew that she was just exploring her sexual side with Nate. And that was perfectly okay.

Oddly enough, what had been more discouraging was how Nate had consoled Grace. For some reason, that sort of softness and caring was not something Nolan could picture Nate being able to do. It just felt weird to see him being so gentle with Grace. But maybe he was just surprised at

how easily Grace opened up to him. Maybe Nate really did have a softer side, after all. Was that something Nolan should worry about?

Nah, Nate was just being a friend, like he had been for months now. And this little arrangement they had was just adding some spice to their lives. What Hammer said was hearsay, and while the way he had handled Dora was an undeniable fact, it didn't mean Nate would do that to Grace. No, Grace was too smart, too strong. She could take care of herself, and she'd put him in his place if he tried anything. And honestly, if Nate did anything that would upset Grace, it wouldn't matter that he was Nolan's friend. Nolan would beat the shit out of him.

But that wasn't an issue. The issue, which really wasn't an issue at all, was that Grace was able to let go and enjoy herself. She was comfortable around Nate, and she was letting herself explore her sexual desires. She had been a minx lately and also been able to come out of her shell. Their talk about what Grace liked about sex a while back? That was a testament that she was getting comfortable exploring her needs and desires. And in her corner, she had Nolan.

"Here you go," Nate said, handing him his coffee. See? Nate was a nice guy. Buying beers, fetching coffee, having a somewhat humble attitude at work, helping with stuff that was above Nolan's head, and whatnot. "I'm going to grab a quick smoke."

"Thanks," Nolan said, taking a sip of his coffee as he watched Nate walk away. Nolan shook his head. He was being stupid. There was no reason to worry.

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Grace looked at the bikini she had bought for Nate, black with green trims, the strings riding high on her thighs, the back part even clinging into the cleft of her ass nicely, a mischievous grin spread across her face. She knew that he loved it, and that he'd love it even more when she was going to surprise him by giving him a nice handjob. Well, partial handjob. But she was sure that he'd love every moment of it. She couldn't help but get excited at the prospect of pushing Nate. She wondered what his limits were. Would he respond as Nolan did if she were asserting herself?

Nate was sitting on his balcony when Grace emerged from the bathroom, all ready to go. She had even done her hair and put on some makeup. She wanted to look good for him, and she wanted him to know that she was putting effort into this. It would just make the whole thing so much hotter.

"Hey," Grace said as she stepped onto the balcony, leaning against the railing. Nate looked up at her and grinned.

"Well, well," he said, giving her a once-over. "You look nice today."

"Thanks," Grace said, smiling at him. She felt her heart racing in her chest, and she couldn't deny that she was nervous. She couldn't believe she was about to do this. She couldn't believe how much she wanted it.

Her reaction to him also struck her as odd. It made her think back to Nolan and her, albeit playfully, referring to him as a dog due to his worship of her. Was she a dog trained to respond to certain triggers? Did Nate provoke immediate sexual tension in her like some kind of animal? Was it that easy to alter her perspective of him by having such erotic experiences around him?

"So," Nate said, taking a drag off his cigarette and blowing the smoke out of his nose. Grace eyed the tobacco-ridden smoke with disgust. "Nolan came around, then?"

"Could you please not smoke when I'm here?" Grace asked, suddenly feeling quite heated. Smoking was such a turn-off. Why the fuck would Nate ruin the mood like that? "I know it was cool back in the good ol' days, but there are very few things I find less attractive."

Nate looked stunned for a moment. He was clearly not used to people telling him what to do, least of all from a woman. But then he nodded and crushed his cigarette in the ashtray. "Sorry," he said. "I didn't know. That's part of why you're here. To teach me these things."

"It's okay," Grace said, feeling a little bad for snapping at him. She sat down on her sun lounger, facing him. "And yeah, Nolan and I had a talk. He was surprisingly chill about it."

"Good," Nate said, giving her a small smile. Grace knew that he wanted more information, but he didn't press her. It was almost as if he could sense that she needed some time to build up the courage to do what she had come here for.

"So, how's your week been?" Grace asked, trying to ease into it. She didn't want to rush things, but she also didn't want to drag it out too much. She'd expected to be hornier, but the smell of cigarettes, as a lover of the outdoors, just really put her off.

"It's been fine," Nate said. "Work is work, and I'm trying to keep my head down, so to speak. Don't wanna mess things up."

"That's good," Grace said, smiling at him, before leaning back on the lounger to do what she came for. "You've seemed like a changed man lately."

Nate chuckled. "I have my moments. But I'm trying, you know? I'm really trying to make this work. Your Nolan really stuck his neck out for me, and Mr. Calhoun seems like a decent fella, so I'm gonna try to stick around and be useful for a change."

"I understand," Grace said, nodding. "That's a lot of pressure."

"It is," Nate said. "But I'm handling it. I have some good friends to help me along the way. And great neighbors with even greater asses," he quipped. Grace rolled her eyes, but shot him a smile regardless. She knew she was supposed to correct his rough edges, to help him ease into a more cordial man or whatever, but she was getting used to his ways. In fact, sometimes him being forward was kinda nice. He wasn't beating around the bush. He was honest and to the point. She had always appreciated that in other matters, so why not this as well?

"How has your week been?" Nate asked.

Grace sighed and shook her head. "It's been… confusing," she said, not wanting to elaborate too much. "But it's okay. I'm figuring things out. I usually work it off with my plants and the parks, ballet, and whatever I'm doing, but sometimes, a girl just needs to unwind, you know?"

"I understand," Nate said, giving her a knowing look. He settled back on his chair, his legs spread wide, making the fabric of his shorts bulge out obscenely. Grace tried not to stare, but it was hard not to. She couldn't deny that she found his cock very… intriguing.

They sat in silence for a moment, both of them lost in their own thoughts. Grace's heart was racing in her chest, and she felt her palms start to sweat. She wanted to do it, she really did, but she was nervous. She didn't know why. Maybe because it was so unexpected. Maybe because it

felt wrong. Maybe because she was scared that Nolan would have second thoughts. But she knew she couldn't tell Nate any of that. She had to play it cool, to keep him interested.

After a few minutes of silence, Nate finally spoke. "Do you ever think about it?" he asked, his tone an octave lower than it usually was.

"Think about what?" Grace asked, looking up at him.

"About what you saw last time you were here," Nate said. "I know you enjoyed the little show I gave you."

Grace felt her face flush and heat rise in her body. She could feel herself getting turned on, and she knew that Nate knew it, too.

"I have thought about it," Grace admitted, biting her bottom lip.

"I know it was," Nate said, smirking at her. "You were so turned on, weren't you? I bet you liked the little feel you managed to steal. How it felt to hold a real man's cock in your hand."

Grace felt her breath hitch in her throat as Nate spoke. She felt like she was on fire, and she knew that Nate could see it.

"I have," Grace said, her voice barely above a whisper. "I have thought about it."

"I can tell," Nate said, his eyes raking over her body, taking in her flushed face and her erect nipples. "And I bet you'd love to feel it again, wouldn't you? I bet you'd love to feel my cock in your hand. To feel it getting hard for you. To feel it pulsing with desire. To feel me cum all over your chest like last time. You want that, don't you, princess?"

"Fuck," Grace breathed. Her pussy was throbbing with need, and she could feel herself getting wetter by the second. She knew she was playing with fire, but she couldn't help herself. She wanted it so badly.

"Why are you here today, Grace?" Nate asked, his voice low and husky. "Is it because you want to feel my cock again? Is it because you want to make me cum?" He paused and stood from his chair. He walked over to her, stopping right in front of her. Grace looked up at him, her eyes wide. He was so close to her, his crotch right at eye level with only a foot between them. She could see the outline of his cock through his shorts, and it made her mouth water.

Without another word, he slowly unzipped his shorts and let them fall to the ground. He stepped out of them, his cock tenting his boxers. Grace could see the outline of his shaft and the shape of his head. She couldn't believe how big he was, and she could feel herself getting even more turned on.

"This is still allowed, right?" Nate said, reaching for the waistband of his boxers. Grace nodded, her heart pounding in her chest.

With that, Nate tugged his boxers down, his cock springing free. Grace gasped at the sight of it. It was huge and thick, and it made her mouth water. Nate reached down and took his cock in his hand, stroking it slowly. Grace watched as he worked his shaft, feeling her pussy throb with need. Nate's cock was the biggest she had seen, and she couldn't believe how good it looked.

She couldn't help but stare, and she watched in fascination as Nate stroked his shaft. She watched his movements and tried to gauge how big he was. He had to be at least a solid nine

inches, and he had the girth to match. She had never seen a cock so big, and she knew it would be a struggle to fit it inside her. Nolan had a pretty good size, at least that's what she thought, but Nate's cock was an entirely different animal.

As her thoughts trailed back to Nolan, his idea suddenly came back to mind, and her confidence resurged. Her unsure gaze turned to a smirk as she looked up at Nate with a devious glint in her eyes.

"You like what you see?" she asked. "Do you like standing over scared little blondes like this?"

"God," Nate grunted, caught by surprise by her sudden shift.

Without waiting for his answer, she grabs hold of the base of his cock with her slender, long fingers and squeezes, sending shock waves of pleasure through Nate's body. Her soft fingers were firm around his member, her palm rubbing against the sensitive skin, setting off all sorts of fireworks in the pit of his stomach.

"Shit," she heard Nate groan through gritted teeth, his breath coming out in short bursts, his muscles tightening under his clothes. She smirked, feeling like she was the one in control for a change.

"Come on," she teased, pulling on his cock again, watching as a bead of pre-cum formed on the tip of his shaft. She pumped him harder, making him moan, his eyes squeezed shut, his teeth clenched tightly together. "Be a good boy," Grace ordered, keeping her voice low and teasing.

"What do you think of when you're jacking it to this sexy body I work so hard to keep in shape?"

"You..." Nate groaned.

"And?" Grace cooed, slowing her hand and keeping the steady, teasing motions she had been using, making his orgasm linger on the edge for a while longer. Her teasing strokes were maddening and pure torture to their big dicked neighbor.

"Me... fucking... you," Nate managed, his breaths labored, his hips thrusting back against her strokes.

"Mmmmmm, yeah? You think of that?" Grace purred, pumping his cock faster. "Think of that thick, massive dick of yours pounding into my tight little pussy?"

"Yeah," Nate moaned, his muscles starting to spasm.

"Think of stuffing me full with your huge cock?"

"Yeah, yeah..." Nate panted.

Grace smirked and pumped him faster. She was loving every second of this. She was controlling his pleasure, and she was controlling his release. She loved watching him squirm.

"What, you think I'm some sort of slut who'll give it up just because she sees a big dick?" she asked teasingly, pulling on his cock a little harder. She pumped his cock faster, feeling his orgasm starting to build. "No, baby. You have to earn my pussy. You have to earn the pleasure of fucking me. It'll take a little work."

Grace felt her pussy pulsing at the thought. It was intoxicating, the power she had in the palm of her hand. She could stop anytime she wanted.

"Yes, yes!" Nate cried, his hips jerking uncontrollably. "I'd love that... to take you back here after our date and fuck your perfect body until we can't move. I'd take you up here and fuck you like you deserve, like you need."

"Ohhhh," Grace moaned, her own hips jerking in response. Nate's words were driving straight to her core, making her ache.

"I'd fuck you all night," Nate continued, sensing the tables turning

"Oh, I bet you'd want to fuck me until you'd finish in me," Grace said in a hushed voice. The pressure from Nate's cock increased at that, and his breathing turned shallow. "Oh, not yet," Grace teased. "Not yet."

Nate growled in frustration as Grace slowed her pace and teased him with light strokes. His cock was rock hard and throbbing, begging for release.

"You want to cum so badly, don't you?" Grace asked, smiling wickedly at him. Nate nodded, his face flushed with need. "Where were we? Right. Thank god for contraceptives, am I right?"

"Ugh, no. I'm not wearing a fucking, ugh, condom," Nate said. "Never have, never will."

"No condom? You'll wear a condom and you'll thank me for it," Grace said. "You don't get to fuck me bareback. And you definitely cannot cum in me."

Nate looked like he was going to protest, but Grace cut him off with a sharp tug on his cock.

"But that's okay," she cooed. "I'm sure you'll still enjoy the view."

With that, Grace resumed stroking Nate's cock, pumping him faster and faster. She watched as his face contorted in pleasure, his eyes rolling back into his head, his jaw clenching tightly. He was lost in the sensations, and she couldn't help but smile.

"That's it," she encouraged, keeping up her pace. "Cum for me, Nate. Cum for me."

Nate's body went rigid, his muscles tensing as he neared his release. His cock swelled in her hand, his hips thrusting forward.

Grace pumped his cock harder, her grip tightening. Then stopped completely.

"Fuck!" Nate shouted, his body shaking. "Why'd you stop?"

"Because you didn't earn it," Grace said simply, giving him a wicked smile. "Consider it as punishment for wanting to cum inside me bare."

"What about you, then? I can't be the only one here who's thinking we should fuck," Nate said, his eyes glazed over with lust.

Grace smiled sweetly at him, stroking his cock gently. It twitched in her hand, and she felt her pussy clench in response. "I'm afraid that's not part of the deal, Nate," she said.

"I bet you think about me too," Nate said. "I bet you think about how good my cock would feel inside you, stretching out your tight little pussy. I'd make you feel things Nolan couldn't even dream about."

Grace's breathing got shallower, her cheeks reddened. She tried to keep her cool, but Nate was making it very difficult. She could feel herself getting turned on by his words, and it was getting harder and harder to resist the urge to fuck him.

"What, you think I'm some sort of slut who'd give it up just because I see a big dick?" Grace asked.

"No, but I do think you want to give it up for me," Nate shot back. Grace felt her entire body heat up at Nate's words. "I think you're a tease who likes to play with men's emotions, but I'm not easily played. I know you want my cock, and I know you'll come around eventually."

Grace bit her lip and looked away from him. She was starting to get nervous now, and she didn't know what to do. She could feel herself getting wetter by the second, and it was taking everything she had not to fuck him right there and then.

"And why would I want your cock, Nate?" Grace asked. "You think you can handle me? You think you're the kind of man who can please a woman like me?"

"I know I am," Nate said confidently. "I'd make you feel things you never even imagined, Grace."

Grace looked up at him, her heart racing. She was starting to get desperate now.

"What, you think just because we go on a date that you'll get lucky?" Grace shot back, trying to regain ground. "You don't know me, Nate. You don't know what I like, or what I want."

"Oh, but I do," Nate said. "I know you want to be fucked by a real man. I know you want to feel my cock inside you, filling you up. I know you want to cum all over it and scream my name."

"Please... stop talking like this," Grace muttered.

"Then let me fucking cum!" Nate urged

"Right," Grace said, flustered. Him pushing her like that, talking so bluntly about his intentions, had made her quite nervous and bothered. Sure, she had asked, but she hadn't expected his honesty to be so forward, nor to have such an effect. She was in control, after all. Right? "You want me to make you cum, big boy? Well, let's see what you got, then."

Grace began to pump Nate's cock again, her hand moving fast along his shaft. He groaned in response, his hips thrusting forward, his cock throbbing in her hand. She watched as he neared his release, his body tense and shaking, his eyes squeezed shut. She felt his cock swell in her hand, and she knew he was close.

Then she stopped. Nate had a wild look on his face, clearly fed up with this nonsense.

"Get up and bend over the railing," Nate said through clenched teeth.

Grace stood up quickly, her heart racing. She was a little scared of him now, but she was also turned on beyond belief. She bent over the railing, her ass pressed out toward him.

Nervous with anticipation, Grace waited for Nate to take action. She could feel him step up behind her, his presence looming over her. She bit her lip and closed her eyes, bracing herself for what was coming.

She could hear Nate's breathing quicken as he moved closer to her, and she could feel his heat radiating off him. Slick rhythmic sounds muffled by her ears ringing as he stroked his cock. The

air between them seemed to thicken as the tension rose. Grace could feel her heart racing as the moment drew closer.

However, Nate never touched her. She could hear him grunt as his cock twitched, but nothing came. Her ass was left bare and untouched, and she felt a wave of disappointment wash over her. She couldn't help but feel a little let down. She had expected him to take action, to do something to her, but instead, he just stood there, stroking his cock to her ass. Even now, he was respecting their rules.

Then, without thinking, Grace reached back and slid her bikini bottoms down her thighs. They were soaked through with her arousal, and she could feel the cool air hit her heated pussy as they slipped down her legs. She felt her face flush with embarrassment as she stepped out of them. She was completely exposed to him now. Her ass, her pussy, everything. A reward for him for keeping his hands to himself.

"God damn," Nate muttered, his voice strained. Grace could hear the lust in his voice, and she couldn't help but feel a little proud of herself. She had this effect on men. Half a second later, something wet and warm landed on her ass, followed by more, then more. His cum shot out in streams, one after the other, painting her ass with his seed.

"Fuck," Nate groaned. "That's it, take it. Take my cum all over your sexy fucking ass."

Grace's heart was racing as she felt the hot cum land on her skin. It was such a dirty, naughty feeling, and it made her pussy throb with need. She loved it, and she wanted more of it.

"Mmmm," Grace moaned as Nate continued to pump his cock, shooting his cum all over her ass. "That's it, baby. Cum all over me. Make me yours. So much. So heavy..."

Nate grunted as he finished, his cock finally going soft in her hand. He stepped away from her, his breathing ragged. Grace stood up, her face flushed. She felt like a mess, but she also felt so incredibly turned on. She couldn't believe what she had just done. She had jerked off Nate, made him cum all over her ass, and she had loved it. And they had more or less admitted to each other that they wanted to fuck each other. It felt like they were delaying the inevitable at this point. This big, beautiful dick was dangling in front of her like a carrot for weeks, how else was she supposed to respond.

"About what we talked about... You know, during–" Grace began, suddenly getting a serious wave of second thoughts.

"Don't sweat it. It's just things we say to make each other hot. It's a thrill. Even talking about sex with you. I mean, you tease me with your handjob, and I'll tease you right back," Nate shot in, sounding more playful than the darker tone from before. While it sounded comforting, and his tone was kinder, Grace wasn't entirely convinced.

"That's not how it works," Grace countered, feeling herself blush. "This is a one-way street, and I'm the only one who can drive on it." She sounded like a pouting child while she wanted to come off as playful.

"We'll see about that," Nate said, smirking at her. "As for the date, I have no expectations, but don't pretend you haven't been curious about me, princess."

"Curious? Of course, you have huge cock. But it would hurt too much, and I'm not sure if Nolan is ready for that yet," Grace said. That was sort of a lie. Nolan had more or less said he was fine

with it. She wasn't sure if she was ready for it yet, though. She was curious, but she wasn't sure if she could actually go through with it.

"If we'll ever get there, I'll take good care of you," Nate said. Grace bit her lip and blushed. "Is Nolan at home?"

Grace looked at him suspiscously. "Why?"

"I just meant, will you be able to take care of yourself? Or, do you need any help?" Nate tried.

"Nate, what did we just talk about? Thanks, but no thanks. I don't want to push any more boundaries or Nolan's mercy any further," Grace said.

Nate sighed and leaned back in his chair, stretching out his legs. "Fine. Suit yourself."

"Well, I'll be off then," Grace said. "I'll see you later, Nate."

"Later, princess," Nate said, giving her a lazy wave. Grace rolled her eyes and walked away from him. She could feel his eyes on her ass as she walked, and she couldn't help but smile to herself. His cum hadn't fully dried yet and he was already ogling her.

She couldn't deny that it felt good to be wanted like that, and it was a nice confidence boost after their little session. She couldn't wait to tell Nolan about it. He'd be so proud of her.

And maybe they could talk more about this date, and what might happen afterwards...

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Nolan felt the sweat beading on his forehead. He was struggling to keep himself quiet after what he had just heard. He endured so much secrecy from the last time they had hung out together; he simply needed to know what Grace was up to with Nate. He hoped to hear the sounds of Grace giving the guy a hand job, but never expected such... filth to come out of their mouths. How Grace had admitted that she was curious, how much she complimented Nate's size. Nolan wasn't jealous, but he couldn't deny that it stung a little.

Come to think of it, Nolan wasn't entirely sure if he had ever asked Grace about that. A man's penis was never something Nolan was intrigued by, but know that he was hung like a horse, he couldn't help but be curious. Nolan was no small man in the appendage department, but apparently, Nate caused awe, and enough awe to intrigue Grace into wanting to feel him. Was Grace secretly disappointed by Nolan? Had he not been able to please her like he thought he could?

For the first time in his life, he had doubts about himself. Maybe he wasn't as good as he thought he was, and maybe that was the reason why Grace was so keen on pushing her boundaries.

Nolan shook his head. He was being stupid. He knew Grace loved him, and he knew he was a good lover. He just needed to focus on what he was doing. Grace wasn't so superficial that a huge dick would make her stray. He had to trust her. While he loved the secrecy, trust was the key component here. Trust the other one's judgment.

Nolan wiped away his sweat, the summer heat hitting him harder than usual. He took a deep breath and let it out slowly. He needed to stay focused. He needed to stop worrying and just enjoy the experience. Grace was having fun, and he needed to relax and enjoy it, too. This feeling in his chest, and how it had affected his groin, was exactly why they were doing this.

Perhaps, if Nolan thought of it differently, he could concede that nature's unfair biological distribution could be viewed as a good thing for Grace and himself.

Closing his eyes, he tried to imagine Grace's face and how she looked when she was touching Nate. He could picture her perfect face, flushed and eager. He could picture her eyes, wide and excited, her mouth, wet and open. He could picture her body, taut and ready.

And inevitably, he thought of Nate fucking Grace. His most prized possession getting ravaged by their neighbor, by someone who wasn't Nolan. The thoughts made him ache, and he couldn't help but want to touch himself. He wanted to feel that ache, that need. He wanted to feel the thrill, the excitement, the anticipation. He worshiped this woman; he loved her so much it hurt, and the very thought of someone taking her from him made him shiver with dread, but at the same time, it excited him. She was everything to him, and he was willing to share that with Nate. Willing, no. Excited? In many ways.

Grace had always had him wrapped around her finger, ever since they met. And maybe it was his own fault, he had created a perfect vision of what she was when they started going out. His dream woman, and not wanting to lose his chance with her, he tried his best to match her expectations. Even though those expectations didn't feel like they applied anymore. As they started dating, the things she valued, that the other girls in school and college held in high regard, seemed like less and less a part of who Grace was, as they morphed into more interesting things; her genuine kind nature, how much she cared, how she approached problems, even down to the way she grew her hair. Her attractiveness became more subtle, natural, as she began to distance herself from a standard which no longer applied to her.

They became perfect for each other because they shared similar dreams of life, shared the values, the desires and the hopes, despite coming from different social and economic backgrounds. Perhaps it was why she chose him; his growth seemed to mirror her own, their moral standards lined up and were often synonymous. The same hopes and desires for the future and what was to come. They were, at the time, perfect.

What Nolan did notice, especially lately, was her drive, her ambitions to get a life in order and out from under her father's roof and into her own future. And somehow, it made her that much more desirable. She was a mature version of herself, a person Nolan not only admired and respected, but craved and felt drawn to. He wanted to learn, to grow, and be more like her, in all ways, as her kindness, compassion, and genuineness had shaped him.

Despite the influence that men, especially the dominant one named Nate, had on Grace, she never deviated from that person; the sweet, kind, thoughtful person he had come to love. While his Grace did become a more sexual woman, someone with needs, desires, wants, and curiosities that seemed to become stronger and stronger every day, she was still very much the same Grace he had met all those years ago. Kind, considerate, funny, smart, passionate, adventurous, curious, and down to earth.

They had a good thing going on, and while Nolan was determined to continue to build on the love, commitment, and life they shared, it did him no good not to enjoy the extra bits and bobs of spice it brought to them. In some weird way, it also made them more mature; opening the curtains and showing them something new. Not just a test of commitment but perhaps also a lesson in learning how to accept and handle new emotions. A lesson on how to remain relaxed about the unknown and unpredictable, or a lesson on how to embrace your animalistic side.

"God damn," Nate muttered, his voice strained. Nolan heard Nate moan, dragging him from his own thoughts. Nate was panting now, his breaths coming in short bursts, and Nolan knew that he was cumming all over Grace. That same jolting shock came again, making his dick twitch, his stomach muscles tightening, his blood run hot.

One thing was to be told that it had happened, to experience it through Grace's masterful storytelling, but hearing it happen a few feet away, and being unable to see a damn thing, was almost unbearable. The struggle of arousal, frustration, and suspense. The knife in his gut.

Nolan had earlier said he was okay with a blow job and alluded to perhaps even them sleeping together, but now that he was hearing them talking about it, his cock throbbing at the idea, he wasn't so sure. Perhaps he had been too eager, too fast. The thought of sharing Grace with Nate made him crazy. He loved her, and he didn't want to share her with anyone, even if it was just a casual thing. He wasn't that kind of guy. He needed her to be his, to be completely and utterly his.

But at the same time, or perhaps that was precisely why, it excited him. The thought of her being with another man, the thought of her getting fucked by a guy with a huge dick, was a major turn on. And the fact that she would do it for him, that she would do it for their relationship, made him love her even more.

"Fuck," Nate groaned. "That's it, take it. Take my cum all over your sexy fucking ass."

"Mmmm," Grace moaned, "That's it, baby. Cum all over me. Make me yours. So much. So heavy..."

Hearing his Grace moan too, sent chills down his spine, his cock pulsating to her sexy noises. His dick was so hard it ached, but his heart raced for Grace. Knowing how happy it made her to go on this journey. He wasn't about to end it, regardless if it was on a painful note, knowing how important this was for Grace to feel wanted and confident, to stretch herself and explore these new sexual waters. To allow her that safety zone in him, a confidant for her feelings and experiences. She had begun to explore her feelings and her inner sexuality, and while a part of him feared he might lose her during this journey, a larger part of him needed her to go through with it. That's what lovers do. They push their boundaries together.

And what sort of man would he be if he backed down at the first sign of resistance? Grace was obviously having a great time, so Nolan, like so many times before, strived to be the best partner for her. They were on this road together, and hearing her enjoy herself, while it hurt, it also helped Nolan enjoy it a lot more. Knowing that Grace was happy meant the world to him, even if that meant being uncomfortable at times. This was his new moment to learn how to handle new emotions indeed, because they were whirling.

It was a strange dichotomy, to say the least. On one hand, he was turned on by the idea of Nate and Grace fucking. On the other hand, he was jealous as hell. It was like two parts of him were constantly at war with each other. On one hand, she would experience something unique and he'd be part of that journey with her, Dora's experience and indicator of what, but on the other, he wouldn't be the only one inside her. And he feared, with a woman like Grace, that once it had happened, he would never be enough again.

And that thought made him crazy. Trust, Nolan reminded himself. Grace was always the sensible one. This was a thrilling adventure, nothing more, and certainly nothing less.

Nolan crept away, sensing that their ordeal had commenced, and thus Grace would be madly horny. Well, there was one of the major perks of her exploring this hotwife lifestyle. She had been insatiable. She'd be home at any minute now and rip him to shreds.

He couldn't wait.

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As the rest of the week rolled by, Nolan tried to gauge if there truly was anything different about Grace. Not in a malicious way, but rather to see if she had changed in any way. If her experiences had brought a shift in her mood or behavior. But there was nothing. She was still the same old Grace, as if nothing had happened. Perhaps she was better at hiding it?

But Nolan was changed. He was always sort of possessive, but now, whenever Grace was home, he constantly tended to her needs, made sure she had the best life possible. A result, a happy result, as anticipated, was that they had grown this much closer. As a matter of fact, as Grace took care of him one morning, grinding in his lap, him mauling her fantastic ass cheeks in his hands, he felt so close to her, like never before. They weren't just fucking; they were making love. It was intense, and the sensation that followed was something else. Like a high. The sensation of being in love was always there, but this was something different. He felt a stronger connection to her, and he wanted to hold on to her, never let go. And that made him happy.

"You still love me, right?" Nolan grunted in her air, feeling her sweaty skin slide against his as she rode him. "I know you've been through a lot these last couple of days, but–"

"I'm right here, baby," Grace cooed, running her fingers through his hair, pressing her forehead against his, slowing down her pace. "I'll always be here. I love you. Don't be jealous of Nate, okay? Life is more than sex. Nate isn't even sex right now. And you're life."

"God damn, you are the best thing that has ever happened to me," Nolan said, kissing her deeply, pulling her into him, feeling her heartbeat against his own. He could feel her pulse quicken, her body trembling as he held her close. She was so perfect. So beautiful.

"I want you to cum inside me," Grace whispered, nibbling on his earlobe. "I want you to fill me up, baby. Claim your girlfriend as yours."

Nolan's heart skipped a beat as she said those words. They were like music to his ears.

"Fuck yes," Nolan groaned, his hips bucking involuntarily, his cock throbbing inside her.

"Cum for me, Nolan," Grace cooed. "Claim that pussy, let loose deep inside of me. Let go."

Nolan felt himself getting closer and closer to the edge as Grace continued to ride him, her body moving in a perfect rhythm. She was so wet and tight, and he couldn't believe how lucky he was to have her.

"Fuck," he grunted, his cock throbbing inside her as he came. He could feel her walls clamp down around him as she came with him, her body tensing as she moaned.

"I love you so much," Grace said breathlessly, resting her head on his shoulder, her body pressed against his.

Nolan wrapped his arms around her and held her close, his heart still racing. "I love you, too. Always will."

They stayed like that for a moment, just holding each other, their bodies pressed together. Nolan couldn't imagine being anywhere else than right here, right now, with Grace in his arms.

"So you listened to me and Nate, then?" Grace asked after a while.

"How'd you know?" Nolan asked, suddenly weary.

"What else would have you so tense?" Grace said, rolling off of him to sit up and look at him. "You said you were okay with him sleeping with me, hypothetically, but now you're apprehensive. What's the matter?"

"Hearing you guys talking about it, and being so into it, well, it felt very real suddenly," Nolan said, looking away from her. "But I'm not mad. I mean, I'm a little jealous, but that's part of the deal, I guess."

Grace sighed. "Roll over on your belly," she said. Nolan raised an eyebrow. "Do as I say, Nolan."

"God, I love when you use your stern voice," Nolan chuckled, rolling over.

"You're tense, and you need to be tended to," Grace said, her strong thumbs finding a sweet spot between his spine and his lower shoulder blades. "I'm glad you brought this up. That's why I hesitated when you asked what I wanted. I want you to be happy, but I can't say I'm not curious. That's why I tried to go for the middle ground: a blow job."

"I understand," Nolan said, closing his eyes and enjoying Grace's touch. "And I'm sorry I put you in a tough spot. You know I don't like to control you, and I trust you completely."

"I know," Grace said, smiling. "I know you do."

Nolan took a deep breath and let it out slowly. He felt like a weight had been lifted off his shoulders. He was relieved that Grace had asked. Saying it out loud, admitting that he was a little jealous, had made him feel better. Like the burden had been lifted off his chest.

"And, I've come to terms with it," Nolan said. "I think, once it happens, I'll be able to relax more about it."

"Good," Grace said, her hands working wonders on his back. "Because I want to see where this takes us. But I don't want to lose you, Nolan."

"You won't lose me," Nolan said. "I love you. I'll always love you, Grace."

"And I'll always love you," Grace said, pressing a kiss to his shoulder blade. "Now, let's get you relaxed."

Nolan smiled and closed his eyes, letting himself melt into Grace's touch. She always knew how to take care of him, and he loved her for it. They were going to be just fine.

"And it doesn't bother you that I'm into this?" Grace asked. "I mean, the thrill of it all..."

"Not at all," Nolan said. "I love that you're into it. And I love that you're willing to explore it with me. It's not something I ever thought I'd be into, but it's growing on me."

"That's good," Grace said. "Because I want to keep doing it."

Nolan laughed. "Good. Because I want to keep doing it, too."

"I think it's been good for us," Grace said, running her fingers through Nolan's hair. "I think it's made us closer."

"I think so, too," Nolan said. "I never thought I'd actually experience and be into voyeurism and cuckolding, but here we are."

Grace chuckled. "Here we are indeed."

"I so long thought it was something that was in my head, that I never wanted it to manifest into reality, as I thought I would lose you, or that you would lose interest in me. I was terrified by it, if I'm honest, but it has been wonderful getting to know this new side of you," Nolan said, feeling completely relaxed. "And now I have to deal with the reality of you actually wanting to do it. And because of that, I think I want it to happen even more."

"Well, I'm not sure myself. Seeing how you've reacted, I might stop our little game. No, I'm not quitting, it's too much fun, but in respects to what's going to happen, y'know, after the date." Grace paused for a moment, before continuing. "But I am curious. I'd be lying if I said I wasn't. But I don't want to hurt you. I know how much you love me, and I don't want to hurt you. I don't want to do anything that could damage our relationship."

"I know. I don't either," Nolan said. "But I trust you. And I don't want to hold you back from exploring new things. I love you, and I want you to be happy. If that means exploring this with Nate, then I'll be on your corner, being my pervy old self."

Nolan had been scared, of course, but he was starting to realize that there was nothing to be scared of. Grace was still his girlfriend, and she still loved him. And he had no doubt that she was the one for him, that he'd marry her and make a family together with her.

"Thank you, baby," Grace said, pressing a kiss to his shoulder. "If anything, I think that doing this sort of exploration now that we're young and without the stresses of having kids and worries is good for us. It helps us grow as individuals and as a couple; it helps us find ourselves, who we are as individuals, and who we are together."

"You're right," Nolan said, smiling. "I never thought of it like that, but you're right."

"And besides, we get to have some great sex along the way," Grace said, her hands wandering over Nolan's body.

"Yes, we do," Nolan said, his body responding to Grace's touch.

"Why don't you roll over on your back again, stud?" Grace said huskily, knowing just the right tone and verbiage to use to drive him wild. Nolan did as she said, rolling over and looking up at her. She was so beautiful, her skin glowing in the morning light.

"Work," Nolan grunted as an half-assed excuse as she climbed on top of him. "I can't be late..."

Grace grinned and slid down his body, her lips trailing down his chest and abdomen. "I know you can't, baby. But that doesn't mean I can't appreciate my man before you go."

"Fuck," Nolan moaned as Grace took his cock into her mouth. She sucked him slowly, her tongue swirling around the head of his shaft. Her mouth felt so good. Her blow jobs were always exquisite. "God, that feels so good."

"Mmmm," Grace moaned, her head bobbing up and down, her lips sliding along his shaft.

To think Nate might experience this already next week. If he kept his hands to himself, that is.

Nolan could feel himself getting close, his cock throbbing in Grace's mouth. But he wanted to experience that thrill they had been playing with for months now as she did it. He wanted to receive what Nate would, while Grace talked about him.

"Talk to me," Nolan grunted.

"Mmmm," Grace moaned, her head bobbing up and down, her lips sliding along his shaft.

"You never said Nate was hung, didn't you?" Nolan said.

"Mmm-no," Grace said, looking up at him with those mountain blue eyes.

"Why?" Nolan grunted, gasping just as Grace flicked her tongue across the ridge of his glans.

"Cuz... I was worried it would scare you," Grace admitted, turning flush. "That you would put a stop to everything."

"Naughty," Nolan said. "But I understand. Now I know why you've been so enthusiastic."

"It's not like that," Grace said. "It's... it's..."

"No, no," Nolan said. "I get it."

Grace nodded, a sheepish smile on her face as she absentmindedly rubbed his cock on her cheek.

"So you're not mad?" she asked.

"Not at all," Nolan said. "And I want you to enjoy it when it happens. Don't feel guilty or anything."

"Okay," Grace said, smiling. She looked up at him with a devious smile. "You want me to talk about Nate's cock some more, or do you want to cum in my mouth?"

"Both," Nolan said, grinning.

"Mmmmm," Grace moaned, taking his cock back into her mouth. She sucked him slowly, her tongue swirling around the head of his shaft. "Oh fuck, Nate... that cock is so big. I never thought myself as a size queen, but damn, it's huge..."

Nolan groaned, his cock throbbing in Grace's mouth.

"Mmmm, I can't even fit all of it in my hand... It's so thick, and I can barely wrap my fingers around it," Grace moaned. "It makes me so wet just thinking about it... The heat and weight of it felt so good in my hand, so right."

"God, yes," Nolan moaned, his hips bucking involuntarily. He was so close.

"Mmmmm," Grace moaned, her head bobbing up and down, her lips sliding along his shaft.

It wasn't long until Nolan couldn't hold back anymore and he came hard, his cock pulsating as he shot his load into Grace's waiting mouth. She moaned and swallowed every last drop, licking her lips and smiling up at him.

"Fuck, that was amazing," Nolan said, panting.

"I know," Grace said, grinning.

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Grace was able to focus her attention on work more than before. Why? She figured that rekindling with Nolan, sort of to regroup, was absolutely necessary. The tension that had been built over almost two weeks had made them both stressed, and talking about it with each other, opening up about worries and desires, was essential. She always wanted to be able to talk to him, especially since they were exploring new things.

But with time flying by during the summer, the next week came ever more quickly. And thus, her weekly visit to Nate's. Friday. Somehow, that day had become the designated Nate day. She hadn't even been over at his place to check on his plants, because, honestly, she was over enough at his place. Why should Nate get so much time with her? Her visiting his place to sunbathe once a week was plenty. And perhaps plenty for her too.

"Hey princess," Nate said as he opened the door. Grace blushed as she looked at him. He was shirtless and sweaty, not an attractive sight for anyone, except for her. Her heart skipped a beat as she took him in, his sweaty body glistening in the sunlight. He looked... rough, if anything.

"Hey, Nate," she said, smiling. "How are you doing?"

"I'm great. How are you?" Nate asked, grinning.

"I'm good," Grace said, trying to keep her cool. "I heard you had a balcony in desperate need of a hot babe?"

Nate laughed. "Yeah, it could use one." He stepped aside and gestured for her to come in. "Make yourself at home."

"Thank you," Grace said, stepping into his apartment. "How are the plants?"

"I think they need more water," Nate said. "You should come on over more often and check on them."

Grace rolled her eyes. "I don't think so, Nate."

"Aww, come on," Nate said, grinning. "They miss you."

"Yeah, yeah," Grace said. "I'm sure they do." She walked over to the balcony and looked out over the woods. It was a beautiful view. At least to her it was. It needed some care, though.

"So," Nate said, leaning against the railing. "Wanna use the bathroom to get changed?"

Grace bit her lip. She had an idea. "Nah. I think I'll just change here."

"Really?" Nate said, raising an eyebrow.

"Yeah," Grace said, smiling. "I mean, you can turn around while I do it."

"If you say so," Nate said, shrugging. He turned around and faced the woods. Grace smirked as she pulled off her shirt, revealing her breasts.

She then slid off her shorts and panties, letting them drop to the ground. She felt so naughty, standing there naked in Nate's apartment, his back turned to her. She could see his muscles tense up as he realized what she was doing. Suddenly a bit self-conscious, she turned a bit, so if he peeked, he'd only see her back and her ass. Which was still much, but yet a bit better.

She also tried to recall what Nolan had said about her being naked in front of Nate when she had stripped for him before. Come to think of it, Nolan hadn't said anything.

"Done yet?" Nate asked, his voice strained.

"Almost," Grace said, grabbing her green and black bikini from her bag. She quickly slid the pieces on, adjusting them and making sure they fit comfortably.

"All done," Grace said.

"You look good," Nate said, turning to her and checking her out.

"Thanks," Grace said, blushing.

A few minutes later, Grace was back on the sun lounger she had grown so accustomed to, basking in the sunlight. It was an especially warm day today, and she could feel her skin getting hotter and hotter as she lay there. Work had been brutal in this weather, so a well-earned rest like this was very much welcome.

She felt herself start to drift off into a lazy afternoon sleep when she felt something drip on her arm. She opened her eyes and looked up, surprised to see Nate standing over her, holding an opened beer bottle.

"Gimme," Grace said, holding out a hand. Nate chuckled and handed her the bottle.

"Thirsty," Nate said.

"The weather has gotten so much warmer," Grace said.

"It has," Nate said. Grace's eyes trailed to his obvious bulge.

"Every time, huh?"

"Every time. If you were a man, and in the same vicinity of a girl like you, you'd have the same issue," he said, his voice strained. "Your body, it's the fucking thing. A literal siren of sexuality. You're tempting and teasing, not really allowing a guy to calm down."

"Let me guess. My flirting isn't helping either?" Grace said, rolling onto her stomach to show off her ass, shiny with sweat. She tugged at her bikini, making it almost into a thong. "Poor you, have to endure this bratty blonde's presence. Such hardships."

"For fuck sake, don't turn over, you brat. Yeah, it's not helping," Nate hissed through clenched teeth. He moved his hand down and tried to readjust his pants without her looking at him.

"Have fun, then," Grace said, looking over her shoulder, knowing fully that this would spur him on further. "Or do you want me to help?"

"Yeah, that would be great," Nate muttered.

"Well, we can't make a habit of it. I'll just take a nap instead," Grace said. She couldn't let him build any sort of expectancy for her assistance. The thrill of teasing him was enough for her, and Nolan wanted her to enjoy it as much as she could, so she would. And right now, sun rays were on her mind, not Nate's cock. "Just try to relax and think of something else."

"You're evil," Nate grunted.

"And you're hard," Grace teased, rolling onto her back again so she could drink her beer. She never was much of a beer person, or alcohol in general, but it was cold and she was hot as fuck.

"You have no idea," Nate muttered, running a hand over his face.

"Don't be so dramatic," Grace said, chuckling. "It'll go away eventually."

"Easy for you to say," Nate said, shaking his head. "I'm the one with blue balls here."

"Do you have anything besides beer?" Grace asked.

"Probably," Nate said. "Do you want me to mix you a drink?"

"As long as it's not too strong. I'm a lightweight," Grace said.

"Just like Nolan," Nate joked, standing up. A pang of anger suddenly flared in Grace's chest. But she shoved it down. It was probably just a playful remark. Grace was incredibly protective of her future husband in that way. Oh, that sexy man.

"We're an item," Grace said instead.

Nate chuckled and headed inside. A few minutes later, he returned with two drinks in hand. He also had donned a tank top. Perhaps he had caught her looking at his large belly with a look that didn't exactly illuminate awe.

"Here you go," he said, handing one of the drinks to Grace.

"Thanks," Grace said, taking a sip. The drink was surprisingly good. She took another sip, enjoying the taste. "This is really good."

"Thanks," Nate said, grinning. "Can I ask you something?"

"Sure," Grace said, raising an eyebrow.

"I just feel weird asking you stuff, because our relationship is so, erh, sexually charged. Not sex, of course, but yeah," Nate said.

"Shoot. As a matter of fact, I think it's nice that you want to get to know me. It means I'm more than just a sexy body. That's gonna earn you points should you date again. And I totally understand what you mean, by the way," Grace said. "What's the question?"

"You don't really drink, and I figure you don't really like getting drunk, Nolan getting drunk, and all that, and I just wondered why that is? If that's not too personal," Nate said.

Grace looked at him, considering her options. She wasn't much of an open book, but why not humor him? It was nice getting to know someone better and talking with them. Especially if they were to go on a date together. Perhaps, should this friendship deepen, a bond would form and it'd become easier to open up. So what's the harm?

"Well," Grace said, pausing and taking a deep breath, "I'm not opposed to drinking. I can gulp down a beer or two, and I can enjoy a well-mixed drink," she said, toasting the drink Nate had given her. He lifted his glass in response. "I just don't like how fucking stupid people get. Like gross caricatures of themselves, slurring their words, or acting overly friendly, and all that. It's all fake, and I like things that are real. People who are real. It's just... it's too much, you know? Like they're trying too hard. Trying to be someone they're not."

"Yeah, I get that," Nate said, nodding. "I never thought of it that way. We always say that alcohol makes you more honest, but the way you put it, I find myself understanding that point of view as well. You're more likely to do something stupid or embarrassing. Like Nolan, he's not a stupid person, nor is he embarrassing, but when he gets a few drinks in him, he's not that. But we both know that's not the true Nolan, which is why you get pissed at him getting drunk. I get it now."

"Exactly!" Grace exclaimed. "You get me! I'm so happy I have someone who gets me. Someone who understands my perspective on things. Nolan doesn't know his limits, then he gets drunk. And in return, I get mad at him for being so fucking dumb."

"I understand that frustration," Nate said, nodding. "And you don't like to see that go to waste."

"Exactly," Grace said again. "Thank you."

"No problem," Nate said, smiling. "And thanks for trusting me with your feelings. It means a lot."

"Thanks for listening," Grace said. She paused, considering her next words carefully. "And thanks for being so understanding about the whole cuckold thing. I know it's weird, and I appreciate you being cool about it."

"I get to have the hottest babe on both sides of the Mississippi on my balcony? And she shows off, enjoys talking to me, and to top it off, she may even give me a hand once in a while?" Nate laughed, causing Grace to blush. "I may be an old man and a bit of a creep, but I'm not a fucking retard."

"Thanks, I guess," Grace said, shaking her head. "You're not supposed to say that word anymore, by the way."

Nate shrugged, making Grace giggle.

"Man, that cute laugh you got," Nate said.

"Now you're pouring it on too heavy," Grace said, taking a sip and settling more on her lounger.

"Well, it's true," Nate said, smiling.

"Thanks," Grace said, blushing. "I appreciate it."

The two of them drank their drinks and relaxed, enjoying the sunshine. Grace felt herself starting to drift off again, the combination of the sun's heat and the alcohol making her feel sleepy and relaxed. She was just about to doze off when she heard Nate shift in his chair.

Looking over at him, she saw that he was adjusting himself. His pants were tented, and he was trying to discreetly readjust himself. It was obvious what he was doing, though, and Grace couldn't help but giggle.

"Sorry," he muttered, giving her a sheepish grin. "It's just hard to keep it down around you."

"I don't mind," Grace said, blushing. "You can have fun if you want to."

"Really?" Nate asked.

"Sure," Grace said. "I mean, we're both adults here. And I don't mind watching you jerk off. I think it's pretty hot. As long as you don't get any cum on me again."

"I'll be careful," Nate said, grinning. He unbuttoned his pants and pulled down his zipper, letting out a sigh of relief. Grace bit her lip as she watched him pull out his cock, his hand wrapping around the shaft. He started stroking himself slowly, his eyes locked on hers.

Grace couldn't help but feel herself getting turned on as she watched him touch himself. His eyes were so intense, and his grip was so tight. She could feel herself getting wet, her pussy aching for attention. She shifted in her seat, trying to relieve the pressure, but it didn't work.

She decided to give in to the urge and reached down between her legs, slipping a hand into her bikini bottoms. She started rubbing her clit, letting out a soft moan.

Nate's hand sped up, his eyes locked on hers. "You like this?" he asked, his voice low and husky.

"Yes," Grace moaned, her fingers moving faster. "It's so hot."

"You want to help me out with that?"

"No, I'm fine where I am," Grace whispered. She was barely able to focus with his display in front of her. Nate gave her a devilish smile and slowly moved over to her lounger, never breaking eye contact. As he sat down beside her, he slowly and deliberately removed his hand, showing his mammoth cock off in its naked glory.

She swallowed a nervous lump. It was so big and angry, certainly intimidating. Grace felt her mouth grow dry, and her body started to respond at the sight of Nate's thick cock and prominent veins. Grace couldn't help it and reached out, tracing the length of his cock. Nate moaned, and the sound was like music to Grace's ears. She had said she wouldn't, yet here she was.

"God, that feels good," Nate whispered, closing his eyes and leaning back. "You ever been with a guy this hung, princess?" he growled.

Grace shook her head, her eyes wide as she stared at his massive member.

"I thought so," he said, chuckling darkly. "C'mon, Grace. Your sexy body deserves nothing but the best, and this cock..."

Grace tightened her grip, feeling the flesh hard as steel, yet pliable. Warm. Vibrant. She started stroking slowly, earning her a throaty moan from Nate.

Nate looked at her, his eyes dark. "Good girl."

They didn't say much more, just moaned as Grace continued to stroke him, getting braver and braver by the second. It felt so big and powerful under her hand. She could feel him getting harder under her touch. Her heart was pounding, and her breathing was erratic. She was completely lost in the moment, and it felt so good.

"Just imagining how it must be inside you," Nate groaned, closing his eyes and focusing on the feeling of her fingers gently stroking his cock through his jeans. "Feeling your tight pussy clenching around my hard cock. How warm and wet and tight you are."

"You'd fill me up," Grace moaned, her words coming out in a breathless rush. Nate growled in agreement, and she found herself pushing harder against his hard cock.

"Yeah, I would," Nate grunted. He opened his eyes and locked his gaze with her again. "How about we forget the rule for a while?"

Grace shook her head in disbelief. It was insane, but the idea sounded so hot. Forgetting the rule for a second. "What do I tell Nolan?" she asked.

"Whatever you want," Nate whispered.

They kept their eyes locked as soon enough Grace found herself on her back, with Nate looming over her.

"This is insane," Grace moaned, arching her back as his lips attacked her neck.

Nate said something incomprehensible in response, sending vibrations along the skin of her neck. With a few simple flips of her skimpy green and black bikini bottoms, he was suddenly between her spread legs, the length of his large cock dragging teasingly along the inner folds of her wet and heated core.

"We're going straight to hell," Grace said. Suddenly, her legs parted as she pulled him to her. "We shouldn't be doing this," Grace breathed, though without conviction. She wasn't going to stop now, not after he had gotten her so riled up.

Without a word, Nate reached down between her legs and pushed the small fabric of her bikini aside and placed his tip at her entrance, making the small of her back arch. The tension was high as he slowly and agonizingly entered her. They locked eyes once again. Grace could see the lust burning in Nate's eyes. He had been wanting this for a long time, and she was happy to oblige.

Nate began moving in and out of Grace, his thrusts becoming deeper and faster. Her breathing became quicker and she gripped him tighter. She wanted to tell him that he shouldn't be doing this, that she was Nolan's girlfriend, but the pleasure she was getting from his thrusting hips, and the feeling of him inside her silenced those words. All she could manage was moans and gasps as he fucked her.

All coherent thought escaped her mind as their lovemaking intensified. All that mattered now was the passion between them, and she threw her arms and legs around him to deepen their connection.

In a haze, they moved from sun lounger onto the cool floor. She didn't care. Nate's hard and rapid thrusting was bringing her closer and closer to the edge of oblivion. With a loud groan, her body shuddered under him as he pounded her like a man possessed, his grip on her thighs like a vice. With every stroke and thrust, she felt another orgasm washing over her. He was taking everything she had to give him. She gasped as his lips descended on her nipple, licking and sucking on her tits, as his movements took her breath away. She cried out in ecstasy, her whole body trembling from the pleasure.

Finally, she felt him swell inside of her, and the feeling sent her over the edge, another powerful orgasm rocking her to the core.

Grace suddenly jolted up into a seated position, with no Nate between her thighs, thrusting away. Confused, she looked to her left and saw Nate sitting there, reading a newspaper and sipping his drink. What happened?

"Did we just-- did that-- was that real?" Grace began, feeling more flushed and flustered than she could ever remember.

"What?" Nate said, confused.

"Nothing," Grace said, suddenly feeling embarrassed. Did she just have a wet dream about Nate on the sun lounger, with Nate sitting next to her? Fuck.

Nate must have thought she had had an intense dream, and was confused about what had actually happened. Grace needed to get her act together, and quick. This was not the time to lose her shit over a wet dream about Nate.

"You okay there?" Nate said. "You're looking very flushed. Was it something I said?"

"No," Grace said, shaking her head. "I was just thinking about... stuff."

"Sure," Nate said, shrugging. "Anyway, do you want another drink?"

"No, I think that's enough for today," Grace said, downing the rest of her drink. "I may just head back to our apartment, if that's okay."

"So our date. I've managed four weeks without breaking any rules. So far so good," Nate said, sounding a bit impatient. "Later tonight?"

"Woah," Grace said. "Calm down, now. Tonight is a bit of a short notice. I haven't talked to Nolan yet. And who knows, maybe within the next 15 seconds you'll lose your shit and cop a feel."

"Pff, come on now. I've been good," Nate said. "Don't pull the rug, not now."

Grace felt a pang of guilt for him taking it that way. She was just a bit startled and made a series of excuses to stall. "I know. I'll talk to Nolan. Okay?"

"Awesome. I can't wait," Nate said. Can't wait to fuck Grace, no doubt.

"Just so you know, not all girls put out on the first date," Grace said, smirking.

"But you're not just some girl," Nate said.

"I'm not," Grace agreed. "But I'll have to go slow to avoid Nolan going nuts, and that includes me being the one to set the pace. That's why I'm not giving you any definite answer on when we can go on our date. You'll have to be patient. But trust me, it's gonna be worth the wait."

Nate sighed. "The woman wears the pants, eh?"

"Do you have a problem with that?" Grace shot back. A snide remark like that was definitely meant to humiliate Nolan. She knew that part of the whole cuck world was to humiliate the boyfriend or husband, but Grace was absolutely not going to allow any of that on her watch. Nate better learn that quickly.

"No," Nate said, raising his hands in defeat. "Just trying to get my head around this whole thing."

Grace chuckled. "Good. Because if you're going to be in this relationship with us, then you're going to have to learn that women aren't just here for your pleasure. We have our own minds and our own desires. Especially me."

"Especially you, that's for sure," Nate said with a mix of admiration and awe, which surprised Grace. "But I'm fine with you being in charge, princess. More than fine, actually. And I'm not saying that because you're a woman. I'm saying it because you're fucking amazing."

"Thanks, Nate," Grace said. "I'll ask Nolan about tonight, but no promises. If he says it's too soon, then we'll wait. But you can be assured that it will happen. I'm a woman of my word."

"Just give me a day's notice so I can set shit up," Nate said.

"Will do," she replied, standing up and stretching. Her body was sore from her dream. That had been intense.

"I'll see you later, Nate," Grace said, smiling at him.

"See you, princess," he said, winking at her.

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"Tonight?" Nolan asked. Grace had just come back over and told him Nate wanted the date to happen tonight, that Nate was quite impatient. And Nolan figured with good reason, Grace had been teasing him for four fucking weeks. That's more than a man should have to endure, especially when it's a sexy tease like Grace. "That's very short notice, babe."

"I know," Grace said. "Do you think we can do it tonight?"

"No," Nolan said, before he was able to think. Why not? Well, for one, he didn't want Nate to be the one dictating this. It was one element that Nolan could control, and he would. Nate was given too much ground as it is. But he also wanted this to happen. And to his surprise, he saw a flash of disappointment across Grace's face. "It's just too short a notice. Maybe tomorrow? Then it's Saturday and we'll have the whole Sunday to ourselves. Sound good? I think, like we did last week, we need to talk a bit more about it before it happens."

"Okay," Grace said, smiling. "I'll let Nate know." She reached into her pocket and pulled out her phone.

"Instead of him taking you out, I think I will," Nolan added.

Grace smiled at him. "Is that so? What a great idea. I get taken out and pampered two days in a row? Woe is me," she giggled.

The truth was that Nolan was nervous. He knew that tonight would be the last time he'd have Grace all to himself before she'd go on a date with another man. He wanted to make sure that she knew how much he loved her, and that he trusted her completely.

He felt like he needed to reaffirm their connection, to make sure they were still on the same page. To remind her that he was the only man for her, that he was the man she loved. To make sure that she knew he trusted her, and that he wasn't threatened by Nate, that he didn't feel threatened by her going on a date with another man.

As the two later that night were getting ready, the eager smiles and giggles, her perfume, and the minimal amount of make-up, it all was out of a movie, almost. The perfect couple, looking to enjoy a romantic night together.

Grace had dressed up in a red summer dress, her hair cascading over her shoulders in waves, and her blue eyes sparkling with excitement. She looked incredible. It was actually a gift from his boss, a dress designed by the big man himself, apparently. And he could see that this dress was indeed designed to entice, and that his boss was a man of good taste. The way it hugged Grace's ass, but in a modest, elegant way, the way her cleavage was there, but not too vulgar. And the dress was light and soft, made out of the finest cotton.

"Where'd you get this dress?" Grace asked.

"The boss. He was giving out a few to the office, and I thought it would be perfect for you. And it is," Nolan said. "The cotton is local, too. Indiana is picking up old traditions in that regard. Mirella, my boss, actually orchestrated–"

And thus Nolan did what he always did. Blabbered about his work to Grace. And she listened to him. Nolan, being enthusiastic, seemed to spark interest in Grace, and she always listened to everything he said. Sure, Nolan didn't expect her to actually care about it, but it was nice having her listen to him.

The rest of the date, they didn't talk about Nate, hotwifing, or any of that. They were them old selves again. A great couple, making each other laugh, smiling lovingly, and generally enjoying their time together.

To think a different man would soon enjoy her.

When they got home, Grace immediately dragged Nolan to the bedroom, eager to show him just how much she loved him.

She was on top, riding him, her hair flowing down her back and her body glistening with sweat. He could see the pleasure on her face, the way her body moved, the way she moaned. It was intoxicating. She leaned forward, her breasts brushing against his chest, her lips close to his.

Nolan ran his hands over her, over the fabric of the dress that she hadn't even bothered to remove. He gripped her hips as she moved above him, the friction sending waves of pleasure through his body. He groaned, bucking his hips up to meet hers.

Grace smiled down at him, her eyes filled with lust and passion. "I love you so much," she whispered. "I'm so lucky to have you."

"I love you too," Nolan said. Nolan then flipped her over onto her back. Grace always preferred being on top, to have control, but tonight, Nolan wanted to assert his ownership of her. He thrust into her, his cock filling her completely. She gasped, her fingernails digging into his back as he fucked her hard and fast.

"God, yes," she moaned. "Harder. Fuck me harder."

Nolan obliged, his hips slamming against hers with each thrust. His balls slapped against her ass, the sound echoing through the room.

"Fuck me," she groaned, her body writhing underneath him. "Fuck me like you own me."

And that he did, pounding her into the mattress. Soon enough, her whole body shuddered beneath him, her pussy clenching around his cock. He grunted as he came, his cock pulsating inside her.

She was panting, sweaty and blissful. This was why she needed him, why she had to be with him. Because he could make her feel like this. Loved and pampered, and most definitely thoroughly fucked.

Nolan took her again, this time with the dress removed. He bent her over their bed, granting himself the amazing view of her ass as he pounded into her from behind.

"Fuck, Grace," he groaned. "Your body is so fucking incredible."

"You're not so bad yourself," she said, looking over her shoulder at him, a naughty grin on her face.

He reached out and grabbed her hair, pulling her head back. She moaned, arching her back and pushing her ass back against him.

"God, you feel so good," Nolan groaned, his other hand gripping her hip as he thrust into her.

"Yes," Grace moaned. "Fuck me. Fuck me hard."

Nolan spanked her ass, earning a gasp from her. "You like that?" he growled, spanking her again.

"Yes," she breathed. "I love it when you spank me."

Nolan smiled and kept spanking her as he fucked her, his cock sliding in and out of her tight pussy. He could feel her getting close to the edge, her body tensing up beneath him. With a final thrust, he sent them both over the edge, their bodies shuddering as they came together.

Nolan collapsed onto the bed, pulling Grace down next to him. They were both breathing heavily, their bodies slick with sweat.

"That was amazing," Grace panted. "You always know just how to fuck me."

"Well, you make it pretty easy," Nolan said, grinning. "And I guess I just have to make sure you don't forget about me tomorrow."

"Aw, I won't," Grace said. "But it is crazy that the date is happening tomorrow."

"Have you thought any more if you'll... have sex with him?" Nolan dared to ask.

"I have. I'll probably just stick to a blow job, if anything. I'm not putting out just to put out, however, so the mood has to be right," Grace said.

Nolan nodded. That sounded fair enough to him.

"Why, do you want me to have sex with him?" Grace asked.

"If you want to," Nolan said. "It's up to you."

"Well, I don't think I'll want to. Not yet, anyway. Maybe once we get more comfortable with the whole thing," Grace said.

"Yeah, maybe," Nolan agreed.

"It's just mad to think about. Another man would know what I feel like. I will know what another man feels like," Grace said, giggling. "It's a bit surreal. A bit exciting. But mostly surreal."

"You've had other boyfriends before me, right?"

"Yeah, but that's not the same, though. Not really," Grace said. "This is... I don't know. It's different. It just is."

*

Nolan woke up early the next morning to take a shower. He wanted to make sure he was clean and fresh for the big day ahead. He was feeling a mixture of excitement and nerves, but he was ready. He had to be. This was something they had both built towards.

He took his time in the shower, washing his body thoroughly and shaving his face. When he was finished, he stepped out of the shower and toweled off, looking at himself in the mirror. He was a good-looking guy, with his brown eyes and brown hair, his strong jaw, and his well-toned body. He smiled at himself, feeling confident.

When he was dressed, he went into the kitchen to make breakfast for Grace. He knew she liked waffles, so he made a batch, along with some coffee. He set the table for two, making sure everything looked perfect. When it was ready, he went into the bedroom to wake Grace.

She was still asleep, her neon blonde hair spread out across the pillow. Nolan picked up a handful of locks and inhaled her scent, savoring the familiarity. Then he sat down on the bed and gently shook her awake.

"Good morning, beautiful," he said. "I made you breakfast."

Grace smiled up at him. "Thanks, babe. You're the best."

"You deserve the best," Nolan said, smiling back at her.

They ate breakfast together, talking about their plans for the day. Nate had booked a table at a decent restaurant. Not as good as the one they had been at last night, but still better than what they would've expected from a man like Nate. And there was a bar attached to the restaurant, so Grace figured she could grab a drink or two to help her nerves beforehand, as they would meet at the restaurant. Apparently, Nate thought it would be weird to pick her up right next door.

After breakfast, Grace got ready for her ballet, as it was Saturday, while Nolan tidied up the apartment and prepared for the evening.

He had a quick talk with Grace, just to check in and see how she was feeling. She seemed calm and collected, but he knew she was nervous inside. He gave her a kiss and wished her luck.

He then found himself pacing around the apartment, unable to focus on anything. He was so nervous, but also excited. He couldn't believe they were actually doing this. He kept replaying the conversation in his head, the one where he had asked Grace to do this, and she had agreed.

He had never imagined that they would get to this point. He had always thought that she would tell him to get lost. But here they were, about to embark on this crazy journey. He was still scared, but he knew he had made the right decision. Soon, today, Grace would most likely have her mouth around another man's cock.

Nolan decided to go for a walk to clear his head. When he came back, Grace was home from her ballet.

"Hey babe," she said, giving him a kiss.

"Hey, how was ballet?" Nolan asked.

"It was good," Grace replied, smiling. "I'm a bit tired, though, so I'm going to take a nap before we go out tonight."

"Okay," Nolan said.

"I know you're excited about tonight, that you perhaps even hope something might happen, but just know that there is a good chance that it won't," Grace said, giving Nolan a reassuring smile.

"Don't get your hopes up too much, okay? I love you, and I want to make sure you're not disappointed if nothing happens."

Nolan nodded. "I know. And I won't be disappointed if nothing happens. I just want you to have a good time."

"I will," Grace said, kissing him again. "I'm going to take a nap now. See you later."

"See you," Nolan said. He watched as she walked into the bedroom and closed the door. He felt a mixture of emotions. Excitement, nervousness, and even a little bit of fear. This was going to be a big night for all three of them. He just hoped it would go well.

Then it was time. After a quick shower, Grace got her makeup on, looking stunning as always, her hair flowing in neon blonde waves down her naked back. It was hard to not want to fuck her, standing there in just her panties. But Nolan held back.

"You look incredible," Nolan said.

Grace smiled at him. "I'm almost naked."

"And you look amazing," Nolan said, smiling back at her.

"Thanks," she said, turning back to the mirror and applying some more blush to her cheeks.

"What sort of dress are you going to wear?" Nolan asked, desperate to just talk to her, to keep her there a bit longer.

"I think I'm going to wear that pink tube dress," Grace said, smiling at him. "It's one of my favorites. Stretchy and light, and it hugs me pretty well."

"You look great in it," Nolan said.

"I know," Grace said, grinning at him. "Nate will go blind when he sees me from the back."

He laughed. She was so confident and sexy.

"What time is the reservation?" Nolan asked, stalling still. Grace shot him a look, as they both knew what he was doing. "Sorry, babe," Nolan said, sheepishly.

"Seven," Grace said. "Which means I should probably leave in about fifteen minutes."

"Right," Nolan said. He knew it was time. He had to let her go. He didn't want to, but he had to. He took a deep breath and then walked over to her, wrapping his arms around her from behind and pressing his body against hers. He leaned down and kissed her neck, inhaling her scent.

Nolan felt like one of those poor souls in the stories he used to read, where the boyfriend or husband would linger around while their girl was getting ready for a date with their bull. A sudden realization that was exactly what was happening now. From Nolan discovering his little fetish to Grace reacting with disgust and confusion, to now her going on a date with another man. It was insane, and yet here they were.

"Down, boy," Grace teased. "I'm another man's tonight."

"God," Nolan grunted.

"Too much?" Grace muttered.

"Just enough," Nolan said. He pressed his lips against her ear. "I love you," he whispered.

"I love you too, babe," she replied.

"Have fun tonight," he said.

"I will," she said, turning her head to give him a kiss.

"And remember," Nolan said. "If you change your mind, just say the word."

"I'll keep you posted… and thank you for being so understanding," Grace said, smiling at him.

They shared another kiss before she went to get dressed. Nolan watched as she slipped into the dress, which hugged her body perfectly. He felt his cock stir in his pants, and he had to fight the urge to take her right then and there.

"I know you won't be able to keep me updated all the time, but try to at least tell me where you're going and what you're up to," Nolan said.

"Nolan," Grace began. He knew the answer before he got it. "I will do as best I can, but I also want to experience this date as what it is: a date. I can't be chatting with another man then. For all intents and purposes, I'm a single girl tonight."

Nolan nodded, a strange lump forming in his throat.

"But don't worry," Grace added, looking over at him, "I'll always come home to you."

It was a sweet sentiment, but it didn't really help ease his nerves.

"I just hope you don't think any less of me after tonight," Grace said, looking a bit worried.

"I could never think less of you," Nolan said. "You're the most amazing woman I've ever met."

Grace smiled at him. "Thanks, babe. That means a lot."

She gave him a kiss, then grabbed her purse and headed for the door. "I'll see you later."

"Have fun," Nolan said, his heart pounding in his chest.

"I'll text you when I leave the restaurant," Grace shot in, clearly sensing his nervousness.

Nolan watched as she walked out of their apartment, closing the door behind her. He felt a mixture of emotions: excitement, nervousness, and even a little bit of fear. He knew this was a big night for all three of them, and he just hoped it would go well.

Little did he know, then, that he wouldn't see her until the next morning.

And he wouldn't hear from her for hours. It played right into his paranoia and his increasing anxiety. Not knowing was torture, but the kind of torture that Nolan couldn't help but feel addicted to. And when the texts finally came in, Nolan found himself reading them over and over again.

First one:

'Made it to the restaurant a while ago. Having a great time, I think I'll enjoy tonight.'

Second one:

'Nate's being a gentleman so far, so no worries. We're at the bar having a drink.'

Third one:

'He's flirting with me a lot, and I'm enjoying it. A lot.'

Fourth one and final one:

'Leaving now.'

And then nothing more. Nolan was left to imagine the rest. The car ride back to Nate's place. What they were doing there. What Nate would do to Grace.

And the not knowing made Nolan lose his mind.

*

Grace left the apartment complex and made her way towards the restaurant. Normally, she'd drive her truck, but tonight was a special night. She wanted to walk, to feel the summer breeze on her skin. It was still light outside, but the sun was starting to set. The sky was painted in a myriad of colors, reds, oranges, and pinks.

As she walked down the street, she felt a rush of excitement and nervousness. She couldn't believe they were actually doing this. She was going on a date with another man, a man who wasn't Nolan. And he wasn't just any other man; he was Nate, the guy who had been eyeing her for months, the guy who had flirted with her relentlessly. He was older, and experienced, and confident. He knew what he wanted, and he wanted her.

She could feel her heart pounding in her chest as she thought about it. She knew she had to be careful, but she also knew that she wanted this. She wanted to have a good time, she wanted to live life to the fullest, and she wanted to experience new things. She was also thankful to her future husband that he had this fantasy and was willing to share it with her, and thus let her have such experiences. It was a thrill and a liberty that not many girls had.

And Grace was determined to enjoy it. She wanted to feel alive, she wanted to feel desired, she wanted to feel like a woman.

As she approached the restaurant, she felt her nerves growing, butterflies fluttering in her stomach. She couldn't help but feel like this night would be a turning point in her life, that it would change everything. It was a heady feeling.

She saw Nate standing outside the restaurant, dressed in a sharp suit, his dark, patchy hair slicked back, and his dark eyes sparkling in the dying light. He looked good. As good as that man ever could. He had at least put in a little bit of effort. She took a deep breath and steeled herself.

"Hey," Nate said, smiling at her as she approached. "You look amazing."

"Thanks," Grace said, smiling back at him. "You don't look so bad yourself."

Nate grinned at her. "I guess we both clean up nice."

Grace laughed. "Yeah, I guess we do."

Nate offered her his arm, and she took it, allowing him to lead her into the restaurant. As they walked inside, Grace noticed how cozy and intimate it was. She had half expected Nate to take her to a titty bar or something, but he had chosen a respectable place.

They were led to their table by a waiter, and Nate pulled out her chair for her. Grace sat down, feeling a bit awkward. This was all new to her, and she wasn't quite sure how to act.

"So," Nate said, sitting down across from her, "how are you?"

"Good," Grace said, smiling at him. "You?"

"Never better," Nate replied, grinning at her. "I'm glad we finally got to do this."

"Me too," Grace said, blushing a little.

Grace was nervous, but Nate's easygoing personality helped her relax. As much as she thought he'd take her to a titty bar, she also thought he'd rush the dinner, just having it as an excuse to take her home to his place and fuck the shit out of her. But he didn't. Instead, he actually took note.

"Wanna grab a drink before we eat? The bar here is pretty decent, even with non-alcoholic stuff," Nate suggested.

"Sure," Grace said, nodding. "That sounds great."

They walked over to the bar and ordered their drinks. Grace ordered a fruity drink while Nate ordered a beer. Grace took a sip of her drink and let the alcohol calm her nerves.

"This is a nice place," she said, looking around. "How did you find out about it?"

Nate smiled at her. "Oh, I've been here a few times before."

"Is it your go-to place, then?" Grace teased.

"I can't deny that," Nate chuckled. "Though never with anyone as good-looking as you. This is the first time I'm coming here with a woman of your caliber, princess."

Grace smiled and blushed a little. It was a simple compliment, but it made her heart flutter.

"So tell me, Nate," Grace began, feeling more comfortable now, "why are you still single? I'm surprised someone hasn't snatched you up."

Nate laughed. "Oh, there have been plenty of women who have tried."

"But none of them were good enough for you?" Grace asked, raising an eyebrow.

"None of them were as amazing as you," Nate said, grinning at her.

"I bet you say that to all the girls," Grace teased, smiling at him.

"Truth be told, like you have unfortunately learned, I can be a bit, erh, a bit of a creep. Like how I grabbed you way back when we first 'met', for lack of a better word. I hate that I did that," Nate said.

"You know what you want, and felt like having a feel," Grace said with a shrug. Was she really making excuses for him? He had totally violated her when he did that. But he, them, had come so long since then. "You're not like that now. Or am I wrong?"

"You're not wrong," Nate said, smiling at her. "And I appreciate that you and Nolan gave me a chance despite that. And I won't fuck it up this time. No creepy shit from me anymore. I promise."

"Good," Grace said, smiling back at him. "Because I really like you, Nate. And I want this to work out between us."

"Me too," Nate said. "And I'll do everything in my power to make sure it does."

They sat at the bar and talked for a while longer before finally going to their table to eat dinner. Grace made sure to update Nolan, too, but had a hard time finding space to be on her phone while keeping her date entertained. The food was good, but Grace barely noticed. She was too busy enjoying Nate's company. For a man who was older than her dad, he really knew how to make conversation, make her laugh, and feel relaxed. Perhaps the salesman in him had trained him well. It made her wonder why he couldn't rein it in himself, and why he sometimes slipped to creepiness.

"So you don't like cigarettes and too much alcohol, right? What about tattoos?" Nate asked.

Grace shrugged. "I'm not opposed to them. Why?"

"I just thought it would be real romantic with a cute little 'NB' tramp stamp, you know, for Nolan Bickle," Nate said, blindsiding her completely, killing a snicker.

Grace burst out laughing, slapping him on the arm. "Or how about Nate Bertsch?" she said, trying to kill her laughter. "I'm being too much, sorry!"

"No, no," Nate chuckled. "You're cute when you laugh. Seeing you like this, I can't imagine how Nolan hasn't put a ring on your finger, and with you chained to the bed, producing a family for him. A pretty wife, three kids, and you'd have it all, no?"

"Ah, this again?" Grace smirked, still chuckling at getting a tattoo of Nolan's initials on her lower back. "Nolan wants to wait."

"Do you?" Nate asked.

"What?"

"Want to wait, I mean?" Nate asked, growing a bit more intense.

"I definitely want to experience life. You gotta remember, I'm still only twenty-three. I have loads of time. Though I don't really want to wait too long. I don't want to be an old granny. Actually, I always hoped to get a daughter and that people would think we were sisters. But that's just silly," Grace said.

"Well, would you look at that. Time is flying by. Why don't we wrap this up, get back to my place, and start working on making that daughter?" Nate joked. Grace traced a small glint in her eyes, but she knew he was only fucking around.

"You wish," she shot back, smiling at him. "I'm not that easy."

"Oh, I know you're not," Nate said, grinning at her. "I know that."

They continued talking like that. Jokes and flirtation, asking a few things here and there, and generally just having a good time together.

"This has been really nice," Grace said as they were finishing up their dinner. "Thank you for taking me out."

"Of course," Nate said, smiling at her. "I'm glad you enjoyed it."

"I did," Grace said, grinning at him.

Nate leaned in closer to her, his voice dropping to a whisper. "You know, we could make the night even better by continuing it at my place."

Grace felt a shiver of excitement run through her body. "Is that so?" Grace asked, trying to keep her composure.

"Mhm," Nate said, smirking at her. "I think it would be fun."

Grace bit her lip, considering it. Part of her wanted to say yes, but another part of her was nervous. She wasn't sure if she was ready for that yet. "Maybe another time," she said, smiling at him.

"I understand," Nate said, smiling back at her. "There's no rush. I can be patient."

"Good," Grace said, smiling at him. "Because I want this to last. I don't want to rush into things and ruin it."

"Me neither," Nate said. "And I know it might be a bit weird, but I really like you, Grace. And I want to make sure we do this right. I don't want to screw it up again."

"I appreciate that," Grace said, smiling at him.

After dinner, they decided to grab another drink at the bar before heading home. Grace knew she was playing a dangerous game, that she could call it quits while they were ahead, but she couldn't help herself. She wanted to see how far she could push Nate, what he'd do. She wanted to see how badly he wanted her, even if she had said no. So Nate led them to a secluded booth.

"I'm not sure if I said it before, but that dress really looks great on you. I mean, pink can be a bit childish, but you make it work," Nate said, moving a hand to feel the fabric covering her thigh.

"Thanks," Grace said, smiling at him. "It's one of my favorites."

"It shows," Nate said, smirking at her. When she didn't object to him touching her, his hand slowly squeezed her thigh. It made her skin tingle, and she could feel the heat rising between her thighs.

"You're a bad boy," Grace teased.

"You like it," Nate said, grinning at her.

Grace bit her lip. "Maybe I do."

Nate smiled at her and leaned in close. "I bet you do, princess," he whispered. "I bet you'd like it even more if I took you back to my place and showed you just how bad I can be."

Grace felt her heart racing, and her skin tingled. She wanted him. Badly. But she knew she couldn't give in that easily. "Maybe another time," she said, smiling at him.

Nate grinned at her and pulled back, even removing his hand. Grace was relieved that he was being respectful of her wishes, though she did want him to push it a little bit more. To buy a bit of space, she sent Nolan a third message, updating him on how it went.

Nate noticed, though. "How's Nolan?" he said, a bit annoyed.

"Sorry, I just promised to keep him updated once in a while," Grace replied.

"I get it. What you say?" Nate said, scooting a bit closer to her.

"That you're flirting with me, and I like it," Grace said, smiling at him.

"How much do you like it?" Nate said, his hand slowly moving back up her thigh.

Grace felt her breath catch in her throat as his hand continued to grope her.

"I said I like it a lot. Nate, you're coming on too strong," Grace said, her voice stern.

"What can I say? I'm just a man who knows what he wants," Nate said, grinning at her. He kept his hand on her thigh, but didn't move it any higher. She let it rest there, for now.

"I'm not some cheap fuck," Grace said, her tone serious. "And if you want to keep this going, then you have to respect that. I'm not some whore you can just take home and use for your pleasure. If you want something more with me, then you have to treat me with respect."

"I know," Nate said, his voice softening. "You're right. I'm sorry."

"It's okay," Grace said, smiling at him. "I know you're just excited."

"Yeah, I am," Nate said, smiling back at her. "But I'll try to control myself better."

"Good," Grace said, smiling more kindly at him. She moved her hand to cover his on her thigh, giving it a squeeze. "Now, why don't we get out of here?"

Nate smiled at her. "I like the sound of that."

Grace stood up, and Nate followed suit. He offered her his arm and she took it, letting him lead her out of the bar. As they walked, Grace could feel the tension between them, the anticipation building. She knew he wanted to take her home, but she was still on the fence about it. Sure, she had her little speech now about not being cheap and wanting respect, but him touching her, because it was Nate, had affected her regardless. He was getting to her.

And was it really cheap? Nate and she had been flirting and teasing each other for months, and even more so the last four weeks, in anticipation of this very date. She had used her hand on him for Christ's sake. And this was all going to culminate in her having sex with him sooner or later. It was inevitable, really. So why not give him a sample tonight? It was just a blowjob. It was just a blowjob. Just a blowjob.

So as Nate led her to his shitty old Volkswagen, Grace jumped in.

*

Nolan was, by a happy miracle, out drawing a breath of fresh air when he saw Nate's car pulling up down in the parking lot. Nolan quickly retreated into the shadows, watching as it stopped next to his Equinox.

His heart was pounding in his chest as he intensely stared at the car doors, expecting them to open at any moment. But they didn't. They just sat there.

Nolan waited for what felt like an eternity. Then, he slowly realized what was going on...

Was this really happening? In public like that? No, this couldn't be...

But what else could it be? What else could keep a couple from opening the doors of their cars?

Nolan swallowed. He couldn't believe it. Grace was actually hooking up with Nate. And not just at home, no, they were right here, outside the apartment where he could see them.

Fuck, this was hot. This was really hot. Fuck.

It wasn't fair. Nolan's heart was pounding in his chest; blood was rushing through his veins. He was so turned on, it was ridiculous.

He kept staring at the car, waiting for them to emerge. But they didn't. They were too busy inside the car. Grace was too busy blowing another man. Nolan's mind was racing, trying to picture it. Had Grace climbed on top of Nate, kissing him, touching him? Was she taking his cock into her mouth right now, sucking him off?

Fuck. Nolan wanted to see it. He wanted to watch them together. Nate's grunts, Grace's moans, the car creaking from the velocity of Grace's treatment.

He had half a mind to go down there, but he kept locked in place. Partly because Grace had said she didn't want him to see her the first few times, and for some odd reason in his pervy brain, he respected that. But also because of that insane thrill of knowing what was going on, but being able to do fuck-all except watch and imagine. And what images came up when he imagined it.

Nolan remembered how rough Dora had been treated. A pang of worry shot through him, worried that Nate was mistreating Grace too, but Nolan quickly dismissed it. Grace wasn't Dora, and it was pretty obvious Nate wasn't going to fuck this up again.

Nolan was pacing the hallway outside their apartment. After what had to be twenty minutes, Nate's car door finally opened, and the two emerged. Nate had a satisfied smirk on his face, while Grace looked like she'd been through the wringer. Her hair was messy, and even at this distance, Nolan could tell she was quite flustered. But she had a big smile on her face, and she was laughing at something Nate had said.

The two walked over to the elevator and disappeared inside.

Nolan stared at the spot where they had stood moments before, his mind racing. He couldn't believe what had just happened. He knew that Grace had said she might end up blowing Nate tonight, but he hadn't actually expected it to happen. Grace had been on the fence, but apparently, Nate was able to charm her into it. And now she had just blown him in his car, in front of their apartment complex. And there was nothing he could do about it, nothing could ever take that back.

Nolan was still processing everything when the elevator doors opened again, and Nate and Grace stepped out. Nolan bolted inside their apartment before they saw him, but let the door remain slightly ajar, hoping they wouldn't notice. Sure, perhaps he had some sort of right to see what was going on, but he liked to hear them interact without knowing he was there. It felt more devious, and it was so hot hearing how Grace talked with Nate sometimes.

Grace was still smiling, and Nate had a smug grin on his face. They stopped in front of Nate's door and exchanged a few words. Nolan strained to hear what they were saying, but they were talking too quietly. Nolan heard some shuffling of clothes, then the sound of lips smacking. His cock throbbed in his pants as he heard the sound of a door opening and closing.

One moment led to two. A full ten seconds. Where was Grace? Nolan expected her to walk through their door, finding him erect and ready, but no.

*

Grace felt nervous the whole ride back home. She knew she was about to cross a major threshold, that she was about to hook up with Nate. It was exciting and scary all at the same time. But she knew she wanted it, so she was determined to push past her nerves and enjoy it.

When they got back to the apartment complex, Nate parked next to Nolan's Equinox and turned off the engine. Grace's heart was pounding in her chest.

"This is it, princess," Nate said, grinning at her. "Listen, sorry for ruining the mood and being forward, but I want you to know that tonight was beyond what I had hoped. I thought you'd be cold and would just do this and get it over with. But I guess I should've known you better than to think that by now."

"You're welcome," Grace said, smiling at him. "And don't worry, we still had fun, right?"

"We sure did," Nate said, leaning closer to her. His hand moved to her thigh again, squeezing it gently. "And I can't wait to have more fun with you."

Grace bit her lip, feeling her arousal building. "Neither can I," she said, smiling at him.

Nate smiled back at her and leaned in to kiss her. His lips pressed against hers, and she felt a jolt of excitement run through her body. She kissed him back, her hand moving up his chest to rest on his shoulder.

It took her by surprise when he suddenly kissed her. And how good he was. Nate deepened the kiss, his tongue snaking its way into her mouth. He tasted her, exploring her, tasting the sweetness and the slight bitterness of alcohol. He groaned into her mouth, squeezing her thigh harder. Grace's skin tingled, and the heat between her legs only grew.

This was it. She was actually going to go through with this.

After some minutes of making out, Grace moved her hand down to the bulge in his pants. Nate groaned as her palm caressed his crotch. Grace felt his cock pulsating beneath the fabric, and she couldn't wait to finally see it up close.

She rubbed him over his pants, teasing him. Nate was soon grinding against her hand, seeking more friction. It felt good knowing that he was getting worked up over her. Knowing that she was making him hard.

Nate moaned against her lips as Grace slowly started to undo his zipper. Her fingers grazed against his shaft as she reached inside and fished it out.

Nate pulled his lips away from hers, looking down at his lap as she held his cock in her hands. She felt how hot and hard he was, and she couldn't wait to wrap her lips around him.

"Fuck," Nate moaned as she began to slowly stroke him. "God, that feels good."

Grace leaned in and kissed his neck, working her way down to his chest. She kissed, sucked, and licked, feeling him twitch beneath her hand. She couldn't believe how hard he was as she worked his cock in her hand, watching precum oozing from his swollen crown. His head was already slick and shiny. She rubbed her thumb against the tip, feeling the sticky slickness beneath her fingertip.

She kept kissing her way down until finally, her lips brushed against the top of his pelvis area, just below his navel. Any kissing further, and his shaft would rub against her cheek, warm and heavy, radiating need. God, how good wouldn't it be to feel this piece of equipment against her face?

She looked up at him, meeting his gaze. His eyes were filled with lust and desire, his mouth parted as he watched her. He looked so hungry. Hungry for her. Grace felt her own arousal growing, her pussy throbbing with need.

She moved her head down, her lips kissing down towards the base of his shaft, working the base of his shaft, feeling her heart skip several beats as the warm meat rolled over her face. Fuck. She loved it. Loved feeling him against her. It was so hot, so dirty. She couldn't wait to taste him.

"Fuck, Grace," Nate groaned as her tongue flicked against the underside of his shaft. "God, that feels amazing."

Grace smirked up at him, then slowly worked her way from his base and towards his heavy balls. Nate groaned as she gently kissed and licked them, sucking them into her mouth. She felt the weight of them in her mouth, the saltiness of his sweat and musk. She gently massaged them with her tongue, feeling them tighten as she gave them the attention they deserved.

Nate moaned as she teased him, enjoying every moment of it. She could tell he was close to losing control. She wanted him to. She wanted him to come apart for her. To come apart in her mouth.

After a few more moments of teasing, Grace moved her mouth up to his cock. She kissed his crown, swirling her tongue around it. Nate hissed, his hips bucking up as her tongue lapped at the underside of his tip, tasting him.

Nate couldn't help but start pushing up and into her mouth, desperate for more contact. She let him, enjoying the feeling of his hardness against her tongue. She felt dizzy and drunk from the sensations of his pulsating meat sliding against her lips.

Finally, she wrapped her lips around his swollen cockhead and sucked him into her mouth. Nate groaned loudly, his head falling back against his seat. Grace sank her mouth down on him, slowly working his length deeper into her.

"Oh God," he panted, his hands moving to the back of her head. "Oh shit, that's good..."

She sucked on him, tasting him. It was delicious, but what she enjoyed even more was his reactions, how she made his toes curl, how his voice spiked, how the veins on his face and neck would stand out. That, combined with feeling his throbbing length glide across her tongue, was pure bliss.

"You got a nice big cock," Grace muttered, sliding him out of her mouth, rubbing the spit-rattled shaft against her flushed cheeks. She felt so hot, her face on fire from his warmth and texture. "I don't think I can deepthroat this big thing, though."

"Th-that's okay," Nate grunted, a hand in sheer desperation moving up to guide her back down again. Grace obliged him, sinking her mouth around him.

She let her mouth slide down, down until she could go no more. When she had to stop, her eyes watered at the feeling, and she pulled off to tease him, tickling his balls and getting his balls in the mix. This went on, the wet, sucking sounds and Nate's grunts filling the small space of the Volkswagen.

She could see how much he enjoyed it, how he lost himself in the pleasure. It turned her on so much, knowing she was the one giving him this pleasure. She could feel her own arousal growing, her pussy aching for attention.

Nate bucked his hips, trying to push himself deeper inside her mouth. Grace did her best to take it, but she felt his thick meat bumping against the back of her throat. She gagged and tried to pull away, but Nate's hands were gripping her head, keeping her in place. She didn't struggle too much, loving how powerless she was compared to him, his powerful dick stuffed deep into her mouth.

"Oh fuck," Nate panted, his hands guiding her head. Grace sucked on him, taking him deeper each time. "Oh shit, Grace..."

His cock pulsed against her tongue, his cum boiling inside him. She could feel him getting close. She sucked him harder and faster, her tongue flicking against the underside of his shaft. Nate groaned, his hips thrusting up, his big blunt tip pushing against her gullet.

"Fuck... fuck! I'm gonna—FUCK!" he cried out, his body jerking as his orgasm washed over him.

Grace felt his cock throbbing, his hot load flooding into her mouth. She drank it down greedily, loving the taste of him, loving the feeling of him losing control for her. It was the hottest thing she had ever experienced, feeling him come apart in her mouth. Nate groaned and bucked his hips as he came, his body spasming, his grip on her hair tightening.

When his orgasm finally subsided, Grace released his cock and sat back, admiring his pulsating cock as it spat a few more droplets of semen. The sound of Nate's pants, almost a bit frightened at the intensity of what just happened, made her own panties damp. God, was she ever wet...

"That was fucking amazing," Nate panted as his softening dick slipped back inside his pants, which made Grace chuckle, but she quickly recovered her smile.

"I'm glad," Grace whispered huskily. She wiped her face; there was so much saliva covering the bottom half of it, along with copious amounts of Nate's pearly strands clinging to it. "I, well, enjoyed giving you what you wanted. So hopefully I was worth all this trouble."

"Worth the trouble? Are you kidding me? You're worth everything," Nate said, smiling at her. "That was the best head I've ever had."

Grace blushed, feeling a swell of pride inside her. "I'm glad," she said. "And I hope there will be more opportunities for us to be together. I actually love giving it too. It gives such a confidence boost."

Nate grinned at her. "Oh, I'm sure there will be plenty of opportunities," he said. "And I can't wait to give you what you need, too."

Grace felt a shiver run down her spine as she thought about what Nate might do to her. She couldn't wait.

"Well, thanks again for tonight," Grace said, smiling at him. "And for being respectful. It means a lot."

"Of course," Nate said, smiling back at her.

"And thanks for letting me give you the best head," Grace said, with a devious smile, reaching for the passenger door.

"Wait, I have some mouthwash and some wipes here. Let me help you," Nate said, turning towards the glove compartment, fishing out the small bottles and packets.

Grace took them and did her best to get rid of the evidence on her face and in her mouth. "Thanks," she said. "I'm going to head home now. You coming?"

"No, I think I'll stay here and recover from the best head I've ever gotten," Nate joked. Grace laughed as she climbed out of the car. Nate followed her, and they headed for their apartment building.

"So, that's it for tonight?" Nate asked as they entered the elevator.

"For tonight, yes," Grace replied, smiling at him. "But don't worry, I'll make sure we have another opportunity soon."

Nate grinned at her. "I can't wait."

They rode the elevator in silence, both lost in their thoughts. When they reached their floor, Nate stepped out first, opening the door for Grace.

"Thanks," she said, smiling at him as she walked past.

"Of course," Nate said.

"Maybe I can do it already next time I visit. You know, if we do another 4 weeks, or whatever," Grace said, hardly believing her own words. Feeling Nate throb on her face, in her mouth, had awakened something inside her. A need. A craving.

Nate gave her a smile. "Maybe."

"Well, have a good night, Nate," she said, grinning at him.

"You too, Grace," he said.

But neither went anywhere. They both stood outside Nate's door, looking at each other. The air between them was thick with tension, and Grace could feel her heart pounding in her chest. They seemed locked in a stalemate, neither willing to give in, both wanting the same thing.

"Well, uh," Grace finally broke the silence, feeling herself blush. "Goodnight, then."

She turned to walk away, but Nate's voice stopped her.

"Grace," he said, his voice low and husky. "Don't go just yet."

Grace turned around to look at him, her heart racing. "Why?" she asked, even though she knew exactly what he wanted.

"Does the night have to end here? I mean, we can just grab a glass of wine and talk some more. Or we can do more than that..."

He didn't finish the sentence, but the implication hung heavy in the air. Grace felt her stomach doing somersaults, and her pussy throbbed. She knew she should say no, that she should go home, but she couldn't bring herself to. She was nervous, but her mind was made up.

"Okay," she said, her voice barely above a whisper. "Just one glass of wine. And then I'll go home."

Nate smiled at her. "Great," he said.

Grace followed him into his apartment, her heart pounding wildly in her chest. She knew it was a bad idea, but she didn't care. She wanted this. And she was determined to get what she wanted.

*

Grace soon found herself in Nate's bathroom. She needed to freshen up a bit from their stint in his car. She had been here plenty of times by now, but this was the first time after she got truly intimate with him.

She looked at herself in the mirror. Her hair was a mess, her face was flushed, and her lips were red and swollen from Nate's cock. But she looked good. She looked sexy in a rough and dirty kind of way. Naughty.

Her mind trailed back to how Nate's meat had been all over her face and how hot it had made her. How it hot it still made her. The dampness of him, the weight against her features, the heat. It made her so wet. It had felt so right, so beautiful.

She couldn't help but smile at herself as she thought about it. She was so excited to be here, it was almost silly. Without another second thought, she grabbed her phone and shot Nolan the final text of the night.

'are you sure you want it?' she wrote.

'What?' Nolan replied. Grace bit her lip, seeing him typing something. Then it appeared on the screen. *'Yes'*

A smile crept over Grace's face as she read Nolan's text. She couldn't believe this was actually happening. Her heart was pounding in her chest, and she felt a thrill coursing through her body. She took a deep breath, and opened the bathroom door.

Nate was waiting for her in the kitchen, two glasses of wine poured and ready. Grace smiled at him and took a sip of her wine. He had no idea what was in store for him, but she couldn't wait to see his reaction.

"So," Grace began, leaning against the counter. "Where were we?"

Nate grinned at her. "I think we were right about here," he said, moving closer to her. He leaned in and kissed her, his hand moving to cup her ass. Grace felt her body tingling as his lips pressed against hers, his tongue exploring her mouth. She felt a rush of excitement as his fingers squeezed her flesh, his grip strong and firm.

Grace moaned against his lips, her hand moving down and right into his pants. She could feel his hardness beneath his boxers, his cock already throbbing with need. She stroked him slowly, loving how big and heavy he was.

Nate groaned as she teased him, his hips thrusting forward to meet her touch. Feeling his size, Grace started to wonder if it would at all fit inside her. His dick was definitely thicker and longer than Nolan's. And Nolan was above average. Fuck.

They kissed and groped each other until they found themselves on Nate's couch with Nate on top of Grace. Grace's pink dress was already bunched up around her waist, her panties on the floor somewhere, and his cock was out, exposed in all its glory.

"Look how hot this thing is," Grace hissed, wrapping both hands around it as best she could with it hovering over her belly. "It'll split me open!"

"And you'd like that, wouldn't you, princess?" Nate whispered in her ear, nibbling at her lobe as he did.

"Uh, yeah," Grace mewled as he suddenly slid back in between her legs, thrusting downwards, smacking his head against her clit. Grace felt a shudder running through her body, the shockwaves from Nate's size just igniting the horniness within her even more. God, was she horny. "God, I'm soaked and your head is just tapping me, teasing the shit out of me."

"Yeah. I'll try to push in gently first," Nate said. "Spread 'em nice and wide, princess. Don't think about what it will hurt, but only about how much you're going to love every inch of me."

Nate gripped her left knee with one of his big bear paws, and spread it wide while Grace herself did the same with her other knee. It was a bit awkward as the back of the couch limited how much they could spread out, but Grace felt her heart pounding in her chest as Nate positioned himself. The fat mushroom tip was pressing against her wet opening.

She could feel the pressure increasing as he started to push, his swollen glans stretching her tight pussy open. She was so nervous, and Nate so eager, so ready. She gasped as she felt him slowly entering her, his thickness stretching her open. It was a mixture of pain and pleasure, and it made her head spin, and it was as if the sound and air of the room was sucked out.

"Fuck," she groaned as he slid deeper inside her. She was really doing it. Grace had another man inside of her. This was actually happening!

"Oh shit," Nate grunted, his breath hot against her ear, stopping momentarily. "You're so fucking tight..."

Grace whimpered as he held still, yet still stretching her to her limits. She could feel her pussy being spread open, filled with his hardness. She had never felt so full before, so stretched. It was amazing. And he had only pushed his head and a couple of inches inside of her.

"F-fuck," she panted as he paused. "I can't believe it."

"Finally, eh?" Nate muttered, his voice strained. He pushed, causing her head to jolt back.

"W-wait. Stop. You're too big," Grace muttered, closing her eyes.

"You'll be fine," Nate said, drawing back, pushing in again, this time a bit deeper. Grace winced.

"Pull out, Nate," she moaned, opening her eyes to look at him apologetically. For a moment, she thought she saw him annoyed, but that faded quickly. "This is the best we can do. I don't want to be split open."

"Fine," Nate said, a little huffy. "Fine. I guess we'll have to find another way."

He pulled out and Grace closed her legs, sitting up.

"Sorry," she said, looking at him. "I didn't want to ruin this."

"It's fine," Nate said, giving her a smile. "We can still have fun. We just have to get creative."

Nate moved to sit down next to her, and Grace moved down on the floor before him. "Why don't you sit back and let me take care of you?" she said, smiling at him.

"Sounds good to me," Nate said, grinning at her.

Grace reached out and wrapped her hands around his cock, stroking it slowly. She watched as it thickened and hardened beneath her touch, and she felt her own arousal growing. Slowly, she leaned in, but instead of taking him in her mouth, she started running the blunt tip of his cock across her cheeks.

She rubbed it against her skin, feeling its hardness, its heat. His skin was warm and smooth, hard beneath a soft layer of velvet like surface. She loved the feeling of it against her face, how it made her skin tingle. She teased him, kissing and licking along its length, her tongue flicking against the underside of his shaft. Nate groaned, his hips bucking as he sought more contact.

"You found yourself a new toy to play with, huh?" Nate said.

"You better believe it. I love rubbing fat cocks on my face. I'm weird, I know, I just feel so dirty doing it," Grace muttered as she stroked him.

Grace felt his cock throbbing against her face, his precum oozing from his tip, spilling onto her making her feel even dirtier. She loved how much he was enjoying this, and how much it was turning her on. She wanted him. She wanted to feel him inside her. Fuck it. If not full sex, she just needed to feel that big dick in her.

"Bedroom," she muttered while mushing her face against Nate's fat, dripping hog, letting it get all over her cheeks. She got up, almost dragging Nate with her by the cock, and guided him towards his room.

Once there, she pushed him onto the bed and climbed on top of him, straddling his waist, wanting to be in control when she took on a monster like Nate's cock. She could feel his hardness pressing against her ass, pressing hard to get between her butt cheeks. God, this thing was huge. And Nate looked up at her with an expression of pure need. It was so hot.

"You ready for this, princess?" Nate asked, his voice thick with desire.

"Fuck yeah," Grace said, grinning at him. She reached behind her and grabbed his cock, guiding it between her legs.

She gasped as she felt it pressing against her pussy. He groaned as her lips spread around his thick shaft, her wetness coating his skin. She paused, trying to ease into this.

And as she did, Nate ran his hands up her back, finding her lips with his own. She felt him kissing her passionately, his tongue working her over. Without realizing it, Nate rolled her onto her back and mounted her, spreading her legs wide.

Grace immediately got scared at feeling so pinned beneath Nate. "Hold on! It won't work, we—"

But this time, Nate didn't wait. Instead, he pressed his dick against her pussy with an urgency, forcing her back to arch. As Grace realized that Nate wasn't backing down, it was like organ music started playing an intense, angelic, but not too overwhelming tune in Grace's head as Nate pressed himself deeper inside her. As he did, Grace's pussy felt a wonderful mix of stretching, a hint of pain, a tinge of pleasure. Fuck, her heart was pounding so hard, yet the pressure in her pussy was nothing compared to that.

She felt him pressing deeper and deeper inside her. She gripped him hard, not able to do much, but simply brace and ride it out. And Nate knew what he was doing.

"Relax. Let me in, princess," he commanded her in a low, growly voice.

And Grace did as he said. And even if she knew it was coming, it took her by surprise when Nate started to move. Slowly, Nate pressed into her more, easing himself in, the fat meat just filling her out. He paused, holding himself inside her, then pulled back out. She gasped at the sudden sensation of his dick gliding back out of her, her walls tightening to hold him. He paused when the mushroom tip was snuggled inside, keeping him rooted, before pushing forward once more. He repeated that, this time going in a little deeper each time, pushing further and further inside her, stretching her wide open, a small burn that made Grace clench her teeth.

Even though Nate was being gentle, he was just so fucking big. Big and strong and, Grace would have never guessed until tonight, skilled at being rough but understanding. The music of ecstasy filled her mind, her whole body reacting to this foreign beast invading her cave. He stretched her, yet as her walls clung onto his stalk, the more it became a world of her own. Of his. Grace lost any thoughts and concerns. What mattered now was the pleasure that Nate was bringing her.

"Gosh," Grace moaned, wondering if this was more than she could handle. "Nate, it's big."

"You're telling me," he muttered, pushing all the way in, nestled up to the base of his dick, his balls pressing against her taint. The music in her ear exploded, and she saw stars. She bit her lip and shuddered from head to toe. "It feels amazing being inside you, princess."

"D-Don't talk," Grace mumbled, digging her fingers into his forearm. "J-just fuck me."

Nate smiled and kissed her once more. She moaned and kissed him back. Then he began. Nate started to rock his hips against her, slowly pumping her. Each thrust was gentle, careful. She could feel her pussy stretching to take him, yet she could tell he was holding back, instead fucking her with a softness she hadn't expected, and it was tender, not too rough or too violent, just exactly what a girl needed for her first time with a big cock. He pushed deep and ground against her. A brief light entered Grace's vision again.

Grace lost all track of time, just focused on the incredible pleasure that Nate was giving her. It felt so good, and each thrust washed away any doubt she had had. His cock was perfect, his movements were perfect. It was like they were made for each other, and this was what she had been missing in her life.

"Hah… Nnnng…" She couldn't make words, all she could do was moan and cry and take his perfect, delicious cock.

Nate pushed her legs further up and spread her wider, still moving with gentle thrusts. Grace threw her head back and arched her back. It was too much, it felt too good. His hard dick was sliding in and out of her tight pussy, making her quiver. She was going to come undone, and she was powerless to stop him. The music in her ears turned into a beautiful chorus, and her body flushed with heat as his fat cock pierced deeper than anyone had before. This was amazing. The intensity was calming. Grace felt herself getting lost in it as he pumped in and out of her.

And God did he go in and out. Nate was using powerful motions, but wasn't forceful. There was no brute strength to his thrusts; instead, he was gentle, soft even. She went from being fearful to being in a state of bliss, a faint smile on her lips as she felt him going so incredibly gently with her.

He could easily have been rough and aggressive. He could have grabbed her legs, thrown them up over his shoulders, and pummeled her relentlessly.

Instead, she found herself confused at how good the sex was. All so incredibly unexpected. Nate was slow and patient. She couldn’t help but smile as he took her. His cock was massive inside her, and the contrast was stark; being so big, he was clearly capable of destroying her, but instead, she was continuously amazed at how he was treating her gently, being considerate, making it feel so damn awesome. It was hot, and it only made her want him more.

"That feels so good, Nate," Grace moaned as Nate pumped his hips in an exquisite, steady rhythm, pushing her body into the bed. Her pussy was stuffed full of cock, his throbbing meat grinding against her G-spot.

"You look so beautiful," Nate muttered, leaning in and kissing her. Grace kissed him back, her arms moving to his shoulders, her fingernails clawing against his flesh.

"Mmm," Grace whimpered, losing herself in his kisses. His body was pressed against hers, his hard cock thrusting deep inside her, taking care of her. Claiming her in the most honest way. There was a certain brutality to his slow, methodic pace, the constant rhythm of it all, just laying claim to her insides, her tight passage.

God, it was fucking good, and Grace could feel her climax building, her pleasure mounting. "O-oh, God…" Grace whimpered against his lips.

Her hips bucked, grinding against him, seeking more friction. She kissed him hard, their bodies grinding and moving against one another. Nate groaned, his hips picking up the pace, fucking her a tiny bit faster, just a hint, but still keeping a very smooth rhythm to it. Grace clung to him, moaning against his lips, her legs wrapping around his waist. She was getting close, her climax building, her body craving its release. She panted into his cheek, mouth wide open, sweat making her shine as the pressure built.

"Oh, Nate! OH, NATE! GOD! O-OH!" She cried, his meat going up and down, in and out, her orgasm building. "NNNG!"

Then it happened. Her orgasm broke, washing over her in waves, and her toes curled as the pleasure rocked through her. Nate groaned, his lips moving down to her neck, sucking and kissing her skin as her body tightened around him, spasming against his hard cock.

Totally unescapable. Utterly divine. Pure bliss. It lasted for quite a few seconds before she felt her pussy milking his length, gripping him as if it never wanted to let him go.

He kept moving, drawing it out, fucking her through her orgasm. Grace clung to him, moaning incoherently, her eyes shut as she let the sensations overwhelm her. She loved the way his cock felt, his size inside her. She wanted more, needed more.

"Give me your cum, Nate," she moaned, her pussy clamping down around his thick shaft, his skin stretching hers tight as the bumps of him created indentations upon her velvety smoothness, showing her what this big dick could do to her.

Nate's body tensed up. Grace could feel his muscles clenching, the pressure mounting. And then he released his seed, flooding her. He was loud, groans and growls as his cock pulsed within her. She felt the heat of his hot sperm pouring into her, painting her walls in the sticky liquid, filling her to the brim.

The warmth of him inside her made her shudder with ecstasy, and the intensity of her orgasm intensified. It seemed like he just wouldn't stop, spurting ropes of hot cum deep within her pussy, covering every inch of her insides, claiming her as his. It felt so good. It felt right.

Grace loved the feeling of being filled, and it was an even more intense feeling Nate's thickness twitching as he came. She could feel every spurt, every shudder of his body as he came, filling her, claiming her.

"Shit, that's hot," she moaned, closing her eyes, letting herself get lost in the sensation.

Nate moaned softly, his body relaxed and loose after releasing his load inside her, his thick meat still nestled between her folds. Grace felt his cum pooling deep inside her, warming her, remaining inside her as Nate had folded her up so her lower back was slightly elevated from the mattress.

"God, Nate, that was incredible," she moaned, running her fingers through his hair, his cum sloshing around in her womb. She loved how it felt inside her, loved how good it made her feel.

"Glad you enjoyed it, princess," Nate said, smiling at her, pressing a few more kisses on her flushed face.

"I did, very much," she purred, closing her eyes. She felt sated, content.

They remained tangled together for a few minutes until she finally came to. Nate's cock had shrunk enough so he was no longer sealed inside, and now a steady stream of sticky, wetness was making a puddle beneath her ass.

"Let me use the bathroom to clean up a bit," she told him. Nate rolled off her, and she gently let herself come off, a waterfall of white cum dripping out of her ruined opening.

She got up and waddled to the bathroom, feeling dazed and satisfied. She cleaned herself up, then came back into the bedroom.

"You want to stay?" Nate asked, looking over at her.

"I think I should go home," Grace said, smiling at him. "Thanks for a great night, though."

Nate smiled back at her. "Of course. And thank you, too."

Grace hesitated. She didn't really want to leave, but she knew she should. But who knew if this would ever happen again? After all the months of them teasing and flirting, she didn't feel quite done yet. Besides, Nate had gone easy on her.

"Okay," she said finally, smiling at him. "Let's see how much I can take."

"Yeah?" Nate said.

"You think you can do that, big boy? Bend me over and show me what you've got? Show me what I've been missing out on?" Grace said with a smile.

Nate grinned at her. "Oh, I know I can."

She grinned at him, then went over and kissed him deeply. "Then do it," she whispered against his lips.

Nate grinned and flipped her over, so she was on her belly, her ass up in the air. She could feel his cock growing hard again, pressing against her ass. The anticipation of being fucked doggystyle by such a big cock sent a shiver down her spine.

"Fuck me hard, Nate," she breathed out.

"Oh, I will, princess."

"Mhmm," she said, squeezing the sheets, ready for him to pound the shit out of her.

She felt his hands grip her perfect ass cheeks, mauling them. Grace had completely forgotten, since they had their 'no touch' rule, Nate had never had a proper feel of her ass. This was the first chance he had to really grope and feel the firmness, the magnitude of her jiggly cheeks, so naturally, he took it. Grace grinned to herself, feeling how she gave the right person an early Christmas present.

His hands roamed freely on her ass and cheeks, utterly mesmerized by their texture and shape. The guy was going to town, leaving her ass cheeks red, handprints marked all over it. Her skin was quickly beginning to change color due to the sheer force with which Nate grabbed.

"You really like that ass, huh?" Grace said.

"I'm getting you some booty shorts as soon as possible to wear around my apartment. Fuck, this ass is almost too much."

"I look hot in booty shorts," Grace smirked over her shoulder.

"I bet you look incredible."

Grace grinned. She always felt amazing wearing those booty shorts, as she loved to be showered with compliments.

"Give it to me," Grace demanded, eager to feel him.

Nate growled and spanked her again before letting his cock slap against her cheeks a few times.

"Push it in. I'm done talking. Just shove that big dick inside me. Let's fuck," she continued, urging him on.

"You sure you can handle it?" Nate said.

But Nate didn't wait for an answer, already positioning himself behind her. Then, she felt the thick cockhead kiss her opening and his hands spreading her cheeks, putting them in perfect alignment. Her wet pussy throbbed for the penetration that was about to arrive. And, without further words exchanged, he pushed it in.

"Nghahh!," Grace grunted, feeling her wet pussy stretching, straining around the intrusion, taking its punishment.

Even though she had already taken him once, Nate's size was still overwhelming. Her walls clung to him, gripping his hot length as he slid deep, filling her up.

"I bet you don't regret this date now," Nate said.

Grace chuckled through the haze of lust and pain. "Not a bit," Grace managed, any doubt long gone.

Nate's grip on her hips tightened slightly as he began to move, his hips finding a rhythm as he fucked her. His cock sank deep inside her with every thrust, stretching her to her limits. He was hitting her in all the right places, and she was already on the edge. She could feel another orgasm building, his huge size taking her closer and closer to the edge. She pushed her hips back, meeting his thrusts, taking him deeper inside her. Her juices sluiced down her thighs, dripping onto the sheets below them.

The smell of sex hung heavy in the room, mingling with their sweat. Their breathing was heavy, labored, their bodies moving together. Grace's skin tingled, her body growing warmer and warmer as he fucked her.

She cried out, feeling her climax mounting as his thick cock pistoned in and out of her. His breath was hot against her neck, his weight pressing her into the bed. Her body hummed, his thrusts driving her higher and higher. It was overwhelming, and she couldn't hold on any longer.

As her orgasm hit, her whole world exploded in a rush of heat and sensation, and she came undone. Nate grunted, thrusting deep into her as he was beating her pussy into submission, the room starting to feel like it was spinning.

"Ngh-fuck!" Grace yelped, feeling her walls clenching and unclenching around his thick length, his dick throbbing deep inside her.

Nate gave her a few more deep strokes until he finally felt her gushing all over, soaking his cock as the orgasm left her in a tidal wave, making her tremble with ecstasy.

"N-nate, baby, pull it out," Grace pleaded with her most vulnerable tone as he was starting to bottom out at her cervix. Nate ignored her, choosing instead to keep pushing even further into her, not ceasing his violent rutting. "It's so intense!" Grace complained, a glazed look on her face.

He thrust back inside her, grunting in pleasure as her body clenched around his cock again, cumming once more, back to back.

"I bet you love getting fucked by this cock. Listen to you," Nate grunted.

Grace could only nod in agreement, feeling another orgasm wash over her. "Nghh. Y-yes, baby..."

"I'll have you come over every week and fuck you," Nate offered.

"U-ungh, yes!" Grace yelped, his dick sending a powerful spark of pain to her.

His grip on her ass cheeks became almost bruising, and there was an almost manic look in his eyes. He wasn't holding anything back and was in full-blown beast mode.

"Y-yes!" Grace shrieked, barely coherent, only able to say that one word.

Her pussy clamped around him, her orgasm nearly sending her into a frenzy. She gripped the sheets, her vision swimming with pleasure.

"How would you like that, hmm? To come over every week and get fucked by this big cock?" Nate asked, leaning forward to whisper in her ear. His cock thick and unrelenting, taking her in ways she hadn't dreamed of.

"Y-yes," Grace panted, her body trembling from the intensity.

"You want me to keep fucking you? To keep filling your tight pussy with my cum?" he growled.

"Y-yes, please! Please fuck me, baby!" Grace cried out, her eyes rolling back into her head.

Nate groaned, his thrusts becoming more erratic. It was raw and filthy, and Grace couldn't get enough of it. She felt another orgasm building as he pounded her, her body writhing beneath him. He was so fucking deep, slamming into her with intensity, and to Grace's awe, she could take it. She needed it. His thick cock was giving her something no one else ever had before.

He was stretching her wide, filling her, claiming her. His hot, thick cock pulsed inside her, and she could feel him getting close. The thought of him pumping her full of his cum sent another wave of pleasure coursing through her.

"I-I'm close," he groaned, his thrusts becoming more frantic.

Grace cried out, her orgasm washing over her. Her body spasmed and tensed, her walls clenching around him, milking his cock. She felt him twitching, his heavy veins bulging and pulsating inside her, pressing against her walls.

Grace was obsessed, craving Nate's cock whipping her insides into an utter state of surrender. He could have his way with her like no one else ever had before. He fucked her in a way that made her his, how it subjugated her, made her body powerless, unable to fight against this sensation. The sensation of a total claiming.

"Ahhh—yes! UHHHGAAHHH!" Grace howled, shaking, panting, gasping, his relentless assault sending her spiraling into a heady state of ecstasy as his heavy cock slammed into her again and again.

Finally, Nate stopped thrusting, his thick cock swelling up inside her. His thick veins pulsed along her inner walls, his thickness twitching inside her. He grabbed the back of her neck and pressed her hard against the mattress.

"Are you close?" she mewled.

He nodded, biting his lip. "Fuck yes."

Grace smiled at him, knowing what was about to happen. "Then cum for me. Pump me full of cum. Make a mess of my insides," Grace begged.

Nate groaned, his hips pumping wildly as his cum started to pulse out of him, spraying her insides with intense velocity. "Fuck!" He hissed. His hands tightened their grip, his nails digging into her flesh as he pushed his entire length into her, his balls twitching, spurting ropes of hot seed. Grace couldn't help but moan, feeling her body tensing as her own climax came upon her, triggered by his cock and the load she felt pumped into her.

"Oh, fuck!" Nate grunted, thrusting harder, burying his cock to the hilt.

He was breathing heavily as his thick shaft throbbed deep within her, pumping her insides with his creamy mess. Grace moaned, her eyes closing as she felt him fill her like the way she deserved it. A month of flirting and teasing had built up to this moment, and she could honestly not ask for a better night than this.

Their orgasms slowly subsided and their breathing slowly returned to normal. They lay there in silence, Nate's cock buried deep in her. Grace felt his heartbeat on her back, and his hot breath on her neck.

"Holy shit," Nate eventually muttered, pulling out, letting a generous amount of his seed drip out of Grace.

"Did we just– did that– was that real?" Grace stammered. She had finally done it.

Grace rolled onto her back, her chest still heaving from her exertion. Her hair was a complete mess, her sweat had made a pool around her, and his cum was smeared all over her butt and thighs. She grinned, closing her eyes and enjoying the bliss that washed over her.

"Did that just happen?" she asked in amazement.

"Hell yeah, it did!" Nate exclaimed, looking over at her, his chest also heaving. "And it won't be the last time either, princess."

Grace blushed slightly, but smiled. "You think?" she asked.

Nate grinned and leaned over, kissing her lips. Grace kissed him back, her heart swelling. He tasted like a dream, his scent overwhelming, his body strong. He wrapped an arm around her, pulling her closer, and she melted into him.

The two of them lay there in a heap, completely spent. Grace grinned to herself as she thought about the last few weeks of her life. This wasn't how she saw the relationship playing out, but it was exciting nonetheless. She couldn't have imagined herself ever doing something so risky, so exhilarating, but here she was, having just been fucked by a cock a league of his own.

Grace lay there, naked in the afterglow, utterly content. It was one of the best feelings in the world, the endorphins, serotonin, and oxytocin pumping through her veins. Nate was running his fingers up and down her side, smiling at her.

His movements, however, ceased. His breathing grew heavy, and so did hers, both of them fading into a blissful, dreamless sleep.

Behind the Neighbor's Door - Part 8

The minutes felt like hours. Nolan stood by the front door of his apartment, trying to peel his ears to anything going on outside, trying to digest having just heard his girlfriend, the love of his life, make out with another man and enter his apartment, likely getting naked and going to let him get lucky tonight, even if it was just a blow job. It wasn't easy, but the idea was very much in the forefront of his mind.

He never knew Grace had it in her, even if it was agreed upon. Going home to a guy just to please him, rewarding him for a pleasant date. And surely it had been a successful evening, Grace wasn't one to just throw herself at guys like that. At least that's what Nolan thought.

Nolan started to wonder how much he really knew about Grace. They had been together for almost five years by now. But this was so different...

Was this the same girl that he had loved for so long? The same one he had made love to and who had made love to him? Was this really the girl he wanted to spend the rest of his life with? Or was he wrong? Had he missed something? Had she been hiding some deeper, darker part of herself from him?

He didn't know. And he wasn't sure if this path was the right one. But it was the one he was on.

There wasn't anything that could change the current events, not now. It made his chest tighten up. It made his heart race.

Nolan felt so alone and vulnerable. He was in a strange place, and he was experiencing things he never thought he would. It was exciting. But it was also scary.

Nolan tried to calm himself down, taking deep breaths and counting backward from ten. But it wasn't working.

The minutes dragged on, and Nolan could feel his anxiety rising. He tried to think of happy things, but it wasn't helping. He was just too wound up.

Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, Nolan got a text message. He'd thought he was excluded from anything else going on tonight, but alas!

'are you sure you want it?' Grace wrote.

Nolan felt like he was going to throw up. If it was nerves, excitement, regret, jealousy, all of it, he didn't know. This was his out. This was the point where he could take it all back. But did this mean she hadn't blown Nate in his car after all? The risk of answering to something and getting an outcome way out of proportion was both mystifying and alluring. Nolan hated not knowing, but he loved it. Perhaps she did blow Nate, which was wild in itself, and now wanted permission to go all the way? God.

Or perhaps this was when she'd blow him? Perhaps they didn't even do anything in the car. Nolan had no way of knowing.

Nolan was torn. He sat down on one of the chairs and stared at his phone. What should he do? Did he really want to go through with this? He knew he trusted Grace, and this journey had so far been far more rewarding than he could ever have hoped for.

Fuck it. They had come too far. Before Nolan had a chance to reconsider, he started to reply. His hands shook wildly as he started, deleted, and restarted his reply again and again. *'What?'* Nolan replied, quickly following up with, *'Yes!'* hitting send before he had a chance to reconsider.

Then it was done. And now all he could do, in all probability, was wait. Wait in agony. There wasn't exactly much room for texting while Grace would… be on her knees in front of Nate.

The thought slowly descended across Nolan, cold as a ghost. This was real. Grace was really on the other side of that wall, probably on her knees in front of a much bigger cock than his. What if Nate were to tempt her into something more?

It took a few seconds for the reality to sink in. This was really happening. Nolan stared at his phone, waiting for an answer. Five, six, seven, eight. The minutes were starting to kill him. And each passing second made Nolan wonder more and more what he had just done. What was he even waiting for? Grace was busy.

Busy with her mouth full of another guy's cock.

Nolan felt like he was going to throw up.

He sat there, staring at the wall, wondering what was happening on the other side. He felt like he was going crazy, imagining all the things that could be going on right now. If he had such a reaction to Grace sucking him off, how would Nolan react if they ever went further? Though he didn't really know what was the case beyond that wall, beyond that door next to theirs.

God, how he missed Grace. His rock, his security. Now more than ever, he needed her, needed to feel her presence near him, needing her warm arms wrapping around him. He would settle for just an embrace. Anything. Anything to ease his mind, soothe his soul.

But Grace was busy. Busy with her mouth full of another guy's cock.

Feeling just as utterly pathetic as he was desperate, Nolan went over to the wall that separated their apartment from Nate's. He pressed his ear against it, hoping to hear something, anything. But there was nothing. He took a deep breath and closed his eyes, trying to imagine what might be going on next door. He pictured Grace lying naked on Nate's couch, while Nate leaned over her, kissing her and running his hand all over her beautiful body. Nolan shivered at the thought, his heart racing and his palms sweating. He felt guilty and utterly sick. But he couldn't deny the thrill.

He just wished he knew if Grace would escalate things beyond that blow job. He knew there was a good chance Grace would've gotten quite horny from blowing Nate, having her fascination with having warm dicks on her face, and giving blow jobs always got her going. Was it the right call to agree to this, not knowing how it would end, where it would go, and how it would alter them?

Nolan grabbed at the collar of his shirt, suddenly feeling very tight. He was on edge, waiting and expecting. His legs were like jelly, and he felt a sudden urge to throw up. This was a horrible idea. He wasn't sure what had come over him, agreeing to such a thing. But it was too late now. And he couldn't help but be turned on by that fact, too. The risks. The unknown. God, it was all so confusing and so strange. He wasn't sure he liked where his thoughts were going. This was a first for him. It felt like a blurry, colorful haze.

This was probably some sort of masochistic behavior, driven by stress, depression, anxiety, whatever. Probably. At least partially. To find himself turned on at the desperation of hearing the object of his affection, the love of his life, cheat. At least at the edge of a promise that had been sealed as good by the fact she could now smell Nate's masculinity in the most primitive of ways. A flicker of a primal interest had sparked within her since they started this journey and were to explore Nolan's masochistic needs.

As a sweaty minute passed, Nolan found himself sitting on their balcony. Staring into space and tapping his foot, trying not to fall into an utter state of complete freak-out. The waiting was killing him. He thought he'd get used to it, that his nervous energy would calm over time. Instead, it only grew. It was ridiculous. He had only left her a few minutes ago.

But so much could've happened in those minutes. And it dawned on Nolan, it wasn't only going to be a few minutes, most likely. Not even many minutes. The fact of the matter was, he had no idea if Grace was coming home tonight. He sure hoped so. But there was nothing to say she would. What if she decided she liked Nate? Liked his cock? What if they just kept fucking all night? What if she stayed the night, or worse, moved in with him?

Nolan shook his head, trying to clear the crazy thoughts. He was spiraling, and he knew it. But he couldn't help it. The nerves and anticipation were too much for him to handle. Exhaustion started to creep in on him already, but then nerves and anxiety made him restless. Nolan felt like he was going mad.

"Shit," he muttered under his breath.

He stood up and paced around, looking at his phone every few seconds, willing it to ring, or vibrate, or do something. He needed to know what was going on. He couldn't bear this. Why had he agreed to this? Why hadn't he just said no and kept things the way they were? He had been adamant from the beginning that anything physical was off the table. Then he started making concessions. He let Nate get away with things, like jacking off in front of Grace and finally cumming on her, Nolan fully knowing how much she loved to feel a bit dirty. It was a gray area where there were technicalities, but really, perhaps that's where the shift began. Nate took an inch, and Nolan gave him another.

But was it just Nate? Grace, too, enjoyed it; that was clear. She seemed to like it, being watched by Nolan, knowing that her boyfriend was turned on by watching another man cum all over her. She had confessed that she liked to tease and liked to be dirty. So maybe it wasn't only Nate, after all.

But that still didn't make it right. It wasn't cheating, technically, but it was something. Nolan hated that he found it so hot. Hated that he found his girlfriend sucking another man's dick so arousing. It felt wrong, but it was also so fucking right.

And now Nate was no doubt pushing several inches into Grace's mouth. His girlfriend. The girl he thought he'd marry, spend the rest of his life with. What was she doing right now?

This was a horrible idea. It was going to end in disaster. He knew it. He could feel it. The pit in his stomach told him it was true. His brain told him to trust and embrace the journey, but it was difficult.

Nolan blinked and shook his head. At some point, he had picked up his phone and started to type a message to Grace, wanting her to cancel it and come back home to him. When did he

write this? He deleted it right away and tossed his phone away. Then he picked it back up, thinking it had vibrated, only to find out it hadn't.

"For fucks sake," Nolan muttered. This was no way to be strong. Nolan always viewed himself as a secure, steady guy, a dependable one, and that's how he wanted to be seen. But here he was, falling apart at the seams, losing his mind.

"Come on, Nolan, pull yourself together," he muttered to himself.

He paced around some more, trying to calm down. This was what he wanted. Any resentment, any misgivings, would all be cleared up when Grace came back and they talked. If she came back, a small voice whispered. What would happen if Grace ended up in love with Nate? What would happen if Grace realized that Nate was a far superior mate than Nolan was? What if Grace realized that she deserved someone who could make her cum every single night? Someone who didn't mind that she was a slut, who could satisfy her? What if Grace realized she had been holding back, that she could have better? That she wanted better?

And what if Nolan didn't even stand a chance? He always felt a league under Grace, and perhaps an underlying fear and admiration that she was too much for him. Intellectually, sexually, spiritually. Perhaps, just perhaps, she needed more than Nolan could give her. And Nate could. He could be that guy for her.

Nolan waved his hand as if to swat a fly away.

"No," Nolan said. "Fuck that. She'll come back."

He nodded to himself, trying to convince himself it was true. She would come back. She had to. This was all just part of the deal. He was just nervous, that was all. It was a natural reaction. He just needed to get through it, and everything would be fine.

No, instead, he should focus on what made this hot. Grace, the most precious and sexy woman alive, with the best ass one could ask for, assertive and yet so gentle, considerate, and smart. Right now, she was fulfilling her man's deepest, most insecure fantasies. She was being naughty. Promiscuous.

She was blowing the ogre behind the next-door apartment. And Nolan couldn't wait for her to come home and tell him how much she loved it. How much she loved him.

Nolan leaned up against the wall between the two apartments and closed his eyes, picturing that silver-blonde, blue-eyed face with her thin, perfect lips working a fat shaft. Nolan couldn't exactly picture the shaft in question, having neither been a cock connoisseur nor ever seen Nate's package, but he imagined it to be bigger than his own.

He pictured Nate's satisfied grin as he had someone else's girl servicing him. The thing about a blow job is that it is all about the man. It's selfish. The woman has to work for his pleasure, and in a way, it's an act of submission. It's not the same as sex, because you can have sex with someone and have it be completely equal and mutual. A blow job is about one person getting off, and the other person servicing them.

And Grace was doing that right now. She was on her knees, in front of Nate, sucking his dick, bringing him pleasure. She was servicing him. She was submitting to him. She was working hard to bring Nate to an orgasm, to make him cum, and the sickening thing was, Nolan knew just how much she loved giving a nice blow job and making a guy feel good.

But instead of Nolan feeling it, it was Nate. It was Nate, getting head. It was Nate's balls that she would lick and suck. And it would be Nate who would see his load go all over her pretty face, perhaps having her eyes shut so it landed on her eyelids, dripping onto the bridge of her nose. She would giggle, a beautiful girl's voice, when she knew how much pleasure and relief she could give a guy. It was all of that, and now it was all for Nate, not for Nolan.

Nolan slowly slid his hands into his pants, eyes closed, focusing his fantasy on Grace's flushed face, her eyes heavy-lidded as something hard, red, and meaty slapped against her cheeks and lips. He was rock hard now, and he started to stroke himself, imagining Nate's cock sliding past those thin, perfect lips, into her hot mouth.

Nolan groaned quietly, trying to keep it quiet as if he tried not to get caught. He was a bit ashamed of his own behavior, but he couldn't help it. He was so turned on. The idea of Grace sucking another man's cock was so hot to him. He loved the idea of her submitting to someone else. It turned him on so much.

He stroked himself to a quick but impactful climax, shuddering as his body tensed up, his toes curling as he shot his load into his hand.

"Fuck," he whispered, panting quietly.

Nolan took a moment to catch his breath before going to the bathroom and cleaning himself off. Call it post-nut clarity, but damn, he felt a thousand pounds lighter. A weight had been lifted off his shoulders, and he felt better about things. He took a deep breath and went back out into the living room, feeling calmer than he had before.

Nolan went into the kitchen and poured himself a drink of water. He sat down at the table, staring out the window. The sun had set, and the street lights were coming on. It was getting late. Nolan wondered if Grace would be coming home tonight. He hoped she would. He missed her.

He thought about texting her again, but decided against it. He didn't want to seem needy. He didn't want to pressure her. He wanted her to come back on her own terms, when she was good and done. Done with Nate.

Nolan sat there for a few more minutes, staring out the window, sipping his water, wishing he drank something stronger to numb him. Eventually, the anxiety started to creep back in. The dread, the uncertainty. The what-ifs and maybes. The what-could-bes.

And Nolan couldn't stop thinking about it. This time, however, he was embracing this pain. This was what he wanted, and it wasn't just about him. Grace wanted this too, no doubt about it. She was horny as hell, and if she got it on with Nate, it was all the better. At least that's what Nolan tried to tell himself.

Nolan got up from the couch, found himself wandering out on the balcony, wanting fresh air and new scenery for his delightful misery. A crooked smile appeared on his lips as he realized what a mopey fuck he was being. Was he supposed to just sit around and stare at the wall all night? Or every time Grace would do this, should there be repeat performances? What the fuck?

Nolan leaned forward, resting his arms on the railing. There was a gentle breeze, and the sky was clear. It was a beautiful night. He could hear people chatting and laughing downstairs, and he imagined what life would be like if he didn't have his fantasy, or if Grace hadn't found it.

He glanced over at the matted separation between the two apartments. Without thinking, Nolan went over to the wall separating their balcony and Nate's. He leaned against it, pressing his ear against the matted wall. He had even half a mind to stick his head out past where the wall arched down to a half-wall.

That wasn't a bad idea. But Grace's wish for him not to see her the first few times she hooked up with Nate loomed in his mind, and Nolan felt a bit silly for having entertained the idea. Still, it might be worth a try. Just to see if there were any sounds coming from the other side.

Nolan hesitated for a moment, then stuck his head out over the edge of the balcony. He couldn't really see anything, as the matted wall was too thick for the length of his neck. A scary thought of them discovering him out here popped into his head, but even if the wall was matted, they'd see what he was up to and call him out. They didn't, so he was in the clear.

But as he could see the edge of Nate's window, he figured maybe he could hear something.

Nolan took a deep breath and tried to steady himself. He closed his eyes and focused on the sounds around him. The sounds of the nearby woods, the wind blowing through the trees, the buzzing of the lights overhead. He listened for any sounds coming from Nate's apartment.

Then, finally, after an agonizing few moments of holding his breath, he heard something. He heard voices, muffled and distant, but definitely there. He drew in anew and again held his breath and strained to make out what they were saying. It was impossible, though. They sounded excited, happy. Even that gave Nolan a burning feeling. He was out here in the dark, listening in on them having a good time.

"Fuck it," Nolan muttered.

He put one hand on the railing of their balcony, another on the half-wall, and he lifted himself up, trying to get a better look inside, trying to make out anything at all from within, but the angle was too awkward.

"Come on," Nolan muttered, frustration building up. He felt stupid for trying to do this, but he had to know. He needed to know. He had to see what was going on.

He hoisted himself up again, straining his neck and eyes, trying to get a better view. But it was useless. He was only getting a sliver of a view inside, and all he could see was part of the living room and the kitchen. No sign of Grace or Nate.

Nolan grunted in frustration, then hopped onto the ledge of the balcony. He gripped the railing with one hand, using the other to support himself against the matted wall. He balanced carefully, trying to keep his balance, and managed to lean over enough to see into Nate's apartment.

And that's when he saw them. Or at least that's when he saw the back of Grace's head. It was her, alright. All Nolan could see was the her blonde hair moving in a steady rhythm. And judging by how low she was, Grace was on her knees. She was giving Nate a blow job. Nolan's cock stirred in his pants as he watched her head bob up and down. He could almost hear her moaning as she sucked his cock, taking it deep into her throat.

"Shit," Nolan breathed out, trying to hold himself up. His heart raced, his palms sweaty against the railing. He knew what he was seeing. It was clear as day. Grace was giving Nate a blow job.

There was no doubt about it. Nolan couldn't believe it. Right now, in front of him. It was happening right now.

Nolan took a deep breath and steadied himself. He had to get a better look. He had to see more. But he couldn't risk losing his balance and falling over. That would be embarrassing, to say the least. Not to mention potentially fatal.

He gripped the railing tightly, holding on for dear life, then he slowly inched his way down the length of the half-wall. He kept his eyes on Grace, not wanting to miss a second of what she was doing. Her head moved slowly, back and forth, in a constant rhythm. Nate must be loving it, getting the royal treatment. It made Nolan feel inadequate and jealous, and a burning flame rose up within him as a result, wanting to beat his chest.

He then heard Grace talk to Nate, but the words were still muffled behind the glass door. Whatever they were saying, they were talking in a very heated tone. Nolan couldn't make out much, but the tone of voice was clear. Grace was turned on and eager, while Nate sounded very pleased.

There was a small break, then Grace said something again. Something short, but decisive, apparently, as she stood up. Nolan caught a glimpse of her ass completely naked before she moved out of view again. A moment later, there were some more noises, then a thud. Then silence.

"Fuck," Nolan muttered. He leaned further out, trying to see what was going on, but as he did, his wet palms slipped. His hand lost grip of the railing, and his other slipped off the half-wall. Before he knew it, Nolan found himself falling off the ledge of the balcony, landing on the floor of his own balcony. The fall knocked the wind out of him, and he groaned in pain.

"Shit!" he hissed, rubbing his back. He had fallen on his shoulder, but it didn't feel like anything was broken. But if he had fallen the other way, he'd gotten royally fucked up, for sure.

He lay there on the cool floor for a moment, trying to catch his breath. Then, as he started to calm down, he realized how fucking stupid he was acting. He had just tried to spy on his girlfriend sucking off another guy, and now he had nearly killed himself in the process. What was he thinking? Not only did he put himself in danger, but Grace had been clear about wanting Nolan not to see her the first time. He wasn't sure how important that was, but testing fate like this was surely way out of line.

"Get a hold of yourself, man," Nolan muttered, pushing himself up off the floor. He rubbed his shoulder and winced in pain. If this didn't require a stiff drink, then nothing would.

Nolan went back inside and poured himself a glass of whiskey, a bottle he had way in the back of the pantry cupboard. He downed it in one gulp, savoring the burn as it slid down his throat. He poured another and downed it, too, feeling the warmth spreading through his chest.

He glanced at his phone. No message from Grace. He wanted to text her, but he decided against it. Perhaps it was for the better that she didn't see the state of him. And especially if he was drinking. She would've had something to say about that, for sure.

He sighed and put his phone away. He couldn't do anything now. She wasn't coming home, that much was clear. She was with Nate, probably doing all sorts of naughty things. Nolan could only imagine. And that made him feel even worse.

Nolan sat down on the couch, nursing his whiskey, trying to distract himself from the thoughts swirling around in his head. Regret of making this leap, after seeing Grace slowly bob up and down, was starting to creep into his mind. A part of him wished he hadn't agreed to this. Maybe it would've been easier to just keep things the way they were.

But a part of him also knew that it was too late now. Grace was with Nate, and she wasn't coming home tonight. Nolan was alone, left to his own devices. And there was no going back. The only way was forward. He had to learn to deal with this. He had to accept what was happening and move on.

"Fuck," he muttered, taking another sip of his whiskey. It burned going down, but it helped take the edge off.

"OH, NATE! GOD! O-OH!" came an ecstatic cry from the other side. Nolan sat up in his seat, eyes wide. That was Grace. She sounded like she was cumming, and hard.

Nolan's cock instantly got rock hard again. Jealousy, insecurity, anger, and frustration mingled with curiosity and lust. God, he needed to see her. He needed to see her cum. He needed to see her get fucked by someone else. It was driving him crazy.

He took a deep gulp of his whiskey and tried to steady himself. And here he thought Grace was only going to blow him. Or perhaps he didn't think that was the end of it all, but now that he was staring the cold truth in the face, it felt almost cruel. Unfair, even.

Thinking of Grace on her back, his cock fought itself through the whiskey and anxiety, begging to be relieved. And so, Nolan's hand wandered into his pants, feeling his rock hard erection. He started to stroke himself, imagining what it would feel like to have Grace ride him like that. To have her moan and groan and cum while she rode him. To see her lose herself in pleasure while he was inside her.

But Nate was doing it. Most likely. Nolan didn't know, but why else would she have yelled out like that? Nolan's mind was filled with images of Grace, riding another man, and it made his blood boil. His jealousy and possessiveness were getting the better of him. Without thinking, he was already jerking off to his rage and his resentment of not being the one to do it.

It was like Nolan was having an out-of-body experience as he found himself stroking himself to the image of Grace getting fucked. He couldn't believe it, but there it was. And it felt good. So fucking good.

Nolan leaned back on the couch, closing his eyes, letting the sensations take over him. He imagined Grace moaning, her pussy tightening around Nate's cock as she came. He pictured her flushed face, her chest heaving, her nipples hard and erect. He could almost smell her sweet perfume, taste her soft lips.

"Oh, fuck," Nolan moaned, stroking himself faster, feeling his climax building. While Grace was cumming all over Nate's cock. That sent him over the edge, and he shuddered, cumming all over his shirt and hand. "Fffuuuck, Grace," Nolan grunted, feeling himself deflate after he shot the last ropes of cum onto himself.

*

During the night, Grace woke up to something prodding at her butt. She was so exhausted, all she could do was turn around slightly to give Nate a peck on his lips as he had spooned up

behind her in their sleep. Grace still felt his one hand on her belly while the other was groping her right ass cheek. Grace turned to look at the digital clock by the bed. The numbers showed 4:58 a.m., and as much as Grace wanted to stay, she knew she needed to get back. And God, did she want to take another shower at home, get some clean underwear, sleep in her own bed...

"Don't," Nate protested sleepily, sensing her leaving his touch.

Grace looked at his silhouette, with the dawn creeping into the room, and just the glow from the streetlamps coming through his curtains.

"I have to," she said. "Please go back to sleep."

"Alright," he mumbled.

"Hey," she whispered, "I had fun last night."

"Okay," Nate muttered.

With a final kiss, she got dressed, freshened up as much as she could in his bathroom, and headed home. As she slipped into the apartment, which had its hall and living room in darkness, her phone light illuminated the hallway to her and Nolan's bedroom. Her heart was still beating in her chest from the insane events of the last 12 hours or so.

But as soon as she entered her and Nolan's bedroom, she noticed how empty it was. The lights were off, and there was no sign of her boyfriend. She turned on the light and saw the bed was made, untouched. There were no signs of Nolan anywhere.

"Nolan?" she called out. There was no reply.

She walked over to the living room, and that's when she saw him. Nolan was asleep on the couch, a blanket draped over him, a bottle of whiskey she didn't know they had nearly empty on the table. His head was resting on a pillow, and he looked peaceful. He was still fully clothed, his shirt wrinkled, his pants unbuttoned. He must've fallen asleep there last night, after getting drunk.

Grace sighed and shook her head. She couldn't believe she had been so selfish. Here she was, out all night with another man, and Nolan had been here, alone, worrying about her. Wondering where she was. What must he have gone through?

She walked over to him and sat down next to him on the couch. She stroked his hair gently, and he stirred in his sleep. She watched him, admiring his handsome face. He was always so calm, so composed. But now, he looked vulnerable. Lost. And it broke her heart to see him like this. This man, who had granted her so much, who had given her everything she ever wanted. He was hurting, and she was the cause of it.

Even if it was what he wanted, she felt guilty. What they had done together, to please Nolan, had taken a toll on him. And it made her feel bad.

Grace leaned over and kissed Nolan's cheek gently, careful not to wake him up. She'd forgive him for drinking himself oblivious. Perhaps she had taken things too far last night, and perhaps they needed to find some way to alleviate the stress of Nolan's masochistic fantasies. She loved him, and she wanted to make him happy. But she also wanted to be there for him, to support him, to help him through this.

But she had also discovered something about herself that couldn't be ignored. That she didn't want to ignore, either. This was a box they had opened, and it could never be closed again. The genie was out of the bottle, and now they'd have to deal with the consequences. Grace knew she was strong enough to handle it. She just hoped Nolan would be too. This was definitely something she hoped to go further with, and the more she thought about it, the more she realized that she needed it.

"I'm sorry," she whispered, stroking his cheek. She knew he couldn't hear her, but she needed to say it. "I love you."

She sat there for a while, watching him sleep, her mind wandering. Last night had been incredible. Grace had always been a more sexual person than most women, but it was like she had an awakening of sorts. She wanted more. She wanted to explore her sexuality more. And she wanted to do it with Nate.

Nate had been so good to her. So attentive. So kind. He had a huge cock, and he knew how to use it. He made her cum harder than she ever had before. And he was gentle when he needed to be. He was everything she needed last night, and she couldn't wait to do it again.

But she knew Nolan was hurting. And she hated that. He had given her so much, and she wanted to give him the world. But she wasn't sure she could. He wanted this, but it was so hard for him. She wished there was a way to make it easier for him. To make him feel better.

After a quick shower, Grace was most definitely ready for bed. She couldn't believe how much energy she had expended. Not just with Nate, but also with the excitement and anxiety of knowing Nolan was home, waiting for her. It was all so overwhelming. She had sort of hoped he'd be amped up, ready to blow her back out, but it was both very late, and Grace could only draw sympathy for the man.

She crawled into bed, feeling exhausted but satisfied. She lay there for a moment, enjoying the feeling of the cool sheets against her skin. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath. Then, slowly, she drifted off to sleep, dreaming of what would happen the next time she met Nate.

*

The day after, Grace woke up early. She was still tired, but she wanted to go out and get some fresh air. It was a beautiful day outside, and she felt like she needed to clear her head. She got dressed and went out on the balcony. The sun was shining, and the sky was blue. It was a perfect day.

Grace leaned against the railing, taking a deep breath. She closed her eyes and let the sun warm her face. This was what she needed. This was what she wanted. The feeling of being alive.

"Hey, beautiful," came a voice from behind her. A sexy, deep voice of the man whom she realized how much she loved. She turned around and smiled at Nolan.

"Hey, handsome," she said. She walked over to him and kissed him on the lips. He pulled her close, wrapping his arms around her.

"How are you?" he asked.

"I'm good," she said. "Just taking a break from life. How are you?"

He shrugged. "I'm alright."

"You sure?" Grace asked. "I saw the bottle." Nolan winced, but didn't say anything.

"So it happened?" he asked instead.

"Yes," Grace answered. "It did."

"Tell me about it," he said. "Tell me everything."

Grace hesitated for a moment. She wasn't sure if she wanted to tell him about it. It had been a pretty intense night, and she hadn't even processed it all herself yet. Plus, she wasn't sure how he'd feel hearing about it. She knew how jealous Nolan could be, and this was something new. Something totally new.

"Please," he said, pulling her closer. "I want to know."

"Sure you wanna know?" Grace asked, teasing the poor man, trying to play it off lightly.

"Yes," he said. "Did you enjoy it?"

One part of Grace wanted to tell him everything, but another part of her was still dealing with the guilt. One part of her even held some slight amount of animosity towards Nolan for having her go through with this instead of putting his foot down. And she felt like she wanted to make him squirm a little bit. But the rest of her just wanted to share it with him, to feel close to him again. She wanted to feel connected to him. To feel like they were in this together.

"You can wait until tonight," she teased. "When I come home. Or not. Whatever."

Nolan looked at her, then chuckled. "You're such a tease," he said.

"I know," she said. "That's why you love me."

"I do," he said, kissing her softly. "Now tell me about it."

Grace sighed and pulled away from him, facing the wall for a second. She took a deep breath and closed her eyes, trying to figure out what to say. How to explain it to him. How to make him understand. But she wasn't sure she understood it herself. Sex was so easy, but it also wasn't. Especially when you include other people. Grace was always worried about Nate being the uncertain factor, but now, she was the one that could hurt Nolan.

She wanted to tease Nolan, to fulfill his wishes, but it wasn't in her right now.

"Can I... at least get a day or two to process this? It is a lot, after all, you know," she said softly.

"Oh."

"Don't get me wrong," she added quickly, seeing the slight hurt expression. "It was great."

Grace noticed he swallowed.

"A lot happened, and I...I love you and want to be there for you, but I also have to wrap my head around it a little first. Like, I feel guilty about it because, well, I did something outside our relationship. We're not married, but I'm still bound to you. It's hard to wrap my head around what happened."

"But it happened, right?" Nolan asked.

Grace nodded, forcing herself to ignore his pushiness. "Yeah. Yeah, it did."

Nolan slumped down on a chair. "I can't believe this is real," Nolan muttered.

"It was real. Oh, it was very real," Grace said.

Nolan looked at her, and she could see the mixture of emotions in his eyes. He was excited, turned on, curious, nervous, jealous, and anxious. It was a lot for him, and she could see that. But he wanted this. As much as Grace wanted to comfort him, to hold him and tell him everything would be okay, she also needed him to know that this was real. This was happening. And it wasn't just going to go away. He needed to come to terms with that.

"I... I don't know what to say," Nolan said, shaking his head. "How do you feel?" Nolan asked.

Grace took a deep breath. She didn't want to be annoyed, but what she needed now was space, and Nolan being Nolan. It was perhaps unfair, and she felt for Nolan, but he had to understand her side of things, too.

And how did she feel? She wasn't sure how to answer that. She felt good, but also guilty. She was excited, but also worried. She felt alive, but also tired. It was a lot of emotions, and she wasn't sure how to explain it.

"Like I said, I'm not sure how I feel," Grace said. "I'm still processing it all."

"What do you mean?" Nolan said, sounding a bit frustrated. He was so desperate for some news, and she couldn't blame him. She understood he needed to know what was going on. It was probably killing him.

"I mean that I'm not sure how I feel about it. It was intense, and I'm still trying to figure out what it all means," Grace said. She knew she was being vague, but she didn't know what else to say. "Please, you're not the only one who has been through all of this. I mean, when it happened, it was so... good. But now, seeing you like this, and how you got drunk last night trying to cope with it, I'm concerned."

"Concerned?" Nolan asked.

"Yes. Concerned," Grace said.

"Can't you just tell me a little bit then?" Nolan asked impatiently. "Anything? How was it? How was he?"

"Nolan, please. You're not even listening to what I'm saying. I need some time to think," Grace said, feeling exhausted from this back and forth. How could he only want to know what happened when he saw her struggle with the repercussions of it?

"You do? I thought this was what we agreed upon," Nolan said.

"It is. But I've barely slept, and it's all very fresh," Grace said. "What is this, some sort of interrogation? I'll tell you, but you need to give me space, Nolan."

Nolan didn't say anything right away. It was obvious to Grace that there was an unhealthy amount of pouting going on. She was annoyed, but she understood where he was coming from, and she tried to give him as much sympathy as she was able. He was scared, confused, and worried. And she could relate to that, truly. This was all new territory for them, and they were both trying to figure things out.

"So you're not going to talk about it then?" Nolan asked in a rather accusing tone.

"I am, just not now," Grace said. She took a deep breath and tried to calm down. "Let it go for now, Nolan. We can talk about it later."

"Let it go? You want me to just let it go? After what you did last night? What you did to me last night? That's all you're going to say?" Nolan said, raising his voice.

"You're not going to blame me for this!" snapped Grace. Nolan immediately recoiled, realizing his poor wording. Grace knew he didn't mean it like that, but it stung. It really did. She felt so bad, and it made her feel worse. She felt so guilty already, and here was Nolan blaming her for it.

"I'm... I'm sorry," he said, looking down at the floor.

"No, you're not," Grace said. "What, am I some object now? Something you can just use for your fantasies and then blame me when you don't get what you want?"

Nolan winced at her words. He looked hurt and ashamed. He didn't say anything, just continued staring at the floor.

Grace shook her head. She didn't want to fight with him. She wanted to make things right. She wanted to be there for him, to support him, to help him through this. Maybe taking this leap into hotwifing, cuckolding, or whatever you'd call it was a mistake. But it was done. There was no room for regret now. Guilt was part of it, naturally, but they needed to work through this together, not against each other.

"But think it from my side of things," Nolan said.

"No, you think of it from mine! I find out my future-husband," Grace said. Nolan perched up at that, but she went on. "That he has this weird fantasy. I overreacted, fine. I indulge, even if it is with a person who, by the way, assaulted me. Okay, fine, I learn that Nate isn't so bad after all. In fact, he has more than once shown that he's more than a guy with a huge cock and a fucked up attitude. I agree to this and that, all so you can have this fantasy of yours. Do I pick up some interests of my own? Sure fine, but I thought that was the fucking point!"

Grace realized that she was quite agitated at this point. Where was this coming from? Exhaustion? Ignored tension built over time?

"So am I supposed to hate this then? You get to have me fuck my emotions up as long as you can jerk off to it?" she spat.

"Of course not!" Nolan said earnestly.

"So don't push me!" Grace yelled, storming off inside. She grabbed her keys and slammed the door hard on her way out, more pissed off than she had even been in a long time. She could hear Nolan calling out after her, but she didn't stop. She needed to get away from all of this.

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Nolan rushed to the bottle of whiskey, almost as if to throttle it. He tore the cork open and threw the brown liquid down the sink, the burning alcohol and the fumes going up his nose. Then he tossed the bottle in the trash.

He sat down at the table and buried his face in his hands. He took a deep breath and tried to calm down. He needed to relax. He needed to clear his head.

He knew he had fucked up. He knew he had pushed too hard. Grace tried to talk to him and all he wanted was to hear the dirty bits. And now he had fucked up. For the first time in their relationship, Nolan was scared. Grace was everything to him. She was his world. He didn't know what he would do without her. And here he was, pushing her away.

Nolan grabbed his phone and called Mr. Calhoun, his boss, to call in sick the next few days. Having no idea how things went down yesterday, other than Nate getting a blow job, he didn't know the true danger of their situation. He had no clue what sort of turmoil would happen over the next couple of days, but he knew he couldn't focus on work. Not when things were like this.

And so, Nolan spent the day waiting for Grace to come home. He didn't know what to say or do. This was uncharted territory. One part he wanted to go buy her all the chocolate and spa vouchers, but he knew he couldn't brute force his way out of this with gifts. He knew he had to be patient and let Grace come to him on her own terms. But that was easier said than done. And if it came to it, he'd beg. Nolan wasn't one to bow down to anyone, but Grace was the only person in the world he could see himself doing it for.

Nolan spent the day cleaning the apartment, hoping to make Grace feel better when she got back. He made sure everything was spotless. He even took out the trash and did a load of laundry. Anything to keep himself busy while he waited for her.

He spent the afternoon sitting on the couch, staring at the door. He hadn't even given last night a thought. Or, he had, but Nolan was too worried that he'd lost Grace due to his own greed and stupidity. If she found it in her grace to be forgiving of his idiocy, he wouldn't even mention last night. If and when she brought it up, he'd be a good boyfriend and listen. If and when she'd want to talk about it, he'd listen.

He had completely lost sight of what this was about. Grace getting pleasured to the utmost, to have an affair so to speak, and to tease and flirt. For her to enjoy the ride. His pushiness has been a speed bump and a blockade of that. He knew that whatever Grace had done, she would have enjoyed it thoroughly. Why else would her guilt be so severe? It was just because Nolan was an idiot and had to know how to ruin everything.

When the hours passed, Grace still hadn't come home. It was starting to get dark out, and the sun was setting. If last night's paranoia was anything, this was definitely a new record.

Nolan was almost losing hope when he heard a cheerful voice, a much more cheerful voice than he deserved, outside the door. Grace was bidding farewell with someone, Nate in all likelihood, which dug the knife deeper, and soon after, her keys entered the door to their apartment.

The door swung open, and there she was. His beautiful girlfriend. She looked tired, but happy. She smiled when she saw him.

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Nate had heard everything. Or, not everything, but enough to know that there was plenty of drama going on. Grace was upset, Nolan sounded stressed. And Nate had a feeling that they were arguing about him. About what they had done together.

And what a night it had been. Not only had Nate enjoyed her mouth, he had fucked her good too. And she was amazing. So sexy, so responsive, so… everything. Nate had never met anyone like Grace. She was special. And he was determined to make her his.

Nate saw Grace leave, looking quite upset. He knew when she came back, he had to be ready for her. He needed to show her that he cared about her. But not to push. Nolan had been an idiot to push her. Nate would be understanding. Even if he wouldn't get to plow her tonight, he'd play the long game.

So, when Nate heard Grace return, he was ready. He was ready to be a shoulder for her tears.

When he saw her truck pull up in the parking lot below, Nate hurried down to the mail boxes, pretending to fetch the newspaper he got earlier, just so he could bump into Grace. And it worked.

"Hey," he greeted her.

She stopped dead in her tracks. She looked at him, and he could see the emotions in her eyes. She was sad, but also angry. And something else, too. Something he couldn't quite put his finger on.

"Oh, hey," she said, sounding surprised to see him. She looked around, as if making sure no one saw them together. "What are you doing here?" she asked, keeping her voice low.

Nate held up his newspaper. "I was getting my paper. You know, it's a newspaper thing," he joked.

"I mean, you always pick it up in the morning. And now you're here in the evening," Grace said. Nate had to say, Grace was no idiot. A half truth, then.

"I saw you leave upset, and when you pulled up again, honestly, I just had to check up on how you're doing. Did we make any mistakes last night?" Nate asked. Grace looked around again. There was no one there, but still, it was a very public place where anyone could see them. "Wanna talk it over at my place?"

"Maybe... but no funny business," Grace said. Nate nodded solemnly.

"Of course," Nate said, waving his hand for her to lead. That was a quick way to let her be in control.

Once inside, Nate sat down on his couch, motioning for Grace to do the same. She sat down next to him, but not too close. He could see the worry in her eyes.

"So what's up?" he asked.

Grace sighed. "It's Nolan," she said.

"What about him?" Nate asked.

"He... he's pushy about yesterday," Grace admitted. Of course, his girl got fucked by another guy, more or less on that idiot's orchestration. "And I'm a bit weird about it. Like, I know it's weird to talk to you about it, but there is literally nobody else. I'm, like, torn between very happy we got this experience, me and Nolan, and you of course, but there is guilt and... I don't know, Nolan got drunk again last night, and he doesn't really give me room to breathe and cope with all of this. God, I sound like such a silly girl, don't I?"

Nate smiled. He knew how to use this situation to his advantage. But only with a steady hand.

"Ah. You young folk," Nate chuckled in his most disarming way. "All those emotions, with what you guys are trying to explore, is nothing out of the ordinary. It's normal to feel guilty, or conflicted, or even a little lost."

"I know, but Nolan–"

"– Is afraid of losing you. He'll see that he fucked up and learn from it. This is what exploration is. Sometimes you make a turn you wish you had the roadmap for, but you don't," Nate said, more or less talking out of his ass. The mindset of a cuckold was something he would never understand, but whatever.

"I just wish he... wasn't so hellbent on the, the action of everything. Like, I get that is part of it, but shouldn't he be worried about how I feel? I mean, I'm not sure what I expected," Grace said.

"You want my advice?" Nate asked. Dump Nolan, honestly, but that would only add to the mental trauma. "This is supposed to be about you, right? Teasing, flirting, get the biggest dick you've had," he said, letting that linger. "Make it even more about you. And not in a narcissistic way, but the point of this is for you to explore what you crave and what you need, and get it. That's what Nolan wants, I'm sure. So go back to Nolan, forgive him, and he'll be at your feet forever."

"That sounds kind of manipulative," Grace said. There wasn't anger in her voice, but there was something warning about how she talked.

"It doesn't have to be. He'll understand that you have needs. Emotional needs. Hell, that's why a lot have reclaim-sex after they're wife have scored, I hear," Nate said. "I'm betting you haven't, erh, reconnected with him since last night?" Meaning, Nate was, for the time being, her only lover.

"I guess," Grace muttered. "I'm not sure what any of this means for our future, though. Me and you."

"We'll grab a small break, however long you guys need to figure this out, then we can talk," Nate said. "But my suggestion is a repeat of what has already happened. Another four weeks of teasing and flirting with one visitation a week, and no touching. On my part, that is."

"I think that makes sense," Grace said. She smiled and leaned forward, kissing him softly on the cheek. "You're not so bad, you know."

"I'm glad you think so," he said. "And you're not so bad either."

Grace smiled. "Thanks for the advice," she said. "I think I needed that."

"Anytime," Nate said. "And if you wanna up the ante, I have some ideas. But we'll save that for whenever."

"Ideas?" Grace asked.

Nate grinned. "Well, I was thinking it would tease the shit out Nolan if you and I started texting. It can be innocent stuff, but it could also not be."

Grace chuckled. "Yeah, that sounds like fun," she said. "I'll think about it."

"Good," Nate said. "Now go home and work things out with Nolan."

Grace nodded. "Thanks again," she said. "I'll see you later."

Nate watched her walk out of his apartment. He couldn't help but smile. While he didn't get in her pants, him saving the day and consoling her felt like a win. Plus, she was still on board for more. He had her right where he wanted her.

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Grace walked back to her apartment, feeling much better. She knew that she had overreacted and that she needed to talk to Nolan. She needed to tell him how she felt. She needed to make him understand that this was all new to her, and that she needed some space and time to figure things out.

She took a deep breath and opened the door to their apartment. She found Nolan sitting on the couch, waiting for her. He looked up at her, and she could see the worry in his eyes.

"Hey," he said.

"Hey," Grace said. She closed the door behind her and sat down next to him on the couch.

"Listen, Grace," Nolan began, but Grace held up her hand, stopping him.

"No, let me talk," she said.

Nolan nodded and closed his mouth.

"I'm sorry for yelling at you earlier," Grace said. "I was stressed and tired. And I know this is hard for you, too."

"I'm sorry for pushing you," Nolan said. "I just wanted to know what happened, and I got carried away. I'm sorry, Grace. I love you."

Grace smiled. "I love you, too," she said. The weight on Nolan's shoulders seemed to lift. "But you need to understand that this is all new to me. I'm not sure how I feel about any of it, and I need time to figure it out. I need you to give me space and let me do this in my own time. Can you do that?"

Nolan nodded. "Of course," he said. "Whatever you need."

"This was your fetish, and now it has sort of become mine, so we're in it together. I'll tell you all about yesterday," she said. Nolan perched up. "But I have to punish you a bit."

"Oh?" Nolan said.

"Yes," Grace said. "I need to teach you a lesson."

"Okay," Nolan said.

Grace smiled and stood up. She walked over to him and leaned down, kissing him on the lips. She could feel him melting into her touch. She pulled away and looked into his eyes.

"But I want to hear you say what you like about me being with other men," Grace said, putting some extra gusto behind it, hoping it'd pay off and tease Nolan.

"Well... you being pleasured, the thrill of the taboo," Nolan said, listing off things.

"I know," Grace said. "But specifically. Like, what are the things you like the most about it?"

Nolan looked at her, his eyes dark and full of lust. "I like that you're not just teasing, but that you're doing it," Nolan said. "Knowing that you're, eh, teasing and potentially hooking up with someone else makes me crazy. I love that you might having sex with other men."

Grace smiled. "Good," she said. "And I love that you love it. Because I like making you a cuckold. I like knowing that I have that power over you."

Nolan groaned. Grace knew she had him where she wanted him. He was completely under her control.

"That's not fair," he said.

"I know," Grace said. "That's the point. You have to learn your lesson."

Nolan nodded. Grace smiled and stepped up close to him, running her hand along his chest. "I'll tell you all about yesterday," she whispered in his ear. "But you have to be patient. I love you, and I want to do this with you. No other man would let his girl explore her sexuality like this, and I'm so fucking grateful, but I don't want a guilt trip from you. I want to enjoy this. Can you understand that?"

"I can," Nolan said. "I'm sorry."

"Good," Grace said. She kissed him again, letting her tongue explore his mouth. He moaned into the kiss, and she could feel him harden beneath her. "Now, you have some work to do," she said, stepping up on the couch, towering above him.

"Work?" he asked.

"Yes, work," she said. "You pushed me too much about yesterday. So now you have to earn my forgiveness."

"And how do I do that?" Nolan asked.

Grace smirked. She reached down and unbuttoned her pants, pushing them down her legs along with her panties. She stepped out of them and kicked them aside. Nolan's eyes were glued to her pussy as she slowly opened ran her hand through his hair, getting a grip of his dark hair.

"You're going to eat me out," she said. "And you're going to make me cum. And then, maybe, I'll tell you what happened last night. Maybe."

Nolan groaned. "Fuck," he muttered.

"Do we have a deal?" Grace asked.

"Yes," Nolan said.

"Good," Grace said. She sat down on his face, pressing her pussy against his mouth. He wasted no time in getting to work, licking and sucking on her clit. Grace moaned as he began to tease her pussy, slipping his tongue inside her. "Oh, God," she moaned. "That's good."

Nolan worked her pussy like a man possessed. His hands grabbed her ass, squeezing it as he licked her. He knew just how to take care of her. He knew what made her tick. And he did. In no time, Grace could feel her orgasm building.

She could barely contain herself; the pleasure was almost too intense. She cried out as she came, her juices gushing down her leg as she came all over his face. Her legs trembled, and her vision blurred as she orgasmed.

As her breathing slowed, Grace took a deep breath and smiled. She hadn't meant for it to happen that quick, but Nolan had done his job. She also hadn't really thought they'd have sex so soon after, but Nate was right. They needed to rekindle and reconnect.

"So, I want us to have a chat about why I felt so guilty," Grace said. "Sorry for ambushing you like that, but I had to... have you."

"Anytime," Nolan grunted as Grace climbed down from his face.

"Part of it stems from when we started this, I think you put too many limitations. Like, not me having an orgasm? I know those were safeguards, but not only were we losing sight a bit, but what was I supposed to do? And perhaps that nagged on my subconsciousness. And like I said before, the best sex I've had, was with you. But last night, Nate took that away."

Nolan furrowed his brow.

"So, yeah, as weird as it sounds, that hurt, a lot," Grace went on. She could see the realization in his eyes as Nolan understood the weight of what they had been doing.

"I didn't even think about that," Nolan said softly.

"I want the best sex to be with the one I love and trust the most...and that's you, honey," she went on. Nolan was completely dumbstruck by her revelation. "But when Nate and I hooked up last night, I guess part of me worried you'd resent me for that. I resent myself for it, honestly. So many say 'it's just sex' but last night I learned that is not the case at all. And perhaps it was too soon, but... well, not much to do about that."

Grace paused a bit. Nolan looked up at her, a question nagging on him but too afraid to say it. Grace gave him the nod.

"So... you guys did, in fact, have sex?" he asked meekly.

"Mm-hm," she affirmed. Grace smiled. "Not because I wanted to make you a cuckold, but because I wanted to fuck Nate. And I wanted Nate to fuck me. I have desires and goals in this too, you know, not just you getting your rocks off."

Nolan winced slightly at the bluntness.

"How do you feel about that?" Grace asked, running a hand along his cheek.

Nolan took a deep breath. "I feel... I don't know," he said. "I mean, I knew that was a possibility, but it's different hearing it. I'm happy you had fun, but I'm also sad that I wasn't there. I also feel bad for you that you felt like I was a bit overbearing. That wasn't my intention. I'll be better at tending to your needs in this too. You're my rock, but perhaps I need to be one too."

"You're doing good so far," she smiled. "So you'll open to continue this journey?"

"This time it's me who needs space," Nolan said with a small chuckle. "I guess, but... it's a bit soon yet to take a stance on that one. I don't even feel like I'm completely out of the dog house yet."

"I don't think you're in the dog house," Grace said. "But I get your point. How about we table this for now? We have time. We're both young and beautiful."

Nolan nodded. "That sounds good."

Grace smiled and kissed him softly. She knew this was a new chapter in their lives, and it would take some work to navigate. But she also knew that they could do it.

Behind the Neighbor's Door - Part 9

"Fuck!" Nate grunted, staring down at where they joined. Even in the dark room, in the deep night, could the shiny shaft be seen. Shiny because of Grace's juices, and how they flowed from his big cock. "This is the best pussy I've ever had!"

Grace looked up at him, flat on her back, one leg up over his shoulder, the other out on the side, flushed and out of breath, looking up at him with those piercing eyes. But this time she wasn't shocked, no, she was drunk. On life and the sinful sex, especially with a man who was twice her age. He could fuck her better than anyone she'd had, and his cock was so big. Nate was the man she had been waiting for.

"Yeah?" Grace panted. "You gonna fuck that tight little pussy with the biggest cock in town?"

Nate growled, picking up the pace, fucking her harder and deeper. It was hard to focus on taunting him along with such a massive cock lodge inside of her. And it was amazing. Nate was a stallion, fucking her like a wild animal. He was claiming her as his own, and she loved it. She loved being used by him. She loved knowing that she was making this big man lose control.

"You bet your ass I am," he said. He leaned down, kissing her neck and biting her earlobe. His warm breath sent shivers down her spine.

Grace moaned, her body shaking as another orgasm ripped through her. She arched her back, her eyes rolling back in her head as Grace moaned and wrapped her legs around him, pulling him close.

"Do it," Grace said. "Fuck me, Nate. Fuck me like I need to be fucked. Like I deserve to be fucked."

"Damn right you do," Nate growled. He grabbed her ass, squeezing it hard and pounding into her. "God, your ass. It's fucking amazing. You've got an ass that's worth getting married for."

Grace blushed, biting her lower lip as she met his thrusts.

"If only that moron cuck could watch me defile his wife's beautiful ass," Nate growled. "Right?"

"Maybe someday," Grace gasped.

Nate pulled out, slapping her ass. "Get on all fours," he said. "Now."

Grace did as he said, crawling over to her back and arching her back. Nate stared at her like that, taking in the view of her in her thong and stockings. Never had he seen something so incredibly sexy. The look on his face was pure hunger. He was like a predator, and he was about to eat his prey.

Grace shivered as he knelt behind her, his cock brushing against her thigh. His hands gripped her hips, pulling her close, and she let out a moan. She could feel his cock pressing against her, and she shuddered as his breath brushed against her neck.

"Please..." she moaned. She knew what was coming, and it turned her on even more.

"Please what?" Nate purred. He licked her ear, his hot tongue making her shiver. She felt like she was melting into a puddle.

"Please... just do it."

"Beg for me," Nate whispered.

"Please, fuck me, Nate," she breathed.

Nate grunted, pushing into her. Grace gasped, arching her back even further. He was so fucking big, and it felt like he was stretching her in places she didn't know existed. Nate groaned as her body tried to stretch to take him, his fingers digging into her flesh as he tried to hold on to his control.

He started moving, slowly at first, then increasing the tempo. Grace's body was a slave to his, and the heat was building deep in her stomach. She moaned, rocking her body back, trying to take more of him. He filled her perfectly, her slick pussy adjusting to his size easily, as if her body was made for him. It sure felt like it. She lost herself in his rhythm, letting go completely and enjoying the sensation of his huge cock driving into her, making her feel things she'd never felt before.

Nate's hand pushed down, holding her steady against the bed.

"You like that?" he breathed. "My thick dick?"

"Yes," she moaned, rocking her hips back.

"Tell me," Nate growled. "Tell me how much you like my cock."

"I… love it," Grace moaned. "Your cock…is so big and… and you're so rough and I… I love it!"

Nate grunted, the sound animalistic as it tore through the room. He pressed hard into her, his fingers digging into her flesh as her pussy sucked him in, and held him tight, milking his thick cock with her inner walls.

Grace closed her eyes, and a small smile crept onto her lips, content with life.

Grace suddenly sat up, shining with sweat. Looking to her right was Nolan, sleeping with a slight snore. Grace blinked a few times and realized that what had happened was a dream. A very vivid, very detailed dream. Grace reached down between her legs. She was soaked.

Grace eased out of bed and walked to the kitchen. She poured herself a glass of cold water. She downed it and looked out the window. The sun was starting to come up.

Grace made coffee, and grabbed a pen and paper. She jotted down everything she had dreamed. The passion she felt. The sex. Nate's touch. His smell. Everything. Every single detail was captured and noted.

Grace smirked to herself, leaving it for Nolan to find later. Perhaps it was a bit messed up to taunt him like this, but fuck it, she wanted to enjoy all that this journey could give her. And she knew Nolan would be more than okay with reading this little dream of hers. Perhaps she should've felt guilty about the dream, but she refused to let herself feel that way. She was having fun. She was enjoying herself. And Nate had been a great lover. Not only had he satisfied her sexually, but he also understood her on a deeper level.

Grace sighed as she got ready for work. This was going to be a good day.

Consider dropping this above

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Monday morning, instead of going to his own work, Nolan tagged along with Grace to her work. She didn't really need an extra set of hands, but with the day they had had prior, she needed her man by her side. They both did. And as she mowed lawns on her tractor, she reflected. She knew Nolan didn't intend to upset her, and she loved him dearly. This wasn't some summer fling. This was something that would go deep in their relationship for the years to come, she was sure. There were a thousand potential upsets down the road.

Grace looked over at Nolan. He wasn't that good with manual labor, but he meant well. He wanted to be with her, and all the time at that, especially now. Maybe the issues they'd had and the journey they were on together would bring them closer to each other than ever before. What other couples would ever go through this? Only in their minds, fantasies. Theirs was the reality.

Still, the temptation of Nate hung there. One glance from her, and he was ready to take her and give her every ounce of his attention. That's what she needed in a way, though. To be pampered and worshiped by a lover. To feel alive, truly. To be fucked in ways where she'd truly let go and feel everything. To be used like an animal in heat. And by now, Grace could admit this to herself: her orgasms had never felt better than when she let herself fall down that path with Nate, and then with her beloved Nolan. It was confusing, yes, and maybe a little unhealthy in parts, but as she got onto the next patch of lawn that needed a trim, she knew the road ahead wouldn't be as straight and paved. There'd be potholes, gravel, detours, and hardships ahead. Grace sighed.

With Nolan, she would always have love, safety, and comfort. It was something that Nate lacked, and thus the appeal, despite the lingering threat of unwanted attention from Nate. But like Grace had told Nolan, they'd learn to love the rough edges.

But did Nate really lack those qualities? He was caring when it counted. He wasn't the type to get jealous or insecure, even when he was sort of playing second fiddle to another couple's wishes. He was older, with experience, and he knew how to treat a girl right. He had also been the one to calm her down after a blowout with Nolan. Nate had been the one to tell her she had needs as well, and that it wasn't just about Nolan's fantasies. Luckily, Nolan had come around. Grace shrugged all of that off.

She looked instead over at Nolan. The poor man working his ass off to earn her affection, not knowing how undyingly he had it. How he had Grace's full heart. He didn't need to try so hard, but the fact that he did meant so much. It was the little things that mattered. And Grace was pretty sure Nolan knew that too. But having him on his toes, well, he was her favorite person to toy with. Nothing brought her more joy than being a tease for her poor man.

If only he knew what a tease she could be. Even now, without Nolan being even slightly aware of it, Grace wore her sleaziest, most impractical but revealing thong under her overalls. She felt so incredibly naughty walking around like this, with her man by her side, with a small smile on her face.

The day went by quickly, and the two put up fences, removed several wheelbarrows of weeds, and mowed lawns. At lunch, they sat down in the shade of a tree.

"So, how are you doing?" Nolan asked.

Grace smiled. "I'm doing okay," she said. "And you?"

"Better now that I'm here with you," Nolan said.

Grace smiled. "That's sweet," she said. She leaned over and kissed him on the cheek. "Did you check the note I put out this morning?"

"Note?" Nolan asked, confused. "No, I didn't see any note."

Grace smirked. "Oh, I put it in the kitchen. On the counter," she said.

Nolan frowned. "What note?" he asked.

"I just left some notes about my dream last night," she said.

"Dream? What dream?" Nolan asked.

"About Nate," she said, watching the color drain from his face. Grace giggled and gave him a peck on the cheek. "It's just a dream. And I think it's a sign of how far we've come. You're not jealous about me dreaming about Nate, are you?"

Nolan blushed. "I mean, it's weird, yeah," he said.

"But you're not jealous?" she asked.

"Maybe a little," Nolan admitted.

"Well, don't be," Grace said. "I'll always be here for you, and you're the only one I'll ever really love."

Nolan smiled. "I love you too," he said.

"But that doesn't mean Nate and I won't have our fun," Grace said. "You want me to enjoy myself, right?"

"Yeah, that's what this is all about," Nolan agreed. "It's a lot to deal with, yeah, but the whole point is seeing you get the most pleasure, and the taboo aspect that it's not from me you're getting that from."

"So you can accept that Nate is part of that now?" she asked.

"I guess so," Nolan said. "I mean, I trust you. I know that you'll always come back to me."

Grace smiled. "Always," she said. "You're my one and only. But now we have this extra spice. And we'll figure it out together. You just have to remember that this is also about me."

"I know," Nolan said. "And I promise to be better at listening to your needs."

"Good," Grace said. She gave him another kiss, this time on the lips. "So, do you wanna know what happened between me and Nate?" she asked.

Nolan hesitated for a moment and looked around. They weren't really in public, sitting on a bench in one of the parks that Grace maintained, but there were still other people around. It was the middle of the day, after all. But the closest person was an old man who was feeding some pigeons.

"Here?" Nolan asked.

"Why not?" Grace said. "If you can handle it."

Nolan took a deep breath. "Okay, fine," he said. "Tell me what happened."

Grace smiled. "Good boy. So–"

As Grace told her tale, her mind drifted back to that night, replaying every single moment as if it were happening again. She felt her cheeks flush as she recalled how Nate felt inside her, how it was for her to blow him in his car right outside where they lived. How he made her feel. And as she talked, she saw the conflicting emotions on Nolan's face. There was lust, curiosity, and then guilt and jealousy. It was all very amusing. Grace knew that Nolan loved hearing about it, but that he was also jealous that she had enjoyed it so much. He was obviously worried, and perhaps with every right. Another man had successfully conquered his girl. A man should be worried then. But Grace was his, that was for sure

When she finished her story, Nolan sat in silence for a moment, trying to process everything. Grace could see the wheels turning in his head as he tried to decide how to respond.

"Wow," he finally said. "That's... that's intense. And... I get why you needed to process all of that. Wow."

"I know," Grace said. She reached out and took his hand, giving it a squeeze. "I'm sorry that I made you feel bad. I just needed some time to sort out my own feelings. I love you, and you're the most important person in my life. But I also need to explore this side of myself. It's new and exciting, and I don't want to deny myself that."

"I understand," Nolan said. "I'm sorry for pushing you. I just wanted to know what happened."

"So you keep saying, and I get it. Thank you for understanding," Grace said. "So how does it feel? Knowing that Nate fucked your girl?" she added, wanting more of that dirty talk to spur him on.

Nolan swallowed hard and cleared his throat, shifting in his seat as he tried to find the words.

"It's... weird," he admitted. "I mean, I knew that was a possibility when we started this whole thing, but it's different actually hearing about it, knowing that it has happened, and it can't be taken back. That another man knows what you... feel like."

Grace smiled and squeezed his hand again. "I know," she said. "And I'm sorry if it hurts. But I also think it's kind of hot, knowing that someone else has been inside me. That another man has claimed me, and that you have to deal with that fact."

Nolan took a sharp intake of breath. It had hurt him. But before Grace could follow up, Nolan spoke. "I can't deny hearing that hurts, that you knowingly may choose to hurt my feelings for your own pleasure," he said. "But you're right. I do find it kind of hot. Not just kind of. Very hot, actually. Knowing that you're being shared, that you're not mine alone, even if you still are."

Grace nodded, her heart swelling at the revelation.

"That's why I think we need to continue this journey together," Grace said. "We're both learning new things about ourselves and our relationship. But that comes with us both growing into it. You need to deal with the fact that I'll explore with Nate, and you need to be okay with that. And I need to be okay with the fact that you're dealing with your own emotions over it. But we can do that together."

Nolan took a deep breath. "I think that sounds like a good idea," he said. He looked down at his feet and shook his head. "This is all so fucked up," he said, but he couldn't help but smile.

"Yeah, it is," Grace said. She leaned over and kissed him on the cheek. "And you love it."

"I know. I do," Nolan admitted. "So, what happens now? I'll try to be less pushy. We learn as long as we live, and well, that weekend I think we both lived a lot. But I take it that you'd prefer if we continue?"

"I would. But I, of course, will respect it if you don't. But I have a feeling that you do," Grace said, and winked. "Because I know that you get a thrill out of me wanting more of this. And you enjoy how honest I am about it."

Nolan shifted in his seat, a half-smile across his handsome face. What a contrast to Nate he was. The older man oozing confidence and lust, while Nolan was still finding himself. But Grace had no doubts, Nolan would learn, and fast. Especially when it came to how much of a tease she could be.

"Is it torture talking about all of this? Here in this park where you can't... ravage me?" she asked.

"I mean, it's always torture being around you. You're too damn hot for your own good," Nolan said. "But yeah, hearing about how another man has had you, it's pretty damn difficult not to just throw you down on the grass right here and take you."

Grace smirked. "Good," she said. She reached over and ran her hand along his thigh, feeling him harden beneath her touch. "You know that I'm all yours, right?" she whispered. "Even when I'm with Nate, or someone else, you'll always be the only one I really want."

"I know," Nolan said. Grace could see the hunger in his eyes as she continued to tease him. "But that doesn't make it any easier."

Grace grinned. "Well, you'll just have to wait until we get home," she said. "But until then, I guess you'll just have to imagine what Nate and I did."

Nolan groaned, shifting uncomfortably in his seat as he tried to hide his growing erection. Grace could see the desire in his eyes as he thought about what she was saying. She knew that she was driving him crazy, but that only made it more fun. She loved teasing him and knowing that he was hers.

"I... I know it wasn't right of me to put any sort of limitations by asking you not to, erh, to orgasm with him. The whole point is, as we have been reiterating, that you should enjoy yourself..." Nolan hesitated, probably wanting to find the right words so he wouldn't step in it again.

"But?" Grace asked, trying to put her kindest voice on so he'd speak his mind.

"Nate, erh, Nate finishing inside of you. I know it is weird, but that just seems way more intimate for some reason," Nolan confessed.

"And that bothers you?" Grace asked.

"In a way, yes. It shouldn't, I know. And it's weird. Like I said, I can't really explain it. It just does," Nolan said.

"It's okay. I get it," Grace said. She smiled and leaned over, kissing him softly. "But I want Nate to finish inside me. I want to feel his cum inside me. I want to feel him claim me. And so do you, right? You know I love it when you cum inside of me, leaving your DNA and genes all over me. That makes you feel like a man, and now I want the same from Nate. I want him to feel like a man when he's with me. Maybe I'm weird and unreasonable, but making him feel that gives me something too. I don't know if I can explain it. But that's how I feel."

"Really?" Nolan asked.

"Yes, really," Grace said. "I mean, I know it's not exactly what you wanted to hear, but if Nate and I are going to continue this journey together, then I want him to be able to experience me completely. And I want you to be okay with that. Because that's what's important to me. If we're going to do this, I have to be able to enjoy myself the whole way."

Nolan nodded. "Thank you for being honest with me," he said. "And I'll try to be okay with that. Even if I'm not right away."

"That's all I ask," Grace said. "Just try, and we'll figure it out as we go. Together."

"Together," Nolan agreed. He leaned in and kissed her, and Grace felt herself melt into his arms.

As they pulled away, Grace smiled at him. "Now let's get back to work. We still have a lot of lawns to mow."

Nolan nodded, and the two of them stood up. As they made their way back to Grace's truck, Grace couldn't help but smile. She was happy that they had talked things through, and that they were on the same page about continuing this journey. And as they got back to work, Grace couldn't help but think about Nate. And the fun they were going to have together.

As the two of them worked, they were both surprised as Josh Calhoun, Nolan's boss, stopped by. As Nolan was officially home on sick leave, he was pretty nervous about this surprise visit, but Josh smiled and waved it off. Josh was the epitome of the friendly boss, always taking care of his employees, and Nolan had told Grace many stories about Josh.

"Nolan, Grace, you guys look busy," he said.

"Hey Josh," Nolan said, wiping sweat off his forehead.

"Hi," Grace said, hopping down from the tractor. She walked over and shook Josh's hand. He was taller than Nolan, with short, dark hair and a strong jaw. Blue eyes for days, and his shone with kindness and care. Grace wasn't always taken aback by another presence, but Josh sure did the trick.

"Grace, how are you?" Josh asked.

"I'm good," she said. "Just keeping this one out of trouble." She nodded towards Nolan.

Josh chuckled. "I bet you are," he said. He turned to Nolan. "So, I'm back in town. I'm hosting a party at my place, and everyone in Entrendy and Calhoun Holding is invited. Theme: hippie."

"Hippie?" Nolan asked.

"Yeah, you know, peace and love, groovy vibes, loose dresses, baggy pants, clothes out of hemp," Josh said.

"Clothes out of hemp? I thought you were a fashion designer," Grace teased. Josh held up his hands as if on gunpoint.

"We need to embrace our inner hobos from time to time," he chuckled. "By the way, now that I'm here. I've got great ambition and no vision when it comes to my backyard. If you're able to slide me into your schedule somewhere, I'd love for you to get free rein and make it nice."

"Oh... Sure. I'll see what we can do. How large of a backyard?" Grace asked.

"30 acres or so," Josh said with a shrug. "Oh, we have a pool, so if you want to bring your swimming gear, be my guest. Anyway, I gotta go. Lots of stuff to catch up on!"

"Alright, boss," Nolan said, shaking his hand as Josh waved his farewell.

Nolan looked at Grace. "He has 30 acres?" Grace asked, and Nolan just nodded. "Damn, rich people," she muttered.

"I've been there once, and I can't believe it myself," Nolan said. "He's really nice, too. I can't see why anyone would want to do anything bad to him."

"Yeah, and he's super handsome, what the fuck?" Grace asked, shaking her head in disbelief. Nolan raised an eyebrow.

"Yeah? Are we ditching Nate so you can sleep with my boss instead?" Nolan said, teasing Grace like she did to him so many times.

"No, but I might take a dip in that pool," Grace said, smirking. "Maybe you'd like that? His eyes bulging as my booty moves around all wet in a tiny little bikini?"

Nolan was silent for a moment, then he just grunted.

"You'd be okay with that, right?" Grace asked. "If I flirted with Josh? Let him feel me up a bit?"

"I... Yeah, I guess so," Nolan said.

"Good," Grace said. "Because I think it would be fun. And I think it would make you feel even more like a cuckold. He bosses you around, puts you on overtime, sends you on business trips, just so he can come over and fuck your girl."

Nolan's face flushed with heat. "Fuck..." he muttered.

"Yeah, I bet you'd like that," Grace said. "We're really finding our way in this, aren't we?"

"We certainly are, you naughty tease," Nolan chuckled.

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Nate sat at his desk, next to Nolan's empty one, fiddling with a pen. For once, he had to rely on himself to do something, and he hated with a passion how he seemingly had floated on Nolan's coat up until now. He felt like the entire office was looking at him and his perceived uselessness. Nate was honestly not entirely sure what he was supposed to do without Nolan. They were mostly working on the Oakland Pharma case, but Nolan had done most of the heavy lifting on it, and now Nate was stuck.

Without him, there honestly wasn't a lot to do. Nolan always had a bunch of other clients to work on, and dumped most Oakland stuff in Nate's lamp, as Nate wasn't allowed to have his own clients, but without Nolan to dump said stuff into said lap, Nate was just sitting there, rubbing his neck.

Mirella was especially fierce in that regard. No slack under that woman. She had come over, told him in no uncertain terms that he was a waste of space and a moron who shouldn't even be given the opportunity to work here. Mirella clearly hated his guts, but was clever enough not to say it too directly as his supervisor.

Nate had half a mind to go jerk off to the thought of Mirella sucking his cock. Her pretty blue-gray eyes angrily and judgmentally looking up at him, her walnut colored hair bouncing up and down with each movement, saliva dripping down her chin. But as angry as he was, as much as he wanted to put her in her place and have her show some respect, his cock wasn't willing to show Mirella even an ounce of kindness or interest.

Instead, his thoughts traced back to his evening with Grace. He had some anticipation going into that date, but Grace was easily the best lay he'd had, ever. Just thinking of her sent shivers down his back. The way she responded to his big cock breaking into her body, her tight little pussy getting molded and shaped like it should, every moan, every slight spasm, everything about her was perfect, and he couldn't wait for more. But she was also a tease, keeping him at arm's length. Nate would need to assert his dominance to really take their fun places.

If it ever were to happen again. It had to. Nate simply had to fuck Grace again. She was like a drug. The moment she entered his system, he knew he would never be able to live without another hit of her. That tight little body of hers, those amazing tits and perky nipples, her ass, God, her ass was something else entirely. And the way she took his cock. The way she moaned. The way she screamed. The way she came. The way she looked at him when he filled her with his cream. Nate could barely contain himself.

What a night it had been. Grace had absolutely drained him of all energy. He hadn't felt this satisfied in years. Maybe ever. His brain had gone completely numb. But despite how hard and intense the sex had been, Nate was also still aware that he hadn't fully conquered her yet. He was on the hunt, and he was going to keep going after her.

He had seen the look in her eyes. The way she melted under his touch. The way she submitted to his cock. And he was going to make sure that she would be his. Nate knew that she was into him, and that Nolan was probably a wimpy little bitch who couldn't satisfy her the way she needed to be satisfied.

Nate thought back to the last time he saw Nolan, before Nate's date with Grace. The way that Nolan had been all nervous, and how he seemed completely out of his element. There was no way that Nolan could compete with what Nate could offer. Grace needed a real man, and Nate was going to make sure that she got one.

Nate smiled to himself as he thought about how devastating it would be for Nolan to know that Grace chose him over Nolan. There was no doubt that Nolan looked down at Nate, or at least saw himself as above him. But Nate knew that Grace needed someone to match her level.

He felt almost forced into having to steal Grace away. Before, it was something he wanted to do. Now, he had to. To think that she was wasted on that fucking moron–

"Mr. Bertsch," a snappy, stern voice came from behind him. Nate turned around, only to be met by stern blue eyes looking at him with the coldest of stares. If anything, Josh knew how to hire attractive women. Mirella was a stunningly beautiful woman. Not Grace-level, but she certainly had her charm.

"What's up?" Nate asked, mirroring the boisterous camaraderie tone of the rest of the office. Another thing Josh did right: the spirit around the office.

"Since Nolan is out sick, well, this was supposed to be for him, but he's not here. Do you have any experience with ad work in the food industry? Tex-Mex to be exact?" Mirella asked, dumping a folder on his desk as if it were a foregone conclusion wherever this was going.

"Sure, a little bit," Nate lied. "I've eaten a bunch at least!" barked out, trying to get a laugh. Instead of laughter, Nate was witnessing Mirella trying to force herself not to roll her eyes.

"We can't give you the client," she said. "But we can find a workaround, a split, or a pot, if you want. We really don't want this, but time is of the essence on this one, and, well, everyone else's plates are full. No pun intended."

Nate chuckled, hoping to break the ice a bit. It didn't work.

"So, what do you think? Are you up for it?" Mirella asked.

Nate shrugged. "I mean, yeah, sure," he said. "You sure don't sugarcoat anything, do you?"

Mirella sighed and shook her head. "I'll email you the brief. They also have a red rum, whatever that means, so there is potential for some side work too," she said. "I suggest you start working on it today, because I have a feeling Mr. Calhoun will need it as soon as possible. He's in town now, but he's always busy, so please use your experience to your advantage and take initiative on this one. Until Nolan is back, at least."

Nate nodded and Mirella turned around on her heels and left. Nate hated how that last remark ended. 'Until Nolan is back, at least.' Nate had been doing ad work since before Nolan was in diapers, yet Mirella saw it as some kind of charity where Nolan would take over as if he knew best. Nate knew, of course, that this was his chance to perhaps outshine his younger neighbor, and that he could do the job better than Nolan. And thus, he could use that with Grace.

To her, it would surely look like she spurred him on, and that he was just as capable as Nolan, if not better. And if Nate was better than him in most departments, the road to victory would be wide open. Nate had no doubt that Nolan wouldn't be able to keep up with him, especially in the bedroom.

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It wasn't until next week that Nolan was back at work, leaving Grace to her own graces. It was for the better, honestly. The first few days, he tried to help her out and whatnot, and sure, it was nice to have an extra set of hands, but her whole landscaping venture was her business. Her independence. And, to be fair, manual labor was more her style than Nolan's anyway. He meant well, though, and that was all that mattered. Even if it meant keeping him and his abysmal driving the hell away from her tractor.

She had a few jobs scheduled, and they were all going well. She had even managed to fit Josh into her schedule, and she was eager to see what he had in mind. Not this week, though. Some of her watering systems had broken down one way or the other, wear and tear, and that jazz, and Grace had to spend most of her time making repairs.

But then the weekend came, the two went to the movies, ate some takeaway, and tore through a few Netflix shows like two old couch potatoes. A nice cozy week and weekend.

However, with a boring week prior, this special little Monday, Grace had decided to follow up on some of her dirtier deeds. It was a suggestion made by Nate a while ago. To wear naughty clothing underneath her work clothes, with nobody herself as a witness. It was so naughty, and

it was all for her. Last week, Grace had done a thong; this week, well, what were these games ever without upping the ante? She had ordered some black silk lingerie. Nolan had wanted this specific piece for so long, so he could gawk at her, but now she was getting it for nobody but herself. Grace had to smile just thinking of how mad it would drive Nolan if he knew. She'd always be honest, but keeping a few things here and there was just the thrill that made a normal week feel a little extra.

As she got dressed in the morning, the fabric of the lingerie felt soft against her skin. She loved how it looked against her tanned skin. The contrast between her skin and the black was breathtaking. She looked so sexy, turning and twisting in the mirror as she was about to hide it all under her coveralls.

But so that this naughty streak was also for her future husband, and not only for her, she had gotten this nice red nightdress that barely reached down a few inches of her thighs, which she'd absolutely show him. She had half a mind that, like how Nate had his bikini, this nightdress was for Nolan and only him. But, well, everything like that that Grace had was supposed to be for his eyes only.

She looked over at Nolan. He was asleep, snoring slightly. She smiled and leaned down, giving him a gentle kiss on the cheek. He stirred slightly and mumbled something unintelligible before falling back asleep, having no idea how much of a misbehaving vixen his woman was.

Grace giggled quietly as she grabbed her things and left the house. What a naughty idea this all was. As she got into her truck, she knew this day would be exciting. Well, except for having to fix water systems while wearing lingerie, but you take some, you lose some. Practicality wasn't always at the top of the list of women's clothes, and this outfit sure as hell wasn't made to withstand the harsh conditions of landscaping.

It was fine, though. Grace was used to her coveralls getting ripped here and there. She had several pairs that had been fixed by the sewing machine more than once. The most the lingerie would do was run up her ass, and as a wearer of thongs, she was more than used to that uncomfortable scenario.

The day itself was mostly uneventful, apart from Grace catching herself a few times thinking about what she was wearing underneath her clothes. It made her feel incredibly sexy, knowing that she had something naughty hidden away. The thought of maybe showing the outfit off to some other man excited her as well. Nate? Sure. But also men like Josh. Nolan's handsome and smart and surprisingly kind boss. Or other people. But for now, it was all for her. To feel sexy. And it worked, because Grace was constantly surprised how it felt as the silk brushed against her skin.

After work, in lieu of what Nolan and she had talked about, Grace decided to make a small jump on their exploration fun. Nothing would tease Nolan more if she decided to stop by Nate. Whether that meant another four-week cycle was in effect, well, not necessarily. This was just meant to increase tension, build, and tease Nolan a bit. Nothing more.

Besides, Nate was still technically a client and lived right next door, so what a great time to pop over, right?

Perhaps caught herself wondering if she was grabbing for excuses? Then again, so what if she was? This was what they were doing, and it was all for fun anyway. It wasn't like Grace was going over there to fuck him anyway. It was just to tease.

And as Grace stood outside Nate's front door, she felt her heart race slightly. She took a deep breath and knocked on the door. She waited for a moment, then heard footsteps approaching. The door opened, and Nate appeared, dressed in a pair of sweatpants and a tank top. He looked surprised to see her.

"Grace?" he said. "What are you doing here?"

Grace smiled. "I just wanted to come by and see how you're doing," she said. "Is that okay?"

Nate nodded. "Yeah, yeah, of course," he said. "Come on in."

Grace stepped inside, and Nate led her into the living room. There was a TV on, but it was muted and playing some football game. Nate turned it off and gestured for her to sit down on the couch.

"I'm still in my work clothes," Grace excused, not really wanting to linger around. She was just here to tease, after all.

"It's fine," Nate said, sitting down next to her.

Grace felt her heart beat faster as he sat next to her. She could smell his familiar scent of... well, unshoweredness and cigarettes. Perhaps a hint of aftershave, but mostly the smoke. It was a weird combination, but one she was growing fond of. Perhaps she should reprimand him for smoking, but she knew that was just a part of who he was. And truth be told, deep down, way deep, Grace found that kind of ruggedness and dirtiness to be an odd attraction.

Nate was so different from Nolan. He was older, rougher around the edges. He wasn't afraid to say what he wanted, and he was willing to do whatever it took to get it. And that was incredibly hot to Grace. She knew that Nate wanted her, and that he wouldn't take no for an answer. This was going to be dangerous fun, and she couldn't wait to see how far they could take this.

"So, how have you been?" Nate asked.

"Good," Grace said. "Just working a lot, as usual."

Nate nodded. "That's good," he said. "So, Nolan is okay then?" he asked, no doubt hoping for some action. Grace grinned widely at that.

"Oh yeah, he's great," Grace said. "We've been getting along really well lately."

Nate nodded, and Grace saw the look in his eye. He wanted her. Badly. But Grace had no intention of giving in to his desires so easily. She was here to tease, and she would do exactly that.

"So, your plants," Grace said, pretending to steer this conversation in another direction. "I think they could use a bit of TLC."

"Oh, really?" Nate said. "I don't really know anything about plants."

"Well, I know. You water them frequently enough, but weed control is pretty bad," Grace said. "I can give you a hand with it, if you like."

"That would be great," Nate said, grinning. He knew perfectly well how Grace liked to check on his plants, and he'd love to see that. Even in her coveralls. And Grace was well aware of this.

"Good," Grace said, standing up. "Well, let's get to it."

Nate nodded and followed her to the windowsill. As Grace began inspecting the plants, Nate stood close behind her, his hands resting on her waist. Grace felt a shiver run down her spine as he touched her. She wanted to tell him to fuck off and keep his hands to himself, but she also wanted to tease him a bit longer.

As Grace pretended to inspect the plants, she could feel Nate's hands moving slowly up and down her sides. She could feel his breath on the back of her neck as he leaned in close. She tried to ignore him, but she could feel herself starting to get wet. Grace felt the warmth and pressure from his body against her ass.

Grace was perfectly aware she was pushing him. Making herself ready to be bent over his couch and fucked.

"Kinda, uh, hard working your plants when you're all up on me," Grace said, her voice faltering slightly.

"I've got something you can work on, instead," Nate rumbled, and pushed his crotch right onto her, showing Grace just how excited he was.

"Wow, Nate, already? Eager much?" Grace teased him.

"How could I not? I have this perfect little slut right in front of me, asking for it," Nate replied, squeezing her ass firmly, making her yelp out in surprise.

"D-don't call me a slut," Grace said. "And... you know you're not supposed to touch me."

"Who's gonna know? And Nolan doesn't need to find out every little thing," he said, not paying Grace much attention, or giving a damn about what her beloved thought.

But Grace did, so she pulled away, leaving Nate's hands grasping at nothing.

"Don't ruin this for me," Grace warned. But then she felt bad for scolding him. "I came to tease, not break any rules."

Nate closed his eyes as if to gather himself, clearly not wanting this route at all. Then he sighed, opened his eyes, and smiled. "Rules? Does that mean that we're back on?" he asked, shifting back a few inches

"Maybe," Grace said, her voice innocent but accompanied by a dirty smile.

"So this accounts as you giving me a show? So four weeks?" Nate asked, desperate for clear answers.

"Maaaybe," Grace answered, smiling wider as she saw her effect on this much older, larger man.

"Right. Okay. Well, then, let's get back to work," he said, taking another step back.

Grace bit her lip, nodded, turned, and continued checking his plants, occasionally giving him a glance as he was standing behind her. She even put most of her weight on one foot just so her ass would get an incredible arch. He had a smirk on his face, clearly enjoying the view. Grace could feel his eyes on her, and it made her feel even more sexy.

Then slowly, she bent forward, arching her ass out. Even baggy coveralls didn't stand a chance when it came to her heavy ass, the light blue denim hugging her curves in a way that was too lewd to ignore.

She knew he was staring at her ass, and it made her feel powerful and desired. She loved knowing that she could drive him crazy with just a few movements. Moving a hand to her lower back, she gently traced her fingers along the curve of her ass. She heard Nate take a sharp breath as she did so, and she couldn't help but smirk. Grace closed her fist around a cheek, released it, and gave herself a good smack.

"Fuck," Nate groaned.

Grace bit her lip as she felt herself getting more aroused. She loved how much Nate wanted her. And she loved how she was teasing him. She loved having that power over him. She loved knowing that she could make him beg for her.

"Enjoying the view?" she asked, supporting herself against the window frame, looking over her shoulder at a very desperate man.

"Fuck yeah," he breathed.

"Good," Grace said, turning around to face him. "Because I'm going to make it even better."

With that, she reached down and slowly unzipped her coveralls. She watched as Nate's eyes widened as she revealed more of her body to him. She slid the coveralls down her shoulders, letting them pool around her ankles, revealing her lingerie-clad body to him.

Nate swallowed hard, his eyes raking over her body. Grace felt a thrill rush through her as she saw the hunger in his eyes. She knew that he wanted her, and she was going to give him exactly what he wanted.

"Do you like what you see?" Grace asked, running her hands down her sides.

"Fuck yes," Nate groaned, unable to keep his composure any longer. He took a step towards her, but Grace held up a finger.

"Not so fast," she said. "I'm in charge here, remember?"

Nate nodded, his eyes fixed on her body. Grace knew that she had him right where she wanted him.

"Now, you're going to stand there and watch how fucking sexy I am," Grace said. "And you're going to keep your hands to yourself."

Nate nodded eagerly, his breathing becoming more ragged as he watched her. Grace smiled and ran a hand down her stomach, letting it rest on the hem of her panties. She could see the desire in his eyes as she teased him.

"Nolan hasn't even seen this set. He doesn't even know I have it, nor that I'm wearing it. I got it just for me. But you can look at it, for now," she teased.

Nate licked his lips and nodded again, his hands balling into fists as he tried to resist the urge to touch her. Grace loved having this power over him. She loved knowing that she could make him so desperate for her.

"You want to see more?" she asked, taking a step towards him. Nate nodded, his eyes never leaving her body.

"What do you say?" Grace asked.

"Please," Nate begged.

Grace grinned and slowly began to peel off her panties. She made sure to give him a good show, moving her hips in slow circles as she pulled them down. She could see his cock straining against his sweatpants as he watched her.

"You can't touch me," Grace said. "But you can take your cock out."

Nate didn't hesitate, reaching into his pants and pulling out his rock-hard cock, getting a slow stroke going immediately. Grace couldn't help but smile as she saw how eager he was. She loved how much he wanted her.

As Grace slipped her panties off her ankles, she took a step towards Nate. She could see the desire in his eyes as she got closer to him. She desperately wanted to touch that big fucking meat, but as she hadn't cleared it with Nolan. Sure, he'd probably okay it, their last 4-week cycle they had sort of muddied the water by letting her touch Nate and not him, her, but it was better to be one-hundred percent sure and not regret anything. The last thing she wanted was to blow this thing up; it was way too much fun to play around like this.

"This is all you get for now," Grace said, turning around and showing off her ass. She couldn't help but smile as she heard Nate groan behind her.

"Fuck, you're so fucking sexy," he said. "Your body is perfect."

Grace couldn't help but feel a little smug about that. She knew that she was beautiful, but it was always nice to hear someone else say it.

"You like my ass?" she asked, giving it a good smack.

"Fuck yes," Nate said, his voice hoarse. "It's so fucking juicy and perfect."

Grace felt herself getting more aroused as she listened to his praise. She loved knowing that he wanted her so badly.

"Do you allow Nolan to fuck it?" Nate pushed on.

"I do," Grace said. "And he loves it."

"I bet he does," Nate said, his voice full of desire. "He's a lucky fucking bastard."

Grace knew then that it was probably on Nate's list of desires. She hadn't specifically thought about Nate fucking her up her ass, but now that she was thinking about it… he was probably way too big anyway. No way would she be able to take that monster inside her ass.

"Yeah, he is," Grace teased, leaning forward and placing her hands on the window frame. She could see Nate's reflection in the glass, watching her with an almost angry look. As if it pissed him off not being able to shove his fat cock inside the wet hole in front of him. She was naked except for her bra, and Nate could so easily just take her. Would she refuse him? Probably she would, and they'd be forced to take a break or something. She hoped he'd be sensible.

"Are you gonna fuck my ass, Nate?" Grace asked, looking over her shoulder at him.

"I will, if you let me," Nate growled. "I'll fuck it so good you won't be able to walk for days."

Grace smiled, feeling a thrill rush through her. "We'll see about that," she said, giving him a wink before turning back around.

Nate groaned behind her, and she could hear the sound of his hand moving up and down his shaft. The slick, rhythmic sound of his palm sliding over the wet head of his cock, over and over.

"You think about this when you jerk off, don't you?" Grace asked, teasing him with her body, slowly getting up and turning around. As much as Nate wanted to see her perfect ass naked in front of him, she wanted to see his angry cock heave and throb too.

"I do," he answered honestly.

"Oh, fuck that's so sexy," Grace said, taking a small step towards him, looking down on his furious cock as it lay hard and heavy in his strong hand, which was slick with precum. "What else do you think about?" she asked, unable to take her eyes off his meaty tool.

"I think about fucking you all night long, making you scream my name," Nate said, his voice low and gravelly. "I think about fucking your tight little pussy until you can't walk anymore. I think about cumming all over your face and tits."

Grace bit her lip, feeling her own arousal growing as she listened to Nate. He was so dirty, and she loved it. She reached behind her back and unclasped her bra, letting it fall to the floor. She stood before him, completely naked.

Nate let out a deep growl as he took in her body. His hand moved faster along his shaft, and Grace could see the muscles in his arm flexing with each movement. He was so turned on by her that it was nuts. How he was able to show such self-control spoke volumes about his willpower.

"Fuck, Grace," Nate said, his voice thick with desire. "As much as I enjoy watching that ass, I get a feeling you have a thing for huge cocks too. So... Do you want a closer look at it?"

Grace bit her lip and nodded, unable to form words. Her mind was racing, and she knew that if she opened her mouth, only a moan would escape. She watched as Nate's hand moved faster along his cock, his grip tightening. She could see the veins on his forearms standing out as he worked himself.

Without thinking, she lowered herself on her knees. Completely naked, and suddenly being under his spell rather than him being under hers.

Nate smirked and took a step towards her. His cock was mere inches from her face, and she could feel the heat coming off of it. She reached up and wrapped her fingers around it, feeling the thickness of it.

"Fuck," she moaned, feeling the weight of it in her hand. "It's so fucking big."

"You like that?" Nate asked, his voice low and husky.

Grace nodded, her eyes fixed on his cock. She could feel her own arousal growing as she imagined what it would feel like to have him inside her. She wanted it so badly, but she knew that she had to be patient. She had to make sure that Nolan was okay with it first. Then she realized she was holding Nate's cock in her hand. Right now. Not having cleared it with Nolan.

"Oh no," she said, letting go of his cock. "I can't do this."

"What's wrong?" Nate asked, concern in his voice.

"We need to stop," Grace said. "I'm not supposed to touch you yet."

"But you touched me all the time before?" Nate said, clearly trying to convince Grace that this wasn't a problem.

"Yeah, I know, but now..." she began, trying to come up with an explanation. "Well, we did that when he was in on it. I was just coming over here to tease you a bit, then go back to Nolan and tease him too. I wasn't even here with the intention of, y'know, starting a new cycle or whatever."

"Right, right," Nate said. "I understand."

"Good," Grace said, getting back to her feet.

"So... does that mean you're not going to finish me off?" Nate asked, gesturing to his still hard cock.

Grace laughed. "No, I think I've teased you enough for one day," she said. "But you can finish yourself off if you like."

"Oh, believe me, I will," Nate said, smirking. "But I want you to stay here and watch."

Grace bit her lip nervously. She knew that she shouldn't, but the way he commanded her, even as she was about to release, made her curious and excited.

"Okay," she said, her voice barely above a whisper. "I'll stay and watch. But don't take too long, right?"

Nate smiled and began stroking himself again. Grace watched as his hand moved up and down his shaft, the wet head glistening in the sunlight streaming through the window. She felt her own arousal growing as she watched him.

"Fuck," she moaned softly, unable to tear her eyes away from his cock.

"Do you like watching me stroke my cock?" Nate asked, his voice low and husky.

Grace nodded, her eyes fixed on his shaft. "Yes," she whispered. "I love seeing how hard I make you."

"You do," Nate said. "You make me so fucking hard, princess. But right now, I need you to get on your knees again."

Grace hesitated for a moment, then slowly got back down on her knees. She looked up at Nate, her eyes filled with desire.

"What do you want me to do?" she asked, her voice soft and innocent.

"I want you to open your mouth," Nate said. "And I want you to stick out your tongue."

Grace nodded and did as he commanded. She opened her mouth and stuck out her tongue. She could see the desire in his eyes as he looked down at her. He was so close to finishing, and she couldn't wait to see him cum.

Nate's hand moved faster along his shaft, and Grace watched as he began to cum. His cock throbbed and pulsed as his cum shot out and covered her face. She moaned as she felt the hot, sticky liquid coat her skin. She closed her eyes and felt his cum drip down her cheeks, her chin, her neck. She could smell the musky scent of it, and it drove her wild. Nate groaned as he came all over her face, covering her in his seed, several large ropes landing in her mouth. Thick and salty, lumpy even.

As he finished cumming, Grace opened her eyes and looked up at him. She could feel his cum drying on her face, and she loved it. She loved seeing how much he wanted her.

"Fuck, you look so sexy like that," Nate growled.

"I know," Grace said, smiling up at him. "Now I gotta go home and shower."

"What if you walk over there like that?" Nate suggested. "That would drive Nolan nuts."

"Hah!" Grace barked out. "No way, José."

"So four weeks?" Nate asked.

"I'll ask him," Grace replied. For some reason, that seemed to annoy Nate.

"That lingerie, you never showed it to Nolan?" Nate asked.

"Nope," Grace replied, collecting said lingerie, plus her work clothes. How fast had she gotten naked in front of him after so long where they kept things at a minimum?

"Are you gonna?" he asked. Grace shrugged inconclusively. She had half a mind to show Nolan it as she now had shown it to Nate. It was meant to be for her, but it obviously wasn't anymore. "Don't."

Grace stopped for a moment, hesitating. She knew that she shouldn't let Nate have any control over what she did with her body, but Nolan had said he didn't mind a secret here and there. Was this it?

"I'll consider it," Grace said.

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When Grace came home, Nolan met her at the door. She was much later than usual. Well, that wasn't unusual in itself; she often had things that kept her working late, but Nolan had clearly seen her car down in the parking lot when he went to get their mail, so it was a bit weird.

"Hey, where were you?" Nolan asked, giving her a peck on the lips.

"Oh, I was just running a few errands," Grace said. "And I stopped by to see Nate."

"Oh, really?" Nolan asked, a hint of surprise in his voice. "What did you do?"

"Put on a show," Grace said, taking a break to let the impact land. Nolan knew immediately what that implied. It had been a solid week since they talked about this last, and now it seemed like she had initiated restarting things.

"Really? You've been naughty?" Nolan replied, not sure what else to say. He felt nervous, but also excited.

"Me? No. All I did was just sit there. I just wanted to make sure his plants weren't dying," Grace said innocently. "But you know what happens when you sit around naked in a man's house."

"Naked? How'd that happen?" Nolan asked, playing as coy as Grace did.

"Funny, I asked myself the same thing," Grace replied. "But you know how it is. One minute you're watering plants, the next, you're in your birthday suit, and he's jerking off to you."

"Fuck, that's so hot," Nolan said, his cock already starting to harden. "What did you do?"

Grace shrugged, "Not much. Like I said, I just sat there and minded my own business, then suddenly a big fucking purple-headed cock was right in my face."

Nolan nodded, his eyes fixed on her. "And?" he asked.

"And... I got down on my knees, and I watched as he stroked that big, thick shaft. And I wanted it, so badly. But I knew I couldn't have it, because I hadn't cleared it with you. So I just watched as he jerked off, and he came all over my face."

"Fuck, that's so messed up. You didn't even double-check with me, but still did it. Why is that so hot?" Nolan asked.

"Because you know that I love to be naughty," Grace said, giving him a wink. "And I know that you love it too."

Nolan nodded, his cock now fully erect. He could feel the precum dripping from the tip as he imagined Grace getting on her knees in front of Nate. In his head, Nate grabbed her head and pushed his cock into her mouth, using her mouth. It was so wrong, but so fucking hot.

"So, does that mean we're back on?" Nolan asked excitedly.

Grace smiled, "I think it does. But you know what that means. If you can handle it."

Nolan nodded, "In four weeks?"

"Four weeks," Grace confirmed.

Nolan felt his excitement grow. It was settled. "Should we... erh, make the rules clearer?" Nolan asked.

"Probably. I think we just use the old rules, but with a clearer definition of the no-touch rule and who and what it applies to. Like today, I reckon that falls within that rule, right?" Grace asked.

"Right."

"And I think, if you're okay with it, that it would be a small, nice little escalation if Nate and I texted a bit... And perhaps, if you can handle a few secrets, that perhaps you don't get to know what's in those text right away?" Grace said, using upspeak. She never did that. Nolan knew then she was seeking his approval for something she really wanted, but knew was perhaps too much to ask.

"I'd like to see the texts," Nolan replied.

"Yeah, but..." Grace began. "It'd be way more fun for you if you didn't. That way, you'd be on your toes, always wondering what the hell Nate and I have to talk about. Besides, it'd be nice to just let this evolve a bit more naturally."

Nolan nodded. It made sense. "Okay, yeah. I think I can handle that. But I wanna know, erh, eventually," Nolan said, wanting to stand his ground. He had given her a lot by agreeing that he wouldn't be able to see the two of them have sex the first few times, so asking to sometimes see those texts shouldn't be a huge ask.

"Right, you'll know," Grace agreed. "Just not right away, okay?"

"Yeah, sure," Nolan said.

"And full disclosure, Nate did touch me. When I was checking his plants, he was groping me quite freely," Grace said. "I got a bit caught up in it, so it's my fault too."

"Alright, we'll… next week will be the first *'official'* week then. One extra week tacked on," Nolan said. It was important not to let those rules they had to be steamrolled after all, and that one-week suspension thing was something they had all agreed upon.

"Fair. Another week of teasing and torture, but I'll endure. Nate too," Grace ensured. "So, I'm gonna go brush my teeth and go for some mouthwash. Nate's loads are so dense that they're hard to swallow," she said, smiling as she turned around and walked towards the bathroom.

"Naughty," Nolan chimed in, hearing his girl glowingly talk about another man's sperm was not something he'd ever imagined himself witnessing. But here he was. "I'm glad we're doing this again. It's quite exciting."

"It is. Oh, and one more thing, keep those hands off your dick. I'm using it later tonight," she said so casually that it was almost offensive. Almost.

Behind the Neighbor's Door - Part 10

At work, Nolan was pretty surprised, and honestly sort of... insulted? Was that even the right word? Either way, the fact that they had given Nate a contract that was meant for him certainly felt like he was being undermined on some level. Mirella explained that the work was expected to have a quick turnaround and he was simply gone, that it wasn't personal, and it wouldn't have any impact on his reputation, but it still felt like a slap in the face. Being surpassed by Nate in such a way. Maybe the fact of why Nolan wasn't present, and completely unable to do anything about the reassignment of the contract, was even more cruel.

After lunch, Nolan sat in his car for a while, mulling things over. He wasn't sure why, but it bothered him that Nate had taken his job. Even though he hadn't, really. Josh had decided who would get it, and Nolan had been busy. But still, it felt like he was being replaced.

He needed to talk to someone about it, but who? Nate? No, definitely not. Josh? No, he didn't want to bother his boss with his silly insecurities. Besides, it wasn't fully Nate's contract, as the client wouldn't like a criminal working on their advertisement. And shouldn't Nolan be happy that his friend got ahead for a change?

Perhaps Nate's relationship with Nolan's own girlfriend raised the competitiveness between him and his neighbor. His girlfriend's bull. Either way, the more he thought about it, the more annoyed Nolan got.

For a brief moment, he considered texting Grace about his annoyance. It felt sort of pathetic to admit, and he didn't want to start this next cycle of cuckolding like that. Because of that, he just sat in his car, fuming. He'd just have to work harder. That's what the old man always said. He'd have to show Josh he was the better man for the job. It wasn't even that big of a contract anyway. And Nate was still under him, so, honestly, what did this really change?

Nolan snorted, grabbed his coat, and headed out of the car. What a baby he had been. He was having the time of his life, and he'd live like it. Nothing should faze him.

Getting back to his desk, Nate gave him a solemn nod, followed by a nod toward a freshly brewed cup of coffee, then turned his concentrated gaze toward a pamphlet advertising for a Tex-Mex thingy, probably a competitor to Nate's client.

Nolan decided not to be petty or childish about it, but instead act like an adult. "Got anything for me?" he asked, sitting down next to his friend.

"Not much," Nate replied. "I try to find a slogan of sorts, but I'm not hip like you guys," the older man chuckled. He was in his late forties, but sometimes he acted like he was much older. But he was disarming himself with that self-deprecating humor.

"Right, well, let's get to it," Nolan said, grabbing the papers and a pen. It wasn't his contract, but if Nate succeeded, then surely that shone back at Nolan for bringing on someone who could be an asset. "The thing about slogans, like with, say, stand-up comedy, is that your first ideas are always trash. But you know this. But the thing is, you're working backwards. Find the approach, then the slogan will come."

Lecturing an older man, with much more experience than himself in this field, made Nolan feel a bit arrogant, but he couldn't help it. He had a lot to prove right now.

"Right, right," Nate nodded, looking over at Nolan. "So, how do you think we should go about this?"

Nolan smiled. Nate was letting him take the lead.

"Well, what do you know about the client? It's Tex-Mex, right? Is the food spicy?"

"I've tried it. It kicks like a mule," Nate said. "And the place looks like something from an old western movie."

"Good, good," Nolan nodded. "Okay, so we need something that's bold, but also a bit tongue-in-cheek. You know, like those ads where they're selling a product, but you know they're making fun of themselves at the same time."

"So, like, *'We make Mexican food that'll make you sweat!'*?" Nate said.

Nolan laughed, "Yeah, sure, that's a start. But maybe something a bit less... bodily fluids related, perhaps. Like, we need something that captures the essence of what they do, but also gives a bit of a sense of humor about it."

Nate nodded, looking down at the paper. Nolan took this opportunity to take a sip of the coffee Nate had brought him. Nate took his pamphlet, stood, and started walking around a bit, clearly thinking. They really should have their own office, as Nolan could see a few of the other ad folks around their table throwing them glances. But Nate was a bit old school, and if he was turning his gears, then this was necessary to accept.

While Nate was pacing, Nolan threw a glance toward Nate's phone as the screen shone with a fresh notification. From Grace. Nolan's eyes went wide for a second. He knew he couldn't check Nate's phone, obviously, and he knew Grace wanted to tease him by not telling him what they had been texting, so it was utter torture to see that text message notification, knowing he wouldn't know the content. What was that naughty girl up to now?

"What about..." Nate said, stopping by the window to look down at the parking lot. "Something like... okay, this is a bit disgusting, but you know how you shit like crazy after a good spicy meal? Sometimes, I jokingly think to myself, I should have a seatbelt. Cause I'm going to be flung out the door like a torpedo."

Nolan burst out in laughter. It was crude and disgusting, but it was funny. But the connotation of shit and food? Was that smart?

"So. Something with seatbelts?" Nate tried. "I envision an ad where someone goes to the toilet before the meal and sees the seatbelts, but that's as far as I got."

"Okay?" Nolan chuckled uncertainly. "I mean, the connotation is... y'know... a bit gross. But it's kinda funny, right?"

"Yeah, but I think it could work if worded right, or with the right angle," Nate said.

"Well, you got something to work on then. When are you due?" Nolan asked.

"A month or so, so I have time to get a pilot and everything," Nate said, scratching his neck as he sat down. He then picked up his phone, saw the notification, and suddenly, him being the pupil and Nolan being the teacher seemed to fade into the background as Nolan could feel himself grow jealous. What was in that text message?

"Good, good," Nolan said, trying to sound nonchalant. "Well, I should probably get back to work. I'll leave you to it."

"Yeah, thanks," Nate said, smiling at him as he opened his message.

Nolan felt his jealousy growing as he watched Nate open the message. Nate tapped away on his phone, then put it on the table. Nolan tried to see the screen, but Nate had angled it perfectly so that Nolan couldn't read anything. Nolan cursed under his breath. He wanted to know what was going on so badly, but he knew that Grace wanted him to be patient. But he just couldn't help it.

Then another message popped up, and Nate's face grew into a sly smile. Nolan's curiosity was piqued as well. Another tap on the phone, and Nate put his phone back in his pocket.

"Damn, Grace is one naughty girl, eh?" Nate chuckled. "Just got a text from her. I don't know how she does it, but she knows what gets me going."

Nolan swallowed, trying to act casual. He didn't want Nate to know that he was jealous. But he couldn't help it. He wanted to know what was going on.

"Oh yeah?" Nolan said, trying to sound disinterested. "What did she say?"

Nate ignored Nolan, instead turning back to his work. Nolan stared at him for a few moments, feeling himself grow redder by the second. He wanted to know so badly, but he knew he couldn't ask again. Or shouldn't. How would it look for him to ask Nate to see the text messages between him and Grace? It would be so pathetic. Nolan was already treading close to that line as it was.

So, Nolan tried to push the curiosity and the jealousy out of his head and tried to focus on his own work, but it was no use. His mind was racing, trying to think of what Grace could possibly have sent Nate. Nolan felt like he was going insane, and he had only just gotten back to his desk.

Nate was clearly enjoying Nolan's frustration, so Nolan turned his gaze back to his computer, trying to focus on the task at hand. But he couldn't. He couldn't focus on anything but his curiosity and the fact that he knew his girl was teasing another man right in front of him. So Nolan sat there, stewing in his jealousy, for the rest of the day, doing menial tasks at his computer.

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Nate could tell Nolan was dying to know what Grace had sent her. And with good reason. He could've stared at that latest picture all day. It was an intoxicating selfie of Grace lying prone on her bed, feet dangling up in the air, in a white lacy bra with small red roses, and a thong halfway down that thick, heavy, perfect ass. The phone blocked out most of her face, but half her face was almost in view, and that careless confidence in her eyes was enough to make Nate rock hard.

Nate had been thinking about this all day, but he'd be damned if he was going to let Nolan see what Grace had sent. That was something just for him to enjoy. Just like how Grace would be, with time.

Nate kept his head down, knowing Nolan was throwing glances his way. He could feel Nolan's jealousy radiating off of him. He wanted to keep Nolan in suspense, wondering what he was talking about with Grace. And the thought of that made Nate smile. He loved fucking with Nolan. The idiot deserved it. And the best part was that Nolan was allowing this to happen. He had to

have known that Grace would have texted Nate something. And that Nate would keep it to himself.

The rest of the day went by quickly. Nate was busy working on his Tex-Mex contract. He had to make sure he did well on it, not just for himself, but to show Grace what she could have. To show her what she was missing out on. He had to impress her.

And to put Nolan down a peg. The way he had talked to Nate, lectured him on how to write an ad? He had been talking to Nate as if he were an intern. He was older than Nolan by at least twenty years. But Nate had a small plan on how to make this not only work in his favor, but also humiliate Nolan. Everything in due time, though.

'u working today?' he texted to Grace, hoping he could have his show of the week. The weather had been terrible lately, warm but rainy, so her sunbathing on his balcony was unlikely.

Grace replied right away, which meant she was paying her full attention to him. *'Yeah, until 8,'* she texted back.

He could see the jealousy growing in Nolan's eyes, and he loved it.

'that's pretty late, you think you can slide me in somewhere?' Nate wrote, hoping the innuendo wasn't too vague.

Grace replied shortly after. *'Nolan said we won't start until next week. Serves you right for groping me. And we adjusted the rules. I'll send them in a bit.'*

Nate was pretty annoyed with Nolan by now. First, he lectured him; now, he was trying to call the shots. He also had to be careful so he wouldn't come off as being too desperate or needy, but he also wanted Grace badly.

'i'll wait,' he typed, knowing he'd probably not see her before next week. *'i'm gonna miss that perfect ass, tho. and the way you looked at my cock. i know you want it, princess. i know you want me to fuck you.'*

'of course I do,' she replied. Nate smiled, feeling triumphant. *'i can't stop thinking about it. but we have to wait. it'll be worth it.'*

"I'm going to make it worth it," Nate whispered, eyeing Nolan's coffee. He knew she'd be desperate for him by the time they got there. Most likely well before.

'just send me the damn rules,' Nate wrote, hoping to come off as playful.Grace obliged, and to Nate's slight frustration, there was barely any pushing the limit. The rules were the same, except that they could text each other throughout the week. Also, the *'no-touch'* rule applied to Nate, but not to Grace. Before that was something they agreed upon after the fact. Which was fine with Nate, because he knew Grace would take advantage of that. Oh, how would she...

'you're gonna be a bad girl, aren't you?' Nate texted.

Grace sent back a winky face.

'you're gonna make me suffer,' Nate added.

'only a bit. i promise,' she replied.

'i'm gonna need some pictures to tide me over,' Nate said, hoping she'd take the bait.

'Thirsty for more, are we? like what?' Grace asked.

Nate grinned. He glanced at Nolan, who was still pretending to work, but he could clearly tell his young neighbor was just trying to keep himself occupied.

'like a pic of your ass,' Nate texted. *'in that black silk lingerie. three pics minimum.'*

There was a moment of hesitation before Grace replied, *'okay.'*

Nate grinned again, feeling triumphant. This was exactly what he wanted. She was already sending him pictures, doing his requests even. Grace was all about control and being in an assertive position, but the more Nate thought about it, the more he wanted to dominate her. Not only sexually, but mentally, too. To own her, completely. And her doing his bidding, like getting down on her knees for him to cum in her mouth, or sending him raunchy pictures on demand, was the first step.

Grace's picture was exactly what he wanted. A clear view, over the shoulder, of that thick, perfect ass. Those long legs. Those curves. She was so beautiful. She had to know she was the prettiest woman on this planet. And here she was, taking a selfie for him, with her boyfriend sitting right next to Nate.

"Damn, she's so fucking sexy," he muttered to himself, looking at the picture. He couldn't help it. Surely Nolan had heard him mutter.

A moment later, Grace sent the picture of herself, bent over toward the bed, resting on her elbows with an incredible arch, the phone in her hand facing a big mirror that allowed her to capture the glorious mountains that were behind her. She had an amazing back. Nate knew he was hard as hell under the desk. That damn ass and those killer hips and thighs looked so good in that perfect black silk thong.

'fuck, that's sexy,' he typed. *'that ass is so fucking juicy. i wanna take a bite out of it.'*

Grace replied immediately. *'Oh, you will,'* she wrote.

'not soon enough,' he added. He was growing frustrated. He was horny as fuck for her.

And Nolan was still trying to act like he was working. He was obviously trying to spy on him, see what he and Grace were talking about, and that was driving Nate insane. He was going to get Grace so bad. And Nolan could do nothing to stop him.

Nolan being so desperate also served as extra motivation for Nate to take Grace from him, not only for his own benefit, but for the satisfaction of knowing he'd broken Nolan. And it would be so sweet when he did. The man who lectured him, the man who thought he knew better, would be left a crying, broken mess when he was done.

Nate couldn't help but smirk. Nolan was so pathetic. And Grace was going to be all his. She was simply too much of a woman for someone like Nolan, even if she was the younger one in their relationship. It was time she upgraded, and Nate was ready to fill those shoes. But first, he needed to push Grace to put less respect on her relationship with Nolan.

Maybe he also put more effort into placating Nolan, to make him complicit in his own demise. But not now.

'Let's meet up,' Nate wrote, determined to meet Grace despite her being busy. If anything, her stepping away from work to meet up was proof of her interest, her commitment, to this thing they had going.

'I can't right now. I'm working,' Grace replied.

'I want to discuss the rules,' Nate typed.

Grace didn't respond right away, which made Nate nervous. Had he pushed too hard? Done what he didn't want to do; came off as too needy. Nate could see her typing something, then deleting it, then typing again. She was obviously considering his request, but he could see that she was hesitant.

'No, I don't think that's a good idea,' she wrote. *'Theres not much to discuss anyway.'*

Nate sank a bit. Why was he so excited and so pushy? It was like a need he couldn't control. But he had to keep his cool. He had to stay in control.

'no, you're probably right,' he typed. *'i'll let you get back to work. just know that i'm thinking about you, and your perfect ass.'*

Grace sent him a winky face emoji along with a peach emoji, an eggplant, and squirting emojis, then signed off with a heart and a *'i know you will'*. Nate smiled, knowing that she was flirting with him. This meant it wasn't over yet, it seemed, else she'd just leave it her dismissal. Nate just needed to push the right way.

'Tell me, what is the real reason we cant meet up? I think its important that we are on the same page. im not busy, and you got your own schedule, so dont tell me you are too busy to meet me for coffee in some place where no one will recognize us,' Nate texted her.

There was another moment of hesitation before Grace replied. *'desperate much? anyway, i havent even talked to Nolan.'*

There it was. *'but isnt this something thats supposed to be about you? sorry if im misinterpreting this arrangement, but I think nolan would love it if you took charge and did what you wanted. Isnt that was this is about? For you to take initiative for what you want? but these things are so hard to talk over through text, and the I have some things I wanna suggest about the rules, which is why I wanna meet up. it will be in public so its not like i can bend you over the cafe table and have my way with you.'*

He knew that the last part was pushing things a bit too far, but he knew Grace liked him talking dirty to her, and he wanted to take control of this situation.

Grace replied after a short while. *'okay. we can meet up, but only for a short while.'*

Nate smiled. He had won. At least this round. And Grace had come around much easier than he'd thought. Maybe she wanted to hear what he had to say about their little rules. Maybe she wanted him to push her boundaries, it seemed.

'i'll send you the details. see you there in the 30,' Nate texted her, smiling as he stood up and was about to start towards Josh's office to make some bullshit excuse to head out.

"Where are you going?" Nolan asked, his pretense of being busy evaporating into the air.

"Got an errand to run," Nate said, making sure Nolan heard his text alert go off. It was from Grace. "But I'm back in an hour or two. And don't worry, I'll have something for you by then."

Nolan seemed to deflate a bit. "Oh, okay," he said. Nate could see he was curious about the text message, but he couldn't do anything about it.

"Don't miss me too much," Nate said. Then he decided to fuck with Nolan a bit. "Grace just told me she just loved to be so fucking naughty. So I'm heading out."

Nolan swallowed. "Right," he said, his voice barely above a whisper.

Nate could see Nolan's mind racing. He was trying to figure out what was going on between them. But Nate honestly didn't give a shit. He just got a rise out of fucking with this idiot, really putting it on him, removing the pretense of their dynamic completely. If only for a split second right now. With time, who knows, maybe it would be more permanent.

"See you in a bit," Nate said, before turning around and leaving.

*

Grace really didn't see any real reason to meet with Nate to discuss the rules, as he really didn't have any cards to play. That is, she did. To be that tease she was meant to be, to humor him with her presence. But in terms of actually talking about the rules, it didn't make sense. But she had to admit, she was intrigued by him teasing her about bending her over the table and having his way with her right there in the cafe. It was such a primal thing to say.

She walked into the coffee shop where Nate had told her to meet him. That was another thing Grace had grown to know about Nate. With Nolan, he'd ask her where she wanted to go. Nate told her. She knew that this was another small thing, but it was something she really enjoyed about him.

Grace scanned the cafe, looking for Nate. She didn't see him right away, so she walked up to the counter and ordered a cup of coffee. As she was waiting, she felt someone tap her shoulder.

"Hey," Nate said, smiling at her. "You look incredible."

Grace smiled. "Thanks," she said. However, she wasn't wearing anything fancy. She came from work, so she had put on some jeans and a nice enough T-shirt, but nothing special. However, her heavy ass and hips and big, thick thighs filled out her jeans and gave her curves all the more definition.

"Come on, let's grab a table," Nate said, nodding toward a small table in the corner.

Grace followed him, her eyes scanning his body. He actually looked kinda good in his work slacks and suit jacket. He was still somewhat of an ogre compared to her Nolan, but there was something about him that Grace couldn't deny.

"How are you?" he asked.

"Good, good," Grace replied.

"I'm glad we could do this," Nate said. "The rules. They're important."

"Straight to business, are we? Makes me think you're just using me for my body," Grace joked.

Nate smirked. "Well, maybe a little bit," he said. "But I thought you didn't have much time."

"True," Grace concurred. "What did Nolan say when you left?" Grace was intrigued by how her dear boyfriend was dealing with her texting with Nate, sending him pictures, and now meeting him for a small coffee date.

"That idiot--" Nate began, but Grace cut right in.

"Too far, buddy," she said, her voice as cold as she could make it. "Don't talk about Nolan like that. Your luck in what we've done is solely because of him."

Nate froze, looking for once a bit unsure of how to respond. Then he sighed. "I apologize. I just got caught up in the moment. I don't mean to be rude about Nolan."

Grace nodded. "Apology accepted. Don't let it happen again."

"I just told him that you loved to be naughty," Nate said. Grace smirked, her anger quickly fading.

"I bet he liked that," she replied, taking a sip of her coffee.

"I think so. He seemed pretty nervous when I left," Nate said.

"Good," Grace said. "He needs to be on his toes. We need to keep him guessing. And we need to push those boundaries, right?"

"Right," Nate said.

"So, what's this idea you had for the rules?" Grace asked.

"Well, it sort of relates to pushing boundaries. I love status quo, but we both know that it is so much more fun to play with fire," Nate said.

Grace scoffed. They hadn't played with fire; they had sat in the inferno. She took a sip of her coffee, thinking this was pointless indeed.

"The rules aren't really up for debate, though," Grace said sternly.

"Is that so?" Nate asked, smirking confidently. "Why then are you here? I think you want to hear what I have to say, to see if it is something that excites you, because let's be real, you like it when I excite you. And I think my suggestions will."

Grace felt her face grow red as Nate spoke. He was so fucking arrogant. But she knew that it was true. She did enjoy when he pushed her boundaries. She liked the excitement that came with the thrill of it.

Grace shifted a bit uncomfortably as she realized Nate had hit the nail on it's head. But she had to keep her cool and play this game.

"What makes you think you're so exciting, huh?" Grace said, trying to deflect the question.

Nate grinned, his eyes locking onto hers. "I think we both know I'm exciting," he said. "I think we both know I've made you feel things that you haven't felt with... anyone else. Isn't that right?"

Grace shifted in her seat, feeling a tinge of guilt. She was enjoying the fact that she was making her boyfriend jealous and nervous. And that's what it was all about. That, and Nate's ability to push her to the edge.

But that tinge of guilt also came from Nate hitting it on the nose, yet again.

"So, let's talk about my rules then," Nate said. He took a sip of his coffee before setting it down on the table. "So I made some additional rules. Just two, nothing major. And I wholeheartedly think this whole thing should be about you and what you want, so the first rule, well, I want to be able to buy you clothes," Nate began. Grace raised an eyebrow. On one hand, what sort of clothing would that be? But on the other hand, free clothes? "And I want you to wear them on occasion. Like, sometimes during our weekly times when we hang out together."

"Okay. I'll think about it. The other?" Grace said.

"I'm not allowed to touch you, but you can do what you like... This often gives me major blue balls, so I want to get off when you're giving me a show or sunbathing on my balcony. As a rule," Nate said, his voice a bit husky. He was obviously very excited by this prospect.

Grace had to admit, she was pretty turned on by the idea as well. It wasn't always that she had helped him out when she had visited, but she knew deep down that she had regretted it every time. And definitely loved it every time had got off. Seeing Nate's big, sexy cock and how he reacted to her body did wonders for her ego.

"I'll think about it," Grace said. "But I like it. It's very... dirty."

"That's what you're into, right?" Nate asked, raising his eyebrows suggestively. "Being a naughty little girl?"

Grace smiled. She felt her cheeks flush a bit at his comment. It was true, again, he hit the mark, but the way he talked about her made her feel so... naughty. It was exhilarating.

Grace knew she should be thinking about how Nolan might react to all of this, but she was so into Nate at that moment.

Grace didn't say anything else, so Nate continued. "And I think it would be a sexy little addition if you kept the rule about me getting you clothes... between me and you."

"W-what?" Grace asked, more flustered than she realized. "You want to get me clothes, and not tell Nolan?"

"Exactly," Nate said, his voice lowering. "I think you like it. Being a little tease. Having some naughty little secret."

Grace swallowed, realizing she wasn't sure why she hadn't thought about it herself. "You're right. But..."

"But?" Nate said.

Grace hesitated, but she couldn't resist the urge to say what was on her mind. "I have to talk to Nolan--"

"Do you?" Nate challenged her. Grace was surprised. He had never challenged her before.

"Excuse me?" she asked, her voice cold.

"You know he likes that you keep a secret. Why do you need to involve him in everything? This is about you. Your pleasure, your choice. Why does it matter if Nolan knows or not? You're still not doing anything with me, just giving me a show."

Grace hesitated. She was used to Nate's cockiness, but this was a bit different. And it was true. Nolan would love it if Grace kept a few secrets, and what he didn't know wouldn't hurt him, right?

"I'm just not sure..." Grace began, but Nate interrupted. Fuck, she hated when he interrupted her.

"You like the idea of wearing sexy clothes for me," Nate said, his voice husky again. "I think it's hot too."

"It's a good suggestion," Grace said. "But it might not work. Also, again, I'd calm my enthusiasm about downplaying the importance of Nolan in this. He suspended this week, for example, and I'm absolutely not going to do anything to compromise that."

"Suspended?! I thought we could work through that shit," Nate barked, clearly losing his cool for a moment. "Sorry... why?"

"I thought it was obvious. You groped me last time I was over, and he didn't approve. Simple as that. So you better be on your best behavior. While he thinks this is fun and thrilling, if he's not an idiot who doesn't have boundaries, and as his girl, I'll not only respect those boundaries, I'll love them."

Nate's cocky demeanor dropped for a second, and he swallowed. "I'm sorry," he said. "I got a little too excited."

"Don't do it again, or I might stop seeing you altogether, and that's the truth," Grace warned him sternly. Nate nodded, taking a deep breath, calming down. He was clearly still a bit worked up, though. And as much as Grace gave him a reprimand, she did absolutely not want to stop seeing him. He was fun to tease and mess with. And she'd be damned if he was going to ruin this by going over the line. "So I'm gonna have to think about your rules," she continued.

"Fair enough," Nate replied, clearly disappointed that she hadn't immediately agreed to them.

Grace took a moment to collect herself. "I accept the rules. While perhaps I should have talked to Nolan, I think this should be doable. About not telling Nolan, I'll think on it. Maybe I can make a compromise, like not ever showing them to him. But for now, I don't accept that part of your rules. And I agree that there should be some progression to escalate the tension while we work our way through this. Healthy communication is the key here, right?" Grace said, hoping she had laid the groundwork to keep the situation from exploding. She was pretty satisfied with how the rules worked out.

"Yeah," Nate said, not really sounding like he cared much about communication.

Grace rolled her eyes, then smiled, then stood. "You can buy me clothes, and I'll let you get off."

"Just not now," Nate rumbled. He clearly thought he'd get lucky today or something, and was obviously disappointed when he realized that this wasn't the case. "The text messages. I want those even outside our 4-week intervals."

From flustered to smirking, Grace was amused that Nate was desperate to win even more ground, even when he had successfully altered the rules despite Grace's objection. But it seemed like he was growing impatient, which Grace loved.

"Okay, yeah, that's fine," Grace agreed, smiling.

Nate smiled. "Thanks," he said. He seemed to have calmed down a bit. "I'm gonna have some fun shopping for you," Nate said, clearly trying to keep the conversation light. He was probably feeling a bit rejected and dejected from Grace telling him no so firmly.

"And what will you be buying me?" Grace teased, feeling like a tease again.

"Oh, I'm sure you'll like it. Or, I will," Nate grinned.

"You're so naughty," Grace said playfully, leaning back in her seat. She took the last sip of her coffee. "I should get back."

"Alright," Nate sighed, clearly disappointed.

"It was fun," Grace said. She grabbed her purse. "We'll see how the next week goes. Work is a bitch. So much to do this time of year, and then these guys want all kinds of meetings instead of letting me work. But I'll make time for you. I always do, right?" she said, giving Nate a smile. "Bye, bye, cowboy."

Nate smiled back. "Bye, princess," he replied. He stood and walked away from the table. She watched him as he left. She knew she had a huge effect on him, and she liked that power. It made her feel sexy and wanted. She couldn't wait to get started with their little arrangement.

Grace sat for a few moments, gathering herself. That meeting was unexpected, and it left her feeling quite excited. She knew that the rules she and Nolan had made would be stretched to the point where they might snap, but she also knew that danger was the thrill. And if they weren't broken, it would still be so hot. And this whole meeting had indeed been nothing less; she felt so hot and bothered by it all.

So Grace stood, smoothed out her clothes, and headed toward her truck. She couldn't wait to see how things would develop.

*

Nate was rather pissed that the small coffee date hadn't gone the way he liked. God damn, was Grace a hard woman to break, but perhaps that made the chase all the more thrilling. This was a challenge, a hunt, and he would not stop until he had the prize.

But he hated how, once again, Grace let Nolan call any shots. Luckily for his own bruised ego, he had managed to force his amendments to the rules and even produce a new foundation for outside their cycles: the texting. So all in all, there had been major progress.

And altering the interpretation of those pesky rules... it was just a matter of time. Nate would make sure of that.

Nate knew he was going to have to be more patient and cunning if he was going to get Grace. He had to play this carefully. He had a lot of progress so far, so there was no reason not to continue at the same pace. Be interested, be a shoulder to lean on, be the one she can talk to, and most importantly, be the one who's there for her when Nolan fails.

He just had to keep pushing, keep pushing. He could do that, right? Who was he to even second-guess himself? He had ruined little relationships before, but Grace was different. She was not a naïve college student, nor some older woman who had an affair to spice up her marriage. No, Grace was something else entirely. But she wasn't impregnable. Nate had to believe that. He had to believe in himself.

He knew what Grace loved about Nolan, and how he had managed to turn her gaze slightly toward himself, and that was the continuous path he had to go on.

"How'd it go?" Nolan asked.

"You should talk to your girl," Nate replied, trying to send friendly, teasing, but perhaps some of his real temperament leaked through. "She's a handful."

Nolan swallowed. "Yeah, I know," he said.

Nate just nodded. "Well, I got things to work on," he said, sitting down at his desk.

Nolan turned his gaze back to his computer, clearly not wanting to say anything further. Nate opened the draft he had started.

"Seatbelt... I'm going to be flung out the door like a torpedo..." Nate mumbled.

Nolan chuckled nervously, though honestly enough. "You're really going for it," he said.

"I'm always going for it," Nate said.

Nolan seemed to have something to say, but instead of saying it, he kept it inside, just giving Nate a small nod. Nate wasn't sure what it was, but he didn't care.

*

To say Nolan was sort of a wreck after this torture of a day. Both Grace and Nate were putting it on him like crazy, making it borderline impossible to get any work done. One thing was Grace, he loved her with everything, and all the teasing he got, he deserved, and he'd get it even worse at home, knowing his foxy girl right. But Nate really pushing his buttons... that was too much.

Nolan tried to think of what Grace might be doing, to think where both her and Nate had gone. It wasn't clearly stated, but heavily alluded to, that they were meeting up. Where? Why? Nolan felt out of breath from how crushing the envious, burning pressure and pain were in his chest.

Every time Nolan closed his eyes to reset, he saw the back of Grace's neon blonde hair bobbing up and down, gently, carefully, in between Nate's giant thighs, giving all the pleasure Nolan didn't think that bastard deserved. Maybe in her truck, the one she loved so much, just outside or something. No. Grace would never do something like that in public and broad daylight.

Nolan shivered and shook his head. He couldn't get his head on straight, but it didn't matter. He was so turned on and so stressed that he could hardly concentrate. Every time he looked up at his phone, he was hoping for a message from either Grace or even Nate. But there were none. He just stared at his screen for hours, not getting any work done.

But it wasn't regret. This was the exact venomous, unknowing feeling he was after. Not knowing. The pain. The lack of control and the complete trust in Grace. But Grace wanted to do this of her own accord. And what that meant, Nolan only got to learn after the fact.

When Nolan finally got a text from Grace, he nearly jumped out of his chair.

'i'm off, heading home now,' the text read.

Again, visions of Grace slipping Nate's cock out of her mouth, slightly out of breath from the intense pleasure, flooded through him. Grace, so eager, so needy, giving Nate what only Nolan should have had.

Nolan typed out, *'how's your day been?'* a cold sweat spreading out of him. But as much as it excited him, Nolan's dick... didn't show up. No movement at all, except for a small tingling sensation. Was he even able to handle this lifestyle? He was so horny he couldn't think, but he seemed to struggle to get it up.

'get home' was all that she said. That was it. Nolan swallowed. It was a command. She always became extra assertive when she was horny. Did that mean she and Nate had done something? She seemed to have gotten home by now, after meeting with Nate, and wanted him home? Nolan didn't have to be asked twice.

He closed his laptop, grabbed his things, and said a quick goodbye to Nate. The man didn't say much, only nodded, and then Nolan was on his way. He drove home, his heart pounding in his chest. He had no idea what to expect when he got there, but he was ready for anything. Or so he thought.

As he pulled up to their apartment building, he saw her truck in its usual spot. He parked next to it, got out of his car, and took a deep breath. He walked inside and took the elevator up to their floor, his mind racing. He was so nervous, but also so excited. He couldn't wait to see her.

When he walked into the apartment, he saw her sitting on the couch, a glass of wine in her hand. She looked up at him and smiled, a mischievous glint in her eyes.

"Hey, handsome," she said.

"Hey," Nolan said, his eyes taking in her form. She wore a brand new red nightdress that he had never seen before. It was incredibly short and showed off her amazing legs and the tops of her thighs. He could also see her nipples straining against the thin fabric. His mouth went dry.

"Like what you see?" she asked, taking a sip of her wine.

"Fuck yes," Nolan breathed, his eyes devouring her. He felt his pulse quicken and a stirring in his groin. Maybe he wasn't broken after all.

"Good," she said, setting her glass down on the coffee table. "Because I wore this just for you."

"You did?" Nolan asked, walking towards her.

"Yep," she said. "I wanted to look good for you. I wanted to thank you for being so patient with me. And for being so understanding about everything."

"I just want you to be happy," Nolan said, his voice husky.

"I am," she said, her eyes meeting his. "I really am."

He sat down next to her on the couch, his eyes still glued to her body. He couldn't believe how lucky he was. He had the most beautiful, the most amazing woman in the world, and she was all his.

"So," he said, his voice barely a whisper. "What happened? With Nate?"

Grace smirked, and Nolan's heart skipped a beat. "We met up," she said.

"I know," Nolan said. "You told me. But what happened?"

"We talked about the rules," she said. "He added a few."

"What kind of rules?" Nolan asked, trying to keep the excitement out of his voice.

"Well, for one, I'm going to let him buy me clothes," she said, watching him closely.

Nolan felt a pang of jealousy, but also a thrill run through him. "Oh yeah?" he asked.

"Yeah," she said. "And I'm going to wear them for him. What do you think about that?"

"I think... I think that's hot," Nolan admitted. He couldn't deny it. The thought of Grace wearing clothes that another man had bought her, clothes that he picked out just for her, was incredibly exciting.

"And it doesn't bother you that Nate just added rules to our fun little game, without consulting you?" Grace asked.

Nolan hesitated for a moment. It did bother him, a little bit. He felt like he was losing control of the situation, that he was being pushed to the side. But at the same time, he loved how it made him feel. He loved the feeling of being a cuckold, of being left out of the loop. He loved the thrill of the unknown.

"A little," he admitted. "But I know that you're in charge, and I trust you. So... no, it doesn't really bother me."

"Good," Grace said, a smile playing on her lips. "Because there's another rule."

Nolan swallowed, his throat suddenly dry. "What is it?"

"He wants to be able to get off when I'm with him," she said, her voice low and sultry. "When I'm giving him a show. Or when I'm sunbathing on his balcony. He wants to make it an official rule."

"Wow," Nolan said, his mind reeling. He waited for Grace to continue, but she looked at him and studied him. She wanted to see his reaction. Nolan took a deep breath but remained impassive. The thrill of that loss of control overrode any other feeling.

"Would that be okay with you?" Grace asked, her voice soft and gentle. She wanted to make sure he was okay with it before she agreed to anything.

"I... yeah," Nolan said. "I think that would be okay."

"Are you sure?" Grace asked. "Because I won't do it if you're not comfortable with it."

"I'm sure," Nolan said, his voice firm. "I want this. I want you to be happy."

Grace smiled. "Good," she said. "Because I want to make him happy, too. Very happy. I want that big, powerful cock to just let it all go, and I want to be the reason for it."

Nolan groaned, his hand moving to her thigh, his fingers tracing circles on her skin. He was so turned on by her blunt honesty.

Grace giggled and kissed him, her lips soft and gentle. She moaned softly into his mouth, her tongue slipping between his lips. She straddled him, pressing her body against his. Nolan's hands roamed her back, feeling the thin straps of the red nightdress, the softness of her skin.

"God, I need you so bad," he moaned into her mouth.

"I know," Grace said. "I know."

She pulled back, breaking their kiss. She looked at him with those big blue eyes of hers, a wicked grin on her lips.

"I want you, too," she said, her eyes glittering with mischief. She kissed him again, this time with a hunger that made Nolan's head spin. Her hands went to the buttons of his shirt, and she deftly undid them, pushing the fabric aside. Her nails lightly scratched his skin, making him shiver with pleasure.

Nolan's hands went to her waist, pulling her down to him, wanting to feel her skin on his. Grace let him, sinking down on top of him. Her mouth went to his neck, biting and kissing his skin, leaving marks that would still be there the next morning.

"Oh god, I love you," Nolan whispered into her ear, his voice thick with desire. "You naughty little girl."

Grace smiled into his skin. "I love you, too," she murmured, her lips brushing against his skin. She continued her exploration of his neck and chest, nipping and kissing her way across his body.

Nolan moaned, his hips bucking up to meet hers. She was so fucking hot, and she was his. He loved the feeling of her on top of him, the weight of her, the heat of her. She was perfect.

Grace's hips rolled, and Nolan could feel the heat of her pussy on his leg. He knew she was wet, that she wanted him just as badly as he wanted her.

She kissed him again, this time with more force, more passion. Her tongue was demanding, insistent, and Nolan was more than happy to comply. He moaned into her mouth, his hands gripping her ass, pulling her against him.

She pulled back, her eyes half-lidded and dark with lust. Her chest heaved, and her hard nipples stood out against the thin red fabric. She bit her lip, her hips rolling against him.

"I want you, now," she panted.

Nolan didn't need any more invitation. He picked her up, her body like silk in his arms. She laughed, a light, breathy sound that sent shivers down his spine. He carried her to the bedroom, tossing her lightly on the bed, her pale skin against the dark sheets a sensual contrast.

Grace looked up at him, a coy smile playing at her lips.

"Ready to have fun with your naughty girl?" she said, a giggle bubbling up inside her.

"Yes," Nolan breathed. He stripped out of his clothes, his eyes never leaving hers.

But as Nolan removed his pants, and Grace's eyes trailed down to his crotch, her face fell slightly, disappointed that he didn't sport the tiniest of erections. The thrill, the lack of control, the cuckolding, none of that got to him this time, and he knew the realization affected Grace. He wanted nothing more than to rise to the occasion for her, but nothing happened.

"Sorry," Nolan said softly. "I... it's hard to... I guess it's just too much for me."

Grace sighed but looked at him again. "It's okay. You still want this?" she asked, almost imploring.

"Yeah, I do," Nolan said, though maybe with a tad less enthusiasm, which saddened him.

Grace smiled then, that brilliant smile that made him feel weak in the knees, and that alone made it worth it.

"Good," she said. Her eyes glittered with amusement as she rolled over onto her stomach, pushing herself up and turning her body towards Nolan, that perfect ass facing him, halfway riding up her perfectly shapen ass. "Now show me how much you love me."

And as much as he wanted to, his body wouldn't cooperate. He swallowed and tried again, but to no avail. He tried to think of other things, to imagine other things, but all he could think about was how unsexy Grace must find this all.

"You are... unbelievably sexy," he finally mustered, trying his best to make things seem normal, despite not knowing what to do. "I am just not, uh, ready."

"Here, let me help you," Grace said, rolling over and standing up on her knees. She scooted up closer to him, putting one hand on his chest, her fingernails scratching lightly. Her other hand wrapped around his dick, stroking him slowly. She leaned in and pressed her lips to his, kissing him deeply.

Nolan tried to focus on the moment, to focus on Grace's hands and lips on him, but his mind was racing. He didn't want to mess this up, he didn't want to fail her, but he couldn't seem to stop thinking about it. He tried to clear his head, tried to let go, but nothing seemed to work.

Grace continued to touch and stroke him, her hand moving slowly up and down his cock, her thumb grazing over the head, then moving to gently massage his balls. She was clearly doing her best to try and make this happen, to turn him on, but nothing was happening. Nolan hated himself for it.

"Grace..." Nolan muttered. "I'm trying, baby, I'm so fucking hard, and your ass is the sexiest thing in the entire fucking world–"

She hushed him gently. A soft kiss, then a nip of her teeth, then Grace kissed her way down his body. Her lips traced a line from his jaw to his chest, then down to his stomach. She licked and nibbled, her lips barely grazing his skin, sending waves of pleasure coursing through his body. Nolan breathed in deep, trying to regain some sense of control, to savor the pleasure, the moment, but it was all useless.

"You don't look too happy," Grace said, sitting back on her heels.

"I don't feel too happy," Nolan muttered, defeated.

"Sorry," Grace said. "If you're not into it–"

Nolan cut her off. He sat up, reaching out and touching her arm, trying to reassure her.

"Baby, it's not you," he said. "It's just, I don't know... Stress at work, the whole thing, everything, I don't know, maybe it's a bad day for me. But it's not you."

Grace looked at him, her expression a mixture of concern and disappointment.

"I guess it's just... A lot has happened," she said. "And this is... This is pretty intense."

"I know," Nolan said. "I just want to make you happy. I want to be a good boyfriend."

"You are a good boyfriend," Grace said, kissing him gently. "You just need to relax. And I need to learn how to make you relax."

Nolan smiled, a small, sad smile. "I guess we're both learning," he said.

"Yeah," Grace said. "We are."

Grace looked at him, her eyes filled with understanding. She knew that this was hard for him, that this was all new territory for them, but she also knew that they could get through it.

"It's okay," she said. "We can just... cuddle."

"I'd like that," Nolan said.

Grace smiled, a real, genuine smile this time, and Nolan felt his heart swell. She lay down next to him, pulling the covers over them. He wrapped his arm around her, holding her close, and rested his head against her chest. He could feel her heart beating, a steady, reassuring rhythm.

Nolan felt a strange sense of peace wash over him. He felt safe, loved, and protected. He knew that he had made a mistake, that he had let his jealousy and his insecurities get the better of him, but he also knew that he had the most amazing woman in the world, and that she was by his side. And that was all that mattered.

As he lay there, wrapped in her arms, Nolan couldn't help but think about Nate. He couldn't help but wonder what was happening between them, what was going to happen next. Grace had gone on a coffee date on Nate's prompt, made changes to the rules, even though she had told him that the rules were off the table. But if they were off the table, why would Grace go to meet Nate to talk about them? She knew he wanted to alter them. Did that mean she wanted them altered? Did she have the intention of letting them be altered?

These thoughts raced through his head, but Nolan tried to push them away. He knew he needed to relax, to trust in the moment. He needed to believe that everything would work out in the end. Closing his eyes, Nolan didn't imagine the two of them having sex; no, instead, he was seeing them hanging out in a coffee shop, laughing, talking. It was absurd, given who he was thinking about and the person next to him. But his brain was a cruel place.

"Are you going to see Nate tomorrow?" Nolan asked, feeling like a child.

"No. I'm seeing Josh, actually. Remember, your big, young, sexy boss?" Grace teased softly. "Is he the reason you're stressing at work? Want me to talk to him on your behalf?" she joked.

"Nah. It's not him. I'm not sure I can pinpoint it, to be honest," Nolan muttered. "Maybe I'll cut back on the coffee or something."

"Nate bragged about getting a contract when I texted with him. Is that what's bothering you? Nate taking your job and your girl?" Grace teased. Nolan drew in sharply.

"Grace," he said, turning around on his back to look at her. "Please, not now."

"Sorry," she muttered. "This sexy nightdress, by the way." She looked back at him. "It's just for you. Of course, all I have to show off is yours, but I thought if Nate can have that bikini, and buy me other clothes, then I think it's only right you get some things just for your eyes."

"Really?" Nolan said, smiling a bit. He did like that, but the mention of Nate still made him feel like he'd been punched in the gut. A man's virility really could spin his ego out of control.

"Really," she said. She kissed him gently, her hand resting lightly on his chest. "And Nate didn't want me to tell you about the clothes thing. I won't tell him that I told you, maybe, but I told you because I think we're early in this phase of our lives and trust is so important. I know you trust me, and this is why."

Nolan looked at her. If he didn't already love her with his whole heart, he certainly did now. How was she so good? Nolan was confident in most matters, but Grace just mushed his brain and made him feel ever so inadequate. And yet, here she was. The woman he wanted to marry someday, telling him that they had a future and they would build on it together. Not with some asshole, even though she had every opportunity to, but with him, a nervous mess of a boyfriend.

"Nate can wait," Grace said. "I'll give him the silent treatment for a while."

"I bet he'll love that," Nolan chuckled.

"I'm sure he will," Grace giggled, and she kissed his cheek. "You can relax. I promise you that. And I know you want to make this work, and I do too, but you don't need to be a sex machine for that to happen, okay? We don't have a scoreboard to keep track of that. I want to be able to tease you without it actually bothering you, or if it puts more stress on you. Just relax, it'll happen."

"You're not disappointed?" Nolan asked.

"I am not," Grace said. "I love you, and I love what we have. And I wouldn't change it for anything. Life is more than good sex."

Nolan smiled, a genuine smile this time. He leaned in and kissed her, his lips lingering on hers. This time, there was no pressure, no expectation. Just love and affection.

"Thank you," Nolan said.

"For what?" Grace asked.

"For being you," Nolan said.

Grace smiled. "Well, I've got to get some sleep. I have to do some backbreaking work tomorrow," she said, rolling over, giving him one last good look at that amazing ass as she lay down, her back to him. "Cuddle me?"

"Of course," Nolan said, scooting closer and wrapping his arms around her. This time, as his flaccid dick brushed against her, he felt none of that stress. He felt content, and his heart swelled with affection for the woman in his arms.

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The next day, Nolan got up before Grace. He left her a note on the kitchen counter, next to the coffee machine, telling her he'd gone into the office early to get a head start on work. He sipped his coffee, musing on how he had been such a pussy last night. His girl had been a fucking vision in red, and he had been too much in his head to appreciate it. So he was determined to make it up to her. And the first step was to be a bit more present in the office. He had to be, to beat Nate. He didn't care that it was pathetic to be so competitive with a man who was fucking his girl, but he had to. It was in his nature. And if he was a failure at home, he could at least be a success at work.

He was so focused on his work that he barely noticed when Nate came in. He only looked up when he heard the coffee machine gurgling.

"Morning," Nate said, his voice raspy. He looked tired. And he was late for work.

"Morning," Nolan said, not looking up from his computer.

Nate grunted and went to get his coffee. He came back and sat down at his desk. Nolan could feel Nate's eyes on him, but he ignored him. He wasn't in the mood to play games today.

"Working hard?" Nate asked. Nolan noticed that Nate checked his phone impatiently. Maybe he was expecting something from Grace, which hadn't come. That made Nolan even more motivated.

"Trying to," Nolan said, still not looking up.

"Next time you're heading out to the office early, let me know beforehand. I stood waiting for you for half an hour," Nate said.

"I forgot," Nolan said. "Sorry." But he wasn't sorry.

Nate scoffed. "Whatever," he said. "I've been thinking about this Tex-Mex campaign. And I think I have a good idea."

"What is it?" Nolan asked, finally looking up.

"It's a bit... out there," Nate said. "But it's something that I think could work."

"I'm listening," Nolan said, leaning back in his chair and steepling his fingers. He was trying to act like he was in charge, even though he felt anything but.

"So, what if we did something with the whole seatbelt thing?" Nate said.

"Go on," Nolan said, intrigued.

"Well..." Nate began. "I'm not exactly sure how it'll play out yet. I'll have to do more work on it."

"Okay," Nolan said, not sure what to make of it. But he didn't want Nate to see that, so he kept a calm expression. He needed to be assertive. He needed to be the man he was when he wasn't being a passive cuck. He needed to show that he was in control, that he knew what he was doing. "Let me know what you come up with," Nolan said.

The rest of the morning went smoothly, with the two men getting lost in their own work. Nolan was grateful for the distraction. But then his phone vibrated. He checked it quickly.

It was from Grace. He unlocked his phone and opened the message. 'Thank you for the note and the coffee,' it read. The note wasn't anything of note, no pun intended, but it was the little things that mattered. He saw that Nate had glanced his way.

"Just Grace thanking me for earlier this morning," Nolan bragged.

"Yeah? She seemed in a pretty good mood when I left her this morning," Nate shot back. Nolan felt a bucket of water slowly being poured down his neck. Nate was really pushing his buttons.

"Oh, she's always a delight in the morning," Nolan said, keeping a straight face. He didn't want Nate to see that he'd gotten to him.

"True that. Though, after getting to know her so intimately, I think I'm getting the hang of it," Nate said, grinning smugly.

"Right," Nolan said. He didn't know what else to say. Had Nate truly stopped by his apartment? Then it dawned on him. Of course, if Nate had waited for him to go to work, then it would be natural to go and look for him. They lived next door to him after all.

"Want coffee?" Nate asked.

"Nah, I drank at home. I'm trying to cut back," Nolan said, not wanting to go into the reason why.

"Heh, weak," Nate chuckled, slapping Nolan's back before getting up and meandering over to the coffee machine.

The rest of that week, which was just a couple of days, went better and better. Nolan felt more and more like himself, the pressure and tension ebbing away slowly but surely.

He and Grace fell back into their usual routine. She was busy with her work and he was busy with his. But they made sure to make time for each other in the evenings, and he was happy about it. And of course, Grace made no mention of Nate. As far as what Nolan could tell, they barely had any communication either. And Nolan knew that was intentional. Grace had been very adamant about not letting their arrangement with Nate bleed into their relationship. She wanted to make sure that he knew he was the most important thing in her life. That was something he appreciated. And it made it easier to deal with the fact that he couldn't quite get his shit together sexually yet. But she was so patient, and she never pushed him. They would just cuddle, kiss, and she'd tease him a bit.

The weekend arrived, and they decided to treat themselves to a nice lunch out. It was their first official date night since the arrangement with Nate started, and it was something that they were both looking forward to. They went to their favorite restaurant and had a great time. They talked, they laughed, and they just enjoyed being together. And for the first time in a long time, Nolan felt like he was in control again. That he had an overview of himself and everything.

Sunday morning, however, was the last day before the new 4-week interval began, and Grace took the opportunity, or perhaps due to time running out, to bring forth the topic of playing around with Nate, and under the new rules. And how they should begin.

"I've been thinking about what I should do," Grace said, swirling the piece of bacon in the yellow of the egg yolk.

"Yeah?" Nolan asked, a knot tightening in his stomach.

"Next week it begins... but the last time we approached the topic, and I teased you a bit, your... erh, well, you didn't respond as we both hoped you would. So I was thinking it was due time to discuss this with head above water, and preferably before we start our first week. I mean, if I'm to do this, I want you to be on board, and not have to worry about, well, your feelings." Grace said, her tone careful and gentle.

"I appreciate that," Nolan said, feeling a bit of relief wash over him. He was still nervous, but he was also glad that she was being so open with him.

"So, what's the plan?" Nolan asked, trying to sound casual, but failing miserably.

"Well," Grace began, taking a bite of her bacon. "I was thinking that first we need to discuss the rules between us. I know you like it, a lot I might add, that I take charge. But I need to know what your boundaries are."

Nolan took a deep breath. "I don't know," he admitted. "I just know that I want you to be happy. And I want you to have fun. But I also don't want to be left in the dark completely. I want to be a part of it."

"Of course," Grace said. "You're a part of it. You're a huge part of it. But I also think that it's important that I have some freedom to explore this on my own. Without you having to know every little detail."

Nolan nodded. "I get that," he said. "And I'm willing to give you that. But I just... I need to know that you're safe. And that you're not going to get in over your head."

"I'm a big girl, I can take care of myself," Grace said with a wry smile.

"I know you can," Nolan said. "But I still worry."

"I know," Grace said. "And I love you for it. So the rules. Do they seem fine with you?"

"Well, I actually like that you went out and agreed on them with Nate, on your own accord. It shows that you know what you want, that you're in the driver's seat. So I'm not even mad you went to a coffee shop behind my back."

Grace gave him a look. "Affirmed then. So... the rule between us. We already alluded to it. Secrets. I need to know if you're okay with me... keeping some things from you," Grace said, her voice soft and gentle. She was clearly nervous about asking him this, and he knew that she was afraid of his reaction.

Nolan's heart sank. He didn't like that she was afraid of how he'd react. It made him feel a bit worse about his erectile problems. He didn't want to be a burden.

"I... I mean, I don't love being kept in complete darkness, and I still desperately want to see for myself what's going on," Nolan said, his voice barely a whisper. "But I also know that it's part of the thrill for me. I like not knowing, but I also want to know how bad you are. And you having your own little things with him and not me, well, it makes me feel excluded. And that drives me up the walls so badly, you have no idea."

"I get it," Grace said. "So, what if we compromise?"

"What do you mean?" Nolan asked.

"Well, what if I promise to tell you everything that happens, eventually?" Grace suggested. "Like before. But with longer waits. I mean, telling you how naughty I've been, that will never grow boring. And it gets even better when I know you've been on your toes for quite a bit... and perhaps, well, what if I simply refuse to tell you everything? Like within reason of course. Like if there is a special detail, I just never tell you that? Wouldn't that make you incredibly desperate?" She had a glimmer in her eyes as if the thought excited her. That in turn excited Nolan, and his chest fluttered.

"Wow," was the only thing he could get to leave his lips.

"You like it," Grace said confidently. It was not a question. "So, what do you think?"

Nolan was at a loss for words for a moment, then swallowed hard. "Yeah," he finally said. He felt his cheeks redden slightly. "Yeah, that sounds good."

Grace smiled, looking pleased with herself. "Good," she said, her tone final. "Then that's what we'll do. And because you're so good to me by letting me do all these things, and for being such a trooper, well, I want to include you… the next time I'm on my date with Nate, I want you to be near your phone at all times. It may or may not be to your benefit," she concluded, with a smile that said so much plastered across those thin, sexy lips, that perfect face. Her blue eyes glimmered, and Nolan was once again struck by her beauty. She was incredible.

"I will," he said, feeling a mix of excitement and nervousness. He couldn't help but wonder what she had in store for him.

"And I know it's not easy, but it's worth it, right?" she said, reaching out to touch his hand. "I mean, I'm not the only one who enjoys it. We both do, even though you're the one giving up the most. I just want to make sure that you're happy with this."

"I am," Nolan said, his heart racing. He was happy, and excited, and nervous. He was also feeling a little bit guilty. Guilty for not being able to give her what she needed, and guilty for being excited about her being with Nate, even though it was his idea.

"So those premises, you think you can live with that?" Grace asked.

Nolan thought about it for a moment. He liked the idea of Grace including him in some way, of him getting to know what she was doing without having to wait to find out. He liked the idea that she was being a little bit secretive, but that he would be included, at least partially. It made him feel a bit better, and he nodded slowly. And then the thing that she'd purposefully withhold stuff from him, potentially never to tell him… God, that would drive him wild, but also incredibly frustrated. He felt a rush of emotions. Worry, fear, anticipation, excitement. But mostly anticipation and excitement. He knew that she would never hurt him, and he trusted her implicitly.

"I think so," he said, a little unsure, a little worried that he wouldn't be able to handle it.

"Hey," Grace said softly. "I'm glad you're trying this, but I don't want to push you too far, too fast. If you're not ready, we can take a step back. But I'm just trying to make this as exciting as possible, and not just for me, but for you as well."

Nolan looked up at her, his heart swelling with love for her. He felt a surge of love and admiration for her. He was so lucky to have her, to have her as his girlfriend. He couldn't believe how lucky he was.

"I love you," he blurted out, not even realizing what he was saying until he'd said it.

Grace smiled, a wide, genuine, beautiful smile. "I love you, too," she said. "So again, you think you can live with that?" Grace asked.

Nolan thought about it for a moment. He liked the idea of Grace including him in some way, of him getting to know what she was doing without having to wait to find out. He liked the idea that she was being a little bit secretive, but that he would be included, at least partially. It made him feel a bit better, and he nodded slowly.

"I… I think I could live with that," Nolan said, a slow smile spreading across his face. "I think I like that idea. And… how are you going to include me?" he asked.

"You'll see," Grace said.

"When?" Nolan asked. Grace shrugged.

"Don't worry about that," she said, her eyes lighting up.

"You're really getting a kick out of this," Nolan said, a slight grin appearing on his lips.

Grace grinned at him, her smile almost blinding in its intensity. "What can I say?" she said, her voice laced with faux innocence. "It's fun to be in control."

"Well... that's good," Nolan said. "You look really happy." And the thing was: he believed it. She did look genuinely excited, almost giddy with anticipation, in that confident and sexy way she could be.

"I am. And I love that we've had this talk. It's been on my mind a lot lately," Grace said.

"I know. I can tell," Nolan said.

"Absolutely not," Grace said. "I'll still tell you some things. Perhaps not all of it..." Grace looked at him with a small hint of even more flirtation. "... while you don't like that Nate and I have a few things between just him and me, I do. I want a few things to be just ours. It makes me so naughty to think, no, to know that there is a little bit of this whole game that you aren't privy to," Grace purred.

"You're going to kill me, aren't you?" Nolan asked.

"Perhaps," Grace teased. She smiled at him and leaned back, almost proudly. It was fun how much she pushed for this, even when she knew Nolan's position on it. But it made him appreciate her honesty all the more, and he knew he could trust her. And honestly, they had already taken a small step in this direction already, with that bikini that Nolan knew existed, but that only Nate got to see. It excited Nolan.

"It sounds perfect," Nolan said, leaning over and giving her a kiss. "You're the best. You really are."

"I try," Grace said, a playful glint in her eyes. "So, I think we've covered the rules. For now, at least."

"Yeah, I think we have," Nolan said, a smile on his face."The text messages. I know we've talked about it, but is that all the time?"

Grace thought for a moment. "Yes," she began. "For it to be natural, I don't see a limitation to make sense. He writes to me, I respond or ignore him," Grace said, simple as can be.

Nolan nodded. "You have no idea how crazy it is to be at work and see Nate receive text after text from you."

Grace grinned wickedly. "Noted."

"Wait, I didn't mean–"

"I also should say that he didn't want me to tell you about him buying me clothes," Grace said.

"You already did," Nolan said.

"I know, it's just that... I wanted to, you know, not tell you at first. But I did. I felt you needed to know, but a part of me also wanted to keep it from you. I'm not sure if this fantasy is turning me to not just a tease, but an evil tease, or what. It's confusing, but I'm still learning myself," Grace confessed.

"I appreciate that," Nolan said. "And I think it's okay for you to be an evil tease sometimes. As long as you're still my evil tease."

"I'll always be your evil tease," Grace said, kissing him again. "But I think it's also important that we have some fun with this. That we don't take it too seriously. It's supposed to be fun, remember?"

"I remember," Nolan said, a small smile on his face.

"I agree," Grace said. "That being said."

Grace paused for a moment, letting this last piece of seriousness sink in before she was back to her playful self.

"So... this is your time to back out. This will be the last day before the official week, if this whole thing is back on. I want that, if you fully agree and are completely on board, that from tomorrow, there is no second-guessing. I will flirt and tease Nate for four weeks, probably make him cum at least once a week, then most likely sleep with him at the end of it. Can you handle all of that? Because I don't want any more of this stress and tension between us. It's not fun for me either. We're exploring a dangerous road, and I want to enjoy this. If you can't handle it, then we need to find something else to do. We can still have fun, but maybe not like this."

Nolan looked at Grace, his mind racing. He knew she was right. He had to be all in, or not at all. He couldn't keep going back and forth, letting his jealousy and his insecurities get the better of him. He had to trust her, and he had to trust himself.

"I can handle it," Nolan said, his voice firm. "I'm all in. If anything, I think each time we do it, it will be easier and better."

"So even when I tell you that you absolutely shouldn't let me have sex with Nate again, that it is too dangerous, you still want to do it?" Grace said, holding his gaze, serious from top to bottom.

For the first time in a while, Nolan suddenly became aware of his violent erection. Where did that come from? It hadn't just appeared, had it? For a few days now, it had not cooperated at all, but now, with his feet near the edge of the cliff, it seemed his body was eager to jump.

"I'm sure I'll be scared, yes," Nolan said. "But the whole point for this is to see you experience stuff you, erh, can't with me. And perhaps flirting with danger, but within the parameters of it being us two who are doing this together."

"Good," Grace said. A smile crept across her lips. "But I'm telling you. No sane man would let Nate fuck me. Especially after what he did to me last time I hooked up with him... I can still feel it, y'know. Nothing has ever compared to the sensation of being so full. And full of Nate."

Nolan gulped loudly, causing Grace to smile wider as her foot had crept up into his lap and found his erection.

"I can feel you as well. Maybe it was stress after all. Or did all this excite you that much?" Grace smiled.

"Both?" Nolan grinned.

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Grace woke the next morning, spent and drained from how many times Nolan had taken her last night. She was relieved to see his growth issues resolved, and was very happy to see that the thought of her and Nate was something that got Nolan going. It was clear he was ready for the next chapter. It was also empowering that Nolan supported her wishes in this. It was odd to live this lifestyle where it was all about her, but she had two hunks desperate for her attention, and she had the thrill of having an affair without the guilt. It was almost like a cheat code for life. Or a perfect little bubble that was bound to burst at some point.

Grace looked over at Nolan, who was still asleep. He looked so peaceful, his chest rising and falling with each breath. She loved him more than anything, and she was so grateful that he was willing to explore this new side of their relationship with her. And to think that she was the reason he was knocked out was also quite amusing.

She quietly slipped out of bed and went to the kitchen to make some coffee. As she waited for the coffee to brew, she looked at her phone. There was a text from Nate.

'morning, princess,' it read. *'ready for our first week? i am. i can't stop thinking about you and that perfect ass of yours.'*

Grace felt a tingle of excitement run through her. It was time. And she was more than ready. She typed out a reply, a wry smile playing on her lips.

'i was born ready, cowboy,' she wrote. But she also wanted to take care of Nolan and his rediscovery of his erection. Not just for her sexual appetite, but also to help him heal into the stud she loved.

And while it was Monday morning, and both of them had to go to work, Grace spent the first fifteen minutes pleasing Nolan with her mouth, wanting nothing in return. He loved her blow jobs, so it felt great giving him a treat like that first thing in the morning. It made her feel so good to know that she could please him like that. And it helped set the tone for the day ahead.

"I love you," Nolan said, as he sat on the edge of the bed, fully dressed, except for the tie he was fumbling with, but with a stupid grin on his face. Grace gave him a wink and went to the kitchen to get him some coffee. She brought it back to him, and he smiled as he sipped it.

"I'm just glad you're back to your regular self," Grace said.

"Yeah," Nolan chuckled. "I was worried for a second."

"I was ready to call off our whole hotwife, cuckold thingy," Grace said, also chuckling. She would hate to do it; it was so much fun, but Nolan came first. And sometimes men are too stupid or too horny for their own well-being, and thus it fell on Grace to be sensible. "Anyway, I gotta go. I have to fetch this book at the store for a client who wanted the bible of gardening. Poor guy, has no clue."

"Yeah? Talking of clients. You went to Josh's?" Nolan asked.

"I did. He wasn't there, so I just went around back and did some measurements of his... backyard. I almost wanna object to calling it a backyard. It's thirty acres for fucks sake," Grace scoffed.

"What sort of clothing will you be wearing?" Nolan asked suggestively. "If you're going there today."

"Overalls," Grace said with a shrug. "I hope he's home. I want to ask him about what he wants done. He was a bit apprehensive about details. I'm sensing he wants me to take the lead."

"I bet he does," Nolan said.

Grace let Nolan fix his tie and eat his breakfast, as she had indeed to get going. After finishing his coffee, Nolan gave her a kiss and a gentle slap on her ass.

"Have a great day, my love," he said.

"You too, handsome," she replied, with a wink.

Grace grabbed her keys and headed out the door. She was excited about the day ahead. It was the first day of the new cycle, and she couldn't wait to see where the road went. Though with her calendar and her concerns for Nolan, she had truly no idea when she would stop by Nate's.

However, at the bookstore, that quickly changed. Grace had never envisioned that she'd give any sort of gift to Nate, but when she saw one particular book, she knew she just had to get it for him.

"What's up?" he said, as he opened the door; his surprise at her showing up already on the first day of their new cycle was evident. He was shirtless, his broad chest, large beer belly, and thick arms on full display. He wore a pair of gray sweatpants that did little to hide his impressive package. Grace's eyes lingered there for a moment before she met his gaze.

"Hi," she said. "I just wanted to drop this off." She held up the book she'd bought for him.

Nate looked at it, a smile playing on his lips. "What's this?" he asked.

"A gift," she said, handing it to him. "I thought you might like it."

Nate took the book, his fingers brushing against hers. He looked down at the cover. "*'How to live with a huge penis'*," Nate said, chuckling. "Hah! Now, that's a book! You're a fucking riot, aren't you?"

"I try," Grace said. He clearly liked the gift, but Grace also noted his eyes roamed her body. She felt a familiar heat between her legs. It was so exciting to see how much he wanted her.

"So, you're not gonna… give me a glimpse of the third leg?" Grace asked, biting her lower lip at being so naughty. She was just teasing, of course.

Nate's eyes darkened. He stepped aside, letting her into his apartment. "You want to see it, princess?" he asked, his voice low and husky.

Grace's heart pounded in her chest. She knew she shouldn't, but she couldn't resist now that she had already asked. She slowly nodded, her eyes locked on his.

Nate grinned, a slow, predatory smile. He hooked his thumbs into the waistband of his sweatpants and slowly pushed them down. Grace's breath hitched as his cock sprang free. It was long and thick, just as she remembered it. It was already semi-hard, and it seemed to grow even larger as she watched.

"You like what you see?" Nate asked, his voice filled with arrogance.

Grace nodded, unable to speak. She could feel the wetness pooling between her legs. He had such a sexy fucking cock. Big, angry-looking, with roping veins pulsing and pumping blood all over his shaft. The head was a deep purple and so thick and wide. She couldn't believe she had that inside her, and she felt her body already yearning to feel it again. But that was for another time.

"You want to touch it?" he asked, his voice a low growl.

Grace did want to touch it. But she also didn't want to give up what he wanted so easily. And she didn't have time. "I have to get going. I'm in the middle of a workday. But… yeah, maybe another day," Grace said coyly.

"Don't you want to see it hard, though?" Nate insisted. "Maybe just give me a handjob? That's all I want. I won't touch you. Just give the big guy some loving and then be on your way." He knew she was playing hard to get and was making it very difficult for her to say no. It was a tempting offer, especially since she had just seen his monster and knew she wanted to feel it. "At least show me yours. I've shown you mine."

"Out here?" Grace scoffed, looking down the open hallway. She didn't really care for flashing herself out in the open. At least Nate was in his apartment and out of direct view.

"You can step inside if you like?" he offered, gesturing towards the open door.

Grace looked down the hall, back to the cock she wanted in her hands so badly. But did she want to give her show of the week right now? And she didn't have much time, either. Maybe she could just do it, but be a tease about it. So, Grace walked into Nate's apartment, closing the door behind her.

Grace's heart raced. She felt her pulse in her ears. The anticipation of showing off for his big cock was making her dizzy.

She took a step closer to Nate, her eyes never leaving his cock. It was so big and so beautiful. She couldn't wait to touch it. She couldn't help but reach out and run her fingers down the length of it.

"Jesus Christ," Nate hissed. His cock pulsed. His balls hung heavy and big. He was ready to fuck, but she was just teasing.

"You want me to give you a handjob?" Grace asked, looking up at Nate. Her voice was husky, her eyes dark with desire.

"Yes," Nate said, his voice a low growl.

Grace nodded, her eyes still locked on his. She slowly dropped to her knees, her eyes never leaving his cock. She took a moment to admire it. Then she looked up at Nate. His eyes were dark with lust, and his chest heaved with each breath. She could see the hunger in his gaze, the need for her touch.

She slowly wrapped her hand around his cock. Nate's breath hitched at the contact. Grace started to slowly stroke his shaft. His cock was hot and hard in her hand. She could feel it throbbing in her palm. She continued to stroke him, increasing her speed and pressure.

"Fuck, Grace," Nate moaned. "Your hand feels so fucking good on me."

Grace bit her lip. He was so hard and so thick. She couldn't help but feel proud of her handiwork. She continued to stroke him, feeling his cock grow even harder in her hand. She could feel his pulse pounding through his cock.

"You like that?" Grace teased, looking up at him.

"Yes," Nate growled. "Don't fucking stop."

"Okay," she giggled.

Grace continued to stroke him, increasing her speed and pressure even more. She could hear him grunting and groaning as she stroked him. She was so focused on his cock that she didn't even realize that she was leaning in and opening her mouth until she felt the amazing heat of his big mushroom head against her lips, so big, so smooth.

She could taste the saltiness of his skin. She could smell his musky scent. It was intoxicating. She wanted to feel him in her mouth. But she wasn't ready to do that for him. So she just kept her lips pressed against his cock, feeling it throb and pulse against her lips. That big, warm hog pressed against her lips, soon her skin, making her feel so dirty.

"Grace," Nate said. His voice was a low rumble. "Grace," he repeated.

She stopped, pulling away. She looked up at him, a wicked smile on her face. "What's the matter?"

"Those rules... about the no-touching rule," he started. Grace's breath hitched. "If I touch you, our date gets pushed another month, right?"

"Yeah," Grace breathed, unable to say much else.

"So, does that mean that we could...?" he started, not finishing his sentence.

"What?" Grace pushed. She had a suspicion of what he wanted, but he would have to come out and say it. Not that it would change her resolve.

"I could technically fuck you, couldn't I? And the consequence is that we won't go on a date in four weeks, but instead in five. Is that how the rule works?"

Grace swallowed. He had a point technically. "Yes," she said, her voice barely a whisper. Then Grace drew in sharply, settling her mind. "But that won't happen. That would be cheating the rules, and it would be cheating on Nolan."

Nate's gaze shifted. He clearly hoped to win her over by tempting her to circumvent some sort of loophole, but she wasn't buying it. It would be too cheap to just give in like that. She wasn't some slutty whore who'd forsake all she stood for, and it would defeat the purpose of this being a fun exploration of kinks and fantasies. There were lines.

"You're a smart little cookie," Nate grumbled, but he didn't protest.

"So," Grace said, her voice firm, yet sultry. "How about I get back to work and let you finish on your own?"

"Tease," Nate grunted. But he loved it.

"Only for you," Grace smiled. She squeezed his cock once more, then stood up, pulling her overalls back up. "I have places to be! I'll see you later," she added, before turning and leaving him alone with his throbbing cock, his mind racing, his body aching for more.

Grace felt a thrill run through her as she started to walk out. She loved the power she had over him. She loved how much he wanted her. And she loved the fact that she was the one in control.

"They can wait," Nate tried, but Grace smiled deviously over her shoulder, catching him staring at her ass.

"Your boss can wait? I don't think so," she said, sweetly. "I'm going to meet up with Josh to discuss... a few things... at his house..."

Grace saw the immediate conflict in Nate's face. On one hand, he wasn't a cuck, so he had no reason to think that would be anything but a bad idea. But on the other hand, Grace was Nolan's girlfriend, not his.

"You know he's married, right?" Nate finally said.

Grace smiled sweetly. "Jealous, are we?" she asked, then swung out the door and made her way down to her truck.

*

For all the reasons that Nate wanted Grace, those qualities just as much frustrated him. He felt a mixture of extreme lust and intense annoyance. She was so close, and yet so far away. She had him by the balls, and he was more than willing to let her have them. But this wasn't a game he wanted to lose. So he had to be clever, cunning, and play his cards right. The last week had also revealed a few things to Nate. Among other things, while Grace liked to be assertive, she also didnt mind when Nate took the driver seat.

But the wait was excruciating. Monday morning, she was all over his cock all the way until she got up and just left, leaving him high and dry. And for the rest of the week? Not a peep. She wanted Nolan on his toes, but Nate was no better at this point.

Nate had tried sending her a few text messages, which she hadn't replied to. He tried not to nag at her either, again, not to seem pushy. He also wasn't interested in getting a punishment. So, he had to wait. He had to be patient.

He tried to focus on his work, on the Tex-Mex contract throughout the week. He spent hours and hours in the office, thinking of ways to make the campaign more effective. It had also, midway through the week, dawned on him that the restaurant didn't even have a proper name. He hadn't even thought about that.

And while he was doomscrolling on Instagram midway through the week, suddenly, Grace sent him a text message and a picture.

'should i make u cum right now?' and a picture of her in front of a mirror, an over-the-shoulder selfie of her naked back and her ass in some good-looking panties that fought to keep her modesty. By the way they hung down her cheeks, it was a losing battle. And as if on command, Nate swelled. *'want me to make it up to you for Monday?'*

'right now?' Nate asked.

Another picture. It was the same angle, the same state of clothing, but it was another picture of that flawless ass, so Nate really saw the argument she was making. Right now.

'find the nearest bathroom, if you dont wanna beat your meat at your desk' she replied, her tone bossy and demanding, something Nate couldn't deny. *'u ready?'*

Nate smiled to himself as he read her message. It was so hot. He loved how she was so confident and in charge. It was entirely new to him. He stood up, excused himself, and hurried down to the bathroom to see where this led.

'i am' he replied, making sure to lock the stall door. He was so hard he felt like he was going to burst.

'good' she wrote. He waited, a few moments passing. He was so eager to see what she'd send next. He waited. And waited. Finally, his phone buzzed. It was a video.

He pressed play. It was her. She was lying on her bed flat and on her belly, facing the camera, her ass sticking up behind her as she looked over her shoulder. He watched her fingers slowly trace a path down her back and between her cheeks. His eyes widened as she pulled her panties down and revealed that gorgeous round ass. His mouth watered at the sight.

On the video, Grace locked eyes with the camera, and then, with her hand on her ass, she gave herself a hard spank, not even changing her facial expression as she did. She was just looking at him with that look, an aura of confidence, a hint of knowing how hot she was, a knowing look, but with just that little bit of an edge to it.

Nate was still trying to figure out what he was looking at when the video stopped. He wanted more. He was rock hard and wanted more.

'did that help?'

'it did,' Nate replied. *'but i need more.'*

Another video. Nate's heart skipped a beat as he saw Grace in the same position. This meant she was recording as they spoke, right? He watched her fingers slide down her back again and disappear between her cheeks, but this time they kept going, until she was slowly fingering her asshole. His eyes widened in disbelief. It was the hottest thing he'd ever seen. Her tight, round cheeks jiggled as her fingers worked her hole. He was mesmerized.

Nate's cock throbbed in his pants, but not for long. It wasn't often he jerked off by himself, but his eyes were glued to the screen, so fucking eager to know what was next.

As Grace in the video worked her finger, a small gasp escaped her. Nate nearly buckled from hearing it, but unfortunately, that tease ended the video there. What was this, some ploy to make him beg?

'Nolan loves my ass. And I bet you do too,' she wrote. Nate had no time to reply, as the third video began.

'you know i do' he sent.

Grace's face was still turned to the camera, a knowing smile on her lips. Her hand on her ass had now switched over to the other cheek, spanking that one as well. Again and again. Nate was mesmerized. She was such a tease.

Then, she stopped spanking herself. She slowly ran her hand down between her legs, stopping between her legs. He saw her hips wiggle. He saw her face turn from a teasing, knowing look, into that look of pure pleasure. The camera didn't show where her hands were, but he knew. She was touching her clit, slowly circling it, her hips gyrating as her hand worked its magic. Nate's cock pulsed.

The camera didn't move, and he watched as her mouth opened slightly and a soft whimper escaped her lips. She bit her lip, and her hips bucked as she continued to touch herself. She was getting closer to climax, he could tell. Her breathing grew heavier, her hips moved faster. And then, suddenly, she came, a soft cry of pleasure escaping her mouth. Her hips bucked and she writhed as the waves of her orgasm hit her.

Nate came all over his hand. He couldn't stop it. The video was too hot. His orgasm was so powerful. He couldn't believe what she had done.

He sat there, trying to catch his breath. His heart was racing and his body felt weak from his intense climax. He looked down at his messy hand, a smile forming on his lips.

He had to admit, that was pretty damn hot. He was happy that Grace had sent that to him. But also, that was all he was getting? She just got herself off while toying with him? That was not fair, in his eyes.

He quickly cleaned himself up. While he did so, another message from Grace appeared.

'I thought of your cock. Thats why I came so good.' The bluntness... damn.

'when are you visiting me next? I cant wait to hang out again,' Nate wrote. But no reply. The silent treatment again.

So that was it for a few days. Nate was slowly realizing that Grace was taking the wheel more and more, which he had mixed feelings about. Sure, it was nice that she took the lead, that he was the focus of her attention. But he would never win like this. It felt like this was a power struggle between him and Grace. Sure, he won on the rules, but she now demanded his attention and had him quivering in a bathroom stall like some punk. Still, he watched that video of her masturbating while thinking of his cock over and over and over.

Friday, he decided that he'd go shopping for Grace. While that may have seemed counterproductive in gaining the upper hand, it was a way to get her over to his place, to get her clothes, and to some extent control how she dressed. And he had a few ideas.

Armed with Grace's measurements, Nate went to several stores, getting several items. Some were sexy, but he also got a few regular clothes. Sort of to make her think that she wasn't just a sexy body to him, but that he *'thought she'd look great in this'*. A sentiment that Grace would appreciate. He got her some lingerie as well, booty shorts he couldn't wait to see on her, but also a few casual tops. Nothing too revealing, but the fabric would hug her in the right places. He also got her a cute little dress, a little bit on the shorter side. He also got her a couple of pairs of jeans. He liked her in her jeans. He wasn't one to go down on a woman, but damn did he feel tempted when Grace's ass showed off in a pair of skin-tight jeans.

Nate was excited about his haul and the reaction from Grace. He had to get her to come over. So, in the evening, he sent a text.

'got you some things,' he wrote, adding a smiley. Grace's response was a little less than he expected.

'im going on a date w nolan, cant come over,' she wrote.

'the week is almost over,' he said.

'almost indeed.'

God damn it.

*

Grace just loved this past week. She always thought it was so fun to tease and boss Nolan around; turns out, it was almost as fun with Nate. The assertive man had been all over the place all week, almost begging for her attention. Men like him liked to break women, but now Grace was starting to think she had broken him. If so, it had been almost easy.

He almost had her, though, when he said he had clothes for her. Call her vain, but free clothes? And from a guy like Nate? She knew it would all be raunchy stuff to get himself horny, but she was also curious to see what he had gotten her. But she was on a date with Nolan Friday night, so it had to wait. Nate simply had to wait for his turn. And that was after Nolan. And he would just have to accept it. And the best part of that was that Nolan had been so eager for sex that they hadn't even finished their take-out when Nolan pulled her away from their table in their dining room and had taken her to bed. And it had been a great fuck.

Grace had a plan, and it involved Nate waiting all weekend. But Sunday morning, as they woke, Grace couldn't wait any longer. As much as it had been fun making Nate wait, Grace was on the brink of sanity as well, even if Nolan did her twice a day throughout the week.

Grace woke to find Nolan spooning her. He was hard, as he always was in the mornings. She was a little surprised, though. She didn't think he could get it up again after last night. Or last evening. Afternoon. Midday. And in the middle of the night. She was glad that she had been right, that the stress had been the cause of his issues, not her. It had been quite worrisome, but not at all anymore.

Nolan wasn't even awake, and he was in the process of pressing himself inside of her. Grace had let his hunger be satiated every time it arose throughout the week.

"Good morning," Grace smiled, feeling his shaft at the entrance of her pussy, slowly pushing inside, as it had so often in their years together. But this morning, Grace just couldn't take him. As much as they had fucked over the last few days, she wanted him on his toes today. So, as he pushed in, she pulled away, making him slide over her ass and slip away.

"I want to wait until tonight. Let's save our energy," Grace smiled.

"What?" Nolan said, confused.

"I haven't visited Nate this week," Grace said, rolling onto her side to tease his broad chest with a feather-like finger. "And I want you to know that."

"You do?" Nolan said, catching on. "Fuck, you're going to be a dirty girl aren't you?" he asked, his sexy voice making her tingle.

"I might have been texting Nate a little bit this week," Grace said. "Just a little..."

"Really?" Nolan grinned.

"Maybe..." Grace giggled, kissing his lips. She then quickly got out of bed, completely naked, her ass swaying in his direction before she disappeared off to the shower. She was going to Nate's and she wanted to look hot when she got there. She wasn't sure what he had in store for her, but she knew it was going to be something special. And she was going to look her absolute best for him. She took extra time with her hair and makeup and made sure to pick out an outfit that would show off her curves and make her look hot. Tight shorts, a tight t-shirt that hugged her waist just perfectly. No bra. Oh yeah.

Nolan was still lying in bed. His eyes were closed, his arm thrown across the empty pillow next to him. Grace smiled. She leaned down and kissed him on the cheek.

With a glance outside, she saw that the weather would allow for sunbathing. But now, that came with the promise, the obligation, that Grace had to make that demanding hog ejaculate what would be the biggest load she'd see all week. It was almost unfair. Nolan was great at sex and always got her good, but Nate's sheer size and power were overwhelming. And again, Nate's loads... perhaps it was unfair of Grace to compare the two; it was pure biology after all, and not really anything Nolan could do about it. But she couldn't help it. She liked how a thick, warm load of cum felt as it was being pumped into her. Or on her face.

Grace was a bit nervous as she walked over to Nate's apartment. It had been a week since she'd seen him in person, and even though they'd texted, it was different seeing him in the flesh. She was excited, but also a little apprehensive. She wasn't sure what to expect.

When she got to his door, she took a deep breath and knocked. She waited for a moment, then heard footsteps approaching. The door opened, and Nate appeared, wearing a pair of shorts and a t-shirt. He looked annoyed, but then brightened up, as if to remind himself to put on a happy persona for her. He clearly had been stewing in his own juices all week. And honestly, that sort of ominous shift in his behavior was sort of scary. A bit off-putting, but Grace had to remind herself that this was part of the whole experience. Nate had his rough edges, and they'd learn to love them.

"Grace," he said, his voice a low growl. "You finally decided to show up."

"I've been busy," Grace said, trying to sound nonchalant, but she could feel her heart racing.

"I was starting to think you'd forgotten about me," he said, a smile spreading across his face.

"How could I? I can still feel your big cock in me," Grace said with a cheeky smile. She was feeling bold.

"That's good," he said, his voice low and gravelly. "I want you to feel it every time you walk by."

"Are you going to invite me in or what?" Grace said, trying to shift the focus away from the prospect of her being his fuck toy.

"Sure," he said, stepping aside and holding the door open for her.

Grace stepped into the apartment. Nate closed the door behind her, locking it with a click.

"So," Grace said. "What do you want to do today? You got me some things, right?"

"I did," Nate said. He looked her over, as if assessing her, hand on his chin, slightly stroking his stubble. "I think we'll have to get you out of those clothes first, though."

Grace felt a tingle of excitement run through her, and the anticipation built. This was going to be fun.

She quickly undid the button of her shorts, unzipped the zipper, and slid the tight shorts over her hips, exposing the thin fabric of her thong panties. The thin fabric did little to cover her ass, and as she bent over to take off the shorts, she gave him a clear view of her ass and the tiny triangle of fabric between her legs.

Nate groaned and licked his lips, clearly enjoying the sight.

"Now, the shirt?" Grace said, biting her lower lip. The look he was giving her made her feel sexy and desirable, and she was going to milk it for all it was worth.

Nate nodded. Grace took a step back and pulled her shirt over her head. She didn't have a bra on, so her full, perky tits were now on display.

He watched her, his eyes raking over her body.

"Now, what's this I hear about clothes?" Grace said, her voice a low purr, standing there in his apartment, in nothing more than a silky black thong, that didn't do much as an article of clothing.

Nate smiled and gestured towards his bedroom. "Come on, I'll show you."

He led her to the bed and showed her a few pairs of different shorts that were neatly stacked. One in light blue denim, a khaki one that would no doubt hug her curves like nobody's business, and a white one with the tiniest legs. A bit too tiny to her liking. She didn't really like her clothes so short and revealing, and when it was that tight, it could get a bit uncomfortable to wear, but they did make her ass pop.

She then noticed two pairs of jeans. Both would hug her ass like a second skin, which was exactly the way Nate preferred them.

"You're a fan of my butt, aren't you?" Grace smirked.

Nate's response was a naughty, crooked grin.

"I thought these would look great on you," Nate said, picking up the light blue shorts first and holding them against her hips.

"They do seem like they would," Grace said.

"They're a little shorter than your usual shorts, but I thought you'd look hot in them. I bet Nolan would love to see you wearing them too," he grinned.

"I bet he would," she agreed with a smirk.

"But he's not going to, is he?" Nate said, almost challengingly.

Grace looked up at Nate and saw a glint of jealousy in his eye. She didn't like the tone he had used. But at the same time, it felt like an invitation, a challenge to see how she would respond.

"Is there a reason you don't want me to show Nolan the shorts?" she asked innocently, her eyebrow raised as if to say, what's it to you?

Nate's expression was blank for a moment. He hadn't thought she'd push back like that. But he quickly composed himself, a smirk spreading across his face.

"I was just saying," he said. "You can wear whatever you want. It's not up to me. It's just... I thought these would be for my eyes only."

"Well," Grace said, taking the shorts from him. "Is that so? You want me to only wear them for you?"

"Yeah," Nate said, a determined glint in his eye.

"Well," Grace said, biting her lip. "Let me put them on and we'll see what happens."

"Yeah, do that," he urged.

"Turn around," she said. Grace didn't mind getting naked in front of him. Hell, she loved showing off, she just wanted to boss him around and be a tease for him as well.

"Actually, I wanna sit right here and stroke it while you dress up for me," he replied, defiantly, his eyes locked on her. But he also knew he couldn't have his way all the time, and he was testing her. And now it was up to her to decide how she would handle it.

Grace smiled at his defiance, a little thrill going through her. She decided to give in, but just a little.

"Fine. It won't make much difference either way, I'm basically naked," she said, sliding the shorts up her legs. They fit perfectly, snug against her curves and showing off her toned legs and juicy ass. And as she turned for him, she felt his eyes on her, and she loved it.

"Damn, Grace," Nate breathed, sitting down on his bed, his hand already moving to his crotch, his other hand moving to take off his shorts. "You look so fucking hot. These shorts... they're perfect for that perfect ass."

"Like what you see?" she teased.

"You know I do," Nate groaned, his hand wrapped around his thickening cock.

"So, you like them?" she asked, turning to face him, her hands on her hips. She could see the hunger in his eyes as he looked at her.

"Fuck yeah," he said, his voice thick with desire. "You look incredible."

"I'm glad you like them," she said, her voice a low purr. She could see his cock hardening as he watched her. It was so hot. She could feel her own arousal growing as she watched him get off on her.

"Now, what next? Want me to parade around in this one some more, or do you want me to try some of these other ones?" Grace asked. It was actually quite fun trying out all these new clothes. She rarely went shopping, and to think a man like Nate had gotten her all this free stuff... maybe she could get used to this.

"How about the khaki ones next?" he suggested, his hand slowly stroking his cock.

"You got it," Grace said, giving him a wink. She turned her back to him and slowly peeled off the light blue shorts, giving him a good view of her ass. She could hear him groan as she bent over, her ass in the air.

Grace then slid the khaki shorts up her legs, feeling the curve of the material almost hike her ass cheeks up a bit. They were a little more modest, but they still showed off her ass in a way that made her feel incredibly sexy.

"God, you're so fucking sexy," Nate groaned, his hand moving faster on his cock.

Grace turned around and faced him, her hands on her hips. "What do you think?" she asked.

"I think I'm going to cum all over your perfect ass," he growled.

"Not yet," Grace teased. "You have to wait. I still have more clothes to try on."

Nate groaned in frustration, but he didn't stop stroking his cock. Grace looked down at the red, angry-looking head of his dick. It was so thick and so hard. The way it throbbed with each beat of his heart. It was mesmerizing. She could feel her own arousal growing as she watched him. She wanted to touch it, to feel it in her hands, but she knew she had to be patient. She had to make him wait. It was part of the game. And she loved it.

"Patience, cowboy," Grace said, turning back around and bending over to give him another good view of her ass. She could feel his eyes burning into her as she reached back and squeezed her cheeks. She could hear his sharp breath and the way he groaned with desire.

Grace turned to him, her eyebrow raised in a naughty challenge, then slowly stepped towards him, a sultry smile on her face.

Once again turning around, she slowly lowered her brown khaki-clad ass into his lap, pushing down onto his thighs. Nate's hands instinctively went to her waist, but Grace was quick to stop him.

"Ah, ah, ah," she said, taking his hands and moving them to his side. "No touching."

Nate groaned in frustration, but he complied. He leaned back his elbows, thus occupying them, with his eyes locked on her.

Grace slowly began to move her hips, grinding against him. She could feel the hard ridge of his cock against her, separated by only the thin fabric of his shorts. She could feel his body tense as she moved. She could hear his ragged breath, and she knew she was driving him crazy.

She reached down and placed her hands on his thighs, her fingers digging into his skin. She could feel the muscles in his legs flex as she moved. She could feel his body trembling with desire.

Grace then moved her hands up to her own body, slowly sliding them up her stomach and over her breasts. She could feel his eyes on her, watching her every move. She could feel his cock throbbing against her, begging for release.

Grace continued to grind against him, her movements becoming more and more fluid. She could feel her own arousal growing, the heat pooling between her legs. She wanted to feel his cock inside her, but she knew that was off the table. But unlike before, when she had teased him, she now knew what he could do to her.

She leaned forward, her breath hot against his ear. "You like that?" she whispered, her voice a low, husky purr.

"I think those are my favorite," Nate grunted, jolting a bit as Grace had given his cock almost a stroke with her ass cheeks. Grace smiled deviously.

"Why, I haven't even tried most of these," Grace said, playing coy, looking over at the pants and the white shorts she hadn't put on yet.

"They can wait. Just keep doing this," he said.

Grace, looking over her shoulder at this unraveled man, smiled, a slow, wicked smile. She then reached behind her, unbuttoning her shorts and unzipping them, just enough to tease him, letting the zipper open just enough to reveal the black silk thong she wore underneath.

Nate's eyes widened, and he let out a low groan. "You're killing me," he said.

"I'm just getting started," Grace replied, her voice a low, sultry purr.

She slowly started to grind her hips again, this time with a little more force. She could feel his cock pressing against her, the heat of it radiating through her shorts. She could feel the wetness between her legs, and she knew she was incredibly horny too. She knew that if she kept this up, she would be even more turned on. But she wanted to make him wait. She wanted to make him beg for it.

Grace's hips moved in slow circles, grinding against him with an agonizingly deliberate pace. The warm meat no doubt leaked precum all over her new khaki shorts, but she couldn't care less.

Nate's breath came in ragged gasps. He was trying to maintain his composure, but Grace could hear the desperation in his breath. He was a man on the edge, and she was the one who had pushed him there.

"Take those shorts off," Nate said. It wasn't a suggestion or a request, it was a command. Grace felt a jolt of excitement at his tone. She loved it when he was like this. Forceful, demanding. It made her feel wanted, desired.

She slowly got up from his lap, his cock springing free as she did. She turned to face him, her eyes locked on his. She could see the fire in his eyes, the raw, unbridled lust. She knew she had him right where she wanted him.

With a slow, deliberate movement, she hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her shorts and slowly slid them down her legs. She could feel his eyes on her as she revealed the black silk thong, the fabric barely covering her.

She stood before him, clad only in the flimsy piece of underwear, a playful smile on her lips. She knew she was a sight to behold, and she was going to make the most of it.

"Better?" she asked, her voice a low, sultry purr.

"Much," Nate said, his eyes raking over her body. "Now, come here."

Grace took a step towards him, her hips swaying with a deliberate, seductive rhythm. She could see the hunger in his eyes, the need for her. It was intoxicating.

When she was close enough, she reached out and ran a hand down his chest, her fingers tracing a line through the coarse hair on his chest. She could feel his heart pounding under her touch. She could feel his breath catch in his throat.

She leaned in, her lips brushing against his ear. "You want me, don't you?" she whispered, her voice a low, husky murmur.

"You know I do," he growled, his voice thick with desire. "I want you so bad it hurts."

Grace stood up, slowly turning around for what had to be the hundredth time to let him gawk at her flawless ass again.

"You need to, ugh, you need to do what you did before. Grinding in my lap," Nate said, barely able to make a cohesive sentence.

Grace felt a rush of adrenaline as she once again lowered her ass into his lap. She could feel his naked cock pressing against her almost naked flesh, the heat of it radiating through the thin fabric of her thong, and where his meat grazed her ass it felt like she was being branded by a hot iron.

She slowly started to move her hips, grinding against him. She could feel his body tense as she moved, his muscles flexing with each movement. She could hear his ragged breath, the sound of his desperation. It was a heady feeling, knowing she had this much power over him.

But Grace showed no mercy and continued to grind against him. Nate groaned, his hands clenching into fists at his sides. He was trying to control himself, but she could see that he was losing his battle. The control he so clearly coveted over her was slipping, and Grace absolutely loved it.

"W-would it be worth it?" Nate asked.

"What?" Grace asked, still husky, but a bit confused.

"Waiting another month for that date if I just… took you right here?" he asked. He was breathing heavily, the desire almost palpable in his voice.

Grace slowly got up from his lap. It was tempting. Like him, she was also very horny. However, she decided to not break the rules. As much as this was fun, the ground rules she had established with Nolan were important.

"Sorry, cowboy," she said, with a wicked grin. "You have to wait."

Nate let out a frustrated groan. He was so close to losing control, but she knew that she had to hold him back. It was part of the game.

"Get on your knees," Nate commanded, a fire in his eyes. Grace liked the assertiveness.

She slowly lowered herself to the floor, her eyes locked on his. She could see the desire in his eyes, the need for her. It was an intoxicating feeling. While she liked being in control, it was fun to let Nate have his moments.

She knelt before him, her hands resting on her thighs. She could see his cock, hard and thick, throbbing with need. She wanted to touch it, to feel it in her hands, but she sort of wanted to see what he had planned. He stood up, towering over her.

"Open your mouth," he commanded.

Grace obeyed, her mouth falling open, her tongue sticking out. She looked up at him, her eyes filled with desire. She could see the hunger in his gaze, the raw, unbridled lust. He was a predator, and she was his prey.

Nate took a step forward, his cock inches from her face. He slowly started to stroke his shaft, his eyes locked on hers. He was going to make her watch as he brought himself to the brink, and she was going to love every second of it. And Grace was a great audience.

Grace watched as his hand moved up and down his shaft, the wet head glistening in the sunlight streaming through the window. She could feel her own arousal growing as she watched him. The sight of his big, strong hand wrapped around his thick cock was almost too much for her to handle. The way he stroked it, the way he groaned with pleasure, it was all so incredibly hot.

"You like watching me stroke my big dick, don't you?" Nate asked, his voice a low growl.

Grace nodded, her eyes fixed on his cock. "Yes," she whispered. "I love seeing how hard I make you."

"You do," Nate said. "You make me so fucking hard, princess."

Grace felt a shiver run down her spine at his words. She loved the way he talked to her, the way he took charge. It made her feel so alive, so desired.

Nate groaned, his hand moving faster along his shaft. He was getting close, and Grace knew it. She could see the tension in his body, the way his muscles flexed with each movement. She could hear his ragged breath, the sound of his desperation. She knew he was about to cum.

Then, without any warning, he took a step back, away from her. "You have ten seconds to get your mouth on my cock," he growled, his voice thick with desire. "Ten. Nine."

Grace's eyes widened. She scrambled forward on her knees, her heart pounding in her chest. She wanted his cock in her mouth, wanted to taste him, to feel him on her tongue.

"Eight. Seven."

She closed the distance between them, her hands reaching out to touch his thighs. She could feel the heat radiating off his skin, the tension in his muscles as her face came in contact with his hot, hard shaft, her lips closing around the head.

"Damn, you're a good girl," he groaned, his hands tangling in her hair as she started to suck him. She could taste the saltiness of his skin, the musky scent of his arousal. She could feel his cock throbbing in her mouth, the veins pulsing against her tongue. He was so big, so thick, that she could barely fit him in her mouth.

Grace moaned, the sound muffled by his cock. She started to move her head, taking him deeper and deeper with each movement. She could feel the head of his cock hitting the back of her throat, and she fought the urge to gag. She wanted to take all of him, to show him that she could handle him. But he was just too big. And Grace loved that she was handling something so big and powerful.

She wrapped her hand around the base of his cock, stroking him in time with the movements of her mouth. She could feel his body trembling, the way he was fighting to hold back his orgasm.

"That's it, princess," he groaned, his hips starting to move, thrusting into her mouth. "Take it. Take all of me."

Grace moaned, her own arousal growing as she felt his control slip. She could feel the heat building between her legs, the wetness soaking her thong. She wanted him to cum, wanted to feel his hot, sticky seed filling her mouth. But she also wanted to keep this going, to keep this feeling of being desired, of being wanted, going for as long as possible.

But Nate was getting closer. She could feel his body tensing, the way his cock was throbbing in her mouth. She knew he was about to cum. She braced herself, her hand moving faster, her mouth working him harder. She was ready for it.

Then, with a loud groan, Nate came. His cock throbbed and pulsed as his cum shot out, filling her mouth. Grace moaned, her eyes rolling back in her head as she felt his hot, sticky seed coating her tongue. It was thick and lumpy, a taste she was quickly learning to associate with this man. She tried to swallow it all, but there was just too much. Some of it dripped down her chin, landing on her breasts. She looked up at him, her eyes half-lidded and glazed with pleasure. She could see the satisfaction in his eyes, the way he was looking at her, a smug, triumphant smirk on his face.

Grace slowly pulled back, letting his cock slip from her mouth. She licked her lips, savoring the taste of him. She could feel his cum on her breasts, the sticky warmth of it on her skin.

"You like that, don't you?" Nate asked, his voice a low growl.

Grace nodded, her eyes still fixed on his. "You taste better than I remembered," she said, a small smile playing on her lips.

Nate chuckled, a low, rumbling sound. "You're something else, you know that?" he said, reaching down and helping her to her feet.

Grace stood up, her legs feeling a little shaky. She could still taste him in her mouth, could still feel his cum on her skin. It was a heady feeling, a reminder of the power she had been... branded by him. And his sperm, which were, all in all, his genes.

"I try," she said, a playful glint in her eyes.

"You do more than try," Nate said, his eyes raking over her body. "You succeed."

Grace smiled, a slow, wicked smile. She loved the way he, even having a violent orgasm, still paid attention to her curves. She had that effect on him, and she loved it.

"I need to shower," she said, gesturing towards the bathroom. "Unless you want me to go home covered in your cum."

Nate's eyes darkened. "As hot as that is, I think Nolan might not appreciate it," he said.

"Probably not," Grace agreed. "But he would love to hear about it."

"I bet he would," Nate said, a slow smile spreading across his face. "He's a twisted little fucker, isn't he?"

"He's my twisted little fucker," Grace said, her voice filled with affection.

"Right," Nate said, his voice a low growl. "But right now, you're mine."

Grace felt a shiver run down her spine at his words. She loved the possessiveness in his voice, the way he claimed her as his own. It was a dangerous game she was playing, but she was loving every second of it. At least for a while.

"Then I guess I'll take a quick shower," Grace said.

"Don't use all the hot water," Nate said, a smirk on his face. "I might need to clean up too."

"Careful," Grace teased. "You'll make me think you want to join me."

"Wouldn't you like that?" he challenged.

Grace didn't answer. Instead, she turned and walked towards the bathroom, her hips swaying with a deliberate, seductive rhythm. She knew he was watching her, and she was going to make the most of it.

*

She stepped into the bathroom, closing the door behind her. She looked at herself in the mirror, her face flushed, her eyes dark with desire. Grace knew, objectively, that she could wipe her face off, go home, rock Nolan's world, then take a shower, but she desperately needed to just get underneath warm water. Or cold water. Her whole body was on fire. Having a cock, and a cock like Nate's no less, in her face, on her face, it was her biggest turn on. And then he did that countdown thing? What the hell was that? It was hot. She loved the assertive, almost aggressive tone, the expectancy.

Grace shook her head. Grace turned on the water, adjusting the temperature to her liking. As she waited for the water to heat up, she couldn't help but think about what had just happened. She had been in control, but then Nate had taken over, and she had let him. And she had loved it. She had even loved the feeling of his hands in her hair, the way he had thrust into her mouth, the way he had claimed her. Was that against the rules? Him thrusting, or him gripping her hair? The latter, for sure. The former? Grace wasn't decided.

Grace stepped into the shower, the hot water cascading over her body. She closed her eyes, letting the water wash away the evidence of their encounter. She could still feel his cum on her skin, though, stubbornly clinging to her. She could still taste him in her mouth. And she knew, even after she scrubbed her skin raw, a part of him would remain with her.

She lathered her hands with soap and started to wash her body, her fingers tracing the curves of her hips, the swell of her breasts. She could feel her own arousal building, the heat pooling between her legs. She couldn't stop thinking about Nate, about his cock, about the way he had looked at her. She wanted him. The waiting was part of the fun, but right now, having had that thick thing dangling in front of her like a treat, she wanted him. She wanted him inside her, filling her, stretching her. The thought made her moan, her fingers sliding down to her clit, circling the sensitive nub. She was so wet, so ready. She leaned back against the cool tile of the shower wall, her knees trembling as pleasure washed over her. She closed her eyes, imagining it was Nate's hand, Nate's cock, bringing her to the brink. It wasn't long before she was cumming...

"Grace?" Nate's voice cut through the steam.

Grace jumped, her eyes flying open. She quickly rinsed her hands, her heart pounding in her chest. She hadn't realized she'd been so loud. "Yeah?" she called out, trying to sound casual.

"You okay in there?" he asked, his voice laced with amusement.

"I'm fine," she said, her voice a little shaky.

"Sure you are," he chuckled. "Mind if I join you? I could use a wash."

Grace hesitated for a moment. She knew she shouldn't. The rules were clear. No touching, except by her. That would be very hard in a shower where both were naked.

"I... I don't think that's a good idea," she said, her voice barely a whisper.

"Come on, princess," he coaxed. "I'll be on my best behavior. I promise."

Grace bit her lip. She wanted to say yes. A part of her, a very large part, wanted to feel his hands on her, to feel his body pressed against hers. But she also knew that it would be breaking the rules. It would be pushing the boundaries too far. And even though she loved to push boundaries, she also knew that she had to respect the agreement she had with Nolan. It was the foundation of this whole arrangement, and she couldn't let it crumble.

"You can wait," she said, her voice a little firmer this time.

Nate was silent for a moment. "Fine," he said, his voice tight with frustration. "But I'm not happy about it."

"I know," Grace said, a small smile playing on her lips. "But you'll survive."

"I'm not so sure," he grumbled.

Grace chuckled. "You're a big boy, you'll be fine," she said.

Nate sat down at the toilet by the sound of it, beyond the matted sliding door, with a small huff. Grace took a minute to reapply soap, not sure if she was ready to face him just yet, least of all as naked and shiny as they both were in the dampness of his bathroom.

But Nate wasn't done talking, apparently.

"Do you ever think about it?" he asked.

"What?" Grace asked, knowing sort of what he was getting at.

"Our date. And after," he said.

Grace did. All the time. The sex that night had been raw and primal. Nate had taken her with a ferocity that she hadn't expected, a ferocity that had left her breathless and wanting more. He had used her in ways that she had only ever dreamed of, and she had loved every second of it. The thought of doing it again, of feeling his big cock stretching her, filling her, was almost too much to bear. It honestly both intimidated and scared Grace how Nate could make her feel.

"Of course," she said. "I think about it all the time."

"So you know what you're missing, right?" Nate said, standing up from the seat. "You know what we could be doing right now, if it weren't for these stupid rules."

"I know," Grace said. "But the rules are there for a reason. Just because I want your dick again doesn't mean I can just do it. Besides, the wait will make it so much better. If we get there."

"But that wasn't my dick," Nate said, much closer now. "That was me. I was inside of you. We became one. That's a completely different thing from my dick. It's not just a thing. It's me."

Grace was taken aback. That was a surprisingly poetic and... deep... way to put it. But also very possessive. And yet, it made her tingle. And it was a feeling she couldn't deny, a connection she couldn't ignore.

"I know," she said, her voice a little shaky. "And I want that again. But we have to wait."

"Why?" Nate asked.

"Because... because I can't just do that behind Nolan's back. We agreed on this. We have to follow the rules. If we break them, what's the point of all this? It's just a cheap affair then. This is about us, all three of us. And our fun." Grace said. She had to stand her ground. She had to be strong. Even if she didn't want to be. But she wanted to make sure that if they were going to do this, it would be on their terms. It would be so much easier to just go into an affair with Nate, to have all the mind-blowing sex she could imagine, but that would hurt Nolan. And this wasn't about that.

"You say that, but you're the one who just came thinking about me. You want this as much as I do," Nate said, his voice a low growl. "And we're both here. We're both naked. And we're both horny. What's stopping us?"

The rules. Nolan. Everything. But also nothing.

Grace's mind was a whirlwind of emotions. She wanted Nate. She wanted him badly. But she also wanted Nolan. She loved Nolan. She didn't want to hurt him. But she also didn't want to deny herself the pleasure that Nate could give her. It was a confusing, maddening, and intoxicating mix of feelings. And she was loving every second of it. It was the sweetest poison she could imagine.

"I'm not going to have sex with you, Nate. Not yet. It's too soon," she said, her voice firm, but also with a hint of longing. She couldn't hide that, not from him.

"I can wait," Nate said. "I've waited this long. I can wait a little longer. But I'm not going to wait forever."

"You won't. Four weeks," Grace said.

"So I don't get another suspension for grabbing your hair and having you take my cock a bit more forcefully?" Nate asked, a glint in his eyes. "And what about the thrusting? That was me, not you."

Grace froze. She had to be very careful how she answered this. She was still a bit stunned that he had done that, that she had let him. It had been so hot. But it had also been a violation of the rules. She had to be strong, but she also didn't want to punish him too severely. She wanted to keep him on his toes, to keep him wanting her.

"I think I'll let it slide this time," she said, her voice a low, sultry purr. "But you're on thin ice. You need to behave yourself, cowboy."

Nate grinned, a slow, predatory smile. "You know I can't promise that," he said.

"I know," Grace said, a small smile playing on her lips. "But you can try."

"I'll try," he said, his voice a low growl.

Grace turned off the water and stepped out of the shower. She wrapped a towel around her body, her eyes never leaving his. She could see the desire in his gaze, the need for her. It was an intoxicating feeling.

"So, you're just going to leave?" he asked, his voice a low growl.

"I am," she said, her voice a little shaky. "You've had your show, you've finished. What more is there to life in general?"

"Truer words have never been spoken," Nate chuckled. "Mind you, I have really enjoyed the texting we've done. Makes my days between us hanging out less boring, y'know."

"Oh, it has been fun," Grace grinned.

"On that note, I actually thought about giving you keys to my apartment. I think it would be so hot if you took pictures of yourself in my bed. You could even tease Nolan with it, making him really start to wonder what you're up to."

Grace felt a strange mixture of excitement and apprehension at his suggestion. The idea of having the freedom to enter his apartment at any time, to make herself at home, to take pictures and send them to Nolan, was incredibly tempting. But it also felt like a step too far, a boundary that shouldn't be crossed.

"I don't know," she said, her voice a little hesitant. "That's... sounds like more of a commitment somehow. More significant, kind of... Like we're dating or something." She was a bit unsure of what she thought of the idea herself. It felt like a step in a direction she wasn't sure she wanted to go.

"Heh, what, you don't think we should date and then move in together?" Nate said in jest, pausing just a second, eyeing her for a brief moment. "But I didn't mean it like that. And besides, think of it as a convenience. And a little piece of trust. And I just think it would be hot, you know? And I think Nolan would like it too."

Grace hesitated for a moment, her mind racing. She was still severely unfocused from everything that had happened. She could see the logic in his argument. "Let's hold off on that for now. I'd need to talk to Nolan."

"Just to be clear, I was just joking. While I'd love to date a girl like you, or you specifically, I meant for pictures. It's for me, yes, but also for Nolan. Hell, it could be for you, as all of this should be. You can pop by, hang around naked in my apartment, go home, and no one will ever know," Nate said. "Whatever you see fit." This was a much better argument, but also a more cunning one.

"Maybe I will," Grace said, not committing. "But not today."

"Fair enough," Nate said, a small smile playing on his lips. He had planted a seed, and he knew it. And Grace knew it.

Grace turned and walked back to the bedroom, her hips swaying with a deliberate, seductive rhythm. She could feel Nate following behind her, his eyes burning into her back. She was still a little shaken. Nate was a force of nature, and she wasn't sure how to handle him. She wasn't sure how to handle any of this. But, despite her best efforts, she was starting to realize that she was enjoying it, even the unpredictability. It was exhilarating, intoxicating, and terrifying all at once.

She knew that she had to be careful, that she had to tread lightly, but she couldn't deny the thrill of it all. And she knew that Nate could tell. He could see the effect he had on her. He knew that she was struggling to keep him in check, and he was enjoying every moment of it. But Grace had to remain in control. She had to keep her wits about her, even though she could feel herself slipping. He was getting to her, worming his way into her thoughts and desires. She couldn't let him win. She couldn't let him have the upper hand. Not yet. Maybe not ever. But she couldn't deny that she was looking forward to their next encounter. To seeing what he had in store for her. To the next level of their game. And to seeing what would happen when the countdown was over. And up until then.

Behind the Neighbor's Door - Part 11

Nolan was all over Grace the minute she got back to her own apartment. He immediately pushed her onto her back on the couch, causing that perfect angel to giggle.

"He bought you new clothes?" Nolan asked, his hand groping her ass through her shorts. Grace arched her back, pushing herself up to meet Nolan's body. She had perhaps gotten off in Nate's shower, but the sexual tension was high.

"Yes," Grace breathed.

"What sort of clothes?" Nolan tried, knowing full well Grace wasn't going to give up too much. Not that it was necessary.

"Some jeans and khakis... shorts..." Grace moaned.

"Oh yeah?" Nolan's voice was hoarse, thick with arousal.

"Mmm-hmmm..." Grace murmured. "They're pretty skimpy..."

"Were you a bad girl? How bad?" Nolan groaned. His hand had slid past the waistband of her shorts.

Grace wanted to hesitate, but the words blurted out of her, fuck she was horny. "A-almost too bad," Grace groaned, her hips rocking towards him. She looked down, as he fumbled with the zipper on her jeans, trying desperately to take them off. Grace smiled a little devilish, then lifted her ass to let him slide the denim shorts over her legs, leaving her in her flimsy black thong that barely covered anything.

Nolan didn't even acknowledge her underwear as he spread her legs, kneeling in front of her, and then pressed his face to her panty-covered crotch. Grace shivered as his tongue pushed against the black material, the sensation muted and indirect. Nolan groaned into her mound, his voice muffled.

Grace closed her eyes, letting her head fall back against the cushions. She ran her hands through her lover's hair as his mouth moved up her stomach, planting wet, sucking kisses to her skin. He moved higher until he reached her nipples. He pulled aside the lace cup of her bra and sucked a stiff nipple between his teeth. Grace's body twitched with a shock of pleasure and her legs locked around Nolan's back.

"Nolan," she gasped, feeling him smile against her skin.

Nolan looked down at Grace's naked body. Grace was gorgeous, lying spread and willing on their couch. She looked back up at him, biting her bottom lip in a sexy grin.

Nolan slipped two fingers under the thin material covering Grace's pussy and pulled it aside, revealing her smooth, pink flesh. She was glistening wet already. His mouth fell over Grace's slit and she moaned loudly, hips rocking up to grind against him. He ran the flat of his tongue up along the length of Grace's pussy, and her juices were sweet, tart and delicious on his tongue.

Nolan pulled Grace's legs up and over his shoulders and her heels dug into his back. He buried his face between her thighs as Grace pulled on his hair, her fingers clenching into fists as she ground against his mouth.

"Nolan... uhhh..." she groaned, her hips rolling against Nolan's tongue.

He worked Grace's pussy eagerly and she clamped her legs tightly around his head. Nolan reached between his legs, stroking himself with his right hand as his face remained buried between her thighs. She moaned and clenched her muscles in her thighs as Nolan ate her with everything he had. She pulled her lips into her mouth as her stomach muscles began to contract in waves as her climax grew. He moved his mouth higher to cover the swollen bud at the apex of her sex.

"How are you this... ugh, good at this?" Grace pleaded in almost desperation, her hips rolling against Nolan's mouth.

He responded by closing his mouth around the bud and sucked, drawing a high, sharp moan from Grace. Nolan felt Grace's nails on his scalp as she ran her fingers through his hair and her heels pressed harder into the muscles of his back.

"Come, baby. Don't... stop. Oh! Fuck...!" Grace demanded, her hips grinding frantically now. He pressed the flat of his tongue to her clit and gave her a final suck and she exploded in his arms, crying out loudly as her hips bucked wildly.

Grace's hips undulated and she gasped as Nolan continued to stroke her gently with his fingers, her pussy twitching from the after-shocks. After a long, slow moment she sighed, a small, sexy sound.

"Hmm," Grace hummed, as his hands moved up her torso, the sensation making her arch her back into him. She could hear his breathing quickening, and she smiled to herself. He was always so eager. But then again, she could never get enough of him.

Nolan moved over Grace, pulling her legs wide. He leaned down, pressing their foreheads together, and looked into Grace's eyes. Grace felt his cock settle at her opening and she sighed happily, but a little bit impatiently as well, pressing her body upward against him. He flexed his hips forward and pushed into Grace's body. Grace moaned loudly, hissing from the sensation.

"Fuck," he breathed, his hips starting to flex against her. "Tell me more. How bad were you?"

"I thought I was in full control..." Grace said, almost like she wasn't even talking to Nolan, but more making a recollection of what had happened, and not just a few moments ago. Her voice was soft and low, but Nolan heard every word. He didn't say a thing; he was transfixed and fully under Grace's lust, it being so contagious.

Grace moaned and shifted underneath Nolan to get a better position for the incoming fucking. Grace's hands tightened on Nolan's shoulders, and he moaned loudly.

"What did he do?" Nolan asked, but Grace only shook her head, smirking slightly, before wrapping her arms around him, pressing her lips to Nolan's and pulling him close.

"I was so bad..." Grace whimpered against him, and he moaned into the kiss, their mouths and bodies joining with growing fervor, a slow, deep fucking. Grace wrapped her legs around Nolan's hips, urging him to quicken the pace.

"Are you going to tell me?" Nolan asked urgently, fearing she wouldn't. She had said she wanted him on his toes, but hearing what she said, knowing something had happened, it drove him nuts.

"Not now. I will, but not now," she breathed. "I need to fuck."

Grace's legs tightened around his body and her mouth found his throat, her kisses needy.

"You are... uhhh..." Nolan moaned. "The hottest woman ever..."

Nolan felt Grace smile against him. "You like me hearing how bad I've been?"

"Oh, fuck, yes..." he panted, feeling a climax growing in his body, his muscles quaking from the exertion. The image of her kissing another guy, of her in someone else's bed, made Nolan crazy, made him thrust harder into her. Made him desperate.

"Nate's cum is so thick and salty," Grace said. "I love it when he cums in my mouth. It tastes so strong, and I feel so dirty when I swallow it."

"Oh god," Nolan moaned, his thrusts becoming erratic. He was so close.

"I love the way it coats my tongue, the way it fills my mouth. I love the way he looks at me when I'm on my knees in front of him, his cock in my mouth," Grace continued, her voice growing louder and more desperate. Her words were pushing him over the edge, her body responding to the filth that spilled from her lips.

Nolan moaned again. His cock was throbbing inside of Grace's pussy, the head so sensitive that even the slightest movement sent shivers through his body.

"You want that, baby?" she asked, her voice a breathy moan. "You want to know that big man left his nut in my mouth? You like picturing it?"

"Fuck yes," Nolan grunted. "It turns me on."

"I can tell," Grace said, as his thrusts became faster and harder. The bluntness and the filth of the words were pushing his hips into a jagged, edging rhythm. Grace found Nolan's ear, being so close to her own climax as well, and whispered. "Nate wanted to fuck me..."

That was all it took. With a strangled cry of ecstasy, Nolan's body seized and he slammed hard into her. His climax hit him like a truck and he spurted into her. He was shivering and moaning, his thrusts erratic as she pushed deeper and deeper into her.

"Oh, baby... that's it, that's it. Fuck, you feel so good." Grace urged, her body still undulating, chasing her own orgasm. She loved it when he lost it inside her, that feeling of him cumming into her was something she loved more than almost anything. But tonight she had needs, too. Her voice was tight as she panted, "I'm so close, I need you to... to keep fucking me."

"I-I'm so sensitive..." Nolan's voice was tight, his words stilted from his thrusting and the stimulation.

"I know, but I'm almost there... please, for me?" Grace begged.

"Okay...okay..." he acquiesced and began thrusting hard once more, though his jaw was slack from the sensation of his cock continuing to move after his climax.

"Oh fuck!" Grace cried, and he knew she was getting close to orgasm.

"Oh...fuck you're so wet and slippery," Nolan said, his hips flexing as his cock continued to pump through her juices mixed with his own cum. It was messy and filthy and sexy.

"Yes, oh, yes, baby... you better do a good job... Oh my god, you better fuck me good," Grace gasped as Nolan kept pumping. It was an encouraging, but Nolan heard the warning in it too.

Was it on purpose, or was it to play around with his mind, having him wonder if he was actually failing her in some capacity.

It seemed like she was on purpose to make him a little insecure, though. "You... you fucking like his dick more?"

"Oh yes," Grace moaned, her hips bucking hard against him.

"But does he... ugh, satisfy you better... uhh, better than I do?"

"Hmmm," she moaned. The thought of both of their men was definitely something. "Maybe," Grace teased, and her body clenched. Nolan's heart dropped for just an instant, then his lust flared, and his hands gripped her waist and he started to thrust with wild abandon. She pushed hard back against him.

"He's a better fucker?" Nolan grunted, feeling her hot pussy clench around him.

"Uh-huh!" Grace gasped, nodding, her fingers raking through his hair. She looked up at Nolan, her expression glazed and unfocused, her cheeks flushed, sweat beading on her temples and forehead. Grace's nails scraped across Nolan's neck. Her mouth fell open and she was breathing in short gasps as Nolan's hips flexed against her.

"God..." she hissed, her voice low and strained. She closed her eyes, her mouth a small, tense "O", her brow knit tightly. Her pussy started clamping around his still-hard dick as she finally came.

He held Grace to him as her climax rolled on. Her body twitched and spasmed in Nolan's arms. Grace gasped as her orgasm subsided, and her hands slipped from Nolan's body to his sides.

He leaned back and looked at the angel. Her hair was fanned out underneath her head. A few strands of hair had come loose and lay across her flushed cheeks. She was looking at him from beneath heavily-lidded eyes.

"You okay, baby?" she asked softly as he slipped from between her thighs and moved to the side, slipping an arm across her stomach, holding her tight. She smiled softly and stroked Nolan's cheek, and then kissed his mouth softly. "Did I hurt you? I didn't mean that in a humiliating way. It was just... Well, I know how you like the idea of that. Or the thought of the thought... Of you being not enough."

Nolan nodded. She hadn't hurt him. Not in a negative way. That was the entire point of all this. The fantasy of Grace sleeping with someone better. And Nate being such an obvious upgrade, even when he was who he was, a much older guy, their neighbor, and sort of nefarious.

"Does he really make you feel so good?" Nolan breathed. "And I wasn't hurt. I leaned into it a bit. It's just facts, right?"

Grace's eyes were unfocused as her brain still tried to catch up with the orgasmic chemicals firing into it. She bit her lip, a tiny grin playing on her face. She nodded again.

"Just... I never want to make fun of your, and especially not something like--" Grace began. Even through her glaze of post-climax bliss did she try to make sure Nolan knew.

"It's okay. It's not the humiliation, it's the jealousy I tried to, erh, lean into," Nolan said. "And you were in the middle of telling me just that."

"I really didn't mean to be hurtful. Just playing around," she said, smiling. "It's not like that. I mean it is. Obviously. And Nate's just amazing, but... It's not better. Just different. And that's why this is so fun."

"See, you being into it, that's the key. That makes me jealous, and hearing how you describe how he treats you. And your attraction to that," Nolan smiled, kissing her lips gently. "And it's very hot to hear you, um, brag about his dick and his... virility, or whatever."

"I'll be honest," Grace grinned. "It was hot having him in my mouth. It got my pussy so wet... That big dick all over my face, such a specimen, and I get to play with it..."

"What did you do today?" Nolan tried. Grace shot him a knowing smirk.

"You'll know," she teased him, making his heart race a little bit. It wasn't a good sign.

"How bad was it?" he tried.

Grace laughed. Her voice was so sweet, so melodic. He was in awe of her. He could never tire of her voice, or the way her cheeks brightened up when she smiled wholeheartedly.

"You're gonna have to wait for it. This is a lot more fun than I thought," she said. "I guess it was good of us to talk about it. I think us checking in on each other, especially just after I hooked up with Nate, is very important."

"I couldn't agree more," Nolan said. "I feel good. I feel like you're having fun and it really makes me horny and... happy..."

"You do like seeing me happy. And horny," Grace laughed.

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Since all of their escapades had happened before even Midday meant that Nolan and Grace could mope around their apartment all day. Well, the weather was really warm and nice, so they weren't much indoors; they spent their time out on the balcony chatting about the little nothings in life until Grace had to go to ballet class.

Not once did Nate come out on his balcony, however. Nolan had half expected him to take any opportunity to ogle his girlfriend. But then, Nolan had to remind himself, Nate had seen a whole lot of her already. And perhaps it was a sign of respect? Not that Nate seemed very respectful, though. He was a leering asshole.

But then again, perhaps he had simply been busy. He had his ad work that he needed to get done, and it was perhaps one of Nate's biggest opportunities to get back in the saddle for real. While Nolan had wished he had gotten the contract, he was still very happy for Nate. At least he was most of the time. He couldn't help but feel he had been surpassed. That wasn't the case at all, but that didn't change the feeling.

When Grace got back, they had a few drinks on the balcony. Nolan had made a simple, light, summery dish of salmon and a salad with fruit. While he was no master chef, he could hold his own in the kitchen, and he was happy to have cooked something that was a bit fancier than the usual. Grace deserved the treat. A nice warm bath, dinner ready for her when she got out, what better way to wrap up your girl's Sunday?

Nothing much really happened the following week. The trio had all their own tasks at work that occupied their time, so any texting was kept to a minimum. While that was a shame, as the weather was perfect for Grace to tease the two of them by sunbathing on the balcony, the anticipation of what was next, and what had happened previously, was a constant buzz. Nolan found himself wondering, more often than he would ever admit, how Grace had been with Nate.

Grace didn't feel the need to tell him, and Nolan didn't push. That didn't mean the curiosity wasn't gnawing at him. The way she had talked about Nate the previous week was so hot, the jealousy making him horny, but now he felt like he was almost in a state of perpetual arousal, wondering what had happened. Seeing Nate text with Grace at the office, or vice versa at home, wasn't much help. Nolan would sometimes try to stretch his neck to see what they said, but Grace would knowingly smirk and put her phone away, or just turn her body away. In some ways that was just as hot, knowing she had a secret. But in other ways, it was killing him. But that was sort of the point. At least for now.

When Friday rolled around, Nolan had been very much on edge. He was a bit worried that Grace had forgotten that she was going to reveal what had happened the previous weekend. He didn't want to pressure her into telling him. He didn't know why he thought that. Of course, she hadn't forgotten. Nolan was too deep into his own mind. Grace knew exactly what she was doing.

"You ready to hear the details?" Grace asked as soon as they were in their own apartment, the door having just been closed. She was smirking, and Nolan knew he had been played. Grace had wanted him to stew in it all week. And it had been delicious for her.

"Fuck yes, I'm dying here," Nolan admitted.

"Heh, poor baby. You've been wanting to ask me all week, haven't you?" Grace teased, not needing to ask, knowing the answer already. Nolan nodded. "I'm a bad girl, aren't I?"

"Yes, you are, and it's driving me crazy," Nolan said, his breath catching. Grace stepped closer to him, putting her hands on his chest. She looked up at him with a sly grin, her eyes full of mischief, before pushing him back onto their couch.

"Tell me how much you've been thinking about me and him all week. Tell me what's been going on inside that head of yours," she said as she stood over him, her hands on her hips. Nolan took a deep breath, his cock already stirring in his pants. "You've been thinking about me sucking Nate off? How good it feels to have his big dick in my mouth? To feel it throb against my tongue? How good it feels to have him shoot off into my mouth?"

"Yes," Nolan breathed, his eyes wide. "I've been thinking about it a lot. I've been thinking about him fucking you too, about you guys, erh, throwing the 'no-touching' rule to the side. But I know that hasn't happened... right?"

Grace's eyes darkened, her smile widening. She unbuttoned her incredibly tight pants and slowly pushed them down her long legs, stepping out of them. She was wearing a black thong, the lacy material barely covering her pussy. Nolan's mouth went dry, his eyes glued to her body.

"Right," Grace agreed, but there was a mischievous glint in her eye that made Nolan's heart skip a beat. He couldn't be sure if she was messing with him or if she was being honest. She stepped up onto the couch, her bare feet on either side of his thighs. She looked down at him, her eyes half-lidded.

"Now, keep that face steady," she ordered as she reached down and grabbed his hair, yanking his head back. She stepped forward, her crotch right in front of his face. Nolan groaned at the rough treatment, his cock throbbing in his pants. She held his head still and reached down to pull her thong to the side, revealing her smooth pussy. Nolan's mouth watered, his tongue darting out to wet his lips. "I'm gonna tell you what happened, baby. Just remember that this is all for you. All of this. I'm just a messenger."

"Okay," Nolan whimpered, eager to hear what she had to say.

Grace let out a soft sigh, then lowered herself down, pressing her pussy to his mouth. She held his head still as she began to grind against his face, her slick juices coating his lips and chin. Nolan groaned, his tongue flicking out to lick her clit, his hands coming up to grip her ass. Grace moaned, her fingers tightening in his hair.

"You ready to hear it?" she asked, her voice low and sultry. Nolan nodded, his mouth still pressed against her pussy. Grace let out a soft sigh, then started to move, slowly grinding against his face, her juices coating his lips and chin.

"Well, I went over to Nate's. We've been texting each other all week, me being the ultimate tease. It's so much fun, baby. He was getting so desperate. Almost like you're now." Grace panted. "So I went over there. He had bought me all kinds of clothes, like I said, and I tried them on. He really knew what items to get, as they all made my flawless ass look so perfect."

"Mmm," Nolan moaned. He tried to say she looked good either way, but it was muffled. Grace was so into her own fantasy now that she didn't hear him, and if she did, she didn't show it. The only indication that she was listening was the way she ground her sex into his mouth, as if she was trying to shut him up.

"Oh, baby... Your mouth is so good on me, but I'm not done with you yet. Not until I've told you what you've been dying to hear."

"Mmmph," Nolan groaned, his tongue continuing to work her clit. Grace gasped, her fingers tightening in his hair as she continued to move, her hips rolling as she rode his face.

"Then we sat down to talk. Well, I sat down in his lap, and he felt me grind against him. His big, thick cock pressed against my ass. I could tell he wanted to bend me over on his bed and fuck me until I screamed. He grabbed my waist, but I reminded him to keep his hands to himself. Luckily for our date in a few weeks, he did. And I kept my khaki-clad ass in his lap like my ass owned his fat cock. He was so frustrated, poor guy," Grace smirked. "I was in complete control, though. I was in charge. I got to tease him. I could make him do anything I wanted... But then..."

Grace trailed off, her breath hitching in her throat as Nolan's tongue continued to work its magic, her pussy clenching around his tongue. Grace's breath became more laboured, her hips rocking against his mouth.

"And then," Nolan prompted, his voice muffled by her pussy. He needed to hear the rest.

"And then... He turned the tables. I was in such control, but suddenly he asked me, no, commanded me to take my shorts off, and to sit on him in only my thong... I could hardly refuse him. He has a way about him, and... He's not your average guy. His eyes just... I wanted him, okay, baby? I felt his big cock under me, and I was horny. So I took them off, and sat down in only my thong. And then he made me grind against him, dry hump his monster. It was so hot... He

had this power. His voice, his... presence, and his big cock, of course. I never thought myself a size queen, but that big thing does things to a woman..."

"Mmmph," Nolan moaned, his tongue delving deeper into her pussy. His mind was reeling. The thought of Grace taking off her shorts and rubbing her ass against another guy's dick, even in her thong, was so erotic, but so forbidden. It was so close to crossing that boundary. He could feel her pussy getting wetter and wetter, her juices flowing into his mouth, her breath coming in short pants.

"And then..." Nolan urged. His cock was rock hard, his own hips humping against thin air as his mouth ate Grace's pussy hungrily.

"Oh, God, yes!" she cried out as he found a particularly sensitive spot. She shivered on his tongue. Nolan groaned in frustration as the action had the unintended consequence of making Grace close her story.

"And then?" he moaned.

Grace's body began to shudder as her climax built. Her words became more and more broken. She gasped out loud before letting her head drop back. Her hips began to move faster, her breath coming in shallow bursts, her body starting to tense. She let out a whimper and then cried out, her fingers gripping his hair tightly.

"Make me cum, Nolan, make me fucking cum," she gasped.

Nolan didn't have to be asked twice. He grabbed her hips and pulled her down harder on his mouth, his tongue and lips attacking her clit and her entrance. She was so wet, so turned on that she came within moments.

"Oh fuck, yes!" she shouted, her body spasming on him, her pussy clenching around his probing tongue. Nolan felt her pussy pulse, her hips bucking in pleasure. She continued to climax, her body shaking, her thighs squeezing around his face as she came. "Oh fuck, fuck, yes! Oh god, Nolan!"

Eventually, her climax died, and she collapsed forward. He pulled out and let out a groan. "And then?"

Grace's laughter filled the room, the sound light and happy. She pulled back a little, and his head tipped down slightly. Nolan let out an unhappy growl as he pulled away, licking his lips. Grace giggled and gently stroked his hair, panting a little.

"Earlier that week, he asked what would happen if he fucked me," Grace said. "If that would mean our date gets pushed back. But that he could still fuck me."

Nolan gulped, not entirely liking the sounds of that. Was Grace telling him this as a precursor to a confession, or was this just her keeping him up to date?

"And then what?" he asked wearily.

"I said that was technically true. But that I would never do that," Grace said. There wasn't any sort of indication that she had done so. Nolan couldn't be completely sure, as Grace did seem to be hinting that she was on a bit of a boundary-pushing journey.

"But then what happened with Nate last Sunday?"

"Well..." Grace grinned. "We continued. I sat there on Nate, dry-humping him through my thong and his boxers. His fat, long cock grinding against my ass... then he asked me... if it would be worth it..."

"Worth what?" Nolan said, but Grace only smirked knowingly at him. She didn't answer his question, but he was pretty certain that this had been a part of some greater scheme of hers.

"I said no. I don't think he liked that, because he commanded me to get down on my knees. It was like my body reacted before my mind could. He has this way of speaking and looking at you. It makes your legs shake. It's so erotic to feel that... that pressure. It didn't take long until I was bobbing up and down his big cock."

Nolan's breath caught, the thought of it, seeing it playing in his head. Seeing the angel on her knees, another man's cock in her mouth. She looked so angelic, the way her hair cascaded around her, framing her face as she knelt in front of him. His cock twitched in his pants, his body reacting to the mental image.

"Was his... did you taste him?" Nolan's voice came out as barely a whisper, as if asking any louder would break the spell of the moment. He had to hear it.

"As much as I could," Grace confirmed, a smile spreading across her face. "Oh, you're loving this. I thought you would. I thought you were more into the teasing and dirty talking, but maybe that's what made me go as far. That you'd like it when things are a bit on the edge. It was such an ego-trip for him to have his neighbour's girl sucking his cock... He just grabbed my head and shoved his cum into my throat..."

"Oh god," Nolan groaned, his eyes wide. The image of her choking and sputtering on his dick, taking the big man's load down her throat, it was too much.

But then his mind caught up to him, and Nolan's mouth fell open. He had expected her to describe how he tasted and what the act itself had been like. This description, while vague and a little bit abstract, spoke much more of what the actual situation was.

"He... grabbed you?" Nolan asked, wanting confirmation of his fear.

Grace grinned wickedly at him, a twinkle of amusement in her eye, a devilish smirk playing on her lips. "Yes," she said. "I'm a naughty, naughty girl."

Nolan was gobsmacked. Grace just had this smug little smirk on her face as she pulled his face up to her crotch, pressing it to her soaking pussy again. He could smell her sweet juices leaking out of her, her pussy clenching from his attention to her body, and her mind. His tongue darted out, tasting her arousal, the thought of what Nate had done to her making him ravenous.

Suddenly, as his mouth was sealed shut, he felt her hand slowly trail down behind her, finding his buckle. The sound of her undoing his belt was loud and clear in his head, the sound almost as arousing as what she was saying to him, and how she was using him. The sound of the buckle coming undone was followed by the zip being pulled down. He felt Grace's fingers wrap around his shaft, and the next moment his cock was out in the open, in the hand of his sexy girlfriend. He couldn't see anything, his view completely obscured by her crotch, but the sensation was intense.

She slowly began to stroke his length, his cock growing harder with every movement.

"And he didn't do anything else?" Nolan finally managed to speak, the words coming out in a croak.

Grace laughed and then pulled back slightly, taking his head in her hands and looking down into his eyes. "No," she said. "He was good. But I didn't punish him for doing what he did."

"You let him grab your head while you sucked him off," Nolan stated. "Fuck... That's so hot."

"Isn't it?" she asked, her voice lowering into a seductive purr. She stroked his cheek with her finger. "You like that, baby? You like the idea our older neighbour getting his filthy hands on your girlfriend?"

"Yes," he groaned.

"And what would you say if I let him touch me a little bit more?" Grace's voice was so low, so seductive, her words wrapping around him like silk.

"I'd say..." Nolan's voice was tight. His mind raced, trying to figure out what he wanted to say. What did he want? Did he want her to take more risks, let their neighbour get his hands all over her, or was he satisfied with the current level of teasing and control they had set up? He knew that the idea of Nate touching Grace made his cock throb in her hand.

"I'd say..." he repeated. "...I'd say you're a naughty girl. But a naughty girl who's in control. It's your choice."

Grace's eyes lit up, her smile growing wider. She knew what that meant. It was up to her what she would do with that newfound power, but he had given her the okay to take a little bit more of a chance with their neighbour.

"I'm gonna sit on you," she said, and it was a simple statement. Nolan didn't know what to say. Grace leaned in and kissed him deeply, her tongue plunging into his mouth, exploring him, claiming him. When she broke the kiss, she smiled at him, a little twinkle in her eye. "I want you inside me."

Nolan moaned as she climbed off of him. She turned around, her ass facing him, the tiny black thong nestled between the cheeks, and she slowly sank down on him. Nolan's hands went to her hips as her tight pussy slid down his cock, enveloping him in her wet heat. He was mesmerized by the sight of her ass, and how she looked from behind, as she took him inside her.

"God, you feel so good," she said, her voice a moan.

"So do you," Nolan grunted, his hands gripping her hips tightly, pulling her down on him as he started to move. He watched her ass as she started to move up and down, her pussy sliding along his length. Grace's ass was perfect. It was firm yet soft, round and tight, and it looked so good as she moved. He could feel her muscles working as she rode him, the sensation of her hot pussy on his dick driving him wild.

"Fuck," she gasped, her hands on his knees for support. "Fuck, baby, you feel so good."

Nolan grunted, his hips thrusting up to meet hers. He could feel her juices running down his shaft, coating his balls, the sound of their sex filling the room. He couldn't believe he had given her the go-ahead for more. Was it a mistake? Would he come to regret it? The idea that she

could be doing more with Nate was so hot, so exciting, that he couldn't help but push it. But there was that risk.

"Are you gonna cum for me?" she asked, her voice a moan. "Are you gonna fill me up while I tell you what he did to me?"

"Yes," he panted. "Fuck yes."

"What if I told you, ugh, that I wanted to break the rules? I won't, you have to trust that, but I'd like nothing more than to let Nate fuck me silly, maybe even while you're at work," Grace moaned, her pussy clenching around his shaft.

"Oh god," Nolan groaned, his hands tightening on her hips, his thrusts becoming harder and faster.

"How would you react to that? If I fucked Nate when you weren't home... If he fucked your girlfriend like a worthless little plaything..." she asked, her voice a purr, the sound sending shivers down his spine. He couldn't deny that the idea of Grace being used by Nate, especially without his knowledge, made him incredibly aroused.

"Oh fuck, I can't handle it..." Nolan panted. "Just tell me, tell me more of what he did."

"We didn't do anything more. He came all over me, while breaking some rules, tempting me to break some others, but I was good. I showered and got home," Grace said, slowly stopping her riding. Nolan groaned, desperate for her to continue, to make him cum.

"Why'd you stop?" he moaned, looking up at her, her long hair falling in her face. She looked down at him with a wicked grin.

"I thought maybe you wanted me to be naughty a bit more..." Grace said. "I think Nate's out on his balcony right now, and I haven't visited him this week..."

"Are you going to see Nate now? Please, I really don't want you to sleep with him before your date," Nolan said, in a moment of clear-mindedness.

"Baby, don't worry," Grace smiled. It wasn't an answer, and his head went straight back in a fog, as she slipped his dick back in her pussy, and started to move again, her hands gripping his shoulders as she began to ride him hard.

"Oh, god," Nolan gasped as she moved, his eyes locked on her beautiful form, her pert breasts glancing against his face, her hair bouncing. He knew where she was going with all of it, and that she would never actually sleep with someone behind his back, but it was a risk of trust that made everything feel more real and all the hotter. "Grace," he breathed, her name on his lips. "Don't fuck him."

Grace seemed to understand that this wasn't teasing. While it turned him on that she was bad, this was sincere. Nolan was glad she understood and that she heeded him right away. "I won't. So you don't like it when I push the boundaries like that?"

"I do... just not to such an extreme," Nolan said.

"I get you," Grace said, smiling deviously. "Don't worry, I'm your girlfriend, baby. Your dirty, sexy, hot girlfriend... Not his."

"Ugh... Fuck, I love it, Grace," he moaned, thrusting into her, meeting her movements.

"I can see you love it," she smiled, and slowly began to ride him again. "No, I won't fuck him... but I might just sit in his lap again, grind against his monster and listen to him talk about all the dirty things he'd do to me..."

Nolan moaned and thrust up into Grace, her ass slamming into him as she rode him, the sensation of his cock sliding inside her driving him crazy. She knew just the thing to say.

"Maybe he will try to grab my ass, heh... And maybe, just maybe..." Grace panted. "... I'll let him..."

Nolan's hips met Grace's downward movements, her pussy clenching on him. He was so close. He needed to cum, needed to fill her with his cum and claim her as his own. It felt almost like an emergency switch had gone off, him fucking up into his girlfriend while she sat on his cock.

"Yes! Fucking cum inside me. Own me, mark me, baby, claim your girl. Cum inside your girl so no one else can!" she gasped and threw her head back, her mouth falling open, her hands gripping his thighs hard, holding on for dear life as she moved up and down his cock. She knew what he was thinking. "And then when we're done, maybe you'll sit on our balcony while I go and have a chat with my big neighbour?"

With a strangled growl Nolan felt his cock spasm, and Grace cried out, feeling him spurting deep inside her, her tight tunnel milking every last drop from him, her own climax taking over.

"Oh god, yes!" she gasped, her body shuddering. Nolan thrust hard into Grace one final time, his dick spurting inside her, his cum coating her walls. He looked at her flawless ass flexing with her movement.

He was still hard. He was shocked he wasn't a quivering puddle of man on their sofa but he wasn't soft yet. And he wanted more. He wanted to prove he was as virile as anyone else.

Grace leaned in for a kiss and then pushed off his dick and turned around. "That was amazing... And it feels naughty, having you on the sofa with your clothes still on, jeans around your ankles... disheveled... and because of me," she smirked. Nolan could see her juices on his shaft, and he smiled happily, his body feeling amazing. He felt alive. "Do you want me to go over and see Nate?"

"Uh huh," Nolan groaned.

"I'd love to. He does deserve a bit of a show," Grace smiled deviously and then leaned down. Her hand gripped his cock, still wet from their sex, and guided him back inside her.

"Are you... are you sure you can go again?" Grace wondered. She seemed surprised.

"Fuck yeah, you make me wild, babe." Nolan growled and grabbed her hips, and she moaned and leaned down, pressing her body to him. Her soft breasts were crushed against his clothed chest. "Especially that shit with Nate. I want you to tease the fuck out of him. I'm sure it'd make his week, and the anticipation, god. It will drive him mad."

Nolan started to move his hips. His pace was slower, but every movement was measured and strong.

"Oh my god, I love you," she giggled and kissed him. "It's not only driving Nate mad, though, am I right?"

"You are," Nolan groaned.

"So I can still touch him?" Grace asked. Nolan gave a jagged nod and she grinned. "Heh, okay... But him touching me, like on the ass or... other places... is still not on the menu for you?"

"God..." Nolan groaned as Grace continued to ride his cock. His mind raced, his thoughts swirling, but he managed a small smile. "I think if... If it happens, and it's just the once, or twice, I think I could live with that. You have all the power there, you set the boundaries, so..."

"Wow, I have power. You sure?" Grace laughed.

"I am. I trust you. You know what I want better than me... just--"

"I'll be careful, Nolan," Grace whispered. "I can handle him, baby. But that means I can go visit him like... I'll go right now? And do whatever?" There was a little hesitation to her voice. It was a boundary she wasn't going to push unless Nolan gave her the okay.

Nolan smiled, leaning in, kissing her softly. "Yeah." Grace's eyes shone, and she nodded, before leaning back down, and kissing him. His tongue met hers and the kiss quickly grew passionate and hot, the two lovers losing themselves to each other.

The moment was broken as Grace suddenly stopped moving. She looked into his eyes. There was a seriousness there, the joking nature of the situation momentarily forgotten. "Are you really sure? You don't want me to... I won't let it get that far, but I don't want you to regret anything, either," she whispered, concern in her voice.

"No... I... I think I want it," Nolan admitted. "You, doing whatever... just, be good..." The momentary sincerity was broken, but they both knew that this was a serious step for Nolan to take. All the jealousy play, all the dirty talk and teasing, had been one thing, but here, at the cusp of Nolan saying it was alright if Grace actually cheated, to some small extent, the gravity of it hit him. Nolan saw the same thing dawn on Grace's face. Both knew how serious it could get. And while the both of them knew the consequences of something happening could get dire, neither of them was in the mind space of caring.

"Okay," she said softly and kissed him. She rolled her hips and got off of him again. His cock popped out of her with an audible smack, a small line of juices linking their genitals. Nolan watched with hooded eyelids as she walked away from him.

Grace blew him a kiss as she left for their bedroom. "Enjoy yourself, baby. Watch your hot girlfriend get dressed to impress your competition."

As Grace took a quick shower, put on makeup, and made herself look a little more presentable than she had been, Nolan took a breather. He watched as she went to her closet and opened it, scanning through the many outfits she could choose from. He could tell from the look in her eye that she was trying to pick something that would make him and Nate drool. It seemed his girlfriend, or maybe even both of them, were on a bit of a high; A high from all the naughtiness and rule-pushing, from their mutual agreement that whatever happened tonight would happen and that both of them would be to blame if it got too far.

After a few moments, she picked out a sheer, lacy top and a pair of black leggings. She pulled the leggings over her long legs. She didn't put on any panties. As the thin fabric stretched taut over the perfect curves of her ass, Nolan licked his lips, his heart pounding in his chest as his eyes followed her every movement.

The leggings left very little to the imagination and showed everything; her beautiful ass and her toned thighs were so well outlined.

"Oh wow, baby. You look good," he breathed, the sight of her in those clothes turning him on immensely. Grace walked to Nolan, who still sat where she had left him, pants down.

"If we keep letting Nate get away with these things..." Grace began and leaned in for a kiss. She broke away a few seconds later and smiled. "It's only fair we get to push the rules a bit, too, right?"

Nolan nodded and then returned her smile, but it didn't reach his eyes. They had both agreed that they should be careful, but Nolan couldn't help but feel a pang of anxiety. He couldn't help but feel that this was dangerous. He knew that she wasn't going to do anything stupid, but the idea that she was pushing the boundaries and that she admitted that she was tempted to break the rules with Nate was enough to make his stomach churn.

But then again, that was why he was excited. It was a risk, and it was a risk they were taking together. They were in this together, and they were going to see it through.

"Maybe I will let him grab my ass," Grace said, her voice a low purr, her eyes dark with lust. "Maybe I will even let him... oops!" She giggled as her fingers brushed against his cock and then slowly trailed up his shaft, her nails scraping lightly against the skin of his length.

"Be careful, Grace," Nolan warned. His voice was tight. His heart was hammering in his chest as he tried to maintain some semblance of control.

"Oh, I'll be careful," she said, her hand squeezing his cock lightly, teasing him. "I'll make sure to give him a good show... a show that I'm showing you, my boyfriend... the guy I love..."

"I'll watch?" Nolan asked, surprised. How would that work?

"I'm not sure what you will, but... you should probably hang around the balcony for a little bit," Grace smiled, pulling away from him and going to the front door. "I'm sure you'll find a way to have a little fun..."

Nolan looked after her, his mind reeling. He could hardly believe that he had agreed to this. But as he thought about it, he couldn't deny that he was excited. The idea of his girlfriend pushing boundaries and being naughty was incredibly arousing, even if it was a risk, and even if he was a little jealous.

Grace winked at him as she walked out of the door, and Nolan watched her go. He couldn't stop thinking about how good she looked in those leggings, how her ass looked so perfect and her toned thighs were so well defined.

Nolan was still hard. His cock was still standing at attention, and he was still in the living room. He needed to move, as per her instruction. So, he pulled his pants back up, fastening the belt and walking to the balcony. He wasn't going to miss a second of this. If Grace wanted to tease Nate, he'd let her. If she wanted to do something more with him, that was up to her.

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It didn't take long. Nolan was out on the balcony, trying to remain as quiet as he could, and he could hear Nate draw his cigarette, momentarily unaware of what had taken place in the next-

door apartment. He could hear the door to the neighbour's apartment open and close, and then he heard the sound of footsteps on the balcony.

"Hey there," Grace said, her voice low and seductive. Nolan could feel his cock twitch in his pants as he imagined the look on Nate's face. He could hear the man's sharp intake of breath as she walked over to him.

"Hey," he said, his voice rough. "You're looking nice."

"Thank you," she said, her voice a purr. Nolan could hear the sound of her light steps on the balcony. She must have been wearing heels.

"What are you doing here?" Nate asked, his voice a low growl. "I haven't heard from you, and you've left me hanging, Grace. You've been a bad girl."

"I was just coming to see you," she replied, her voice low and seductive. "I was hoping you'd be out here."

"You were, huh?" Nate asked, his voice a low rumble. "Well, you're lucky I was."

"I am," she said, her voice low and throaty. Nolan could hear the sound of her hands on his body. "I was hoping you'd be out here. I was hoping you'd be able to keep me company."

"What, Nolan's not home?" Nate teased.

Grace giggled. Nolan's breath caught in his chest, but he kept silent. Grace's shoes clacked against the wood as she moved closer to Nate.

"Fuck, baby. Your ass looks amazing," Nate growled.

"Really?" Grace asked. There was a teasing hint in her voice. "I bet you wish you could touch it, huh, cowboy? Grab my perky ass, heh."

"I'd love that. Fuck, you've got an amazing ass, I'll give you that," he said, a chuckle on his lips. "But no... That's against the rules... I guess that I have to sit here and admire you from afar."

"Mmm, you do," she said, a teasing lilt in her voice.

"Turn around. Let me see," he commanded.

Grace let out a little laugh before turning on the spot. He couldn't quite hear, but the sound of her feet shifting and the fabric stretching as it moved over her legs was enough for Nolan to get the gist. She had to have done a little spin to give Nate the whole picture. Her toned ass, her slender legs, and the tight fit of her leggings.

It was such a thrill hearing how the two interacted. Nolan was so grateful to Grace for letting him have this, as Nate didn't seem to know he was listening in.

"Fucking Christ..." Nate grunted. "So, given your clothes, you're not going to sunbathe today? Does that mean I get a show instead?"

"If you want. I figured I'd let you decide. Do you want a show, or do you want to try some of the stuff you got me? Or for me to wear that bikini that is only for you?" Grace said, her voice laced with sweetness. Nolan could almost hear Nate being a bit weary. He seemed to suspect that something was going on. Grace probably was more direct in what she had planned. Now, he seemed taken aback that she asked him. Or was there something else that Nolan didn't catch?

"You'd let me decide?" he repeated. "That's new."

"Yes," Grace replied. "I'd let you decide."

"That's not like you at all, but... I'm not complaining," Nate replied after a beat, with a chuckle. "You're a goddamn bombshell, though. So... why don't you turn around again? I want to see how that outfit hugs your ass."

There was a moment of silence, and then he could hear the sound of Nate's belt clinking. "You look fucking fantastic."

"Thanks," Grace said, her voice a little breathy.

"So, what did you have in mind?" Nate asked, his voice low and rough.

"I don't know..." Grace teased.

"I don't think you came out here not knowing what you wanted," he countered.

"Well..." Grace began. She paused for a moment, and Nolan could hear her heels clicking on the floor as she stepped a little closer to Nate. The soft sound of delicate fingers colliding with heavy meat was unmistakable. Grace's hand had found its way to Nate's dick. The soft moan that left the big man's lips told Nolan that Nate was in heaven.

"Fuck, baby. That's what I'm talking about. You have no idea how much I wanted this," he said, his voice low and throaty.

"Me too, big boy," Grace replied, her voice just as low. "God, I can't believe how big you are. Fucking hell..."

Nolan's heart was racing. His cock was throbbing in his pants. He was listening to his girlfriend fondling another man's dick. Another man that was bigger and badder than him. This was a whole new level for him, and he was loving it. It was a rush. Finally, he was able to witness what had been happening. Or, not witnessing. He was hearing it, not really getting the full picture. That was almost better. His imagination ran wild at the idea of Nate's big cock and Grace's soft hand, her fingers barely able to wrap around his shaft.

"So, we're skipping the show?" Nate asked.

"I don't know, if you want," Grace said, her voice heavy with lust.

"I'd love to see you in one of those outfits I got you. I've been waiting for you to show off your body, but maybe next time, eh?" Nate asked. "I'd much rather have you like this."

"I'd rather have me like this too," Grace replied. "You feel... massive. How can you hide this?"

"I don't," Nate chuckled cockily. "It just takes some getting used to. You've never been with a guy like me, I can tell."

"No, I haven't," Grace replied. "But... God, you're so big... I can't wait to feel you inside me."

Nolan's breath hitched. He knew they wouldn't fuck, but the idea was still thrilling nonetheless. His heart was racing, his cock throbbing in his pants.

"You know what's hot about this situation?" Nate asked. Grace gave a 'idk' sound. "You always come over to tease me, show off, all that, and then perhaps we end up doing something. This

time, however, you're the one who's horny. You came over, and I didn't do shit... And yet, now, here you are, rubbing my big cock, desperate to feel it..."

Nate chuckled and then leaned in, whispering something in Grace's ear, though Nolan couldn't hear what was being said. Grace didn't reply either. Or if she did, it was also a whisper. All he heard was Nate's voice, low and throaty.

"Turn around and bend over," Nate commanded. "Hands on the balcony railing. Show me how nice and perky your ass looks. Show me how badly you want my big dick..."

"Okay, Nate..." Grace cooed sweetly. She turned on her heel and stepped towards the edge of the balcony, the sound of the metal rattling under her weight. He could imagine her long legs, the curve of her ass and the smooth curve of her thighs.

"Fuck, I wish I was allowed to grab your ass. Fuck," Nate grunted, sounding almost pained.

"No touching," she replied coyly. "Not without permission."

"I'll take what I can get," Nate groaned. There was a pause, and Nolan couldn't help but wonder what was going to happen next.

Grace was quiet for a few moments. "You can... You can push against it a bit. Feel me... But no touching. Yet..."

"Are you... are you trying to give me permission to touch that perfect ass?" Nate asked.

"No," she replied, a hint of laughter in her voice. "I'm letting you rub your cock on top of the fabric. But no hands allowed."

"Fuck," Nate grunted, sounding frustrated as hell. "Yes ma'am..."

Nolan was desperate to release his own erection, to jerk the hell off, but he was afraid any movement, either of him grunting or his zipper, would disrupt the scene taking place probably less than five feet from him. Nate's grunts told him that he hadn't wasted any time and that he had his thick meat pressed firmly between the cheeks of Grace's amazing ass. He couldn't quite hear what they said next. Grace said something and then giggled, and then Nate responded in a whisper that was impossible to discern. Grace chuckled in response again. The sound of flesh slapping flesh soon followed, and then Nate let out a grunt, followed by Grace's soft giggles and a few words.

"You've got to be quiet or someone will figure out what a bad girl I'm being, getting dry humped by her dirty old neighbor," Grace cooed softly.

Nate groaned. There was no doubt that his big, meaty dick was getting rubbed against her clothed crack. Grace's breathing was heavy, her soft moans mixing with the grunts from the older man. Nolan couldn't see the pair, but the image he conjured was clear in his mind, Grace's tight leggings and her round ass getting split apart by his thick cock, and Nate, hunched over her, fighting the urge to grab her ass.

As if on cue, "Hands to yourself, mister," Grace said.

"I just needed the leverage," Nate excused. But then he seemed to discard the need for a justification. "And you didn't mind it last time... me grabbing you and guiding you how I wanted you on my cock."

"That was just a little," Grace pouted. Nolan knew then she was putting it on a bit extra because she knew Nolan could hear them. "And I felt so bad afterwards. You know how guilty you made me feel. I had to go shower and wash you off of me."

"And now you're begging for more," Nate groaned. He sounded like a desperate animal. "This is my favourite part. The moment your resolve breaks and you start pushing boundaries."

"And why's that, handsome?" Grace asked. The pet name for the older man made Nolan shudder.

"Because then it's just a matter of time," he grinned. Nolan could tell the other man was gloating by the way Grace responded, her sigh of exasperation. "And this isn't breaking the rules, right? It's only clothed."

"I don't know," Grace said, sounding a little hesitant. There was another long pause, and then she continued. "You're such a bad influence. I'm not sure if I want to keep going. I'm a good girl, after all, and I have a boyfriend, and I shouldn't be doing this..." Grace teased.

Nolan was kind of pissed hearing how Nate tried to talk Grace out of respecting the rules, but his trust in Grace, and the excitement it created outweighed his frustrations.

"Fuck, baby... Just a little more," Nate groaned. "I'll be good, I promise."

"I'm not sure," Grace replied. "You're a dirty man, Nate."

"I'll make it worth your while, I swear," he said, his voice strained.

"Oh, I'm sure you will," she replied. "But... I don't think I can trust you to behave."

There was a pause, and Nolan could hear the sound of flesh against fabric. The two must have been continuing their dry-humping despite her words. "What if we do like we did, but without those leggings? I still won't be touching you," Nate grunted. Grace hesitated.

"I'm not wearing any underwear," she confessed in a small voice.

Nate groaned and then let out a long, tortured breath. Nolan's mind was racing. His heart was beating hard in his chest. His cock was rock hard in his pants and he could feel a wet spot forming. Was this really happening?

"Fine, fine, fine," Grace said. "But no touching. And keep it to the outside, okay?"

Nolan could hear the sound of a zipper and the sound of Nate's belt buckle hitting the floor. He couldn't believe what he was hearing. Was Grace actually going to let Nate rub himself on her bare skin? Wasn't that incredibly risky?

"Of course, baby, of course," Nate groaned.

Nolan heard a small gasp from Grace, followed by a moan from Nate. "Fuck, baby, your ass is amazing."

"Keep it on the outside," she said, her voice a little shaky. "Don't put anything inside me."

"Of course, baby, of course," Nate repeated, his voice a low growl.

The sound of Nate's buckle hit the floor as he stepped completely out of his pants beat against Nolan's ears like a drumbeat. Nolan could then hear the sound of heavy flesh slapping against

heavier flesh. He could hear the sound of her breathing heavily, her soft moans mixing with the grunts of the older man.

"You're so fucking sexy," Nate growled.

"Mmmm," Grace moaned, a little loudly. "I know..."

"I'm not even touching you. Just giving you what you need. What a good little girl like you craves," Nate groaned. The sounds of his cock sliding in the crevice between Grace's asscheeks filled the space of their shared balcony, with Nolan having a front-row seat to the action.

He never envisioned himself picturing another man's cock, but here he sat, imagining Nate's foreskin getting pulled back and forth as he humped Grace's naked ass cheeks, and his girlfriend getting frustrated from the proximity but the lack of the actual action, the feeling of a real cock driving her mad, with the added thrill of cheating, even if it was just a little. Her ass looked perfect those leggings, but now Nolan pictured them around her knees, and Nate's cock sandwiched in between her ass.

"It feels so big and nice," Grace said, her voice high-pitched. "God, it would feel so good inside me."

"Wouldn't it," Nate groaned. "Just imagine how good I could fuck you."

"God," Grace gasped. "I want to. I want you to. But I can't."

"You can," Nate breathed. "You're already doing so well. You're such a good little girl. So perfect. So obedient. So fucking sexy."

"Mmm," Grace moaned. "I know. I know. But I can't. Not yet."

Faintly, through the sounds of them talking and the jostling of clothes, Nolan picked up a sound he hadn't really registered before, but one that made his heart skip a beat. The faint, almost indiscernible sound of a hand rubbing against Grace's ass. It was quiet and subtle, but it was there, and it made Nolan's heart skip a beat. Grace had said no hands, but she didn't seem to be complaining.

"Fuck," Grace gasped. "Your hands are so big. Fuck, they feel good."

"Does that mean I can keep going?" Nate asked. There was a hint of humour in his voice, as if he knew that Grace wanted to say yes.

"Yes," she moaned. "Just... stay on the outside."

Nate chuckled and then groaned. Nolan could hear the sounds of their bodies colliding, flesh against flesh, and he could hear Grace's soft moans as Nate continued to rub his dick between her asscheeks.

"Fuck, baby, your ass is so fucking perfect," Nate growled. There was a brief pause. "And you're so fucking wet for me–"

"Nate..." Grace said. Her voice was a warning. She didn't want him to go too far.

"I know, I know," Nate chuckled. He sounded amused. "I won't. But I can tell you want it. You're dripping, baby."

"Shut up," she whined. "And don't do that again."

"I just wanted to feel how wet you were for me. I wasn't even in you," Nate said. Nolan's heart skipped a beat. Had he stuck his tip against Grace's opening? Or had he just touched it with his fingers? Either way, it sounded like it was a close call.

"Just because I'm wet doesn't mean anything," Grace replied, her voice strained.

"I know," Nate chuckled. His voice was low and husky, and Nolan could hear the desire in it. "I know... But fuck, it feels good."

Nolan was shocked. He couldn't believe what he was hearing. Grace had actually let Nate touch her pussy. She had said no hands, and Nate had somehow ended up getting away with it. Nolan grabbed his phone and called Grace. To his dismay, Grace's phone was in their apartment. He could hear it. Could she? If so, she didn't make any signs that she did.

Nate's groans filled the air as he continued to hump Grace's naked ass, his cock sliding between her cheeks. The sound of his heavy cock slapping against her skin made Nolan's blood boil. He wanted nothing more than to punch Nate square in the jaw, but he knew that Grace was still in control, despite the sudden changes to the situation.

"Fuck, baby," Grace groaned. There was a pause. "That feels so good..."

"I know, baby. It feels great for me too," Nate groaned. "How about we take this to the lounger? I want you on top of me, facing me, so that I can feel you slide that perfect ass up and down my cock."

"Mmhm, I think that would work..." Grace replied. There was a long silence, and Nolan could only guess that they were moving towards the loungers. Nolan could hear some slight movements, the sounds of shoes against the floor. Then, he could hear the sound of wood scraping against the wood.

He held his breath as he heard the sound of someone getting up onto the chair, their bodies moving against the material. Nolan could hear the soft sound of fabric rustling as they adjusted themselves, and then he could hear the distinct sound of Nate's cock rubbing against Grace's naked skin once again.

"Fuck. Look at me. Look into my eyes as you sit on my big cock," Nate commanded. Grace moaned.

"I'd rather have you on top," she purred, her voice thick with desire.

"Are you sure about that?" he asked, a little hesitant, his voice breathy. There was a short silence. Grace didn't respond. "Are you?" he repeated. Nolan heard a small grunt, followed by a heavy sigh from Nate, and he could hear them both move around on the chair so that Nate would instead be on top of Grace. This gave away so much control...

There were more movements, more bodies sliding against the material.

"That's a girl," Nate breathed.

Nolan's mind went to overdrive as he listened, his heart hammering. He wanted nothing more than to know exactly what was taking place. He was almost shaking. The sound of the movement, the subtle creaking of the lounger, the heavy breaths and moans, were the only hints that were given.

The sound of their bodies slapping together was all that he could really hear, and it was driving him wild.

As their movements intensified, Nolan heard Nate talk in a low voice. Luckily, as they had moved to the lounger, Nolan had moved closer to the matted wall. Not too close, because then Nate would see his silhouette.

"What are we doing?" Nate breathed.

"Shhh," Grace gasped. "It's okay. We can just grind. You just can't go inside me, baby."

Nolan heard the sound of her pushing up, her voice higher and more needy than it had been. The sound of their bodies slapping against each other was louder and more rhythmic than ever, and Nolan felt his stomach twist as the reality of the situation set in.

What was actually happening was more serious than just a bit of fun. Grace was letting Nate get away with so much. What would it be next time? No, he had to trust her. She wasn't an idiot. But the little bit of jealously mixed with the excitement in him was making his head spin.

"Princess, if you let me..."

"No!" Grace interjected, her voice insistent.

There was a brief moment of silence. Nolan's breath caught as he heard them both pause, their breathing shallow and heavy. He could only guess that Nate was trying to move forward, but Grace wasn't having any of it.

"I'll make it feel so good," Nate finally said. "I won't... I promise I won't push inside, I won't fuck you, but... Let me grind just the tip against you... I want to tease your pussy while you grind against it..."

Grace was silent, her breathing ragged. It was clear that her resolve was crumbling as their bodies stayed locked together. She was considering the offer. Nate seemed to sense an opportunity.

"Fuck, baby, you can't imagine how amazing it feels against you. Imagine how good it would feel... Pressed up against your slit, pressed between your soft lips, threatening to break the rules... Do you want me to grind up against your pussy, princess?"

There was a long moment of silence and Nolan was on the edge. The anticipation of the answer was killing him. He was shocked and excited and felt dirty and in the wrong and extremely turned on all at once. He couldn't decide whether this was exciting or terrifying, and yet it was both. His whole body was reacting, the mixture of fear and jealousy and lust swirling in his stomach. He had a good idea what the answer was.

Nate chuckled in his ear. Nolan hated how arrogant he was. If Grace said yes... "You're here being such a brute, pushing the rules, tempting me to do what I really shouldn't do... Just stop, Nate. Please. I don't know if I can say no again."

"But is saying no the answer?" Nate grinned.

Another long pause, except for the sound of their sensitive skin rubbing against one another. Was it really the answer? Nolan swallowed, feeling his mouth suddenly very dry, his throat raspy and rough. He couldn't see the two, and his imagination had to conjure up the images of them

entangled in a heated moment, locked in a desperate battle, wanting more, the rules pushed to the limit. His body was reacting in a confusing mix of emotions, the hot need pulsating from his core, as the shame washed over him. It was all such a mess... He shouldn't be turned on...

And yet he was. The idea of watching his girlfriend betray him, with his own consent, made him quiver and grow, in spite of the pain the thought would normally elicit. Was this a testament how powerful this fetish could be? It seemed like his inhibition had completely dissolved, the rule breaking had become just a sexy thing for both of them.

"Well..." Nate said, his voice heavy. Nolan couldn't see him, but he could hear the smug smirk and condescension. Nate seemed to think that Grace was going to say yes. That's why he seemed to double down on her and be the brute she accused him of. Nolan wouldn't be surprised if it was indeed a tactic. To get Grace riled up...

"Maybe..." Grace gasped. Her breathing was laboured. She was hesitating. "Maybe just a little..."

"It'll feel so good," Nate groaned.

"Oh my god," Grace whined, her voice a little strained. Her breaths were coming fast and heavy. Nolan didn't dare even breathe. "Fucking... Fuck." She gasped for breath. "Yeah, yes, a little, alright? Not all the way... Don't... Just the tip, okay? Don't go inside me..."

"Of course, sweetheart," he crooned, his voice honey-like, sticky and saccharine sweet. "I would never dream of breaking your trust."

He paused for a moment and chuckled softly, and Nolan could almost imagine the look he must have had, his smirking and dangerous eyes burning. He knew what was going to happen. The older man was going to try to fuck Grace. He was going to try to fuck her until she begged for more.

"I can feel you're so wet," he said, a little louder, a bit more insistent.

"No," Grace said. She sounded a little breathless.

"No?" he replied, feigning innocence. "But... I can feel it..."

"Stop," Grace said. Her voice was firm.

Nolan felt a surge of relief, a brief but powerful feeling that flooded his veins, the tension draining away. But then he heard something else, the low, slow and deliberate sound of a hard dick being pushed against a slick pussy. It was the faintest noise, but it was there. The idea of it was intoxicating.

"Grace..." Nate groaned, sounding desperate. Nolan heard a small gasp from Grace, followed by a small, soft moan. That was all it took.

"I'll leave you hanging, blue balls and all, if you don't," Grace warned. Nolan wanted to let out a celebratory cry, feeling utterly proud of how strong his girlfriend was. For a moment, even Nolan had doubted the strength of his own girlfriend. "Get off of me."

"Fuck, baby," Nate groaned. "You're driving me nuts. I can't imagine how Nolan has it with you."

"He respects my boundaries," Grace retorted, and once again, Nolan felt his heart swell. She was doing so good. She was making sure that Nate knew that she was in charge, that he had no power over her.

"Look, princess," he said, his voice low and husky.

"Don't princess me. Sit down, or I'll walk away." Grace demanded, her voice stern. There was a moment of silence.

"Fine," Nate grunted, and Nolan could hear the lounger creak as he sat down, probably on a chair next to the lounger they had been on. "Fine. But that doesn't mean we can't have fun. I mean, you're supposed to get me off."

"And you're supposed to not be an asshole. What's up with that? One moment you're understanding and reflective, now a complete horndog," Grace said.

"Well, you bring it out. And don't pretend like you don't like it when I'm an asshole," Nate responded with a cocky chuckle.

"Just... Come here, and let me make you feel better. And no more touching," Grace demanded. "Or I'll stop."

"I wouldn't dare," Nate chuckled.

Nolan heard the sound of Grace getting up, her body moving off of her lounger and then the sound of her soft steps as she walked to Nate. He was probably sitting on the chair. Nolan's heart was racing, his cock throbbing in his pants. Was she really going to pleasure him after pissing her off? After he had tried to push the boundaries?

"Come here," she said softly, her voice a soft whisper. "Let's make you feel better. You have a beautiful cock, Nate. Big, hard, and thick. But I'm the one in control, and you have to remember that."

"Of course, Grace," Nate said, his voice a low groan. There was a pause, a small moment of hesitation. "Fuck, that's it."

"Like this?" Grace asked. The sound of her small hand sliding up and down Nate's thick, long shaft was audible. Her breath was coming faster, and Nolan could imagine her soft, delicate hand, wrapped tightly around the thick meat of the older man's dick, moving in a steady rhythm. His own cock was throbbing in his pants, and he was dying to pull it out and stroke it. He was so turned on.

"Yes, princess," Nate groaned. "Just like that."

"God, you're such an asshole," Grace purred, her voice a little higher, a little more strained, her breath coming a little faster. The slick sound of her hand moving was louder now.

"But I'm your asshole, aren't I?" Nate groaned, his voice a low, deep rumble.

Grace didn't respond, but instead increased her pace, her hand moving faster. There was a long moment of silence, and the sound of her hand moving faster, his cock being stroked harder and harder. Without any sort of announcement, why would there be, Nolan heard the rhythmic sounds get ever wetter, Grace's moans muffled and soft, and Nate's louder. She must've started going down on him. Her slurping was only getting louder, her soft moans louder, and Nate's breath ragged.

"Ah shit," he grunted.

The sounds were wetter, messier, sloppier. Grace moaning. Nolan heard her really getting into it. Perhaps she actually liked the taste? Was she enjoying how she was pleasuring the big brute? Was this how it had been with them every time they hooked up? Being present for it was so different from when Grace told him about it.

Grace was enjoying herself, and she was being a bit more vocal than usual, her moans getting louder, and the sloppy sounds of his cock getting slurped on were ever-present. The moans were perhaps the worst part. Slightly exasperated by the passion of her own work, yet eager. It was the sound of someone who was enjoying pleasuring their partner. It was a sound that made him quiver. His whole body was on fire, his heart beating fast, his breathing ragged.

His cock was throbbing, his balls tight, as he listened to the sounds of Grace's mouth wrapped around the thick, hard flesh of the man who was almost twice her age, who had been trying to fuck her only moments before. She was still dedicated to making sure he was satisfied, despite the rules being pushed to their limits. Nolan had to give her credit for her commitment. She had a task and was going to make sure she did it well, no matter the circumstances. That was a testament to her dedication... to him.

"God, your mouth feels so good," Nate groaned. "Keep sucking, princess. Just like that. Fuck."

"Mmmhmmm," Grace moaned around his dick.

"Fuck, I'm close," he grunted, his voice low and gravelly. "I'm going to cum, baby. I'm going to cum in your mouth. You're going to swallow it all like a good girl, aren't you?"

He was being so crude and domineering. Grace wasn't responding. She was too busy sucking him off. Her moans were muffled by his dick, but Nolan could still hear her soft, desperate moans. She was enjoying herself.

"Fuck, I'm going to cum," Nate moaned, his voice a low growl. There was a moment of silence. The sound of Grace's mouth was loud, but the only thing that broke the silence was the sound of Nate grunting softly.

Nolan could obviously not see it, but Nate was probably cumming in Grace's mouth. He could hear it, the wet, sloppy sound of Grace's mouth being filled with Nate's cum. The sound of her swallowing it all, taking all of his seed.

"Fuck," Nate moaned. "That's it, baby. Keep sucking. Take it all."

Grace didn't slow down. She was still moaning, though a little quieter, the sound of her mouth working, slurping and sucking, and the sound of her swallowing. It was slow and sensual, her swallowing audible, the sound of her throat contracting as she gulped down his hot, thick load. The sound of her wet mouth was loud.

"God damn," Nate moaned.

The sound of Grace sucking him was slowing down, and a few moments later, she seemed to be done. "There. You happy now?" she asked, her voice a little breathy.

"Fucking ecstatic," Nate chuckled, his voice low and husky. "You're such a good girl."

"I am, aren't I?" she cooed. "You tried to fuck me, and still got your dick sucked."

"I couldn't help myself, sweetheart. You're too fucking tempting. But that's not my fault. I'm not the one parading around, teasing and taunting," he smirked. Nolan could imagine him sitting back in his chair, so satisfied with his performance. "Now, let me get you off in return, eh?"

"Absolutely not," Grace chuckled. "You've had enough fun for now. I'm going to take a shower and clean up. Then I'm heading home."

"You're a goddamn tease," he groaned.

"I am, aren't I?" Grace chuckled. "See you soon, big guy."

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The sex that immediately commenced afterwards was frantic, hot, and heavy. After she showered, Grace came out to him and pushed him down on the floor, stripped off her clothes, and climbed on top of him. She rode him fast and hard, the sounds of her moaning and groaning filling the apartment. She came hard and fast, and Nolan followed soon after, his body shaking and shuddering as he came inside her.

After a quick shower, the two of them retreated to their bed, Grace immediately taking the lead. She lay back on her back in the middle of the bed, her hand in Nolan's hair, eyes closed, while she held him in just the right spot. His tongue was working on her clit, his fingers inside her. He was doing exactly what she wanted and needed. He was doing exactly what she told him. He was being a good boyfriend.

"God," she groaned, her hips grinding and pushing. "I was so close."

"Did you want to?" he asked, his voice a soft whisper. He was so eager to please her.

"I'm sorry, but yes," Grace panted. She wasn't sure how he'd react. "I wanted to, but I didn't. Fuck, he was so annoying, pushing, but I just knew if I let him, that he would've fucked the hell out of me. I almost wanted to. Fuck, I wanted him to. But I knew it wouldn't be right."

"I know," he breathed. He wasn't sure if he was disappointed or not. He was so turned on, but the idea that his girlfriend had almost let another man fuck her was so arousing and so terrifying at the same time. Grace had slept with him before, and knew how good Nate could do it, so it was a great feat for her to be able to refuse it. "I tried to call you for a second, thinking it was going to happen... to stop it."

"Shit, you did?"

"Yeah, but your phone was in our living room," Nolan chuckled.

"Fuck... I'm sorry. I didn't even hear it." She paused. "So... You're okay?"

"Fuck," Nolan moaned. "I'm turned on, Grace. God, I was so nervous and scared, but now... God, I'm so turned on. You were such a good girl. You didn't let him fuck you. You kept him in check. God, I love you. You're so amazing." Nolan's words were spilling out of him, his mouth and brain working in tandem. "I mean, one part of me hated that he pushed so much, and that you wanted it so much you'd want to go ahead like that. But the other part of me knew that you'd feel so good, and that's all that mattered. You'd be satisfied, and he'd have been so good. But I'm so happy you were strong and made the right decision."

"And if I had?"

"If you had?" he asked.

"Yeah, fucked him. Would you have stopped it?" Grace whispered, her voice low.

"I... I don't think so," he breathed. "I would've been so turned on, hearing you getting pounded by him."

"Oh my god, that's so hot," Grace groaned, her hips grinding and pushing against his mouth. Her grip in his hair tightened. "Fuck. If I had let him, I would've been screaming in pleasure, and it would've been so wrong, and so right at the same time."

Nolan couldn't believe his ears. She was actually fantasizing about it. While he was eating her out, she was thinking about fucking another man in front of him. The idea of her fucking him while thinking about that was so hot, so arousing.

"Oh, god," she groaned. "I would've been so bad, but it would've felt so good. His cock would've been so deep, so good."

"Mmmm," Nolan moaned into her pussy. He could feel her juices flowing, her pussy tightening around his fingers. "But you sounded royally pissed," he said, working her expertly with his hand.

"I was!"

"And you still blew him?" Nolan challenged. Grace gasped, suddenly getting the teasing herself. Nolan was glad he could have that effect on her still. "Bad girl, eh?" he teased. Grace was moaning loudly now, his fingers working her. "You're such a bad girl."

"Oh shut up!" she whimpered. "You fucking love it!"

For the next ten minutes, Nolan continued to work his mouth and his fingers, while Grace moaned and groaned, her voice getting louder and higher, Nolan reminding her of what a naughty girlfriend he had been. It was the perfect storm, her orgasm building and building, her body writhing and wriggling, her thighs shaking, her hands gripping his hair tightly. Finally, her body tensed and quivered, her pussy clenching his fingers, her juices soaking the sheets. Her orgasm was powerful and intense, her body shaking and trembling as she came. Nolan kept at it, prolonging it, until she was finally done, her body relaxing.

"That was good," she whispered. "Really good."

"Mmmm," Nolan moaned into her pussy, giving it one final kiss before climbing on top of her, his cock hard and ready again. She opened her legs for him, and he wasted no time in pushing his cock into her still-quivering pussy. She was so wet, so tight. He began to thrust into her, his hands gripping her thighs.

It didn't take long for them to reach their climax, their bodies entwining and tensing. Grace came first, her body shaking and shuddering as her orgasm hit her. She gripped him tightly, her fingers digging into his skin. He followed soon after, his cock spasming and pulsing inside her. They both stayed there for a moment, their bodies entwined, their hearts beating.

"That's some start to the weekend," Nolan chuckled into her neck.

"Mmmhmm," she sighed in agreement. "And tomorrow is your very handsome boss's party."

"That's tomorrow?" Nolan asked, propping himself up on his elbows. Grace nodded. "Handsome, eh? Are you growing tired of Nate?"

"No... he's just pissing me off with how... he makes me weak," Grace said, looking a little guilty. "He's so big and thick, and... I feel like I'm betraying you with him."

"But he didn't fuck you today, and that's what matters," Nolan said, kissing her softly.

"Exactly. So, you're still happy with our arrangement?" she asked.

"Absolutely," Nolan replied, kissing her again. He was still on a high from her. "It's so hot. I love it."

"I'm glad. But tomorrow... perhaps I can flirt and tease Mr. Calhoun a bit?" Grace asked. "I don't want to go too far, but I think having a bit of fun with someone else than Nate might be nice..."

"Are you sure?" Nolan asked. This was a surprising suggestion from her.

"Yes," she replied. "I mean, he's a very good-looking man, and it's just for fun, right?"

"Okay. Go for it. You can do what you want with him. Flirt and tease. Just... remember that he's my boss," Nolan said, feeling a little nervous.

"Don't worry. I won't go too far," Grace replied, kissing him softly. "I just think it could be fun."

"Alright, then. Tomorrow, we're going to have some fun," Nolan said, kissing her back.

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Grace was, despite the steamy sex with Nolan and the even hotter blow job beforehand, rather pissed with Nate. He had overstepped, and he had tried to manipulate her. That wasn't cool, at all, and she needed to make a stand. The way he had treated her had made her feel a little used, and she had felt the need to prove him wrong, to win the upper hand again. He was an arrogant man. It was a turn-on, but it was also a turn-off. She had to teach him that he couldn't get everything that he wanted.

Luckily for her, the perfect opportunity presented itself the next day. It was a Saturday, and her and Nolan were planning on going to Nolan's boss' house, a Mr. Calhoun, for a house party. It was a bit unconventional for a boss to invite his employees to a party, but Grace didn't care, as long as it meant some extra fun for her. She had only met him once, when he visited her on her work site.

He looked pretty young to be a successful businessman, in his mid-twenties at most, and he had a chiseled face, with brown hair and blue eyes. He was tall and muscular, and he had a charming smile. The man was very good-looking. Nolan had described him as a ladies' man, or that women seemed to adore him, and Grace could see why. He was handsome, but also had that aura of power and control that made him so attractive.

The plan was, well, unclear. Grace wanted to make a good impression, but Nolan insisted that casual clothes would be fine. But Josh Calhoun was a well-known designer of everyday clothes, yes, but they always had a certain stylish look to them. They were never too casual. Grace was a little confused. But Nolan didn't seem to care. He just wore a pair of jeans and a polo shirt. Grace opted for a simple summer dress with a light jacket on top. It was casual, yet stylish, and it would show off her figure.

Grace was also a bit embarrassed to learn she didn't have any Entrendy products, Calhoun's clothing company, in her wardrobe. She'd avoid the topic. Perhaps her contract on his thirty-

acre *'yard'* would be enough fodder for small talk. She was a little nervous, but she knew that she could handle herself. She was a good-looking woman, and she had a good head on her shoulders.

As the two of them hopped into Nolan's Ford Equinox, Nolan was fumbling with the keys, eventually getting them into the ignition. He turned, but instead of the engine kicking in as it always did, all he got was a frustrating pause, then a rough sputtering sound. Nolan looked panicked for a second and pressed the gas pedal, but the car jerked and hesitated, barely responding. Nolan frowned, unsure of what was wrong. The engine kept stalling, and he was too clueless to figure out why.

"Something wrong?" Grace asked, a bit more frustrated than she wanted to be. Nolan and his car issues were the last thing she wanted to stress about on their way to his boss's party.

"I don't know. Something's not right," Nolan replied, trying to start it again. "Can't we just take your truck?"

"I'm not letting you near my truck… besides, showing up in a pick-up at this party wouldn't be right."

Nolan was silent for a moment, his brow furrowed. He was trying to figure out the problem, but he had no idea. Grace was getting impatient. They were going to be late. What kind of impression would this leave? Why couldn't Nolan just be more careful with his car? Was it too much to ask to get to his boss's party on time?

"Call Nate," Grace sighed, realizing this was the only option.

"What?"

"Maybe he'll drive us," Grace said, the frustration clear on her face. "You don't know shit about cars." A pang of guilt shot through her for giving her man such a bad time about it, but it was utterly annoying that they couldn't go a week without car issues. "Is he invited?"

"He is, but he didn't want to go," Nolan said, defeated. Nolan sighed, and he reached for his phone. Grace was right. They were going to be late. He couldn't let her down. She was already stressed out enough.

"Hey, Nate," Nolan said, after dialing his number. "No, no, nothing's wrong… No, we're fine. It's just that… Well, my car won't start. I don't know. It's making a weird noise and won't start… Yeah, we're going to Josh's party… Yeah, yeah, that would be great. We can pay you back for gas… Okay, thanks."

Nolan ended the call and turned to Grace, a look of relief on his face. "He'll do it."

"Great," she sighed.

The drive was awkward, with Nate being his usual self. He kept looking at Grace in the rear-view mirror. She couldn't tell if he was trying to make eye contact, or if he was just checking out her legs under the short summer dress. She tried to ignore him, but it was difficult. He was always there, always watching. His eyes were on her, his gaze burning into her skin. She wished she had worn pants or something that covered her better, but now it was too late.

Nolan noticed, of course, but tried to act indifferent. He wasn't sure if it was a good idea to confront the older man in the car while he was driving them to his boss' house. It would've been

a bit awkward. But he did give him the occasional look of disapproval, and even Grace noticed. It was a bit of a relief, knowing that her boyfriend was looking out for her.

As they arrived, Grace's heart raced. As they drove up to the gate, she could see a large, modern mansion. The mansion was built with what was probably concrete and glass, and it had an ultra-modern, futuristic feel to it. It was impressive and intimidating. They walked up to the large entrance and were greeted by the host, Calhoun. He looked absolutely amazing in a white suit that showed off his athletic physique. His blue eyes were bright, and his smile was warm and inviting.

"Hey there," he said, reaching out to shake Nolan's hand. "Nolan, great to see you."

"Hey, boss. Nice party," Nolan replied, smiling. "This is my girlfriend, Grace."

"Fiance, you should say," Josh laughed, slapping Nolan on the back. Despite being younger than Nolan by perhaps as much as five years, he was definitely more of a leader. "Great to have you both. I heard you stopped by to check out my backyard?"

"I did. But you weren't home," Grace replied. Josh chuckled, and she could tell he was checking her out. She was happy that her dress was a bit on the shorter side, showing off her amazing legs. She wasn't wearing any underwear, and she knew that he would be able to see a little bit more of her than he'd expected. "I was quite surprised by the size of the project."

"I can imagine," he replied. "It's going to be amazing. You know, I can't wait. I was thinking a small creek? With ducks and carp? Some bridges?"

"Sure, but it's going to cost," Grace replied.

"Oh, money is no issue. Just make it perfect for me," Josh chuckled.

"You can count on it," Grace smiled. "So, this is your first house, or did you upgrade?"

"No, this is my first. Sometimes I wish I hadn't gone so overboard. It's a bit big," Josh said, rubbing his neck and looking a bit embarrassed. "Nate! Didn't see you there!"

"Heh, just checking out your cars. Didn't think you'd remember my name," the older man grunted. He was dressed in a regular button-up Hawaiian shirt and some khaki shorts. He looked like he didn't belong.

"Well, I hired you. Of course, I'd know who you are," Josh laughed.

Nolan and Grace entered the mansion and were greeted by the sounds of music and chatter. People were mingling, eating, drinking, and laughing, and there was a good vibe to the party. The place was full of young, beautiful people, and it was clear that this was going to be an enjoyable night. Grace was still pissed with Nate, and now frustrated with Nolan, so some flirting and teasing would certainly be a welcome distraction.

"Let's get a drink," Nolan suggested, and the two of them headed to the bar.

"Sure," Grace replied.

As they waited, Grace couldn't help but notice how many of the women stole glances toward the host. Even the married once. Well, they had rings on their fingers, so it was a good guess. Grace couldn't blame them. He was a bit of a curiosity.

"Linda," Nolan greeted to a short brunette with nice onyx-gray eyes across the bar. "You're the bartender?"

"No, he's busy mingling," Linda smiled. Was this Mrs. Calhoun?

"He mans the bar himself?" Grace chuckled. Linda gave a nod.

"He thinks it's an easy way to make a lot of small talk with a lot of people," Linda explained. "You're Grace?"

"My name exceeds me," Grace smiled, extending a hand. "Grace Harris."

"Linda," Linda said."But don't let me bore you. We'll talk again. Probably. Go mingle."

"Will do," Grace smiled, taking over the drinks Linda had made them.

Nolan and Grace mingled indeed. They also, while trying not to be too obvious, explored the facilities a bit. They had never been inside a house like this. There was a huge kitchen area combined with a huge lounge area, with a giant glass wall facing a pool. The pool had a bathhouse, a deck, a hot tub corner, everything. And beyond that, the yard Grace was contracted to work on. She honestly would probably have to hire someone for the amount of work she was getting, but it was such a responsibility. What if the poor schmuck had to go without pay because Grace only wants to grow plants and not worry about the bitch that was running a company?

"Grace?" Nolan asked.

"Did I space out?" Grace said, chuckling. She had. She had been staring out at the yard.

"Should we join the pool, or do you have other plans?"

"Well..." Grace began. "Didn't you want me to flirt a bit?"

Nolan chuckled. "I did, didn't I?"

"Then I'll see you around. Have fun," Grace said. Nolan was a bit taken aback. He didn't really expect her to just leave him hanging. Then again, it wasn't like they had come to the party to spend time with each other. They were there to have fun. Grace wanted to have fun with Josh Calhoun.

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Nolan stood there, alone. A bit confused. He had a drink in one hand, and the other was hanging limp at his side. He looked around, and saw a group of his coworkers, and they were chatting and laughing. He wanted to go over, but he wanted to see what Grace would do... but she couldn't very well hang over her like that if she were to flirt. People here knew he was her boyfriend.

It struck Nolan then. What would people think when Grace flirted with their boss? Grace had never been one to be shy. She was always outspoken and direct. She was always up for a challenge, and she was always willing to push the envelope. And that was what she was doing now. Or would she try someone else first? It was a bit nerve-wracking, not knowing how Grace would behave.

"Ah, Nolan, you came!" a deep, cheerful voice called out. It was a guy from work, his supervisor in the PR department, named Sean. He was an African-American, a big guy with a bit of a beer belly, but also a friendly face and a deep voice. He was a good guy, and Nolan liked working with him. He was a good supervisor, and he was always helpful, but he was also a bit of a goofball. He was always cracking jokes, and he was always making people laugh. "And you brought the missus, too!"

"She's around," Nolan said. Sean was one of the few who knew they were more than friends. "We're not married."

"Ah, sorry! Grace, wasn't it?"

"Yeah. She's the one working on the backyard here," Nolan explained.

"Oh, I see! That's cool," Sean said. He looked around, and then he smiled. "Well, come join the rest of us!"

"Sure," Nolan said. He didn't want to be left out, and he wanted to have a good time. It was nice of his boss to invite him to a party at his mansion. He was a bit of a celebrity, and he was always trying to be friendly and approachable. Nolan wasn't sure if that was the best strategy, but it was working for him. And he was a pretty good boss, too.

The group that Sean led him to was a group of young men and women, all of whom were employees of Entrendy. Most of them were in their twenties, and they were all dressed in stylish and fashionable clothes, which was no surprise, as Entrendy was a clothing company. They were all friendly and outgoing, and they were all excited to see Nolan. It wasn't the biggest company, and Calhoun Holding worked pretty closely with Entrendy, so a lot of them knew each other.

The group was sitting around the kitchen island, and they were all drinking and talking. Nolan grabbed a beer from a cooler and joined them. As he sat down, he couldn't help but look around for Grace. He didn't know why, but he was curious to see what she was up to. He wasn't worried, per se, but he was a bit apprehensive. Grace was a confident woman, and she was always up for a challenge, and he wasn't sure how she was going to behave at the party. And if she was going to flirt, then with whom?

It also didn't help on his nerves that Grace was a bit pissed at him and Nate. The two of them had been pushing things too far, and he was worried that she was going to do something that she would regret. But then again, this was Grace, and he trusted her.

"So, how's the new campaign going, Nolan?" Sean asked, taking a sip of his drink. "Any news on the launch?"

"Well, the launch date is set, and we're still on schedule. The campaign is coming along nicely, and we're almost ready to go. We're still tweaking some things, but we're getting there. I've been working a lot with marketing lately," Nolan said. "I think we're going to be ready to launch the new line in a few weeks. It's a really exciting project. Luna landed a few models that will make those blue-collar folks drool over the new workwear. She also managed to get a couple of influencers on board, too."

"Wow, that's great! I can't wait to see the final product," Sean said.

Nolan nodded and took a sip of his drink. He glanced around the room again, looking for Grace. He spotted her a few moments later, standing in the middle of a small group. She was laughing and talking with them, and she looked like she was having a good time. She was wearing a simple summer dress, and she looked gorgeous. The dress showed off her amazing body, and her legs were long and toned. He couldn't help but stare at her, admiring her beauty. He was a lucky man to have such a beautiful girlfriend.

She was talking to some people from the marketing team, and they were all laughing and joking around. Nolan felt a sense of relief wash over him to see her in a good mood. She had made her rounds with some of Nolan's co-workers. Maybe she would be good after all.

He felt his stomach sink when a familiar figure approached the group. Josh Calhoun, their boss, had come out to the patio, towering over the group, oblivious to the admiring stares. He smiled and nodded as he made his way around, chatting with a few people along the way. Nolan knew he had nothing to worry about, as their boss was known for his charming personality. It was no secret that he was popular with the ladies, but he was a good guy. While Grace would probably earn a few glances from his boss, Nolan sort of doubted that Josh Calhoun would try to put the moves on his subordinate's partner.

Grace spotted Nolan watching her, and she smiled. It wasn't a sweet, affectionate smile, but a devious grin that was meant to be mischievous and playful. She turned away from Nolan, her long hair swinging behind her. He felt his stomach flutter. Grace was a confident and sexy woman, and it was no surprise that Josh Calhoun would find her appealing.

Josh approached the group that Grace was chatting with, and immediately started chatting them up. The women seemed to enjoy his company. It was hard not to be drawn to his charming personality and handsome face. Nolan couldn't hear them, as they stood out on the pool deck, but Grace went from mischievous and playful to being hooked on what Josh was talking about.

As he chatted, Grace's face seemed to lighten up with genuine interest.

"You're really going to let her do that?" Nate said, suddenly appearing next to Nolan. "Flirt and tease with your fucking boss, that is?"

"What?" Nolan asked, a bit annoyed. He didn't appreciate his girlfriend flirting with another man, let alone his boss. "She wouldn't. And besides... He wouldn't. She's my girlfriend."

"He's fucking loaded, young, handsome, and has an entire army of sluts at his beck and call," Nate chuckled. "A guy like him would have no trouble taking Grace home."

"Oh, come on. What, are you jealous?" Nolan teased.

"I'm just saying, Josh is a real threat," Nate said, clearly a bit flustered. Nolan had never seen that in him, not that he could recall.

"And you're not, is what you're saying," Nolan concluded.

"No. What, no, absolutely not," Nate started.

"Want my drink? It has booze in it, and I'm on a diet of beer and water for the night," Nolan said.

"Why?" Nate grunted.

"Well... Grace doesn't like it when I get too drunk. I'm already on thin ice with the car fucking up again," Nolan said, a hint of frustration in his voice.

"You let her control you, don't you? That's fucked up. If you want a drink, have a drink," Nate scoffed.

Nate was probably right, Nolan thought. But Nolan couldn't stand to have Grace mad at him. She was his rock, his best friend. He couldn't imagine a life without her.

Grace was laughing at something that Josh had said, and Nolan couldn't help but smile. It was good to see that Grace was enjoying herself. He could only hope that it would last for the duration of the party.

"So, what do you think, Nolan? You gonna let him?" Nate pressed.

"Look, Nate, it's complicated," Nolan said, feeling a little uneasy. He didn't really know how to answer. "We're having some fun. Grace gets a rush out of the taboo. And I guess..."

"You like seeing her show off for others?" Nate finished.

"Well... Yes," Nolan trailed off. He didn't really want to talk to Nate about his sex life, and especially not about Grace's sexual interests. She was his girlfriend, and she was his best friend, and he didn't want to discuss her like she was some kind of sex object, and least of all with someone like Nate.

"So... What's the longevity on this exploration of you and Grace's?" Nate asked. It made sense that he hoped to know, given he was as involved as he was.

"Nate... Look, can you not be nosy?" Nolan asked.

"Hey, you need me for your weird sex stuff. I just wanna know when I'll stop," Nate grunted defensively. It wasn't something Nolan really wanted to talk about. "I mean, eventually you'll want to settle down, right? Get married, get kids, a house with a yard, a dog, that stuff?"

"Honestly, that's the life I'm living to achieve," Nolan said in a weak moment of sincerity. Nate's eyes shifted a bit. This was perhaps the most open moment they'd had as friends.

Nolan turned back to Grace, as he watched her smile and chat. She was wearing a cute little summer dress, and he couldn't help but admire how beautiful she looked. He couldn't help but feel a pang of jealousy. Not of her. But of Josh. He was having such an easy time chatting her up while he was stuck talking to Nate.

His conversation partner was still looking at him in the way that made him feel uncomfortable, so Nolan quickly took a sip of his drink.

"I mean, who wouldn't want Grace as their housewife? Don't you want to come home to a clean house and a ready-to-fuck Grace?" Nate asked.

"Well yeah, but..." Nolan started, "I already have that. And Grace wants her independence, I guess."

"Yeah, she sure does."

"But look at her," Nolan said, motioning to Grace, "look how beautiful she is. And she can talk to anyone and demand their attention."

Nate said nothing.

"She's just so great," Nolan said, unable to stop gushing over his girlfriend. He couldn't take his eyes off her, she looked so gorgeous in that short little summer dress. "But you knew that. She's the love of my life."

There was a beat, and the silence that followed made him nervous. But Nate merely chuckled. "Incredible how you guys make it work," he muttered, shaking his head in what seemed like astonishment. Or envy? Was Nate jealous of Nolan's relationship with Grace? "Hey, if you ever need help in getting those kids, I'm happy to lend a hand. Or cock."

"Oh fuck, you're the worst," Nolan sighed. He was sure Nate meant it both literally and figuratively. He could imagine Nate trying to impregnate Grace, and he didn't even want to entertain the thought.

"Hey, it's the least I can do, being the third wheel and all that," Nate shrugged.

"You need to find a girl of your own."

"Too much work, and too little to gain," Nate grunted. Nolan couldn't help but laugh. It was such a typical Nate thing to say. "Besides, I have Grace to look at. She's a fine woman."

"But Grace isn't yours," Nolan chuckled dismissively.

"Not yet!" Nate croaked. "I'm just kidding, man."

"Fuck... I'm going to get another beer," Nolan muttered, realizing that his bottle was empty.

As Nolan walked over to the bar, he couldn't help but feel a twinge of anxiety. It wasn't that he was jealous, per se, but he was a bit nervous. Nate and Grace had been hooking up, and it seemed that Grace was starting to get more and more interested in other men. It wasn't that Nolan was opposed to the idea, per se, but it was a bit nerve-wracking. They hadn't really discussed it, and he wasn't sure how to bring it up.

And now Nate was taunting him, Josh was flirting with her, and Nolan wasn't sure how to react. He had told Grace she could flirt and tease Josh, but now that he was watching it happen, he wasn't sure if he had made the right choice. But she wasn't just flirting with Josh, she was doing it so openly, with no regard for the fact that she had a boyfriend. Was this a test for her to show Nolan that she was desirable and wanted by other men? If so, it was a success. Grace was definitely desirable and wanted, and Nolan could see that. But he wasn't sure if that's what she was going for, or if she was just having fun. He couldn't deny that seeing her flirt with other men was making him a bit jealous.

If this was to let Nolan know he had to cherish her, it was completely unnecessary. He worshipped the ground she walked on, and the feet that carried her. His love for her was why seeing her with other men was so potent.

"I gotta take that car to the shop," Nolan muttered.

"I can take a look. Save you a bit of money," Nate said, hurriedly. Had he followed him?

Nolan looked over at Grace, and how Josh now almost towered over her as she seemed to have moved closer to him. A smile was on her lips. It was a smile she had often given Nolan. A smile

he cherished, and that made his heart flutter. And seeing her giving it to his boss was a bit of a shock.

"Fuck this," Nate suddenly said, and marched away into the crowd. What was his deal?

Nolan watched as Grace's gaze flickered from Josh's face to Nolan, and Nolan felt a shiver run down his spine. She gave him a knowing smile, and then turned her attention back to Josh. Grace said a few words and nodded away from the crowd, seemingly wanting to pull away from the main party. Josh smiled and nodded, and they both walked off.

Nolan felt his heart skip a beat as he realized that Grace was pulling Josh away for a private moment. His mind raced with possibilities, but he knew that there was only one reason Grace would want to have a private moment with his boss. She was going to flirt with him, and probably tease him, and maybe even go further. It was a bit nerve-wracking, but also a bit exciting. He couldn't deny that he was curious to see what she was going to do.

Was she really going to do something, though? Nolan had barely had any contact with her all evening, and he had no idea what she was up to. How awkward would Monday be if Josh hooked up with her? Would he still have a job? What would people think? It was a bit of a risky move on her part, but Grace never backed down from a challenge.

As he watched the two of them walk away, his anxiety grew. They were headed towards the bathhouse at the back of the pool, and Nolan knew that it would be the perfect place to have a private moment. Grace wouldn't do anything stupid, though, right? He knew that she was hot-blooded and passionate, but she wasn't the type to take things too far... was she? When Grace had first seen Josh for the very first time, she had made a point to highlight how handsome he was. She rarely ever did that. Perhaps that was a bad omen? Of course it was. Nolan felt like an idiot.

Nolan couldn't stop staring at the two of them, and his heart raced as he watched them disappear into the shadows. He took another swig of his drink and made his way to the back patio.

As he drew closer, he noticed a dim light glowing in the dark. It came from within the bathhouse. His heart pounded in his chest as he quietly crept forward. He strained his ears, trying to listen in to what was happening. At first, he couldn't hear much, but as he got closer, he started to make out bits and pieces. But it wasn't from the bathhouse, it was from behind it. Toward the yard... Were they simply discussing what Grace was going to do with the remaining twenty-eight acres of Josh's backyard?

It was a bit ridiculous of him to have actually thought Grace would hook up with their boss, so Nolan felt a bit ashamed for even entertaining the idea. Just to confirm that his paranoia was stupid, Nolan moved closer, a quick glance over his shoulder to confirm nobody was paying him any mind, and then carefully tiptoed his way closer to the bathhouse.

His blood was pumping in his veins as he made his way towards the back, and he could hear Grace's voice. She seemed to be giggling, and he heard a man chuckling as well.

"If you want to, by all means," Josh chuckled. Want what?

"Well... I must admit, Josh, I actually don't have one."

"Hmm... Well, I can hook you up with a few," Josh said, and Nolan could almost hear that shrug that his boss often did.

"Hook up?" Grace echoed. What were they talking about? Was he hooking her up with something? Or was this a code for something else? "Sounds like you're trying to... get something."

"I would never," Josh replied, sounding a bit embarrassed. "Just offering you a free bikini. If you're going to borrow the pool when you're working here, then I'd love to see you in one of my designs."

"And why is that?" Grace challenged.

"Duh, because you're a pretty girl," Josh said, stating the obvious. Fair, Nolan had to admit. Grace was a very pretty girl. The prettiest.

"A pretty girl," Grace purred. Nolan ould tell from her voice that she was smirking. "You're quite charming, Josh."

So they were on a first-name basis already. They had been for a bit, but Nolan was just now catching up on it.

"Thanks," Josh chuckled. "Well, we should head back to the party."

"Josh," Grace said suddenly, her voice a little breathy. Nolan couldn't help but feel a bit jealous. He wanted Grace all to himself, but he knew that it was a fantasy. He knew that Grace was a social butterfly, and that she liked the attention and the flirtatious banter. He knew that he should be happy that she was having fun, but he couldn't help but feel a bit jealous anyway.

"What?" Josh asked, a hint of confusion in his voice.

"I have to ask... Are you trying to flirt with me?"

There was a pause, and Nolan could almost feel the tension in the air.

"You're Nolan's girlfriend, aren't you?" Josh asked, a hint of surprise in his voice. "He's a good guy. You two are a great fit."

"I guess I am," Grace said, a hint of frustration in her voice. "I'm not his property, though."

"No, of course not," Josh said quickly. "You can't be owned, and I would never think that."

"Exactly," Grace said firmly. "But the real question is, would you?"

"I'm sorry?"

"Would you flirt with your employee's girlfriend?" Grace purred. She was toying with Josh, and Nolan could tell that it was working. She was good at this. "You know, if you thought she was really pretty?"

"No. Believe it or not, I don't need more drama in my marriage," Josh chuckled. "I'm not that type of guy. And you're a very beautiful woman, Grace. But... That's that."

"Fair," Grace said, and there was a bit of disappointment in her voice. Nolan could tell that she was enjoying the game, and she was a bit disappointed that it was ending. But she wasn't going to push it. She was a confident woman, and she wasn't going to push a man to do something that he didn't want to do.

"Let's head back," Josh said.

"Actually, I'm going to stay out here for a little bit," Grace said. Nolan could hear her shuffling her feet. "I need to cool off."

"Sure. Maybe I'm reading you wrong, but do you want company?" Josh asked. "I mean, not in a flirtatious way."

Grace must've given an affirmative nod or shrug or something. Nolan was pretty sure nothing was going to happen at this point, and he didn't want to risk getting caught spying. Instead, Nolan decided to make his way around the bathhouse, toward the pool deck, where most of the action was going on. The pool was lit up, and people were swimming and splashing around. He could hear the sounds of people chatting and laughing, and he could smell the chlorine and the alcohol.

Nolan certainly had a new view of his boss now. He was a bit of a player, but he wasn't a creep. He was a nice guy, and he was a good boss. He had been nothing but kind to Nolan, and he had invited him to his party. It was a bit of a shame that things were ending on this note, but it was for the best. He didn't want to risk ruining a good working relationship, and he didn't want to risk ruining his relationship with Grace. She was his everything, and he couldn't risk losing her.

Nolan grabbed himself another beer and mingled. He was trying not to pay attention to the fact that Grace was gone, but it was hard. He knew that he needed to relax, and to have a good time. He knew that he needed to enjoy himself.

*

"So just swing by the office when you feel like it and we can talk about it then," Josh said, gently rubbing Grace's back.

"Can I do one of those miniature models? I've always wanted to do it, but I've never had the opportunity to really practice it," Grace said. The tone of their conversation had turned friendlier. Instead of flirting, Grace felt like she was talking to a lifelong friend, or a brother. Josh was a nice guy. A bit of a flirt, but a nice guy. He was easy to talk to, and he was easy to be around. Grace was happy that they had talked, and she was happy that they were still friends, despite her coming on a bit too strong. Grace wasn't used to someone not wanting to jump on her and pound her ass into oblivion, and that mixed with a bit of alcohol had made her perhaps a bit more brazen than she normally would have been. It had been a bit of an awkward moment, but they were moving past it. It was a shame, because she had been looking forward to seeing how far she could push his limits.

"Absolutely," Josh said. "You can do whatever you want. If you want to practice that, by all means. We also have an architect as a client for building projects, so if you want him to give you pointers–"

"That's alright. I like to do these things myself. I'm a bit of a lone wolf in that respect. Kind of why it's hard to even hire someone to help me out. It's both daunting to be responsible for someone else, but also, so far, it has just been me and my two hands," Grace chuckled.

"I can understand that," Josh said, chuckling. "Well, I'm going to go back and mingle. I'm the host, after all."

"You're a great host," Grace said, smiling. She couldn't believe how well the evening had gone. She had expected things to go a little differently, and she had been thoroughly annoyed at the start of it. But Josh had been a perfect gentleman, and he had made her feel comfortable and at ease. She was glad that she had come, and she was glad that she had met him. He was a great guy. "And thank you for the offer. I'll definitely swing by the office and talk to you about it."

"I hope you do," Josh said. "What will Nolan say when he sees his girl show up in formal clothes for a business meeting, eh? He must be proud."

Grace felt a pang of guilt. Why had she even been angry with Nolan? Over a stupid thing with his car? Of course Nolan was proud of her. So what if he had some faults? That's what made him Nolan. He wasn't perfect, but he was hers, and there was never any doubt in Nolan's mind that he was hers. That kind of loyalty, love, and dedication was hard to find. And to take that for granted... It made her feel like an idiot.

"Hey, Josh, do you mind if I take a stroll? I love to feel grass under my soles," Grace said, slipping off her sandals and lifting a foot to show him. He laughed.

"By all means, have at it," Josh smiled. "If you need anything, just let me or any one else know."

"Thanks," Grace said, and Josh went back to the party. She stayed behind, looking out at the vast expanse of grass that was Josh's backyard. It was a beautiful evening, and she wanted to enjoy it. She wanted to feel the grass under her feet, and the moon shining across the sky.

Grace drew a deep breath and walked out into the grass. The feeling of the cool earth beneath her feet was exhilarating, and she couldn't help but laugh out loud. She was happy, and she was content. She was enjoying her life, and she was enjoying her time with her friends and family. With Nolan. Why couldn't life be like this always? Was she drunk?

The sound of the party was in the distance, but it was a comforting sound. She liked it. She was happy that she had met these new people, and reconnecting with nature after more or less being turned down, and in such a gentle way no less, was making her feel... liberated. Josh sure was lucky to have this property to roam around in. If there was one thing Grace was envious of, that was it. Her being an outdoorsy person, a person who loved her plants and her fertilizers and the sound of a tractor plowing earth to turn it into a sanctuary of nature... Having all this to call a 'backyard' must've been amazing. Especially if he had been into gardening. She wondered how much potential there truly was here. It was an old grass field. She could build a small path, an orchard perhaps, beds of wonderful flowers, a small field of lavender.

Maybe this was why Grace rarely went to parties, or drank at all. She got all flirty at first, then now sentimental, missing her plants at work and whatnot. Perhaps she should return to the party.

With her head full of gardening fantasies, Grace walked over the lawn, the cool grass swaying gently between her toes. Her mind was focused on her plans and ideas for the space. The air was still, and the light of the stars was strong enough to guide her.

As she reached the far corner of the property, Grace stopped dead in her tracks. From behind the bathhouse, Grace heard a gruff, slightly pained male groan.

Her heart skipped a beat, and her stomach turned to stone as she recognized it.

It was Nate's voice. What the hell? Grace took a deep breath and slowly, quietly, made her way toward the sound. Was Nate hooking up with someone? Why on earth had he even come?

The sound grew louder, and she heard the unmistakable sounds of sex and heavy breathing. It sounded like Nate was fucking some girl, hard, against the side of the house. The girl was moaning loudly, her voice husky and deep, her breathing labored. Grace was torn between turning away, walking back, or staying and finding out exactly what was going on. After all, it was none of her business what her sort-of-friend-with-benefits was doing with his time. Not at all. No business of hers whatsoever...

But another part of Grace was livid. She had no idea why. Grace had a boyfriend, and that was it. So why the hell was she upset that Nate was having fun with some girl? Grace bit her lip. Maybe it was the jealousy. That was it. She was jealous. Jealous that this girl was getting a pounding from Nate, while she hadn't. And how could Nate do this? Did whatever they were doing mean nothing to him? Was she just a plaything? A toy?

Grace grit her teeth and crept closer, determined to find out what was going on. As she got closer, the moans became louder and more intense. Grace's heart raced in her chest as she realized that Nate was really giving it to this girl, and he was not holding back. He had only done that once over the two times Grace had fucked him.

She peeked around the corner and saw Nate's giant hips driving into a smaller, petite Latino girl like she was nothing. Angry red marks were on her body from Nate's roughness, but the girl was taking it like a champ. Grace was shocked at how hard he was going at it, and how much the girl was taking. He was really going to town on her, and the sight was enough to make Grace's nipples hard and her mouth dry.

Even in the dim light of the summer evening, Grace could see Nate's massive, bulging cock. It was so thick and veiny. She could almost feel its girth in her own pussy. She was amazed by the way it looked, and she couldn't stop staring. She couldn't believe that she had had that in her before. She had always known that Nate was big, but this was just crazy. He was huge. It was almost more impressive seeing it in action.

Grace's eyes widened as she watched the girl's tight body being stretched and filled by Nate's fat cock. She must've taken huge cocks before, or was incredibly wet, because Nate was flying into her like a piston. He was pounding her hard and deep, and the sound of her cries filled the air. Her voice was strained and broken, and her entire body was trembling and twitching as she took Nate's cock.

Was this how Nate had treated Dora? Why hadn't he done so with Grace? Was this something Grace could look forward to in the future? And how did she feel about that?

Nate groaned as the petite woman orgasmed around his thick length, and his whole body was rigid and tense as he almost carelessly pumped his hips back and forth. Grace knew from her limited experience with him that Nate was undoubtedly unloading inside that girl. He came in her, and Grace could almost feel it in herself. How the fat, powerful spurts of cum would blast right against her womb like a battering ram. Her knees buckled a bit thinking about it, and she gripped the brick wall of the bathhouse hard to steady herself, her breath was quick and shallow.

Grace was shocked by what she had seen.

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The whole car ride back home, which wasn't too long after Grace had witnessed Nate ploughing the shit out of some girl, Grace had been ruminating about it. Her thoughts were racing a million miles a minute, and she was trying to keep her cool, but it was a lost battle. She was furious. Not with Nate, exactly, but with his choice. She knew, of course, that it was nothing for her to judge. But who did he think he was?

Most of the car ride was an awkward silence as the two men made small talk and Grace sat fuming in the back of Nate's car.

"That was fun, wasn't it?" Nolan asked, smiling and keeping his eyes on the road.

Grace just grunted, which seemed to deflate him.

"Sorry about the car stuff. I didn't plan on ruining a perfectly fine time," Nolan mumbled.

"No, no... It's my own fault. I can't throw a hissy fit. We had a fine time, yes. Fine. Fun. Don't know," Grace said, the anger evident in her voice. Nolan kept quiet.

"Good luck with that," Nate mumbled to Nolan under his breath. If Grace hadn't sobered up a bit, she'd lighten this car up right now.

"Well, here we are," Nate said a few minutes later. "Let me get your door for you, princess."

"I can open my fucking door myself," Grace snapped, flung the door open, and stormed off. She knew Nolan was in tow, Nate probably too, but that didn't matter a bit.

Once they were inside their apartment, Nolan finally spoke up again.

"You sure you had a good time? If so, what got you mad?" Nolan asked, with a trepidating voice.

"Mad about what?" Grace chuckled sarcastically, even though there wasn't a shred of mirth in her chuckle.

"Why are you angry?" Nolan asked, tentatively.

"Just that Nate is a huge asshole!" Grace barked. Nolan raised his hands defensively, no doubt in relief that it wasn't him who had set her off.

"What can I do?" Nolan asked. One of the perks of a devoted man like Nolan; he always asks the right questions.

Grace turned her face up from his eyes to his forehead. When she blinked her eyes, the red of her blush was noticeable to her.

"What do I want you to do?" Grace asked, challenging his selflessness, even though she knew Nolan would do anything for her. That was why she was mad. Nate was not, but in their *'relationship'* of fucking he might as well be. "And if I were to ask something selfish, what then? Will you give it?"

Nolan's breath hitched for a second. Grace realized he must have noticed the flush on her cheeks.

"A-anything... Everything," Nolan said with a shaky voice.

Nolan stared at Grace, completely stunned.

"You're devoted to me, utterly loyal, right?" Grace asked, her voice a little husky and dry. She felt her skin prickling with anger, and it was somehow hotter than before.

"Utterly and totally. That's why I need you, baby, " Nolan replied, his voice firm but affectionate.

"Good..." Grace grinned and stepped forward. "You know what I want?"

"What?"

"Get down," Grace instructed. Nolan's eyes flashed with surprise, but he obediently dropped to his knees, his erection pushing against his jeans, and looked up at her.

Grace felt her heart hammering in her chest. The anger was making her feel more passionate than ever. It was a new emotion, and she liked it. It was intoxicating. It made her feel like she could do anything, and that she had the right to do anything. She had always been like that, but this felt more justified.

"What are you doing?" Nolan asked, his voice trembling a little.

Grace pulled her thong down and stepped out of them, then lifted one leg to drape over Nolan's shoulder. She pulled him in, forcing him to bury his nose and mouth in her pussy, which was soaking wet.

"Take care of me," Grace hissed, her breath ragged and her eyes wild. "Like the good boy you are."

"Y-yes, ma'am..." Nolan gasped, his eyes widening at the sight of his girlfriend's sweet pussy so close. She smelled amazing, and the sight was making his mouth water. He was in heaven. "Yessss."

Nolan dove in and began to eat Grace out. His tongue darted in and out of her pussy, and his lips sucked on her clit. He was devouring her, and she could feel his love, his devotion. It was hot, and it was making her feel powerful. She could feel his tongue pushing in and out of her, and his fingers digging into her thighs. He was so into it, and she was loving it.

"Oh fuck, baby," Grace moaned, her voice deep and husky. She was loving this, and she was loving that he was eating her out so passionately. She could feel her anger melting away, and being replaced with a deep, carnal lust. She could feel her orgasm building, and she could feel her pussy clenching around Nolan's tongue.

She could feel his hot breath against her slick skin, his tongue probing and swirling, and she could feel her body shuddering in pleasure. She was coming, and it was a powerful orgasm. She was flooded with euphoria as she rode the waves of her climax. Her body spasmed and quivered as she came hard, and her hands pulled at Nolan's head. Her nails dug into his scalp, and she forced him to lick her faster.

"So... good... Baby!" Grace moaned, her voice almost a shout. She couldn't believe how good she felt. She couldn't believe how wonderful her boyfriend's face was against her.

She leaned back against the door, letting him hold her weight, and enjoyed the sensation of his tongue running up and down her slit, never giving up. That tongue would work her until tomorrow. The intensity of her orgasm had been enormous. He was really making her come undone.

"Baby, that felt... soooo gooooood. Fuck, thank you," Grace panted as she came down from her high.

"Can... can I eat your ass?" Nolan panted, a look of utter desperation and reverence on his face.

Grace smirked. She knew that Nolan was crazy for her ass, and she couldn't resist his plea.

"Yes, go ahead. Lick it, please," Grace purred, and guided his mouth back to her butt hole.

He eagerly pushed his tongue into her asshole, and Grace gasped as the pleasure coursed through her. His tongue moved back and forth, his nose nuzzling against her clit. He was so skilled with his mouth, and he was pushing all her buttons, the perfect lover.

"Fuck yes, baby. Lick my ass. Get in there!" Grace moaned. She loved how dedicated Nolan was, how hungry for her ass he was. She was lucky.

She felt his tongue push deeper and deeper, and his fingers dug into her butt cheeks as he gripped her firmly. Her body trembled and quivered as he devoured her, his tongue plunging in and out of her ass. He was wild, and she loved it. He was giving it to her hard, and she was loving every second of it.

"Oh, baby! You're going to make me cum again," Grace gasped. "Fuck! Right there! Don't stop! I'm going to cum in your mouth!"

Nolan kept eating her ass, and he didn't stop. His tongue and his fingers worked her expertly, pushing her to another powerful orgasm, making her orgasm a few more times before her legs could no longer bear her. Nolan made her weak, but in such a good way. He was such a good boyfriend. She had truly hit the jackpot.

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Grace was still awake, several hours later. Nolan was snoring by her side, peacefully asleep, blissfully unaware of his girlfriend's turmoil. Grace had fucked him to oblivion, and she had sort of thought that would take it out of her. But she had just lay in the bed, staring at the ceiling, wide awake. It didn't help that the air conditioning unit had stopped, or that the night was somewhat hot.

Grace was in a rage, a different rage.

It was a few minutes to three in the morning, and Grace was still feeling restless. She was pissed off at herself. Why had she become so attracted to a guy like Nate? Had he really had such an effect on her? She had only gone on a date with him once, and then he got this hold on her? Or was it all the teasing they had done up to and after that date? In conjunction with her constant memory of how he had felt inside of her?

Grace looked at her phone, contemplating texting Nate and letting him have it. But what good would that do? She wasn't that type of girl, and she didn't want to make a scene, or seem desperate or jealous.

With her heart pounding, Grace crawled out of bed and crept to the bathroom, closing the door and sitting on the toilet seat. Her hand was shaking as she pulled out her phone and began to type a text message to Nate. She wasn't sure what she was going to say, but she knew that she had to do something.

'Hey, are you awake?' Grace typed, her finger hovering over the send button. She hesitated, but finally sent the message. She stared at the screen, waiting for a reply. Her heart was pounding in her chest, and she could feel the adrenaline pumping through her veins. What was she doing?

She didn't have to wait long, though. Nate was quick to respond.

'I am now,' Nate replied. *'What's up?'*

'Can I come over?' Grace typed quickly. She wasn't sure what she was doing, but she was too angry to care.

'You know the door is always open, babe,' Nate replied. *'You got a key, and I don't mind a surprise visit. It's a bit late tho. You ok?'*

Grace hesitated for a moment, debating whether or not she should go through with this. It was a stupid idea, she knew that. But she was angry, and she was feeling reckless.

She slipped out of the bathroom quietly and quickly put on a pair of jeans and a t-shirt. Nolan didn't even stir. She slipped out of the apartment, closing the door quietly behind her.

The night was warm, but the walk to Nate's place was short. It was next door after all. Grace's heart was racing as she approached his door, her palms sweating as she fumbled with the key. She quietly slipped into the apartment, closing the door silently behind her.

She crept through the dark living room, her heart pounding in her chest. She could hear the sound of Nate watching TV in his bedroom, and she could feel her anger growing.

Grace took a few deep breaths, trying to calm her nerves. She wasn't sure what she was going to say, but she knew that she needed to say something. She needed to confront Nate about his behavior and his lack of consideration, to perhaps even prove that Nate didn't need some slut to get what he needed.

"Hey," Nate said when he saw her, his eyes widening in surprise. "What's up?"

Grace opened her mouth, but no sound came out. She was suddenly very aware of how ridiculous she must look, standing in his bedroom in the middle of the night. Her cheeks reddened, and she suddenly felt very foolish.

She looked at Nate's crotch. The duvet was covering him, but she could clearly see the imprint of his fat bulge. She knew it was there. It was big enough that it had its own gravitational pull. Nate was wearing a white shirt and his hair was messy, but his cock remained impressive. She wanted to hate him, but she couldn't. She wanted him.

Nate seemed to catch on to what was going on, a knowing smirk spreading across his face. He threw the blanket off of him, and Grace gasped. He was wearing a pair of boxers, and his huge cock was straining against the fabric, almost as if it was begging to be set free.

"Come on, get in," Nate smirked.

Grace didn't need to be told twice. She quickly climbed onto the bed and crawled up to him, her eyes fixed on his bulge. She could feel the heat radiating off of him, and she could feel her body responding to it. She didn't know why she was doing this, but she was too far gone to care. She was so angry at him, but she wanted him. She needed him.

"Fuck, you're huge," Grace whispered as she crawled up to him. Nate laughed.

"Thanks," Nate chuckled.

"I'm fucking angry," Grace said, trying to sound stern, but her voice was shaking. She was aching for his touch, and her body was betraying her.

"Why?" Nate asked, sitting up against the headboard, his arms behind his head, looking at Grace as she was crawling toward him. She knew he had a smug grin on his face, and she knew that he was enjoying this.

"You're a piece of shit," Grace muttered. Nate was still smirking.

"Why?" he asked. He was so confident, and it was infuriating.

Grace reached out and grabbed Nate's bulge, feeling the weight of it in her hand. It was so heavy, and so thick. She could feel it pulsating, and she could feel her body responding to it.

"Because... Because you're such a piece of shit," Grace said, her voice cracking.

Nate chuckled, and Grace's hand squeezed his cock. "What's wrong with me?"

Grace found his waistband with her hands, and tugged it down. His massive length sprang free, slapping her on the cheek. She could feel her heart pounding in her chest, and she could feel where his fat piece of meat had hit her face. It had felt heavy, and she could feel it burning against her skin.

"Does Nolan know you're here?" Nate asked, his voice laced with amusement.

"No," Grace said, her voice barely audible.

"Good girl," Nate chuckled, and he reached down and grabbed her hair, pulling her head down and his cock up, rubbing it against her lips. Grace closed her eyes and groaned, her lips parting as she felt his cock pressing against them.

Nate let her go, and Grace couldn't help but wrap her lips around his cock, taking him as deeply as she could, gagging slightly as she did so. She could feel his cock filling her mouth, and she could feel his hips thrusting up, pushing himself deeper into her mouth. She could taste his salty pre-cum on her tongue, and she could feel her pussy getting wet.

"Good girl, take it," Nate grunted. Grace was bobbing her head up and down, her lips stretched wide around his thick shaft, her eyes watering. She was gagging on his cock, and she was loving it. She was so angry at him, but she wanted him so badly.

His cock in her mouth was just what she needed. The taste, the texture, the thickness, and the length. It was everything she wanted, and she couldn't get enough of it. She could feel her anger melting away, and she could feel her pussy getting wetter and wetter. She knew she shouldn't be doing this, but she couldn't help herself. She needed him.

"So fucking good, baby," Nate grunted. Grace could feel his cock twitching in her mouth, and she could feel her body responding to it. He tasted amazing, and she wanted more.

Grace let his cock slide out of her mouth with a wet pop.

"Why do I let you do this to me?" she panted. She looked up at him, her eyes dark with lust.

"What do I do to you?" Nate asked, a cocky grin on his face.

"Drive me fucking crazy! Why the hell should I be so fucking angry that you fuck other girls?" she groaned. She could barely form a coherent sentence.

Nate laughed. "So you're fucking jealous?"

"No," Grace retorted quickly. "Why the hell should I be jealous of that whore you were fucking at the party?"

Nate shrugged. His hand found her hair again and pushed her down again. She gagged and swallowed more of his length. He was such an ass. But Grace's anger was fading, and her lust was growing. She wanted him so badly.

"Does it feel good to suck my cock, baby?" Nate groaned.

"Yes," Grace said with a pop, as his cock sprang from her mouth again, and then wrapped her tongue and mouth around it.

"I know it does," he grunted. Grace bobbed her head a bit faster. She wasn't even teasing anymore, this was full-on worshipping. She loved the taste of him, and she wanted him so badly. "But I'm not done yet. Move over on my side so I can see that gorgeous ass. On all fours."

She obeyed, moving on all fours, still keeping her lips wrapped around him. She could feel his hands sliding under her jeans, his hands cupping her ass. He began to knead the flesh of her ass, and then he pulled her jeans off of her. She groaned around his length, loving how much he loved her ass, as he continued kneading and massaging. Her pussy was throbbing with need, and she was desperate to be fucked.

"You have the greatest ass," Nate murmured, almost to himself. It was as if he was almost trying to distract himself from her blowjob, in fear he might lose himself. Grace found it odd, that he would go from so domineering, to so appreciative. She felt him squeeze and knead both of her cheeks. He was like a horny teenager, obsessed with butts. At least he had good taste in asses. "You can't expect to prance around looking so goddamn beautiful, and expect everyone and their brother to keep their hands off of you."

Grace felt her pussy throb when Nate called her *'beautiful'.* But he was right. She had been flaunting herself in front of him and countless men, expecting them not to be tempted. She sucked him deeper. It felt so right to finally have his big cock in her mouth again. It wasn't even that long ago since she had blown him.

"So, you can't blame me for blowing off some steam," Nate said, the magic words to snap Grace right out of her trance-like state.

Grace pulled her lips away. "What was that sluts name?" Grace said in her sweetest voice.

"Kim, why–"

"Then why don't you get that bitch to finish this for you?" Grace said, dragging herself to her feet. Suddenly, it dawned on her what the fuck she had just done. She was no better than him. She couldn't let herself do this. This wasn't what she was supposed to be.

"What?" Nate growled. He seemed pissed, like she had no right to take the cookie and not eat it. Or give it, and not let him eat it. Whatever. "Fuck no, you're sucking me off all the way."

"Good luck with that," Grace said, then spun on her heels and darted out the door.

She could hear Nate groan, and she could hear him curse. She could hear him getting up and going after her, and she could hear him slamming his fist into the wall. She knew she had gotten to him, and that was exactly what she had wanted to do.

Behind the Neighbor's Door - Part 12

Nate groaned and slammed his fist into the wall. Fuck. He had been so close to fucking Grace, and she had run off. That bitch. He was so fucking hard right now, and he needed to cum. He looked at the clock. It was past three in the morning. Fuck. Why did she have to leave?

He got back on his bed and grabbed his phone. He contemplated whether he should try to talk Grace into coming back, or whether he should just forget about her. He decided on the latter. For now. Nate had momentarily forgotten himself, and he was now reaping the shit seeds from it. But at least he could get damage control started.

'Listen, Grace. I'm sorry. I had no idea my actions plagued you so much, and I honestly didn't mean to bring it up if I knew how much it would hurt you. Can we talk tomorrow or some other time next week? I really messed up and I wanna fix it. Please let me.'

He sent the text message, and then he waited. He was so fucking horny, and he needed to cum. He was so fucking angry and annoyed at Grace. But he was also so fucking turned on by her. She had such a fire in her, and she wasn't afraid to stand up to him. She had left him high and dry, and that was something that Nate wasn't used to. It only made him want her more. It was only making him want to prove to her that he could be a better man. And it was only making him want to fuck her brains out, and show her that she belonged to him, and only him.

He looked at his phone. No response. He sighed and put it down. He was going to have to take care of this himself.

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The next day was a blur. Grace was a mess, and she couldn't concentrate. In fact, she took a day off from her work to have a full day just for herself. She knew she shouldn't have gone to Nate's, but she couldn't help it. She was so angry at him, and she was so angry at herself. She had always been in control, and she had always been the one to call the shots. But with Nate, it was much more difficult.

Nolan didn't know yet that Grace had gone over to Nate's the previous night, and Grace had no idea how to tell him. She knew that she should, and that he deserved to know. But she didn't want to hurt him. She had always been the one to call the shots, and now she was in a situation where she didn't know what to do. It was a new feeling, and she wasn't sure how to deal with it. In fact, it felt more like Nate had been calling the shots.

So yeah, Grace needed a day to herself.

Grace opted for a long hike, rather than the gym, in order to clear her head. It was a nice, sunny day, and she knew that the fresh air and the exercise would do her good. Also, it wasn't to be avoided, given the shorter khaki shorts she wore, her gift from Nate, and the skimpy top, that her ass would attract attention. She knew that she was being a bit of a tease, but she didn't care. If Nate could get away with fucking other girls, then she could get away with a little teasing, too. And she loved it. Especially now, when the men were staring at her, their eyes roaming over her body. It made her feel like the sexy woman she was.

After her hike, she stopped at a coffee shop and grabbed a cup of coffee. She sat at a table outside, and she sipped her coffee slowly, enjoying the quietness of the day. Also, Grace noticed a lot of men staring at her legs. It was a good confidence boost. It was good to know that she could turn heads and make men wish they were in her company. Even some dads and obviously

occupied men. Grace smirked, knowing her attractiveness was a magnet. She even toyed with the idea of what it would be like to pick up one of these guys. Nolan would freak out.

But no. Even if she was pissed at Nate for... the lack of loyalty? That wasn't quite it. She wasn't dating him. Well, this week, she would for one night, but that would be it. But one thing was for sure. Her actual boyfriend, Nolan, he would never ever touch another woman. Sure, he was warm-blooded like most men and wouldn't have minded it, but one among many qualities of Nolan was that he was utterly loyal. He worshipped the ground Grace walked on, and even more so nowadays.

But even if Nate wanted to fuck around, Grace figured at least she wouldn't do the same. She wasn't like that. She had some sort of morals and ethics. She was a good person. And she would continue to be. Besides, she had a boyfriend, and she had a life. She didn't need any of this.

Or did she? Grace sighed. She didn't know what she wanted. She knew that she wanted to be with Nolan, but she also knew that she wanted to be with Nate, at least in some capacity. And that was the problem. She couldn't have both. At least, not in the way that she wanted. Grace sighed again. This was all too complicated.

But she was focusing on the wrong things. This was supposed to be a day for herself, a day to relax and enjoy. She was supposed to be clearing her head, not dwelling on the past. The past was over.

She had tried to call Dora to drag her out of hibernation, but Dora had some issues with her pregnancy. Nothing serious, just hormones, tiredness, the like. Maybe Grace could visit her one day. Dora's pregnancy. To think Nate had a hand in that, too. Not that she was jealous of that, no. But to be honest, she had to admit to herself that she envied Dora a little bit. She was starting a family, even if the circumstances were... questionable at best.

Grace wondered what Greg knew, her husband. He was a smart man, but Dora had married him for the wrong reasons. Greg wasn't a bad guy, but Dora was utterly miserable. The only thing that was keeping her happy was the thought of her unborn baby. Good thing Grace was on the pill.

It wasn't something she really considered outright in a pragmatic sense, but Grace wasn't sure she wanted a child at all, but the idea of having a family with Nolan was one she could definitely see. Nolan would be an amazing dad, and she could picture the two of them raising a family together. It made her feel all warm and fuzzy inside.

Nate... well, he would make her life exciting, and he would challenge her, and he would make her feel alive. He would push her to her limits and beyond, and she would enjoy every minute of it. The idea of having a family with Nate wasn't one she could see right now, though. It was too complicated to think about. He was a good guy, but that didn't change the fact that he was a bit of an asshole.

Grace sighed. She had been spending too much time with Nate. And it was getting to her. She was thinking about him all the time, and it was making her crazy. She had to stop this, or she was going to lose her mind. It wasn't worth considering even, and she truly wasn't. Just the thought of Dora and her baby had brought these things up, that was all. That was the only reason she was thinking about it.

Grace finished her coffee and got up to leave. She was feeling much better after her hike and her coffee, and she decided to go for a much-needed mini-spa treatment.

A few hours later, Grace was feeling refreshed and relaxed. She had gotten a manicure, a pedicure, a facial, and a massage. She felt like a new woman. As she was leaving the spa, her spirit was completely shifted.

This was the last week before Nate would get his date. After four weeks of close calls, teasing, and them fooling around on a lighter but still erotic scale, this was it. Grace felt a tingle of excitement run down her spine, and she couldn't wait to see what Nate had planned. She wasn't nervous; she was excited.

The third week had only started, however, and she still had to stop by and give him a show and help him finish off. And speaking of stopping by, as she put her wallet back into her purse, she saw the key to Nate's apartment. He had given it to her a few weeks ago. She still didn't know how she felt about that. It added a layer to their relationship, and Grace wasn't sure if it was a good thing or a bad thing.

But she got an idea.

*

Nolan sat in his office chair, staring over at the meeting room where Nate was making his presentation with the Tex-Mex people. Josh was in there, too, overseeing the meeting. The Tex-Mex people weren't looking too pleased, but they were listening. Nate was giving a great presentation, and he had their attention. Nolan wasn't sure what was going on, but he could tell that things were not going well. Josh looked like he was taking notes, and Nolan knew that when he did that, it was because he saw the writing on the wall. Whatever slogan Nate had come up with was not going over well, and Josh would have to step in at the end and try to save it.

Nolan was, on a very petty level, glad. Nate had been winning a lot lately, and he was the guy who was fucking his girl after all, at least sometimes, so seeing him suffer was a bit satisfying.

He knew Grace didn't love him, but it still stung. The constant fact of Nate being something to Grace. But it was a big part of letting Grace be dirty. But a big dick and a lot of skill couldn't replace genuine love. But, as Nolan had promised, he had kept his cool. He had kept it professional, and he had not let his anger or frustration get in the way of his work. It had been difficult at times, and there had been moments when he had wanted to say something, but he had managed to keep his cool.

And who knows, maybe the contract landed in his lap instead. It had short deadlines, but that meant something was going on all the timeThat could be a lot more satisfying.

As Nolan was mulling over these things, his phone buzzed in his pocket. He quickly pulled it out and checked it. It was Grace. He smiled, knowing that she was the one person who could make his day better.

'You got time to watch a show, babe?' She had texted him.

Nolan chuckled. He knew she was up to something, and he was curious to find out what. He quickly texted back.

'I can always make time for you. What's up?'

He hit send, and his phone buzzed again immediately. It was a video. He opened it, and he smiled. Grace was in a bedroom, and she was naked. She was on the bed on all fours, facing the

camera. He could see her ass sticking up in the air. Flawless and dying to be eaten, as usual. He could hear her groan as she started to touch herself.

'Is this what you wanted me to see, babe?' Nolan texted back, a smile on his face.

He could see her reading the text, and then she replied. *'I know you're the man of my dreams when you don't even notice my surroundings.'*

Nolan raised an eyebrow. What did she mean by that? He checked the photo again and understood right away what she meant. That was not their bedroom at all. The walls, the bed, none of it. But it did look familiar. He knew that bed and that wallpaper. He knew exactly where she was.

Grace was at Nate's. She was at Nate's, and she was masturbating on his bed. And she was recording it. And she was sending it to Nolan. Did she break in? Nolan had to almost snicker at trying to imagine Grace picking a lock. Though, come to think of it, she was quite handy with tools and such. Or had she gotten a key? If she had gotten a key, that meant that she had gotten much closer to Nate than Nolan had realized... Right? It felt awkward.

But there was no doubt about the naughtiness of Grace being alone in no other than Nate's apartment, rolling around in his bed.

Nolan's pants got tighter as he watched the video, as he saw Grace touching herself, her hand rubbing her pussy slowly, and out of the view of the camera. She was moaning, and the sound of Grace moaning in Nate's bed made his cock twitch. It was the first time he had seen her in that bed, but he knew full well that Grace had spent a lot of time there over the last month or so. Now, in this 34-second video, he could see her on all fours, her ass up in the air, and her hand rubbing her clit, her fingers disappearing into her pussy. It was out of view, but he could hear the sound of her wet pussy, and he could hear the sound of her moans.

Nolan looked at Nate in the meeting, sweating so obviously he could see it from his cubicle. He looked back at the video. Grace was such a naughty girl, and Nolan couldn't believe that she had sent him this. He was going to have to watch this later, in the comfort of his home.

'You're a naughty girl,' he texted her.

He could see her reading the message, and then she replied. *'You bet I am. Gonna sunbathe naked on his balcony now.'*

Nolan smiled. She was being a very naughty girl, and he couldn't wait to get home and fuck her for the rest of the day. Holy moly, how horny he was for his girl of late. It was as if she had become more erotic, more sexual, and more sensual, and Nolan loved it.

'See you tonight, babe,' he texted her.

'I can't wait,' she replied.

Nolan put his phone away and looked at Nate again. He was slumped back in a chair, rubbing his neck, while Josh worked his magic with the representatives from the Tex-Mex company. They could really use a name... maybe that was the sort of initiative Josh would appreciate if Nolan took? A catchy name? Maybe even a slogan that didn't involve seatbelts and diarrhea, like the ones Nate had insisted on. The name had to have something to do with Mexican food, or Texas. Maybe it should have something to do with the heat, the hotness. Maybe it should have something to do with sex, something to do with sex appeal, and sexiness. That would work.

Latinas were known to be feisty girls, and the food was spicy; Texas was hot, and people from Texas were known to be rough, and rugged. There was something there.

Nolan spotted the kettle of coffee Nate had put on the table, poured himself a cup despite cutting back on it, and returned to his desk. He had some ideas to jot down.

But as Nolan started to work, it seemed like Grace wasn't done. His phone buzzed again. Nolan picked it up and looked at it. It wasn't a video this time, but another text message.

'You wanna know what I did while you were asleep? After the party?' she texted. Nolan's heart dropped, and the excitement seemed to strangle him at the suddenness of the revelation. 'You wanna know how dirty I was?'

Nolan swallowed hard. He suddenly felt very uncomfortable, but he was also very excited. He wasn't sure what she was going to tell him, but he was curious to find out.

'Yes, tell me,' Nolan texted back, his hands shaking as he did so.

He could see her reading the message, and then she replied. *'You sure?'*

Nolan was conflicted about learning something had happened outside the rules and outside his knowledge. Grace had been pushing how far she took things with Nate lately, and he couldn't help but feel a little bit worried. But he also wanted to know.

'Yes, tell me,' he replied again, his heart racing.

He could see her reading the message, and then she replied. *'I couldn't sleep. I was thinking of something, and I couldn't sleep, so I went to his apartment.'*

Nolan swallowed hard. His mind raced, and his heart was beating faster and faster.

'And?' Nolan replied.

Grace took a moment before she replied. *'In the middle of the night. I found him in the bed I am in now, and I crawled in.'*

Nolan's heart was racing. He was so hard, and he couldn't wait to get home and fuck her. He had a feeling that she was going to tell him something that he wasn't going to like, but he also had a feeling that he was going to enjoy it. It was a very dangerous mix.

'So I crawled in, and I started to suck him off,' Grace texted.

Nolan's heart almost stopped. Had she really sucked him off in the middle of the night? While he was asleep? He suddenly stood up from his desk and left the office. He needed to go home and talk to her right away.

'Did you fuck him?' he texted her, his heart racing.

She took a moment before she replied. *'No. But it was close. I sucked him off for a bit, but I didn't let him cum. I was so mad at him, but I couldn't resist him.'*

Nolan didn't know what to say or do. He was standing in the elevator, going home, his mind racing. The thing is, Nolan put a great value on a blow job. It was perhaps weird, and perhaps also a bit sexist or misogynistic, but the intimacy of a blowjob was something Nolan valued highly, something that was an appreciation of the man, and it was a service. It was all about

making him feel special, and appreciated… To make her partner feel like a man, solely using their mouth…

Why did it suddenly feel more potent now, though? Grace had used her mouth on him before. She had fucked him. Why did it suddenly feel like a betrayal? Nolan didn't have an answer to that. But he was angry, and he was scared, and he was also very turned on.

The elevator doors opened, and Nolan rushed out to his car. He got in and started the engine.

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When Nolan was home, he was grateful that Grace had made her way back to their own apartment. He was panting, his heart racing. He found Grace in the shower, and without even undressing, he joined her, his body hot and his cock hard and ready.

"Hey baby," Grace said with a smile. Her wet, naked body was gorgeous, and Nolan couldn't resist her. He kissed her, hard and passionately, his tongue pushing into her mouth, his hands grabbing her ass and pulling her against him.

"You're so fucking hot," Nolan said, his voice strained. Grace chuckled, but she also gasped. Nolan was never quite as forceful as this, but Grace seemed to have noticed how hard he was, and she didn't seem to mind it. "I can't believe you sucked him off without telling me. It makes me so fucking jealous. And hard."

"I'm sorry," Grace breathed, kissing him back, and then kissing him again, her hands running over his chest and abs. "I was just so mad at him. I couldn't resist."

Nolan couldn't help but feel a little bit hurt, and a little bit jealous. She couldn't resist Nate. He was more irresistible than him. But that was the point, wasn't it? Still, Nolan wasn't pleased. But he wasn't angry. He was in a weird state of limbo between pissed off and turned on.

"I don't like it when you do stuff like that behind my back," Nolan groaned, his voice strained. "It makes me jealous."

"I'm sorry," Grace breathed. She kissed him again, her lips soft and warm, her tongue pushing into his mouth, tasting him, teasing him. Nolan groaned, and he grabbed her ass, pulling her against him. His suit was wet through and through with her up against him, but it didn't matter. In fact, it seemed to entice Grace seeing him like this.

"Are you?" Nolan challenged, and Grace blushed.

"Of course I am," Grace said. "I don't want you to be upset with me."

"So you'll never do it again?" Nolan asked. He kissed her again, his hands grabbing her ass, squeezing her firm cheeks, his fingers digging into her flesh. She gasped, and she kissed him back.

"I'll try my best," Grace said, her voice strained.

Nolan pushed her against the wall, kissing her hard. He was focusing on the wrong thing. Grace losing herself, not her persona per se, but yielding to that primal need… he should be happy about that. He was. But he couldn't help but feel jealous and hurt. The betrayal… it stung. And his cock was still rock hard.

"I don't like it when you do things without telling me," Nolan growled.

"I know," Grace said, her voice strained.

"But I can't help but feel turned on by it," Nolan groaned. He kissed her again, harder this time, his tongue pushing into her mouth. She kissed him back, and her hands ran over his wet body, her fingers running over his abs. She moaned, and Nolan felt her pussy grinding against him, her clit rubbing against his hard cock through the fabric of his wet suit.

"It turns you on, huh?" Grace chuckled, her voice breathy and filled with lust. "If it helps, I was always going to tell you. I just didn't know you'd react like this... and a part of me..." Grace looked him over. "I like it. My big, beautiful man all undone like this."

"That's what happens when your man's girl is misbehaving," Nolan said, feeling himself falter. This was what they both wanted deep down. It was close to the fire, but not entirely in it yet.

Grace chuckled, her lips near his own. "I forgive you," Nolan said, kissing her softly. "But–"

"I was bad, wasn't I?" Grace asked.

"Yeah... I'm not gonna lie, it makes me a little jealous," Nolan admitted, as the water poured down. "A blow job... I mean, I feel like I'm being stupid, and I know you've... had sex with him, but..."

"What is it?" Grace asked, her hands still on his chest.

"I don't know. I don't know. Maybe because it was... intimate? And it was in the middle of the night, and I was asleep? It feels like more of a betrayal almost. I'm sorry," Nolan admitted. Grace was visibly taken aback by that.

"I had no idea," Grace said. "Have you always felt this way?"

"I'm not sure, to be honest," Nolan said with a small chuckle.

"Either way, I'm sorry," Grace said, her hands moving up to his face, cupping his cheeks. "I didn't think of it like that. I just thought it was a blowjob. I thought you'd like it, and you'd get off on it."

"No... let's be honest. You didn't think of me at all," Nolan admitted. "And that's ok. I understand. You were in the moment, and you were... You wanted to be bad, and you wanted to do something naughty, and you wanted to get off. And that's ok."

Grace looked at him for a moment, and then she nodded. "I was in the moment. I was mad, and I was horny. I just wanted to be naughty. I just wanted to be bad. It was wrong. I'm sorry."

Nolan smiled. "I forgive you," he said. Nolan loved when Grace was being naughty. There was a breach of trust that they both hated, but at the same time, it was such a thrill to hear how Grace had slipped up. "And I want to fuck you so bad right now."

"Take me to our bed," Grace said, kissing him again. "And fuck me senseless. Make me feel it."

"You bet," Nolan grinned, and he pulled her out of the shower. He stripped off his clothes and then he threw her on the bed. She squealed in delight and climbed back.

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Soon enough, she was leaning her back against the headboard, with her hand tangled in her man's dark locks. Grace moaned and closed her eyes. It felt good to have Nolan between her legs, and it felt good to have his tongue working her clit and her pussy. He had been eager to get

her home and get her naked, and Grace had been eager to let him. It was like he was on a mission, and she loved that. She loved the attention he was giving her, and she loved the way his tongue was working her pussy. It was like he was trying to make her cum as quickly as possible. It wasn't working, but she appreciated the effort.

She was holding back to really prolong the experience. While Nolan was the expert with a tongue, Grace desperately wanted to climax with him inside of her. It was the perfect way to relieve tension, but also wrap up an otherwise relaxing day.

She had been hesitant in telling Nolan about her blowing Nate behind his back. It had been a spur of the moment, and she wasn't even sure if she should have. But she didn't regret it. In fact, she liked the idea that she had been a little bad, and she liked the idea that she had been a little naughty. She liked that he was jealous, and she liked that he was turned on by it. It was like the rush of adrenaline she had gotten from the whole thing.

Grace did feel bad for having gone behind his back. And it was true, she had gone over to Nate's without Nolan on her mind. It was all for her. But both Nolan and Nate kept saying how this kink was all about her anyway, so what was she to think? How was she to act? She looked down at Nolan. How angry could he really be with her pussy in his mouth, anyway? Grace smirked at the thought.

"I'm close," Grace whispered, her breaths quick and shallow. "I'm so close, baby. Make me cum."

Nolan moaned into her pussy, his tongue working faster and harder, his fingers pressing deeper inside her. Grace could feel her orgasm building, and it was going to be a big one. She could feel the pressure building, and it was going to be a big one. She could feel her body starting to tense, and she could feel her muscles starting to clench. She could feel the pleasure building, and it was going to be a big one.

"You, guh, like me being naughty, do you?" Grace moaned, her hand gripping his hair. "You, ahh, you like me breaking the rules, huh?"

"Mmmhmmm," Nolan moaned into her pussy, his tongue working faster and harder, his fingers pressing deeper inside her.

"You like, oh, God, that I'm so turned on by that asshole that I, oh shit, that I just can't help myself?" Grace panted, her breaths quick and shallow. "That I'm so turned on by him that I suck him off in the middle of the night while you're asleep, almost letting him fuck me?"

Nolan looked up at her, his eyes dark with lust. They were burning with jealousy, but he also looked turned on.

"Oh, fuck," Grace groaned, her hips bucking against his face. "You like that, don't you? You like that I'm so turned on by him that I almost let him fuck me, don't you?" Grace panted, grabbing his hair tighter and pulling him closer.

"Mmmhmmm," Nolan moaned into her pussy, his tongue working faster and harder, his fingers pressing deeper inside her.

"Oh, fuck, I'm gonna cum," Grace moaned, her body tensing and her hips bucking. "I'm gonna cum all over your face, baby. I'm gonna cum all over your face."

Nolan's tongue worked faster and harder, and his fingers pressed deeper inside her. Grace could feel her orgasm building, and it was going to be a big one. She could feel the pressure building,

her body starting to tense, and she could feel her muscles starting to clench. And then, a burst of pleasure shot through her like a bullet.

Her body convulsed, her hips bucking, her back arching and her toes curling. The pressure burst like a dam and released a flood of pleasure that flooded every inch of her body. Her muscles seized and her toes curled even further. It felt so good, and it felt so intense. She couldn't help but moan, and she couldn't help but scream his name.

"Oh, yes, baby. Oh, fuck, yes. Yes," Grace screamed as her orgasm crashed through her like a tsunami, the waves of pleasure rippling through her body.

"That was amazing," she panted. "You're so good to me, and I love you so much."

"I love you too, babe," Nolan breathed, kissing the inside of her thighs as she recovered from her climax. "Did you mean what you said about how bad you were? Tell me everything. You're not off the hook yet."

Grace blushed. "I mean, yes... I was very naughty. I went to him when you were sleeping. I wasn't thinking straight, and I just wanted to get off. I was mad at him, and I was mad at myself. So I went to him, and I sucked him off."

"How far did it go?" Nolan asked. "I need to know exactly what you did, in detail. Don't hold back, Grace. I'm dying to hear it."

"Well, I sucked his cock," Grace admitted. "I got him so close to cumming, but I didn't let him. I was so angry with him, so I left him high and dry."

"You're a tease," Nolan chuckled, kissing her inner thigh again. "I bet he was pissed off at you."

Grace shrugged, a sly smile on her face. "He was. But I don't care. I wanted to be a bad girl, and I wanted to be a bad girl for you. But I took it too far. I even... let him touch me. He guided my head and groped my butt..."

"He... guided you?" Nolan gasped, his cock twitching. "Like he controlled how you sucked him off?"

"Yeah," Grace admitted. "He did. He grabbed my head, and he made me suck him off the way he liked. He held my hair, and he fucked my mouth a little bit. It was... I don't know. It was hot. I didn't expect to enjoy it."

"Holy shit," Nolan gasped, his cock hard and throbbing. "You... let him? That's hot."

"Yeah," Grace nodded. "But I stopped before he could cum. I wanted to get him to the edge, but then I left him. I guess I wanted him to suffer a bit."

"You're a bad girl, aren't you?" Nolan growled, his lips finding her inner thighs again. "I like it. I like you being a bad girl. It makes you more exciting, more dangerous. I want to punish you for it."

Grace bit her lip and smiled. "I need to be punished. You're right. You should punish me, baby. You should show me who's the boss."

"Fuck yeah," Nolan groaned, his lips kissing her thigh, moving to her pussy. Grace gasped and moaned, her hands finding his hair.

Feeling emboldened by his insatiable hunger, Grace gripped him again. "No more talking, just lick my clit," she panted, her eyes closed.

He was like a man possessed, and he was eating her out like he was starved. He had been extra hungry tonight, and Grace loved it. She closed her eyes and let her mouth fall open, small, rapid moans escaping from between her lips. His hands were on her thighs, holding her tight, making it really difficult not to cum. Her hips were bucking, and her breaths were growing more labored.

Nolan's tongue moved faster and faster, his pace getting more urgent. He was so desperate to get her off that she could hardly stand it. She closed her eyes tighter and pushed his head away, wanting him inside of her. She could see it in his eyes, how he just wanted to dive back in. What a good man he was, dying to get her off.

He pulled her away from the headboard and climbed up her body, and kissed her hard. She could feel the weight of his cock pressing against the inside of her leg. He reached down to his cock, stroked the head up and down her slit a few times, and slowly pushed it into her. Her back arched as his cock filled her up.

"Fuck..." she purred. She looked up into his eyes, seeing his desperation and hunger. A devious grin crossed her lips, and she lifted her hips to meet him. She wrapped her arms and her legs around him, pulling him deeper inside of her. Grace had her arms around Nolan's neck and kissed him deeply as he thrust deep and hard inside of her. "Do you, ah, want me to close my eyes and pretend you're him?" she asked, teasing him.

"No," Nolan grunted, and he kissed her hard and thrust even deeper inside of her. His hips rolled, and he thrust harder, and harder. He was trying to prove something, and he was trying to prove that he was better than Nate. "Not now."

"Ooooh..." Grace moaned, and her head lolled back. "God, I love it when you're jealous..."

"Fuck, you're so hot," Nolan panted. He was looking at her, his eyes wide with lust. His hips were thrusting, and his cock was pounding her hard and deep.

"You're so good to me..." Grace moaned. She was getting close. She was getting so close. His cock was hitting all the right spots, and his hips were rolling, and his tongue was licking and sucking on her neck. "I think I'm going to cum..."

Nolan kissed her neck, his hips driving her to orgasm. "Cum for me," he panted. "Cum for me, Grace."

"Yes..." Grace panted, and her hands moved to his back, her nails digging in. "I'm gonna cum... I'm gonna cum... Oh, fuck..."

Nolan's hips rolled, and his cock was pounding her hard and deep. She could feel the pressure building, and she could feel her body tensing. He was giving it to her just right, just right where she needed it, and it was sending her over the edge.

"Fuck!" she screamed, and she gripped him hard as her body shuddered, her back arching.

Nolan's thrusts were getting erratic and shallow, his breath heavy in her ear. She could hear him groan his sexy voice in her ear. She held him tight as she came, and his orgasm washed over him, his cock spurting inside of her, his body convulsing.

They stayed in each other's embrace, panting and riding out their orgasms together.

"Fuck," Nolan said, and then laughed. "You are something else. I didn't know how much that story would turn me on."

"Me neither," Grace admitted, kissing his neck.

"Do you wanna fuck Nate again?" Nolan asked, his fingers finding her ass.

"I don't know. Probably, but we shouldn't," Grace said. She wanted to. There was no doubt about that. And part of her really, really, really wanted to. She wanted to feel him inside her again, and she wanted to feel his big, thick cock stretching her pussy, and making her cum all over it. And the thought of him using his warm shaft to piston in and out of her was making her mouth water. She couldn't say no. "It's... so intense. But I won't do it. Not until the date at least, if at all. It's not a rule to get lucky after a date."

"But you've missed him, erh, like that, right?" Nolan asked, pushing for the hard truths and getting to the bottom of her inner struggles.

"Yes," Grace confessed, her heart fluttering a little. "And I hate it. But it feels good. And I can't control it."

"I get that. I mean, I want him to, ah, do it with you, because you enjoy it. It turns you on," Nolan admitted, his hands running across her skin. "But there is something really, uh, interesting about you lusting after someone other than me. And it being him, my friend, our neighbor, my colleague, someone who can be deemed a bit unsavory..."

"So what should we do? I almost broke the rules. He most certainly did. And it's not the first time either," Grace asked.

"We have to be honest with each other," Nolan said. "It doesn't matter if we break the rules, as long as we tell each other, and we're honest about it. I know you want to break the rules. And I don't blame you. I want you to break the rules. I want you to break them, and I want you to tell me about it."

"But it's not a good idea, right? I mean, what's the point then? It sort of adds to the buildup while attempting to keep things in check. It's a dangerous game," Grace said, her hand playing with his hair.

"It is a dangerous game. But I like it. And I think you do, too," Nolan said. He was stroking her cheek. "Did you really not let him finish?"

"No. I... I just left him high and dry," Grace giggled. "I couldn't resist it. It was so naughty."

Nolan chuckled. "It's ok. I forgive you. Even if he has a hard time doing it."

"Thank you," Grace whispered. She kissed him deeply, her tongue finding his. "And the rules? Him not touching me, me only giving him one show a week? Those were both broken."

Nolan looked at her, and then he nodded. "Yeah, those were broken. And I won't pretend and say that breaking the rule is okay... one hundred percent of the time. But I trust you. You're the strongest and most confident person I know, so I trust you won't take it too far. Right?"

Grace nodded. "Yes. I won't take it too far. I promise."

Nolan kissed her again. "Good. I know that you can be naughty, and I love that about you. But I also need you to be honest with me. We need to be able to trust each other. This isn't about the rules, or the boundaries. It's about honesty and trust."

"I know. And I'll always be honest with you," Grace promised. She kissed him again, and she looked into his eyes. Grace hesitated for a moment. "But you do like secrets. It's so back and forth."

"Well, we'll work around that somehow. But the default is no secrets, no lies," Nolan said. "Right?"

"I agree. And I know what I said about guilt trips and not wanting them, but I just want you to know this was well within your rights to be upset with me," Grace said. "I just hope you won't be upset with me in the future when I do something that I think I can't tell you."

"I'm not mad at you, babe. I mean, yeah, I'm jealous. But I'm more turned on than anything. I love seeing you all horny and out of control, even if it makes me jealous," Nolan said with a smile. "Especially then. I promise."

Grace nodded. They stayed that way for a long time, kissing and cuddling, their bodies entwined. Eventually, Nolan rolled off of her, and she curled up next to him.

"I'm glad you're not mad," Grace whispered.

"I'm glad you're not mad either," Nolan said. He kissed her head. "What's the clock anyway? I came home so early, but it feels like it's late in the day already."

Grace shrugged, kissing his chest. They lay there for a few moments, their minds floating in and out of musings surrounding their explorations.

"How did it make you feel? Going over there in the middle of the night, and for him to break the rules?" Nolan asked after a while, his fingers tracing her skin.

"It was wrong. I know that. But I have to admit, while I was over there, I didn't think about that at all. I just wanted to be naughty. It felt dirty and rushed. And feeling him in my mouth, that big, warm thing in my mouth... I almost wanted to keep going," Grace told him. She was being completely honest with him, and she could see it in his eyes that he liked it.

"Really?" Nolan asked, a mischievous smile spreading across his face. "And you didn't let him finish? You just left him high and dry?"

"Yeah. He was mad. And he deserved it," Grace giggled. "I couldn't help myself. But I won't do it again. I don't want to do anything behind your back."

"You're a tease," Nolan said, and he kissed her again. "But I like it. I like it when you're a tease. I like it when you're a bad girl."

"I like it, too, I can't lie," Grace said. She smiled up at him.

"Actually, I'm thinking of sending you over there right now," Nolan teased, his fingers tracing her skin. "You can go over there, and you can finish what you started. But this time, you'll let him finish."

Grace gasped, and her heart skipped a beat. "Oh, really? You're going to send me over there? After everything we've just talked about? Is that a good idea?"

"It's only right," Nolan teased, not aware of what fire he was playing with. Was Grace going to say no? "I mean, you've got to finish what you start, right? You can't leave him high and dry. It's not right."

"I guess," Grace giggled. She couldn't believe that Nolan was actually suggesting that she go over there and finish what she had started. But the idea was too hot to resist. "Ok. I'll do it. But only if you want me to."

Nolan grinned. "I think you should."

"Do I tell him that you know? If I don't, he may assume he can touch me again," Grace said, the thought making her heart race. She knew it wasn't right, but she loved the thrill of it.

Nolan considered her question for a moment. "No. Don't tell him. In fact, tell him I'm not home."

"So now it's fine for me to blow him? With what you said earlier? Is that what you want, for me to give him something that's just for his pleasure?" Grace asked, pushing him for the truth. She knew it was risky, but she wanted to know how far Nolan was willing to go.

Nolan smiled. "Yes. Rude not to finish the job, right?"

Without further reply, to show that she was serious about this, Grace picked up her phone and sent a message to Nate. *'Home yet? I feel bad for what I did earlier, so I wanna make it up to you.'*

It took only moments before Nate replied. *'Yes. Come on over.'*

Grace looked up from her phone, and Nolan smiled. "Too late to back out now," Grace said with a grin.

Nolan chuckled. "No backing out. Go over there, and get him off. That's an order."

Grace rolled over and kissed him again, her lips soft and warm. "I'll do as I'm told. But when I'm back, as punishment for sending me over, you're not getting any for a while," Grace warned with a smirk. "Or is that too far? Am I pushing too much?"

"No," Nolan gasped.

"That's what I thought," Grace smirked, regaining some of that confident attitude.

"Go get 'em, babe," he said, kissing her softly. "Be a good girl."

"I will," Grace said, and she kissed him back. "For Nate."

With that, she got out of bed and started getting dressed. She was nervous, but she was also excited. She couldn't believe that Nolan was letting her do this after everything they had talked about. But she was also happy that he was. It made her feel good, and it made her feel sexy. It also spoke to his trust and development. He had raised his concern and still wanted her to explore and indulge, just as long as they were open and honest with each other.

She could feel Nolan watching her as she got dressed. He was staring at her ass as she pulled on her jeans, admiring her curves.

Grace meandered over to the balcony and peeked outside. A devious smile crept across her face, knowing just the way to tease her boyfriend.

"He's on his balcony," Grace said. "If you're quiet, maybe you can hear us. Like last time."

"You bet I am," Nolan said. He was so eager for this, and he was so turned on by the idea of his girlfriend blowing another man. It was crazy, but it was hot.

They were playing with fire, and they both knew it. But they were having fun. And that was the most important thing. Grace had made a fateful decision in telling Nolan, and Nolan had taken his stance.

Grace looked back at Nolan. "Do you want this to be his show of the week?" Grace asked.

"You're asking me?" Nolan asked.

"Yeah, I am," Grace said. "It's fair. Do you want it to be his show?"

Nolan nodded. "Yes."

Grace smiled. "Ok. It is."

She went over and kissed him one more time, and then she left. Her heart was racing, and she could feel the butterflies in her stomach. She was nervous, but she was excited. She couldn't believe that she was going over there to actually blow Nate. Often that was how it ended with Nate, but this time, it was the intention. This time, she was going over there to actually give him a blowjob. And she couldn't wait.

When she got to Nate's apartment, she let herself in and found him waiting for her on the balcony with a drink of cheap bourbon. Nate, knowing Grace wasn't a fan of too much drinking, put his glass away as he saw her join him.

"Hey, Nate," she said. She could feel her heart racing in her chest. "Don't hide your drink on my account. It's your home."

"Hey, Grace. Glad you came over," Nate said, a mischievous smirk on his face. He lifted his glass as if it were to give her a toast. "To what do I owe the pleasure?"

"I just felt bad about what I did earlier," Grace admitted. She walked over to him and took the glass from him, and then she took a sip of the cheap bourbon. It burned a little going down, but it warmed her up. "So I wanted to make it up to you."

Nate raised an eyebrow. "Really?"

"Yes. Really," Grace said. She finished his drink for him, then she set the glass down on the table, and she looked into his eyes. Her heart was racing, and she was nervous. But she was also excited. She knew that Nolan was listening, and that made her even more excited.

"You don't have to do that," Nate said, making Grace falter for a moment.

"I know," Grace said. "But I want to."

"Then how can I say no?" Nate asked. His hands found her hips, and he pulled her close to him. He was already hard, his cock pressing against her through his sweatpants. Grace bit her lip when she felt it. He was big and thick, and she could feel every inch of it pressing against her.

"I'm sorry, Nate. Let me make it up to you," Grace said, pouring it on. "Let me finish what I started. It's a new week after all."

"And Nolan... does he know about what happened?" Nate asked, his voice low and husky.

"No. He doesn't. It's our secret," Grace lied, her voice equally husky. She was so turned on, and she could feel her pussy getting wet. Grace hated to lie, but it came easily now. Perhaps the bourbon helped. Grace moved her hand up his thigh, feeling the bulge in his pants, and squeezing it.

Nate grinned, and he leaned in to kiss her. She kissed him back, and she could feel the excitement building in her stomach. This wasn't exactly to plan, but if she wanted to play it off as natural as possible, a kiss was alright, surely. And if she wanted to tease Nolan, well, that would be even better.

"Wow, Grace. You really wanna be here, don't you?" Nate said, his hands on her body. He was groping her ass and kissing her neck. It felt good, and it made her pussy tingle with anticipation.

Grace blushed, and she bit her lip. "I do. I want to be here. I want to be with you," she purred. She pushed her hand down the front of his pants, finding his cock, wrapping her hand around the heavy thing, and stroking it. Nate groaned, and he kissed her neck again.

"You're such a naughty girl, Grace," Nate growled. He pushed his hips forward, his cock pressing against her palm. She could feel his cock throbbing in her hand, and it made her pussy tingle with anticipation.

"I know," Grace panted. She could feel his cock throbbing in her hand. Warm and heavy, a beast that demanded attention. Grace smiled, and she pulled his sweatpants down, exposing his thick, juicy cock. "Mmmm, nice and ready for me..."

"Get down on your knees and apologize properly," Nate said, his eyes sparkling with mischief.

Grace giggled, and she got down on her knees in front of him. "As you wish," she whispered huskily.

She was going to be apologizing to Nate a lot. Deep and enthusiastically. Grace wrapped her hands around his cock and leaned forward to take his throbbing shaft in her mouth. The heat radiating from it made her shiver in anticipation.

Nate put his hand on the back of her head, and Grace looked up at him, her lips wrapped around the tip of his cock.

"Suck it like a good girl, Grace," Nate grunted. He guided her head down onto his throbbing shaft, and she started to suck him off slowly and lazily. She could feel his cock throbbing inside her mouth, and she could feel the pressure building in her stomach as he throbbed and twitched, the precum oozing down her throat. "That's it. Get used to it... "

Grace hummed softly as she sucked on his cock, enjoying the sensation of his cock filling her mouth. She could feel his warmth, his scent and his musk invading her senses, and the feel of him pushing deeper and deeper into her.

She felt him shift his hips back, and his cock pulling out of her mouth. It felt bigger, more substantial now, and she gasped softly as he moved, rubbing it against her tongue, then the roof of her mouth, and finally against the back of her throat. She could taste the precum and she felt his cock twitching in her mouth. God how she loved the taste of it. She loved the weight of it, and she loved the look of it. Just feeling it in her mouth.

"So this doesn't jeopardize our date?" Nate asked, stroking her hair.

"Of course not," Grace mumbled. "We're still on."

"Good," Nate said, his hand still tangled in her hair, his fingers digging into her scalp. Grace hummed softly, and then Nate was pushing his hips forward, his cock driving further and further into her mouth.

The shaft almost slipped into her throat, making her gag a little as she struggled to hold him in her mouth. Nate grunted, and then his hips pulled back. She could feel the precum oozing down her throat and leaking out of her mouth. Never had she given a blow job like this, or been manhandled like this. Nolan rarely was like this, but she certainly wouldn't deny that she enjoyed the attention and control.

Nate didn't stop his hips, pushing his thick cock into her mouth, again and again. The warmth and weight and heat was filling her whole body, and she moaned softly, closing her eyes and savoring the feeling.

Nate's cock kept pushing, and she gagged a little as his shaft slid in deeper. Grace wasn't able to take too much still, as Nate was just too big for her. He seemed to like hearing her gag, though. Each little gag would seem to make Nate harder, and he was throbbing against the roof of her mouth.

"Your mouth is amazing, Grace. It feels so fucking good," Nate moaned, letting go of her head. To her own amazement, Grace didn't stop. Her hand gripped the base of his thick shaft, and she kept sucking on it. Nate groaned. "How is Nolan so lucky to have a girl like you?"

Grace didn't reply. She simply smiled, her mouth full of cock and continued her ministrations, making sure Nate had a very, very good apology. Nate closed his eyes and leaned back on his sofa, putting his arms behind his head, content and enjoying his blow job.

Grace got into a groove, the feeling of his thick cock sliding into her mouth and then retreating quickly becoming something she enjoyed. Grace felt empowered with it, being able to bring him pleasure.

"Keep going. That's it," Nate said.

Grace obeyed. She knew that her mouth wasn't nearly as good as other parts of her anatomy, but the fact that Nate enjoyed it just made her feel more confident. She loved the fact that she was pleasing him, and that spurred her on. It wasn't easy, and it wasn't graceful, but Nate kept moaning and gasping, and his hips would shift forward. Each time, his cock would throb, and his shaft would swell as if trying to break loose. And every time, she would feel his cock twitch, his cock spurting more of his thick and hot precum. It was hard to concentrate, and the moans were like music.

"You have such a hot mouth," he moaned, grabbing her again. "I love it." He moved her head up and down his shaft with more vigor. It was more forceful than the last time, and she knew that he was taking advantage of the situation. He was using the fact that Nolan wasn't supposedly in the know to his advantage. It was not very nice of him, but it was also extremely sexy.

"The rules haven't changed, have they?" Nate reminded her, with his hand in her hair.

Grace nodded. "Yhm," she mumbled, his dick filling her mouth. "Hpmm-hm."

With his hands tangled in her hair, holding her head in place, Nate's hips began to buck, slowly pushing himself towards orgasm. His shaft grew thicker in her mouth, and Grace had no choice

but to go along for the ride. Nate was pushing himself inside her mouth, his cock starting to throb and twitch with each thrust. Her mouth was watering as Nate's big dick filled her mouth.

Despite going slow, the pace was frenzied and chaotic, and his hips were bucking as if he was in pain. Grace was trying her best to keep up, but it was difficult. She knew he wasn't going to last much longer, and he was using her mouth roughly. She was sure that Nolan would be furious at the abuse, but she knew Nolan would have to understand the circumstances. Nate wasn't going to hold back. He was going to cum, and he wasn't going to even consider asking. And part of Grace enjoyed that. It was disrespectful and crude, but in a way it showed a bit of confidence and dominance, something she craved but didn't often get.

The look in their neighbor's eyes was that of pure bliss as he used her mouth for his pleasure. He was enjoying every second, and Grace found it sexy. There was something thrilling about seeing him use her mouth so roughly, and she could feel her pussy getting wetter by the second. He was moving her head up and down his length faster and harder, and she could feel him hitting the back of her throat over and over again. She gagged a couple of times, and that only seemed to spur him on further.

Finally, Nate's whole body tensed, and she heard him groan loudly.

She felt a rush as she tasted his seed erupting onto her tongue, and her eyes were shut tightly as she accepted his offering. It was strong and thick, and there was a lot of it. He tasted salty, and it felt like he was cumming forever. Her mind was flooded with a thousand different sensations and emotions as she sucked him, but she was quickly brought back to reality by the sound of his voice.

"Oh, God, fuck, Grace," he grunted, as she bobbed up and down his shaft.

The feel of his warm cum on her tongue was intoxicating. His cock was throbbing in her mouth as she swallowed his semen, and the taste was sharp and strong. She moaned softly as she licked his dick, drinking it all, and his big load quickly filled her stomach.

Grace was lightheaded and her pussy was practically burning, eager for a turn. She loved the feeling of a warm, pulsating shaft in her mouth, and the way his seed coated her tongue, and slowly made its way down her throat. Grace moaned softly, looking up at him and batting her eyelashes. Nate just looked at her, his eyes full of lust and satisfaction. He groaned as he pushed the last drops out onto her tongue, her mouth and cheeks and chin wet with his sperm.

They both looked at each other, a devious glint in Grace's eyes. A heavy blush spread on her face, not so much due to the nature of what she had done, but more out of her growing arousal. Nolan was right. Something about a blow job just... added so much.

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The entire next day, Nolan found Nate insufferable. Nate hadn't said anything outright, but he had this smug grin on his face that just made Nolan want to punch him in the face. He wanted to wipe that smirk off his face, but he knew he couldn't. That smugness came with good reason, and he had to admit that. Nate wasn't even gloating about it. He was just so fucking smug and pleased with himself, as if he had something over on Nolan.

Little did Nate know that Nolan knew everything. Nolan cringed, realizing that it didn't really do much to change the slight power struggle between them. Perhaps getting Nate a job at the same place as him had been a bad idea.

Nolan grabbed the coffee pot and poured himself a cup, needing to wake up. Nate had put on a batch, and he always made strong coffee. It was just one of those things that had made Nolan like him so much. The man knew how to make a damn fine cup of coffee.

He sipped it, trying to look at the bright side of things. So listening to Grace get groped, kissed, and let Nate have his way with her mouth had been… well, it had been erotic, but it had also been somewhat painful. Nolan could still hear Nate grunt and groan as Grace bobbed up and down his shaft. Nolan could feel the anger rise inside of him. But he forced it down, and reminded himself that Grace had done what she had because of him. He had told her to, and she had done it for him. And the sound of her moans as she took Nate's cock into her mouth was intoxicating. He wished he could have seen it, and he wished he could have seen the look in Grace's eyes when she took Nate's load. But he had been satisfied hearing her moan and gasp and grunt as Nate used her mouth for his pleasure. Hearing it was perhaps even more potent than seeing it, knowing what they were doing in that moment.

Nolan's thoughts were interrupted by the sound of someone approaching. He looked up, and he saw Mirella heading his way.

"You in trouble?" Nate muttered. Mirella should've been out of hearing reach, but she shot him a deadly look.

"Nate, you're off the Tex-Mex contract," Mirella said. "Nolan, Josh's office now."

"What? Why?" Nate asked. "What did I do?"

"Do you want me to repeat myself?" Mirella snapped. Nate shook his head, and he grabbed his things. Nolan grabbed his coffee and followed Mirella to the meeting room.

They sat down at the table, and Mirella gave him an intense stare.

"The blurb: they were not happy with Nate's presentation. They got the humor and the joke of it all, but it was too childish and, frankly, disgusting. Nate will not get any more contracts around here," Mirella said.

"I never said he should have in the first place," Nolan said with a shrug. "But second chances, right? I mean, he has been out on his luck." Nolan faded out, realizing he was defending the guy who had fucked his precious girl's face last night. The woman he adored. He felt a bit of shame over it.

"Nolan? Are you okay?" Mirella asked, waving her hand in front of him.

"Sorry, sorry. I was just… distracted. What were you saying?" Nolan asked.

"You seem distracted a lot lately," Mirella said. She looked at his coffee cup for a brief second. "Josh will give you the contract."

"Oh, no. I can't do it," Nolan said. "I don't have time."

"Yes, you do. You're going to do it, and that's that," Mirella said. She sounded pissed. Nolan gulped. Josh was a very nice guy, laid back, and all that, but that's why he had Mirella. She terrified everyone. "Do you have ideas for a name for their company? Did you look at the suggestions they gave us? They've come up with some names that could work."

"I have. I think I have some good ones," Nolan said. He couldn't help but smile, but he tried to keep his thoughts at bay. It was difficult.

"You're sure you're alright?" Mirella asked.

"Am I in trouble?" Nolan asked. Mirella looked a bit surprised at that.

"No. Why?" she asked. "Did I say something?"

"I don't know," Nolan said. "You sound so angry."

"It's because I'm a bit angry," Mirella said. She sighed. "Not with you. It's just... I'm annoyed."

"Oh. Okay," Nolan said. He didn't want to press her.

"Your work at Calhoun Holdings is very much appreciated. That's why we give you this contract. It's not a punishment," Mirella said, clearly wanting to explain herself.

Nolan chuckled. "I understand. Thank you."

A giant hand suddenly crashed into Nolan's back, almost knocking the wind out of him.

"There we have him! He up to speed?" Josh asked Mirella.

"Yes, I've updated him," Mirella said. Josh sat down next to her, and he gave Nolan a warm smile.

"Okay then, we have a lot of work to do," Josh said. "I want your ideas for a name for them by the end of the day, Nolan. I've seen the ideas they've sent me, but they're pretty horrible. Slogan and an outline by Thursday, then you're off to El Paso on Friday. I'll send you a confirmation email once I get it all set up. I don't expect you back until late Sunday, so don't plan anything, alright?"

Nolan nodded. "Understood."

Mirella smiled. "Great. Good luck."

With that, they left. Nolan was going to have to put in a lot of work. He could not believe that they had actually given him a project like this. It wasn't big yet, but the more they worked on the more there seemed to be. And the investors wanted it perfect, but weren't afraid to spend the resources necessary. This was a huge opportunity in helping to build something new and exciting.

He walked out of the meeting room, and he found himself walking straight into Nate.

"Sorry," Nolan muttered, as they both stopped to avoid the collision.

"Nah, it's cool," Nate said. "What was that about?"

"What do you mean?" Nolan asked.

"I mean, what did Mirella want? Was she mad at me?" Nate asked.

"No. She wasn't mad at you. She was just telling me that the investors wanted another approach," Nolan said, making the landing softer for Nate. "They didn't like yours."

Nate frowned. "They didn't like mine? I thought it was good. I thought it was funny, witty, and clever."

"Yeah, well, it was, and they apparently found you pretty funny, but it wasn't what they were looking for," Nolan explained. He found the list of names he absolutely hadn't looked at before and started reading them, hoping that Nate would take the hint and leave him alone.

"That sucks. I mean, it's just a fucking blurb, right?" Nate said.

"Yeah. But they want it to be..." Nolan trailed off, wanting to work. Nate scoffed.

"Well, just because I'm off that one, doesn't mean I can't help out. Let me know, even if it's rubbing your shoulders or fetching you a sandwich, coffee," Nate said. Nolan could tell Nate was pissed, but he didn't care. He just wanted him to leave him alone.

"I'll keep that in mind. Thanks," Nolan said.

*

Grace was over the moon when she got the news that Nolan had been given the contract. It had been a bit of a surprise, but it was the kind of thing that was going to take his career to the next level. Nolan was so happy about it, too, and Grace was utterly proud of him. They decided to celebrate by going to the movies and grabbing a nice dinner after. It was a lovely date.

But when they got home, Nolan seemed to have some issues when they got to the real celebration. Grace had started by blowing him, which she knew he loved, with her ass in the air. It felt good to bring him pleasure like that, and it always made her wet to see his big cock between her lips, to feel it rub against her face. But when Nolan finally climbed on top of her and thrust into her pussy, he struggled to maintain his erection.

"Fuck," he growled, and Grace felt his cock soften inside of her. She gasped, and she looked up at him.

"Babe? Is everything okay?" she asked. Nolan didn't reply. He just kept trying to get hard again, and it only served to make him softer and softer.

"I'm sorry," he muttered. "It's just... fuck. It's just not working."

"Is something wrong?" Grace asked.

"No, no," he muttered, his cock getting soft. "It's just..."

"It's just what? Did something happen?" Grace asked. She tried to stay calm, but she couldn't help but wonder if Nolan was having second thoughts about all of this. If he was regretting this. But the man's ego was bruised enough. "It's fine, Nolan. You've worked a lot today, and have a mountain ahead of you. Let's just go to bed, and we'll try again tomorrow."

"I'm so sorry," he whispered. He pulled out of her, and he rolled over onto his back, looking up at the ceiling.

"It's fine," Grace said. "Don't worry about it." She reached for her panties and pulled them back on. She grabbed her bra and put it on. She was about to grab her top when she noticed Nolan was still laying on the bed, naked, with a defeated look on his face. "Nolan? Are you okay?"

Nolan looked at her, and then he sighed. "Yeah, I'm fine."

"Want me to massage your back?" Grace asked.

Nolan nodded, and Grace climbed onto his back and started to knead his shoulders. She felt the tension in his body, and she massaged him gently.

"You're so tense," she said. "Relax, Nolan. Relax. This isn't the end of the world."

"I know," he muttered. "I'm just... I'm worried about this new project, and I'm worried that I might not be able to pull it off. I'm worried that I might fuck it up."

Grace continued massaging him, and she could feel the tension in his body slowly release. She moved lower and rubbed his back, and she could feel some of the knots in his muscles disappear.

The next day, Grace woke up to find Nolan already up, dressed, and working on his new project. Grace smiled as she watched him. He looked so focused and determined, and she loved it.

She walked over to him and kissed his head. "Good morning," she whispered.

"Morning," he said. He smiled at her.

"How are you feeling?" she asked.

"Better," he replied.

"Good," she said. "What's the plan for today?"

"Work. Lots and lots of work," he said. "And then I'll start packing for El Paso."

"El Paso? When do you leave?" Grace asked.

"Friday," Nolan replied. "It's a bit sudden, but it's also really exciting."

"I bet," she said. She looked over his shoulder and read what he had been writing. "Is that the outline?"

Nolan nodded. "Yeah. I had Sean look over it. It's promising."

Grace went to her work, which this time of year was making sure plants die from the heat, taking care of shrubs and trees alike, and mowing lawns for both regular folk with huge plots of land, companies with decent exteriors, and the city. It was hard work, but she enjoyed it. She loved being outside, driving her tractors, and whatnot.

When she got home that night, Nolan was still working on his project. Grace showered, ate dinner, and then she curled up on the sofa to watch some TV. She watched Nolan work until it got too late, and then she headed to bed. And like last night, Nolan had issues getting up. They barely even tried.

At work, Grace was starting to think perhaps her sneaking over to Nate's and then going to finish the job was a mistake. If Nolan put on a front or something. It was hard to ask him, as it was a delicate problem. A man's erection is a delicate matter after all. Grace never had a dick, but men took these things so seriously.

"You alright?" Grace heard a rough voice suddenly call to her. She was at the mailboxes and had apparently hovered there for a while.

"Yeah, sorry. I'm fine," she said, shaking her head. Nate smiled at her, and he looked around the lobby.

"Are you sure? You seem a bit out of it," he said.

"I'm fine," Grace said. "Just have a lot on my mind. That's all."

"If you say so," Nate said. "If you want to talk, I'm here."

Grace hesitated, but then she sighed. Nate gestured for them to go for a walk, and Grace nodded.

"Okay," she said.

They moved out into the warm night, the yellow shining on them from above.

"So, what's up?" he asked.

"This is a very delicate issue, and I kinda don't feel like I should tell you, but we sort of have... a deeper relationship nowadays than most and I guess we can consider you a friend, even if you're a dick from time to time," Grace said. Nate didn't look offended. In fact, it looked like he was taking this very seriously. "Well, Nolan isn't able to get it up," Grace said. "And he's been struggling with it ever since he got that big contract. He's stressed out and overworked, but I can't help but feel it's my fault."

"Why would it be your fault?" Nate asked. "You didn't tell him to take the contract, did you?"

"No, of course not," Grace said. "But I might be... the reason why he's so stressed out."

"What? Why? Because of what happened on my balcony?" Nate asked. Grace felt a shiver run down her spine as he spoke. "You told him about that?"

"Some of it. Not all," Grace said, scrambling. She had almost said too much. "But I think so, yeah," Grace admitted. "We've never really discussed how far we would go. And now he's freaking out about it. I'm thinking of just quitting all of it. Especially if it bothers him that much... This was exactly what I feared would happen."

Nate seemed to mull it over a bit. It was odd; he looked like he was just adding some puzzles together in his mind, but when he looked at her again, his face was one of determination and confidence.

"Don't worry about it," he said. "In fact, when was the last time he was able to... perform?"

"That day. When I visited you," Grace replied.

"There you go. It's the stress. It has nothing to do with you," Nate assured her. "Don't worry about it, Grace. He's just overworking himself. It's going to pass."

"Really?" Grace asked. She felt a weight lift off her shoulders. She had been worried that this was something she had done, something she had caused. She hated the idea that she might be the reason for Nolan's struggles. Maybe this was one of those things where you stand in the middle of it and don't see the trees for the forest or whatever.

"Really. In fact," Nate hesitated. "You could... no, it sounds like I'm fishing if I suggest this."

"What is it?" Grace asked, curiosity getting the better of her.

"Well, he seemed to enjoy that day. A lot," Nate said. "So maybe a repeat? I mean, not that extreme perhaps, but maybe if you and I did more instead of less? Maybe if we were to... I don't

know." Nate suddenly laughed. "I'm sorry. I know it's weird for me to suggest this, but maybe if we were to... go a little bit further, he wouldn't stress so much."

Grace stared at Nate for a long time. She couldn't believe that he was suggesting this. Did he really want to fuck her that badly?

"Hey, I see what you're thinking. No, not that. I just think that this is his kink. Perhaps this is what he needs. And perhaps if you and I were to... I don't know," Nate said, trailing off. He looked at her, and he seemed to be struggling to find the words. "Maybe up the ante a bit. Maybe it's too little for him, once a week. Hey, maybe it's a bit too little for all of us..."

Grace looked away. The suggestion was a crazy one, but it wasn't a bad one.

"I'm not sure," Grace began.

"Hey, I'm just throwing ideas out there. I just hate to see you out of it like this. Especially when I know that you're not the reason for his problems. How could you be? Look at you," Nate said. Grace blushed. She knew he was only saying it to get into her pants. But a part of her thought he might be right. It sounded nuts, but then again, was anything about this normal? "And nothing much has to happen. It'll just be an experiment, and with Nolan fully on board."

"I'll think about it," Grace said. "Thank you for listening. And thank you for the advice. You're right. I need to talk to him."

"Yes, you do. Just don't forget what I've said," Nate said. "It's a good idea."

"We'll see," Grace said. "But thank you. I appreciate it."

"Anytime," Nate said. "Anytime."

Grace pulled him in for a quick hug. Not like a lover, but more like a friend. And he was respectful, keeping his hands to himself.

*

When Nate got home, he immediately found the bottle of Zoloft and threw it all in the toilet, flushing it out. Those stupid fucking pills. He had quit lacing Nolan's coffee for a bit, but when Nolan got Nate's contract, he began up again. And Grace wanted to call it quits? Fuck that.

Hopefully, he had managed to salvage the situation. He had been grasping at straws, really. Grace seemed to have been quite stressed out by her boyfriend's lack of performance. Nate had to force himself not to laugh, but then again, Grace was confident in her relationship enough so that admitting this to Nate didn't seem like a threat to him. At least, that was his read on it.

He also had to reconsider his options in terms of work. Nate truly thought he had something, and the reaction during the meeting had blindsided him. And now Nolan had taken his job. It was humiliating, even if it was just Nate who cared about it.

The Tex-Mex contract had been perfect for him. It looked like a middle to small contract, but the investors were looking for quick turnarounds and were eager to get going, so they were willing to pay good money for it. It would've been a great little earner for him.

And now Nolan had snatched it away from him. What was worse, was that Nolan didn't even seem to care. The man hadn't even shown any signs of gloating, or that he even noticed that Nate was jealous. Or maybe Nolan was just that good of an actor.

Either way, it meant Nate had much less to do. The Oakland project was in a standstill for now, and Nolan was the lead on that one, too. So he sat there, drumming his fingers impatiently against the desk as he waited for something to happen. He had sent some emails, but nobody seemed to have read them yet. So he did what any man does when he's bored: he went to the fridge, grabbed a beer, and watched some TV in the lounge area. He got some odd looks from his co-workers, but they had seen him down there before, so they knew it wasn't out of the ordinary.

Picking up a magazine about cars, Nate flipped through it lazily. He didn't care much about cars, but it was nice to look at the pretty ladies in tight clothes posing next to sports cars. He was still flipping through it when he threw it aside. He looked over at a soap magazine. Maybe it wasn't a soap magazine specifically, but for what Nate cared, it could've been a gardening magazine for all he cared. There were some pictures of pretty actresses posing. He mused that Grace in a bathtub with a bunch of soap would certainly be a nice sight. He smiled at the thought, and he felt his cock stir as he imagined her wet body and those beautiful curves.

He felt a hand on his shoulder. Nate looked up, and he saw Mirella standing there.

"Oh, hey," he said. "What's up?"

"Can you come to my office, please?" she asked, her tone serious.

"Sure," Nate said. "Be right there."

He stood up, and he followed her to her office. Mirella gestured for him to sit down. She sat down opposite of him.

"Is there a reason why you've been lacing Nolan's coffee with vodka?" she asked.

Nate froze. He felt his heart drop into his stomach.

"What? I don't know what you're talking about," Nate said.

"Don't play dumb with me, Nate. Why are you doing it?" Mirella asked. Her voice was calm and collected, but there was a fire burning behind those eyes. A fire that was aimed at him.

"I'm not... I don't..." Nate tried to find his words. How did she know? How the fuck did she know? Had someone seen him? Had someone ratted him out? Mirella stared right through him.

"The vodka bottle in your desk? I never see you drink it. But I did see something else." she asked.

"I... I don't know what you're talking about," Nate stammered. He was sweating. His mouth felt dry. His hands were shaking. At least it wasn't the Zoloft.

Mirella leaned forward. "Cut the shit."

Nate couldn't stand it anymore. "I just... wanted to mess with him a bit. He doesn't hold alcohol that well and–"

"I haven't told Josh or Nolan yet. I wanted to hear what you had to say first. Nolan seems to think highly of you for some reason, and I respect that you're friends, and Josh is not one to fire someone, but I never liked you and this is not acceptable. You're off for two weeks without pay. You'll accept the suspension if you don't want us to hell on earth," Mirella said. Her voice was cold. "Is that clear?"

"Yes," Nate managed to say. "I understand."

"Good. Now get out of my sight," Mirella said, dismissing him with a wave. "We'll be keeping an eye on you."

Nate stood up and left. His legs felt weak, but he didn't want to show weakness. He tried to walk calmly, but his heart was pounding in his chest. He felt like he was going to throw up.

He grabbed his stuff and left the office. He didn't care where he was going. He just wanted to get away from there. He didn't know what he was going to do next. This could be a huge setback. Part of getting this job was to get back on his feet, but mostly so that Grace saw that he was more than just the loser next door who groped women that he was when they first met. That was a long time ago, and she had seen him grow since. He knew he was doing wrong by drugging Nolan, but he thought it wouldn't really hurt the guy, he just wanted to knock him down a peg. The vodka didn't really do anything yet either. It was such a small dose that Nate wasn't sure if it would even affect Nolan much.

But he knew it was for the better. Sure, it could've worked to his advantage, but it was cheap, and it was way too risky.

It had seemed like a good idea at the time, but now it seemed stupid.

He found himself in the park, staring at the grass. It was a nice day, but he didn't feel like enjoying it. He sat down on the grass, looking at the sky. It was blue and cloudless. The sun was shining, and he knew that somewhere, some sexy lady was sunbathing in her bikini. That Grace, most likely, worked in a sweaty white t-shirt and some short denim shorts that showed off her amazing legs and tight ass.

His mind wandered. He imagined Grace, laying down on the grass in her bikini. He could see her smooth skin glistening in the sunlight, and he could see her perfect body stretched out on the grass. He imagined her rolling over onto her stomach and pulling the straps down, exposing her beautiful, perky breasts.

Nate chuckled, thinking he could check in on her. Grace had been upset yesterday so Nate could score some easy points. Hell, he could use them after being suspended. He could be her rock to lean on. He pulled out his phone and looked up her number.

"Hey, Nate," Grace said. She sounded tired.

"Hi, Grace. I... I wanted to check on you. See if you were okay," Nate said.

"Oh, that's sweet of you. I'm alright," she said. Nate could hear her tractor in the background, probably mowing and mowing along.

"Just wanted to make sure. I can't imagine how hard it must be," Nate said. "Nolan is... well, right?"

"I haven't done what you suggested yet," Grace admitted.

"You should. It's a good idea," Nate said. "And Nolan is a lucky guy."

Grace laughed softly. "Thanks. That's nice of you to say."

"Well, it's true," Nate said. "Hey, I'm actually not home now. You could just swipe by my apartment and take some naughty pictures for later, see what happens."

"Thanks for the offer," Grace chuckled. "That's not really upping the ante, though."

"Is that an invitation?" Nate teased, getting another chuckle from Grace.

"I don't know. I feel like I've been pushing the limits quite a bit lately," Grace rebutted. "I don't know how much more I can handle before... something breaks."

"Well, I don't want to pressure you into anything," Nate said. "I just wanted to make sure you were alright."

"I appreciate that, Nate," Grace said. "I'll think about it. Thanks."

"No problem," Nate said. He hesitated. "Hey, erh, I got suspended today. So if you want to talk, I'll be around."

"Suspended? What? Why?" Grace asked. "What happened?"

"It doesn't matter," Nate said. He hesitated again. It wasn't a moment of sincerity on his end, but he knew Grace liked it when he was honest with her. "I did something stupid. The Tex-Mex thing didn't work out." A half-truth.

"I'm so sorry, Nate," she said. "Do you need to talk?"

"Not really, no," Nate said. "But thanks. That's nice of you to offer."

"No problem. If you change your mind, just let me know," Grace said. "And hey, maybe I'll come over later. Nothing untoward, of course."

"Maybe we can take those pictures after all," Nate chuckled, making Grace laugh.

"We'll see," she said. "... but yeah, I might come over later. Just to talk."

Nate smiled. His little moment of 'sincerity' had won through.

"Erh, just don't tell Nolan. You know it is, my fragile ego," Nate chuckled.

"I promise. I won't tell him," Grace said. "I have to go now, but thanks for the call."

"Anytime," Nate said. He hung up.

He sighed as he leaned back against the tree. Sympathy. He had never really understood the emotion, and while he hoped to weaponize it, Grace felt sorry for him in a caring way... Nate shook his head.

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Grace put down the phone. She felt bad for Nate. He seemed like he was struggling, and he didn't have many friends. She couldn't believe he had gotten suspended. She would have to check in on him later. He hadn't done much to deserve it. Over a bad pitch? It seemed unfair, but what did she know about that business anyway?

But for now, she had to finish up. She had taken care of most of the lawns in the area, but there were still a few to be done, and she was already late. It was going to be a long day, but then again, it always was.

She got back to work, and she found herself lost in her thoughts. She tried not to think about Nolan or his issues, but she found herself worrying about them nonetheless. Erectile problems at his age were almost always a mental thing, and with the dangerous games they had played, with the small escalations, perhaps it had been too much. Or was it truly his job? And was Nate

correct in his assessment that Grace needed to tease and push for more? It was a logic that she struggled with, but there was no denying that she had enjoyed it. There was no denying that she craved more. She just didn't want to hurt Nolan, or to put him in a difficult position. He might end up resenting her for it, and that was the last thing she wanted.

Grace got back home in the evening and took a shower. She was exhausted, but she had promised Nate she would check in on him. She dressed in her regular jeans, black tank top, and sneakers. She put on some make-up to make herself look presentable, and then she headed over to his place. She rang the doorbell and waited. After a few seconds, Nate opened. He was wearing a tank top and shorts, a bit disheveled, but that was to be expected with the day he had had.

"Hey," Nate said. "Thanks for stopping by."

"No problem," Grace said.

Nate chuckled. "We've got matching tank tops!" he said.

Grace looked down. Sure, they were both black, but the similarities ended there. She snorted. "Wanna swap?" she teased, knowing the answer.

"Nobody wants to see me wearing your tank top," Nate said. Grace laughed.

"Well, if you're happy with yours," Grace said. "But if you change your mind, let me know."

"I'll keep that in mind," Nate said. He let her inside.

Grace entered the apartment, and she could feel a sense of familiarity wash over her. She had spent many hours here. Partially in some teasing manner with Nate. This felt more like a social visit, though. Grace felt a bit unsure about it. She wasn't sure why she was here. She had just wanted to check in on him and see how he was doing. She was worried about him, and she felt bad for him.

But she also knew that he was dangerous company.

"You want a drink? I think I have some beer left," Nate said.

"No, thank you," Grace said.

"I'm telling you, when you downed my bourbon... pretty hot. In a baddie kinda way," Nate chuckled. Grace laughed softly.

"No, thanks," she said again.

Nate shrugged. "Suit yourself. So, erh, what's up? You're not here because of..." he trailed off.

"No, I just wanted to check up on you. See how you're doing. That's all," Grace said.

"Well, I'm fine," Nate said. "Suspended. But I'll be back in two weeks."

"You going to do something else in the meantime?" Grace asked.

Nate shrugged. "I don't know. I haven't thought about it yet. Maybe I'll just relax a bit. I've been working a lot. And I've got my date with you next week. In reality, until your BF got me that job, I was right where I am now. So I can just relax for a while," he said.

"That's good. You need to relax," Grace said.

"I do," Nate agreed. "And I'm glad you stopped by. It's nice to have a friend around."

Grace smiled. "Thanks," she said, leaning in a bit. "Friends with benefits!" she added, getting a laugh out of them both. She looked around the apartment. "You mind if I look at your bookshelves for a bit? I want to see if there's anything new since last time."

"Of course," Nate said. "You can stay as long as you want."

Grace walked over to the bookcase. She ran her fingers over the spines of the books and read the titles. She smiled at the sight of so many familiar books. Nate had an impressive collection. She would never have thought. He was so brash. But then again, she recollected how he talked about her mother, and she knew there was a softer side to this big, out-of-shape, slob-seeming guy. Perhaps she really had to change how she thought of him. Grace had already changed so much of her opinion about him, but some of that old prejudice lingered.

"So, erh, have you decided to..." Nate trailed off. Grace knew what he meant.

"No," she said. "Not yet."

"Why not?" Nate asked. Grace turned around. Nate was standing there, looking at her. He looked curious.

"I don't know," Grace admitted. "I just don't know."

Nate shrugged.

"Don't push me. If I want to take pictures, I'll take them," Grace said. She tried to sound firm, but it didn't come out as such.

"I'm not pushing. I'm just... I just want you to enjoy yourself. You deserve it," Nate said.

"You don't even like Nolan," Grace pointed out.

"No, I don't, but that doesn't mean I can't think you deserve to enjoy yourself," Nate replied. "And I think your man is into it. I think he'd love it."

Grace turned around, and she continued looking at the bookshelf. She didn't want to talk about this anymore.

"I actually have an idea that would help me out a lot, and it does involve pictures," Nate said after a bit of silence.

"Oh?" Grace said, feeling like she had to respond.

"Yeah. I looked through this catalogue with soaps and whatnot, and I saw this bathtub with a bunch of bubbles, and I looked at a car magazine with all these sexy women hovering around sports cars, not as perfect as you, of course, and I sort of had an idea for how I might make my comeback..." Nate said, trailing off. Grace could tell he was gauging her reaction. "But it would require your help."

"What?" Grace asked. She wasn't sure if she wanted to hear the answer.

"I want to do a photoshoot of you," Nate said. Grace turned around, and she stared at him.

"A photoshoot?" she asked, raising an eyebrow.

Nate nodded. "I don't really know a lot of sexy women. It won't be this week, not even the next probably, so you don't have to make a decision. Surely you've been asked to model before?" Nate asked.

"Erh, yeah," Grace admitted. "Not lately, though."

"Well, it's just a thought. Just an idea, and I thought I'd run it by you," Nate said, turning to the fridge. He opened it and grabbed a beer. He took a sip from it. "Just think about it. No rush."

Grace was thinking. Modeling wasn't really something she wanted to do, but if it would help Nate...

"I'll think about it," she said.

"Thanks," Nate said. "That's all I ask."

Grace turned to the bookcase again, and she continued browsing. She could feel Nate's gaze on her, and she felt a shiver run down her spine. She tried to ignore it and focus on the books instead. But she knew what he was thinking.

After a while, she felt like enough time had passed. It wasn't impolite to leave this soon, was it? "Well, thanks for having me," Grace said, turning around. Nate had put the empty beer bottle away. "And I'll see what I can do for your photoshoot idea. Maybe Josh will like it, it seems like something up his alley."

"Great," Nate said. They locked eyes. He approached her. "And thank you. It means a lot. Sorry if I was out of line earlier."

"That's okay, no problem," Grace said. He looked serious all of a sudden. His eyes were darker. Grace knew this look, she had seen it in them before. She suddenly realized that she hadn't been entirely honest with herself or her boyfriend. "But I should really get going," she said, but her voice failed her.

It was odd to have two opposing ideas in her head at the same time, the ones she had entertained about Nate, about his nature as a person. And the fact that she knew she was attracted to him, she just hadn't admitted it to anyone else. But most of all to herself. She had known it was there, just hiding. And there was only so long one could lie to themselves. Grace had realized long ago that her mind and her emotions were out of sync. Her body wanted one thing, her heart and mind another, and it caused a mess of confusion inside of her. It made her feel uncertain, lost almost.

She stood in the center of her apartment with her phone in her hand. Nolan would be on his way home by now.

"I should get going," Grace said.

"Okay," Nate said. He looked at her. Grace looked back at him. They stared at each other for a long moment.

"I..." Grace trailed off. Her eyes moved down to his lips. She felt a strong urge to kiss them, to feel them on hers. She didn't know why. "I have to go," she said again.

"Alright," Nate said.

Grace hesitated. She couldn't deny how she felt, but she knew she had to fight it. She had to.

"Thanks for coming over," Nate said. Grace smiled.

"No problem," she replied. "Anytime."

"Hey, and if you're bored when Nolan's in El Paso… just hit me up. We'll watch some movies or something. Whatever you want," Nate said.

Grace chuckled. "Nice try. We'll see. Focus on your idea, mister."

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When Grace got home, she couldn't help but reflect on how weird this all had become. It wasn't the first time Nate had pushed her buttons in a unpredicted way, but even worse, her body had responded to him. She had felt outright desire, and it scared her. How could she have been attracted to that fat, leery neighbor? Over twice her senior, older than her dad, for Christ's sake. Nate was supposed to be gross. But he had some other qualities as well. Softness, thoughtfulness. And smart, and funny. But also, really crude. Not only in his words, but also in his behavior, too.

That look was one of them. It was undeniable that she could feel his hunger as she entered the room, his lechery burning in his eyes as they burned over her curves. Grace couldn't stand him licking his lips whenever he saw her, looking at her with obvious sexual desire. But it was also something that added a certain thrill for her as well. He was honest and direct. It felt less fake. She wasn't really sure why, but perhaps she needed someone like him. Someone like that. Nate never pretended to be a knight in shining armor. And while he had crossed the line plenty of times, it was with honesty. There was something perversely hot about his behavior and his blatant desires for her.

Was she really making excuses for his behavior? Grace shook her head.

Nate had a certain brutish attractiveness, despite how obese he was. He was taller than Nolan, and despite him being soft, his muscles still existed. Grace didn't care about weight; she had never judged someone for how they looked, only if they were an asshole. If someone was polite and kind, they could be fat for all she cared. But… he was an asshole. Or at least he had been. Nate seemed to have softened up for Grace, and he hadn't been such an asshole lately. It was puzzling to her. Had he truly changed? For her? Because of her?

She knew she shouldn't give in to the temptation and perhaps trust in Nate, but it was difficult. Nate had this forceful aura, the kind of man who was used to always getting his way. The kind of man who wanted things, and got things. The kind of man Grace would not necessarily be interested in… but there was no denying it anymore, she was attracted to Nate.

But despite his increasing gentleness, Nate was still Nate. And she had to be careful. This shouldn't escalate to something it wasn't meant to be. *'Friends with benefits,'* Grace mused.

When Nolan got home, it was an emotional reunion. Grace could see immediately that he had been making way with his work. It looked like he had taken the last few days very seriously. He looked determined and confident. Grace even felt it in his hug. While it was stressful, Nolan was pretty good at what he was doing. That was why Josh had given the contract back to him when Nate messed up. But it was a weird back and forth for Grace. She was proud of Nolan, but also felt sorry for Nate, and it all involved the same client. For the most part, she was glad on Nolan's behalf; he was her boyfriend after all.

"I've got so much done already," Nolan said, beaming with pride.

"I know you did, stud," Grace teased, shoving at his chest, biting her lip. "You're working so hard."

"I am," Nolan admitted, "but it'll be worth it in the end."

"That's good," Grace said. "You need to relax, though."

Nolan smiled. "I'm fine, Grace," he said.

"No, you're not," Grace said, putting her hands on her hips. "You need to relax. You're stressed out and overworked."

"I'm fine," Nolan repeated. "Don't worry about me." He was worried he wouldn't be able to perform. The worst paradox: stressing over an erection you can't get, then you add more stress that causes even more issues, and it goes on and on and on.

"Sit," Grace commanded, pointing to the couch. Nolan shut up immediately, suddenly at attention. "That's right," Grace said, feeling her confidence rise. She liked being in control like this. "Now strip down for me, stud. I want to see your body."

Nolan stripped down, and Grace made a point of licking her lips as he did. Nate was perhaps right on some account. Nolan needed things in certain ways. One of those ways was an assertive Grace. So, Nolan was meat.

"Lay down," Grace ordered. "And spread your legs."

Nolan lay down on the couch, and he spread his legs for Grace. She got down on her knees, and she grabbed his cock. It was soft, but Grace stroked him slowly, trying to coax some life into it. It didn't respond much. Grace began massaging Nolan's cock and balls, trying to make him feel good.

"Relax," Grace said. "Let me make you feel good. Even if you don't get hard. I want it to feel good."

"Okay," Nolan replied. He closed his eyes, and he tried to relax.

As Grace took him in her mouth, she felt him twitch a bit, but not much. Yet. Grace was stubborn if anything, and she kept at it. It took longer than usual, but blood was definitely beginning to fill his cock.

"See," she cooed as he had gotten slightly hard. "You're feeling better now, aren't you?"

"Yeah," Nolan gasped. "Yeah."

"Good boy," Grace cooed again. He twitched again. "So... would it help if I talked about Nate?"

Nolan looked at her, startled, but she didn't let up stroking him. He didn't soften again either.

"Erh, I guess," he replied.

"Or do you want me to... do this to him instead?" Grace asked, her voice low and sultry. Nolan groaned. Grace knew what he was thinking. It was so easy to read him. His cock swelled, and it stood at half-mast. "Oh, I think you do, don't you?"

"Yeah," Nolan breathed. "Yeah."

"I bet you want me to do this to him," Grace whispered, leaning in to give him long, wet licks along his shaft. "Maybe once a week isn't enough. You want to send me over there more often. Don't you?"

Nolan's cock swelled further as Grace took him into her mouth. She could taste the pre-cum on her tongue as she sucked him. "Mmm, that's so fucking hot," Grace mumbled as she bobbed her head up and down.

"Fuck," Nolan hissed. He was fully erect, and the veins on the side of his cock were bulging out. Grace kept sucking, and she could feel his cock throb in her mouth. Nothing had ever made her prouder. It was so hot. Grace moaned around his cock, and she kept going.

"Grace," Nolan groaned. "You're amazing."

"Thanks," she said, her voice soft and muffled. "Now let me take care of you."

Nolan nodded, and he leaned back on the couch. Grace took him back into her mouth. She could feel him throbbing, and his cock was pulsating. She could feel her own arousal, but for once... it was all about him. Nolan's sentiment about blow jobs was truly true. It was an appreciation of the man. It was a thrill for the woman, of course, but taking a man's meat in your mouth, a woman is making herself subservient to her man, a man she appreciates, a man that she wants to make feel good. She loved the idea of making Nolan feel good.

"I'm close," he groaned. "Oh God, I'm close."

Grace pushed all the way down and she could feel him slide into her throat. Grace could feel his cock throb as it pulsed in her mouth. It was hot, and it was so sexy. Nolan grunted, and he came into her mouth. Grace swallowed every last drop, and she kept sucking him until she was sure he was done. She pulled off, and she looked at him.

"Did you like that?" she asked. Nolan nodded, his face flush.

"Yeah," he gasped. "Fuck yeah. I loved it."

"Good," Grace said. She could feel her own arousal, but she ignored it. She was happy that she had helped him feel better. "You're all relaxed and happy now, right?"

"Yeah," Nolan said. "I am." He looked so happy and undone. Grace slapped his knee playfully before getting up.

"Well, good," she said, smiling. "I'm glad." She kissed his cheek before she stood up. "I'll make us some dinner."

"Alright," Nolan said.

Grace made dinner, and they ate together. Nolan was quiet, but he was in a good mood, and he was clearly relaxed. They talked about the contract, and they talked about what they would do when Nolan got back. Josh had apparently waved a big carrot in front of Nolan, and Nolan wanted to spoil Grace. Grace wasn't vain like that; she knew Nolan would give everything he had to please her, but that prospect did sound incredible.

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That evening, before Nolan was due to leave for El Paso, they talked a bit more. Grace had been thinking about Nate's proposal, and she had been wondering if she should tell Nolan. She didn't

know how he would react, but she thought she should at least mention it. If Nate was right, Nolan would be excited. She was nervous about it, though. She didn't want to hurt his ego. But he had responded well the other day when she had been assertive and also teased Nolan about Nate a little bit.

"So," Grace began, entering the bedroom as Nolan was reading over a few documents in bed, wearing her nice red nightdress that barely reached down a few inches of her thighs. Silk. Simply, but so sexy.

"That's new?" Nolan asked.

"It's actually your boss's design," Grace said. Nolan raised an eyebrow suggestively. "Anyway, I was thinking about our agreement… with Nate. I was thinking that maybe we could take it a bit further," Grace suggested.

"Oh? How so?" Nolan asked. He was curious. Grace had been thinking about this for a few days now. She wasn't sure if she should say anything, but she decided to go for it.

"Well," Grace started, taking a swaying step toward him. Nolan put his documents aside as he watched her. "What if I were to tease you a bit more with him? I mean, to spice up the next week, I mean. I know you partly liked me going behind your back, but also hated it, but…" Grace said, trailing off as she sat down on the bed. Nolan's gaze was intense.

"Go on," Nolan said. "What exactly are you thinking?"

Grace smiled. "Tell me first, do you want us to continue this hotwife scenario? I mean, you've had some issues–"

"I don't think it's related to that. Sometimes I drink too much coffee, and stress from work," Nolan said urgently. The urgency was Grace's key that he was telling the truth. She smiled, leaning in.

"Oh, I see," she whispered. "So, it wasn't really me… doing things with him that made you unable to perform, was it?" she teased. She knew the answer. She just wanted to hear it.

"No, not at all. I love it when you're a bad girl," Nolan said. Grace walked on her knees up the bed and sat in his lap, facing him, her legs on either side of his. Nolan stared up at her in awe. She leaned in to kiss his neck, gently nibbling on his skin.

"So, you want me to be a bad girl for you?" she asked, her voice low and seductive. She felt so sexy, so powerful, and she was turned on as well. It was an exciting feeling, and it was a feeling that she wanted to explore. "I may have fucked up last weekend, but I have a way to make it fun…"

"Yeah?" Nolan grunted, his hands finding her ass. Oh, how he worshipped her butt. "And how is that?"

"Well, if you're okay with it," she whispered, "I was thinking I wouldn't tell you anything for the entirety of next week. Not even about the date until after it has happened. You'll get a solid hint for being such a stud, but not until it's happening." Nolan's fingers gripped her ass tightly. "You'll have to trust me to tell you the truth. And if I get a little naughty on the way… I can't say. I might not be able to resist him." Nolan groaned, but not in displeasure. "Who knows how often I will be over at his?"

"Don't fuck him," Nolan grunted. "You're mine."

"Of course," Grace cooed, "I'm only yours to fuck. But what can I say, he's very convincing... I might let him get a bit closer than you'd want him to." Nolan's hands squeezed her ass again. "Oh, I just love your big hands on my ass," Grace moaned, feeling his fingers dig into her flesh.

"I love your ass," Nolan said, his voice low and growly. "That is such a naughty idea. Holy fuck."

"And I promise, after that week, I will tell you absolutely everything. I won't hold back, neither the good nor the... bad," Grace said, grinning widely.

"First, you sneak behind my back while I sleep, then a whole week? The most important week?" Nolan asked, making Grace's heart jump. Was this a mistake? "Holy fuck. You're a bad girl." Grace relaxed. "I fucking love it. Do it. Please. Fuck, this is crazy."

"Oh yeah? I can't wait," she said. "And I'll tell you one thing right now: it's already begun. I'll tell you what it is when I think it's time."

"What?" Nolan asked, his voice a little higher than usual. "What do you mean?"

Grace shrugged. Nolan's hand squeezed her ass.

"What?" Nolan gasped. "What do you mean? Will he touch you more?"

Grace shrugged again.

"You'll find out," she teased. "So we're back to normal?"

Nolan rolled her over on her back and entered her. The sheer desperation in his lovemaking that evening made Grace believe that he had indeed not had any issues with the hotwifing. That he was just a bit tired and stressed out. It made her feel a lot better. The fact that he had agreed to her naughty plan made her feel even better. She would have some fun with Nate. She would play along with his little game, and she would see where it went. She would tell Nolan afterward. She was so excited to be a bit naughty with Nate and have some fun with it.

Grace would also have to make sure that she was a good tease. She had to make sure that she kept Nolan on his toes. She had to make sure that she didn't push it too far, but she knew that she could get away with a lot. The freedom was undeniable, but also the responsibility. Grace knew she had to be careful.

As they lay in bed together afterward, with Nolan's arm around her, Grace felt good about herself. She felt good about what they had done, and she felt good about the fact that they had been honest with each other. They were a great team, and they were in this together, no matter what. And Grace would make sure that she would always be there for him.

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Hitching a ride to the airport with Josh, Nolan couldn't help but think about Grace and how far she had come with the hotwifing, or cuckolding. She had scolded him in the beginning, but Nolan was happy she had become more comfortable with it, and with Nate. While he had some hiccups himself, the excitement overcame every obstacle. Even though it had only been one date and some weeks of teasing, he felt like he was in some kind of honeymoon phase with Grace. A whole week without knowing anything? How would he be able to even withstand that?

He was so anxious to see where Grace would take this. Part of him wanted her so badly to just give in, for Grace to just lose her mind and surrender to Nate and his huge cock. That would be a huge betrayal, but he wanted her to be happy, and he wanted her to have fun. But it was scary.

He felt a little guilty, though, that he had to work so much, and that he had to spend time away from Grace. Especially now. Perhaps his erectile problems had made them take a step back, but Nate's forward pressure had been enough to steer them back on course. He knew that behind Grace's suggestion there were hints of Nate's influence. His neighbor was a persistent bastard, but Nolan was glad that he had been around.

He was, though, looking forward to getting this project out of the way. The presentation would be the most important part, and he was confident that he would be able to pull it off. If only he could keep his focus on the job, and not think about Grace and Nate. The last few days at home had been great. He had been relaxed, and he had been able to focus on his work. He had even been able to sleep well, which was rare for him. But that was due to Grace. Holy hell, had she worked hard for him. While he could get hard again, it still required a bit of work and teasing, and he felt guilty that Grace had to put in all the effort.

But he knew he would be able to make it up to her. He just had to get through this weekend. And when he got back, they could pick up where they left off. Josh had given them access to a luxurious penthouse apartment in Chicago, with a bubble bath and small pool, along with some recommendations for massages. Nolan wasn't a huge enthusiast for that, but he'd go to a couple's spa if it meant something to Grace. They also had the best nail studio in Chicago at the spa. It was perfect. Josh had been very generous, and Nolan was very grateful. The man was a legend.

It was also a nice way to pull Grace away from Nate for a bit. As much as Nolan liked her hooking up with Nate, he liked her to himself as well.

"You alright, champ?" Josh asked.

Nolan nodded. "Yeah, I'm fine. Just thinking about the weekend."

"You've been doing well, Nolan," Josh said. "Gimme some of those names."

"Well, I got a few," Nolan replied. He pulled out his phone and scrolled down to a list of names. "I've been working on these. The ones I think stick out are 'Nuevo Camino', 'Masa & Co', and 'Red Mesa'. All are Spanish-themed, and I made, like, small menus that fit each brand. I have more too. As for slogans–"

And so the conversation went. Nolan was glad to see that Josh was enthusiastic and supportive of the work that Nolan had put in. Nolan felt a sense of pride in the fact that he had been able to do so much work, and that he had been able to impress his boss.

*

With Nolan gone, Grace decided to hang around her work for a good while longer than she used to. She had neglected the industrial lot a bit too much lately, and it was really coming into its own. She had a lot of ideas for how to improve it and make it even better. She was also looking forward to the challenge of expanding it and maintaining the symmetry she was going for. Grace had always been good at multitasking, and she loved a challenge. She loved to see her work come to fruition.

When Josh had stopped by to pick up Nolan, he had also made a small mention of perhaps having an extra set of hands for her if she was interested. While Grace was still apprehensive about hiring folk, it seemed like it was a part-time deal, she owed Josh, she figured, and he had basically made it so she could skip the entire hiring process and just get a new person. So that was great. If it happened. She would see if it was a good fit.

She also needed to figure out what to get for dinner. It wasn't often she was on her own, and she didn't know if she wanted to cook for herself or order something. It was tempting to just order a pizza or a sandwich, but she didn't want to eat junk food all day long.

She decided to go shopping and get something that would be quick and easy to cook. She could always freeze the leftovers if she didn't feel like eating them. Or she could share them with Nate. She shook her head. No. No Nate. At least not today.

Maybe she could invite Dora over? Or out for drinks? That is, if Dora were better. Grace had barely heard from her best friend since... she couldn't even remember. Maybe she could stop by next week or something and check on her.

After shopping for the stuff she needed to make some healthy salads over the weekend, and with a small plan of ordering pizza so she could pig out for once, Grace went to spend several hours digging a ditch, up by the industrial lot, to drain off the water that was starting to accumulate in the lowest parts of the area. It was a pain in the ass. They wanted ponds, but surely not these types of ponds. Ducks and carp, not dirt and mud. Grace had a lot of ideas and plans, and she was determined to see them through.

'Made it to El Paso!' Nolan wrote her. That's when she realized how late it was. Almost 9 PM. She had been at work for over 12 hours. With no one at home, Grace didn't feel like returning. Instead, she went for a long drive in her pickup truck.

Grace had always enjoyed driving. It wasn't even about clearing her head or anything; it was just the calming sounds of the tires rolling along, the lulling sound of the engine, and the feeling of the car's movement. She loved it. And she needed it. After the long, hard days of work, she needed the soothing, calming motion of her pickup to take the edge off.

When she got home, she noticed that Nate's Golf was mysteriously absent. Grace found her wondering what he had been up to since his suspension. It had been a few days, and she hadn't heard from him. Once upon a time, she was happy to be relieved of his constant advances, but she found herself wondering how he was doing, and whether or not he was okay. Grace didn't know what it was, but she missed his presence. Perhaps not entirely him, but the feeling of being desired and wanted was nice.

Grace went to bed and tossed around a bit, feeling the emptiness of her partner. She didn't know why she was feeling so lonely. She wasn't the type of girl who needed someone around her all the time. She liked her alone time. But she missed Nolan, no doubt about it. Perhaps she was bored. Or just needed his warm, kind presence. She sighed and rolled over. She was tired, but she couldn't seem to fall asleep.

She texted him a *'good night,'* which was a bit redundant, as it was 1 AM in El Paso. She sighed, rolled over, and decided to try and sleep. She didn't know how long she lay there, staring at the ceiling. In the end, she relented.

'Saw your car was missing. out banging sluts again?' Grace sent to Nate, hoping it would come across as playful... and certainly not needy, or worse, desperate. Grace's hand lingered on the screen for a bit.

Nate didn't reply right away, so Grace rolled over on her back again and stared at the ceiling. She blinked once, twice, and then three times. Suddenly, it was light outside. It was 9 AM. Had she fallen asleep without realizing? Grace rubbed her eyes and checked her phone.

'lol, wish i were. nah, I was just at the pub getting a beer or four, but now I'm heading home. You miss me already? haha.' Nate had texted back. Grace sighed. *'Nolan made it safely to Texas?'* he had continued. Grace felt her cheeks heat up slightly. Grace smiled at the concern in the message. He really did have a soft side to him. It was hard to believe that he was the same guy who was so crude and rude and pushy. But then again, maybe that's why she was so drawn to him.

'He did,' Grace responded, still smiling slightly, even if Nate was busy sleeping in.

Grace took a long, hot shower. It felt good to wash away the sweat and grime from the day before. When she got out, she dried off and wrapped herself in a towel. Her hair was damp and tangled. She brushed it out and tied it back in a loose ponytail and headed out on the balcony to drink her morning coffee, as she did every day. She had a view over the nearby patch of forest. As a girl with a major in horticulture, it was a prime view. Nolan had been adamant about wanting to move to a bigger city, to be where the buzz was, but had relented to her small-town America needs. Grace loved nature, and a forest was her paradise. She loved to walk around in it, to breathe in its fresh air, and to hear the birds chirp. Grace had always felt at home in nature. She had always felt that she belonged there.

After her morning routine, Grace made breakfast. A simple bowl of cereal, with a glass of orange juice on the side. Grace ate alone, and then went to the bathroom to brush her teeth. She put on some light make-up and decided to be a bit naughty again, to spice up her Saturday morning, and wear her lingerie under her simple white t-shirt and brown overalls. With a small giggle, she checked herself in the mirror. Nobody would ever know, but she did, and that was the important part. It was her small rebellion, her secret, her way of being herself.

As she went outside to the car, Grace noticed Nate's car was back in its spot, and she smiled, thinking he was probably up in his room nursing a hangover.

She had a small urge to stop by and check on him, but she knew she had to get to work. Grace had a lot of things to do today, and she didn't have time for distractions, no matter how much she enjoyed them. Draining pipes don't lay themselves, after all.

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Even this late in the summer, it was a warm day, and Grace had to work hard. She was sweating profusely, and she had to take frequent breaks to drink water. By the time lunchtime came around, Grace figured that was enough for a Saturday. The ditch was done, and it was time to start working on the actual garden. A bit too ambitious to be finished by winter, as she would need to wait for the frost, but the plans were in motion.

When Grace got home, she took a shower again, and decided to head out on the balcony again. It was a warm day, and she enjoyed the feeling of the sun on her skin. She changed into her red bikini and walked out to her balcony, where she sat down on a lounge chair and closed her eyes.

She enjoyed the warm sun and the gentle breeze. Grace was lost in thought when she heard her phone vibrate. She checked her phone. It was a text from Nate.

'What are you doing?'

Grace grinned. *'Just relaxing in the sun,'* she replied.

'Nice,' Nate texted. Grace smiled and put her phone down. She closed her eyes and relaxed.

'So you're in a bikini, huh?' Nate asked. Grace smiled. He was always so predictable, and she had seen that text coming a mile away. Still... he was persistent. And she liked it.

'Yep, and I'm not wearing anything underneath,' she joked, adding a winky face at the end.

'What would one wear under a bikini?' Nate replied. Grace chuckled and put her phone away. She relaxed and enjoyed the sun and the warm breeze.

'Send me a pic,' Nate wrote.

Grace sighed. He was never going to give up.

'bored, are we?' she asked.

'Im suspended. of course im bored. arent you? W/ Nolan in El Fucko,' Nate replied. Grace sighed.

'I'm not that bored,' she lied. She was, in fact, quite bored. *'But I'm not sending you any pics, nope.'*

'Well, you don't have to. I'm looking at your balcony. You look good in red.'

Grace looked over at the matted wall that separated their balconies and saw Nate's silhouette on the other side. Grace shook her head.

"Why are you texting me then?" Grace called.

Nate moved over to where the wall arched down into a half wall. "I wanted you to see you in your natural habitat."

Grace laughed. "Well, you've seen me. Now leave me alone."

"Can I see you up close?" Nate asked, moving to the end of his balcony.

"Absolutely not," Grace said, leaning back in her chair, enjoying the sun. "You're suspended. You need to relax. On your own, you've had your show this week... and plenty at that."

"Come on," Nate cooed, "we're friends, aren't we? I have a bottle of decent red wine here. You don't want me to drink that all by myself, do you?"

"Nice try," Grace said, shaking her head, feeling his eyes on her body, "but no cigar. If you're bored, you can call Josh and tell him you're sorry and that you'll be a good little boy."

Nate grunted. "He's not the boss of me. I'll be back to work before he knows it."

"I'm sure you will," Grace said dismissively. "Now go away."

"You're a tease, you know that?" Nate called back.

"I'm aware," Grace replied.

"Then I'll leave you alone. For now," Nate said. Grace smiled. He was persistent. She had to give him that. "Let me know if you want to be bored together."

She should've ended the conversation there. "I'm not bored," Grace retorted, still enjoying the sun on her skin.

"Sure you're not," Nate replied.

"Oh, shut up," Grace said. She was having fun talking to him. It was a fun little game. "Go away."

"Alright, alright," Nate said. "But let me know if you change your mind."

Grace sighed and closed her eyes, enjoying the sun, and the breeze. She was bored. She was. She was enjoying this game.

After a few minutes, Grace realized that Nate hadn't left. He was still on the balcony, sitting in his chair and smoking his cigarette. Grace turned her head and looked at the balcony wall. She barely saw his silhouette, but it was obvious that he was there. Sitting in that chair where he had ogled her on his own balcony quite a few times now, when she was over to sunbathe. She could see the cigarette smoke rising, smell the nicotine in the air. It was a strange thing to think about, considering that Grace didn't like smoking.

Grace sighed. She was bored. She was. Maybe it was time to take the teasing a bit further. She stood up and walked over to the edge of the balcony. She leaned against the railing and rested her arms on the wall.

"So..." Grace called over to him, her voice low and seductive. Nate turned to her. "What are you doing tonight?"

"You, if I'm lucky!" Nate said, barking out a laugh. Grace rolled her eyes. "But I'm free. I'm suspended, remember?"

"Hey, if you want a chance at hanging out tonight, you better behave," Grace said. "No, wait, I didn't mean that as encouragement for you to think I would–"

"Okay, okay, fine. I'll behave. So... what do you have in mind?" Nate asked. "Wanna get some dinner or something?"

Grace raised an eyebrow. "What did I just say? I wasn't hinting at us hanging out. You just assumed that." She crossed her arms. Nate was being insufferable, totally undeterred and unconvinced by her shutting him down. Grace did continue talking to him, though, which annoyed her immensely.

Nate shrugged and took a sip of his beer, not replying. He just smirked, as if so sure of himself that he was certain she would give in. Grace shook her head. He was such an ass. But she couldn't deny that she was attracted to that side of him, the side that was so confident and self-assured. That side of him that would never take no for an answer, no matter how many times she said it.

"What would you want to do?" she asked, relenting slightly. Perhaps she could have a bit of fun with him, despite his suspension. Just... a bit of fun. She was just teasing him by making him think he had a shot, nothing else.

"I don't know. Maybe we could grab a bite to eat, or maybe we could just have a drink or two," Nate suggested, raising an eyebrow. "I mean, we're neighbors, friends, and all, right? It's not like we have to be 'with benefits' every single time we hang out, right?"

"I guess," Grace admitted reluctantly. "Fair enough, I guess." She didn't want to admit that she was actually starting to like the idea. "Well, I think I'll go for a run. Gotta stay in shape, right?"

"Sure," Nate replied.

"I'll talk to you later, Nate," she said. She stood there a few moments longer, their eyes locked, before she disappeared behind the wall and into the apartment.

As she moved to get into her running gear, she started regretting inviting Nate along. Why had she said that? They had already done what they were supposed to this week, right...?

But like Nate said... it didn't have to be like that. They could eat dinner, drink some wine, and she could go back home and hit the hay. They had hung out before without it leading anywhere. They could do it again. And she would be able to tease Nolan with it if told the right way. Like, she could imply that something happened. That would be upping the ante, right? And it wouldn't even be true.

After Grace had put on her sports bra and a pair of shorts, she headed out and went for a long run. It was a warm day, and it was good to work up a sweat. It was well past afternoon when she got back home, and she felt exhausted. She had pushed herself hard, and she had a good workout. It felt good to push herself.

When she got home, Grace hoped to get a bit more sun in before dinner, but she knew Nate would be there again to stare at her, so she opted for staying inside, taking a shower, and changing into a comfortable pair of baggy sweatpants and a loose tank top.

"Hey," Nate called from his balcony. "How was your run?"

Grace sighed. He was insufferable. "It was good. I'm done now. Tired. And hungry."

"Well, I have plenty of pizza," Nate said. "And beer. You want to come over and join me?"

Grace hesitated. Was this a good idea? But she was bored. And... Nate had a point. They were friends, weren't they?

"Sure," Grace said. "I'll come over in a bit."

She made sure she looked presentable, and then she went to knock on Nate's door. He opened it and greeted her with a wide smile.

"Hey there," he said.

"Hello," Grace said, entering the apartment. "I expect you to behave well."

"Oh, don't worry," Nate said, smirking. "I will."

"Good," Grace said.

Nate closed the door behind her, and he walked over to the kitchen counter. Grace followed him and leaned against it. Nate was wearing his usual cargo shorts and t-shirt. He didn't look as grungy as he did most of the time, which Grace appreciated. His constant leering could be a bit tedious. She liked it, but sometimes it got on her nerves.

Nate poured them each a glass of wine, and he offered her the box of pizza. "So, how was your day?" he asked, taking a sip of his drink.

"Not bad," Grace said. "I dug a ditch yesterday for drainage, and today I finished that up with laying out pipes. I've still got a lot of work to do, but I'll get it done."

"That's good," Nate said, clearly not well-versed in matters of pipes, tractors, and excavators. "You're doing well. You're working hard."

"Thanks," Grace said. "I am. It's tough, but I'm enjoying it. I like working with my hands."

"I can tell," Nate said, grinning widely. Before Grace could retort, Nate nodded to her pants. "Looks comfy."

"Oh," Grace said, looking down at her sweatpants. "Yeah, they're comfortable, I guess. They're old and worn out, though. They're not new. And I wouldn't be surprised if they smell a bit."

"They look good on you," Nate said, taking another sip of his wine. "But then again, anything does. You're gorgeous, you know that?"

"Thanks," Grace said, smiling. "I think I do."

They talked some more, about everything and nothing, as they shared some pizza and wine. They moved over to the sofa, where they decided to watch a movie or two. It was all very normal. Almost like a real... friendship. The way Nate behaved, she could almost forget that he was such an ass. He was nice, charming, funny, and very attentive to her. It was as if he had put in all his effort to be a good guy. It was so different from his usual attitude. She wondered if this was his way of trying to impress her or something.

It was getting late, and Grace was starting to feel sleepy. But she didn't want to leave just yet. It was a strange feeling. She felt like she wanted to stay longer, but she wasn't sure why. It was almost like she enjoyed Nate's company. Or perhaps it was the lack of company at home. Or his exquisite taste in wine. Grace wasn't a huge drinker, but this one tasted good.

"I should probably go," she said, looking at him as she got up. His eyes were intense, and his lips were full and inviting. She looked away.

"You don't have to," he said. "I'm having a good time. Are you?"

"Yeah," Grace said. "But it's getting late."

"So?" Nate said, grinning widely. He leaned back on the couch and rested his arms behind his head. He looked so confident, so relaxed. He looked like he knew what was going to happen. "I can get you another glass of wine."

Grace hesitated. "Okay, but only one more."

Nate poured her a glass, and he poured himself a glass. They clinked glasses, and Grace took a sip. She sat back down on the couch, and she looked at him. He had a predatory look in his eye. It made her nervous, but excited. She felt like he was about to pounce. Grace glanced down at his crotch quickly, smirking as she saw his bulge. It looked big.

She took a deep breath to calm herself down, and then another sip before standing up. She sauntered over to the patio doors that led to the balcony.

"It's such a nice night out," she said. She looked at Nate. His eyes were glued to her ass.

"You have no idea what that ass does to a man," he rumbled, shifting in his seat as his bulge was becoming more prominent, making Grace's mouth dry and her stomach flutter.

"I think I do," Grace said, turning her back to him and lifting her baggy sweatpants up to show off her ass. She had no idea why she was doing this. "I mean, you're not exactly subtle."

"Can I touch it?" Nate asked. The fact that he even asked at all, and didn't just grab her, made Grace feel more inclined to let him.

"I suppose," Grace said, looking at him, biting her lip in anticipation. "But just a little."

"I'll behave," Nate said as Grace moved over to him, his eyes still glued to her hips and her thighs.

Grace stood before him and turned around, sticking her ass out a bit, pushing it in his face. He grabbed her ass cheeks with both hands, kneading them through her sweats.

"Fuck, that ass," he whispered, his voice low. "This ass is so fucking perfect."

Grace bit her lip, feeling her pussy clench, and she moaned, her eyes closing as he touched her. His fingers dug into her skin, and he rubbed his thumbs against the soft flesh. Grace felt her arousal increase, and she couldn't help but lean into him, pressing her butt harder against him. She looked back at him and saw him staring back at her, a hungry look in his eyes.

"Fuck," Nate grunted. "This fucking ass. Flawless. Perfection."

Grace giggled as he kept fondling her. It was silly, but she felt flattered by the compliments. She was also feeling a little drunk from the wine and the touch of his hands.

Nate's fingers slipped underneath her waistband, and she felt him tug at her sweats, pulling them down, exposing her bare ass to him. He had seen it plenty before, so it didn't bother her. It was just a little bit of fun. Nothing to worry about. It was just a bit of fun, that's all. It was just some fun with her neighbor, that's all.

"You're fucking gorgeous," Nate said, rubbing her butt cheeks with his hands. "You know that, right?"

Grace smiled. "I'm glad you think so."

Grace felt his fingers move over to the center of her ass and felt him spread her cheeks slightly. She felt the air on her puckered hole and felt the blood rush to her face. She felt a little embarrassed, but also a little turned on.

"Fuck, that's hot," Nate grunted, releasing her cheeks and returning to mauling her firm, yet soft dough. "You look amazing. You're so fucking sexy, Grace."

Grace was about to pull up her pants and perhaps sit back down, or move to enjoy the late-summer evening. But Nate was insatiable.

"Mind if you lie down?" Nate asked, gesturing next to him at the two-seater. "I need more."

Need? Grace smirked. This was fun. She did as she was told, and she tried to lie down on her front, but it was difficult to find a comfortable position without it being cramped. She tried to

kick off her sweatpants completely, but the two-seater wasn't meant for one person to be seated and another lying down. She groaned.

"Wait," Nate said, getting up and standing over her. "Let's go to the bedroom."

"No," Grace said, her eyes closed.

"Then let's go to the floor," Nate said. "Just to get comfortable. If you want, we can go back to the sofa afterward."

Grace didn't know what to think. On one hand, this was all a little bit naughty. But on the other hand, she was enjoying the attention he was giving her. She liked the way he touched her, his compliments, his need. It wasn't like she hadn't experienced something like this before with Nate. He had been like this at their date.

She was going to have to talk to Nolan about it later, though. This was probably too far, even for them. She wasn't sure. While she wasn't drunk, Grace was a bit tipsy, and she wasn't thinking straight.

Grace looked down at the wooden floor, which didn't look particularly inviting, and her eyes found the hallway leading to the bedroom. She sighed.

"Okay, bedroom it is," Grace said, getting up, pulling her sweats up. Nate grinned as she turned around, and he followed her to his own bedroom. She felt a bit awkward walking in there, and she hesitated.

She walked in and saw a big, unmade bed, and a large dresser. A few clothes were strewn around on the floor, but otherwise, it wasn't messy. It was surprisingly tidy, and it didn't stink of sweat and cum like she had feared it might. She was relieved.

She took a look back at Nate, who stood in the door, looking at her.

"God damn," Nate grunted. "You look fucking incredible, princess."

"Princess?" Grace asked, turning to face him. He grinned. He walked over to her, and she felt her heart beat faster as he got closer. She didn't move, she just stood there, feeling the cool air on her exposed skin.

"You're a princess," Nate said. "You're fucking royalty. You're too good for this world."

Grace shook her head. She was flattered, but she also knew that he was just saying that to get in her pants. She didn't care. It was a nice compliment.

"Lie down and take off your pants," Nate said.

"Awful commanding, are we? What is this princess to do? Lie down and then take my pants off, or take my pants off and then lie down? Or do you want me to take my pants while I'm lying down?" Grace asked, trying to be a bit of a hassle to him, a little tease to keep the power in her court.

Nate chuckled and shook his head. "Take your pants off and then lie down."

Grace smiled and took off her pants, kicking them to the side. Nate licked his lips and walked over to her, his eyes never leaving Grace's body. He put his hand on her thigh and slowly moved

up her leg, and then up to her ass. He cupped her ass cheek with his hand and gave it a gentle squeeze.

"Fuck," Nate grunted. "I could fuck this ass so hard."

"Uh-huh," Grace said, smirking. "You're not getting near this ass. But... maybe if you're good, I'll let you play with it a little bit. Nothing too crazy."

Nate raised an eyebrow. "Oh yeah?"

Grace smirked and turned around. She lay down on the bed, on her front, her legs together. Nate grabbed her hips and pulled her toward him. He leaned over her, pressing his crotch against her ass. She felt the outline of his cock on her crack, and she felt herself get wet.

"Fuck," Nate said. "This is a dream come true. Your ass is fucking perfect. It's so round and firm and... fucking perfect."

Grace grinned. She felt her face flush. It was a strange feeling, to feel so wanted and desired, and to be objectified at the same time. But she didn't mind. It was a little weird, but she liked it. Nate's hands were on her hips, and she felt him press his cock harder against her.

"I thought you were going to touch it. Not dry hump it," she said, looking back at him.

"Sorry," Nate said. "I couldn't resist." He moved his hands down to her ass and squeezed both of her globes. "Fuck. This is amazing."

"You keep saying that," Grace said. "It's not that special."

Nate chuckled. "It is."

Grace smiled. "Thanks."

Nate continued to massage her butt cheeks with his big, firm hands. She felt her arousal increase. Her nipples were hard, and she could feel them pressing against her shirt.

Grace closed her eyes and relaxed. It was nice, and she was starting to get used to this treatment. It was almost like a massage for her glutes, and subsequently her ego, having him lavish such praise over it. Grace groaned and relaxed as his hands massaged her ass, grabbing each cheek and rubbing them, massaging them too, and pulling them apart. He rubbed her crack a little, and she moaned in approval.

"So fucking sexy," Nate grunted. Her heavy ass bounced around as he spanked it gently, sending small waves through her flesh. She could hear his heavy breathing behind her. "Fucking hell. Fit and firm. Soft like silk. Shaped like perfection. How is it possible?"

Grace felt herself relax more. It was a strange feeling, letting him have her ass so much. It was a little naughty, maybe even a bit too naughty, but Grace wasn't sure she cared anymore.

"Do you, erh, mind if I rub my cock against it?" Nate asked.

Grace's eyebrows arched up in a mix of disbelief and amusement. His question came out of the blue, even though his request wasn't too crazy considering what they were doing.

"Doesn't seem very 'behaving', mister," Grace teased. She didn't like the idea, but it was a little tempting to have some extra fun. A tiny part of her was intrigued, but she didn't want him to

think that. She didn't want to make things easy for him, so she made him wait before she continued, "But I suppose a quick little rub won't hurt. Just as long as that big thing doesn't slip."

Nate didn't say anything but groaned in response. Instead, he pulled her panties down. Grace gasped, but still rose up so he could slide them off her. She heard his zipper.

Grace bit her lip and prepared herself. It wasn't anything to worry about; a small innocent rub was nothing to fret. It was basically still clothed, and he wasn't really even doing anything wrong. And if it got a bit weird, she could still ask him to stop. And besides... It was always fun to see him pleasure himself to her body. It was exciting and empowering, with a devious thrill in knowing she made him lose control over a simple body part of hers.

Grace gasped as his hands spread her cheeks. She felt him press the tip against her asshole for a moment before it slid up to her lower back. The sheer size and weight of his cock made it feel like he had been trying to penetrate her. Grace felt like he was teasing her, and it was driving her crazy. The feeling of his warm, hard pipe running back and forth over her asshole, in the valley between her cheeks, made her feel so naughty.

Nate began to hump her. Grace sighed as his hands caressed her ass, rubbing his thick tool against her. She felt herself get wet. Her pussy started to clench, and she bit her lip. His hands moved under her tank top. She gasped as he pinched her nipples and started to roll the perky breasts around in his hands. Grace didn't have the biggest boobs, but Nate seemed to enjoy it as he continued to slide his cock between her cheeks slowly.

He moved her legs slightly further apart and rubbed his cock harder against her ass, the head disappearing down her ass crack every time. Every time Nate did that, the head of his cock brushed her pussy, making Grace gasp. She felt herself get wet, her body burning with desire.

She looked back at him. The lust in his eyes was intoxicating, but the sight of his monster, massive and dark, moving back and forth in her crack was exhilarating. His thick precum lubricated her crack, making him able to move quicker. It felt good, and the feeling of his hands on her ass, and the warmth of his hard cock on her crack, made her moan softly.

"Do you like that?" Grace moaned.

"I do," Nate rasped. His voice was low and heavy, filled with lust. "You're such a fucking tease."

"Am I?" Grace asked.

"On your back," Nate said.

"Oh my. You're done with my ass?" Grace teased, rolling onto her back, looking up at him. She bit her lip. His cock looked huge, and it was slick with his precum.

"You're so hard," Grace purred, smiling mischievously. "Such a big, hard, strong boy."

"And this little pussy is wet for me, isn't it?" Nate asked.

"I don't know," Grace replied. She reached down and ran a finger along the side of his shaft. She grinned. "Maybe."

Nate groaned as her fingertips moved over his slit, his shaft bobbing slightly in response to her touch. His hands moved to her inner thighs and pulled them open. His fingers brushed against her pussy. Grace gasped. It felt so good, and she wanted more. But...

"Nate..." she moaned.

"You're so wet," Nate grunted, moving his finger down to her hole. "You want this."

Grace bit her lip. "Maybe a bit..."

"Tell me you want it," Nate said, rubbing her lips with his finger. "Tell me you want my cock."

"Maybe," Grace said. She tried to pull her legs together, but Nate was in the way. She wanted him. She wanted his cock. But... "It's just..."

Nate grabbed the base of his cock and rubbed the tip against her pussy. She moaned. It felt good. So good.

"Just what?" Nate grunted. "You want my cock, don't you? Tell me."

Grace bit her lip, her eyes glued to the sight of his cock sliding up and down her wet slit, the dark head glistening in the dim light of the bedroom. She felt like she was losing control. She felt like she was giving up. He felt so good, and her body was on fire, her heart pounding in her chest.

"Just... not inside," she whimpered.

Nate paused and sighed deeply. His cock was throbbing and pulsating at her entrance. She wanted it so badly.

He pressed forward, his tip gliding up to her clit, and slowly sawed the length of the underside of his cock against the sensitive button. Grace gasped, her eyes fluttering shut. It felt so good. She couldn't believe how good it felt. It was like heaven, and the sensation of his huge, hard, hot cock against her pussy was almost unbearable.

Nate moved slowly, his hips rolling against hers. Grace was panting, her body trembling. It was so good. She couldn't believe how good it felt. She couldn't believe how much she wanted it. Nate's big cock would feel so good right now. But no. No, she couldn't. She couldn't let him win. She couldn't let him in. No, she couldn't.

Grace's eyes opened as Nate rubbed himself against her, the head of his cock slowly moving down the length of her slit, before resting at her entrance again. The dark purple, pulsating head looked so big against her. She felt herself clench. It was so close. So close.

"Nate," she whimpered softly.

"Grace," Nate grunted. "You're driving me nuts."

Grace's hand moved down to her pussy, her fingers finding her clit. She rubbed herself, her pussy clenching in anticipation, as she stared at the head of his cock slowly inching closer, the big head spreading her open ever so slightly.

"Fuck, that looks so hot," she whispered.

Nate grunted, the head of his cock moving up to her clit again, the underside of his thick pipe sliding against her. She bit her lip, her fingers bumping against that steel pipe.

Nate moved slowly, his cock sliding up and down her pussy, the big head rubbing her clit every time. It was so good, and Grace was trembling with lust. Nate was staring down at her, his mouth hanging open, his face contorted with lust, his eyes wide, his breathing deep and ragged.

"I'm so fucking hard," Nate grunted.

"You are," Grace replied. "So hard... and big."

Nate groaned. "You're driving me nuts," he repeated.

"I know," Grace replied. "Me too."

They were silent for a few moments, Nate's big cock sliding up and down her pussy, his big, hot shaft sliding against her clit.

Grace looked down at her pussy. Nate's dimly lit bedroom was only illuminated by the faint glow from the hallway, and his thick pipe looked dark, almost black, and so big against her. His big, thick pipe slid against her, making her gasp. It looked so good. She looked back up at Nate's face. He was staring down at her, his mouth hanging open. His face was contorted with lust, his eyes were wide, and his breathing deep and ragged. They were driving each other insane, and Nate looked completely gone.

Grace felt him move his cock lower, and the big, hot head slowly pressed against her pussy, and it was so good. The head was so big, and it felt so good, and Grace was panting, her body trembling. Nate was staring at her, his eyes burning with desire.

"Nate," she whimpered.

Nate groaned. "Grace..."

His big cock slowly pushed against her. The fat head was spreading her open, and Grace was gasping, her hands on her tits. It was so big. And so hard. And so hot. And so good. She couldn't believe how good it felt, and how much she wanted it, and she knew that if he just pushed a little bit harder, she would give up. She would let him win. She would let him in. She would let him in, and he would have his way with her. He would fuck her, and she would love every second of it.

"God, Nate," she whimpered. "Don't..."

Nate groaned. "I can't stop myself, Grace."

"Fuck," Grace gasped, his cock pushing against her, spreading her open. She knew she should stop him, but it felt so good. It was so big. So thick. So hard. So hot. She wanted it. She wanted him. She wanted him to fuck her. She wanted his big, hard cock inside her. She wanted it all.

"Nate," she gasped.

She looked down at his cock, at the thick shaft that was slowly spreading her pussy open. His big head was inside her, and she could feel the thickness of his shaft, and it was so good, so good, so fucking good.

"This is a bad idea," Grace muttered breathlessly.

She was panting, and her body was trembling, but she couldn't help it. It was so big. It was so hot. Thick. Grace whimpered as she felt his big cock slowly push inside her, the big head spreading her open. It was so good. So good. So fucking good.

"Fuck," Nate grunted. He was staring at her, his mouth hanging open. He was panting heavily, his face contorted with lust.

"God," Grace whimpered, her body trembling. "Nate... we can't... oh God..."

"Then tell me to stop," he said. His cock was throbbing inside her, and she could feel every inch of him. It was so good.

Grace bit her lip, her eyes closed. She was panting, and her body was trembling. She wanted to say it. She wanted to tell him to stop. But she couldn't. The words were caught in her throat. It was so good. That giant cock, even just its head, was stretching her open. It was so good.

"God damnit," Grace whimpered, her eyes closed as Nate's cock began to slowly slide into her, the big head spreading her pussy open, and she was panting, her body trembling, her mouth open, her hands clutching at his sheets.

"Fuck," Nate grunted. She looked up at his face. He was staring down at her, his eyes wide, his face contorted with lust. He was panting, and he was so hard. Pulses and twitches ran through his shaft, and it was driving her insane. She couldn't believe how good it felt, how big he was.

"God," Grace whimpered, her hands moved from the sheets to rest on his shoulders, pulling him down to her. She closed her eyes at the sensation of that giant cock stretching her wide, a slow burn that made Grace clench her teeth at first. "God... god, Nate. You're inside me... You're so deep inside me."

He groaned. "God damn," he said, pulling out slowly, then shoved inside, but only halfway. Grace's eyes rolled back at the sensation, and she moaned, her body shaking. Nate pulled out again, and his big cock slowly pushed inside, and she was panting, her body trembling, her mouth open.

"Fuck," she whimpered, her body shaking.

Grace gasped, her eyes snapping open, her mouth falling open. Her pussy was throbbing, clenching, and she felt his cock pulse, his big, hot pipe buried inside her. It was so big. So thick. So hot. So hard.

"Oh fuck," she whimpered, her eyes squeezed shut, her hands on her breasts, her pussy clenching, her legs spread wide, her body trembling, her face flushed, her hair matted, her mouth open. "Oh God... Oh God... oh my God..." She stared up at him, her hands on his shoulders, and she could see in his eyes, in his face, that he was just as gone as she was.

"Tell me to stop," he said, his face a mask of determination and concentration. His cock was throbbing inside her, she could feel his thick shaft moving inside her, and it felt so fucking good, and she just couldn't take anymore. "Just tell me to stop."

"Nate..." she gasped, her eyes squeezed shut, her body shaking, and she felt her pussy clench and spasm, her pussy squeezing around his thick pipe. It was so good. It was so fucking good, and she couldn't take anymore. "Fuck... fuck, I... can't..."

"That's good," Nate growled. "You're doing so good, Grace... so good."

Nate's hips started to move slowly, the big head of his cock sliding in and out of her. He was being gentle, and Grace was grateful for that. He started to slowly fuck her, pumping his cock into her, pulling out, the friction and pressure driving them both mad with pleasure and lust.

"Jesus Christ," Grace groaned, her eyes clenched shut, her nails digging into his shoulders, his cock driving deep inside her, pounding in and out of her.

Nate started to move quicker, pulling out and slamming into her, burying his thick, throbbing shaft inside her, and she could feel him going deeper, and she whimpered as his shaft was prying her open, spreading her pussy open, driving deep inside her, pounding deep inside her, the head of his big cock sliding against her tight, slick walls.

"Fuck," he grunted.

Grace felt her pussy clenching, her mind wiped of any worries or doubts or thoughts or questions. All there was was that big, hard cock sliding into her, pounding deep inside her, stroking and slamming into her, her pussy throbbing with heat and lust, her eyes closed.

"You're so fucking tight, princess," Nate grunted.

Grace let go of his shoulders and let her body fall back, letting the back of her hand lull against her brow, arching her back as Nate started to pound into her harder, deeper, faster, driving his thick cock inside her, and her eyes rolled back, and she bit her bottom lip and arched her back further and she moaned. She let the sound come from somewhere deep within her, the need and want and desire and pleasure overwhelming.

"Fuck, you feel good," he grunted.

"So do you," Grace groaned.

His hips started to move quicker, pounding his cock into her. She felt his shaft stroking against her slick walls, driving deeper, the head rubbing against her G-spot with every stroke. Her eyes squeezed shut. It felt so good.

"Harder," Grace said, her body tensing, her toes curling, her mind spinning. Nate heeded her request, picking up the speed, slamming into her, his huge balls slapping against her with every stroke, making her ass jiggle and ripple, and her body felt hot and heavy with lust.

She stared at the ceiling, at the pale, watery moonlight shining on the ceiling. It was impossible to fix her eyes on one place as Nate rocked her back and forth on his bed, driving his big cock deep inside her, her eyes rolling back in their sockets, her legs shaking, her heart pounding.

"That's right," Nate groaned. "You want this cock."

"Yes," Grace groaned, her back arching again, her thighs tensing, her fingers flexing and clenching and her mind starting to spin as she got closer and closer, the friction of their bodies creating heat, the smooth slide of his big, hard cock stretching and pushing and pulling, filling and opening and driving her crazy.

"I– I can't believe it feels so good," she moaned.

"You've been teasing me forever," Nate said, his hands digging into her hips, his grip tightening, his hips pumping harder. "I've been waiting for you to give up those fucking rules for so long. Just let me fuck you."

"Fuck me," Grace moaned, as her head spun. She couldn't believe how good it felt. His big cock was stretching her wide with each possessive thrust, demanding her attention and focus. "God, Nate, fuck me... please, please, fuck me."

"You like this?" he asked, his big cock driving into her, the heavy meat stroking against her G-spot, filling every inch of her, touching everything, her legs trembling as his big shaft pounded in

and out of her. "You like getting fucked by a real man? A man who isn't afraid to fuck you the way you deserve?"

"Yes," she gasped, her pussy clenched around him. "Yes! Oh shit… slow down, slow down, it's getting too… too… muhhh, ugh, UGH!"

He didn't stop. Instead, his hips kept pumping into her at the same speed. She had to squeeze her eyes shut to stop herself from losing it.

"Yeah, that's right," Nate growled. "Cum for me. Cum for me, Grace. Cum for me."

"I… I want… I don't… I, uh, I–"

"I want you to cum for me," Nate said, his cock ramming deep into her with every word. "I want you to cum for me, princess. I want you to cum on this big, hard cock."

Grace moaned, her eyes closed, her toes curling, her legs spreading wide, her body tensed, her chest heaving. She was close, she knew she was close. She had to make it quick.

Nate moved quickly, his hips pistoning into her. Every stroke was quick and short, every stroke was hard, every stroke made Grace moan and gasp. She could feel his cock slamming into her with each stroke, thick and unrelenting. She moaned, her nails digging into his back, her breasts pressing against his chest, her heart racing, her body hot and sweating, her mind a blur. She was cumming, and it was hitting her like a lightning bolt despite having built up for so long.

Grace bucked, her body shaking, her nails raking down Nate's back, and she moaned. Her face pressed against his shoulder, her body tight and tense, her mind blank, and her mouth open, moans and sounds filling his small apartment as her pussy clenched and clenched again, making Nate gasp. It felt so poisonous, but so good, raw and filthy at the same time, making Grace writhe. Her mind spun as Nate fucked her through it, fucking her into oblivion as she lost herself and was brought back together. Her legs trembled, her ass twitched, her juices leaked from her hole, Nate's thick pipe never missing a stroke as his heavy balls slapped against her dripping sex. The smell of sex was thick in the air, along with the sound of her wetness squelching and gushing as he plunged into her.

"GOD DAMNIT!" she screamed, as his big cock drove deep into her, pounding into her tight, wet, welcoming pussy, as her legs shook, and her ass twitched.

Her world fell silent around her. The room, Nate, the world, nothing but the thick, hard, throbbing pole slamming into her, and all there was in the whole world, the only thing that mattered, the only thing that could matter, was the feeling of that giant cock, splitting her apart and spreading her wide open.

Grace gasped and breathed deeply as Nate drove his big, hard cock into her, pounding her, making her moan and shudder. It was like ecstasy.

"Oh fuck yeah," Grace whimpered, the orgasm finally subsiding. She had never been fucked like this before, had never been filled so completely, and Nate's perfect cock was still ramming into her steadily and deeply. She couldn't believe he was holding out.

"That's it," he groaned. "That's my girl. That's my good little girl. That's it, that's it."

"I think we're okay," she purred, pushing him off of her.

Grace slid off his bed and stood, panting. Her hands went up, combing her sweaty hair, shining in the moonlight. She looked over at him and smiled. She bit her lip and sighed.

Nate got off the bed, moving to stand behind her, his fingers brushing her shoulders, trailing down her sides, gripping her hips and moving forward.

His hard cock pressed against her bare back, and Grace let out a giggle and leaned forward over the bed, closing her eyes, her head dropping between her shoulders as he gently guided the swollen head to her swollen pussy.

"Holy crap," she groaned, feeling his big cock slowly pushing into her again. She groaned as he filled her up once more.

"Glad we're finally doing this, princess?" Nate grunted, gripping her hips and rolling his pelvis forward, his hard, swollen tool grinding against her insides.

"Uh-huh," Grace whispered, trying desperately to find her voice as his shaft pushed in. She still, after all these weeks of playing with him, couldn't believe how big he was. Her fingers flexed and clawed at the comforter, her mind slowly starting to cloud again, and she reached down to play with her clit while Nate held her hips.

"Can I finish in you?" Nate whispered into her ear, the heat of his breath on her neck sending shivers down Grace's spine. Again, Nate was asking without taking.

"Uh-huh," she breathed, looking back at him, wanting his huge, thick load in her. Grace always preferred it when guys came in her. It made her feel like she had done her job, had taken care of a need, satisfied the guy. And she wanted Nate's seed inside her. She wanted to feel that big cock pulsing inside her, wanted to feel the warmth of his cum coating her insides. It was strange, but she had missed. "You can cum in me."

"Are you sure?" he whispered, his cock sliding in and out of her, his hands on her hips. "You want my cum in your pussy?"

Grace nodded, looking back at him, her eyes hooded. She bit her lip and nodded again.

"Good girl," Nate groaned, driving his hips forward, his cock plunging in, and he groaned as he bottomed out in her.

"Uh-huh," she moaned. "Uh-huh... uh-huh..."

The way Nate pounded Grace sent her into heat. She couldn't help but moan as his cock turned harder, twitching, swelling, and thus stretching her even more. Grace had never felt more alive, more fucked, than right then, completely lost in the sensation of being claimed in the most primal way. She felt him tense, and his hands tightening around her hips.

"I'm cumming," he groaned.

"Do it," she whispered, looking back at him. Her eyes locked onto his, and that was enough to set him off. "Fill me, Nate. Fill me up with your cum."

"Oh god," Nate moaned, and she felt his cock throbbing, and she felt his thick load spilling inside of her. She groaned as she felt his cum filling her, her fingers rubbing her clit. It felt so good, so right. She could feel her own pussy clenching, squeezing around his cock, and she was cumming again from the mere act of taking his load.

"Nate, oh god, oh god, Nate," Grace moaned, her body trembling, her legs shaking, her arms and hands gripping the bed as she shuddered and moaned.

"Fuck," Nate grunted, holding himself deep inside her, his hands on her hips, his cock pulsing and throbbing inside her. She felt his warm sperm clumping and sticking to her walls, and she shivered at the thought of that warm mess seeping into her. Nate stayed still for a few moments, and then slowly began to pull out of her. Grace felt every inch of him, and his cock throbbed and pulsed as he started to pull out.

Grace collapsed forward, laying her head down on the bed, her body trembling, her mind blank, her pussy throbbing. She had just cheated on Nolan. She had done it. She had broken the rules. She had given in. She had given in to Nate.

She looked back at him, at his cock as it slowly slipped from her pussy, thick and glistening, the tip still swollen and shiny, and she could see his seed trickling down the shaft, a thin, white line of his sperm that was leaking from her pussy, dripping onto his bedspread. That had been inside her. That had been in her. She felt his hands on her ass, his fingers digging into her skin, and she knew that she had been claimed.

She had been fucked thoroughly and properly, and now there was no going back. Why did the greatest sex of her life have to be a mistake?

*

"You look like you're in a daze," Nate said, stroking her ass with his hands.

"I am," Grace said. "That was... wow."

Nate smiled and nodded. "Yeah, it was. God damn," Nate groaned. He collapsed onto the bed next to her, his cock still hard and throbbing. Grace rolled over, and she looked at him, at his cock, and then at his face. His eyes were closed, and he was breathing heavily, his chest rising and falling rapidly. "That was fucking incredible, Grace. You're fucking incredible."

"Yeah," Grace said with a weak smile. "I am. I am pretty incredible."

Nate chuckled and reached out, his hand resting on her shoulder. He pulled her closer to him, and she felt his warm breath on her neck as he leaned in and kissed her, his lips brushing against her skin, and she couldn't help but smile. She kissed him back, and she felt him smile against her lips.

"You okay?" he asked, pulling back, looking down at her.

"Yeah," she said quietly. "I'm good. I'm really good. I just... I feel like I made a mistake."

Nate sighed, and she felt him move, his cock resting against her thigh as he leaned back in to kiss her again.

"Don't think about that right now," he said. "Just enjoy it."

"But..." Grace said, and she bit her lip, unsure of what to say. She felt like she had betrayed Nolan. But... it felt so good. That wasn't an excuse, of course... but it did feel good. "I'm not sure I can do this."

"Didn't you like it?" Nate asked, leaning up on his elbow, as Grace rolled onto her back.

"Of course," Grace said. "It was amazing. I just… I feel bad. I shouldn't have done it. I feel guilty. I feel like I betrayed Nolan."

Nate chuckled, shaking his head. "That's stupid," he said. "Nolan is fine with it."

"What?" Grace asked, looking at him, her eyes widening.

"You're both into it," Nate said. "If I've learned something about that guy, it's that this is exactly what he wants to happen. Just relax and enjoy it, princess. It's okay."

Grace felt a surge of anger rush through her, and she sat up quickly, glaring at him. "What the fuck are you talking about?"

Nate looked at her, confused, and shook his head. "I don't understand why you're mad," he said. "Isn't this what you want? I mean, you've been teasing me for weeks now. Why can't you just let it happen?"

"I'm not mad," Grace said, shaking her head. "My relationship with Nolan isn't some joke, Nate. This was a mistake. I shouldn't have done it. We should have never played these games. It doesn't matter that it felt good; I just cheated on Nolan for fucks sake."

"Grace," Nate said, reaching out to her, but she pulled back, glaring at him. He sighed. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to make you upset–"

"The fuck you are. You just wanted to get your dick wet. And you did. You got what you wanted. And you don't care if it ruins my relationship, as long as you get what you want. Fuck you."

Nate was silent for a moment, and then he laughed. "You're ridiculous. Look, I'm not trying to start shit. I just don't understand why you're so upset. I mean, come on. This was meant to happen. It would happen eventually. And it's not like I forced you or anything. You wanted it, too."

Grace glared at him and shook her head. "I don't need to hear this," she said. She rolled over onto her side, facing away from him.

"Grace," Nate said, putting his hand on her shoulder. Grace wanted to shrug it off, and she was pissed that Nate had pushed her so far, but in all honesty, she was as much to blame for this as he was. More so. She had almost invited it by coming over here when she knew tensions were high. She'd been flirting with him. She'd been playing with him. She'd been pushing him, just like he'd been pushing her. She wasn't some innocent victim. She couldn't blame it all on him. But she could blame him for being so goddamn smug about it.

"Can I take a guess at what's going on here?" Nate asked, gently rubbing her shoulder.

"Sure," Grace said. "Why the fuck not?"

Nate chuckled. "You're freaking out because you actually enjoyed yourself. You're mad because you liked it, and now you feel bad about it."

Grace didn't say anything. Nate moved closer to her, his chest against her back, his cock pressing against her ass.

"You know," he said softly. "You're worried what Nolan will think, because let's face it, you will tell him. I've said it before, honesty is the key to your guys's whole kink. But you're mad at yourself because you're worried that if you tell him, he won't like that you liked it. That you

enjoyed it. And that maybe he'll see that as cheating, even if you both are into it. You're worried that he'll be mad at you."

Grace didn't say anything, but she knew that he was right. Nate was right. "But you're wrong. It's hot. It's fun. And it's not cheating if we all consent to it. We all consent to this."

"But he didn't consent to it," Grace said.

"Are you sure about that?" Nate asked. Grace was silent. "Think about it. What part of this hasn't he enjoyed? The whole point of this is to make it about you."

Grace hesitated. Well, he had not been too happy about Grace sneaking over to Nate's apartment, which was exactly what had happened again now... But Nolan had also been adamant from the start that he wanted to see Grace have a good time. Maybe that meant this was inevitable, something to be expected. And a week from now, it would've happened anyway. In fact, on part of Grace, one deeply ashamed one, had missed sleeping with Nate. This had felt like a treat. She was so in love with Nolan, and yet...

She bit her lip. She was scared.

"I think Nolan would be pretty damn proud of you right now. You were fucking incredible."

Grace looked back at him. "Are you serious? How the fuck is cheating on my boyfriend something he would be proud of?" She shook her head. "You're wrong. If you think that, you're an idiot."

Nate laughed. "I'm not wrong. Look at it this way. Would he really be mad that you did something that made you happy? Something that made you feel good?"

Grace was quiet. Nate was right, and she knew he was right, but it still didn't feel right to her.

"Fuck you," Grace said. "You don't know him like I do."

"Fair," Nate admitted. "I'm sure you're the expert. But, what do you think he'll think when you tell him? When you tell him how much you enjoyed it?"

"I..." Grace started. She didn't know. She wasn't sure. It was hard to explain, and she didn't know how to explain it.

"Look," Nate said. He kissed her neck, and his hand stroked her shoulder. "I'm not saying that you should do it again. I'm just saying that you shouldn't beat yourself up about it. It's not a big deal."

"It is a big deal," Grace said, her voice soft.

"You're right," Nate said. "It's a big deal. But it's not a bad thing. You've been wanting to do it for a while now. You've been teasing me, and you've been pushing me, and you've been playing with me. You've been having fun with it. You've been having a lot of fun. And it's been fun for me, too. We've both been enjoying it. And now you're upset because it finally happened. Because it's real now. It's not some fantasy, something to tease me with. It's real. It happened."

Grace was quiet. Nate was right. She was scared. She was scared of what it meant. She was scared of what it meant that she liked it so much, and that it was something one, by all that was right, shouldn't like. It felt dirty, and wrong, and yet... She had wanted it.

"I'm sorry," Nate said. He kissed her neck again, his hand stroking her shoulder. "I'm not trying to make you feel bad. I just want to help. I know you're upset. But be honest, does Nolan make you feel like I do? When I fuck you like that, is it the same as when he does?"

"No," Grace said. "It's not."

"And how do you think he'll react when he hears that?"

Grace was quiet. She didn't know. Maybe he would be mad. Or maybe he wouldn't. But part of what Nate said resonated with her. Her mind kept going back to how he had reacted to learning about the previous weekend. He had been upset, but he had also come straight home to find her in the shower, not even undressing his suit from work before he entered the bathroom, shoving himself into the shower with Grace, and taking her up against the wall. He had been incredibly obsessive and hungry for her. It was like he had felt like he had to prove something to her. Like he had to show her that his love and dedication, to let out the tension her escapade had built in him. And he had been incredible.

And her mind traveled back to when she first slept with Nate. She had felt guilt back then. Nolan had pestered her and pissed her off, but he never uttered a negative word about sex occurring. Back then, she had had a blow job as her allowance, and Nolan had almost encouraged Grace to do more than that.

She closed her eyes. Nate was right. It felt awful and dirty, but perhaps not as bad as she initially felt.

"I think," she said slowly. "He would be okay with it."

Nate chuckled. "You see? You've got nothing to worry about. And like I said, you were fucking incredible."

Grace smiled. "Was I?"

Nate laughed. "You're kidding me, right? Grace, what the fuck are you even talking about?"

Grace couldn't help but smile. "So, you liked it? You liked fucking me?"

"I did," he said, kissing her shoulder. "I really did."

Grace looked back at him, and she smiled. She kissed him softly, and she felt his cock twitch against her ass.

"Fuck," he groaned. "I can't get enough of you."

Grace looked at his cock, and she bit her lip. "Well..." she said. "I think I know one way to make me feel better."

Nate grinned, and he reached down and grabbed his cock, rubbing the tip against her ass. "You want more?"

Grace stopped herself. "Maybe not now... I think we've had enough for tonight... I'm still kind of a mess. I'm not sure if I'm ready for another round yet."

Nate nodded, and he kissed her neck. "Another time, then," he said.

Grace smiled. "Yeah," she said. "Another time."

"Mind staying the night?" Nate asked. "That's my only critique from our date; you running out without getting any breakfast."

"What, you didn't like being treated like a one-night stand?" Grace teased. But she scooted closer regardless. "I can stay. But no funny business. I think my body is done with that for tonight."

"Deal," Nate said. "I don't think I can go again anyway."

They both lay there in silence for a few moments. Grace felt his chest rising and falling, and she felt his breath on her neck, and she felt her own pulse, her own heart rate, slow down to his rhythm.

"Thank you," Nate said, kissing her shoulder.

"For what?" Grace asked.

"For giving me a chance," Nate said. "I know I pushed my luck. But I'm glad you gave me a shot."

Grace smiled. "You're welcome," she said. She closed her eyes, and she felt his arms around her, and she felt his cock pressing against her ass, and she felt his warm breath on her neck, and she felt his lips on her shoulder, and she felt her body relax. Her exhaustion, emotionally and physically, caught up with her. She felt herself drifting off to sleep.

"I like you, Grace," Nate whispered into her ear. "I really like you."

"I like you too," Grace said, her eyes fluttering closed. "I like you too."

Behind the Neighbor's Door - Part 13

Nolan sat in his hotel room, looking out the window at El Paso below him, a small sea of twinkling lights, an endless sprawl of humanity that went on for as far as the eye could see, beyond El Paso even.

It was quiet here. The night was dark and still. He could hear the faint sounds of the city below, but they were far away, distant and muted.

Nolan took a deep breath and leaned back in his chair, his hands folded behind his head. El Paso wasn't a big city, but was yet four to five times bigger than Courtington. But it wasn't home. It was far from home. It wasn't even that pretty, like Courtington was. Nolan smiled. Courtington was pretty because Grace took care of its public spaces, because she loved the town and did everything in her power to make it a nice place. And it was home because of Grace. Courtington was Grace.

He looked North East, imagining that he was looking at where Grace was, probably driving her excavator or her tractor, working as hard as he did, but in a different way. Nolan wondered if they could be considered a power couple, the two of them. They both worked their asses off, and they were both highly skilled in their respective fields.

His smile faded, as the realization came that he was still far from home, and that he still had work to do. He was starting realize that perhaps his big city dreams were just dreams. His ambition had changed over the last few months. Grace had become even more magnetic, magnificent, and other words that start and describe the same woman in glowing terms. Some would say it was a step back for a man to let their girlfriend explore her sexuality with other men, and Nolan also was on the more reserved side of things, but it had also transformed his woman into something more.

He looked down at his computer, his eyes falling on the image of Grace that he had as his desktop background. This was actually their longest time apart, even if it was just over the weekend, since they'd been together. Would this become a common occurrence with these folks in El Paso? He could surely bring Grace along but... it was El Paso.

And naturally, his mind drifted to the previous weekend, where Grace had snuck off to blow Nate. It still didn't sit right with Nolan. But perhaps not for the reasons he thought. It wasn't the sneaking part, or that it was a blow job. In fact, his value on a blow job increased his excitement and his jealousy, and that was what he got off on. No, it was that Grace had been naughty and he felt left out on the action. He still hadn't seen Grace and Nate doing anything. To him, it had all happened off-screen, only to be told afterwards by Grace in such detail that he could almost imagine it.

And that was a problem. Because he didn't want to imagine it. He wanted to see it. He wanted to watch it happen. He wanted to see his wonderful girlfriend, the star of his world, cheat on him, he wanted to see her body betray him as it yielded to another man. And he wanted to see her enjoy it, to see her enjoy Nate fucking her. He wanted to see Grace take a fat cock inside her pussy, and...

He sighed and rubbed his face, pushing down the guilt he felt for being away from her. For what felt like the hundredth time, he tried to get his mind off of Grace and onto the project. The guys who picked him up at the airport were nice people, and they immediately started chit-chatting about college football. Texas Tech had beaten Indiana pretty severely last season, and they

joked that there would be a repeat this coming season. The friendly jabs were a good sign, and their responses to Nolan's own were as well. Then he pitched his favorite names for their brands, and they seemed to like all three. So the trip had been quite a success so far.

Then he had a dinner meeting with their marketing guy and their CEO. The CEO, a middle-aged woman, was nice, and she seemed to be a personable leader. She had a great smile, and she was easy to talk to. It was a bit awkward to talk about their company as they hadn't even a company name or even formed an LLC yet, but they paid their invoices and had hired Calhoun Holdings to help them establish themselves, so Nolan would work his nuts off for them. They were going to try a few things to test out the market, and they would see how it went from there. It was going to be a lot of trial and error, and Nolan knew that he would have to be flexible and patient.

Nolan leaned back in his chair, and he closed his eyes, his mind drifting back to Grace. He wondered what she was doing right now. She would be working, ever the restless but diligent one. She'd be sweaty, in need of a shower. He could almost imagine her stripping her work clothes, taking off her tank top, and pulling down her jeans. Her body was amazing, and he loved every curve of her. Nolan closed his eyes, and he could perfectly imagine her ass as she bent over to pull her pants down...

And his mind wandered further. He imagined her in her tight blue jeans that she always wore. The ones that hugged her hips, and showed off her ass so well. Too well. His mouth watered just thinking about sinking his mouth into the cleft of her ass when he got home.

He thought to her last promise before he went. She'd keep this next week a secret from him, at least until the end of it, regarding what would happen between her and Nate. That meant if something happened that Nolan didn't agree with, he had no say in it. And it also meant that he had no control over what was going to happen. That loss of control, and that unknown, made him hot. Angry, jealous, but that thrill was... perhaps unhealthy.

In the darker corner of his mind, he was hoping that something would happen. Something that Grace would want to keep from him. Something that he would only learn about later. But how far would be too far? Where did this end? How much would he tolerate? He wanted Grace to fall into Nate’s clutches and surrender, for the temptation to be so great that she’d risk everything, that the pleasure and excitement would be so great.

Wasn't the point of all this for Grace to explore and have fun? He thought back to how guilty she had felt for sleeping with Nate the first time. She hated that she cheated on Nolan, but the pleasure was so undeniable. She had said that the best sex she had had was with Nolan... until Nate. That had made Nolan... conflicted. There was something so hot about knowing that your girlfriend, the love of your life, was being satisfied by another man. But there was also something so terrifying about it. Nolan wasn't sure what it was that scared him, but it was something.

He tried to put his mind back on the project. He looked at his notes, and he opened his laptop, and he got to work. But his mind wouldn't let him.

What would happen if they slept together again? Would she feel the same guilt? They had expanded their rule set so there was more room for her to explore, but also so she wouldn't feel that guilt so much. And more room for temptations to slip up, Nolan figured. But would those rules always dictate their lives? Did he even want that? It was a safe way to explore these early

beginnings of infidelity, but… Nolan found that he didn't want them to be constrained by rules. He wanted them to do whatever they wanted, especially for Grace to do whatever she wanted. As long as he trusted her and she was his, and she came back to *him*, stayed with *him*, it would be fine.

But again, the thing that was so potent about the rules was when Grace broke them. Not Nate, but Grace. That the temptation was too strong for her, and that she couldn't resist. That was the hottest part about all of it. But what longevity was there in that?

He sighed. It was pointless to try and get work done. He closed his laptop and stretched, yawning. He had to get some rest. He was supposed to head out to tour the facilities tomorrow morning. He had to be well rested.

He stripped and climbed into bed. He had been sleeping on the left side of the bed, closest to the window, and he looked over at the right side of the bed, and he imagined Grace lying there next to him. She was working now, but Nolan wondered what she'd do when the day was over and it was time to relax. It was the weekend, and now she didn't have him to occupy her. He found himself wondering what she was doing right now. He wondered what she was thinking. He wondered if she missed him as much as he missed her.

*

Grace had been fixing something.

Not anything important — a hinge, maybe, or a gate that never quite closed the way it should. The kind of task she knew how to do without thinking, having done it a hundred times before. The ground was solid and firm beneath her boots, the air clear and bright, the sun warm on the back of her neck. She crouched, tested the give of the wood, tightened something that probably didn't need tightening at all.

It was peaceful in the way work could be. Should be.

She knew what she was doing. Full control. She knew how long it would take, knew that when she was finished, it would hold.

Grace straightened, brushing dirt from her hands, and paused.

The air felt heavier.

Not hot, exactly — just close. Like weather gathering its weight. She shrugged her shoulder and dismissed it, stepped to the side to check the alignment again. Everything looked fine. Better than before.

She bent, reached—

— and the ground beneath her knees no longer felt like earth.

It was smooth now. Warm. Unyielding in a way dirt never was. The change didn't frighten her at first; it simply confused her, a small tear in the logic of things. She pressed her palm down, expecting grit, expecting give, and found neither.

When she looked up, the fence was gone. She was standing on something broad and bare, boards stretching beneath her feet. Lights glowed overhead, soft and diffuse, casting warmth

across her skin. A stage, she realized distantly — though there were no seats, no walls, no sense of an audience. Just space and light and faint awareness of being seen.

By no one.

Her chest tightened. She started to turn —

— and there was no room.

The space behind her was already filled. Occupied completely. The realization settled heavily, without shock, stealing the air from her lungs. Something Firm pressed along her thigh, anchoring her where she stood. Not forceful. Certain. As though resistance had never been expected.

Guilt flared immediately, sharp and hot.

This was wrong. The certainty burned through her even as warmth spread low in her body, unwanted and undeniable. Grace tried to step away and didn't. Couldn't tell whether she was being held or whether she'd already stopped trying.

Nolan's name surfaced in her mind, bright and painful. A reminder of where she should be, of who she was betraying simply by standing still. The guilt tightened, rode every breath she took.

The presence behind her shifted.

Closer. Heavier. The pressure grew more deliberate, more encompassing, and her body responded despite her, breath catching, muscles loosening. She hated how easily it happened. Hated how the sensation blurred the edges of her thoughts.

This wasn't how it was supposed to feel.

Her wrists lifted, guided without urgency, and she realized dimly that she was being positioned. Arranged. As if her body had been read correctly and placed where it belonged. The lights seemed to dim around the edges, the world narrowing to closeness and heat, and the steady insistence of being held exactly where she was.

The guilt held on, stubborn. It sharpened every sensation, refused to let her forget what this meant. What she was doing.

But the presence didn't rush her.

It moved with a familiarity that unsettled her more than force ever could. The way the weight settled. The way the pressure adjusted in small, knowing increments. Her body recognized it even as her mind resisted.

The guilt began to thin.

Not vanish — just lose its edge. Each moment drew her deeper into warmth and motion, into the quiet certainty of being claimed by someone who knew how she responded.

Grace yielded before she understood that she had. Her body leaning back, accepting the contact, the rhythm that built slowly and inevitably. Shame flared weakly, then faltered, drowned beneath how right it felt.

Then the pressure changed.

The weight behind her lifted, redistributed. The rhythm broke, just for a moment, and something shifted around her with the most deliberate purpose. She was guided forward, then down, the boards warm and somehow soft beneath her as the presence settled over her instead of behind her.

The closeness intensified.

Now the weight pressed from above, heavier, more consuming. The sensation sharpened into something that stole her breath away entirely. Her body arched into it without thought, drawn into heat and motion, the last remnants of guilt dissolving as the certainty of *who* this was finally settled into her very bones.

Not a face. Not a name.

Just the unmistakable knowledge of him.

The way he fit. The way he moved. The way her body responded as though it had always known this would happen. The realization didn't bring panic — it brought terrible, intoxicating relief.

This was already past stopping.

Her thoughts scattered, reduced to warmth and weight and the relentless pull of being overtaken. Time stretched, then collapsed, sensation bleeding into sensation until there was nothing else.

Then the rhythm changed, sharpening instead of deepening.

The weight shifted again, less seamlessness. The warmth faltered, became uneven, real in a way it hadn't been before. Her breathing grew sharp and fast, her body still caught in the aftermath as awareness began to seep back in. Her eyes fluttered.

Light pressed against her lashes, pale and insistent, and she tried slowly, confusion blooming as the stage and the warmth and the certainty began to slip away...

*

Grace woke slowly, the way one does when sleep has not quite loosened its grip.

Her first thought was that the dream hadn't ended properly. That some part of it had followed her up to the surface, the head, the weight, the strange sense of being held in place. Her body felt warm in a way that had nothing to do with blankets. Too aware. Too full.

She inhaled sharply.

The room was dim with early morning light, pale and colorless, and for a moment, she simply lay there, staring ahead, trying to understand why her heart was already racing. Her thoughts felt thick, sluggish, as though she'd been pulled awake too quickly.

Then she became aware of the closeness.

Not just someone beside her — someone *against* her. Along her back. Around her. A presence that fit too precisely to be accidental. Her breath stuttered, and her body reacted before her mind could catch up, a traitorous response that made her stomach twist.

Oh god.

The realization crept in piece by piece, unwelcome and undeniable. The warmth wasn't imagined. The pressure wasn't left over from sleep. Something was happening, had been happening, and she was only just arriving in time to notice.

Nate.

The name landed in her thoughts like a dropped weight.

Guilt surged immediately, hot and sharp, cutting through the haze. Nolan's face flashed behind her eyes, vivid and painful, and for a second she felt sick with it. This wasn't just wrong, it was already past wrong. Already real. Already happening.

She tried to move and found that she didn't. Not because she was pinned, exactly — but because her body seemed caught between instincts, unsure which one to obey. Every muscle felt taut, suspended in that awful moment before decision.

Behind her, Nate shifted.

The movement was unhurried, familiar in a way that made her chest ache. He adjusted his position with the same easy certainty she'd felt in the dream, as though he knew exactly where she was and how she would respond. The contact deepened, became more encompassing, and Grace gasped softly before she could stop herself.

Her eyes squeezed shut.

This was a mistake. It had been a mistake last night, and it was still a mistake now — worse, because she was awake enough to know it. The guilt clung stubbornly, even as sensation flooded her, threatening to drown everything else out.

She should say something.

She should pull away.

She should do *anything*.

“Nate—” Whether he heard her or not, she moved sharply, twisting just enough to break the line of his body against hers. Not away. Not free. But enough to prove she could. “Nate,” she said again.

He didn’t pull away. He stilled, just long enough for her to feel it — the pause, deliberate and unmistakable. He didn’t move. His hand remained where it was, steady and certain.

“If you want me to stop,” he murmured. “Say it.”

Grace took a deep breath. She looked back at him over her shoulder. Her cheeks were burning, but she met his gaze directly.

His eyes were dark and calm, heavy-lidded with sleep, and somehow they made her heart race even faster. She realized she was trembling. Not because she was scared, or unsure, but because her body was still fighting itself, trying to decide what to do.

If she moved, this would stop. This could end right here and now. At least for now.

But instead, she didn't move — she stayed, caught between breath and heartbeats, aching, her body betraying her with every second that passed. The shame burned, then wavered, eroded by

the relentless reality of how it felt — not just the physical closeness, but *him*. The way he moved. The way he seemed to read her without asking.

The guilt, like in the dream, began to thin, not disappearing so much as being pushed aside, overwhelmed by something heavier and more consuming, more immediate. Her thoughts fractured, broke apart into flashes and half-formed protests that never quite reached her mouth.

In the end, Grace didn't say anything.

Nate didn't look surprised. He smiled to himself, just barely, and shifted again, changing their position slightly, a better angle, or a dip of the hips, she didn't know… but he did. The movement drew a startled sound from her throat, but not one of distress. It was pleasure. Terrible, undeniable pleasure. The closeness was unmistakable, impossible to ignore, her body responding despite everything she had told herself.

"Good morning, beautiful," Nate whispered into her ear, refocusing her attention to the pleasant. Grace shivered. "You didn't tell me to stop, princess," he murmured. "Relax. I've got you."

Grace’s breath hitched, her mind scrambling to catch up as the last fragile barrier between sleep and waking finally gave way.

“Nate,” she gasped, eyes squeezing shut. “We can’t— I shouldn’t— This is—”

Nate's hips shifted, a small, deliberate adjustment, and Grace's protest cut off sharply. The words were gone. Just gone. Her body trembled, her thoughts scattered and lost in the rush of heat, in the relentless pull of being overtaken.

"Shhh," Nate whispered, drawing her in, and Grace's breath caught. "You're okay, princess. You're okay."

Grace's mind started to spin, and she remembered what had happened the night before. The realization of what Nate was doing under the covers right now. She could hear her own arousal from underneath the covers, and the feeling was just too overwhelming. How could her body betray her so thoroughly?

She shivered and moaned, then bit down to keep from making noise.

"That's it, princess," he murmured into her ear.

She whimpered, the feeling too intense for words, her entire body throbbing and aching in the wake of everything that had happened.

"There you go," he said. "That's my girl. I'll go a little faster and make you cum, alright?"

A soft shudder worked through her, and she felt herself nod weakly. "Yes," she whispered, not quite sure if she was agreeing with him or begging him to go on. It didn't matter, she supposed, since he would either way.

Nate started to work his thick cock deeper and faster into her, the head hitting places in her that she didn't even realize could feel this way.

Grace's hips twitched, her body still clinging desperately to his. "Fuck," she gasped.

He laughed quietly and kept going. Faster and deeper.

Her walls fluttered around his cock as it slid in and out of her.

"Yes," she panted. "Oh fuck, yes, keep doing that."

"I've got you, princess. You're almost there."

She whimpered again, this time more loudly, unable to hold herself still. "Don't stop. Don't fucking stop, don't—" she cut off abruptly.

She could feel her toes curling tightly. She closed her eyes to savor everything, her head rolling back against Nate's chest. Her pussy squeezed around his fat cock, and then all at once she came, her body trembling uncontrollably, and the noise that came out of her was beyond description, it was just raw ecstasy, and pleasure that washed over her like nothing else in this universe could have done. It almost sounded like pain. It wasn't. The sheets underneath her body were absolutely soaking with the combination of their fluids. The sounds coming from under the blanket had changed from a squish to more of a slosh.

It wasn't over, though. She knew it wasn't over.

"Ohhhh ffff..." The words were out before she could think better of them, a hoarse cry that was entirely beyond her control.

"Damn." Nate sounded a little shocked, which didn't make her any more self-conscious about it. In fact, the opposite. She wanted to apologize or explain, or at least try, but all she managed was a half-formed groan, a strangled attempt at words that never actually made it out of her mouth.

Her pussy squeezed around his thick member, which was pulsating with Nate's release. The sensation of his semen spewing into her core brought on another orgasm. It wasn't like a wave; it was like a hurricane, and there was nothing to be done other than to let it happen. Her entire body tensed, her back arched. Her toes were curling again, her nails digging into the mattress. Her jaw was slack. All the tension, the desperation that had been building in her, was released at once, her entire body shuddering as it all spilled forth, a torrent of pleasure that washed away all reason and resistance. And underneath it all, was Nate's grunting and panting in her ear, the sound of him losing himself inside of her. He pumped her full of him, and that feeling sent her reeling over the edge once again.

It felt like forever and also like no time at all before the tension began to ebb away. Grace let herself lean back as it did, breath shuddering out of her, muscles finally giving up their hold.

Nate groaned behind her, a long, low sound of satisfaction that sent an electric shiver up her spine. His hand came to rest on her shoulder, stroking slowly, almost absently, and the touch sent faint echoes of warmth through her skin.

Grace couldn't keep track of anything yet. Her breathing was rough and uneven, her heartbeat loud in her ears, her thoughts hazy and disconnected. Nothing quite felt real yet— just sensation, just heat, just the lingering awareness of how close he was. The very real weight of him inside her, his arm draped loosely across her.

It shouldn’t feel real, but it was.

They lay there for a long time in the afterglow, both breathing heavily. Her body felt hot, and she felt drenched, as if she'd just run a marathon. Her chest heaved as she fought for air.

"Wow," Grace said quietly, still catching her breath.

"You okay?" Nate murmured.

Grace didn't answer right away. Not because she couldn't— because she didn't want to yet. Her body was starting to relax, and it was as if something snapped. Reality slammed down on her with sudden clarity, and it took her breath away, left her reeling from shock and nausea and something she couldn't quite identify as sorrow yet. Guilt rose up, threatening to overwhelm her, and she squeezed her eyes shut to ward off the sudden stinging behind her lids, the pressure building at the back of her throat.

What had happened?

She was in bed. With another man. Nolan… oh God, what would he say if he ever found out? If he saw what she had done…

It felt like a repeat of her thoughts from tomorrow, her pillow talk with Nate. It felt like no matter the amount of reasoning, sleeping outside her relationship was wrong, but yet she did it. Had enjoyed it, even. It was surreal how fast this could escalate.

But Nate was there in her bed. And her mind was elsewhere. Her body… her body had gone from zero to 100 in a flash.

"I cheated on him," Grace finally said.

Grace ran her hand over the sheets, closed her eyes, filled her lungs slowly, and let her breath go. Opening her eyes again, she was still Grace, lying there, looking out the window with her head resting on a foreign pillow on a foreign bed.

"God damn, princess, you make the hottest noises. That was amazing," Nate said, holding her close against him and fucking her gently while she recovered. He hadn't yet caught up on her distress. Nolan would've.

"Gracie, hey," Nate said, his hand caressing her hair. "Remember what we said yesterday. This is all within what's going to happen anyway. This was always going to happen. Nolan wants this, and if you ask him, even right now, if he'd want you to go all the way this week, I'll bet anything that he'd encourage you to keep going. You are not betraying your boy, princess."

"What's wrong with me?" She could barely speak. She wanted to die from embarrassment and from shame and from horror. Nate, Nate of all people had to witness this, the very guy that was now inside her. That could be rectified right away. "Could you… pull out?"

"Oh, of course, of course, princess," Nate whispered. She felt his hand slide off from around her chest, and he shifted his hips a little. His large cock slid from inside of her, and Grace almost moaned at the sudden empty sensation it left.

"I know. I'm just a mess in the morning," she whispered, finally getting control of herself. Nate was right. But would good sex be worth it if she felt like shit afterwards every time? However, good sex outside wasn't the only thing that worried her… there was more, and that scared her more than anything. She wasn't sure yet what that was… No, she couldn't think that way. She just had to let go. And be careful with letting go too much. Ugh, it was hard to find a balance.

Grace sat up in the bed and was mortified as she felt his seed begin to spill out of her pussy. It felt like so much. How long had he been in her while she had been sleeping? "Fuck. Good morning, I guess," Grace finally managed to say.

"I found a princess in my bed, how could I not take advantage of it?" He said with a hint of a chuckle.

Grace slapped him playfully on the chest. "This is serious, though. I slept with you. I have no idea how I feel about that."

"I think you felt really good about it, just now," Nate grinned, and Grace couldn't help but chuckle.

Just now. Just now, she could stop. She could stop everything she'd let herself keep doing. Sit up. Get dressed. Draw a line and call it restraint.

But that didn't mean what had happened this morning — and yesterday — would be undone. Stopping now would be nothing but pretending. Hollow.

The thought unsettled her more than it steadied her. Not because she didn't know she should pull back, but because she could already feel how easily she wasn't. How the moment stretched instead of snapping, how his presence dulled the edge where there should have been one.

She didn't know yet what that meant. Only that whatever this was becoming, she was already listening.

It was already in motion.

Nate sat up in the bed and looked at her, his face full of concern and tenderness. His dark eyes sparkled in the dim light from the window. He cupped her cheek gently with one hand, brushing his thumb along the soft curve of her jawline. "Grace," he murmured, his voice low and gentle, "I know that this might lead to our little thing being over, I mean, who knows what happens when you tell Nolan… but what do you say that we use this final week before our date, before the moment of truth, to really go out with a bang?"

Grace bit her lip, unsure of what to say. She wanted to, she knew she wanted to. Just the proposal of *'going out with a bang'* was an arousing prospect. But… How did two wrongs make a right? How was there logic to this? Wouldn't that make it worse?

"I don't know…" she said quietly. “I’m not saying yes. I’m just… not saying no.”

Grace exhaled slowly and the moment stretched, unfilled. No promise was made, and no refusal either. Her breath slipped out of her, slow and unguarded, and the tension she’d been holding didn’t return. The pause lengthened. Grace met his gaze, waiting and said nothing.

She thought of the dream she had just had, the feeling of the weight of him, the closeness and the warmth and the certainty of him. Of being held exactly where she was meant to be. Of knowing that she was already his. She shivered.

"I'm just scared of how far I will let myself fall into this…"

"I'll be there to catch you," Nate said.

Grace's breath hitched. It was a cheesy line, but she believed it. Nate was a man of his word. She knew he'd be there for her.

She swallowed. "Okay…" She nodded slowly, her eyes meeting his. "Okay. But no promises, alright?"

"None needed. Just tell me when to stop, okay?"

"Okay."

They looked at each other, neither one moving, and then Nate leaned in and kissed her softly. "You're incredible," he murmured, his hand tracing lazy circles on her belly. "Absolutely fucking incredible."

"You're not so bad yourself," she teased, but her voice held genuine affection. As morning light continued to filter through the blinds, casting golden stripes across their naked bodies, Grace felt a strange sense of peace settle over her – the lingering doubts about what this meant for her relationship with Nolan momentarily silenced by the contentment of the present.

Eventually, he rolled away from her, getting out of bed.

"Am I sensing that aforementioned breakfast?" she asked playfully. Nate winked at her as he got dressed. "Mind if I take a quick shower first?" she asked, a sly smile tugging at her lips.

"Be my guest," Nate replied, his gaze lingering on her as she climbed out of bed, admiring the way the morning light played over her naked form. She stood for a moment, her hips swaying gently from side to side, before turning to head for the bathroom. Nate's eyes were drawn to her ass, round and toned, the faintest pink handprint still visible on one cheek from their morning activities.

Grace looked over her shoulder, catching Nate's gaze. She smirked and turned back towards the bathroom, adding an extra sway to her hips as she walked, her long blonde hair swishing across her back.

When she reached the door to the bathroom, she paused, one hand resting on the doorframe. She looked back at him again, her blue eyes sparkling with that underlying power that had captivated him the first time they'd met. "Enjoying the view?"

He grinned, his own dark eyes twinkling mischievously. "Always," he replied, his deep voice full of warmth and admiration. Grace bit her lip, holding his gaze for a moment longer before disappearing into the bathroom, leaving Nate with a lingering sense of her presence.

She closed the bathroom door, a soft laugh escaping her lips at Nate's typical response. Inside, the shower was a welcome refuge, the hot water washing away the remnants of last night's... events, the feeling of being claimed.

*

As she washed her body, Grace found her thoughts drifting back to Nate's proposal, to make their remaining days before their big date memorable ones. The idea stirred something bright and restless in her, her mind filling with images of what could happen, of pleasures she knew herself well enough to want.

There was risk in it, she knew that. Not in the sex — Grace could handle sex — but in the way he drew her in, in the strange gravity she felt when she thought of him. It wasn't fear exactly. It was the awareness that she was stepping somewhere deeper, somewhere she hadn't fully mapped yet.

"Ugh," Grace grunted, more annoyed than anything else.

Grace caught her reflection in the mirror, and even through the mist she saw the same Grace who had always been there. Confident. Assertive. Aware of her effect on men—and of the work she'd put into making her body what it was.

This wasn't just physical. She was choosing. Still in control of herself. Whatever happened couldn't be undone— and maybe she didn't want it undone— but she was still her own agent. Wanting Nate wasn't something happening *to* her. It was something she was deciding.

Turning slightly, she noticed faint pink marks where his hands had held her earlier. She remembered the weight of his grip at her hips, firm enough to leave traces behind.

She hadn't pulled away.

She traced her fingers over the faint marks, her skin tingling at the memory of his touch, the way he had taken her with such passion and intensity. A shiver ran down her spine, goosebumps erupting on her skin as the image of him came to her unbidden, the way he had looked at her, the way he had felt inside her.

Her breath caught in her throat, her pulse quickening, the ache between her legs growing stronger as anticipation spread through her, the day and days ahead felt open, waiting to be explored, charged with possibility.

Her smile from earlier widened, her excitement building as she considered the thrill. Whatever came next, she knew one thing was for certain: she would own it.

Grace shut off the water and stood for a moment in the quiet that followed, letting the warmth soften the edges of her thoughts. The steam was clinging to her skin, no doubt creating a stunning visual— had someone been there to see it. But it was her alone in there. The heaviness from earlier had loosened its grip. The day no longer felt broken, just charged, like something had been set in motion and dared her to keep up. The day felt different.

She dried off slowly, deliberately. When she wiped a clear streak through the fogged mirror, she found herself there again. Solid. Familiar. Not a woman scrambling for footing, not someone diminished by a choice. Grace. The same eyes. The same spine. The same private certainty that she could live with what she wanted.

Whatever came next she'd handle it. That didn't mean she had to rush or repent. If there were consequences, she'd face them. If there was guilt, she'd carry it. Neither of those meant she had to fold into shame.

She wrapped herself in the towel, and stepped out into the hallway. The apartment felt awake now. Familiar, almost. She had, after all, spent enough time here by now. Somewhere ahead, she heard movement. Cups clinking, a drawer closing. The kitchen. Of course.

Breakfast.

Grace almost felt bad. Almost.

By the time she reached the living room, Nate was there, barefoot, leaning against the counter with a mug in his hand, light steam and the smell of coffee rising from it. Now Grace almost felt bad again, as she could really use a cup of black coffee. Nate looked up when he heard her enter, his gaze flicking over her and her lack of anything resembling proper clothing, not hiding his appreciation, before settling on her face. He smiled, a slight, subtle expression, and gestured to a cup beside him.

“This is something I could get used to,” he mused. “Coffee?”

“No thank you,” Grace said, not even addressing the first part of his… ‘greeting.’

“You look like you’ve made up your mind,” he said, his voice giving away his confidence. It amused Grace as much as it intrigued her.

Grace snorted softly. “Don’t get ahead of yourself.”

“How can I not? You’re parading around in my apartment like it’s your own, in nothing but a towel?” Nate said, giving her another one-over with his dark eyes.

Grace snorted softly. “Don’t read too much into it.”

He smiled anyway, slow and pleased, as if he planned to. “Too late.”

She crossed the room to grab her things, moving easily, unhurried. She could feel his attention tracking her. Not predatory, not passive. Present. Waiting to see what she’d do next. Which was, in a literal sense, to get dressed.

“I’ve got ballet,” Grace said, mostly to herself, looping her bag over her shoulder.

Nate pushed off the counter and followed her toward the door. Not crowding her, no, just close enough to be felt. “I could drive you,” he suggested, all easy confidence, like it was a harmless offer. Grace knew better. To think, she used to loathe that confidence in him. Now, however. “I’ll behave.”

Grace paused, one hand on the handle. She looked back at him, an eyebrow lifting. “Absolutely not.”

He laughed under his breath. “Had to ask.”

Grace smiled to herself as she shoved her feet into her shoes. She opened the door, then glanced over her shoulder again, her expression calm, amused, entirely her own. “Behave.”

Nate’s smile sharpened into a grin. “You know I won’t.”

“That sounds like a you problem.”

Grace stepped out into the hall without waiting for a reply, the door closing behind her with a quiet finality. The air outside felt cooler, clearer. Cleaner, the way outside air always was. Grounding.

As she headed toward her own apartment just next door to grab her training clothes, Grace felt light on her feet. Centered. Composed. Already thinking ahead.

*

Nolan sat at the airport, looking up at the board where all the different flights were listed. His flight was, for once, not delayed. Which meant that soon enough, he would be back where he belonged.

The trip had been a huge success. While he talked and pitched his few meager ideas, it became very apparent that these champs wanted to stay with Calhoun Holdings to the bitter end. What warranted this was hard to say. Josh was a powerful figure, and perhaps the allure of being under his wing, as he was an upcomer in this world, was something that appealed to them. Or

maybe they liked the consistency as long as there were no direct flaws. Either way, from Nate almost fucking up this contract to Nolan saving it. That was the verdict, and a verdict that Nolan could live by.

While waiting, Nolan picked up his phone. It was a force of habit by now. He hadn't heard from Grace in a minute. Sure, there were time differences, and yeah, she had said she wanted to keep him in the dark a bit, but he didn't know she'd be this... thorough. A secret here, a withheld truth there, but now it had been almost a whole day since he had heard from her. He had asked how work went, she replied, and that was it.

Perhaps her phone was charging in her shed at work, and she had left it behind. Nah. There was one possibility, of course, but being in public, Nolan felt like he had to stay clear of that possibility. No, that wasn't why. He was terrified of that possibility. Grace had been so close to slipping up the last time she was at Nate's, and now Nolan was miles upon miles away, with Nate just next door. The tension between them... was real, it was thick, it was electric. Nate certainly wouldn't have any reason to abide by the rules... but like before, Nolan thought about Grace being the one caving...

What was it about that that scared Nolan so much? He wanted her to cross lines, to fall for the temptation, to be seduced, but yet, he had, before he left, told Grace not to fuck Nate, even though part of him wanted exactly that.

When he had asked her not to, Grace had said she wouldn't. Then she'd added that Nate could be very convincing.

That twisted the knife in his chest even further.

Because that meant she had already leaned toward it. Not slipping. Not losing control. Choosing.

And if she chose it, there would be no resistance to blame. No rule to hide behind.

Nolan knew Grace. Knew how deliberate she was, how stubborn, how incapable of being maneuvered into something she truly didn't want.

And yet, Nate would have her.

He knew which buttons to push. Knew how to draw that part of her forward. For a moment, Nolan's mind reached for inevitability, for fate, for anything that made it feel out of their hands.

That was cheap.

No.

If Grace crossed the line, it wouldn't be because the rules failed or the moment ran away from her. It would be because she wanted Nate enough to step over it herself.

And that was the part that Nolan couldn't soften. The idea that she might not regret it at all.

That she might feel satisfied instead. And not just in a physical, immediate sense.

This wasn't what it was supposed to be.

Almost without thinking, Nolan checked his phone again.

He wanted to call Grace, to hear her voice, to collapse and make the not-knowing stop.

He hesitated. If they were together, if he was caught up in him, he didn't want to interrupt.

The thought hit him harder than it should have. His heart kicked violently against his ribs, breath catching, nausea rising sharp and sudden.

Not interfere. Interfere what?

Heat climbed through his chest, fast and unwelcome, settling low in his body before he could stop it. Like a masochist, he forced himself to consider the possibilities, to think of what that might look like. What they might be doing, if he called her right now. If he called and she didn't pick up...

Perhaps being out in public was a blessing in disguise; he was forced to think, not run off and get off, then wallow. And while perhaps the silence wasn't intentional on Grace's part, it was certainly making things worse for Nolan. And by worse... Well...

The thought didn't finish itself.

Nolan swallowed and forced his attention back into his body, into the chair beneath him, the hum of voices and rolling suitcases around him. Someone laughed nearby. An announcement crackled overhead.

He looked down at his phone one last time.

He could call her.

He could break the silence, reclaim the ground he felt slipping under him. Demand reassurance. Demand truth. She'd give it to him.

But he didn't.

Slowly, deliberately, he locked the screen and slid the phone into his pocket.

Whatever Grace was doing, whatever she chose, it was hers to choose. He had asked for this, for her to have this freedom, for them to explore this space, to live with this tension. Reaching in now would only cheapen it, turn desire into panic, curiosity into control.

His chest still felt tight. The heat hadn't vanished. Neither had the fear.

But beneath it all was something steadier.

Acceptance didn't feel calm. It felt earned.

When his boarding group was called, Nolan stood, shouldered his bag, and joined the line without looking back.

*

Entering the apartment, Nolan was finally home. It was late. Way too late. He was tired, beaten, but happy to be home. Walking through their little hallway, out toward the living room, he heard soft breathing, the kind that came with sleep. As he rounded the corner, he saw Grace sleeping there on the couch. In nothing but an oversized t-shirt and presumably panties. It was way past her usual bedtime, and she had work in the morning, yet she had probably stayed up waiting for him.

Grace looked like Grace still. Nothing seemed out of the ordinary. Her long blond hair was sprawled out over the couch cushions. Her face looked peaceful as she slept, no stress lines visible. She was in her home environment, no need to act for anyone, no need to be the strong girl everyone admired and looked up to. She was just her.

Seeing her like this made something in Nolan's chest loosen.

Not relief, no, something steadier than that.

She looked like herself. Peaceful. Unguarded. At home in her own skin. Whatever had happened while he was gone, it hadn't marked her in any way he could see. She hadn't carried it into this moment. She was still Grace, curled up on their couch, waiting for him.

And that mattered.

He loved her with a quiet intensity that surprised him, how deep it ran even now, maybe deeper *because* of the distance, because of everything he'd let himself imagine. Loving her didn't feel fragile. It felt durable.

If there were signs, he would notice them. He trusted that about himself.

And if there weren't, then this was what trust looked like — not certainty, not answers, just choosing to interrogate the moment.

He didn't need proof. He didn't need reassurance.

He believed her — and more than that, he believed *in* her.

Nolan dropped his bags to the floor. He walked up to the couch where she lay and bent down beside her. "Hey babygirl," he said, putting his hand on her cheek.

Her eyelids fluttered, but she didn't wake.

Nolan gave her a few light strokes on the cheek. While it had been a while since Nolan had done any physical labor, was able to gently lift Grace off the couch. She groaned softly but didn't wake. Her head was resting against his chest as he carried her to their bedroom, kicking the door shut behind him. He laid her down on the bed gently. He threw the blanket across and crawled into bed beside her. He wrapped his arm around her waist and pulled her in close, kissed the back of her head, and drew in the smell of her shampoo from showering after ballet, the scent filling his nostrils.

Perfection.

Morning arrived quietly.

Not dramatically. Not with revelation. Just light creeping through the blinds in thin, pale bands, dust floating lazily in the air like it always did. Nolan woke to it before his alarm, his body still heavy with the stresses of travel, muscles stiff from bad sleep and worse chairs. For a moment, he lay there disoriented, the low hum of the trees outside blowing gently, the odd car driving past grounding him back into place.

Home.

Grace wasn't in bed.

That registered slowly. Not alarmingly. She wasn't a still sleeper; she never had been. She rose early during the weekdays, as she was always the first one out of the door, eager to get going, always needing those extra ten minutes on her feet to get going. Nolan smiled faintly into the pillow before the rest of the thought caught up with him.

Monday.

Back to the salt mines.

Nolan rolled onto his back and stared at the ceiling. The smell hit him next. Coffee. Strong. Fresh. Real. It curled into the bedroom from the open door like a tether, pulling him from his slumber, elevating to being fully awake.

She was up. Moving. Existing.

And that mattered more than he'd expected it to.

He swung his legs over the side of the bed and padded out into the hallway. The apartment felt lived-in in that significant way, it only ever did when Grace was awake first. Quiet, but purposeful. A cupboard closed softly. The kettle clicked off. The faint scrape of ceramic on wood.

Grace was at the counter when he rounded the corner into the kitchen, wearing the same shirt from last night. It was one of his old ones. It hung off her loosely, sleeves rolled, the hem brushing mid-thigh. Her hair was still damp, tied up haphazardly, a few strands escaping the cling to the back of her neck.

She looked… normal.

Not guarded, not distant. Not glowing with guilt or marked by either. Just Grace, standing in their kitchen, pouring coffee while looking amazing like she'd done a thousand mornings before.

For reasons Nolan couldn't immediately articulate, as he wasn't fully awake after all, that unsettled him more than any dramatic confession would have.

"Hey," he said quietly.

Grace glanced over her shoulder and smiled. Not big, nothing performative about it, just recognition. Relief. Happy to see him. "Hey, handsome. You're home."

"Got in late," Nolan said, stepping closer, close enough to playfully bump her with his hip. She didn't stiffen. She didn't move away. Good.

He reached for a mug. Their hands didn't touch, but the space between them felt charged anyway, awareness threading itself between muscle memory and something newer and sharper.

"You look tired," she said, gently pushing the mug toward him across the counter.

"Worth it," he replied. "The trip went well."

"Good," Grace said. "I figured. You're Nolan after all."

He watched her over the rim as he took his first sip. She leaned back against the counter now, arms crossed loosely, hips mushed, eyes on him. Not nervously. No. Curiously.

There it was.

The shift.

Grace tilted her head slightly. "Busy weekend."

It was nothing Barely a sentence. She said it the same way she might comment on the weather or a long workday. But Nolan felt it immediately. The subtle, visceral pull low in his stomach, heat tightening where it shouldn't have. She had said she would tease, that she would hint.

Nolan kept his face neutral. Deliberately so.

"I can imagine," he said lightly.

Her mouth curved slightly. Just a little. And so did he.

Grace turned back to the counter, reaching for the sugar, unhurried. Nolan tracked the movement despite himself, the way her weight shifted, how comfortable she was in her own skin. No hesitation. No apology.

That was the point, he realized.

If something had happened, Grace wasn't treating it like a mistake. That was the difference. She wasn't bracing. She wasn't apologizing. She was letting him feel it — and decide what to do with it. He had pushed hard before, and it backfired. He'd be her rock, and trust that Grace would... reward him for it later.

A small smile crept across his stubbled face, looking at her perfect ass. Heh. Now, that would be a perfect reward.

"Did you sleep any good while I was gone?" Nolan tried.

Grace paused, spoon hovering. Then she smiled to herself, small and private. Nolan didn't have to see it to know it. "I slept... really well."

She didn't look at him when she said it. Didn't need to.

Nolan exhaled sharply, letting the sensation roll through him instead of resisting it. Jealousy. Curiosity. Want. All braided together in a way that felt dangerous if he examined it too closely. So he didn't.

Instead, he reached out and brushed his thumb along her wrist. A reminder. She didn't pull away. Another confirmation.

"Good," he said simply. "You deserve it."

She looked up at him then. Really looked. Searching for something. Tension, maybe. Reproach. A crack she could press into. She didn't find one. Something in her expression softened. Not relief exactly. More like satisfaction.

"I missed you," she said.

And that, Nolan knew, was true regardless of everything else.

He leaned down and kissed the top of her head, breathing her in. Soap, coffee, and purely Grace.

"I'm glad you're home."

They stood like that for a moment longer than necessary. Then Grace straightened.

"Is that all I get?" she teased. "A kiss on the top of my head?"

Nolan chuckled. "Not good enough, eh?"

She stepped closer instead of answering, closing the space she'd been carefully maintaining all morning. Not rushed, not needy, just deliberate. Her fingers brushed his chest lightly. Then rested her hand on him. Then smiled, gently rubbing Nolan.

"I stayed up," she said. "Waited for you."

"I know," Nolan replied.

"And then I got up early," she continued. Nolan nodded, as one does. "Made coffee. Got ready without making too much of a ruckus so I wouldn't wake you."

He watched her, feeling his pulse going a bit faster. "You didn't have to," Nolan insisted.

Grace smiled.

"I wanted to."

Nolan exhaled slowly.

"I know," he said.

She leaned forward then, her lips brushing his cheek, lingering just close enough to make the touch meaningful before she pulled back again. "Good," she said simply, smiling to herself. "Glad that's sorted."

He was still smiling when she stepped back. Still watching her. There was something new in her expression, something brighter, like she'd made a decision about how to carry this, whatever it was. He wanted to ask. Wanted to push. But that would mean picking it up himself, taking the burden back.

Nolan didn't. He trusted her.

He trusted her.

The realization settled over him like a warm blanket, calming him instantly. He wasn't afraid anymore. No more doubts or second-guessing himself. He had been on the fence about what he wanted, but now, seeing her, knowing her, he was certain.

Grace topped off her mug with more coffee, then set the pot down on the counter beside her. She had let a small silence linger. Satisfied with the result, she turned and smiled at Nolan.

"I'm proud of you, you're taking everything so well," she said.

"Take what?" Nolan tried, and Grace bit her lip.

"Nice try," she mused. "Sooo, wanna be late for work?"

Nolan's breath caught, and he took a step closer. Grace was still biting her lip, looking up at him as he looked back down at her, hunger and desire in his eyes. Yes, trust and calm were there, but

just beneath the surface, Nolan was desperate for Grace. Always hungry, always willing to... serve.

"I've got a big meeting later today, you know," Grace said. "So I can't be too late."

"Yeah?" Nolan said, snaking his arm around her, finding her ass as soon as possible, pulling her toward him. "Fuck, I've missed this."

"Is that all you've missed?" Grace challenged. "Kiss me like you mean it. You've been gone a whole weekend, and you're going to make me leave without a proper kiss? I'm going to be so unfocused."

Nolan didn't resist the grin. "Don't want to throw you off your game, do we?"

Grace smirked and kissed him, soft at first, then with a playful, deliberate flick of her tongue. He let out a breath, felt her hand settle on his chest, the warmth of her palm tangible through his shirt. It was impossible to not let his hands find her flawless ass underneath the shirt, cupping each cheek in each hand.

When they broke apart, Grace stepped away, picking up her mug from the counter. She leaned back against the counter, nodding toward the floor, a challenge in her gaze. Nolan got down on his knees, right there in the kitchen.

Grace lifted one delicious thigh and draped it over Nolan's shoulder, the shirt lifting a tiny bit as well. "Go on," Grace said. "Show me I've been missed."

Nolan didn't hesitate, didn't resist the pull. He slid her tee up a bit and dove in without hesitation, without any pause, and it felt right.

Grace made a soft, pleased sound as he worked her clit with his tongue. She tasted familiar, and yet it felt new, the tension of the last few days making everything sharper, brighter. Nolan didn't think about the why or the how. He focused on the now, the feeling of her thigh tensing under his hand, the way her breath hitched when he hit the right spot.

"That's what I've been missing... How are you so good at that?" Grace complimented, gripping his hair with one hand, sipping her coffee with the other. "Fuck..."

He didn't stop. He didn't pull back. He didn't pause to ask questions or demand answers. He just kept going, letting the sensations wash over him, letting the moment stretch out until it became the only thing that mattered.

And Grace... Grace responded. Her hips rocked against him. Her fingers tightened in his hair. She didn't hold anything back. She gave him everything, and that felt like a reward in its own way, like a small, private victory that was just theirs.

Fuck, this was heaven.

She came hard and fast, her body tensing around him, her thighs shaking slightly. Nolan gripped her other thigh and threw it over his other shoulder, holding her in place with his hands so he could keep her steady. He had her pinned against the kitchen counter now, and Grace couldn't escape even if she wanted to. One hand was buried in Nolan's dark hair, tugging, pulling, and encouraging. The coffee cup was set aside; she had no use for that at the moment, her free hand was exploring the kitchen island for support.

"Fuck, I needed this," Grace breathed, not quite coming down from her high. "Don't... stop..."

She didn't need to say more; she was still holding onto Nolan's scalp with a steely grip, ensuring he would obey. Nolan obliged eagerly, his face buried between her thighs. She was dripping wet, his nose was buried in her pussy, taking her clit between his lips and licking, flicking it, and applying gentle pressure.

"Fuck, yes..." she gasped as Nolan hit all the right spots. "More. More!"

His hands slid up her legs and gripped her ass cheeks tightly, lifting her off the ground as her thighs clamped down on his face, holding him firmly between her legs. Grace was practically sitting on his face now, and Nolan was eating her with even more enthusiasm, spurred on by her eager response. She had been the one who had started this off by wanting him on his knees and servicing her, but it felt as though he needed this as much as she did.

Grace's second orgasm hit her even harder than her first one. Her entire body tensed up as she let out a strangled scream. Her fingers curled into the back of his scalp, and Nolan had to use both arms around her waist and hook her to stay close. He felt her shudder and shake on top of him, her thighs clamping down even harder, and he could hear her moan his name, over and over.

Eventually, the quaking stopped, and she relaxed her thighs, allowing Nolan to ease her down to the floor again. He was still on his knees, but now she could face him directly. Her chest heaving and she looked completely wrecked. Nolan couldn't help but feel proud. "I love you so fucking much. That was fucking amazing, Nolan..."

Grace grinned wickedly at him, and clearly not done, she turned around, now leaning over on the counter, her elbows resting on top of it, sticking out her ass to him, wagging it from side to side invitingly. Nolan didn't need more incentive. Grace gasped as he buried his face between her legs from behind, and soon she was gripping the counter's edge, moaning softly as his tongue slid back inside of her.

They were back on familiar ground again.

As he knelt behind her, worshiping her with his mouth, there were no doubts or questions in his mind. No jealousy, no uncertainty, nothing but pure adoration as Grace arched back, grinding her ass against his mouth as his tongue delved deep into her pussy.

"Good boy," she breathed out, her voice unsteady. "My ass too."

And, without any reservations, Nolan was more than happy to oblige. Grace was on a mission to get absolutely riled up for the rest of her day.

"Ohhh," Grace sighed, her legs going slightly wider apart, allowing Nolan to bury his tongue in her ass with ease. He licked and probed, his hands reaching up to grip her thighs, holding onto her tightly as her head swam with the pleasure she was feeling. It wasn't often Grace let Nolan eat her ass, or ass play in general, but god damn did he love it. And it showed, the way he went to town, his tongue going wild inside her tight hole.

Grace let herself lie on the counter more or less, letting Nolan work, his tongue exploring her depths, his fingers digging into her skin. Her knees went weak, and she almost collapsed on top of him, only saved by her man's face and strong arms.

"Oh, shit, I'm cumming," Grace said, the words barely a whisper, her head spinning. Nolan responded eagerly, his tongue sliding in and out of her ass as she bucked her hips against his face, using his thumb on her clit, her juices dripping down his chin as her orgasm crashed through her body, leaving her gasping for air. "You... fucking... UGH!"

Grace closed her eyes and let her body go limp as Nolan held her up. Her breathing was labored, and she could feel her heart racing in her chest. She felt completely spent, exhausted in the best way possible. She opened her eyes to see Nolan standing over her, looking down at her with concern written on his face.

"You okay?" Nolan said.

Grace nodded weakly and smiled, her eyes fluttering shut again. "Three times in less than twenty minutes."

"Better than a kiss on top of the head?" Nolan teased.

Grace chuckled. "Yeah, that'll do it." She pushed herself up and stood on shaky legs, reaching out to Nolan to steady herself.

"Wow. You really know how to show a girl a good time. Good to have you home. I missed this," she said, running her hands over his chest.

Nolan smiled and kissed her softly, his lips lingering on hers. "I missed you too," he murmured.

Grace leaned into him, her arms wrapping around him, her face buried in his chest. She inhaled deeply, taking in his scent. "I needed this."

"I know. Me too," he replied. "In fact, when I get home from work–"

"Yeah?"

"I want you on the bed. Prone on your cute belly, and naked," Nolan said, knowing that Grace loved it when he talked like that to her. She was a woman who liked to be in control in most aspects of her life, and she also had the power in their relationship. But it didn't mean that she couldn't or didn't want to indulge.

"Is that so?" she asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Oh, yeah," Nolan said, squeezing her ass. "Your ass is mine tonight."

"Mmm," Grace hummed. "I like the sound of that."

Nolan leaned down and kissed her. "Me too."

Grace bit her lip. "I can't wait. I'm all yours."

Nolan grinned. "Damn right."

Grace looked over at the clock. "I'd reciprocate, but I've got that meeting today, and you're already late... so..." she said, kissing his cheek before moving away from him.

"Fuck," Nolan groaned. "You're gonna leave me like this?"

Grace was already halfway toward the bedroom to get dressed, not even answering. Nolan was blue balled, but he also loved it when she was this demanding. Damn. What a woman. Just took what was hers and left to move on with her day.

Grace paused at the door, hand on the frame, looking back at him. Calm. Composed. Kind.

"Nolan?"

"Yeah?"

Grace smiled slowly.

"Try not to drive yourself crazy."

Then she left to get dressed. Nolan sighed. Yeah, he was late, so he'd better get going.

*

Grace felt so incredibly lucky to have Nolan. That morning, he did everything right. He let her have her space, he accepted the dynamic, and didn't push more than just a bit of teasing. She understood that he, like her, had perhaps come to some admission of sorts, and that perhaps he understood that something had happened. He didn't know what, and he desperately wanted to, but he had stayed composed. And that gave her courage.

Back at work, her drainage ditch was finally finished and ready to go. Her upcoming meeting, well, that was another task entirely. It was after lunch, so she still had a bunch of time to get ready. She had purposefully omitted a key detail about that meeting, hoping to get a rise out of Nolan. She had hoped Nate would be there too, but with his suspension, that was unlikely.

Grace felt bad for the guy, but he seemed to have an idea of how to get back on his feet. He had an idea for a soap ad, it seemed, or something like that. He had asked her for help for a photoshoot he had in mind. Grace had never considered doing any sort of modelling, even though the offers definitely had been there, but it was just one shoot. And she liked Nate, obviously.

She also wondered what their lecherous neighbor had in store for her. He had implied that they should 'go out with a bang' should this truly be their last week, and she looked forward to whatever that could be. She wondered if she was ready to commit to it too, but Grace had a feeling that she was. This was just the beginning of the new, improved dynamic.

She had to prepare for the meeting. She had a few documents to read up on. Nothing too big. Just the accounting of her small landscaping business. It wasn't much.

But that wasn't what was fun with this meeting.

As she got home, she found her outfit. It wasn't anything too fancy. Just a blouse and skirt. Both were tight. The blouse was white with a button two undone, and the bra underneath was lacy and red, and the contour would be almost visible if one were to check her out. The skirt was a deep navy blue, and she knew it would look great when she bent over to pick up anything, especially with her heels. And the best part, no panties.

Yes. Not too fancy. But definitely sexy.

She wanted to look good for this meeting. She wanted to look good for the guy who was going to be there.

As she stood in the elevator, she felt excited. Her heart was racing a bit. She was going to have fun with this.

The doors opened, and she stepped into the lobby. The open office space, cubicles spread across the open area, came into view, smaller offices along the sides, and bigger ones in the corners. A larger meeting room was in the middle of the office, with large windows to let in a lot of light. There were four people sitting at the table.

Grace took a breath and started walking.

Sitting at a desk in the open office space, Nolan didn't see her at first, working diligently, but when he did, Grace smiled confidently, wickedly as his jaw dropped. She continued across the room, and Nolan stood up from his seat. He wasn't going to follow her, as she was heading to Josh Calhoun's office, his boss, but he was sure as hell curious why she was there. If he used his brain, he'd know, but it was a fun little game of teasing regardless.

"Grace," he said, hoarsely. While her outfit was professional, Nolan was the attentive looker, catching the subtle sexiness she had going on. Her red bra was almost visible under her blouse, her skirt tight, showing off her ass and her thighs. She looked incredible, and the look on his face showed it.

"Hi Nolan," she said, not stopping, waving at him, blowing him a kiss. "We'll talk later."

He could only stare after her.

Josh's office door closed behind her, and Grace felt like she had gotten away with murder. She couldn't stifle her giggling, and Josh, who was sitting behind his desk, raised an eyebrow.

"Good to see you, Grace. What's so funny?" he asked.

"Nothing," Grace said, getting her bearings. "I'm just keeping Nolan on his toes. In fact, do you mind if I close the blinds?"

Josh tilted his head back to let out a barking laugh. "Oh, I like that. Sure, go ahead. Here, I'll stand up as you close them."

Grace walked over to the large window as Josh stood up from his desk and moved toward her, almost looking menacing as he did. Grace almost got nervous for a moment, but gathered herself quickly. Turning to the blinds, she looked straight at Nolan as she started closing them.

Nolan was still watching her.

He watched her as she closed the blinds, winking at him playfully.

"Alright, they're closed," she said, turning back to Josh, who immediately turned off the menace and was already sitting back down.

The meeting wasn't anything special. She had ordered a bunch of miniature representations of stuff for Josh's backyard, mini benches, oaks and bushes, a movable trail, a small pond with a bridge, and so on, showing how Grace was planning to make his simple grassy knoll and small fields into a cozy park where he could relax and even grow a few vegetables and whatnot. She showed him her sketches, her ideas, and Josh seemed very enthusiastic about it, especially since the budget was reasonable. Though from what Grace understood from Josh, a budget wouldn't deter him if the idea was good.

In fact, with this budget, she'd afford to finally maybe hire an extra set of hands.

It didn't take long before the meeting was over. As Grace stood up from her chair, she made sure to bend over to pick up a folder that had slipped off the table. Her skirt was just that tight, and as she did so, she heard Josh chuckle under his breath.

"Damn, you look great, Grace," he said as she sat up again, clutching her papers. "You really like to give me a hard time, eh?"

"A girl gets rejected, she tries harder," Grace retorted. "I'm just joking."

"Me too. Like I said at the party, I'd never," Josh said, though as the invitation to look was there, he did, checking out her ass. "Your husband is lucky."

"Oh, I know he is," Grace replied. "He knows he is too."

"Good. So, when can you start?"

"Today, if you want," Grace said. Really, she hoped to take the rest of the day off, but there was something about Josh that just made people want to work for him.

"No rush, but I'm eager to see the results. And hey, if you want to borrow my pool while you're there, be my guest," Josh said.

"Is that an excuse to see me in a tiny bikini?" Grace asked. Josh shrugged and smiled, and Grace couldn't help but laugh. "Well, thanks. I'll think about it."

"You do that."

Grace then thought of something. It was in the spur of the moment, but she figured it would be harmless enough. "Hey, Josh?"

Josh looked up, still smiling. "What's up?"

"Can I have one more favor?"

Josh tilted his head back to laugh. "Oh, you're full of surprises. What's the favor?"

"Well, Nate asked me for help with a photoshoot. Apparently, he's got an ad in the works. A soap commercial, I think. I thought I'd ask if it's okay if I use some of the bikinis from Entrendy?" Grace asked.

"Nate? You mean Nathan Bertsch?" Josh asked. "I think Mirella suspended him."

"Yeah, but you can't stop a good idea," Grace said.

"Fair enough. Alright, sure. Let me know how that goes," Josh said, chuckling. "You are a lot of fun, Grace. I'm glad to have you on board."

"Thank you," Grace replied. "I'll be in touch."

"Sounds good. And I'll keep an eye out for Nate's ad thingy. Sounds interesting... if it involves pretty girls in bikinis I've designed," Josh said, looking at her knowingly. "By the way, you should open another button before you go out. It'll give Nolan a rise."

Grace chuckled and did as suggested, and made her way out of the office.

Nolan was waiting for her. She had been in there for only like twenty minutes, but she knew he would be curious. The second she left the office, he was out of his seat, walking toward her, a worried look on his face.

"Hey," she said as he approached.

"What are you doing here? Is everything okay?" he asked.

Grace smiled. "Yes. Everything is fine. I just had a meeting with your boss."

Nolan tilted his head slightly. "About?"

"Business stuff," Grace replied, not giving anything away. "You know… about what kind of *job* I'm going to do for him. I'm gonna spend a lot of time at his house. He's got a nice pool too. Said I should use it."

"Okay," he said, not sure what else to say.

Grace stepped closer to him, putting a hand on his arm. "Don't worry, Nolan. It's all good. Trust me."

"I do," he assured her. "Damn, that skirt is fighting for its life."

"You like?" Grace asked, smiling. She gave him a playful twirl.

"Very," Nolan admitted. "Just, uh, don't do that too much around the office." If Grace had heard that any other time in her life, it would've sounded like he was controlling. But no, this version of Nolan was talking for his own sake.

Grace laughed. "I'll try not to. I need to go. I'm having a late lunch with Nate," she said, giving him a kiss on the cheek. "I'll see you at home. I'll be the one lying prone and naked."

Nolan groaned as Grace walked away, swaying her hips a little more than she had to.

Grace hadn't really planned on having lunch with Nate today, but figured it was fun to tease Nolan further, to test his limits. So far, she was actually proud of him. He had overwhelmed her before, now he was passing with stellar grades. Besides, she needed to get home and change into more suitable clothes for work, and she needed to order a bunch of trees for her new project, and she could stop by Nate on the way and have a chat.

*

Nate let himself into his apartment and stood there for a moment longer than necessary, hand still resting on the door after it clicked shut. The session hadn't gone badly. It never did. Anna had that way about her. She was patient, thoughtful, earnest without being naïve. He respected that. Or at least, he respected how easily it could be worked with.

She'd mentioned her kids again today. Not directly, not in a way that asked for sympathy. Just a scheduling note. School pickup. A late meeting. A husband who handled dinner on Tuesdays.

Nate had nodded, attentive. Curious in the way that made people feel seen rather than examined.

"You seem very grounded," he'd said. "You've built something solid."

She'd smiled at that. The kind of smile people give when they don't often hear their stability framed as an achievement.

During the drive home, Nate thought about that word. Solid. How much people trusted it. How easily it became a rule instead of a choice.

By the time he reached his place, the afternoon had settled into something warm and unassuming. He stripped off his jacket, rolled his sleeves, and set about making lunch without much thought. Leftovers, most likely. Enough for Nate.

His phone buzzed on the counter.

Grace.

'Mind if I stop by for lunch? I'm right next door.'

Nate didn't answer immediately. He let the moment linger a beat, two beats. The door between their places had become only theoretical.

'Sure,' he typed back. *'Ive got food.'*

Grace arrived ten minutes later, and in the way only she could, the way she always did. She wasn't rushing, not apologizing, already mid-day focused on the rest of her day. She smelled faintly of outside air and a hint of sweat. She had dressed in a white blouse, a navy blue skirt that stretched over her flawless curves just perfectly. And what was that? Nate had to almost adjust himself when he saw that she wore an obviously red bra underneath her white blouse. The tease she was... and she knew it. Comfortable, sexy.

"Hope you don't mind," she said, kicking off her heels. Nate wasn't one for feet, but Grace's was enticing. Sure, she should drag them all over his floor. Over him.

"I wouldn't have said yes if I did," Nate replied, maintaining the boisterous tone she liked. "Hey, I gave you a key. You can come and go as you want, you know that!"

She smiled at that. Grace turned and took in the room. It was familiar to her now, in the way spaces became once you stopped asking permission to exist in them, or wondered what that shelf had, what types of plants you had.

"So, want me to cook you something? Or will sandwiches do?" Nate had thrown away the leftovers, hoping to hell that Grace wouldn't see them. She hated wastefulness, but he didn't have time to run down to the garbage with it, and they were too old to let someone like her eat it.

"Sandwiches are fine. I'm surprised you're not making me make the food," Grace said.

"I'm full of surprises," Nate chuckled.

"So," Grace said casually. "Monday. How's the suspension?" She was concerned.

Nate snorted and waved it off. "Forced vacation. I've had worse."

Grace laughed softly at that. "You always say that."

"Because it's usually true. And especially now that you are here," Nate said, running his eyes over her attire. He was so glad they were over the pretense of not looking at each other. With the weekend they had together, it was pretty clear what they were to each other.

"Yeah, well. I figured you'd be hungry," Grace said. "And I also had a meeting with Josh."

"Ah, how is the boss man?" Nate asked, cutting the sandwiches in half, then putting them on plates for them. "Did he like your plans? I'll be honest, I don't really know how to look at a landscape and think 'yes, this is a good idea,' but your mind work better than mine."

"Yeah. He liked it. He seemed impressed," Grace said. Grace studied Nate for a moment. Not suspicious. Assessing. Grace was good at that. Weighing people without making it feel like judgment. She was an angel, if there ever was one. "You seem… relaxed."

"Therapy helps," he replied, releasing a small nugget, giving up a little bit of himself. Not a lie, either. Just incomplete.

Grace raised her eyebrows. "You go to therapy?" She was surprised, but not shocked. Curious, more than anything else.

"Yeah. Once a week. It's helpful," Nate said, shrugging easily. "Keeps me honest."

Grace tilted her head slightly, not pressing for details. She was amused, but didn't ask more. "That's good. I'm glad for you." She took a bite of her sandwich.

“You seem lighter today,” Nate said. “Like someone who slept on a decision instead of running from it.”

Grace didn't answer. She eyed him for a moment with an expression that told what he needed to know. Then she gave a half-smile and simply shrugged and took another bite. She didn't correct Nate.

They ate the sandwiches without further ceremony. Grace was kind enough to gather the plates and put them in the sink. It was almost like she belonged between Nate's four walls. Nate didn't stop her; he instead looked at her, satisfied with… The domestication?

"You know," she said lightly, rinsing her hands. "Nolan's been very well-behaved."

Nate leaned against the counter next to her. "Has he?"

"Oh yeah. Very supportive. Trusting. I finally think we're moving about these things the right way."

The way she said it made Nate's mouth twitch. Not because of jealousy or a smile on Nolan's behalf. Because of the implication.

"That's good," he said. "Sounds like he knows what he's doing."

Grace dried her hands slowly. "Does he?"

She met Nate's gaze then. Not challenging. Not inviting. Waiting. Nate was supposed to follow up

Nate held the look, didn't rush, and didn't answer her. Not right away.

"I think," he said finally. "That he trusts you to know what you want."

Something flickered across her expression. Satisfaction, maybe. Or perhaps relief.

"Yeah," she said. "I think he does."

Grace checked the time and grabbed her bag.

"I should go. Josh is trusting me a lot, and I have to rush ordering and planting the oaks before it's too late in the season, so I gotta get on that before the people leave for the day," Grace explained, including Nate in her day-to-day.

"Of course. Oaks. My favorite... shrubbery?" Nate teased playfully. Grace laughed, which made Nate feel something.

She paused by the door and looked back at him.

"Lunch was nice. And thank you for not... flirting. It's nice that we can be friends," Grace said.

“With benefits,” Nate said, his eyes dipping briefly toward her red bra under her blouse before lifting again, a knowing smile tugging at his mouth. “And I’m pretty sure lunch wasn’t the only thing on your mind.”

Grace scoffed softly, shaking her head as she reached for her bag. "Don't flatter yourself," she said. "No, I didn't dress like this for you."

Nate didn't answer right away.

He stepped closer instead. Not crowding her, not even touching her, just closing the space enough that she had to be aware of him. The room felt smaller and quieter. Grace hadn't left yet.

"Oh," Nate finally said. "I think you did."

Grace turned toward him, lifting her eyebrows. "That's a bold assumption."

"Is it?" Nate asked. His gaze was unblinking and steady. "You could've worn anything. Changed before you got her. But you didn't."

Grace hesitated. Just a fraction of a second. Enough.

"That doesn't mean–"

"It means you wanted to be seen," Nate said, cutting in smoothly. Not sharp or loud, but with pure presence and certainty. "And you knew I'd see."

Her mouth opened, then closed again. The argument didn’t land the way she’d meant it to. She shifted her weight, fingers tightening briefly around the strap of her bag.

“You always do this,” she said quietly.

Nate smiled. Not wide. Not pleased. Something more intent than that. “Because it works.”

He reached out then. It was the first time it would be a motion of pure intention. Grace came here for this, whether she knew it or not. This was why she was here. She wanted more. And Nate would give it. There was no other pretence. That's why she was so quick to get up and leave. That's why she wanted to stay. Nate brushed his knuckles along her wrist. She didn't move away, so his hand landed on the side of her hip, threatening to run his fingers over her ass. He didn't. Not yet.

"It's okay to admit you like it," he said gently.

Grace shook her head slightly, not in denial. More like a question she didn't have an answer to.

Nate stepped closer, and his other hand went to her waist. He had her caged in now, between the wall and him.

"Tell me to stop." He said it like he already knew the answer.

Grace inhaled, breath catching herself. "Nate..." But she didn't say any more than that.

His hand on her hip slid around to rest at the small of her back. Not pulling her closer. Just there. A silent invitation. She still had time to get away. Still had a choice. He felt the way she tensed, not in fear, but in anticipation.

“Thought so,” he murmured.

He leaned in, close enough now that she could feel the heat of him, the weight of his attention settling fully on her. His mouth hovered near her ear.

“You’ve been thinking about this,” he said. “All morning. Haven’t you.”

Grace swallowed. Her voice came out quieter than she’d intended. “That doesn’t mean I’m—”

His other hand came to her hip, firm and unapologetic. Not rough. Not gentle. Claiming.

“It means you already are.”

The words landed heavier than his touch.

Grace’s head tipped back just slightly, her spine arching before she could stop herself. The room seemed to tilt with her, the moment narrowing until there was nothing else but his hands, his voice, the undeniable pull between them.

“Nate,” she breathed again — and this time, it wasn’t a warning.

He kissed her then.

Not rushed. Not tentative. Slow, deliberate, like he knew exactly how long he could take before she’d give in completely. And she did. The tension broke, and Grace was suddenly clinging to him, pulling him closer, kissing him back. It wasn’t sweet, wasn't kind. It was hungry, wanting, almost desperate.

Nate pushed her back against the wall, kissing her with the same passion as Grace. He pinned her body against the wall, his knee pressing between her thighs, making Grace gasp. She arched into him, her hips grinding instinctively against his thigh. He felt her hands slide down his back and grip his shirt, holding him to her as if he’d ever try to leave.

Nate's mouth moved from her lips to her neck, trailing kisses down her skin. She gasped again as he found that spot, that one sensitive place where her neck met her shoulder. She moaned softly, her fingers tangling in his hair as he sucked and licked at her skin.

"Nate," she gasped. "I don't have much time."

He chuckled against her skin, not stopping. One of his hands slid down her body, over her hip, and between her legs. He pressed against her, feeling her heat through her skirt. Grace moaned again, louder this time.

"Then I'll make it fast," he said, his voice low and husky. "Turn around," Nate ordered, pulling away from her.

Grace whimpered at the loss of contact but complied. She turned around, leaning forward and placing her hands against the wall. Nate pulled up her skirt, revealing her ass, which he gave a firm slap. Grace gasped, then moaned again, her hips bucking back against him.

Nate undid his pants and freed his cock. He rubbed it against her ass, teasing her. Grace whimpered, trying to push back against him, but Nate held her hips firmly.

"Please," she begged.

"Please what?" he growled.

"Fuck me," Grace moaned. "Please, just fuck me already."

Nate smirked and guided himself into her, slowly at first. Grace moaned and pushed back against him, desperate for more. Nate grabbed her hips and thrust forward, slamming into her. Grace cried out, her fingers gripping the wall as he started pounding into her.

"You like that, don't you?" Nate growled. "You like being fucked hard and fast. You like being used."

Grace couldn't even respond, her mind lost in a haze of pleasure already, just the dirty talk sending her over the edge. Nate continued to fuck her relentlessly, driving her closer and closer to her peak.

Just when she was on the verge of tumbling over the edge, he pulled her hips back, guiding her down to the couch, and positioning her over the armrest.

"If you want to leave..." he teased, lining himself behind her again.

"Shut the fuck up, Nate," Grace said, sounding eager, hungry, needy.

"Alright," he groaned, spanking her ass once more.

"You gonna be a good girl for me, princess? All week?" He taunted.

"Y-Yes," she answered breathily.

"Promise?" he teased, slapping her ass.

"Yes!" she cried.

Nate growled. He gripped her hips, and slammed inside her once more, fucking her with deep, hard strokes. Grace moaned loudly, the sounds echoing off the walls of the apartment as she screamed his name over and over. Nate was relentless, grunting and panting as he pounded into her.

There was something deeply satisfying about handling a woman who didn't need permission, who knew exactly what she was risking — and did it anyway. But there was a particular satisfaction in this, in having a woman like Grace give herself this way. Strong. Careful. Devoted elsewhere.

Not stolen. Not tricked.

Taken because she wanted to be.

Nate felt the quiet thrill of it settle in his chest. Another man's devotion hadn't protected her from this. If anything, it made it sweeter.

Looking down at his wide cock splitting her apart, her perfect ass bouncing off him, he groaned, feeling her tightening on his cock Fuck, she was going to cum on his cock. Again. So easily. Nate leaned over and grabbed a fistful of her hair, yanking her head up. He was much rougher with her than he usually was, but she clearly didn't mind, her moaning growing even louder and the way she pushed her hips back onto his thrusts giving him enough permission to do what he wanted, and that was making her his.

Grace Harris had come to his apartment and was now here with him, responding without apology.

"Cum on my dick," Nate commanded.

"Oh, fuck, fuck, yes, oh my god, yes!" Grace shouted, her body clenching tight as she climaxed, her pussy tightening around his thick shaft.

Nate grunted, his hips bucking, burying himself deep inside her, his cock twitching. He thrust into her a couple of more times, drawing out her pleasure before finally giving into the urge and releasing. He groaned as he filled her with his load, his body shuddering and his grip on her tightening as she spasmed around him.

"Holy shit," Grace panted.

Nate grinned and patted her on her ass, making her shiver.

"You alright?" he asked.

"Oh, my fucking god," she whispered. "We've gotta do this more often..."

She stayed on the couch, with his hand on her hips, the silence not feeling uncomfortable. There was no guilt, no worry, no questions. This was about the physical. And they both enjoyed it immensely. And perhaps this is the type of relationship Grace needed now. Uncomplicated.

"Alright," Nate said, pulling out of her, a wet squelch following his movement. "Go ahead and clean yourself up in the bathroom. You should hurry."

"Thanks," Grace said and rushed to the bathroom, the sound of the tap running.

Nate smiled. He had a feeling that Grace was enjoying this more than she cared to admit. She wasn't just a girl with a fantasy. She was a woman with a hunger.

She came back and straightened her hair in the hallway mirror.

"I'm gonna have to go," Grace said. "I really need to get those oaks planted before the end of the season."

"Sure," Nate said. "Thanks for coming by."

Nate didn't stop her as Grace grabbed her heels and bag, still looking immaculate, but a little more flush, her cheeks red, her hair slightly messy. He could still smell her on his couch. He wondered how much Grace was smelling of him.

"By the way," Nate said. He wanted to leave with this, so there could be little objection. "Come by before work. I have a meeting too, but not with Josh."

"Yeah?" Grace asked, intrigued. Opening with the demand and following up with something interesting was the right way, it seemed, as she didn't question it. Well, she would do what she wanted to do, but Nate had a feeling about this.

"Yeah. A soap manufacturer," Nate said, then smiled coyly at her. "And I want you to stop by and get me... ready."

Grace raised an eyebrow at that, but didn't reply immediately. Instead, she smiled back at him and chuckled softly. "I'll think about it."

"Oh, you will," Nate said, and then added a small wink. "Bright and early." As if it was foregone conclusion. If she did what he asked, it spoke volumes.

*

I hope you enjoyed this chapter. It was perhaps not the longest(I know you guys are used to 30k+ by now), but it is dense in terms of development, and I had to get it right. Feedback is welcome. And if my style is a bit hiccupy, let me know. It was hard to find the tone. I was also thinking this would be the date, but it didn't fit the pacing. Part 14, however, I think will cover the rest of the week + the date.

Behind the Neighbor's Door - Part 14

Nolan was stunned. To say the least. His hands were shaking with anxiety, with anticipation, with curiosity. Grace's outfit had been incredibly distracting, he could barely focus on work. A navy blue skirt that was way too tight, but not tight enough, a blouse with a button undone at the top. And the worst, or best, part was the red bra. It wasn't super obvious, but obvious enough. His eyes were trained on the closed door of Josh's office, imagining what they could possibly be talking about.

When Grace had closed the blinds, Nolan had been filled with an odd sense of excitement and jealousy. He wasn't sure what had happened at that party, where Grace had gone to flirt with Josh. He was pretty sure they hadn't hooked up, as Josh wouldn't be that big of an asshole to hook up with his employee's girlfriend. But still, the idea of it made him feel things he hadn't felt before. Josh was bigger, younger, taller, richer, and arguably very handsome, and certainly charming when he wanted to be. And Nolan knew how much of a sucker Grace was for a good looking guy who knew how to use his mouth.

Nolan had been jealous before, but it was always so intense, he felt like he might combust. This was different. It was like a low simmer, constantly burning, but not enough to explode. Grace knew how to play it. She knew exactly what she was doing. She wanted to see how far she could go.

Nolan closed his eyes. His intention was to refocus on his work, but instead, he let his mind wander. The image of Josh and Grace together. Grace's tight skirt around her waist, bent over the desk. Josh fucking her from behind. Her blouse open, showing off her red bra. Each push sent a wave through her perfect ass. Josh groaning as he emptied himself into her. Grace moaning his name as she came.

He knew what was happening. He knew he was getting turned on. And he also knew he couldn't do anything about it. Not here, not now, not ever. He had no control over what Grace did, and that was okay. This was the type of situation he had hoped for, his girl and someone else, his boss in this case, in a room alone, probably flirting, maybe even kissing.

And all he could do was sit and watch.

It was wrong to imagine. But he did.

He opened his eyes and sighed.

"Fuck."

He didn't know how long it had been when the door to Josh's office opened and Grace walked out. Nolan stood up immediately, ready to walk over and talk to her. She walked confidently, holding onto some papers in her hand, and looked amazing. Her heels clacked against the floor, and her skirt rode up slightly as she walked. That perfect ass in that tight skirt, it made his blood boil.

He saw her blouse had one more button undone as well. So something had happened. Jealous. Anger. Anxiety. Thrill. It all hit him at once.

But then Grace smiled and walked toward him, and suddenly all those feelings vanished. There was something reassuring about her smile. Something comforting. It told him she was still his, despite what had happened in there. She wouldn't tell him, and that was okay.

In fact, she was evasive when he asked, though was able to still tease him about the meeting. He wanted to know, but he knew he'd never get an answer. He trusted her. And she loved it.

At least Grace gave him a twirl, one that made it really, really hard to stay composed. And Grace knew it. Her smile said it all.

"I need to go. I'm having a late lunch with Nate," she said, kissing Nolan on the cheek. "I'll see you at home. I'll be lying prone and naked."

Grace turned and walked away, Nolan groaning from watching that skirt move. God damn, she was hot.

Nolan felt dizzy with it all, wanting to chase her down and rip her clothes off. He had never been this turned on at work before, or in his life, to be honest. He was still feeling lightheaded.

He made a decision then.

He wandered up to Josh's door, stuck his head in. "Hey. Do you mind if I head home early?" Nolan asked.

Josh looked up at him, eyebrows raised. "Sure, buddy," he said, as if it was the most obvious thing in the world. "Are you feeling okay?"

Nolan nodded. He wasn't, he felt incredible. But that wasn't something you told your boss. "Yeah. Yeah, I'm fine. I'm just gonna go home..."

Josh grinned knowingly, and chuckled. "Yeah. Have a great rest of the day, buddy," Josh said. "And send my regards to Grace, eh? You've got yourself a real keeper."

"Uh. Sure," Nolan said, turning away before he got too flustered and got his stuff, and left.

*

As Nolan rolled into the parking lot of their apartment building, after a ride through town of several 'oh fuck' and 'yikes' moments, he almost crashed into Nate's shitty old Volkswagen as he pulled into the spot next to him.

Nolan got out of his car and stared up at the building. On their floor, right now, there was a good probability that Grace and Nate was... in his apartment. She had implied so much, yet said so little, and now Nolan was here, ready for what was about to happen.

He took the elevator, but it felt like an eternity. He needed to get there, he needed to get home, he needed to see Grace. It was the only thing he could think about, and it was an incredible rush to be heading there, with an expectation of what he would find. He really had no clue, but Grace had hinted that she would sleep with Nate before their date, effectively throwing the last of their rules away. Maybe Nolan should've been angrier, but he wasn't.

While Grace had said she wouldn't tell him what would happen this week, marking this week leading up to their date, she hadn't said Nolan couldn't... spy on them. It was in the gray area of what he thought he could get away with, as Grace had said that the first few times Nate and her were together, she'd want it to be between them.

Fuck it. He'd take the risk.

Nolan took the elevator to the top floor and slowly walked down the open corridor to their apartments, listening carefully, but hearing nothing. No voices, no noise, just silence. Damn modern buildings and their good insulation.

He paused outside Nate's apartment door.

He prayed that no one in their apartment would come out as Nolan, with his pulse almost deafening him, put his ear against Nate's door.

Still nothing.

He checked his watch. With the small head start that Grace had, she would've been there at least fifteen minutes already. Behind their neighbor's door, somewhere, Nolan imagined, Nate and Grace were doing things. What type of things were only limited by Nolan's imagination, which was already pretty vivid.

The suspense was driving him crazy. There was something exciting about all this. Something illicit. Of course it was. His girl was cheating on him, behind his back, and it turned him on, it made him lust for Grace as much as it angered and worried him. The possibility that Grace was with another man… It was everything.

But he didn't linger long. Whatever was going on behind that door, Nolan would have to wait. Wait his turn. After Nate. It was a daunting realization, one that gave him a weird mix of worry and anticipation, but it was also very arousing to imagine that he could open that door and walk in on Grace having sex with their older neighbor. One whom he considered a friend was plowing his girlfriend. The hurt, which was earned, still simmered, and Nolan had to take a few deep breaths.

Then he moved down the hall, into his own apartment, closing the door to their apartment quietly. And then Nolan did what any self-respecting man would do.

He took his cock out of his pants. He started stroking. Slow and deliberate. The rush of everything was enough to give him that extra kick that pushed him from flaccid to erect with very little effort. All the images in his head of Grace on her knees, on her back in a foreign bed, bent over a kitchen counter, of Grace's pussy getting stuffed, of her ass getting spanked, of her lips around Nate. It all brought Nolan closer to his inevitable orgasm.

His eyes rolled into his head.

This was better than porn, because Nolan was part of it, because it was Grace. Grace was probably there, fucking, or maybe not. He couldn't tell, and he knew he would probably never find out, and maybe that's what excited him the most. His grip tightened, he stroked harder, faster.

This is what she wanted, Nolan knew. Grace wanted him to be excited, and she wanted him to feel the pain of being in second place. She wanted him to feel the rush of being cuckolded, and the pain of being left out. She was testing him; she had done so and would continue to do so all week. Grace was seeing what his limits were.

She was going to be sore, he imagined. Sore, and satisfied. She would be in that bed, that couch, wherever Nate had taken her. Her perfect, tight body would be covered in his cum, in his scent, in his seed. Nolan would never measure up to his cock. This guy, who had more or less

assaulted her when they first met, who had a large beer gut, who was older than Grace's dad, who was everything Grace didn't want in a guy, and yet had everything Grace wanted.

Fuck! It wasn't fair. How the hell was he able to get to her? How good could he be so that Grace would willfully and willingly give herself to him, and enjoy it so much?!

He pumped hard, feeling a tingle, feeling close.

"Nghh!"

He imagined Grace's moaning, of Nate grunting as he filled her pussy with her legs spread wide open on the bed, or her being pressed up against a wall, or over the armrest, or being sat on his lap and bouncing on his cock with his tongue exploring her mouth. Grace getting pinned and taken. She'd like it that way. Nate had that sort of energy that seemed to spark something in Grace.

And then he exploded.

Cum splattered across the hardwood floor of the hall as Nolan shuddered in the doorway. It hadn't lasted long.

He was panting. "Damn."

He was panting heavily, his cock in one hand, as he watched his cum dripping to the floor.

He groaned. "Shit," he mumbled, spending the next five minutes cleaning himself and the floor, and collapsed in his recliner.

It had felt good, he hadn't even been this fast when he was in high school.

The thrill of it was exhilarating. But he still couldn't believe that she was actually going to do it. He still didn't have confirmation that she and Nate were fucking. And the idea that Grace was actually doing this... well, that made him want it even more. He had no control anymore. She could be in there. Even if Nolan had finished, it didn't mean they had.

Nolan lay in a slumber for a good half an hour until the door suddenly unlocked, and Nolan jerked into a seated position as Grace walked inside. She didn't seem to notice him at first, as she probably expected him still to be at work, so Nolan watched her carefully.

She did her best not to make too much noise. Nolan realized she must be thinking she could hide the evidence of whatever it was she was trying to do. But Nolan had heard her enter, and soon after, wit the apartment still dimly lit, she stood there for a moment, fidgeting with her blouse. She looked amazing, flushed and energized, her heels clacking against the wooden floors, the tight pencil skirt showing her lovely curves and making her look incredible.

With a sigh, Grace turned to the bathroom door, kicking her annoying heels off(she hated heels, even as sexy as they made her calves), she disappeared into the bathroom, without ever laying an eye on Nolan. Then he heard water running and she was taking a shower.

Nolan rubbed his face with his hand. She was fresh from her lunch with Nate, the neighbor, and Grace had rushed to shower the evidence away, to wash the day off. She knew that Nolan knew, or strongly suspected, where she had been and why, but there was this silent agreement between them.

Nolan didn't have any grand plan for this. He hadn't thought that far ahead. He was just following his instincts, and his instincts told him to be here, with her.

After a while, Grace came out of the bathroom, the steam billowing from behind her. She was dressed in a black tank top and grey sweatpants, her hair slightly damp, her skin flushed, and her makeup washed away. Nolan watched her as Grace turned and as she made her way in and noticed Nolan in the recliner, her demeanor changed completely. A grin spread on her lips, a smolder appeared in her eyes, and she moved with a purpose toward him.

She looked like a predator, and Nolan felt like prey.

"Hey," Grace purred as she walked toward him.

"Hey," Nolan replied. "How was your day?"

"It was fine. Long, busy," she replied, climbing onto his lap and straddling him. She wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him. "And here I thought you'd come home way later. I was going to lay on the bed, in my sexy red nightdress, just like you asked me to, waiting for you."

Nolan smirked. "Well, I'm sure we can improvise."

Grace chuckled. "Yeah. We can."

They kissed again, and it was slow and sensual. Her hands slid over his chest, up to his shoulders. His hands roamed over her body, down to her ass, gripping it firmly. She moaned softly against his lips, and he could feel the heat radiating from her. Not just her core, but her entire body. She was still warm from the shower, and her skin was soft and smooth.

"Mmm," she moaned. "You're already so hard."

Nolan smiled and leaned in, kissing her neck. "That's because of you," he murmured.

"Oh, is it?" she giggled. "You didn't get off of work just for little old me?"

"I did," Nolan grunted, finding the nook between her neck and shoulder and starting to kiss and nibble at it. "What have you been up to?"

"That's the thing," Grace said. "I can't stay long. I'm a busy girl. I got things I have to do for Josh, now I'm helping out Nate as well..."

"Sounds like you have a lot of men begging for your attention," Nolan grunted, filling his hands with her ass once more, dying for her body where he stood.

"Maybe I'm spoiled," Grace moaned.

Nolan chuckled, his lips brushing against her skin. "You are. You deserve it, though."

"Mmm," Grace hummed.

They kissed again, their bodies pressed against each other. Nolan could feel her breasts against his chest, her hips grinding against his crotch, and her heart pounding through her tank top.

"Fuck, I don't have much time," Grace said, then giggled. "Not the first time I've said that the last hour," she mused. Nolan didn't press it, but let the innuendo hang there, and Grace smiled wickedly at him, and kissed him again, her hand moving down to his crotch, giving him a squeeze. "Mm, how's this big dick feel?"

Nolan groaned. "Pretty damn good."

"Well," Grace said, pulling away from him, much to his disappointment, and standing up. "Let me see."

Nolan quickly unbuckled his pants and pulled them down, along with his underwear. His cock sprang free, standing at attention. Grace grinned and licked her lips.

"Looks tasty," she purred.

Nolan felt his cock twitch at that.

She knelt down in front of him, her hands on his thighs. She leaned forward and pressed her lips to the tip of his cock, kissing it softly. Then she opened her mouth and took the head of his cock in, sucking gently. Nolan groaned and closed his eyes, enjoying the feeling of her hot mouth on his shaft. She wrapped her hand around the base of his cock and stroked it slowly as she sucked.

Nolan moaned. "Fuck, that feels good."

"Mmm," Grace hummed, taking more of his cock into her mouth. She bobbed her head up and down, working her hand at the same time, licking and sucking the head. "What was it you said," Grace said, pulling off, prolonging the sensation, "that when a woman pleasures her man with her mouth, that it is the ultimate gift?"

"That's right," Nolan groaned.

Grace smirked and lowered her head again. She took his entire cock into her mouth, her lips wrapping tightly around it. She bobbed her head up and down, taking all of him in, her tongue swirling around the tip. Nolan moaned and gripped the armrests of the chair tightly, his eyes rolling into the back of his head.

"Fuck, that feels amazing," he groaned.

Grace pulled her head back, a trail of saliva stretching between her lips and his cock. "Mmm, you like that?"

"Yeah," Nolan moaned, his hands going to her hair and gripping it tightly.

But Grace took over, pushing his hands away, holding them by the wrists as they were pinned against the recliner. "Let me give you this. Let me service my boyfriend."

"Oh god, yes," Nolan moaned, feeling his cock swell, feeling his orgasm approach already, feeling like an utter king being serviced by Grace Harris. God, and Nate had just been with her...

Grace started sucking again, not taking her mouth off of him as she worked him harder, making it feel like his cock was going to melt. Nolan groaned and closed his eyes again. His mind wandered to thoughts of Nate getting the same treatment.

"Are you thinking about it?" Grace said, her eyes meeting Nolan's. Her tone was not harsh or jealous. "Are you thinking of how I was over at his place?"

"Yes," Nolan groaned.

"I can't wait to tell you all the things I've done," she said, giving the side of his shaft a long lick.

"Oh fuck," Nolan grunted. "Me, ugh, neither!"

"What are you thinking of?"

"You," Nolan growled. "Of you sucking him. Being bent over something and taking him like that."

"Y-yes?" she teased, kissing the very head of his dick.

"Him gripping those precious hips of yours, callously almost, taking you, a complete, ugh, disrespect to how..." Nolan hesitated. Grace looked up at him, suddenly slightly surprised. Not in a bad way, just curious. "to how I worship you," he managed. "And, and you like it," Nolan continued. "You like the roughness, the, the, ugh, the lack of care. You get off on the disrespect, of being another man's..."

"Fuck," Grace said. "Fuck, baby, keep going."

"Another man's pleasure," Nolan growled. Grace had never heard him like this, and Nolan was surprised at himself, and yet he couldn't stop. It was just the two of them, and it was safe to say these things. He didn't hate it. He kind of enjoyed the vulnerability.

He wondered if Nate had this power with her.

"Is he bigger?" Nolan managed, still pinned to his chair as Grace held his hands against the chair.

She didn't answer right away.

But she looked into his eyes, a challenge, her mouth forming into a mischievous grin.

Nolan groaned as she went down on him again. He knew she wouldn't answer him, not yet at least, but the look was enough. It was a confirmation that Nate was bigger, that he fucked Grace better, that he was more experienced. It was enough to make Nolan climax.

"Oh god," he grunted, gripping the armrests tighter. "Oh fuck, I'm gonna cum."

Grace smirked and pulled off. "Go ahead," she urged, holding onto the base of his shaft firmly with one hand and cupped his balls with another, holding him at the precipice of climax, letting him marinate in that intense, and almost unbearable feeling of the brink.

"Uhghgh!" Nolan moaned, his cock twitching in her grasp, the pressure was building up. He couldn't believe that his girlfriend, this perfect girl who he wanted to marry, was servicing him like this. And that, at some point during the last hour, this same body was being taken by their older, and rougher neighbor, a man with more experience than he had.

Grace stroked his shaft slowly and firmly, just the right pressure to stimulate the most arousal, her eyes on his. "Let go, honey. Let me feel you let go..."

Grace gave his shaft a hard and final pump, her mouth closing over his head, her tongue giving the most intense stimulation to his most sensitive spot.

Nolan let go. All his pent-up feelings released, his cock swelling as it unleashed its load, and he let go.

The cum exploded from his cock. His whole body shook, and he groaned, his head falling back, his hands gripping the arms of the recliner as Grace milked his cock with her hand, the head firmly lodged in her mouth.

"Fuck! Yes! Fuck!" he moaned, the orgasm shaking his body as the aftershocks washed over him, leaving him shaking, his body limp. He fell back in the recliner, his cock slipping out of Grace's mouth.

"Wow," he said. "That was... amazing."

Grace stood up, smiling down at him.

"Do you want me to return the favor?" Nolan asked, eager to feast on his girlfriend.

Grace chuckled, her smile widening. "No," she said. "I've gotta go. Sorry. But I'll be back tonight. Love you." She was already satisfied.

"What, wait, you're not staying?!"

She kissed him, and then she was out the door, and Nolan was left alone with his own thoughts.

*

It was just the beginning.

The morning after, Nolan awoke to an empty bed. Well, besides himself, of course. The sun had risen, and the clock said 5:30 AM. He had gone to bed early and had slept like a log, and he was up before his alarm. With the bathroom door open, Nolan could tell that Grace was already awake and dressed. He knew she was up early, and sometimes left before him, but it wasn't usually this early.

But when he walked out into the kitchen, Grace was there, sitting at the table, eating some toast. She looked up when he came in, smiling.

"Good morning," she said brightly.

Nolan smiled back at her. "Hey," he said sleepily, walking over to the fridge and grabbing a carton of juice. "You're up early."

"Yeah," Grace replied. "I have some work I need to get done."

"Oh?"

"Yeah," she said again, and Nolan realized she was avoiding eye contact. "I've got an important *job* I'm really excited for."

Nolan felt a thrill run through him. The excitement and anxiety, the uncertainty. He wondered what this meant. But he was worried.

"Are we losing control?" he asked, trying to sound casual, sitting down next to her.

Grace smiled. "I don't think so. We're just expanding our horizons."

Nolan nodded. He wanted to ask her, but he was worried. He was afraid of what she would say. He was afraid that she would be offended by his questions. But he had to know. He had to know if he was losing her.

"Do you want me to stop?" she asked.

Nolan felt bad. He thought back to his resignation at the airport, how he had not called her. Now he realized, he could've. Even now, she was thinking about him. He saw it in his eyes that she

was genuine, and he knew that Grace was not weak. She'd adhere to it. She'd loathe him, perhaps, but she would, if he asked.

"No," Nolan answered. "I trust you."

"Okay," Grace said.

Nolan sighed. "I know we're playing a bit of cat and mouse, and I really respect your wish to not have me present for the first few times, but I really, really hope I get to see it someday. Whatever 'it' is," he added the last part to let her know he was still on board.

Grace chuckled. "You will," she assured him. "Don't worry."

Nolan sighed, feeling a little better. But then a new question popped into his head.

"Do you feel guilty?"

"A little," Grace admitted. "I know it's weird, but I've never been the type of girl to do something like this. But I've always been the one in control. I've never felt out of control. I've always been able to say no. And I still am, so you know."

"I know."

"But," Grace said. "I can't control how I'm feeling, to answer your question. He's really..." Grace searched for the right word.

"Good," Nolan offered, feeling his gut churn.

"... Yeah," Grace said slowly, considering his choice of words, looking a bit sad. "I don't want to hurt you. I really don't."

Nolan was quick to reply. "I know. And I trust you. And I'm okay with it."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes," Nolan said.

Grace smiled. "Alright. Then we can continue."

Grace sipped her coffee, Nolan his juice, letting the moment linger.

"I've gotta get to work," Grace said, standing up.

"Yeah," Nolan said, watching her. She was wearing a pair of tight-fitting jeans, and a loose blouse that was showing a bit too much cleavage for a normal day. Her hair was pulled back into a ponytail, and her makeup was flawless.

"Have a good day, honey," Grace said. "I'll see you later."

"See you," Nolan replied.

Nolan sat there, watching her leave. As soon as the door closed, he exhaled. He couldn't believe it. But Nolan had no regrets.

*

Grace walked out into the apartment building corridor, closing the door behind her, and then paused.

She looked back, her eyes lingering on her and Nolan's door.

She sighed.

"He's really getting off on this, huh?" Grace muttered to herself, walking down to the next door down, her hand lingering on the door handle. She then remembered that she had a key. It felt wrong for Nate to give her one, it felt like she was crossing a line. But Nate had been so insistent. He wanted her to be able to come and go as she pleased, and she had been doing just that.

Grace took the key from her pocket.

And let herself in.

The apartment was quiet. Nate was probably still in bed.

"Nate?" she called out softly.

There was no response.

Grace walked down the hall, toward the bedroom. The door was open, and she peeked inside. Nate was lying on the bed, still asleep. He was wearing a pair of boxers, but nothing else. His large belly hung over the waistband of his boxers, and his thick arms were folded across his chest. He looked peaceful.

Grace watched him sleep for a moment, smiling to herself.

Then she heard him stir. Nate groaned and rolled onto his side, facing away from her. He mumbled something, but it was too low to make out. Grace watched as he shifted on the bed, stretching out his body.

Grace went back to the hallway to kick off her shoes, then quietly went to the kitchen to make some coffee. While the coffee brewed, Grace went back to check on Nate. He was still asleep. She watched him for a few minutes, before she stepped into the bedroom. She reached up, pulling her hair out of the ponytail, letting it fall down around her shoulders. She stood there for a moment, admiring his broad, strong shoulders, the curve of his back.

Then, as silently as she could, she lifted the hem of her shirt and pulled it up and over her head, dropping it to the floor. Her hands went to the waistband of her jeans, undoing the button, and slowly unzipping them. They slipped off her hips, and down her legs, leaving her clad only in her underwear.

She crawled onto the bed, making sure to keep her movements slow and deliberate. She could see the muscles in Nate's back flexing and relaxing, the movement of his breathing.

Grace moved closer, her hands coming to rest on his shoulders. He stirred, mumbling something again, but did not wake.

She leaned forward, pressing her lips to his shoulder, kissing him gently.

Nate made a sound. Something between a moan and a grunt. Grace kissed him again, moving her hands over his shoulders and down his back. He was so big and strong, and she felt small and delicate next to him.

Grace kissed his shoulder again, and then pressed her lips to his back, trailing kisses down his spine. Nate was starting to wake up now, his body shifting under her touch, but he was still mostly asleep.

Grace's hands slid down his sides, moving to his hips, and then his ass. She kissed his shoulder blade, and then down his spine, until she reached the waistband of his boxers.

"Mmm," Nate moaned, rolling onto his back.

Grace smiled. She hooked her fingers under the waistband, and pulled them down, exposing his thick, heavy cock.

"Morning," she whispered, crawling up to meet his lips, kissing him softly. Nate grunted and rolled on top of her, his body heavy on hers, and his hands sliding along her sides, cupping her ass cheeks, and giving them a squeeze.

"Fuck yeah," Nate grumbled.

Grace moaned, her hands running up his back, digging her nails into the muscle there.

"Harder," he growled, leaning down to kiss her again, biting her lip. Grace did, digging her nails into his flesh even harder, and he groaned in approval. She wrapped her arms around his neck, bringing his face down to hers, and kissed him hungrily. "Damn, you are hot as hell," Nate groaned, lifting himself up a little. "Fuck, this ass..."

"You said I had to help you get ready for your meeting with the soap people, you lazy bastard," Grace chuckled, squirming as he squeezed and groped her body. He had his hand around her waist, feeling for her bra, and expertly undid it with one hand. "Mmm, you haven't forgotten have you?" she said. "About that meeting? That important... meeting... mmmmm..." she trailed off as he grabbed her panties and tore them off of her.

Without much warning, Grace felt Nate press his big cock to her opening.

"Fuuuck," Grace whispered, the feeling of his tip making its first pass against her soft lips making her toes curl already.

"Oh my fucking God," she cried out as Nate drove his cock into her, burying himself inside of her. His cock spread her wide open, and Grace felt an instant rush of pleasure as he began thrusting.

Nate wasn't wasting any time, grabbing her hands and holding them over her head. It had surprised Grace, but Nate was incredibly strong.

He started thrusting slowly, teasing her, making her squirm under him, his hands holding hers, pinned against the mattress.

"Come on," she begged. "Fuck me!"

"Is this what you wanted?" he asked. "Hmm?"

"Yes!" Grace screamed. She knew he was just getting warmed up. Grace didn't think Nolan could do what this man was capable of.

"I don't believe you," he growled, grinding into her with more speed and force, his large cock sliding deep inside of her.

"Oh god!" Grace panted. She didn't want him to stop, she needed it, he was so close. "Yes! Fuck me! Fuck me! Please!"

He slammed into her again, hard enough to send her tits bouncing. "Oh, yeah!" Nate grunted, his cock buried all the way to the base of his shaft inside of Grace. "You like that, don't you?"

"Yes!"

"Say it again! Beg for it!" Nate grunted.

"Oh, god," Grace groaned. "Fuck me! Fuck me! Please!"

"Beg!"

"Please!" Grace sobbed. She felt his grip on her wrists tightening. She knew if she wanted to, she could probably escape from him, but why would she? It felt too good.

"That's better!" Nate growled, thrusting harder. Grace felt herself tighten around his shaft as he buried his cock deep inside of her. Nate had the stamina of a horse, Grace realized.

"Mmmm, I'm gonna cum!" she groaned, bucking against him.

"Cum!" Nate grunted.

"Ah!" she gasped, feeling his cock driving into her. "Oh! Fuck!" she whimpered, her pussy tightening around his shaft as he drove into her, the pressure building inside of her, her entire body tensing up, her muscles tightening around his shaft as she was close. She arched her back, lifting herself off the bed, pressing her hips up to his, meeting his thrusts. Nate continued to hammer away at her. Grace moaned, her pussy spasming, clamping down around him, her body tensing up, every muscle in her body tightening. "I'm cumming! Ah! Ah!"

"Do it!"

"Oh, god, yes!" Grace squealed. "Yes! Yes!"

Her entire body quivered. Nate slammed into her, the bed shaking. He continued pounding away at her.

"You think Nolan can hear us?" Nate asked. "Think he can hear you squeal as my cock drives deep, hmm? Think he'll know what you're up to?"

"Oh fuck," Grace cried out.

"The headboard is pounding into the wall. The wall you guys share..."

"Nate, shut up and fuck me harder," she panted. She didn't want to think about Nolan at this moment. She just wanted to focus on the incredible orgasm building up in her. Her hands were pinned, and her hips were held firm, his powerful body pressing hers into the mattress.

Grace wasn't interested in Nate talking about Nolan, shit or otherwise.

She wanted to cum. She wanted Nate's cock driving into her. She needed it. She'd do whatever he asked, if only he kept fucking her.

"That's right, take my cock. Take it, princess. You're mine," Nate groaned.

"God yes, yes, I'm yours," she moaned, satiating his ego.

"Say it."

"I'm yours," Grace said.

"Good girl," Nate grunted, pushing deeper. Grace felt his cock throbbing inside of her. He was so deep inside of her. She was on fire. She needed more. She wanted it.

"I'm gonna cum," Nate groaned, his hips slamming into hers.

"Do it," Grace moaned.

"Fuck! Oh fuck!" Nate grunted, his cock pulsating inside of her.

"Give it to me!"

"Fuck!" Nate roared, his cock erupting, filling her pussy with his seed.

"Oh, yes, that's it," Grace panted. "Yes! Yes! Yes!"

She could feel his seed pouring into her, his cock pumping, his body shuddering above her. She could feel his hot, sticky cum spilling into her, filling her, coating her walls. It was an incredible sensation.

"You liked that, huh?" he groaned.

"Oh yes, so good," she moaned, her eyes closed, her body trembling, relishing in the liquid warmth that entered her body.

"Fuck," Nate groaned. He stayed inside her, his cock still pulsating, his cum leaking out of her.

"Fuck," she whispered, concurring.

They stayed like that for a few moments, their bodies connected, their breathing slowing.

Then, without a word, Nate rolled off of her, falling onto his back, his cock slipping out of her.

Grace sighed, lying there for a moment, enjoying the sensation. She could feel his cum oozing out of her. She loved the feeling.

Nate sat up, stretching his arms over his head and yawning.

"Fuck, that was good," he said.

Grace smiled, propping herself up on her elbows, watching him.

"Yeah, it was," she said. "You're a lucky man having such a generous neighbor, ready to help him out when he has a big meeting. So selfless."

Nate laughed.

"Selfless," he said. "That's a good word for it."

Grace giggled.

"I should get going," she said, sitting up, kicking herself out of bed, then strolling, naked and flawless, across the room, across the small hallway, and into his bathroom, as if she already lived there.

It wasn't her intention, but she caught her reflection in the mirror and smiled. There was no doubt, this morning, that she'd been thoroughly fucked. She couldn't resist the urge to look at the mirror, look at her ass, and smile.

The door closed behind her.

Her hair was a mess.

Her skin was flushed.

She could still feel his seed dripping down her legs. She thanked her birth control pills silently.

"God, I'm gonna be late for work," she muttered to herself, taking a moment to compose herself. But the shower was calling her name. And she wasn't going to deny it.

*

After an incredible shower, Grace was ready for the day. She had gotten dressed, finding one of the tight khaki shorts Nate had gotten her ready for her, as if he had intentionally put them out for her to wear. She didn't like that sort of control bestowed on her, but she couldn't deny they looked great on her ass, and it was hot outside.

She exited the bathroom, still drying her hair, as she found Nate still in bed.

"Don't you have places to be?" she mused, sitting down on the edge of the bed, nudging his knee with her elbow.

"I'm a lazy piece of shit," Nate grumbled, not opening his eyes.

"Hey, no," Grace said. "You dragged me out of bed excessively early to fuck me senseless. The least you could do is have a little energy and take your ass into the office, get some work done."

"Ugh, you're so demanding," Nate grunted.

"I know," Grace giggled.

She kissed him on the cheek. Then kissed him on the lips.

"Come on," she whispered. "Go get a shower, and let's get to work."

Nate chuckled, kissing her back. "Yes, ma'am." Nate rolled out of bed, his body heavy.

"Mmm," Grace hummed, watching his large form stroll across the room and disappear into the bathroom.

Grace smiled. She was enjoying this. It was so easy, and so freeing. And so fun.

After a moment, Nate returned, still naked. He stood in the doorway, staring at her.

"What?" Grace asked.

"Just enjoying the view," Nate said. He let out a heavy sigh, coming closer. "I could really get used to this."

"You should get yourself a girlfriend then, instead of sleeping with others," Grace teased, looking up at him as he came to stand next to her.

"I should," Nate said, leaning forward and kissing her.

"Hmm," Grace hummed.

Nate's hand moved down to her shorts. His fingers traced along the hem, moving towards her ass.

"These are nice," Nate said. "Whoever picked them out had great taste. In women and their attire."

"Smart man," Grace said, feeling herself being pushed back, her hands being guided above her head.

Nate's mouth met hers, his tongue pushing past her lips, his hands pinning her arms up over her head.

Grace felt like the sexiest woman alive.

She gasped as Nate's hand moved down, between her thighs. Grace opened her mouth, kissing him deeply. Nate broke the kiss and looked up above, moving his hands up to fiddle with something. Her hands were near the headboard, near the bedpost. Then she felt something encircling her wrist and wrapping tightly.

Then she heard the sound of handcuffs being locked into place, binding her wrist to one post. She pulled. The second hand met a similar fate.

She'd never been handcuffed before.

Nate smirked wickedly, pulling away and stepping back, admiring his handiwork. Grace looked from one side of the bed to the other, seeing that Nate had managed to handcuff both of her hands to one of the four sturdy bed posts.

"Really?" she said.

"Yes," Nate said. He turned to leave. "You stay put. I'm gonna go get that shower."

Nate left her tied to his bed, his heavy footsteps slowly disappearing into his shower, followed by a whistling melody as the door to the bathroom shut.

He had just left her, as if that were something to do. She felt vulnerable, and a little bit helpless, as the sound of running water began. Nate really did intend to leave her handcuffed to the bed until his shower was done!

The idea was a turn on, that she would have to be helpless, while Nolan was on the other side of the wall. Nolan was probably making breakfast. Grace wondered if, in some twisted way, he had heard the sex that morning, if he'd ever think his own girlfriend would be doing this...

Grace didn't know. She only knew that being tied up like this made her heart race, made her blood pump. She tried to gently pull, to test it. The steel handcuffs were stronger than she was, that much was clear.

Grace didn't struggle, though. There was no need. Instead, she just sat back, or rather, leaned her head back, and relaxed.

But she was growing horny.

And Nate seemed to be taking his time...

And that was where she remained.

Handcuffed to his bed.

Waiting.

Listening to the sounds of the shower, trying not to be so damn turned on. And it seemed like forever...

*

Nate finally finished, emerging from the bathroom. He was dressed in his jeans and a black polo t-shirt, and his hair was wet.

He paused at the sight of Grace, naked and handcuffed to his bed. He just stared at her, a smug smirk spreading across his face.

"How's it going?" he asked.

Grace sighed, rolling her eyes. "You are such an asshole."

Nate chuckled, walking over to the bed, running his fingers along her skin.

"You're so sexy," he murmured.

Grace shivered. "You're not gonna leave me here, are you?"

Nate didn't answer. He just kissed her neck, his hand moving down between her thighs.

Grace gasped, arching her back, her hips bucking against his hand.

"Nate," she whimpered.

"What is it, baby?" he purred.

"I'm horny," she whined.

Nate chuckled, kissing her again, his fingers teasing her. "I can see that," he said. "You want me to take care of you?"

"Yes," Grace moaned.

"You want me to fuck you?"

"Please," she gasped.

"Beg," Nate growled, biting her neck.

"Fuck!" Grace cried out.

"Beg," Nate repeated.

"Please," she pleaded.

"What do you want me to do?"

"Fuck me," she moaned.

"Louder," Nate growled.

"Fuck me," she whined.

Nate kissed her deeply, his tongue pushing past her lips. His hand gripped her ass firmly. He broke the kiss, looking down at her, grinning.

"That's what I like to hear," he said.

Then Nate was standing up, pulling down his pants, and positioning himself above her, his hard cock pointing at her face.

Grace felt a thrill run through her body. She licked her lips, looking up at him, feeling her heart racing.

"Open your mouth," Nate said.

Grace obeyed, her mouth opening, her tongue sticking out. Nate groaned, his cock sliding into her mouth. He grabbed the back of her head, pushing his cock deeper.

"Oh yeah," he grunted.

Grace tried to take his entire cock, but ended up gagging heavily at just a few inches. He held his cock in her mouth for a moment, then pulled it out slowly. He did it again and again. Eventually, he pulled it out completely.

Grace looked up at him, a small stream of saliva dripping from the corner of her mouth. "You like that?"

He pulled his pants back up. Grace was confused. Did she do something wrong? Did Nate change his mind?

Nate leaned forward, the key to the handcuffs suddenly appearing in his fingers. But not for long, as he stuffed them down into his pocket with a satisfied chuckle. "Be a good little girl, now, alright?" Nate smirked down at her.

"I..." Grace trailed off, feeling her cheeks turn a hot pink color. "But, you can't leave me here!"

"I'm not leaving," Nate said, turning his back on her and heading out the door. "I'm going to my meeting."

Grace couldn't believe it. "Nate!" she called out, hearing the door slam behind him.

The sound of the lock clicking shut seemed to echo in the silence.

"Fuck," Grace muttered, letting her head fall back against the pillows, her wrists straining against the cuffs. She could feel the metal digging into her skin. It was uncomfortable, but not painful.

Grace was left alone in the bedroom, handcuffed to the bed, her body exposed and vulnerable. She lay there, wondering how long it would be before someone found her.

Grace closed her eyes, listening to the sounds of the apartment, trying to focus on something else. Anything else.

Frustration was setting in, and Grace couldn't help but be annoyed with Nate for leaving her like this. Sure, it was all fun and games, but now he was just being an ass.

"This is bullshit," Grace muttered. She wasn't exactly upset, though. She was annoyed, yes, but she was also excited. It was kind of hot, being tied up and at the mercy of her older neighbor, even if he had a habit of acting like an asshole.

*

The apartment felt different the moment Grace stepped out of it.

Not empty, not exactly. Her presence lingered in their home the way it always did. The faint scent of her shampoo still hanging in the air, the mug she'd used sitting near the sink, the chair slightly angled from where she'd leaned against it while talking.

But there was a shift.

Nolan stood in the doorway for a second longer than he needed to after she had left, his hand still resting on the frame, listening to her footsteps cross the hallway. He pictured her knocking once before a tired Nate would let her in. Maybe the bastard was slow in getting up, making his precious Grace wait to service him.

"I've got an important *job* I'm really excited for," she had said.

Nolan exhaled slowly, heat creeping up his neck despite himself.

Right.

Nolan found himself leaning against the hallway wall,pressing the heel of his hand against his eyes briefly. He could already feel the images beginning to form, uninvited but welcome. Grace next door, in Nate's apartment, maybe leaning against the kitchen counter, maybe teasing him with that tone she'd perfected over the last few weeks.

He shouldn't think about it too much. He had work.

Still.

A small smile tugged at his mouth.

This was the last week before the date. The rules had been stretched thin already. He knew that. He wasn't naive. Grace had implied enough over the past few days to make it very clear that lines were bending.

And he had agreed.

He trusted her.

That wasn't bravado. It wasn't blind devotion. It was just fact.

Grace didn't do anything she didn't choose.

That was the core of it.

He pushed off the wall and headed into the kitchen to eat his breakfast, drink his coffee, and set about his own little routine.

After hovering around his apartment for a bit, feeling the emptiness of it in the best and worst ways, it was time to head out. Nolan grabbed his jacket, slinging it over his shoulder. He checked his phone out of habit. No new messages. For a brief second, he wondered if she

would text him something playful, something suggestive, some small hint of what was happening next door.

Nothing.

That made it worse. Better.

The not knowing.

He stepped into the hallway and locked the door behind him.

Almost immediately, the door to Nate's apartment opened as well.

Nolan looked up, mildly surprised, though he shouldn't have been. It was a weekday. People left for work. Even men on suspension had somewhere to be, apparently. Maybe Grace and Nate had been effective this morning.

Nate stepped out, keys in hand, dressed neatly enough for someone who normally looked like he'd wrestled his way into clothing. Black polo, jeans, hair combed back but still unruly in a way that seemed intentional.

"Morning," Nate said casually.

"Morning," Nolan replied.

They stood there for a fraction of a second, the silence not awkward, but certainly thin.

Nate gestured vaguely toward the corridor for them to walk. "Big day."

"Yeah?" Nolan asked, perking up. Nate's suspension was soon over, and he wondered what he had been up to.

"Meeting," Nate replied, not wanting to give up anything apparently. "Soap people."

Nolan nodded slowly. "Right. Good luck."

Nate smiled faintly. "Already had some."

Nolan drew in sharply at that, but perhaps the meeting was simply… promising.

They started walking down the hall together.

Nolan felt strangely light. Calm. He wasn't scanning for signs. Wasn't reading Nate's face for clues. He didn't need to. Grace was in control. If anything was happening, it was happening because she wanted it to. And that was what he wanted.

He caught himself wondering, just briefly, what they had done this morning. Had she taken control and been riding him, or had she let him hold her against the wall? Was it slow and deliberate, or fast and frenetic? Did they whisper and moan each other's names, or were they silent and desperate?

Heat flared in his stomach and he adjusted his jacket slightly.

Nolan glanced over at him, and Nate seemed to notice Nolan thought, but he didn't say anything. They walked in silence for a while, until they got to the elevator.

"Was Grace helping you out this morning? For the meeting?" Nolan asked, tone easy.

Nate shrugged. "She offered."

That answer did something small and complicated inside Nolan’s chest.

She offered.

And of course, Nate accepted. Because who wouldn't?

The elevator arrived with a soft ding, and they stepped inside. Nolan kept his expression neutral, but his mind had already drifted. He imagined her spending her morning next door, barefoot on Nate’s hardwood floor, maybe laughing, maybe pushing him back against something.

Nolan swallowed.

God.

He was supposed to be mature about this. He was mature about this. That was the point. They were experimenting. Expanding. Testing. He believed in her judgment more than he believed in his own half the time.

The elevator doors opened into the small lobby, a few steps away from the outside and the parking lot.

Nolan stepped out beside Nate and immediately noticed Grace’s truck still parked in its usual spot.

Of course it was. Wait. Why was that of course? Shouldn't she be at work?

Nate kept walking toward his own car.

A smile tugged at Nolan’s mouth before he could stop it. She was still there.

The image of a worn-out, naked Grace groaning as she slinked her way through his sheet after a long, hard morning, was so vivid and immediate that Nolan actually stopped walking for a second. She was up there, choosing not to rush, taking her time getting to work, after having made Nate sweat, working his magic between her perfect thighs. Nolan mused on it for a moment. The man leaving from work after having plowed his woman all morning. The woman, exhausted and satisfied, lingering around the apartment to recover before heading off. However, it was his woman, and not him who was the man.

Nolan inhaled slowly and looked away, shaking his head faintly at himself.

Get a grip.

This was what he had wanted, wasn’t it? The tension. The edge. The knowledge that someone else desired her, maybe even had her in some way, and yet she would come home to him.

Always him.

He reached his car and unlocked it.

Nate was at his own vehicle now, opening the driver’s side door.

"Busy morning?" Nolan called out, the question out of his mouth before he could think.

Nate looked back at him, the corner of his mouth curling up. "You could say that. She's very dedicated."

Nolan felt a twinge of something.

Jealousy, obviously. But also… a thrill. Very dedicated. Such a loaded statement.

Nolan chuckled and shook his head, slipping into his own car.

"Later," Nate called, climbing into his.

"Have a good day," Nolan replied, shutting the door.

As soon as the door was closed, Nolan took a deep breath and let it out slowly. For a second, before starting the engine, he let himself sit there. Grace was at Nate's.

She knew what she was doing. If she crossed a line, it was because she wanted to.

And if she didn't, that was her choice too.

Nolan trusted her completely.

There was a flicker, small and fleeting, of comparison; not insecurity, exactly, but curiosity. Nate was older. Stronger in a blunt, physical way. More experienced, probably. There was something about that, the grown-man weight of him, that Nolan couldn't replicate.

But that didn't matter.

Grace chose him.

Grace loved him.

Nate was a chapter. An experiment. A phase they were navigating together.

Nolan started the engine.

He told himself he wasn't competing. He didn't need to. Physically, emotionally, in every way that counted, he knew he was the better man for her. Kinder. Fitter. More aligned with the life she wanted.

And yet.

The idea of Nate pushing boundaries, of Grace allowing just enough, of that tension stretching thin — it stirred something primal in him. Something that made his pulse quicken as he pulled out of the parking lot, carefully so he wouldn't bump into the sidewalk.

He checked his mirrors, eased the car forward, and let the car in front of him lead the way. The morning traffic was light. Ordinary. Predictable. Nothing about the world suggested that anything unusual was happening.

And yet… Grace was still upstairs.

That knowledge sat warm in his chest. Tight. Like a weight that was both a blanket and a burden.

He imagined her laughing, that soft laugh she did when she pretended to be offended by something. He could picture her rolling her eyes and smiling, her hand resting on his shoulder, the other pressed against his chest as Nate said something crude, and her rolling her eyes, stepping closer anyway, one thing leading to another, and soon she'd be on her knees, handling that aforementioned *job* with passion and conviction, Nate closing his eyes as she took him into her warm mouth… Maybe she was letting him think he was leading.

Maybe she was.

Nolan's fingers tightened slightly on the steering wheel.

He liked that he didn’t know.

He liked that she didn’t spell it out.

There had been a time, not that long ago, when the thought of her alone with another man would have hollowed him out. Now it steadied him in a strange way. It felt like proof of something — proof that they were strong enough to test themselves and come back intact.

His mantra had become: he trusted her completely.

That was the key. And that was the part that mattered.

If she let Nate push, it was because she wanted to see how far he would go. If she stopped him, it would be clean and decisive. Grace didn’t blur lines accidentally.

The thought calmed him.

And yet — beneath that calm — something else lingered.

A small, sharp flicker he couldn’t quite name.

“She’s very dedicated.”

Nolan exhaled through his nose.

Stop it.

He was reading into tone because he wanted to. Because part of him enjoyed the ambiguity. Enjoyed the way those lines could mean two things at once.

If Nate had actually crossed a boundary Grace didn’t want crossed, she would have shut it down. She'd tell him, and they'd end it all together.

That was non-negotiable.

He adjusted in his seat.

There was, briefly, that flicker of comparison again. Nate’s size. His age. The kind of brute confidence that came from being older, from not caring how you looked. Grace had even pointed it out several times as a thing she was drawn to. Nolan had always been fit, careful with himself. He knew he was handsome. He knew Grace loved that about him.

But Nate had something else.

Older. Experience.

A certain unapologetic physicality, other than biology giving him a few favors.

It didn’t make Nolan feel inferior.

Just… curious. Curious about them. From how they acted together to how they looked.

What did it feel like, being handled by someone like that? He wondered, fleetingly, if Grace ever felt something different in those moments — something she didn't even realize she'd been missing.

The thought startled him.

He tightened his grip on the wheel and forced himself to focus on the road.

Nate was an addition. A stimulus. A pressure test.

Nolan was the foundation.

That distinction mattered.

He pulled up at a red light and caught his own reflection faintly in the rearview mirror. He didn't look insecure. He didn't look shaken. He looked… composed.

Mature.

He felt a small surge of pride at that.

Most men would lose their minds in a situation like this. Most men wouldn't be able to handle even the idea. He had handled weeks of it. Months for some parts of their adventures. The teasing. The hints. The not knowing.

He'd even encouraged it.

He smiled faintly.

Grace had been angry at first, when she realized what he'd been fantasizing about months ago. That had nearly derailed everything. But they had talked through it. Adjusted. Made rules. Made it hers.

That was the key.

It was hers.

The light turned green.

He drove on.

There was still that flicker, though. That tiny, almost imperceptible awareness that he was standing very close to something that could tip if he leaned too far.

He didn't know what it was. He didn't let himself examine it.

Instead, he leaned into the warmth; the image of Grace coming home later, hairslightly messy, eyes bright, maybe pretending nothing had happened at all. Maybe teasing him with some offhand comment that would send his mind spiraling.

He could almost hear her now.

"I had a productive morning."

His pulse quickened again.

Whatever she did next door, however far she went, she would walk back through their door. To him.

That was the part he never doubted.

He turned into the lot at work and parked, engine idling quietly. He let himself feel it fully — the thrill, the trust, the pride in his own composure.

Then he killed the engine and stepped out of the car, straightening his jacket.

It was just a Tuesday.

And he was handling it just fine.

*

Grace tested the handcuffs again, trying to get her hands loose.

The steel was strong, and the cuffs were tight. She wasn't getting out unless someone helped her.

"Damn it," Grace mumbled, struggling against the cuffs. "God damn asshole!"

It was probably well over an hour or two until he was back. And what if he decided to mingle afterwards, buy them lunch, take a detour to fucking Alaska… Grace had no way of knowing.

She felt so helpless.

"Nate!" she yelled, knowing it was futile. "Nate, you fucking bastard! Get your ass back here!"

Grace groaned.

Not loudly. Not dramatically. Just a long breath pushed out through her nose as she let her head sink back into the pillow. The room felt different now that he was gone. Too quiet. Too still. The kind of quiet that made her aware of every small sound, every creak of the building, every faint hum of electricity in the walls.

Grace stared up at the ceiling.

This probably wasn't going to last long.

At first, she told herself it had only been a few minutes. Nate was slow. Nate was careless. Nate liked to linger. He'd probably forgotten something in the bathroom. He'd come back with that same smug look on his face and undo the cuffs like it had all been part of the plan.

Grace shifted slightly, testing the mattress beneath her back. The movement tugged at her wrist. The metal answered immediately. Cold, solid, and most importantly, and annoyingly, unmoving.

Okay.

She exhaled again and forced herself to relax her shoulders. No point in wasting energy. No point in fighting it yet. She wasn’t panicking. She wasn’t that kind of person. She had put herself in uncomfortable situations before. She knew how to wait.

She turned her head to the side and listened.

Nothing.

No footsteps. No voices in the hallway. Just the distant rush of water through pipes somewhere in the building, the low, constant background noise of a place full of other lives she couldn’t see.

Grace swallowed.

She counted slowly in her head. Not seconds, breaths. In through her nose, out through her mouth. After a while, she lost count and had to start all over again.

Her wrists were beginning to ache. Not sharply. Just enough to be noticeable. She adjusted her grip against the cuffs, rotating her hands slightly to relieve the pressure. The metal scraped faintly against the bedpost.

She froze.

For a split second, she thought she'd heard something else. A door. Footsteps. Keys.

But nothing followed.

Her lips pressed together.

"Idiot," she muttered under her breath. Not at Nate. At herself.

She had agreed to this. Not the leaving—no—but the setup. The assumptions. The trust she had extended without really examining it. She had been so sure she could read him. So sure she knew where the line was.

She stared at the far wall now, tracing the faint shadow where the light shifted through the blinds. The sun had moved since she'd last looked. Not much. But enough to notice.

That bothered her more than she wanted to admit.

She thought, briefly, of Nolan.

The thought came uninvited, sliding into her mind the way it always did when things slowed down. Nolan, probably in their kitchen. Coffee. Toast. The quiet hum of the apartment they shared. He liked his mornings calm. Predictable.

Would he hear anything through the wall?

The idea made her stomach tighten—not with fear exactly, but something sharper. More complicated. She imagined him pausing, head tilted, unsure whether a sound was real or just the building settling. Imagined him dismissing it, because of course he would. He trusted her.

She closed her eyes.

"Focus," she whispered to herself.

More time passed.

Her arms were starting to feel heavy now, like they didn't quite belong to her anymore. She flexed her fingers slowly, one at a time, to keep the blood moving. Pins and needles crept along her palms.

Still nothing.

The quiet had changed. It no longer felt empty—it felt expectant. Like the room itself was waiting with her. Watching.

She tested the cuffs again, more carefully this time. Not pulling. Just feeling. The edges bit into her skin if she twisted the wrong way. She adjusted, finding the narrow margin where it hurt less.

She wondered what time it was.

Her phone was somewhere in the apartment. Useless to her now. She tried to reconstruct the timeline in her head—when she'd arrived, how long they'd been in the bedroom, how long Nate had been gone. The estimates slipped around, refused to stay solid.

That scared her a little.

"Okay," she murmured. "Okay."

Her voice sounded too loud in the room. Her voice wasn't its self. It had been a while since she spoke. At least that gave away that she'd been here a bit.

She took another breath and forced herself to think practically. Nate had a meeting. He'd said that. He hadn't said how long. He hadn't said where. She had assumed—because she wanted to—that it wouldn't matter.

She swallowed again.

The ache in her wrists had deepened into something dull and persistent. Her shoulders burned faintly. She shifted her hips, trying to get comfortable, and immediately regretted it. The movement made her more aware of herself, of how exposed she was, of how little control she actually had right now.

Her jaw tightened.

"This isn't funny anymore," she said quietly, to no one.

The words didn't change anything.

She listened again, straining now, hoping for any sign of movement. The elevator. The stairwell. The sound of keys at the door.

Minutes stretched.

At some point, irritation began to bleed into something colder. Not panic. Not yet. Just the creeping realization that she didn't actually know when this would end.

She stared at the door.

If he didn't come back soon, she'd have to make noise. Call out. Risk being heard by someone else. By a neighbor. By Nolan.

The thought sat heavy in her chest.

She didn't like that it felt like a line she might have to cross.

What would he think if he knew that his precious Grace, one he worshipped and idolized, whom he'd be on his knees for, was currently handcuffed to their neighbor's bed, completely exposed,

Grace closed her eyes again and let her head sink deeper into the pillow. Her breathing slowed, even as her heart thudded a little harder. Waiting, she realized, was worse than struggling. Waiting, with nothing else at all to occupy her, gave her too much time to think.

And Nate was still gone.

*

Grace opened her eyes again.

Her gaze drifted, unfocused first, then grew sharper as her thoughts caught onto something solid. Work. She had work to do. Emails she hadn't answered yet. A schedule to finalize. A client she was supposed to call back before noon. Things that depended on her, that assumed she was somewhere normal, somewhere reachable.

She let out a quiet, humorless breath.

This wasn't just waiting anymore. This was time slipping out of her hands.

She pictured her phone up on a counter somewhere, vibrating once, then again, then stopping. Someone would assume she was busy. Grace was always busy. That was safe, and that was what people expected. She'd built her life so that absence would never immediately raise alarm. Which was good, most days.

Right now, that was actively working against her.

She shifted again, carefully, her back arching just enough to ease the tension in her shoulders, silently thanking her ballet training for the flexibility. The cuffs tugged in response, ever unyielding. Her wrists burned now, not sharply, but constantly, like the beginning of a bruise. She clenched her jaw and forced herself not to pull, to not make it worse.

Her eyes drifted back to the ceiling, tracing a small crack she hadn't noticed before. Why would she? It wasn't like Grace had spent a lot of time studying the maintenance upkeep of Nate's apartment, let alone his bedroom. She spent most of her time here with him on top of her, not admiring the ceiling. It was hard to focus on anything else when Nate was inside her. She wondered how many times Nate had lain here, staring at the same spot, thinking his own thoughts. Planning. Waiting for things to fall into place.

He always had something he was working toward, it seemed. She knew that about him. He was driven. The soap line just after being suspended. The meeting. The way he talked about the future like it was something he could muscle into submission if he just pushed hard enough. She'd admired that, once. The focus. The certainty. The assertive, unwavering confidence. Even with her and how he treated her.

Now, it made her uneasy.

She wondered if he was even thinking about her right now at all.

The thought lingered longer than she would've liked.

Grace swallowed and forced herself to breathe evenly. She didn't want her body to betray her, not with nerves nor adrenaline. She needed her head clear. Needed to stay sharp. IF she had to get out of this herself, she would. Grace knew that. She just needed time.

Another sound filtered through the apartment. Voices this time. Muffled, distant, drifting in from somewhere down the corridor. She held her breath, listening hard.

They faded.

Not that it mattered. Grace had given up yelling for someone. Besides, she was… well, naked.

Her heart sank back into her chest with a dull thud, and she found herself laugh quietly. A soft incredulous sound.

"Of course," she muttered.

Her arms were definitely numb now. She flexed her fingers again, slower this time, feeling the tingling spread and retreat. She imagined the faint red marks already forming around her wrists. She imagined trying to explain later. The thought annoyed her more than it scared her.

This was not how she liked to lose control. Control was the thing she prided herself on. Her work, her relationships, her sex life. It was all her. Grace was the one who made the decisions, Grace was the one who called the shots. And Grace did it well.

Now, though, Grace was handcuffed, helpless, and at the mercy of someone else's schedule, and it felt like the rug had been pulled out from under her.

She thought again of Nate's meeting. The importance he had given it, the way he'd framed it like it was his big window, something that couldn't wait. Something that mattered. She wondered how long he'd planned this, her being stuck here like she was. Whether leaving her like this had been impulsive... or intentional. If it were to have her here, where he knew where he had her, and to have access to her when he got back. If this was what that asshole defined as being 'ready' or whatever the fuck.

But that question settled heavily in her mind. The intent.

Grace stared at the door, willing it to open, or at least give her some sign. Anything. The waiting had taken on a weight now, pressing down on her chest, making each breath feel just a little shorter than the last.

Grace exhaled slowly.

"Okay," she whispered, more firmly this time. "Okay."

She didn't know how much longer she could give him before she'd have to change the rules of this nonsense herself.

And she didn't like that she was already counting.

The sound came without warning.

Keys.

Not down the hall, right outside the door to the apartment.

Grace's head snapped toward the sound, regretting it immediately as her body tensed on instinct before she could stop it. Her heart jumped, then steadied almost immediately. Relief flickered, brief and unwelcome, chased by severe irritation.

About fucking time.

The lock turned. The door opened. Closed again with a solid, unhurried click.

Nate's footsteps were heavy, familiar. No rush in them, no apology in the way he moved. He didn't even call out to her right away, and that told her more than anything else could have.

She kept her eyes on the ceiling, listening.

He set something down in the kitchen. Keys again. Then the rustle of fabric, a muttered sound she couldn't quite make out. The smell of coffee drifted faintly into the bedroom a moment later.

Grace scoffed quietly. "Unbelievable."

Nate finally appeared in the doorway.

He looked… good. Relaxed. Satisfied in a way that had nothing to do with her. His shoulders were loose, his expression open, almost buoyant. Whatever that meeting had been, it had gone exactly the way he'd wanted.

He leaned against the doorframe and took her in without saying a word.

Naked. Restrained. Waiting.

A slow grin spread across his face.

"Well," he said easily. "You're right where I left you."

Grace turned her head toward him, meeting his gaze head-on. No fear there. Just annoyance. Sharp, measured, unmistakable.

"You took your time," she said, letting him know her mood. "I have places to be, do you think I wanna hang out here all day?!"

Nate chuckled under his breath, pushing himself off the doorframe and stepping into the room. He didn't come straight to her. Instead, he moved around the bed, like he had all the time in the world, glancing at her wrists as he passed.

"Meeting ran long," he said, casually. "But it went great."

Grace rolled her eyes. "I'm thrilled for you."

He stopped near the foot of the bed and looked at her again, really looked t his time. His grin deepened, pride creeping into it. Not lust. Not yet. Something colder. More satisfied.

"I knew it would," he continued. "Sometimes things just… fall into place."

Grace snorted. "Funny how that works."

He ignored her comment, reaching into his pocket. For a moment, she thought he was about to pull out the key. Her shoulders loosened a fraction in anticipation, and her mood shifted abruptly.

Instead, Nate pulled out his phone.

Grace's eyes narrowed, and her shifting mood shifted right back.

Nate glanced at the screen, typed something quick, then slipped the phone back into his pocket. Only then did he move closer, his hand resting on the edge of the mattress.

Still no key, though.

"You comfortable?" he asked, almost conversational.

Grace huffed a laugh. "Do I look comfortable?"

He shrugged. "You look patient."

That landed, and she didn't like it.

She shifted slightly against the bed, the cuffs biting just enough to remind her they were still there. She held his gaze as she did it, refusing to look away.

"You're pushing it," she said calmly.

Nate tilted his head, studying her, like he was weighing something. Then he smiled again, slow and deliberate.

"Am I?" he asked. "Because from where I'm standing, you're still here."

Grace's jaw tightened.

He reached out then, fingers brushing her thigh as he leaned over her, close enough now that she could smell him. Coffee. Soap. Confidence.

Nate didn't touch the cuffs.

"Relax," he said quietly. "I told you I'd be back."

Grace searched his face, reading it the way she always did. Looking for tells, cracks, hesitation, anything. She found none. Just that certainty. The kind that came from getting exactly what he wanted.

His eyes locked onto hers, and for a second, she felt like she could see his thoughts. See him imagining her, waiting here for him, unable to do anything else. Unable to leave. Needing him.

"And now?" she asked.

Nate's eyes flicked to her wrists again, then back to her face. His smile shifted. Not wider, but sharper.

"Now," he said, "we pick up where we left off."

Grace looked at him, holding his gaze for a long second.

Nate straightened out, standing to his full height again. His hand went to his belt, and for a fleeting second, Grace wondered if he was going to whip her. She didn't put it past him. But no, he simply undid his belt and pushed his jeans down. His hard cock sprang free. Big and magnificent.

Nate then removed his polo, tossing it aside, showing off his grotesque body. Broad, hairy, out of shape. He wasn't handsome or even attractive, not by any stretch of the imagination.

Then he climbed onto the bed. It was like being climbed by an ogre, it was like a shadow crossed over. His strong hands ran along her smooth, soft, tender flesh as he moved up. Grace had to shift a bit, to make room, but was barely able to.

Without a word, he grabbed her thighs and roughly turned her, rolling her onto her stomach. Grace let out a startled sound as her ass was raised into the air, and the handcuffs strained at the sudden movement.

"Hey—" she started to protest, but he didn't let her finish. A firm, heavy hand pressed between her shoulders, pushing her down into the mattress, while another hand gripped her hips, angling them just right.

"Nate," she tried again, but he wasn't listening. His fingers dug into her skin, possessive, and she felt him shift behind her. His cock slid between her butt cheeks, hard and insistent, determined. His blunt tip found her tight little asshole without a bit of searching. Without further hesitation or warning, he lined himself up.

"Nate, hold on—" she started to say.

Grace didn't know if it were his weight pushing down, the pressure on her wrists, or just sheer anticipation of being penetrated that stole her breath for a second. His fingers splayed across her back, strong and inescapable. His other hand tightened at her hip. And then he was pressing in, his cock thick, demanding entrance, pressing past the initial resistance of her small hole. His fingers tightened at her hip when she squirmed, keeping her firmly in place.

Grace cried out, the pain intense and sudden. Nate was pushing his thick cock into her, and all she could do was lay there and take it.

"Ow! Oh, shit!" she gasped, her voice muffled by the pillow.

She was so tight. So unused to taking something that large and girthy. The handcuffs dug into her skin, as she pulled against the restraints, and Nate didn't give her time to adjust. His thick cock stretched her out, as his hips pressed forward in forceful thrusts. He let out a low guttural grunt as his hips worked his hard tool deeper into her bowels, until she felt his big, hairy balls softly rest against her pussy. She was full. Her asshole was filled up to the hilt, her little sphincter spread taut around the thick root of his shaft.

"Nate..." she managed to gasp out, but it didn't come out stern or insistent. Instead, her voice was weak, shaky. It sounded... vulnerable. Needy. *Almost* pleading.

Nate grunted, and shifted his weight again. She felt the mattress dip, the pressure on her wrists shifting from one side to the other as she tried to keep her balance.

"Fuck you feel incredible," he muttered, voice rough and laced with desire. He shifted behind her again, his hips drawing back a few inches, pulling his shaft part way out of her tightness, and then thrusting right back in.

Grace yelped.

He gave her no warning. One second it was just her and the sheets pressed against her face. Then he had started thrusting, filling her with his hard cock. Her little body shook, the mattress dipping and giving way for small sounds of the sheets under her, the headboard rattling against the wall. Her poor asshole was being ravaged. She could barely catch her breath as Nate's hips bucked savagely, pounding her tight, helpless body. And her body responded. Her pussy gushed, her skin burned, her nipples grew taut against the bed, rubbing in a constant rhythm as Nate took his pleasure. It didn't hurt anymore, it was beyond pain, it had evolved into a primal, animalistic fuck, and Grace's body couldn't help but respond in kind, as it would in nature. A man was dominating her and taking his pleasure from her flesh.

"You've got a fucking tight little ass!" he groaned in approval. He was like a dog in heat, pounding, humping. The sound was primal, almost violent.

"Ow," she whimpered.

Nate kept up, relentless, his fingers gripping her even tighter. She squirmed under him, her hips trying to work in sync with his, her fingers clenching at the handcuffs.

"Shit," he grunted, and suddenly, he was grabbing her hair, yanking her head back, forcing her spine into a deep arch, exposing her neck as his teeth sank into her smooth skin. His hips continued to drive, his thick cock stretching her wider than she could have ever imagined.

Grace felt her core heat. Felt her pussy clench and release. Felt her body flood with wetness. Her eyes rolled back as she tried to keep quiet, but she knew it was futile.

"Oh fuck!" she wailed. "Fuck! Yes! Fuck!"

Her pussy was throbbing.

Grace could feel each individual inch, her asshole squeezing him tightly as he fucked her, stretching her wider than she'd ever experienced. Nate's hand had her hair tangled in its fingers, keeping her pinned, his cock pounding her tight little asshole in a ruthless rhythm.

Grace's arms trembled, and not from exhaustion. The pleasure was mounting. Her body shook with it, her stomach tightening, her breaths coming in ragged, panting gasps. Her body clenched around him. Nate growled, driving harder, deeper. She could feel his cock swelling within her. Her orgasm was fast approaching and she couldn't hold back any longer. She was about to come, hard, on his thick cock. All because her neighbor was pounding her.

"Nate," she moaned. "Nate, yes!"

She was helpless. Unable to do anything except take his thick cock as he drove it inside her again and again. Her toes curled, her knees pressing into the sheets. Her whole body was a bundle of raw, electric nerves, her skin alive and burning with the need to feel his touch. Nate spanked her ass as his thrusts sped up. The slap loud in her ears and her cheeks jiggling. She wanted his cock to pound her even harder, faster. To fill her up completely. She needed to cum, the pleasure was almost too much.

Nate slapped her ass again, once, twice, on each cheek, causing her skin to sting. He then tightened the grip on her hair and pulled her back even further, arching her back. He rammed her harder, the bed was shaking with each mighty thrust. Her little body was being tossed back and forth as her tiny little hole got ravaged.

"Oh shit!" Grace cried out. "Fuck! Yes, take my ass!" she moaned, not recognizing the sound of her own voice as she was pounded in her most sacred, most intimate place.

"Nate!" She cried.

And that did it.

The fire roared within her, the embers of orgasm igniting inside her body, like a supernova, exploding outward in waves of blinding white light. Her whole being lit up, from head to toe, the energy of her orgasm radiated in every molecule. The cuffs bit at her wrists again as she arched against Nate's grip.

"Yes! YES!" she shrieked, and it came out like a strangled scream.

Her orgasm crashed into her. She could not stop cumming, no matter how hard she fought it, and neither did she want to. Her pussy was convulsing with the strength of her climax as her asshole clenched down on his shaft, squeezing so hard she felt like it would break off. Her entire body shook like a rag doll.

"Nate!" she cried out. "I'm cumming!"

The orgasm consumed her. Overtook her. Her mind was wiped away in a sea of blinding light and bliss.

Grace was not the type of girl who had ever cum that easily from anal sex, even as she liked it a lot. It took a while for her to get in the mood, then usually it took her even longer for a guy to work on her to finally get her to the promised land. Not the case with her neighbor. Grace was consumed by an unbridled ecstasy she had never felt before, and as she spasmed helplessly around him, Grace didn't think she'd ever felt such intense pleasure before in her entire life.

"Oh my God," she panted out as the climax continued.

She was shaking uncontrollably, unable to even think, and Nate hadn't stopped fucking her.

"Oh fuck," Nate growled, and slammed in as hard as he could, burying every single inch deep into her body.

"Yes, yes," she mumbled weakly.

"Goddamn," he grunted. He let go of her hair, and Grace's head fell, limp.

Grace could feel him throb inside her. Once. Then a second time.

"Oh fuck, oh fuck," she heard Nate muttering behind her. "Shit!" He groaned, and his cock pulsed a third time and thick ropes of cum exploded inside her, filling her hot little asshole. His load was powerful, spewing his seed deep inside of her.

She fell limp beneath Nate, her entire body trembling as he continued to pound her tight hole with his spurting, jerking shaft. His climax was powerful, sending a never-ending stream of potent sperm deep inside of her ass, her body absorbing the thick seed. His hands were still tangled in her long, silver-blonde hair and gripping her waist as he emptied his balls into her. Nate was snarling like a wild beast, his hips jerking, his big belly rubbing up against her lower back.

The climax slowly subsided and she lay there, dazed, disoriented, trying to get her breathing back under control.

Nate was slumped on top of her, his weight bearing down on her. He'd let go of her hair, and his hands were bracing his own weight against the bed. But that was it. He didn't roll off. Didn't move. His cock was still buried inside her. He stayed like that for a moment, breathing hard, his heart hammering so loud she swore she could feel it.

"God," Nate groaned. His hips moved slightly, and Grace felt his softening tool shift within her, his girth still impressive. He seemed reluctant to leave her tight passage, and in turn, she felt no hurry for him to depart. Her hole was sore, stretched beyond what she was used to. Even soft, Nate's sizeable cock felt amazing.

"God, Nate," she murmured, not knowing exactly what to say.

Nate grunted a deep, primal sound. He lightly slapped her ass, grabbed her cheek a bit, before slowly drawing himself out, pulling out of her aching, gaping, little hole. Nate didn't move right away. He stayed where he was, breathing slowing, weight still present. Then he shifted. Grace moaned softly as he did, feeling his weight lift off her and the empty sensation in her guts.

Nate reached for her clothes with absolutely no hurry.

Grace lay there, spent, wrists aching, watching him slowly dress like this was just another part of his routine. Jeans, shirt. A sip of coffee from the nightstand.

She cleared her throat. "You went too far."

Nate paused, then glanced at her with mild curiosity.

"Did I?" he asked. "You didn't say stop."

"That's not the same thing."

He shrugged. "Seemed pretty clear to me."

Nate finished dressing, unbothered, then finally reached into his pocket and produced the key. He unlocked the cuffs without ceremony. No apology.

No explanation. Nothing was offered.

Nate watched her for a moment, then smiled, reaching out and nudging her shoulder almost playfully.

"Next time," he said casually, "we'll plan better." As if the only problem had been the scheduling.

Grace lay there afterward, wrists still marked, knowing Nate hadn't just tested her limits, but decided them, while somewhere on the other side of the wall, Nolan's world remained untouched.

*

Grace stayed on her stomach for a moment longer, letting the sheets cool against her skin. Her wrists still throbbed faintly when she flexed her fingers, which she did almost involuntarily. She eventually rolled onto her back and stared at that ceiling she had spent so much time looking up at over the last... duration of time.

Nate was already moving around the room. Drawers opening, closet door sliding. The ordinary sounds of a man resuming his day, without a second thought to the woman he had just thoroughly ravaged.

"You really did go too far," she finally said. Not being sharp, just steady and with certainty.

Nate glanced over at her while pulling on his watch. When did he ever use watches? "Did I?"

"Yes." Grace sat up, swinging her legs over the side of the bed. "You don't just leave someone cuffed and disappear for two hours."

He shrugged. "You were fine."

"That's not the point," Grace countered.

He studied her for a second, considering.

"I knew you'd be fine," he said. "You're not fragile."

Graze shot him a look. "That's not permission."

Nate held her gaze for a bit, then gave a small, conclusive, but no less dismissive nod. He was moving on.

"The meeting went great," he said instead. "Better than great."

Of course.

Grace would've rolled her eyes if she weren't busy reaching for her clothes, pulling them on one piece at a time. The motions came naturally, even with her muscles protesting. She winced slightly, pulling on her tight khaki shorts, her core aching, her asshole stretched taut and tender, her ass sore. But she was restoring order, putting herself together.

Nate seemed unaware, or unaffected.

"They really liked my idea for a commercial, and they especially liked it when I could perhaps get them in with Calhoun," he explained. "They were apprehensive because they didn't know me that well, but they were intrigued enough to let me in the door."

"That's good," Grace said, truthfully. Nate had not had it easy since his suspension, lingering at home for the most part, even seeing a therapist.

Nate leaned back against the dresser, watching as she buttoned her shorts, the very ones he had gotten her. He smiled a bit at that.

"They loved the idea for new branding" he added. "But they weren't fully on board with the stock photo bullshit I showed them."

Grace looked up at him, raising an eyebrow in suspicion. "So?"

"So," he said, a slow grin spreading across his face. "They wanted me to make a pilot ad, specifically with a model, a really pretty one, to showcase the soap."

Grace paused, realizing what he was implying.

"You don't have a budget for that," she said simply.

Nate shrugged, straightening up. "No. Not yet, I don't. But I have you. I got a few bottles from them for the ad, I just need a nice location and a bathtub."

A lot of assumptions were being made. Grace paused.

"Nate."

"What?" he said lightly. "You're perfect for it."

"I run a landscaping business."

"You're also photogenic as hell. A beautiful, curvy, fit, tall girl who's athletic..." Nate walked towards her, closing the space between them. "And people trust your face. That's the point. Strong, confident, a badass."

"Oh, I'm a badass now?" Grace rolled her eyes, glancing back towards him as she slipped on a loose, blue camo T-shirt.

Nate ignored the sarcasm, his hands falling to rest on her hips. She remembered the feel of him inside her just moments earlier.

She was the first to admit Nate was persuasive, but this was beyond any reasonable amount of arrogance and overconfidence.

The way he was looking at her now, was as if he was undressing her, taking her curves, her long, slender legs, her tiny, flat tummy, the little belly she had inherited. Her thick, long neon blonde hair. Her thick ass and thighs.

He was imagining her in the bathtub already. Naked. With soap dripping from her body. He would probably see it in slow motion. Her, with the product in hand, showing off the branding and advertising to the viewers, a bath and bubbles the background. Grace imagined how her friends, Dora, and family in general, would react to her being on such display... but it was only an ad for a soap. It was seductive, but not exactly bad either. And this was just a pilot. God... some creepy CEOs would see her like that. Smiling encouragingly, the way women did in those types of ads that Nate wanted to make.

Grace took a step back, shaking her head faintly, smiling despite herself. "You just want an excuse to see me in the tub with soap all over my naked body, you dirty old pervert."

Nate laughed. "Old? I'm not even fifty! You know that's why you love hanging out with me, because I have experience, I'm a real man, not the boys you're used to."

Grace didn't like Nate's soft jab at Nolan one bit, but let it slide for now. It was just a remark.

"I'll have you know, you're not my type, not exactly. I prefer my men fit. And handsome," Grace remarked.

Nate chuckled, not bothered one bit. "I enjoy having you around my apartment," he said, casually. "Wouldn't mind having you around a bit more."

"What do you mean?" Grace asked, frowning.

"Don't overthink it."

Grace stared at him.

"Don't be a tease," she said, annoyed.

Nate laughed, holding up his hands, leaning against the dresser again. "No. No, I meant, like... I don't know, I enjoy having you around."

Grace stared at him, a faint frown creasing her brows. "Okay." Grace crossed her arms. "I have a job," she stated. "And a boyfriend," she added, though less forcefully.

"Does he make you feel like that?"

"It's different."

"But you like hanging out with me."

"As a friend, Nate," Grace insisted.

"We've crossed that line," Nate pointed out. "It's okay to enjoy it."

"Maybe I do. Doesn't change anything."

"Then why is it so hard for you to admit that?"

Grace glared at him. Not only was he assuming things about her, but he was also disrespecting her relationship with Nolan. "Nate, shut the fuck up," she said, then relaxed her shoulders. "You just enjoy having me around your apartment because I keep ending up in your bed," she said dryly.

Nate chuckled. Grace expected him to move closer, but he didn't. "That too."

Grace tied up the blue t-shirt as it was way too large for her.

"You don't get to treat me like property just because you had a good meeting," she said, tone even.

Nate pushed off the dresser then, again, and did step closer. But not overtly, just close enough so he could lower his voice.

"I don't treat you like property," he said. "I treat you like someone who can handle more than she pretends."

Grace met his eyes.

"And if I can't?"

Nate smiled. "You'd tell me."

The answer was smooth. Too smooth. She studied him for a second, then stepped past him toward the door.

"Next time," she said. "You ask."

He watched her move, his eyes lingering.

"I could get used to this," he mumbled. "Mornings like this."

Grace didn't bother turning around. "Don't," she replied lightly. "I don't do routines. Not yours, anyway."

That made him laugh, a big boisterous laugh, like it hadn't meant anything at all.

"See you tonight?" he tried after her.

Grace paused at the door. "Maybe," she said. Though most likely not. And then she left.

*

Grace didn't go straight to her own apartment.

She stepped out of Nate's apartment and into the narrow corridor that separated his doors from hers and stood there for a moment, the door clicking shut behind her. The corridor that separated her own apartment from his was merely ten steps. Ten ordinary steps. The same corridor she had walked countless times with groceries, with muddy boots, with Nolan's hand at the lower end of her back.

It felt different now. Her body felt different.

She shifted her weight slightly and immediately felt it. That deep, internal awareness that hadn't faded yet. A soreness that wasn't sharp, wasn't alarming, but insistent. Present. Undeniable.

The kind of sensation that lingered low in her belly and reminded her, with a subtle movement, exactly how she had been taken.

Her skin was still hot, her body still buzzing. Her heart was racing, but not like before. The urgency was gone. It was a softer echo now, a distant hum, more memory than reality.

Her lips tightened slightly as she stood there, staring at her the herbs she had planted in little boxes outside the open corridor.

She inhaled slowly, drawing in the outside air.

It was just that he had pushed further than usual.

It was that he hadn't asked.

Nate had always been bold. Assertive. Rough around the edges in a way that had felt exciting more than threatening. Even when he dominated, there had been a seduction to it. His version of that, anyway. A look. A challenge. A smirk that gave her space to step forward willingly. Even the cuffs could be masqueraded in that realm in some way.

This time, he hadn't left space.

He had simply decided.

And her body had reacted before her mind could catch up.

Grace closed her eyes for a second, leaning her shoulder lightly against the wall. The memory rose uninvited. The sudden weight of him, the pressure, the way her breath had left her all at once as he took her. She had expected pain to override everything. Expected to grit her teeth to endure.

Instead, there had been that sharp, blinding rush when he sank inside her, and her body had yielded, when her body had tightened and then given way, when sensation had flooded her so completely that thinking had become impossible.

That was the feeling that stayed. The feeling that didn't fade.

The feeling that, for a single moment, she had been entirely out of control. And it had felt good.

Her fingers curled slightly at her sides.

That was what unsettled her. Not that he had taken her ass, nor how he had done so. But that she had responded like she did.

With Nolan, it had always been deliberate.

That first time, his birthday, she remembered how careful it had been. How reverent. How he had treated her like something rare and breakable, like access to that part of her was a privilege earned and to be handled with almost sacred restraint. Nolan had been such a gentleman. Even now, years later, it still carried that tone. Not a rule exactly, but a pattern. A quiet understanding.

It was for his birthday.

Because it was the ass, and an ass that Grace, along with good genes, worked hard to maintain and keep for Nolan.

Because it meant something.

And she had liked that it meant something. The sacred nature that anal sex had for them.

She had liked that it was wrapped in intention, in ceremony, in the slow build of anticipation. With Nolan, it felt intimate in a way that steadied her, anchored her. His awe of her wasn't suffocating in those moments; it was reassuring, even empowering. It made her feel chosen, cherished, secure in the shape of what they were building together.

With Nate, there had been no wrapping.

No asking.

No ritual, nothing to steady or prepare her at all.

Just assumption and demand.

And when her body had finally surrendered to him, the intensity had been stronger than anything she had experienced during anal before- Stronger than the birthday nights. Stronger than careful preparation. Stronger than she wanted to admit.

Grace opened her eyes and looked down the hall at her own door.

On the other side of that wall, behind that door, she shared her home with Nolan. What had he been up to since this morning? He'd make coffee, reading something on his phone. Existing in that warm, uncomplicated space of trust he carried so naturally.

He had agreed to secrecy this week. Had even enjoyed it. The thrill of not knowing. The tension of implication. He had accepted the possibility of almost everything.

But not this.

This had not been implied.

Grace shifted again and felt the lingering ache, the reminder of Nate's weight. Of the way he had taken her. Of the way she had submitted, of the way she had yielded and found herself overwhelmed by pleasure. The way his big, strong hands had pinned her down, held her, forced her, controlled her. His fat shaft pounding her tight, little ass, filling her to the brim, spreading her wide, making her cum so hard.

Nolan would not understand that.

In truth, she barely did.

Had she betrayed something sacred?

The question didn't stab at her. It pressed, instead, slow and thoughtful.

Was it sacred because it truly was, or because she had decided that it was? Because she liked something that was just theirs on special occasions? Because she liked choosing when that boundary was set aside?

Today, she hadn't chosen.

And yet, she had climaxed harder than she ever had from anal before.

The truth of that sat heavily in her chest.

Grace loved Nolan. That hadn't shifted. His kindness, his ambition, the way his love for her seemed almost contagious, it had always made her feel safe, contained in the best way. With him, she led more often than not. Softly, gradually. He let her. He trusted her to decide how far things went.

Today, she hadn't led.

He had been overtaken by sensation.

Not frightened. Not forced in the way her mind would frame it later.

But overwhelmed.

And part of her, a part she hadn't examined closely before, had answered that overwhelm with hunger.

Her body had known, in a way her mind had not, what it needed. What it wanted. What it could accept and handle and crave. Nate had not asked permission. She had not said no. And he had pushed her to the very edge as he pushed his cock into her ass over and over.

Grace exhaled slowly, then straightened up, pushing off the wall.

Control was still hers. That hadn't disappeared. Not truly.

But she was beginning to understand that sometimes what she craved wasn't control at all. Sometimes she wanted it stripped away. Not permanently, not cruelly, but decisively. That difference mattered.

She took the last few steps to her own apartment door and slid her key into the lock.

Whatever this meant, whatever line had shifted, she would decide what it became.

Not Nate.

Not Nolan.

Her.

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The door closed behind Grace with a soft, ordinary click.

Nate stood still for a moment, listening to her steps fade down the hallway. He knew exactly how many paces it would take her to reach the apartment she shared with Nolan. Knew the rhythm of that corridor. Knew the thinness of the wall between them.

Nate let out a slow breath.

He had pushed. More than he had meant to.

He replayed it without emotion, analytically going through everything. The cuffs, leaving her there. Coming back without apology. The way he'd turned her over without asking. The moment when she realized he wasn't going to slow down.

He had seen it in Grace's eyes. That flash. Not fear, no, that wasn't her. Shock.

And then something else.

Nate walked back toward the bed and ran a hand along the sheets where her body had been. The soft fabric wasn't as smooth and delicate as Grace's skin, but they were still faintly warm.

'Too impulsive,' he thought.

He didn't usually show hunger like that. Hunger was inefficient. It revealed need, dependence. And need was leverage in the wrong hands.

But Grace hadn't pulled away. And that mattered.

She'd protested. Correctly. That was to be expected, as Grace protected her identity carefully. She needed to believe she was choosing every step. And that was good. Nate had no interest in breaking her. He wanted her intact. Strong women didn't stay where they felt cornered; they stayed where they felt understood. And today, despite the push, she had stayed.

She'd argued with him. Dressed slowly. Engaged in the conversation, letting him pitch the ad. Let him touch her again.

If she had felt violated, which there certainly had been a risk of, she would have left without another word. And she hadn't. Was there truly any risk?

Nate smiled faintly. The ritual with Nolan amused him.

Birthday privileges. Ceremony. Sacredness. Nolan treated her like she was glad.

Nate had treated her like she was built to take it.

He had been right.

She was built for this. Built to be handled and used, and she was enjoying it, and her boyfriend, her loving, respectful, boyfriend, was blissfully ignorant of the fact.

'What an idiot.'

No, Grace had answered him with heat instead of fear. With desire.

That was useful.

He wasn't trying to win the week. The week was already his.

He was trying to win the years.

Nolan thought this was about fantasy, about thrill, about controlled humiliation. That was his mistake. Nolan loved the idea of Grace being desired. Loved not knowing, to some extent, it seemed. Loved thinking he was brave enough to allow it.

Nate didn't need Nolan to be brave. He needed him to be predictable. Nolan would always kneel.

Grace wouldn't. That was why she was worth it. From her flawless figure to her piercing blue eyes, she was worth everything.

Nate leaned against the dresser as he had when Grace was here, folding his arms.

Yes. Too much, too soon. Maybe.

Nate would adjust. Dial it back. Offer an apology in the right tone, as he had before. Show restraint next time. Let her believe she reestablished her boundaries.

Then move again. Slowly.

She was already recalibrating in her head. He'd seen it. That internal conflict. That question of whether something she thought was sacred had ever truly been sacred. And it wasn't just about him taking her ass or cuffing her to his bed for hours.

That doubt would grow. Not because he forced it. Because he introduced it.

He wasn't interested in stealing her. Nate was interested in becoming inevitable. And she had just walked back to the apartment next door.

That was proximity. Proximity was patience.

And patience was everything.

Behind the Neighbor's Door - Part 15

Grace had been staring at the same estimate for nearly ten minutes before she realized she hadn't read a single number on the page. The spreadsheet sat open on her laptop, neat columns waiting for decisions she normally made without thinking. Instead, she leaned back in the chair and stretched, a dull ache pulling through her hips and lower back. Landscaping did that sometimes. Long days, heavy lifting, too many hours bent over soil and stone.

But her wrists were complaining as well, something that wasn't entirely explained away by work.

Eventually, she forced herself to finish the estimate, though she knew she'd have to double-check it later. Damn it. Office work was her least favorite part of running her own little company. She preferred working outdoors.

But even that was tainted.

As the work on her laptop concluded, Grace emerged from her little shed to tackle the day the best way she could, and the best day she would. Life among plants, fences, flowerbeds, and old oaks was what gave her work meaning, which gave it pleasant tranquility. Here, nobody could boss her around, not in such an intimate way anyway.

Though she felt her body ache.

Grace noticed it the second she had bent down to pick up the coil of the irrigation hose. A tight, unfamiliar soreness that ran, once again, through her hips, deep enough so that she froze for a moment before straightening again. Grace argued that landscaping could do that after a long job site, and she kept reminding herself that brushing dirt and thoughts of her hands and mind. Nothing unusual about any of this. It was just work.

It was such an annoying nuisance to be distracted like this time and time again. She had lost so much time to bullshit yesterday morning. And now, yet again, she had to deal with her mind drifting, not being able to focus.

'Fucking Nate,' she thought to herself.

Grace could just picture his smug face, standing over her, staring at her, going about his day as he left her cuffed to his bed. It was such a violation, and Grace was thoroughly pissed at him. Not only did he waste her time, but he had also violated her trust and boundaries. He had simply taken.

Taken her without asking, without permission, without concern. Without ceremony, pounding her, bestowing ownership and… and…

Grace tried to focus on the task at hand, digging up a trench to make way for a new bed of tulips and daffodils. She was kneeling in the grass, dirt in her hands, thinking of him. It was infuriating.

Her arms ached. Her wrists, still red. Her back sore. Her whole body was sore from Nate's rough fucking, from the way he had used her asshole as a fucking reward for how his meeting had gone.

Maybe Grace had to hire that second hand after all. She had been putting it off for an eternity, once and once again trying to argue for and against while not making any significant decision in either direction.

But one thing was for sure.

Grace hated losing time. It didn't matter whether it was a late delivery, a missed call from a supplier, or ten minutes wasted staring at a screen when she should have been working. And yet, she'd been sitting at her desk doing exactly that for more than she'd like, fingers resting on the keyboard, the morning slipping away like her entire Tuesday had. Though without any sort of restraint.

Grace rubbed her wrists. They were bruised, and it was mere luck that Nolan hadn't noticed. She had worn a long-sleeve tee, and Nolan would only notice what she wore and didn't wear if it was from the waist down, but that would only last so long. Luck and circumstance had saved her so far. And it felt dishonest.

Her phone buzzed in her back pocket as she carried the hose across the bed of small, cute flowers. It had before, and it did again. Grace huffed and puffed, but not from the hose; she was thoroughly annoyed with Nate and his fucking distractions. She put the hose aside and pulled out her phone, staring at it with disdain. She had to, and not because of Nate. It could just as easily been a customer.

Nope.

It was Nate.

With an irritated sigh, Grace swiped away the notification and shoved the phone back in her pocket with a huff. She went back to the hose, coiled it up. Her eyes flicked over to the garden next door. A few days ago, that had been her biggest worry.

Now, it wasn't even on the list.

Wallowing in second-guessing herself was something she swore to avoid; she didn't want guilt over exploring her sexuality with Nate, so Grace let herself re-experience the events of yesterday as she worked. Not just the physical aspects of being cuffed to a bed for hours, that in itself had been dehumanizing and humiliating... no, it had been far more than that. It had been the fact that Nate had pushed boundaries in such a way that he had never done before. He was never this brash, this forward... or maybe he was, and she was willfully ignoring it.

But Grace could still feel the handcuffs cutting into her wrists as she struggled against them them. The hours of waiting.

What the hell had Nate been thinking? What if she needed to go to the bathroom? What if he crashed and died?

Grace threw out the hose, uncoiling it with a snap, and started digging the trenches she needed to bury the hose. It was kinda annoying as there wasn't room for her excavator, thus she had to dig by shovel and pick. At least it wasn't an extremely long trench, just a few yards. Her wrists were burning and she didn't even care.

The fact that he had done what he did without asking, and then fucked her tight asshole after leaving her helpless for a couple of hours, was both infuriating and also humiliating. It wasn't perhaps meant that way, but it served as a reminder of the difference between them.

'Fuck him. Fucking piece of shit. Fucking asshole!'

A woman like Grace was used to getting what she wanted, and for a guy like Nate to treat her like that just really got to her. She was proud, confident, and independent. Nate robbed her of that sense of self for hours.

She shouldn't have allowed that.

But, on the other hand... Grace was sore and her ass still aching, but that made her smile, remembering the intensity of her orgasm and how incredible his cock felt inside her. And it was her first anal experience outside a birthday night...

No matter what Nate's motivations were, he had done a good job. She didn't cum easily from anal like that. Grace wasn't used to a man treating her... how he had done it. Without any ceremony, any warning. Rough and raw. How her boyfriend had been left completely in the dark as his neighbor ravaged his beloved hard and thoroughly.

Grace tried to stay angry; she was still annoyed at the way she'd been handled, but the memory of what had transpired, his strong hands holding her down, his thick cock driving into her helpless body with full, rough thrusts, that strange power in how he fucked her. Something had been unleashed within her, and that bothered Grace more than anything.

She was not a weak woman, neither physically nor mentally. She didn't get steamrolled easily by anyone or anything. Grace liked being in control and, at times, dominating. That was her. No question asked. The idea that a guy could take her over like that was a new experience, and Grace felt more vulnerable than ever before. And she hated that.

Nate didn't just fuck her, no. He made her question everything. He didn't have the right, or the authority, to make her question her strength. Who she was. Her confidence and capability.

Grace was suddenly very tired, like the morning's work had been more taxing than it usually would be.

But no one had ever pushed her boundaries that far, either. At least not sexually. It had always been her pushing. And when that had gone beyond her, Grace hadn't allowed it to happen. Not ever.

There was no denying that.

And there was no escaping it. Throughout her day, Grace kept replaying those thoughts, trying to find the right way to explain them to herself. It was more difficult than it should have been, though.

Grace wiped sweat from her face, dirt on under her fingernails, her white tank top clinging to her chest with both sweat and dirt.

One thing was for sure: the shovel dug into the soil harder with each thought, every thrust as the ground resisted her efforts. Nobody would hold agency over her. Nobody would hold any kind of power over her.

A trench had never been dug as ferociously as that day.

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"Are those the basils you've grown out in the corridor?" Nolan asked, leaning over to see what Grace was making for dinner later the same day. "Damn."

"Yup, the corridor herbs are now dinner herbs."

Nolan chuckled, drawing in the scent of herbs and garlic, of meat simmering in its own juices, and a rich, full-bodied aroma of something. It was mouthwatering. They were in the kitchen together. Grace was making the late evening dinner, handling the sauce, Nolan cutting and washing the salad, and the rice cooking slowly.

Dinner was often Nolan's domain, despite his initial hesitance of being the one in the kitchen, but he found himself wanting to impress Grace, to take care of her and her needs, so he had worked hard, and quickly became a great cook in no time.

However, Grace wanted him to relax and she seemed to want some control.

Nolan had noticed that something was amiss. He didn't know what exactly, but something was different.

They ate slowly, talking about small things. Work, a client that Nolan had argued with, his pitches for the Tex-Mex restaurant landing well and them finalizing a long-term contract, them both musing over the herb garden Grace had been tending in the corridor, the resourceful woman that she was.

She hadn't been upset, no, nothing like that. More as if something was preoccupying her and he wasn't aware enough to catch what it was. So even after dinner, which turned out amazing indeed, he did the dishes without protest and made coffee. Made himself busy in other words while his girlfriend sat in the couch and zoned out.

But it was a nice night. The sun was still up, setting slowly in the distance. The windows were open, allowing a breeze to sweep through the apartment. There was the sound of traffic, yes, but the sounds of birds as well.

It was good.

Nolan put two cups of coffee down on the table, smiling at Grace as he did. She smiled back.

"So," Nolan said, settling down in the couch next to her. "How was your day?"

Grace looked up, as if the question took her by surprise. "Oh, yeah. Good." She sipped from her coffee, then frowned faintly. "I guess. I don't know."

Nolan waited a moment. He knew once upon a time he'd shrug it off and not be attentive. But he was older now, and this was Grace, and they were on a journey. "Everything okay?"

Grace gave him another smile. "Yeah. Just… I don't know."

"Is it Nate?" Nolan asked, hitting the nail on the head.

"He's being an asshole," Grace said, seeming to wince at her choice of words.

"Want me to beat him up?" Nolan asked, though with humor.

Grace chuckled and shook her head, leaning against him. "No. Just… he's being… annoying." Grace sighed heavily, as if the evening was finally letting her relax a tiny bit. "He just pushed too far yesterday…"

Nolan slumped down next to her. "Well, if Nate's smart, he'll give you some space."

Grace smiled softly. "I'd like that."

Nolan nodded, sipping his coffee. He was trying to play it cool. "You wanna talk about it?"

Grace shrugged. "I don't know, honestly." She sighed, then leaned her head on his shoulder. "Just... I need a break from him, I think. And, yeah, he's being annoying."

Nolan fell silent, as if trying to remember something. Or, to remember the right words or how to present his next thought.

"Well... Do you have lots planned tomorrow and Thursday? At work, I mean?" he asked, suddenly feeling unsure of himself.

"No, I don't think so," Grace replied. "Why?"

Nolan tried to make a casual shrug, then took a breath. "Maybe we could do something, just us? I mean, I talked to Josh about this penthouse we could borrow. It has a bubble bath, even a small pool, and there's a spa with a nail salon nearby."

Grace looked up, studying his face. "Oh. You wanna go there?"

Nolan nodded, feeling confident again. "Yeah. Just us."

Grace studied him for a bit longer, then smiled. "Okay. Sounds fun."

"We'll be back by Friday morning," Nolan said. That left the weekend open, but Nolan didn't think that far ahead. Two days away with Grace was already more than enough to look forward to.

"Why, you already took the initiative and booked everything then?" Grace teased. Nolan smiled sheepishly.

"Maybe. Maybe I did."

"Wow." Grace shook her head, still smiling, then gave him a small kiss. "You're really spoiling me."

"I know. But I love doing that. I want to do that."

"You're such a gentleman."

"I know." Nolan chuckled, sipping his coffee. "That's what you like about me, isn't it?"

"I do. You spoil me all kinds of ways, letting me do what I do, letting me have my career, taking me on trips," Grace began, and Nolan could tell something was troubling her as she went on. Not really upsetting her, but Nolan could tell something had happened for sure. Maybe Nate had done something, but Nolan knew if it was serious, she'd tell him when he asked. She knew she could trust him. But Nate pushing boundaries was his appeal.

"Hey, I'm not letting you do anything," Nolan said. "Nobody is letting Grace Harris do anything; she simply does things because that's what she wants. And it's cool that you do."

Grace moved her hand to gently cup his cheek. "Oh, you silly man," she muttered, leaning into kiss him. Really kiss him. "I'm sorry I couldn't be on the bed naked yesterday, like you wanted me to. How you commanded me... but... if you want, I might be tonight," she whispered, almost purring against his lips, and Nolan felt his heart beat faster.

"Yeah?" he asked, a bit dazed.

"Naked and ready for her *man*," Grace muttered, kissing him again.

"Oh, I like the sound of that," Nolan said, almost stuttering. He could feel her lips curving into a smile against his.

"You better get ready, then."

*

It didn't take long for Nolan to get ready. He gave Grace a headstart of about five minutes until he couldn't wait any longer. As he entered the bedroom, he saw her lying prone on the bed facing him, with only a white thong covering her ass. It was such a nice, shapely ass, and the sight alone was enough to make him instantly salivate.

Grace had positioned herself with her head up towards him and he could see how her ass was high in the air and he could barely keep himself from taking a dive right at the morsel of an offering. Her petite breasts were lying against the mattress along with the rest of her slender, yet shapely body. Her blue eyes, a steel gray at that point, held his stare, and Nolan smiled. Damn, she was beautiful and she was all his… only she wasn't. Only she wasn't entirely his anymore.

But fuck that. Nolan didn't waste much time before climbing up onto the bed with her. Grace was his tonight. He loved this sight of her. The position, and especially the look of desire in those pale eyes. She wasn't even wearing any make-up, but Nolan didn't really mind that. In fact, she looked extremely sexy just as she was. His Grace…

As soon as Nolan approached, she raised herself onto all fours and kissed him hard. He responded with equal ardor and soon they were rolling around on the bed, entangled and caressing each other as the kissing became more urgent, the caressing and groping more fervent. They were the best of friends, but also a couple, and tonight they were nothing but.

Nolan was in her somewhere along the way, pushing and thrusting, groping and devouring as Grace's body received him. And the whole thing was so hot that Nolan could hardly believe it. He had a girlfriend, an extremely sexy one, and she was letting him do this to her. She was giving him a chance to live out a dream. And he was going to make the most of it.

But then Nolan grabbed her wrists, wanting to guide her in some way, but his plan fell short when he saw that Grace winced slightly. His eyes shifted up. How had he not seen it before? When had that happened? Bruises?

Nolan stopped in his tracks, pushing himself up slightly so he could see.

"What–" Nolan began.

"Handcuffs," Grace explained. Nolan looked down at her, understanding the implication, and it drove him… mad? Jealous? Full of lust? Grace bit her lip. "Didn't know I'd like it either." Nolan suddenly got a piece of the puzzle of what about Grace had been different, how Nate had been annoying.

"Oh shit," Nolan grunted. He wanted to ask questions, to demand an explanation.

But Grace suddenly pushed with her incredibly strong thighs, and suddenly Nolan found himself on his back, Grace holding his wrists instead as she rode his dick.

"Tonight it's just me and you."

"Just me and you," Nolan said.

Grace leaned down, her blonde hair falling to the side, her blue eyes steely. "Good," she whispered, her breath warm against his face, then her soft lips found his as they kissed hard while she took over. Her strong thighs were moving and gyrating, flexing and squeezing his waist. "Good boy," she grunted.

Nolan was putty in her hands as she rode his cock.

She was in charge, as she liked to be. She liked that he was giving in to her, surrendering to her as she took control and used his body for her pleasure. Grace was moaning, her voice a low, throaty sound that went straight to Nolan's cock. He was so hard. So fucking hard. She was moaning, and he was moaning, his hips bucking up to meet hers. His whole body was on fire, and he was in an agonizing heaven. He wanted to flip her back on her back again and give it to her, but no, they were doing this at her pace, the way she wanted it done.

Nolan was not about to deny her anything. He was going to give her whatever she wanted. Looking up at her amazing face as it tensed up from using him for her pleasure satisfied his mind and body on such a deep level. He wanted her to use him, to take her pleasure from him and he wanted to see her beautiful face contort as she did.

Nolan's own pleasure was almost secondary to that. Almost. He felt her hot pussy contracting around his shaft, and he knew she was close. Grace's breathing was becoming ragged, and she was moaning louder. Her whole body was trembling with the effort of fucking him, and he could see the pleasure written on her face. It didn't take long before her tongue pushed into Nolan's mouth, followed by muffled, heavy gasps as she came.

Nolan wasn't able to hold back and followed right with her, cumming as hard as ever, emptying himself into her body. He loved every part of her and every minute he spent with her. This was heaven.

*

Nate checked his phone again at the red light, though he already knew there wouldn't be a reply. Grace wasn't the kind of woman who answered messages when she was angry, certainly not when she was angry with him. The city traffic crawled forward, engines humming around him, but Nate barely noticed it. Silence was information. If she had been truly furious, she would have told him. Nate would certainly know. Instead, she simply ignored him. Nate could work with that.

He had taken a great risk. A gamble. The cuffs and leaving her alone were impulsive. Taking her ass certainly was, especially in conjunction with those two. Any two of those might have played differently. All three had been reckless. But that was neither here nor there.

Grace had spent most of her time since yesterday afternoon ignoring him. She didn't reply, and Nate suspected she didn't even read his texts. But she was neither blocked nor had she indeed confronted him. She gave him a stern talking to after he had helped himself to her ass, but that was it.

Nate had pushed far indeed. Too far, and he had been reckless, and it was a possibility he would've ended everything. But he remained in her sphere. Nolan was none the wiser, from what Nate could tell.

And Grace was busy. Work alone consumed most of her days. Nolan filled the rest. That wasn't unusual. People's time was always divided between things that mattered. People lived by routines more than they realized. Everyone thought their lives were too busy for anything new, but routines always had gaps in them if you looked closely enough. Nate could be patient. Time had a way of redistributing itself.

Control and assertiveness over her own life, master of her own agency, were the virtues that built Grace. Nate had taken that away, challenged it. But nothing had truly broken. So it was flexible. Instead of ending her relationship with Nate, the boundary had moved.

Now he knew how far Grace would let the boundaries be bent. When challenged, Grace instinctively engaged instead of retreating. She pushed back. Grace being challenged so thoroughly, opting for processing it rather than rejecting, told Nate that perhaps Grace enjoyed control, but she was also open to experimenting losing it.

Perhaps that was why he excited her in a way Nolan didn't. And yesterday told Nate that if anything, she didn't mind losing control either as long as she believed it was her choice.

Next time would simply require patience.

Nolan was an interesting part of the equation. Nate had written him off a long time ago, the moment he understood what kind of man he was dealing with. Nolan trusted. Trusted Grace, trusted their arrangement, trusted that whatever they were doing together somehow made their relationship stronger. To Nate, it looked less like strength and more like a refusal to see what was right in front of him.

But that refusal, and that trust, was useful, and it made Nate value Nolan in some skewed way, at least as long as he served his purpose. Most men would have blown the whole thing apart by now. Suspicion alone would have done it. Nolan never let jealousy end it; no, instead, it made him want more. Never an accusation against any wrongdoing on Grace's part. Nolan trusted. Trusted his relationship with Grace, trusted his and Grace's "journey" together. He believed in Grace's control over the situation, believed she would hold whatever line existed between them. And as long as Nolan believed that, the door stayed open.

But the line certainly had been moved. Not far, but far enough to see where it bent. Grace was proud, stubborn, and territorial about her autonomy. But she hadn't slammed the door. Grace didn't walk away when she was challenged. She pushed back, sure, but pushing back meant engagement. Engagement meant the door stayed open.

Some people rushed things when they sensed resistance like this, but Nate had learned the opposite worked better. Pressure meant nothing without patience.

Grace believed she was in control of the situation. Nate had no reason to argue with that. People rarely noticed how slowly control changed hands. Hence patience.

Satisfaction faded quickly. People forget good moments faster than they forget the ones that unsettled them. Grace could have walked away from yesterday if it had simply been a good time between them, something pleasant to remember and easy to place among others. Instead she would replay it. Over and over. The waiting, the cuffs, the moment he came back, the way he

had taken her without warning. She would turn it around in her head, trying to decide whether she had allowed it or whether he had taken something from her.

That was the nature of anger. Anger demanded explanation. It demanded resolution. It circled the same memory until the edges wore smooth from repitition. Grace would spend the day telling herself she was furious with him, telling herself she had been pushed too far. But every time she thought about it, she would end up back at the same place: the moment he had taken control, had made her lose control. And as long as she was replaying that moment, she was still thinking about him.

And yes. Grace was angry. That was fine. But anger meant that she relived the same moment from yesterday over and over again, all without breaking their little dynamic. Grace would need time to process what had transpired. Silence would help with that. He just needed to give her space and let that silence do the work. He wasn't out yet.

Grace's time was already divided. She just hadn't noticed it yet.

*

Folding the red nightdress she had bought for Nolan, Grace still felt Tuesday lingering in her body. That experience wasn't a walk in the park. What had transpired was more intense and... different than that. Rougher.

Nate persisted somewhere in the back of her mind, whether she liked it or not. The memory of him had a way of slipping in between thoughts when she wasn't paying attention. As much as he was a jerk, he was also part of the journey she had decided upon. And it had been her who had initiated it in the first place.

But Nolan was gonna sweep her away, whisk her off to a romantic penthouse up in Chicago, and it wasn't going to just be an escape to enjoy alone with him; this was an escape for the both of them to spend quality time together. It was a good feeling. Even as Grace double checked her work schedule for the next few days before leaving, making sure all her jobs could easily be handled over the weekend when she was back, a small smile spread across her lips.

It was a welcome escape from Nate. She just needed a break, a distraction. And Nolan had provided that.

Nolan had a knack for doing just that. Nolan had always been like that. Attentive. The kind of man who noticed things before she said them out loud. He had an empathy for others that was a rarity these days, and Grace found it to be a huge asset. And she could count on him, even when Nate had gotten a little out of hand.

The thought made her smile grow. She loved that about Nolan. And his ability to make her smile, which was exactly why they were doing this trip. Just a quick getaway, a very Nolan way of showing that he sensed just what she needed when she didn't even know it herself. He had even let her sleep in a bit this morning, her body getting the rest she needed.

Putting the dress neatly into her little suitcase, the sleeve on her sweater caught on the zipper, pulling up so that she saw her bruises. Grace looked at them and blinked. They were faint, but still there. Grace sighed, pulled the sleeve down, and went to find a black thong she knew Nolan liked.

As she zipped up her small suitcase and pulled the handle up, Grace found herself thinking again how different Nolan was from a certain lecherous neighbor, and honestly, she was so glad to have a guy like Nolan. Not a guy *like* Nolan. Nolan. He was easy to be around; that had always been his gift to her. He could sit and listen to her problems without interruption, offer sage advice when she needed it most with that smooth, sexy voice of his. He was always quick to respond with an honest smile, one that she hadn't seen nearly as much in recent weeks, not even during this special week they had arranged. One smile, one of those genuinely happy Nolan smiles, that would light up his entire face and make his eyes twinkle.

Grinning to herself, she rolled her bag out to the living room, finding Nolan standing by their small bookcase with his phone in hand. "All ready?" he asked, handing her a cup of fresh coffee, excited about life and its possibilities. "I just checked if there were any delays. We're good!"

"Yeah," Grace replied, setting the bag by the door before making her way toward Nolan. He smiled when she approached.

"Are you excited to get away for a few days?" He reached a hand up to run a strand of Grace's blonde hair through his fingers. The sensation was a welcome comfort from her tumultuous thoughts. His hand settled on the side of her face. He rubbed her cheek and chin and she couldn't help the warm feelings that bubbled through her chest.

He had put off work for a couple of days to surprise her like this.

"I think I needed it more than I even thought," Grace confessed as she leaned her face into his warm touch.

"Good," Nolan responded as he let his hand trail down the back of her neck. Grace instinctively moved closer, his fingertips leaving a tingle of heat where he had touched. "You've just seemed really busy lately. I wanted to be the one to do something nice for you, instead of vice versa," he admitted and smiled.

Grace smirked. "Well, that sounds like the perfect plan to me."

Grace took one last look around the apartment before they left. The light from outside fell across the couch, the small kitchen table, through the small hallway. Everything looked exactly the same. And yet, the last two days had made it feel slightly different.

As they walked past Nate's apartment a few minutes later, Grace felt something tighten in her chest. But she didn't stop to name it.

Nolan's fingers slipped through hers, clasped them tight in that comforting way he did, and the momentary distraction passed. It was just her and Nolan now. Her man, her love, and she was determined to put everything else out of mind.

Nate's antics had already dominated her head for far too much.

A couple of days away was gonna be perfect. Away from work, away from Courtington. Just Nolan and her.

And everything they still were to each other.

The routines of travel followed. Nolan took over the luggage and put in the back of his Equinox, letting Grace throw a glance across the morning sunlight shining down. Grace drew in long and deep, the fresh late summer-almost fall air filling her lungs. Courtington was waking up. The

town was already moving at a brisk pace, people driving to work, a jogger passed by, and the school busses honked. Everything was a rhythm.

At times, the simple fact that she and Nolan had spent the majority of their relationship there made Grace feel like the town had become part of their love story; a place of endless opportunities, and every day was a chance for adventure with him. From a young age Grace had been drawn to the easy-going small town feel.

"You're going to love this place," Nolan said as they drove their merry way.

"You sound confident," Grace said playfully.

And thus the car ride began. Maybe Nolan was right. Maybe a couple of days living the life they lived before Nate entered the picture would do them good.

"Of course I am," Nolan shot her a sly grin, reaching across to run his fingers down her bare arm and causing goosebumps to erupt across her skin. His eyes roamed back up to her face. "You know what they say, it's not the place that makes the vacation but who you go there with," he said, and his words had a bit of that corny movie line about it, but his meaning behind it was real.

"That sounds about right to me," Grace replied. "As long as you don't drive us into a ditch or something."

Nolan grinned and nodded. "I'll try my best!"

Grace chuckled, settling deeper into the passenger seat, watching the trees blur past the highway. For the first time since Tuesday, her shoulders loosened. She hadn't realized how tense she had been, but finally being underway, Grace felt herself relaxing.

The miles slid by with nothing but the quiet music playing from the speakers. When Nolan reached across the console and squeezed her hand, Grace noticed again the faint tenderness in her wrist. Nolan withdrew shortly after to focus on the road. The sun was bright outside, and the car was warm. The last couple of days were slowly fading from Grace's memory, replaced by the thought of the coming few days.

*

Chicago was beautiful. It had its own kind of charm, and it wasn't the first time they'd visited the city. There was a lot to do there, and Grace loved that about it. It was the perfect place for a getaway. Nolan had always wanted to be a part of this city, but so far, he seemed to have settled in Courtington. Grace was glad of that.

She let her gaze follow the tall buildings as they approached, seeing the river off in the distance, and the lake glimmering behind them. Chicago had never looked better than it did in that moment, and she couldn't wait to explore it once more.

"I've missed this," Grace admitted, looking over at Nolan. He smiled as he parked the car and cut the engine.

"Me too," he replied.

Not long after, they arrived. Grace had sort of assumed it was a hotel, but if they borrowed the penthouse from Josh, he surely didn't own a hotel. The reception was a warm place, with nice decor and a few people milling around the lobby. Grace had to admit she was impressed.

"Damn," she muttered.

"Not bad, right?" Nolan replied with a grin.

The elevator doors slid open on the top floor, Nolan stepping out first as he was fishing out the keycard from his pocket with Grace following behind her. When the door opened, the first thing she noticed was the view. Chicago stretched out beyond the windows, sunlight glinting off the lake in the distance. Calm on the surface, deeper than it looked. It was a breathtaking sight.

And Nolan, the ever gentleman, held the door for Grace, letting her in first, smiling broadly as he was so excited to show what he had arranged for them two. He was proud of his effort. And why wouldn't he be?

"What do you think?"

Grace stepped inside and turned to him with a smile. "I love it," she said. She truly did. Even if she hadn't seen anything but the view, it would be amazing.

But as she stepped into the apartment, under the slightly nervous gaze of Nolan, she knew she'd fallen in love with the place before she'd even finished exploring it. The kitchen was spacious, the appliances state-of-the-art, and there was an enormous, plush couch in the living room. Through one of the doors, she could see the king-sized bed, and she smiled to herself. They were going to have some fun in there later, that was for sure.

"Well?" Nolan asked.

Grace slowly turned in a circle as she ventured into the living room. "This is amazing," she said. Her eyes fell on the patio and the view of the city below them, and she crossed to the French doors that led outside.

Grace kicked off her shoes and walked toward the doors. The city felt far away from Courtington. Far away from work and everything else.

She felt Nolan come up behind her and his arms around her. Grace rested her head back against him, letting the warmth of his chest settle her, feeling almost like a character in a movie, perhaps one of those noir flicks her dad used to love.

Nolan's hand slid down to her wrist, and she felt that faint tenderness again. She didn't comment on it, nor did she have to linger with it as Nolan's hand moved to the waistband of her jeans, pushing down under the fabric. Grace sighed softly as he found her bare ass. No doubt he wanted something.

She knew that if she let him, he'd devour her, and part of her wanted that, but she wanted to wash off the stink of travel first, and then explore some more. And eventually they'd have to find somewhere to eat as well, or at least order something.

"Down, cowboy," Grace teased, putting a finger on his chest and pushing him back.

Instead of abiding by her law, Nolan pulled her into a kiss and dug his tongue into her mouth with a groan. Then he let her go, gave her a light slap on the ass, and turned her toward where the bathroom was, giving her a gentle nudge.

Soon after, Grace stepped into the bathroom. For a moment, her heart dropped; she hadn't packed any towels, but her worries were laid to rest as she noticed two plush, white towels neatly folded on the edge of the sink.

Grace shed her clothes and stepped into the shower, letting the hot water rush over her. The tiles were warm and smooth under her feet. The shower stall itself was huge, the water pressure amazing. It looked to be one of those showers with massage settings too. She could stay in there for hours.

The warmth loosened the last bit of tension in her back. She let it run across her body, down her beautiful features, and it made her wince ever so slightly when it ran over her wrists. An ache that was still dull, but faint. Grace cupped one of her butt cheeks, still feeling some tenderness. She sighed, letting her eyes fall shut, and she stayed that way for several minutes.

When she finally opened her eyes, she heard Nolan shuffling around outside in the apartment, probably unpacking; the wheels on her suitcase being a giveaway. He would probably be ordering food soon. Cabinets opened as Nolan hummed his way around out there, probably pouring drinks. Wine, probably. Grace found herself wondering if it would be from some of Josh's stock, but let that thought trickle away.

After drying off, Grace put on one of the bathrobes hanging on the back of the door. She dried her hair and brushed it, looking into the mirror. Her face was flushed from the heat, and she felt relaxed.

A smile spread across her lips, and Grace thought she might take Nolan to the bedroom, to repay him for the wonderful surprise he had arranged for them. He deserved that much.

As she pulled open the bathroom door, she moved through the living room to those French doors leading outside. A soft breeze came through the glass and settled her damp skin. It was a warm day, even warmer than expected. Grace stood there for a few moments, just breathing. The city spread out before her, dark but glittering in the lights from the buildings, and the sun was low in the sky, casting a pinkish-orange glow over the lake and the surrounding land.

"Still like it?" Nolan asked, handing her a glass of wine as she stepped onto the balcony.

"I love it," Grace said again, taking a sip. It was crisp and rich on her tongue, and she smiled. "This place is amazing."

"I'm glad you like it," Nolan said, setting his own glass on the railing. He drew her into his arms, and Grace put hers around his neck, holding the glass up and away so they wouldn't accidentally spill it.

Nolan kissed her then, and she kissed him back. There was nothing urgent about this kiss. It was sweet, the kind of kiss that could last forever. It was the kind of kiss that spoke of affection, of love, and Grace sank into it, feeling it settle in her bones, feeling herself relax against him. She felt safe with him. Safe, and cared for, and loved.

It was the kind of kiss that said everything they were supposed to say to each other. The kind of kiss that told her exactly what she meant to him.

He was still the man she had always wanted. That had always loved.

"Why don't you let me relieve you of some of that tension?" Nolan muttered. He cupped her ass again and squeezed, groaning as he did. Just hearing his reaction to her body, one that she worked so hard to maintain.

"Someone's eager to please," Grace replied, arching an eyebrow and taking a small step back. "Tell you what, since you've been such a good boy for me; this trip, being Nolan, everything, I have a reward for you."

Grace took another step back.

"Yeah?"

"Something you like..." Grave began, her voice low and sultry. "Something you love... to eat," she almost whispered, her eyes locked to his as she rested her ass against a small coffee table.

Nolan licked his lips, and Grace could see the lust in his eyes. Without further encouragement, he sank down to his knees in front of her, scooting forward as she parted her strong thighs, revealing his prize. His beautiful, pink, deliciously wet prize.

Grace took another sip of her wine and leaned back, letting him get closer to her pussy. "Go on," she encouraged him. "Taste it."

Nolan dove in with a groan, his tongue sliding between her folds. Grace sighed and ran her fingers through his hair, guiding him toward her clit. His hands slid up the backs of her thighs, pushing the robe up and out of the way. She felt his fingers digging into her flesh, squeezing her.

Grace's eyes fell shut, and her head lolled back as Nolan ate her pussy. His tongue was strong, and he lapped at her juices, his stubble scratching her skin in the best of ways. His fingertips pressed into her, and he groaned when she tightened her grip on his hair.

Her orgasm built slowly but surely as she rode his face. Grace knew how to draw it out, to tease herself, to tease him. Nolan was eager to please, and he was so damn good at it. But Grace didn't want to let him off the hook that easily. She wanted him to work for his treat, to make her feel like a goddess, like a queen.

She tried to hold back, to prolong the pleasure. But Nolan was insistent and relentless. His fingers tightened around the soft curve of her ass. Grace's head rolled from side to side, and she moaned, feeling that delicious tingling building inside her.

The tension in her body began to coil, to tighten, and she bit back another moan. "Don't stop," she gasped. She was close. She was so very close.

Nolan doubled down his efforts, working her clit until her thighs started to tremble, and Grace cried out. Her orgasm washed over her and she arched up, pressing harder against his face, his lips on her. His fingers bit into her as she rode her pleasure.

"Oh fuck," Grace groaned as she came down, finally letting go of his head. "Fuck," she breathed again, pushing his forehead back as Nolan tried to continue. He looked up at her with eager, excited eyes. "No, babe," she said, panting, reaching down for her glass of wine. She needed a second to gather her composure and to bask in her own euphoric bliss.

Nolan sat back, his lips and cheeks glistening with her juices. Grace felt a wave of affection roll over her. "Good boy," she praised him, stroking his cheek, running her finger over his swollen bottom lip. "Such a good boy."

He turned his head, nuzzled at her palm, and Grace smiled, her blue eyes meeting his dark ones.

"Okay," Grace said, her fingers digging into his locks again. "Round two."

"God, Grace," he murmured, but he dove in all the same.

Nolan was as eager to please the second time.

Grace closed her eyes, letting him work. Careful, attentive, the way he always was. For a brief moment, Grace wondered what it would feel like if he were the one to escalate. He'd be there on his knees, eating and worshiping her. But what if he simply decided to pick her up and carry her over to the bed, then throw her down, and have his way with her. Nolan was known to do a version of that, but never anything that would really take the reins from Grace's fingers.

But the thought drifted from Grace's head as she continued riding his face, the warmth of her climax building in her lower stomach, her grip tightening on his head, and she came a second time with that thought lingering at the front of her thoughts.

He didn't disappoint her. Not at all, and her body felt like a warm blanket as her orgasm finished, her hand gently cupping his face, her chest heaving as she took slow breaths.

She stroked his cheek again, smiling as his tongue darted out and licked his bottom lip.

They sat there in silence, Grace's breath slowly coming back to her.

Then the bell rang, making Grace jump slightly and Nolan laughed.

"I ordered food," he said, standing up. "Stay here, I'll get it."

And he left, leaving Grace sitting on the coffee table, her robe barely hiding her modesty. Thank god they were far up. Grace looked out on the city. What a scene... getting eaten out on the balcony overlooking Chicago.

She looked at Nolan as he walked away, and she smiled.

This was gonna be a great little holiday.

*

"No work calls?" Nolan asked.

It was the morning after, a Thursday that felt and acted like a Saturday. It was odd how the whole week shifted just from what you did and how you distributed your time. Grace noticed how easily time could rearrange itself depending on what you decided to do with it.

"Not for a couple of days," Grace said, glancing at her phone before setting it face down on teh small table beside the couch. "Everything is lined up for the weekend. The actual weekend."

Nolan grinned. "Then you're officially off duty. Finally I get you for myself for a few days."

Grace chuckled and leaned back into the cushions. She liked things organized. Work had its place. Time with Nolan had its place. When she gave her attention to something, she preferred to give it fully. No half measures.

"What, do you want an appointment?" Grace chuckled, earning one from Nolan as well.

"So. What do you want to do first?" Nolan asked.

Grace smiled. The question felt oddly refreshing. Not that she would expect anything different from Nolan.

"Well," she said slowly, glancing toward the windows where the morning was creeping in, almost similarly to how it did yesterday at their home in Courtington. Grace always loved mornings. "There's the hot tub. The pool. And you mentioned massages and a spa, didn't you?"

Nolan nodded eagerly. "Josh said the place downstairs has one of the best spas in the city.

Grace hummed thoughtfully. That sounded like pure luxury.

"But I also feel like we shouldn't just stay inside the whole time," she added. "Chicago's too good for that."

Nolan leaned forward, resting his elbows on his knees. "So what's the plan, boss?" he asked.

Grace tilted her head slightly, considering.

"I don't know yet," she said. "That's the nice thing about this." She gestured vaguely around the apartment. "A couple of days where everything else just… takes a break. We're on holiday."

Nolan's face broke into a warm smile. "That means that you deserve it," he said. "We should do this more often."

Grace chuckled.

"Don't tempt me. I'll start putting it on the calendar."

"You already run half your life like a calendar," Nolan teased.

"That's because I don't know how to half-do things," Grace replied with a grin, earning a knowing nod from Nolan. "If I focus on something, that's what I do. I focus on it completely."

"Yeah," he said. "You definitely do."

Grace stretched her arms over her head and stood, wandering toward the kitchen with her plate from breakfast. It had been a slight worry if they had to run out and shop for breakfast, but like with the towels, there was food in the freezer and the fridge. The penthouse was probably used frequently.

"But yes, that's why breaks matter," she added over her shoulder. "A couple of days away… then you go back and handle everything again. You return to routine."

Nolan watched her move around the kitchen, stealing a glance toward her flawless curves, remembering how she had appreciated him thoroughly in bed after dinner last night, a smirk lingering on his face at the memory.

"You're weirdly philosophical this morning," he mused as Grace poured herself another cup of coffee.

Grace shrugged. "Maybe Chicago does that to people."

"Or maybe you're just finally relaxing."

"Maybe that too," Grace agreed.

She took a sip of her coffee and walked toward the windows, still mesmerized by the view, looking out at the city. Maybe Nolan wasn't so wrong in wanting to live here. Though, this was a holiday. Grace knew it was a nice place to remove yourself from everything, but living out of such luxury would lessen the value of it.

Grace rested her shoulder against the glass.

"I like knowing we can step away from everything for a bit," she said quietly, voicing her thoughts rather than just keeping them for herself.

Nolan joined her.

"And then step back into it. We rarely take breaks."

Nolan slipped an arm around her waist, affectionately, protective.

"Well," he said, giving her a quick kiss to her temple. "Today we're taking a break, stepping away."

Grace smiled, looking at a bird passing the window.

"So," Nolan continued. "Spa first? Or do you want to go explore the city?"

Grace turned to look at him, her eyes bright with the kind of excitement she hadn't felt in days. Maybe longer even. A very different one from the kind of excitement.

"Let's explore first."

Grace nudged Nolan to move, earning a pat on her butt, and went to get changed. She hadn't packed anything fancy, but all of it was flattering. And for once, as weird as that was, it was all for Nolan's eyes. Sure, others might look, but none of that mattered.

Grace settled on a simple, but sexy pair of black pants. As she pulled them on, she felt her wrists' tenderness linger. It was almost gone now. She also found a tight red top that she could slide a jacket over. She put her hair up into a ponytail, put on some light makeup, and when she looked into the mirror, Grace smiled. She felt good. She looked good. She could tell Nolan liked what he saw as she walked out of the bedroom, grabbing her bag.

"What do you think?" she asked, twirling around for him.

Nolan let out a low whistle. "I think I'm in trouble."

Grace laughed and grabbed his hand, dragging him toward the elevator. "Let's go!"

The streets were bustling with people, and it was busy. There was no real direction to their walking, and Grace enjoyed the chaos of it all. They walked past shops, restaurants, museums, and she even caught a glimpse of the river they had seen from the penthouse. The day was warm, the sun shining, and the air felt fresh. Grace realized how much she needed this, especially after the week she had.

She also noticed that the city could use some of her horticulture skills. So much potential. Except for the Clarence Buckingham Memorial Fountain. It was a massive water fountain that

sprayed water into the sky, making a spectacle of itself. The surroundings were a bit bare, though, in her opinion.

After a bit more wandering, Nolan took her hand and pulled her toward a cafe. Grace didn't protest, and she welcomed the initiative from her man. And she could definitely eat. The walking and the light breakfast had her stomach rumbling already. Or perhaps her and Nolan's night had burned enough calories.

As it was barely afternoon on a regular Thursday, they got seated easily, and took their time enjoying each other's company and the food. Grace even ordered Nolan a beer. She knew he wanted one, but she didn't dare, knowing her dislike of him drinking too much. Even yesterday he had been very careful about the wine. But one beer couldn't hurt.

*

After a stroll along the river, it was off to the spa. It was coincidentally located right below the penthouse, though knowing Josh, there were no coincidences when he got something. But it was convenient and nice for Grace and Nolan not having to go far to get there.

Stepping inside, Grace felt herself slow down. It was quite the change of atmosphere as well. From the busy city energy, to calm, quiet lighting, eucalyptus and lavender in the air. The place looked like a tropical retreat, with a lot of greenery everywhere. Grace was impressed.

Nolan went and booked them a couple's spa and massage. Again, it being a Thursday afternoon, they were able to get a spot right away, with minimal waiting.

Grace went into her locker, Nolan his. As she changed into a robe and slippers provided by the establishment, she once again saw her wrists, but gave them no reaction.

Grace joined Nolan at a table out in the waiting room, where they were served tea and face masks while the massage room was getting prepped.

"See? A total break from what's at home," Nolan said.

"Only for a couple of days," Grace responded, but let herself relax. She could certainly live like this. Go all in for a while, then step away for a bit.

When they were finally at the massage tables, Grace lay down, feeling the smooth, warm massage table beneath her. The scents of lavender and eucalyptus filled her senses, and she felt herself drifting off. It was the kind of place you didn't want to leave. She heard the door open and close, and a moment later, she felt a warm, firm hand on her back.

As she felt the massage therapist dig into her muscles, Grace sighed, letting her eyes fall shut. The sensation was heavenly, and she found herself wishing she could just stay there forever. She was aware of how her body relaxed into the table, the tension seeping out of her as the massage therapist worked her over. Muscles loosened, her breath slowed, her body truly unwinding.

Especially when the therapist pressed into her lower back, pressed into her hips, she realized how tight and sore she had been there.

When the therapist pressed deeper into her hips, Grace inhaled sharply. For a second, the pressure reminded her of something else, a different kind of intent, control. The thought drifted away as quickly as it came.

Grace realized how her body had been carrying strain in a way she hadn't truly understood. She responded to the therapist's careful touches and when the touches were more forceful.

Next to her, she heard Nolan groan. She wondered if he had ever had a professional massage before. Probably not. Nolan never did that much for himself, and Grace made a mental note to change that.

Opening her eyes, she saw how relaxed he looked, which honestly made Grace smile a little.

The next part of the spa trip was spent lounging in the sauna. The sauna was warm and inviting, the heat soothing their tired bodies. Grace sat on a wooden bench, her head resting on Nolan's shoulder, the air thick and steamy around them. It was nice. The whole spa thing was nice, but Grace didn't want to make it a habit.

"Better?" Nolan asked as they both lay on lounge chairs, recovering from the heat.

"Much." She could almost hear the cute, proud smile on Nolan. "Maybe I should do this once a month."

"We'll schedule it," Nolan chuckled.

Some time later, they were off to the hot tub where they got their nails done, and a scalp massage that was so serene and relaxing it should probably be illegal, soaking up the luxury that came with being wealthy enough to afford this. Nolan had gotten the hang of it, too. He ordered Grace some more tea, and they relaxed together, letting the therapists work out any remaining kinks in their bodies.

The therapists then told them to that the session was over, but to relax and take their time, and that refreshments were available while they enjoyed the facilities at their own leisure.

Grace felt loose-limbed and relaxed, resting on Nolan as they remained in the hot tub for a bit longer. The spa experience had been nothing short of amazing, and she was glad to have been given this luxury.

"You seem... different," Nolan said.

"How so?"

"Not so... stressed. Like you've let go of something," Nolan said.

"Perhaps I have. Or maybe I've learned a few things. Or both," Grace mused, eyes resting on a beam without really looking at it. "But yeah. I needed this."

"I'm glad I got you a bit for myself," Nolan said, not needing to elaborate further than that.

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The sun was already dipping behind the skyline as they emerged from the spa. Chicago had softened, the rush of afternoon settling into evening lights, and quiet conversation drifted from restaurants and bars nearby.

Grace slipped her hand into Nolan's hand as they walked, on the prowl for a place to eat. After exploring all day, they were hungry, and wanted something delicious to end the evening. They found a small Italian restaurant. It was narrow and smelled of garlic and red wine. The interior was dark and warm, with candles on the dark wood tables.

A waiter guided them toward a table near the window. Outside, Chicago moved in soft waves of headlights and people going about their business.

Grace slid her jacket off and draped it over her chair, Nolan holding it out for her. He watched her with that quiet, appreciative look he had never quite managed to hide.

"What?" she asked, smiling as she reached for the menu.

Nolan took his seat as he shook his head slightly. "Nothing."

That only made her smile wider. "No. Tell me."

He leaned back in his chair, opening and folding the menu without even looking at it.

"I was just thinking," he said, "that I got pretty lucky."

Grace raised an eyebrow. Nolan was never hard-pressed about compliments, but she liked to indulge in a bit of cat and mouse.

"Lucky?"

"Yeah," he said simply. "You."

Grace scoffed softly, though the warmth in her chest betrayed her. Even after all the admiration and downright worship Nolan gave her, she loved it when he was so truthful about the simplest compliments. She picked up the wine list and scanned it, with no clue what to look for.

"You say that like I just wandered into your life one day."

"Well, you did," Nolan chuckled, fond of the memory. "College greenhouse, remember?"

Grace laughed.

"Oh god. You were trying to keep that cactus alive."

"I *was* keeping it alive," Nolan said, feigning indignance.

"Until you didn't," Grace said. "You drowned it."

Nolan shrugged. "It was thirsty."

"God knows why you were even in that greenhouse to begin with..."

Grace shook her head, still smiling.

Nolan ordered them a red wine, which the waiter returned with moments later, along with two glasses. He poured a small glass for Grace to taste the wine, and when she approved, they got a curt smile and a nod. Grace took another sip, letting the warmth spread across her chest, refilling the heat from Nolan's compliments.

For a moment, they simply sat there, the candlelight soft between them.

Grace watched the street outside.

"Funny thing about routines," she said after a moment, swirling the wine absentmindedly in her glass.

Nolan looked up.

"What about them?"

"You think they're fixed," she said. "Then suddenly they aren't."

Nolan smiled faintly. "That's life."

Grace tilted her head slightly, moving her gaze from the street to him, studying him.

"You're very philosophical tonight," she teased.

"I'm sitting across from you in Chicago, drinking good wine after a wonderful day," he said. "Hard not to be."

Grace laughed again, widening Nolan's smile as a result.

Their food arrived not long after. Pasta, bread, and something rich with garlic and butter. The smell alone made Grace realize how hungry she actually was. It had been a long day with lots of excitement and experiences after all.

For a few minutes, they ate in comfortable silence. Music and chatter surrounding them, good food filling them.

Then Nolan reached across the table and brushed his fingers lightly over the inside of her wrist. The tenderness there had almost faded entirely now, but she still felt it faintly.

But it got no reaction from Grace any longer.

Instead, she leaned forward slightly.

"You know," she said quietly. "You've been very well-behaved this trip."

Nolan looked up, no doubt liking the sound of what she said.

"Is that a problem?" he asked, though one could almost say it was rhetorical.

"Not a problem," Grace said, sipping her wine slowly. Her eyes lingered on him over the rim of the glass. "Just something I noticed."

Nolan narrowed his eyes slightly. "I feel like I'm being set up."

Nolan was taking the bait, and Grace smiled slowly. She could swear she saw a shiver go through her man.

"Maybe."

He leaned forward a little. "What does *well-behaved* get me?"

Grace didn't answer right away. Instead, she reached across the table and took a piece of bread from his plate. Their fingers brushed. His so incredibly warm, her deliberate and strong.

She held his gaze once again.

"That depends," she said softly.

"On what?"

Grace tilted her head again while she considered him. Nolan had a half-crooked smile on his face, sensing something he couldn't put his finger on.

Then she leaned forward, like he had, and dropped her voice low and seductive.

"How the rest of the night goes."

Nolan blinked once.

Then he laughed quietly. "My, you're dangerous tonight."

Grace smiled. "Am I?"

For a moment, they simply looked at each other. Nolan looked at her like she had become a familiar, yet unsolved puzzle, intrigued and full of adoration. Grace looked at him... like one looks at meat.

Then she leaned back in her chair again.

"You know what's strange?" she said.

"What?" Nolan asked, surprised by the change of topic.

Grace glanced down at her wine glass. "I feel like I've been... different versions of myself lately."

Nolan frowned, a bit unlike before. More studying. He was gauging her, wondering if he was on the same page as her.

"In what way?"

Grace simply shrugged.

"I don't know," she said. "Work version. Holiday version. Normal life version."

She took another sip of wine, making a mental note to perhaps slow down.

"It's like life rearranges itself depending on where you are."

Nolan studied for a moment. Then he smiled, grounded in what he knew to be true.

"I just like seeing you happy." Grace looked up at him. "However that happens," he added.

For a moment, she didn't answer. He was saying more than he was letting on to, and so was she.

Then she smiled softly, reached across the table again, this time stealing his hand for a tender squeeze.

"You make me very happy, Nolan Bickle," she said, her tone once again soft and sensual.

Biting her lip, she slid her foot slowly along Nolan's calf beneath the table, and she had to stifle a giggle at his reaction.

"I'm glad," he said, his voice hitching as her foot reached his knee. But not higher.

"Good boy," she whispered.

The waiter arrived again, interrupting their moment. Grace let go of Nolan's hand and sat back in her chair again, but kept her foot on his knee.

"Is there anything else I can get for you?" the waiter asked as he collected their empty plates.

Nolan got the bill, and not too long after, they were out and about again, the couple meandering down the street, Grace with her arm through Nolan's. The air had cooled slightly, and the city lights now reflected in the river as they walked. For a moment, the two just enjoyed the quiet.

They didn't say much, but each was giggling slightly, playfully nudging each other as they drifted down the sidewalk, both with a buzz going on. Grace even more so, bumping into Grace with her hips, teasing him and letting her fingers run along his arm as they walked.

When Nolan leaned against a railing, Grace picked up her phone to take a picture.

Nate.

'You disappeared?'

She stared at it for a second. Then, without responding, Grace locked it and slid her phone back into her purse, rolling her eyes.

The two walked on for a bit, the message lingering in her mind longer than she wanted it to. Grace glanced at Nolan beside her. The steady way he walked, the warmth of him as he pulled her closer when they crossed the street, the easy confidence in his voice and in his general being.

Different. But good.

"So… what do you wanna do next?" she asked as they reached a quieter street.

Nolan pulled her into an alley, the noise and people fading away as he pushed her up against a wall, and kissed her. It was hungry, his hands on her ass, her own going around his neck, pressing him into her.

Grace could hear her phone vibrate, but didn't even consider checking it this time.

"Let me take you back to the penthouse," he muttered.

Grace raised an eyebrow.

"That eager?" Grace asked. "Careful that, you might think you're in charge tonight."

"To taste you again?" Nolan asked. "Always."

He kissed her again, and she kissed him back. He tasted of red wine and garlic, but she didn't mind it, especially when he dug his fingers into her ass, grinding against her. It wasn't overwhelming, but it was hungry, passionate, and desperate. She loved it. She loved him.

Then he pulled away, looking at her. His eyes were dark and full of desire.

"Take me home," she said quietly.

Nolan took her hand, and they made their way back toward the penthouse. They stayed close, their hands brushing.

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The elevator seemed like it took forever to rise to the penthouse. When the doors slid open, Grace pushed Nolan out, laughing as they stumbled inside. He grinned and kissed her again, pushing her toward the bedroom. They bumped into a table and knocked over a vase of flowers, but neither cared. They were too wrapped up in each other.

"I love you," Grace murmured, reaching behind her and fumbling with the doorknob. She failed. Whatever, Nolan pressed her up against the door instead, kissing her neck as he groped her breasts.

"I love you too," he muttered. "Are the jeans expensive?"

Grace turned them around, and pushed him against the wall instead. "You're not ripping them off," she laughed. "I'm not going to walk around without pants in Chicago."

Nolan frowned for a second, then laughed as well. "Fine. Let me get us inside."

He opened the door and Grace pushed him through, kissing him again as she kicked the door closed. Her hand dropped to his belt and she started working on his belt. Nolan kicked off his shoes and tried to pull off her top. Grace laughed as she tried to wrangle off his clothes.

"You're so eager," she teased, finally getting his belt off and unbuttoning his pants. She shoved them down and sank to her knees in front of him, taking his cock in her hand. She looked up at him with a smile. "I like that."

Nolan grinned down at her. "I'll be whoever you want me to be."

Grace smiled. That was what she had wanted to hear all night. Not that she'd tell him that.

"Good boy," she said instead, and leaned forward. She wrapped her lips around the tip of his cock, sliding her tongue along the underside of his shaft. He groaned, his hips twitching forward, trying to push deeper into her mouth.

She knew how much Nolan loved her blow jobs, it being a gift from a woman with no immediate reciprocation. And as he stood there, naked from the waist down, Grace could feel his cock growing harder in her mouth. She took him deeper, her tongue swirling around the head of his cock, her hands sliding up his thighs.

He groaned, his fingers digging into her hair, trying to guide her. She let him for a moment, letting him believe he had control over her. Then she pulled off with a pop and looked up at him again.

"Do you want me to keep going?" she asked, her voice low and seductive.

Nolan nodded eagerly. "Please."

Grace smiled. "Well... since you asked so nicely..."

She took him back into her mouth, bobbing her head up and down, her tongue tracing the length of his shaft. She worked his cock, listening to him moan and groan, his breath coming quicker. She could feel his body tensing up, the anticipation and desire building.

"God, I love watching you do that," Nolan muttered.

She sucked hard, hollowing her cheeks and using her hands to stroke his base. A low moan escaped her throat as she enjoyed the weight on her tongue and the sounds coming from him. Him, she could take all the way, and did. She took him deep, until she could feel the head of his cock sliding into her throat, until she couldn't go any further.

"Jesus, babe," Nolan said, and tightened his grip on her head, holding her still. For a moment, she didn't resist, but then she pulled off and gave him a pointed look.

"Be patient," she said, and continued stroking him, teasing him as he stood there panting, wanting her to return her mouth to his cock, and she could see it in his face.

Instead, she ran his cock all over her face, feeling so dirty with that big, wet hog painting her cheeks and chin. He groaned, and she felt his hips twitch, his cock throbbing in her hand.

"Grace..."

She smiled and took him into her mouth again, her tongue swirling around the tip of his cock. She tasted precum leaking from the tip of his cock, and she swallowed it down, savoring the taste of him.

She knew how close he was. She knew that she could push him over the edge right then if she kept up at it. She wanted him to cum. But it wasn't time for that yet.

So she slowed her pace. Instead, she trailed her lips up his length, and kissed his stomach, then settled back down to run the tip from across her lips, up her nose, smearing out toward her cheek. Her breath grew heavier as she did so, as that was something that never failed to turn her on.

"Such a nasty girl," Nolan said, looking down on her, his eyes dark.

"Maybe," Grace giggled. "But you seem to love it."

"I do," he agreed.

Then he grabbed her and lifted her up and against the bedroom door, making Grace yelp, caught off-guard for just a moment before she smiled into another kiss.

He reached for her shirt and lifted it over her head, her bra coming off next. She took care of her jeans herself, as they were indeed not on the cheaper side. His hands slid down her body and grabbed her ass again, lifting her and wrapping her legs around his waist.

He was so hard and ready for her. Grace couldn't resist him anymore, and he slid inside her, stretching her with that wonderful length, the friction and pressure driving her to moan against him. His lips found hers, and they kissed desperately as he began to fuck her, holding her up against the door. Grace rolled her hips, riding him, his cock rubbing her in all the right ways. Her clit, rubbing against him, was aching, ready to give in, but Grace wanted it to last a little bit longer.

Nolan's fingers dug into her skin, pulling her closer, trying to drive his cock even deeper into her pussy. She bit into his neck, muffling the moans coming from her.

"You're such a good boy," she whispered against his skin.

Nolan thrust his cock deep inside her, hitting that sweet spot inside her pussy again and again. The familiar tension of pleasure was building, like that delicious ache. The pent-up desire from the trip so far was finally boiling over. Grace felt her whole body tighten, felt like her skin was tingling with the heat of his body against her.

"Nolan..." she moaned, tightening her legs around his waist. "Harder..."

"Fuck," Nolan groaned, but he did as she told him.

He pounded her, fucking her hard against the door, their bodies thudding against it. She couldn't stop herself from crying out, from writhing against him, feeling the pressure of her impending climax growing. It was right there. Just there.

Right… fucking… there.

"I'm…" Grace moaned, the last shred of control leaving her as the wave of pleasure began to wash over her.

"Cum," Nolan groaned, thrusting hard and deep inside her.

Grace arched up against him and came, her body shuddering and trembling as the pleasure crashed through her. She held onto him, digging her fingers into his back as he fucked her, chasing his own orgasm. Her breath was coming in quick pants, her whole body trembling and shaking as she came. She clenched around him, milking him for the load she wanted to receive so bad. It would be so perfect to feel her man release himself inside her, for him to feel like such a stud as he filled her up with his cum.

"Give it to me," she moaned, her voice strained. "Give me your cum, baby. I want it so fucking bad."

"Fuck!" Nolan groaned, burying his face in her shoulder. He thrust hard and deep, his cock throbbing as he emptied himself inside her.

They stood there for a moment, panting and gasping, their bodies pressed together. The cool wood of the door felt good against her skin, and Grace shivered, a smile spreading across her face.

"Oh my god," she breathed, her chest heaving.

Nolan chuckled softly and kissed her neck. "That was incredible."

Grace giggled, the sound escaping her involuntarily.

"Yeah, it was," she said, and leaned her head back against the door, closing her eyes.

She felt her body go limp, the afterglow washing over her. Nolan was still holding her up, his strong arms keeping her secure and safe. It was perfect. Everything about the trip was perfect.

"You're such a good boy," Grace repeated. He hadn't reacted negatively to it earlier.

Nolan smiled, and gently let her down, his cock slipping out of her, making her gasp.

"Damn, cowboy. You didn't hold back," Grace chuckled. "My legs are wobbly."

"Glad I can give you what you want," Nolan responded.

Grace smiled.

But somewhere in the back of her mind, she wondered if that was entirely true.

*

There are many advantages to working on a Saturday. Less traffic was one reason. If you loved your work, as Grace did, then it didn't feel quite as much like work, which was another reason. Third... well, it was late summer, almost autumn, so the leaves and fiery colors of fall were just starting to emerge, making the world look more vibrant and alive.

Grace took her thermos into her tractor, ready to tackle the morning's work. The forecast had been calling for rain all week, and she had some bushes and shrubs that needed moving, and it could get quite muddy where they were going, so she'd best get her ass in motion. The soil was still warm, and the day was still young.

Chicago felt distant, even though they had returned home just yesterday. Even with the penthouse feeling like an actual home for those days, it still was in a different world than her own life here. A holiday home. It had been nice though. A real break from it all, including work. She would always appreciate and love Nolan's ability to know her needs and take care of them so selflessly.

And now Grace was happy to get back to what she enjoyed.

The tractor rumbled to life, and Grace got to work. She drove around the large grass and flower bed, her eyes taking in what needed to be done. The grass was getting too tall, and she needed to start mowing soon. Even if it was late in the season, the small field of grass was eager to grow.

As Grace drove, she didn't fail to notice that her phone buzzed.

Grace sighed heavily, knowing who it was. Nate had an insistent habit of lingering in her thoughts and in her day-to-day that thoroughly annoyed her. She had realized that even though she was away with Nolan, Nate had presence. Not always so explicit as one might expect from a

man like him, but still. Sometimes, an involuntary comparison, sometimes a thought that lingered, other times it was even more physical. How often didn't she notice this or that with her wrist? From just looking to a mild visual mark.

And then there were the text messages... He wasn't even nagging at her or anything... yet, and yet Grace felt like she was constantly dodging something.

Grace's knuckles whitened. Control over her life was her virtue, it was her price even, and she'd be damned if this fucking asshole wasn't going to loom over her like this. She wasn't going to let him do that. Whatever had happened earlier this week, that was it. It stopped there. It had to. This was the edge, and she was choosing to walk away from it.

Grace stopped her tractor, but before going out to get to work, she looked toward her phone. The first glance was just that, a glance. Her double-take became a lingering look. She hesitated. It wasn't a gun that had just shot someone; it was just her own phone.

Her notification wasn't even from Nate, but his message from Thursday was still there, unread.

'You disappeared?'

Another sigh, though not as heavy and dramatic. Conclusive. Grace knew what she had to do. This was a journey to explore, not to grow... attached. Though that was a word Grace wasn't comfortable with. One thing was for sure, Nate wasn't supposed to impact her like this. Her and her relationship with Nolan. If Nate trickled into her time with the one she loved.

'We need to talk,' she wrote. No. That would give him the option of deciding when and where. Nope, this was Grace's time. *'After work. I'll stop by.'*

Grace tossed her phone aside and smiled for herself. It felt decisive. At least, it was supposed to. This was going to be the last time.

When Grace heaved herself out of the tractor, she no longer felt irritated. Nor was she as relieved as she thought she was. Picking up the shovel, she took a deep breath. Fresh air, good sun, and work ahead of her. She got started on the bush she wanted to move.

But her mind wandered.

Grace wasn't used to feeling conflicted. Usually, she had a plan, a schedule, and that's what she followed. Sure, plans changed, but they always did so within the framework of a purpose. This was different.

She thought back to when she had gotten home yesterday.

Her and Nolan had been a bit tipsy, but not drunk. And they had fucked again, Nolan taking her from behind. She remembered how he had dug his fingers into her ass, pulling her into him. He had felt so good inside her, and even as she stood there with her shovel in hand, she doubled down on her conclusion that Nolan was the man she hoped to start a family with, the man she wanted to marry. Some people saw an ambitious, try-hard, Grace saw the caring, devoted man he was. He was hers first, and his own second, and that kind of love wasn't easy to find.

She worked for another few hours, moving bushes and shrubs, pruning back the old growth, and planting new seeds. She was trying to concentrate, and she worked diligently, yes, but only per routine. Nothing was as focused as she'd like. And she knew why.

With the hedge moved, Grace was covered in soil, sweat, and grass. It was good. Her muscles were warm and loose, and she had worked up a good sweat. She climbed back into her tractor, ready to drive back up toward the shed, when she paused.

She reached for her phone.

No new messages.

She wasn't surprised, but she also didn't know what she was expecting. For some reason, that irritated her. In high school, one would ignore one's messages to play hard-to-get, but that mere notion made Grace snort.

The day went from bright and crisp to more yellow and overcast as Grace drove her tractor back to the shed, parking it neatly and properly. She put away all her tools and supplies, tidied up, rinsed off in her faucet, then took her truck back home.

Driving home, Grace felt determined.

But as determined as she felt, she felt herself throwing glances at her phone every now and then. She didn't like it, but she also couldn't help herself. And it only confirmed her decision.

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It wasn't long until she found herself walking down the hallway toward Nate's apartment. It was convenient that he lived next door to Nolan and her, in that regard. Almost too convenient.
As Grace approached, she found herself wondering for a mere moment if she should knock. Nah. Nate had given her a key; she might as well use it, even if she might end up having to give it back after tonight.

She unlocked the door and walked inside, shutting it behind her. The apartment was dark, but she could hear the TV coming from the living room, so she headed in that direction. She found Nate lounging on the couch, watching some game show on TV, his feet propped up on the coffee table.

"Hey," she said, tossing the keys on the kitchen counter with more normalcy than she'd like, and it almost made her physically cringe. Nate was trickling into her life more than she'd like. Her time with Nolan, her time at work. "We need to talk."

Nate held up his hands as if on gunpoint. As if Tuesday hadn't happened. As if it didn't linger with her for days afterwards. As if he hadn't crossed a line she hadn't fully decided how to name yet.

"Uh-oh!" Nate chuckled, moving his gaze from the TV to her.

When he saw her face, he let his hands fall, his face drooped a bit, and Grace made to approach. She opted for the recliner, wanting a bit of separation between her and Nate. She settled down in it, resting her arms on the sides.

"Listen," she said, leaning forward slightly instead, steadying her voice. "We need to reset some things."

"Yeah," Nate said.

Grace blinked. His admittance or lack of follow-up threw her a bit off. Not much, but enough to annoy her.

"You don't get to just--," Grace started, stopping herself as she realized she was getting flustered. "You can't just do something like that to someone. I mean, tie me to a bed for hours? Then come back and... do what you did? We're just lucky the lack of lube didn't do any damage. And how do you think Nolan would react if he learned exactly how it went down? I never consented to any of that."

Nate nodded along, looking at her with a studying look. What the fuck did he have to study? He was clearly in the wrong.

"You're here," Nate said, a small, subtle gesture toward the room with his hands.

"Tuesday," Grace began.

"I went too far," Nate said.

Grace looked at him. She had come here with a clear plan, but now, she found herself faltering. "Why did you?" she asked, her voice not so steady anymore.

"I wanted to push your boundaries," Nate said, shrugging, his hands spreading on the couch cushions.

Grace shifted in the recliner at the memory he was deliberately pulling up—the way he'd woken her up last weekend, already inside her, the shock melting into something else entirely. That had been different. That had been... something she could process.

"And before that," Nate continued, his voice lower now, "there have been plenty of times you liked it when I took away that control you're always holding so tight." He paused. "But I'll be the first to admit when I'm wrong. And I was."

Grace watched him. He was so self-assured, even when admitting fault.

"I took it too far," Nate said. He looked at her then, his dark eyes catching the blue light from the TV. "Maybe in another world I'd do one of those things. Not all three together. But I did." He let that hang there. A confession without apology.

Then he gestured vaguely with one hand, a sweep that encompassed the room, her, himself. "Despite all that... well, you're here."

Grace shifted in the recliner, her annoyance flaring like a match in the darkness. She'd come here to set boundaries, to put this whole experiment back in its box. But before she could recalibrate her thoughts, Nate spoke, his voice cutting through the tense silence between them.
"What did you feel?" Nate asked, his voice even. There was no smirk on his face, no hint of judgment, only that unnerving calm. He wasn't challenging her or trying to demean her. He was just asking, genuinely interested in what went through her mind. That was somehow more irritating than if he'd been gloating.

"You're angry with me," he continued, his eyes holding hers. It was intense as ever, but in another way than before. "But I want to know what you felt. When I woke you up. When I came back."

Grace shifted in the recliner, the fabric scraping against her jeans. She hated how he could do this. Strip everything down to these raw, uncomfortable truths without even raising his voice.
"I want to know what you felt when you couldn't get away," Nate said softly. "And why you came back, if you hated it so much."

"That's not the point," Grace shot back, trying to maintain the venom.

"Then what is?"

"You can't just decide something like that for me," she said. "Tuesday was way too far." She was repeating herself now.

"Yeah," Nate said.

The tables had turned, and now Grace found herself studying Nate. She'd come ready to lay down the law, to deliver a piece of her mind—only he'd met her with an ease that left her feeling exposed. There was no argument, no pushback—a confession without apology. He wasn't disagreeing with her, not really. He was letting her have her point, but something about the way he did it made her wonder if he was actually giving her anything at all.

Nate leaned back in the couch with a heavy sigh, picking up the remote to turn the TV off.

"Listen, Grace. We don't have to do anything tonight," Nate said, his voice softer now. "The date. We can just drop it."

Grace's eyes widened. Not in surprise of him pulling back, not the fact of it at least, no, but rather that he was the one who did it before she had the chance to do it. The moment caught her off-guard, and she blinked a few times.

She slumped back in her chair, folding her arms across her chest. "Yeah..." she muttered, feeling a bit silly suddenly. Like a school girl being denied... what had she even come her for? A fight? Grace hated that he could make her feel like this, but on the other hand, this was exactly why she was drawn to him.

Grace let out another annoyed sigh. Then she closed her eyes and collected herself.

"Good," she said. "That's what I wanted." But it was hollow. It didn't feel like it should have.

Nate stood with a heavy sigh, a far cry from her own. Just the struggle of being in your late forties and getting out of your seat after having been sitting still for too long. He calmly lumbered over to the windowsill, nipped some small moss from some of the plants Grace had helped him plant.

"I'm a bit behind on that pilot thing anyway," he said. "I still need a model." Then he looked over at her with a small, mischievous smirk, before returning to his little task, carefully using his finger and thumb to move moss from the soil to a small tray next to his plants. "Didn't get around to it yet."

Grace shifted in her chair again, looking toward the door, her hands that she didn't realize had clenched loosened slightly.

Nate had mentioned that photoshoot before, back when he was still trying to convince her to model for him. He'd played it off as a joke then, something casual she might do if she was feeling adventurous. Now it was back, sitting between them like a challenge. Nate was still suspended, trying to figure out how he'd land on his feet when he got back to his job—something about soaps he kept mentioning vaguely. He'd even gone to a meeting about it last Tuesday, when... Well, apparently, that had gone well enough for him to keep pushing the idea.

"You're shooting tonight?" Grace asked, picking up her phone.

"Yeah, I booked a studio just down the road, but like I said, I never got around to actually doing anything," Nate explained, picking up the tray of moss, walking over to the balcony to throw it off the edge toward the forest.

It was just a shoot. This wasn't the same thing. Leaving now would feel... abrupt.

Nate returned. Grace still held her phone, but quickly put it down on the armrest.

"What kind of setup have you got?" Grace asked.

"I'm keeping a tight budget, so nothing huge. A guy who owns a small studio owes me a favor. Just enough to get the idea across efficiently enough," Nate explained, returning the tray to its place in the windowsill, waving his free hand briefly as he talked.

Grace slowly stood from her chair, stretching out, feeling the work of the day aching.

"A simple set-up then," she said. "I'm just going to stop by Nolan real quick."

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Nolan looked up as Grace stepped in, reading something on his phone.

"Back already?" Nolan asked, but her urgency must have shown on her face because he stood up. "What's wrong?" he asked..

She smiled softly, coyly even. "Nothing's wrong. I just..." She trailed off, unsure how to say it. "I'm... helping out Nate with something."

Nolan stopped in his tracks, his head tilting slightly as he studied her. The phone slipped from his grasp, forgotten on the couch cushion. He didn't speak at first, but his eyes gave away everything—fear, curiosity, something else she couldn't quite name.

"With Nate?" he finally asked, his voice softer than she expected. He shifted from one foot to the other. "Now?"

Grace looked at him for a moment, then hurried over, kissed his cheek, and said, "Trust me." She took a step back. "I'll be back soon."

And then she was out the door.

*

A few minutes later, she slumped down in the passenger seat in Nate's old Volkswagen, the suspension creaking and complaining. Grace looked down at herself, realizing she hadn't even had a shower or anything. Sweat and dried dirt lingered still.

"I'm not exactly... presentable."

"I like my girls dirty..." Nate said, offering her a glance and a smirk. "Nah, you're good. It won't matter."

Nate was right when he said it wasn't far. They rolled into a small parking lot in front of what looked like an old industrial building, with big garage doors and lots of brick and concrete. When they stepped out of the car, Nate pointed at a smaller door near the corner of the building.

"Just in there."

Grace followed Nate inside, feeling strangely nervous. She'd never been to anything like this before, and she felt a bit awkward. Also, the building was sort of... creepy-looking. Nate didn't seem to mind, though, guiding her through the smaller door, opening it for her and ushering her inside.

It was dimly lit and smelled of dampness and concrete. Nate flipped on a light switch, revealing a narrow hallway that led deeper into the building. They walked down the hall, and Grace was struck by how quiet it was. The only sounds were their footsteps and the soft humming of the overhead lights.

The hallway ended at another door, which Nate opened. As soon as they stepped inside, and Nate turned on the lights, Grace was greeted to a... modest studio. There was a simple backdrop, a couple of lights, and a camera mounted on a tripod. It was very... plain.

"This is it?" Grace asked.

"It's all we need," Nate said with a shrug, making his way over to the camera.

Grace looked at him has he moved to check for an SD card or something. "And... where's the photographer?" Grace asked. The setup looked to her rather... basic. And outside the backdrop, there was a bunch of empty cans of beer, lightbulbs from studio lights. In the corner, there was a row of unused tripods and more lights, giving the whole room a bit of a messy atmosphere. And clearly not a professional-grade setup.

"Like I said, we're on a budget," Nate said casually.

"Right," Grace muttered, moving to look around a bit more.

The set was just a backdrop with some lighting behind it, and there were a couple of folding chairs sitting in front of it. There wasn't much else in the room, and Grace wondered how this was supposed to go. She wasn't a model, or really dressed for the occasion either, but still, Nate had said he wanted to shoot something, so…

Grace took off her jacket and draped it over one of the folding chairs. She stood awkwardly for a moment, unsure what to do next. Nate was still messing with the camera, and the room was eerily quiet.

"So, uh, what exactly are you going to shoot?" Grace asked, feeling a little uncomfortable with the whole situation.

"You," Nate said, looking up at her and smirking.

"Yeah, but like, what's the theme or whatever? What are you trying to get across?" she asked.

"Alright, I want you to start by sitting on the chair and look off into the distance," Nate said, ignoring her question and gesturing toward the chair with the camera.

Grace hesitated. She looked around the room, taking in the bare walls and concrete floor, and then back at Nate. He was standing there with the camera in his hands, looking at her expectantly.

"Are you going to answer my question?" Grace asked, folding her arms across her chest.

"I just need to focus the camera. We'll take a few shots, get going, then take it from there," Nate said with enough confidence that Grace almost thought he knew what he was talking about. He smiled at her, briefly, then looked back at the camera. "It'll be fun. Hold that pose."

Grace sighed. She was here to help him out anyway. And it was just a photoshoot, nothing more. If you could even call it that…

"Fine," she said, and walked over to the folding chair. She sat down and looked off into the distance, just like Nate had asked. She tried to strike a pose that would be interesting and appealing to the camera, but it felt awkward. She didn't know what to do with her hands, so she just settled for resting them in her lap. A newfound respect for models bloomed within her.

Nate took a few photos of her just sitting there. Grace wasn't sure what to do while he went at it, and opted for sitting there, feeling a bit ridiculous.

Nate moved the camera around, taking pictures from different angles. Grace shifted uncomfortably in her seat, unsure what to do with herself. She was acutely aware of the way the fabric of her jeans rubbed against her skin, the way her shirt clung to her back. The way she hadn't showered or even dolled up properly before coming here.

"Alright, now stand up, turn around, and look over your shoulder," Nate said, his voice breaking through her thoughts.

Grace stood up, and turned around, looking over her shoulder at him. She felt self-conscious, but tried to push that feeling away. She wasn't a model, she had nothing to worry about. Still, when

she saw Nate taking pictures of her, she couldn't help but feel like he was judging her. Like he was seeing all of her flaws and imperfections, and was capturing them forever in those photos. It was a strange feeling, one that made her stomach churn and her palms sweaty. And he wasn't even looking at her. Not directly.

"That works. Hold that," Nate said.

"I'll try" Grace asked, feeling dumbfounded while Nate took his pictures. A feeling she never felt. That and so judged was something she wasn't used to. It was a bit intense. Maybe Nate must've felt it, and he was easing her mind. Or maybe he was genuine.

Nate went over to one of the lights, adjusting it a bit. "Alright... let me see something. If you could," Nate looked at the chair, not her. "Just stand behind the chair, with your hands on the back of it. But stand a bit back, as if you're leaning on the chair."

Grace moved into position and smiled for the camera. Nate moved behind the camera again. "Good. Now, drop the smile. Just look at the lens like it's... dirt."

Grace raised an eyebrow and removed her smile. All while she adjusted, Nate took pictures. She felt like she was looking like a stuck-up, arrogant bimbo. God, was that how people looked at her? Grace was always so confident and assertive. Nate had even pointed out that she had that 'look' about her, where she knew she was just better. Was that truly her?

Either way, Grace felt herself try to shift a bit to give Nate a few different looks. He didn't say anything, neither correcting her nor anything else. Grace felt a bit bolder, shifting her weight over to one foot, earning a new barrage of photos being taken, her new pose being held for a few seconds before she changed again.

"Yeah, that works," Nate said, almost as if talking to himself. "Tilt your chin up a bit. Like you're looking down at the camera."

Grace did as she was told, but now had to force herself not to smile.

"Tilt to the side an inch," Nate said.

Grace spent the next minute shifting back and forth, sometimes with a wither stance, sometimes narrower, giving the camera the same look in a few different ways, keeping that serious, monotone, almost lazy gaze that Nate seemed to want. The camera clicked away as she moved, and she tried to focus on that sound instead of feeling too self-conscious. It was just Nate. It was just her helping him. And for now, it wasn't too bad.

"Move to the side of the chair," Nate said.

Grace did. She stood beside it, one hand on the chair, one on her waist, looking lazily at the camera like she had been doing thus far.

But as she did, Nate came up, put his hand on her cheek slightly, and sort of... positioned her just the way he wanted her. Then her hips, arching her a bit.

It wasn't gentle, it wasn't forceful. He simply guided her, and Grace let him. Then he stepped away without another word.

Grace stood there and looked at Nate a bit as he got in position. She had thought she was doing alright, but Nate felt the need to guide her. This meant that what she was doing was being noticed indeed, evaluated, measured, and would be corrected if needed. Even if he hadn't said a word.

"Hold that," Nate mumbled from behind the camera, as natural as ever.

Nate took a few more pictures. Meanwhile, while she had been shifting around more freely before, she was more focused on standing like she had been positioned, especially her hip and chin position. Nate clearly had something in mind for this shoot, and Grace wanted to do her best to help him get what he wanted.

It wasn't usually how she operated, under another man's merit, but then again, she wasn't a model either.

But Nate seemed satisfied with the pose, because he started to move around to get all different angles. Seeing him satisfied made her feel a little better. Their work, Nate's work rather, was working. Grace tried to imagine what it would look like. It certainly felt less ridiculous and more natural now than before.

Grace tried shifting her weight again, like before. Nate didn't correct her, which in turn felt almost gratifying in itself. She opted for a new hand placement, more lazy than before, and that was also not corrected. She was really getting the hang of this, she thought. She even tried to let herself smile a bit, but only on one side, so that it looked the same, almost arrogant tone they had been working with thus far.

Nate paused for a moment, looking up from the camera to look at her, just briefly, and then turned back to the camera.

"Yes, that," he said. "Work with that."

Grace smirked. She had something good going, and that was always satisfying to be aware of. She kept the smirk on her face, letting Nate shoot away. Her body felt good too. She hadn't stretched or anything since the day's work, but she was getting the hang of the poses. Her thighs were a bit sore from the squatting she had done today, and her stomach muscles ached a bit from lifting a bush earlier. But she didn't let it show on her face. Instead, she focused on the feeling of her body, how it was working, how it was moving. It was a strange kind of focus, one she wasn't used to, but she found herself enjoying it.

She had seen plenty of models pose for cameras before, but never considered how hard it actually was. She'd always just assumed it was easy, that you stood there and looked pretty. She had offers before, but this almost made her think she should've considered it more back then.

Grace adjusted again, her legs moving a bit more, trying to find a new position. Nate again took more photos. Now, after his first correction, it felt like they were working together.

"Alright, turn a bit to your side and look sideways at the camera," Nate said, his voice still even and calm.

Grace did as she was told, standing sideways, returning to her lazy gaze. Nate shot away, and as he did, she was slowly turning her body away from Nate, until she stood looking at the camera over her shoulder. She gave the camera a sultry look, her eyes half-lidded, her lips slightly parted. The camera clicked away as Nate took more pictures. Grace shifted her weight again, trying to get into a more comfortable position. A new barrage of pictures. She moved again, a new set of pictures was taken. Standing there with her back to the camera, looking over her shoulder, she held the pose for a beat or two longer than usual.

She smoothly transitioned into another pose, which also earned her a lot of attention. There was no hesitation between poses, between the subtle changes in how she stood and looked at the camera. It was more deliberate and assertive. Probably not far from how she felt in general. And it felt oddly empowering, and it actually was starting to feel fun. She felt a bit of a rush as she posed, the camera clicking away, and Nate taking pictures, boosting her ego.

"A few more. Hold it a bit longer," Nate said, as Grace moved to change positions again.
She gladly held the pose a bit more. She hadn't dressed for any sort of gig like this, but her tight jeans and her loose shirt were working their magic still. Grace did wish she could get a bit of makeup on, though; the studio lights were really warm, and she could feel herself sweating a bit. She wondered if she would be way too shiny and greasy. But Nate didn't seem to mind.

"Like that. Only move your head," Nate said. The instructions were sharper, but Grace didn't mind. It was working, and that was what mattered. As Grace abided by his rule, more pictures were taken. That was why they were here. And it meant that she was doing something right. She was being effective despite it being her first time. Again, it was empowering.

Grace shifted her gaze from one shoulder to the other for one pose, held it for a moment or two, then shifted her weight, moved a hand. They worked like this for a few more shots, and Grace felt herself more and more engaged with the project.

She was now hitting the poses smoothly, Nate shooting, and they had their little rhythm established.

"So this is for that soap thing?" Grace asked, turning more toward the camera and subsequently toward Nate.

"We're getting there. We're testing tone," Nate said, refusing to elaborate, apparently. Grace mentally shrugged.

Her eyes scanned the studio – no soap bars, no bottles, nothing that screamed *'soap advertisement.'* Just concrete walls and harsh lights.

Nate lowered the camera suddenly, breaking their rhythm. When he looked up at her, the intensity in his expression made her shift her weight. It was that look again – he knew exactly what he wanted and was searching for it in her.

Nate set the camera on a chair, made his way over to Grace. Grace was acutely aware that she was being studied. Nate's gaze was like a physical thing, running over her, making her skin prickle. He stopped right in front of her, close enough that she could smell the faint scent of his sweat, the hint of musk and cedar underneath.

He moved his hand down to the hem of her t-shirt and lightly tugged at it, as if inspecting how it creased. It was a simple black concert t-shirt Nolan had given her ages ago.

"Your clothes are too casual," Nate said, and let the fabric go. "You're supposed to look like a professional."

Grace blinked. "What, I'm not professional?" she asked, a slight edge to her voice.

"Not right now, no."

"I'm exactly as I advertised, Mr Ad-Man?" Grace said, putting her hands on her hips, trying not to smile.

Nate allowed a small chuckle. "Tie it up a bit," Nate said, stepping back.

Grace sighed and pulled her t-shirt up and tied the ends in a knot, making the loose fabric more form-fitting. Her belly and belly button were now visible as well, creating a more next-door look, she figured. It was something she often did during the summer when she was out working, but mostly as a practical measure. Sure, it looked good too, and Nolan had more than once feasted as a result; he had a thing for her tummy, it seemed... or her in general. But there was no doubt a sexy undertone to tying her shirt up.

Nate's gaze flicked over her body, then he nodded, seemingly satisfied, even offering a half-smile. The picture-taking commenced.

Grace felt a spark of defiance after Nate called her clothes "too casual." As if anything about her was ever casual. She straightened her shoulders, her chin lifting slightly as she looked at him across the room. The knot in her shirt felt suddenly intentional, not just practical. She worked her body hard - hauling plants, digging in the dirt, maintaining the grounds that others enjoyed. Every muscle had its purpose, every line of her body was earned. If Nate wanted professional, she'd give him professional. If he wanted something more than that... well, that remained to be seen.

She shifted her weight, the worn denim of her jeans suddenly feeling more like armor than work clothes. The concrete floor was cool under her boots as she moved into a new pose, one hip jutted forward slightly. She let her fingers trail along the back of the folding chair, nails tapping

lightly against the metal. When she looked at the camera again, her expression was calculated – a mixture of challenge and invitation. This wasn't just helping out anymore. This was a demonstration. Grace was reminding herself, and anyone who cared to look, exactly what she was capable of when she put her mind to something.

"Like that," Nate said, giving her an even more of a challenge and a confidence boost.

Grace let out a small "Damn right," under her breath, tugging up her shirt a bit on one side, down on the other, as if she was going to rip off or open. It was something she remembered a lot of singers did when they were modeling. Nate's enthusiasm was immediate, shooting along, waving his hand of her to continue.

Grace let her hands explore her midsection, sliding across the exposed skin where she'd tied her shirt. She pushed the fabric up slightly, revealing another inch of her belly, then let it fall back down. Nate's camera responded with a steady rhythm of clicks.

Her teeth found her lower lip, biting down gently as she looked over her shoulder at the camera lens. A slight smile played at the corners of her mouth as she shifted her hips, creating new lines and shadows for Nate to capture. Each adjustment brought another barrage of photos, the sound echoing through the otherwise quiet studio.

"Keep going. There it is," Nate mumbled. "I'm starting to think you're enjoying yourself here."

"I am," Grace admitted, running her hands up the outside of her thighs, hooking her thumbs in her jeans.

"Woah, careful now," Nate chuckled, but without really stopping her.

But Grace moved her hands to other places, feeling herself up more, her eyes locked on the camera, longer than she had before. Her fingers trailed along the hem of her t-shirt, pushing the fabric up slightly, revealing more skin. She tried several looks with her shirt, playing around and

adjusting how it sat. Her hands returned to her jeans, playing a bit with the hem, pretending to pull it at it.

"Not yet. Don't rush it," Nate said, looking up from the camera.

While she'd felt a bit self-conscious perhaps before, she simply adjusted. No jeans. Instead, she went back to her shirt, shifting around a bit, trying different angles. Standing a bit to the side. Leaning against the chair again, one foot on the chair. A sideways glance where she pulled her shirt up to under her bra, carefully not exposing anything more than just that, aware that she was being seen in everything she did. Holding eye contact, holding her holds longer.

And that seemed to be the way. Nate responded like she had come to expect. Shooting and clicking away with his camera. And this time, as she moved her hands to her waist, he didn't seem to stop her from exploring other areas. She moved them down toward her hips, then back up to her stomach, letting her fingers trace over the lines of her muscles. She pushed the fabric up again, revealing a sliver of skin above the waistband of her jeans, her thumbs hooking into the denim once more.

Grace held her pose for a moment, waiting for him to stop her. He didn't.

Then she slid her hands down her hips, cupping the curves over her jeans, her fingertips pressing into the denim. She could feel the warmth of her body through the fabric, the heat of her palms radiating outwards. Slowly, her hands traced up her sides, sliding along the contours of her body, following the subtle swell of her breasts, then up to her shoulders. Her fingertips danced along her collarbones, then back down again, coming to rest at the base of her neck.

She closed her eyes for a moment, focusing on how she moved and looked for the camera. Everything, since the start of the shoot until now, was being judged. Measured. Reframed or held.

'Too casual,' he had said.

Grace opened her eyes and let her hands travel back down her body. This time, she didn't stop at her hips. Instead, she let her fingers slide underneath the waistband of her jeans, pushing them down slightly. She could feel the softness of her skin underneath, the slight curve of her hipbones, the warmth of her own body. Her thumbs hooked into the waistband again, and when Nate didn't correct, she pulled them lower ever so slightly, teasingly revealing the waistband of her panties.

Grace pushed her jeans lower still, the denim stretching tight across her strong, shapely thighs. The waistband of her black lace panties peeked out, stark against her skin. But not too much. The elastic band and an inch, and that was it. She held Nate's gaze through the camera, her confidence growing with every click. The air in the studio felt charged, electric. Sweat beaded on her brow, but she didn't care. Let him see. Let him capture everything.

"Turn around," Nate commanded, his voice firm now. "Slowly."

Grace complied, her movements deliberate and sensual. Slow and seductive. She kept her eyes locked on the lens as she turned, the camera clicking away with each subtle shift of her body. The rough concrete floor felt cool against the soles of her boots as she pivoted. Her jeans slid lower still, hanging precariously on her hips.

"Stop," Nate said when she faced away from him completely. "Look over your shoulder."

Grace did, her hair falling across her face as she turned her head. She peered through the strands, a confident smirk playing at the corners of her mouth. Nate's camera captured the moment in a rapid succession of clicks. The sound was almost hypnotic, driving her to push the boundaries further.

Grace's hands moved to her hips, fingers hooking into the belt loops of her jeans. She tugged downward, the denim sliding another inch down her hips. The lace of her panties was fully visible now, the black fabric stark against her pale skin, and a bit of naked curve appeared.

That's when Grace noticed that the camera wasn't clicking away as it should have. Grace held for one more moment, looking past the camera at Nate. He lowered the camera slightly and actually looked at her. He was taking her in. What? Her pose? Her progression? Her quality of work? Grace once again felt exposed and evaluated. Center stage with the lights on her, but with barely any audience. But the weight of that gaze... that felt like something else.

Keeping eye contact, Grace shifted her stance a bit, but didn't move her jeans further. She tried to adjust her shirt slightly.

Nate set the camera down on the tripod and moved a lever to lock it.

"That's enough," he said. "We've got it."

"We're done?" Grace asked. That was it?

"You hungry?" Nate asked, looking at his watch. "We should get something to eat. We've been working at it for two hours already!"

"Really? Damn," Grace said, awkwardly pulling her clothes back in their places, smoothing her shirt, re-buttoning her jeans. "Time flies, eh?"

*

They didn't say much on the way over.

Grace noticed that first.

Not the silence itself --- that wasn't unusual --- but the way it sat between them now. It wasn't awkward. It wasn't comfortable either. It was just... there. Like something neither of them had decided to touch yet.

She adjusted her shirt again as she stepped out of the car, fingers brushing where the fabric was a bit bunched up from the knot she had tied earlier. It still sat like it had earlier, but now it just felt different.

Nate didn't say anything the few times she tried to smooth it out and fix it. Neither during their brief walk out to the car, nor in the car. But what he didn't say, he did. Grace caught it. The way his eyes flicked over it once before he turned toward the diner door. It wasn't that he hadn't seen her before, but like with the bruises from the cuffs, Nate's were marks lingering on her. And Nate was noticing it too.

Or maybe he just didn't like a slightly wrinkled t-shirt.

Inside, the place was quiet. It was late after all, and late enough so that the rush had passed, early enough so that it hadn't emptied out completely either. A few scattered conversations, the low hum of a fridge behind the counter somewhere.

They slid into a booth across from each other.

Grace pulled her jacket off and placed it on the seat next to her. It just felt... odd to cover up again so soon.

Nate leaned back slightly, one arm resting along the top of the booth, studying her for a moment before picking up the menu.

"You picked that up fast," Nate said. He sounded almost casual, stuck between a compliment and being neutral. "I mean, you're a confident young woman, and you're your own boss and all, I wasn't sure how you'd take to me calling the shots."

Grace glanced over at him over the edge of her own menu, one brow lifted slightly.

"Just did what worked" she said. Grace shrugged, the movement subtle but controlled. "Didn't seem that complicated once I got used to it. Guess I'm a fast learner."

Nate huffed a quiet breath, something that could've passed for a laugh, his eyes dropping briefly before coming back up.

"Most people freeze up. Or try too hard," Nate said.

Grace folded the menu without really reading it, setting it down in front of her. Her fingers lingered for a second, then traced idly along the edge of it, feeling a bit keyed up still.

"Yeah?" she asked, wanting him to elaborate. "And I didn't?"

Nate looked up from his menu and tilted his head as if considering her the way he had back in the studio. He had done so so many times before on the countless times they had been alone before, but Grace seemed more aware of it.

"You adjusted quickly. Most people don't," Nate said. "I honestly had no idea you had that in you. You surprised me. And we both know that takes a lot."

"Surprised?" Grace said, faking indignance, shoving him with her foot.

"Personal fault. Lesson learned," Nate chuckled, turning his attention to the menu.

Grace looked at him, letting a small pause linger. Not long, just enough.

She leaned back slightly, shifting in her seat. She crossed one leg over the other, causing the shirt to pull just a bit tighter to her midsection, and she caught herself smoothing again. But slower now.

"I guess I had a decent teacher," she said, letting a faint smirk slip through.

Nate met her gaze. "I guess you did," he said, another crooked smile. "But again, I'm not sure why I'm surprised, princess. We both know you're a bit of a tease and a show-off."

Grace shrugged and smiled. "What can I say, I get a rise out of it."

"And you didn't slow down."

"Nolan would've checked in every five seconds," Grace mused. "He's a bit more... careful with that kind of thing."

"You didn't need that tonight," Nate said, looking at her.

A moment or two rolled by.

"So," Grace began, tapping her fingers lightly against the table, eyes flickering back up at him. "Tell me more about this 'soap thing'," Grace asked. "I haven't really wrapped my head around your idea yet. You've been working on it for a while, haven't you?"

Nate smiled at her from across the table. Her interest wasn't lost on him. She felt part of this thing now, and was compelled to know more about it. It felt like something she was being let in on, and she was curious.

"I have. I hope Josh will see what I can do despite... me being me." Grace nodded knowingly. "I met a guy. He needed something new. I gave him a direction and he liked it," he said. "They were interested enough to learn more about my idea."

Grace leaned forward, resting her elbows on the table. She tilted her head slightly, as she had done at the shoot.

"And why did we not shoot any soap?" Grace asked.

"Next time. Which will be soon enough. Why, eager to get back in front of the camera?" Nate asked.

Grace shrugged. She hadn't minded it half as much as she thought she would. Initially, it was something she viewed as helping Nate out, but she wouldn't exactly mind it if there was more. She felt like their little session had ended too soon, almost. They had done what Nate wanted to, but Grace felt like they had left something unfinished.

"We're just building you a small portfolio now. Then we can show that to my guy at the soap company, and then we move toward a proper shoot. I have a slogan, I have model, and an idea. But before then, we might have to find you a bathtub or at least a bottle to pose around with just to show what we have in mind."

"We," Grace mused. Nate nodded.

"We work well together," Nate said, matter-of-factly.

Grace felt herself blush ever so slightly. "And a proper shoot? Does that mean other people?" Nate moved a hand to rub his stubble.

"Like I said, we work well together. No reason to get more people involved, right?" Nate said. Grace's turn to nod. "But that's more you than me, princess. You're a natural. You knew what you were doing by the end. And you're good at it, you know. Not everyone can do that, especially after just one session."

Nate's eyes trailed along her body for a moment. Grace smiled at him, a bit of a smug, satisfied smile, as she felt a hint of a pride swelling within her.

The waitress came over, interrupting the moment. Grace didn't know whether to be grateful for or annoyed by the interruption. The conversation flowed easily between them, but there was something else under the surface. Something that was building with each word, each look.
"I'll take the cheeseburger," Nate said.

"Oh, same," Grace said. "With extra pickles, please."

The waitress scribbled down their orders and disappeared again.

When Grace turned her attention back to Nate, he was looking at her again. She felt herself blushing again, but kept her composure.

"It didn't feel much like helping by the end," Grace said with a knowing smirk. "I certainly have a well-earned respect for models who do this professionally now."

"You were more than just helpful. I know your pretty face will earn a lot of attention. All executives want their product next to a beautiful woman. And with you, they'll hit the jackpot," Nate said.

Grace looked down at the table for a moment. She was used to flattery, but it was something else when Nate said it. The way he looked at her, the way he talked... it was intense. Like he saw something in her that no one else did. Or maybe he just had a way with words. Or perhaps it was how sparingly he spoke with praise. Either way, she liked it.

She took a sip of her water, trying to gather her thoughts.

"A while back," Nate began, weighing his thoughts in his mouth before forming them into words. "You talked about how you couldn't stand people being drunk. You had various reasons,

but one that stuck out to me at the time was what you said about people being so fake and acting like someone they're not."

Grace looked up at Nate. She remembered the conversation, at least partially, but she was genuinely surprised that Nate did too. And that he remembered such a detail.

"But what is your take on models? And now, after you've shown your aptitude for it? I mean, you're acting a character of sorts, someone you're not. I mean, you're the pretty girl they'll see, but you're also much more than a pretty face."

Grace paused for a moment, letting Nate's question sink in. She took another sip of water, then set the glass down carefully. Her fingers traced along the rim as she considered her answer.

"I don't think I ever looked at it like that," she finally said. "I always thought of modeling as just something superficial, like just posing for pictures or something. But you're right, it's not just that. There's a lot more to it. It's more than just looking pretty. It's about capturing an emotion or a feeling. It's about making people feel something when they look at you. And you can use that to convey a message, or sell something. Or both."

Nate nodded thoughtfully, leaning forward slightly as she spoke, his fork paused halfway to his mouth. Like he was truly taking in her words. And how could she not think that he was? When he remembered something that she thought minor a few... weeks ago? Months? Time had become somewhat unreliable when it came to her and Nate. He had that way of remembering things—small details she barely recalled saying herself. It both unsettled and impressed her, how he could pluck conversations from their past and present them back to her, polished, with new meaning attached.

Grace found herself shifting in her seat, adjusting the hem of her shirt again. The booth's vinyl squeaked under her movement.

"So what you're saying," Nate said, setting his fork down, "is that there's more to it than just looking pretty. It's about being a conduit. Something that carries a message."

"I guess so," Grace said, taking a sip of water. "There's... an honesty to it, ironically enough. You're not being fake, not really. You're embodying something real, even if it's not entirely yourself."

Nate let out a low chuckle, his eyes crinkling at the corners. "Honesty through deception. That's a pretty thought, princess."

Grace felt her cheeks flush slightly, and she picked up her own fork, fidgeting with it. "Well, that's how it felt. By the end, anyway."

"By the end, huh?" Nate's gaze drifted down, lingering where her shirt was still tied in a knot before coming back up to her eyes. "You got comfortable in there, didn't you?"

"I got into it," Grace admitted with a shrug, trying to sound casual. The waitress arrived with their burgers, giving Grace a brief reprieve from his intense gaze.

As the smell of grilled meat filled the space between them, Grace found herself replaying moments from the studio—how her hands had moved across her body, the deliberate way she posed, how Nate's direction had guided her into something she hadn't known she possessed.

"You did more than just 'get into it'," Nate said after she'd taken her first bite. "You owned it. That last part especially."

Grace looked down at her burger, picking off a pickle slice. "What part?"

"What do you think, princess?" Nate's voice was low, almost intimate now that the waitress had moved away. "When you were facing away from me. When your jeans were just... hanging there."

Heat crept up Grace's neck again, and she took another bite of her burger to give herself a moment. She remembered exactly the moment he was talking about—the feel of denim sliding against her skin, the exposure, the thrill of pushing those boundaries under his watchful eye.

"I was just doing what you asked," she finally said, though both of them knew that wasn't the whole truth.

"Is that all it was?" Nate asked, leaning forward, his hands flat on the table. "Because I saw something else in those photos."

Grace felt a knot of anticipation form in her stomach. She looked at him. That intensity was back—that look that said he was seeing something she didn't know she was showing.

"You weren't just following directions," he said. "That wasn't just me telling you what to do anymore. You were enjoying yourself."

The knot tightened. He saw right through her—right through the confidence, the casualness, the bravado. He saw right to the heart of it: how much she'd wanted to impress him, how much she'd wanted to be seen, how much she'd liked the feeling of being watched. She thought back to her dream about being alone on stage. Was that related to this?

She swallowed hard. Instead of replying, she picked up her burger again and took another bite, chewing slowly. She'd savor it more normally if it didn't feel like a million butterflies had taken flight in her stomach.

"You know," Nate continued, "most people would've been too embarrassed to do that. Or they would've been too afraid to push it that far. But not you."

"I'm not most people," Grace said, meeting his gaze, trying to match his confidence.

Nate smiled, slow and wicked, his eyes glinting. "No, you're not, princess. You're something else entirely. Only an idiot would think otherwise."

"If you say so," Grace said, trying to be dismissive. "Besides, you were telling me what to do. That was kind of the point, right? I was just there to help you out."

"Oh, I do say so," Nate replied. "And yes. I directed you... up to a point."

Grace looked at him, her demeanor slipping for a mere moment. She opted for another bite of her burger, but there were only so many bites left. What he said was true. Nate no doubt had nothing against it, and he didn't stop her, but Grace had been fully capable of stopping. She knew she had to. And she could. At any time.

So, why didn't she?

Because it was more fun that way, a small voice whispered inside her, sounding suspiciously like that of a certain devil on her shoulder.

"It's not like you didn't stop me," Grace said. "Seemed to me like you were pretty into it, cowboy."

"Hard not to be..." Nate said.

Grace met his gaze then, and saw what he had in mind for her. A tight silence descended over the table, interrupted only by the sound of silverware and other patrons' conversations. He had a certain glint in his eyes again, a spark that she couldn't place, and she wasn't sure if she liked it or hated it.

Grace was the one to break eye contact, shifting her napkin. Not unsure of herself, just feeling a bit timid under the intensity.

"I guess you got your date after all," she said, her voice light in tone. There was more to her pointing that out than just her pointing it out for the sake of it. Grace offered a small smile, sitting back in her seat.

It was Nate's time to smirk.

"I didn't have to push that hard," he said.

Grace's eyes trailed up to Nate, taking him in. His rough demeanor. His occasional menacing presence, occasionally boisterous attitude, yet now he sat across from her, calm and collected. Grace watched him across the table, the way he moved as he looked at her, his gestures economical, deliberate. There was something in Nate that unsettled her, a current that ran beneath the surface of his casual demeanor. She had come here tonight thinking she was in control, that she was setting the terms. But sitting here now, with the taste of pickles still in her mouth, she wasn't so sure anymore.

Her fingers traced the ring of condensation on her water glass as she considered it. The photoshoot had started as just helping out, just a favor, and yet... somewhere along the way, it had shifted. Each pose, each adjustment Nate had made, had chipped away at something. Nate directing her to his liking, her adjusting further into something he liked.

Grace remembered the way Nate's eyes had followed her movements in the studio, how he could make something as simple as positioning her chin feel like claiming territory. He had this way of finding those raw nerves she kept protected, of peeling back layers she didn't even realize she had. Nolan loved the polished version of her, the one who had it all together. But Nate... Nate seemed fascinated by the cracks.

The thought should have made her angry, should have sent her running back to the safety of her relationship with Nolan. Instead, she felt a pull, deep in her stomach. An attraction to the very thing that scared her most about him—his ability to see through her, to call her "princess" not as an insult but as recognition of something she couldn't deny existed.

Where did it end? That was the question circling her mind as Nate took another bite of his burger. Where was this thing between them heading? And why, God help her, did part of her want to find out?

She smiled at him, deciding to tease him further. "So what now... You planning on getting lucky too?" Grace said, sinking her leg down and leaning forward in an overly sensual way. "Is this where you... cash in?" she asked.

Nate chuckled, leaned back in his seat, and took her in. "That was part of it," he said, a crooked smile.

"And, uh..." Grace began, the words hanging in the air between them. She'd meant it as a tease, a little poke to get a reaction—to watch him squirm, to see that spark in his eyes flare up. That was her specialty, wasn't it? Knowing exactly how to make men warm under the collar, how to twist them around her little finger. But Nate... Nate just watched her, that small, knowing smile playing at his lips as if he could see right through the performance. He wasn't squirming. He wasn't flustered. He was just... there, letting silence stretch, letting her realize she'd just called her own bluff.

"Let's go," he said, as simple as can be.

Grace's eyes locked with his, and this time she didn't look away. In the space between them, across the sticky table of the diner. She could see it clearly now—he wasn't playing games. The realization hit her slowly, then all at once, a warm sensation spreading down her spine like the first sip of whiskey, smooth and surprisingly comfortable. It felt like someone had poured warm syrup through her veins, slow and thick, making everything go soft around the edges.

*

Nolan looked up as Grace hurried into their apartment. He was just reading something about health guidelines and chilli, for work, when suddenly Grace stood flustered in their hallway.

"Back already?" Nolan asked. Grace looked at him, urgency written plainly on her face. "What's wrong?" he asked, thinking some accident might have happened.

But Grace smiled and looked distantly down at the carpet. That smile that could make Nolan melt, on that face that could make him do anything.

But then…

"Nothing's wrong. I just..." Grace trailed off, meeting his gaze. "I'm... helping out Nate with something."

Nolan stopped in his tracks, dropping his phone somewhere, tilting his head. The last time they talked about Nate, Grace was annoyed with him. Now she was... helping him?

Nolan stood up to... greet whatever this was.

"With Nate?" Nolan asked. "Now?"

He tried to be tactful. Grace had sworn to secrecy, and by gods had she kept it. She had both kept secret indeed and had him on his toes at the same time. Sometimes it was nerve-wracking, sometimes it was easier to lean into the trust he had in Grace.

But it was always a battle.

He hoped for some sort of reassurance from Grace.

Grace hurried over, kissed his cheek, and said, "Trust me," followed by a step back. "I'll be back soon."

And then she was out the door.

The silence in the apartment stretched, the sound of Grace's exit echoing in Nolan's ears. His phone lay forgotten on the couch cushion, face down where he'd dropped it moments before. He crossed the room, his movements stiff as he bent to retrieve it. The screen lit up with the article he'd been reading—some nonsense about chili guidelines and health regulations—but the words blurred before his eyes. He knew what this was. Or who she was with, at least. And he knew there was nothing he could do about it. Not really. But a part of him—a small, bitter part—still wanted to. It wanted him to run after her, to confront Nate, to throw that asshole off a cliff if he had to.

Nolan's little fantasy, now breathing on the other side of their thin apartment wall, had become both a blessing and a curse. It was thrilling, imagining Grace with another man, the thought alone enough to make him hard at the most inconvenient times. He loved that edge of danger, the way his stomach dropped when he thought about it too hard. But right now, with the silence in their apartment stretching thin as old rubber, it felt mostly like a curse. His heart hammered against his ribs, and he couldn't decide if he was more turned on or terrified. Maybe both. That was always the problem with this particular fantasy.

Nolan ran a hand over his face, letting out a slow breath. Grace had told him not to worry, but he couldn't help it. Nate was dangerous, he knew that. Grace had been telling him that for months now. But there was something about the way she looked at him, the way she talked about him. It wasn't just the usual caution she took with people; it was something else entirely. Something that made him nervous and excited and angry all at the same time.

Trust. That's what Grace had asked for. Two syllables, simple enough, but they landed like stones in his stomach. And he did trust her, mostly. It wasn't the faith in her that wavered, but the trust in himself not to go insane thinking about what she might be doing with that asshole. Grace had come a long way from that first hesitant conversation about his kink—how she'd squirmed on the couch cushions, trying to understand, trying to accept. And she had. God, how she had. Sometimes it felt like she'd slipped into it more fully than he had, like this strange fantasy belonged to her as much as him now.

But still... sometimes he wondered if she understood what he needed.

A small part of him wanted her to say more. It wanted her to tell him all the filthy things Nate would make her do. Or the not so filthy ones, too. He'd listen, rapt with attention. He'd do whatever she wanted him to do. Be whoever she needed. He just needed to know what was going on. Needed to have some sort of insight or clue, or something more substantial than *'nothing wrong.'*

Nolan moved across the apartment, his phone in hand, without any real purpose. Just needing to feel something solid and real beneath his fingertips. His thumb traced the edge of the phone case, expecting a vibration or some sort of signal. Bat signal, Nolan mused, forcing himself to chuckle. But no vibration came.

He felt his free hand clench and unclench, a nervous rhythm. When would all of this become normal to him? When would his time with Grace be his, and only his? It wasn't lost on him how Grace adjusted her sleeves, glanced at her wrist, how she carried other less visible marks. But Nolan struggled with finding that balance of what he wanted. He wanted his time with Grace to be his. He wanted Nate to have his, if any was his, but he also wanted some control... or perhaps some insight on what they were doing when they had their time together.

*

Nolan ate himself some dinner, saving a good portion of his homemade lasagna for later in case she was hungry, as Grace had left before she had time to get any. It tasted hollow, but he knew that was his taste buds being as numb as he was. Thyme in tomato sauce couldn't be underestimated, though.

Afterwards, he cleaned the dishes, doing the breakfast plates too, as they rarely had time to do them in the morning. The dishwasher had broken down while they were away, apparently, so it was the good ol' ways for now. That was how he was taught anyhow. The traditional ways of a household. Nolan shook his head. That had been shaken to its core, that was for sure.

But the routine was soothing. Hot water. Soap. A little effort. Soon enough the whole kitchen was spotless, and Nolan felt slightly less tense than he had been before. He dried his hands on a dish towel, the familiar feeling grounding him. Grace had taken the time to choose matching towels with matching patterns on them. Not just cute, but a sense of a household.

With the dishes out of the way, Nolan went to his laptop, hoping to use this dead time he'd otherwise occupy with his partner productively. There was always something to read, some report to fill out or send, or a guide to write. While the Tex-Mex folks were still deciding on what socks to wear, Nolan was forward-leaning. He had had an idea to make a magazine-type ad, but those were more or less obsolete in this day and age with social media and whatnot. People saw right through it.

No, they wanted influencers, hip, modern types, or just people that kids these days resonated with. Nolan wondered if he could get one of the people Luna Calhoun managed to at least visit the restaurant. But she had been out sick for a bit, so maybe it was best to not worry her too much.

As Nolan sat, he felt himself shifting in his chair. It seemed hard to find a comfortable position. The leather squeaked annoyingly when he moved, and there seemed to be a something pressing from somewhere. He got up, squatted down to inspect it. Nope. Nolan saw nothing. It was just his chair. Frustrated, he stood up, fists planted in his waist, squinting down at the old thing. Maybe it was time for a new one.

Suddenly, Nolan raised his head and looked around, seemingly suddenly aware of the very quiet apartment. He could hear himself breathe. The joints in his fists as he once again clenched them. The void of life except his own.

"Hello?" he tried, glad no one was around to see what the hell he was doing. He let out a half-chuckle, shaking his head as he rubbed his neck. What a weirdo.

Still, that void…

Nolan's phone buzzed, and he lunged for it. He felt his heart beat faster as he fumbled with the screen, almost dropping the damn thing. His hand shook a bit as he swiped his thumb across the lock screen. His heart dropped when he realized it was just a calendar alert about some appointment. He exhaled, letting out the breath he didn't realize he was holding.

Calm. Slightly excited. That was probably a better description. Nolan knew why he was here. Knew why he had been left alone. Nolan sat back down at his laptop. He was wallowing in melodrama. This week had been intense, but he knew he could trust Grace. She was thinking of him. Yes.

Even if something had felt different.

Nolan drew in, held, then let out a deep breath. He shook out his arms and legs, trying to relax the tension in his body. It wasn't easy, but he did the best he could. His mind settled. And with a calmer mind, Nolan found himself wondering what they were doing, what Grace was 'helping' Nate with. His mind raced through the possibilities—the things she might be doing, the ways

Nate might be touching her. And instead of pushing those thoughts away, he shielded himself with his trust in Grace and basked in the imagery.

Another hour. Then two.

Nolan found himself slipping into rhythm with work—reading reports, drafting emails, sketching ideas for the next conference. The familiar tasks helped quiet the noise in his head, the questions about where Grace was, what she was doing with Nate. He clicked through another document, his fingers flying across the keyboard, almost convincing himself this was normal.

Then his eyes caught on his watch. 08:47 PM.
His fingers froze mid-tap. He blinked, the numbers swimming into focus. Had she really been gone that long? Almost three hours now? Nolan leaned back in his chair, the leather groaning in protest. The lasagna he'd saved sat untouched in the fridge, growing cold while he sat here pretending his world wasn't tilting on its axis.

Nolan felt his phone vibrate in his pocket, and his heart leapt into his throat. He scrambled to pull it out, fumbling with the screen as he unlocked it. Grace's face lit up the screen, a photo from their trip to the beach last summer he used as a background. Her eyes sparkled with laughter, her hair tousled by the sea breeze, and Nolan felt something warm and soft unclench in his chest at the sight of her.

But there was no phone call. No gospel of Grace's evening, no exciting story of what she'd been doing with Nate. Instead, the text message was short. But precise. And very effective. A single line—*'if you want'*—followed by a link.

Nolan sat up from his otherwise slumped position, his back protesting after hours hunched over his laptop. This was curious. Grace's promise of doing something for him regarding getting to see something, to be in on the action, was starting to form itself. But how?

Nolan clicked the link without thinking twice. It took him to Google Maps, and he saw a small dot that certainly wasn't him. It had to be Grace. And it was moving along a road he recognized. Not a terribly long drive. A bit out of town.

The sheer anticipation shot through Nolan, and he didn't know whether to stand up or sit down. But he did so. His hands felt like they were buzzing with electricity, and he had to take a deep breath to calm himself.

Well, that was it then, Nolan thought. No more hypotheticals, no more pretending. Until now, he'd known about it, but it had all happened somewhere else, some other reality he couldn't touch. Now, though, this was his chance to see—to actually see—that it was real. His heart hammered against his ribs as he stared at the moving dot on his phone screen, that little blue pin crawling along a road he knew well. Grace wasn't just texting him about it; she was showing him. Giving him a front-row seat to whatever was happening out there. His hands shook as he stood up, the chair scraping against the floor. The apartment swam around him for a moment—spotless kitchen, silent rooms—then steadied as his gaze locked back onto that glowing dot. This wasn't the fantasy anymore, the late-night whispers and what-ifs. This was happening now. And Grace was offering him a ticket.

He looked down at his trembling hands. Not from being scared or because of overwhelming doubt. He was excited. The kind of excitement that made his fingers tingle, that sent little shocks up his arms. His palms felt damp, and when he flexed them, he could feel how they wanted to curl into fists, like his body wasn't sure what to do with all this energy. Nolan had imagined this moment so many times, been told of so much, but now that it was happening, now that his phone showed that little blue dot moving along a road he knew, it felt different. More real. More terrifying. And more goddamn thrilling than anything he'd experienced in his life.

Was this too much? Was he really ready for this? But it was too late for that. He'd already pressed the button, opened the link, and opened himself to a world of curiosity and excitement. He couldn't unsuspend it. But he also didn't want to. He had no idea what Grace had in mind, but he knew he had to see. She'd invited him, after all. It was what they had talked about, what he

wanted. Yes. A part of him was scared shitless, but another part... another part wanted to see what would happen.

Nolan looked down at his clothes. A hoodie, worn jeans. Good enough.

*

If Nolan was a bad driver in general, now he was even worse. He drove like a madman, almost missing turns, and he was sure the speed limit was less than 80 mph, but who cared. He needed to get there before… before Nate had…

Nolan couldn't even finish the thought, let alone his sentence. The road seemed to go on forever, and every time he glanced at his phone, he wanted to throw it out the window. That little dot was crawling along, like it was taunting him. He gripped the steering wheel, trying to focus on the road, on his driving. The car lurched forward, engine growling as he pressed down on the gas. Thank god his Ford Equinox had good torque.

But his mind still wandered to what he might come to see, how far they had gotten already. Did he even want to know? He couldn't stop himself from imagining what was happening, what Nate and Grace were doing. The sound of their laughter, the smell of their sweat, the heat of their skin. He gritted his teeth, jealousy and lust building the anticipation.

Maybe this was too real. Heavy, that was the word Nolan couldn't help repeating to himself as he pressed the accelerator harder. This wasn't some late-night fantasy anymore, wasn't pillow talk between tired lovers. This was him, actually driving down a dark road to watch his girlfriend—the woman he'd take a bullet for, no question about it—being intimate with another

man. And not just any man. Nate. The same neighbor who, at their very first meeting, had slapped Grace's ass like some backwoods degenerate who'd never been taught how to treat a woman. It was then that Nolan had almost unwillingly started to imagine the two together.

Grace had never seemed particularly fond of Nate, always complaining about his creepy stares and crude comments. But somewhere along the line, something had shifted. Maybe it was that darkness in Nate, that raw edge Nolan sometimes saw reflected in Grace's eyes when she talked about him, when she agreed to help Nolan explore his own twisted desires. Whatever it was, she was drawn to it, to him, in a way that made Nolan's stomach churn with equal parts jealousy and terrifying anticipation.

And now it was real. And he was about to learn how real it was.

He gripped the steering wheel harder, knuckles going white as he pushed down on the gas. The engine roared in protest, tires squealing as he took a turn too fast. He glanced at his phone and saw that the dot had stopped. When had that happened?

He immediately recognized where they had stopped as a parking lot. Nolan had assumed they were driving, but now it was probably confirmed. It was about ten minutes away. But there was nothing there really, just a strip mall that was closed hours ago. It was known to be a somewhat isolated, quiet area.

Nolan glanced down again, his heart pounding in his chest. The blue dot remained unmoving. He gritted his teeth and glanced for a third game. It was still there.

"Oh shit," Nolan muttered urgently when he looked up, turning the wheel abruptly to avoid a lamp post. A horn blared somewhere behind him, but he didn't care. His mind raced as he tried to make sense of what was happening.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity, Nolan saw the parking lot. He checked his mirrors, for once, and dimmed his lights. He didn't want to barge in on whatever was going on here, after all.

And he wasn't sure what he'd find. He slowed down to a crawl as he turned into the lot, eyes scanning the shadows for any signs of life. There were no other cars, just a few scattered lampposts casting pools of light across the pavement. The air felt thick with anticipation, the silence broken only by the sound of his own breathing and the rumble of his engine.

He drove past the stores, searching for the blue dot on his phone screen. The strip mall was small, so it shouldn't have been too hard to find, but somehow it was taking forever. Where the hell were they? Nolan scanned the rows of darkened storefronts, looking for any hint of movement, any sign that Grace was here.

Finally, he decided to park and walk instead, letting his other senses help out too. His footsteps echoed in the stillness of the night, the sound bouncing off the buildings around him. The air was cool and damp, a faint breeze ruffling his hair. He couldn't hear anything but his own breathing, and the occasional sound of a car on the road somewhere behind him. It was like the world was holding its breath, waiting to see what would happen next.

The end of the strip mall came into view, and Nolan's heart hammered against his ribs with each step he took. Every sound seemed amplified in the stillness—a distant siren, the hum of a streetlight, and then, something else. Metallic sounds, rhythmic and close. Too close.

Nolan rounded the corner, his breath catching in his throat. Nothing. No Grace, no Nate, just emptiness and shadows playing tricks on his eyes. But there, tucked away in the darkest corner of the lot, half-hidden by the overgrown hedge that separated this neglected space from the road beyond, was a car. A Volkswagen Golf.

Nolan moved closer, sticking to the shadows like they were old friends. The Golf sat there, engine dead, lights off, silent except for that metallic sound from before—steady, rhythmic. God, that sound. Then Nolan noticed it: the car was moving. Not driving, no. It was rocking. Just a little at first, then more, each small motion timed perfectly with that squeaking beat coming from somewhere inside. The whole damn thing was moving.

Nolan could barely breathe, let alone move. It was all he could do to keep standing as he watched the Golf rock back and forth, each movement sending a wave of jealousy and desire crashing through him. His skin felt hot, too tight, his heart pounding so hard he thought it might burst. The image was burned into his mind, searing away every rational thought that tried to claw its way in.

He didn't want them to know he was here yet, didn't want to disturb them. But he had to see this. He inched his way over, the dozen yards feeling like a mile. The more he looked, the more details he took in. The slow, methodical rhythm of someone taking their time. How the windows were fogged up. The slight sound of someone gasping, moaning. The way the car rocked with their movements. The way they moved as one.

And then he saw it. Through the fogged-up glass, in the back of the car, Nolan saw a pair of bare feet—Grace's feet, he knew them with an certainty that twisted something deep inside him. They weren't just dangling there. No. They were pointing straight up toward the ceiling of the car, toes curled tight, bouncing with that same rhythm that made the whole vehicle shudder. Up and down they went, in time with the muffled groans and gasps that escaped through closed windows, a frantic rhythm that told him more than he ever wanted to know about what was happening inside that Volkswagen.

This was them.

This was what he had been sent here to see.

Knowing something and seeing it were two very different things. And this was real. Grace and Nate were actually doing it, right here, right now. His face felt hot, a flush creeping down his neck. His skin suddenly felt too tight, pressing against his bones, and his heart hammered against his ribs as if trying to break free. Each squeak of the car, each rhythmic rock, sent another shockwave through him—part jealousy, part something darker he didn't want to name. His knees felt weak, his mouth dry, but he couldn't look away.

Now, watching it happen, seeing them together, he knew there was no going back. There was no way to unsee this. Undo it. Grace had experienced this, and by the sounds of it, he wondered if she would want to return from it.

Grace had said she didn't want him there for her first time with Nate. Now, Nolan thought maybe he finally got it. It was supposed to be this way. For both of them. She needed space to untether herself, to let go without his eyes weighing her down. And him? Maybe he needed this buffer too, to ease into the reality of it all—the squeaking of shocks, the fogged windows, the rhythmic motion he couldn't look away from.

The sounds from inside that Golf weren't just sounds anymore. They were evidence, proof, reality crashing down on him. Each gentle squeak of the suspension, each muffled gasp that escaped through fogged windows—Nolan felt them in his bones. It was like his body was a tuning fork, vibrating to the frequency of his girlfriend being with another man. His breath caught somewhere between his throat and his lungs, and his hands were shaking so badly he had to shove them deep into his pockets.

Nolan's heart hammered against his ribs, each beat echoing the squeaking from the car. He staggered back, his shoulder hitting the brick wall behind him. The coldness of it soaked through his hoodie, sharp enough to make him flinch. He leaned into it fully, letting the solid weight ground him, something real to hold onto when everything else was spinning. He pressed his forehead against the rough surface, the brick digging into his skin.

The rhythm from inside the car changed—became faster, more desperate. Nolan's hands clenched into fists in his pockets, nails digging into his palms. Nolan's mind raced, filling in the details he couldn't see, honing in on those he heard. He could imagine Grace's hips and thighs so clearly, the way they'd tense and flex as she squirmed beneath Nate, her muscles working, her body responding to every thrust.

Nolan swore he heard some sort of exclamation that had to be Grace, and he imagined how Grace would flex her ass as she met Nate, drawing out more of whatever he did right, her hands

flat against the opposite car door, pressing into the glass as he drove into her again and again. He bored his eyes into the car door, wondering what she looked like in that crammed compartment—hair plastered to her forehead with sweat, mouth slightly agape, those steel-blue eyes glassy with desire.

Was she looking at Nate? Was she thinking of Nolan? Or was there no room in her mind for anything but what was happening in that moment?

Nolan's throat felt tight, his stomach twisted into knots. This was it—the reality he'd asked for, the fantasy come to life.

It was like standing in front of an open fire on a winter night, letting the flames lick at your skin just to feel something—anything—real. And Nolan, standing there in the shadows of that desolate parking lot, had never felt more alive or more destroyed in his entire life.

He found himself holding his breath in order to hear more, desperate for more clues. A small thud. Was Nate adjusting how Grace lay, maneuvering her to his liking? The jolting momentarily shifted before resuming. Nolan tried to look through the fog, finding it impossible, and he didn't dare step closer.

Even still, through the muffle, it seemed to Nolan that Nate knew what he was doing. The whole thing wasn't some clumsy fumbling in the backseat of a car—this was planned, deliberate. Methodical. Nolan could hear it in the rhythm of the squeaks, in the way the Golf moved like it was following some predetermined choreography. Nate probably knew exactly where to touch Grace, exactly how to make her squirm and gasp. Probably learned it from a dozen other women, Nolan thought bitterly, his stomach twisting.

Nolan had tried before, tried to get those sounds out of Grace, to make her body arch like that. But it had never been like this.

Grace's reactions with him were quieter, more reserved compared. Polished. What he was hearing now was raw, unrestrained. The kind of pleasure that stripped away all pretense, leaving nothing but the bare essentials: need and fulfillment.

But beneath the storm brewing in Nolan's chest, there was something else—a current pulling him in a different direction. Grace had sent him here. That link on his phone—that dot moving along a road he knew—hadn't been an accident. She'd wanted him here, wanted him to see this unfold. The thought struck him with such force that it nearly knocked the air from his lungs. Despite everything, despite the way his stomach churned and his hands shook, Grace had chosen this. Chosen to invite him to witness her with another man. And somehow, that knowledge cut through the jealousy like a beam of light, leaving something warm and unsettling in its wake.

He remembered when they had first talked about it. How she had been so hesitant, so unsure. But now, looking back at the months that had passed between then and now, Nolan could see how much she'd changed. How much they both had. This was her way of showing him, of giving him what he wanted without making him ask for it. She had asked for his patience and trust. Here was the reward: a muddled display of her making him a cuckold.

It tapped right into what had started this secret week: that venom of not knowing, the uncertainty, wallowing in masochistic dread.

Not just that she was with Nate, but not knowing how, in what way, if she enjoyed it, if it meant anything. That's what kept Nolan's heart racing, made his stomach twist into knots. And now, here he was, watching that Volkswagen Golf rock in time with their bodies—and he still didn't have the whole picture. Even so, what he could see was more than enough to tear him apart.

Nolan swallowed hard, the lump in his throat making it difficult. His hand slid down his chest, over his stomach, coming to rest on the front of his jeans. He could feel his cock straining against the fabric, his body responding to the scene playing out before him. He couldn't help it. He was only human, after all.

He stared at the car, each breath catching in his throat.

Grace had stepped into it. And now, so had he.

Chapter 17

The anger that had brought Grace to Nate's apartment earlier felt like it belonged to someone else entirely now, a memory she could examine without the heat that had fueled her. She still understood the reasons - the way Tuesday had crossed lines she hadn't fully processed, the way Nate seemed to take pleasure in stripping away the control she so carefully maintained in every other aspect of her life. That understanding remained, crisp and clear in her mind, but the sharp edges of indignation had worn smooth.

Grace shifted in Nate's passenger seat, his old Volkswagen creaking complaint. The diner lights blurred past the window as they drove, yellow streaks against the night. Her fingers traced along the seam of her jeans, where earlier she had pushed them down lower than she'd ever intended to. The memory sent a shiver through her, different from the cold of the evening air.

It was the control, she realized. That was always the thing with Nate. Nolan let her lead, let her set the pace, let her be the one in charge. But Nate... Nate challenged her to let go. To surrender that carefully constructed fortress she'd built around herself. And the most frustrating part? The part that made her stomach tighten even now? How quickly she forgot she was supposed to be fighting it.

At first, it was just posing, she told herself. Just helping out. But somewhere between Nate's directions and her own willingness to push further, something had shifted. The studio lights had felt hot, exposing. The concrete floor had seemed vast, empty except for the two of them and that clicking camera that recorded every adjustment, every subtle movement she made. She'd felt vulnerable in a way that should have sent her running.

Instead, she had tilted her chin. She had arched her back. She had let her jeans slide down another inch.

Grace caught her reflection in the car window - her still-tied shirt, the determined set of her jaw. This wasn't the woman who had come here tonight, wasn't the same person who had marched into Nate's apartment ready to end this... whatever this was between them. That woman had been angry, righteous, certain of where the boundaries stood.

The woman in the window? She was starting to wonder if boundaries were part of the problem.

Not that any of that mattered anymore, sitting there in the passenger seat of Nate's car. She'd shown her vulnerable side. And as she watched the streetlights blur past, she felt that perhaps it wasn't so dangerous to be challenged—not when you discounted the obvious physical risks of pushing things too far. That intensity was why Nate was so... alluring, after all. It had been gradual, but Grace had really come around with Nate. He was more than just a challenge.

As Nate pulled away from the diner and started driving, Grace found herself watching him from the passenger seat. He looked... confident, like he was a man who knew exactly what he was doing and where he was going, and how he was going to get there. Even just driving a car, he was... in control. Grace could practically see it. She wondered what that would feel like, being with a guy who could do that.

She felt herself blushing and looked away. She was getting ahead of herself.

It was the photoshoot. That was all. Nate's intensity had rubbed off on her, made her think things she wouldn't normally think.

The silence between them wasn't that awkward silence that lingered earlier. There was no need to fill the space with idle chatter. Not when they were both feeling it. Not when both of them were thinking about what they wanted to happen next.

"Nate," Grace said, looking at him.

"Hm?" Nate looked at her from the driver's seat.

"I didn't hate that," Grace admitted. "It was fun."

Nate glanced over at her, a smirk crossing his face.

"I know."

Grace gave him a playful shove, trying to keep from blushing again. "Oh, shut up," she said. "You're the worst."

Nate laughed. "What did I do? You're the one who's always saying you're not most people. You're the one who..." Nate paused and looked over at her. "Who easily excels at something she's never done before." She didn't need to see his face to hear his smirk.

"Okay, okay," Grace conceded, a smile creeping onto her face.

"You enjoyed it, didn't you?" Nate asked.

Grace paused, then nodded. "I did," she said. "It was... exhilarating, being in front of the camera like that. I wouldn't mind it if you need help in the future."

"I can't wait."

"But you stopped me," Grace said, playfully pouting. "You didn't want me to take off my jeans."

"Next time," Nate chuckled. "Why, eager to get naked for me, princess?"

"Isn't that where we're going now?" Grace retorted.

The tension in the small car seemed to grow, the air between them heavy and expectant. Grace ran her finger over the seam of her jeans again, tracing the line she'd crossed earlier.

She knew what she was doing, knew how to make men want her, but this... this was different. This wasn't a game anymore, wasn't just about getting even, wasn't just about proving a point. This was real. And the thought both thrilled and terrified her.

They were on their way so that Nate could 'get lucky'. So he could cash in. A part of her wondered if she should be insulted by that. Was she just another notch in his belt? Another conquest? Grace knew better, but pondered it regardless. If she were just a notch, which she wasn't, Nate would've discarded her a long time ago. When he first had slept with her, or most certainly when she had ghosted him. It seemed stupid to even think about.

Grace quickly opened up Google Maps, and shared her live location with Nolan. He had been living in the dark for a while now, with a promise of something special for his efforts. Grace had been unsure of how she'd feel about him watching her do what should be the most repulsive act; cheating on him, but this would never have taken place if it wasn't for Nolan. This, Nate, discovering new parts of herself, all the experiences since then.

She still wasn't sure about Nolan witnessing them, but she shared her location anyway.

Grace clicked the screen of her phone off, the light vanishing as suddenly as it had appeared. She looked up, her eyes adjusting to the darkness outside. They weren't heading back to their apartment complex, or even toward that studio where they'd spent the past couple of hours. The old Volkswagen's suspension creaked in protest as Nate turned the wheel, the tires rumbling over something uneven as he veered off the main road. Ahead, a small strip mall came into view, its windows dark and empty.

Grace shifted in her seat, the worn springs groaning beneath her as she watched the storefronts grow closer. She understood what was going on.

"This isn't the way back," she muttered, keeping her voice low, not out of scared nervousness, but out of anticipation.

"Nope," Nate replied. Nate glanced over at her, his eyes glinting in the darkness. "I didn't think you wanted to go home yet."

"What are you up to?" Grace asked, more rhetorical than anything, a hint of both a different type of nerves and excitement.

The engine's low hum filled the silence as Nate continued to slowly drive around the small strip mall, the parking lot that surrounded them desolate and barely lit. No one was here, no one at all, as far as they could tell.

Grace felt her pulse quicken as the old car slowly came to a halt at the far edge of the loading bay area. She stared out the window into the darkness, the streetlights barely penetrating the shadows that surrounded them. There was no one around. Grace felt herself adjusting how she sat.

She knew what he was going to do, and she was ready.

Grace could feel him watching her, his gaze heavy on her skin. She shifted in her seat, the vinyl squeaking beneath her. Again, she traced a line of her jeans' seams. It had almost become a subconscious thing by now. Slowly, she turned more toward Nate. It wasn't often that Grace found herself waiting for a cue for what to do next, yet that was what she was doing now.

"You did well in there," Nate said, breaking the silence, adjusting in his seat, and in doing so, Grace noticed the prominent bulge in his pants. "You didn't hold back. Ready to jump out of your clothes."

Grace didn't say anything, but felt her breath hitch as his warm, strong hand briefly touched her thigh, his thumb rubbing over the seam she'd traced moments before, before retreating.

"So what now?" Grace's voice cut through the car's quiet hum, her eyes meeting Nate's with a challenge that felt both familiar and new. She shifted in her seat just like Nate had, turning more toward him. "You just like taking me somewhere quiet?" Her hand came to rest on her thigh, where she had touched. Nate glanced at her hand before meeting her eyes again.

"I do," he replied simply.

Nate leaned across the console, a small, almost predatory smirk on his face. Grace could feel the heat of him as he moved closer, his scent filling the small space. He hadn't shaved since she had last seen him, and the beard looked more scruffy than ever. It was fitting for the guy he was; an unkempt mess, even if he could pull it off in all the right ways. It was who he was. Grace felt herself leaning in, meeting him halfway. Their lips met in a kiss that was neither gentle nor chaste, and Grace found herself melting against him.

His hand found her thigh again, his fingers digging into her flesh as he deepened the kiss, his tongue sweeping into her mouth. Grace felt a shiver run down her spine at the feeling. This wasn't their first kiss by far, but there was something different about this one. Something more. She kissed him back, her own tongue exploring his mouth, tasting him. She couldn't help the small moan that escaped her when his fingers moved higher up her thigh.

Nate broke the kiss, pulling back just enough to look into her eyes. They were both breathing heavily now, their breaths mingling in the small space between them. His hand moved higher, his fingers tracing the hem of her jeans, teasing her.

Grace swallowed hard, her heart racing in her chest as Nate's fingers inched closer to where she wanted them to be. She shifted slightly, spreading her legs wider, giving him better access. Nate let out a low chuckle, his breath hot against her neck.

"Impatient, aren't we?" he murmured. His fingers brushed against the skin just below her waistband, his touch feather-light.

Grace bit her lip, fighting the urge to arch into his touch. "Maybe I'm just tired of you taking your sweet time," she said, her voice barely more than a whisper.

Nate laughed, his lips ghosting over her neck, sending goosebumps over her skin. "Oh, princess. You should know by now that I always take my time. And you'll enjoy every second of it."

Grace swallowed hard, her heart hammering in her chest. She could feel her body responding to his touch, her skin tingling wherever his fingers brushed against her skin. Nate's fingers slipped underneath her waistband, and he began to trace the edge of her panties.

Grace let out a shaky breath, her hips involuntarily moving against his touch. She could feel her arousal growing, her body aching for more. Nate's fingers slowly moved down, tracing the line of her slit through her panties. Grace moaned softly, her hips moving against his hand, trying to increase the pressure.

Grace let her head fall back against the seat, her eyes fluttering closed as she gave in to the sensations. Nate's fingers continued to trace her slit, teasing her through the thin fabric of her underwear. He placed kisses along her neck and jawline as he slowly pushed his middle and ring fingers under the lace material and moved it aside.

Grace gasped when Nate's finger finally made contact with her bare skin, his touch sending sparks of pleasure through her. She squirmed in her seat, her legs spreading wider.

"Relax," Nate breathed in her ear. "I got you."

Without further ceremony, Nate's fingers found their way inside her, not exactly gentle, not quite rough. He was thick and calloused, and Grace gasped at the sudden intrusion, her body arching off the seat. Heat pooled in her stomach, coiling tight. It was all she could do to keep her hips from bucking against his hand.

Nate chuckled against her skin, his breath hot against her neck. "See? I told you I'd take care of you," he murmured, slowly beginning to pump his fingers in and out of her.

Grace could only nod, her body trembling with each motion of his hand. She gasped again as he added another finger, stretching her walls. Pleasure washed over her, her body aching for release.

Nate curled his fingers inside her, hitting that deliciously rough spot that made her body quiver.

"Like that, don't you?" he said, his voice low and husky. "Look at you, Princess."

"Oh... Nate!"

"God, I love the way you say that," he growled, his fingers moving faster inside her. Grace moaned, her hips rocking against his hand. She could feel her orgasm approaching, her body coiling tighter with each movement.

"Fuck," Grace breathed, her breath hitching in her throat. Her thighs were tensing, squeezing his fingers as her orgasm neared.

Her senses were assaulted with sensations, and she could only bite her lip, hold onto him tightly and succumb to it all. She could feel the waves of pleasure starting to crest within her, her body trembling as Nate worked her closer and closer to the edge. Her toes curled, her fingers digging into his arm.

Nate's free hand snuck down, and unzipped himself, freeing his cock, stroking his fat shaft as he fingered Grace. She couldn't see, couldn't focus. Not with her world shaking around her as Nate worked his fingers inside of her.

"I..." she whimpered.

Nate leaned forward, pressing his lips to hers in a passionate, hungry kiss, effectively swallowing the cry. She writhed, trying desperately to find her balance. Pleasure surged within her like an incoming tide, rising with each curl of Nate's thick, insistent digits. Her mouth hung open in a silent scream.

It hit, like a crashing wave, sending sparks of ecstasy through her body. Grace felt her inner walls clenching around his fingers as she came, her hips jerking against his hand. Her orgasm tore through her, making her body tremble. She rode out her pleasure as Nate relentlessly worked her, sending her into orbit as the world fell away. It was just the two of them. Just this feeling.

After what felt like hours, the storm subsided and she went limp against the seat, breathing hard and trying to collect her scattered senses. Her pussy twitched as Nate pulled away from her.

"Oh," Grace whimpered, her cheeks reddening even more as his gaze pierced through her.

"Like music to the ears," Nate rumbled, his hand retreating from her crotch to the hem of her jeans again, trying to push them down.

"Wait," Grace said. Nate didn't. "Stop."

"What? Why?" Nate said, fighting to hide his annoyance.

"Because your shitty old car is way too small," Grace said, her voice still shaky. Nate looked around at where they were parked, the small space between the loading dock and the wall.

"Fair enough," he conceded. "Let's get in the back, then."

He opened the car door, stepping out into the night air. He quickly tucked himself back in, before opening the back door.

Grace pushed the passenger door open, her whole body still humming from the last of the euphoria that had washed over her moments before. Her legs felt unsteady as she climbed out of the car, the night air doing little to cool the heat on her skin. The worn-out suspension

of Nate's Volkswagen creaked as she shifted her weight, and for a moment, Grace had to grip the doorframe to steady herself. The concrete of the loading dock felt rough under her boots as she straightened up, pulling at her jeans where they'd slid down earlier. She could feel Nate watching her as he opened the back door, his gaze heavy on her body. Grace turned toward him, a slight smirk playing at her lips despite the lingering tremor in her hands. The cool air did little to dampen the heat still pooling low in her belly.

She reached out, her fingers trailing down the front of Nate's shirt. He inhaled sharply at the contact, his eyes darkening with desire. Grace bit her lip, feeling the warmth of him through the thin fabric, the steady rise and fall of his chest under her hand. Slowly, she slid her hand down lower, until her fingertips brushed the bulge of his cock. Even through the layers of khaki and cotton, she could feel him growing hard again under her touch.

Nate groaned as she palmed him through his pants, his hips rocking into her touch. His hand found its way to her hip, his fingers digging into her skin through her jeans as he pulled her closer.

"Careful," he murmured, his voice rough with need. "Keep this up, princess, and we won't make it inside."

Grace couldn't help but grin. The thought of being fucked right there on the loading dock, in plain view of anyone who happened to be passing by, was equal parts terrifying and thrilling. She stroked Nate's cock again, savoring the way it made him shudder against her.

"Oh, we're definitely making it inside," Grace replied, her voice low and husky. "But that doesn't mean we have to be quick about it."

Nate's gaze flicked to her lips, then back to her eyes. There was a hunger in his expression now, a raw need that made her pulse quicken.

"Is that so?" he growled. He reached around her, cupping her ass roughly, squeezing it before pushing her forward into the car.

"Oh!" Grace gasped as she stumbled into the back seat, her hands gripping the leather to steady herself. The air was thick with the smell of stale cigarettes, but she barely noticed it as Nate climbed in after her.

Before she could even catch her breath, Nate was on top of her, his mouth crashing into hers. Grace moaned into the kiss, her hands moving to tangle in his hair. His cock pressed against her thigh, hot and hard through the layers of fabric separating them. He kissed her hungrily, his hands roaming over her body, pulling at her clothes, desperate to touch her skin.

Nate trailed kisses along her jaw, her throat, her collarbone. His teeth grazed her sensitive skin, sending shivers of anticipation through her body. He tugged at her shirt, and she sat up to allow him to pull it over her head. Her bra soon joined it, landing somewhere on the floor

of the car. His fingers deftly unbuttoned her jeans, and his palm slid under the waistband of her panties, pushing them down.

Grace squirmed against him, the warm leather seat sticking to her back. Her breath came in sharp gasps as Nate's lips worked their way down her exposed chest, his tongue dancing across her hardened nipples.

"God damnit, Nate," she groaned, arching against him.

"So needy," Nate muttered, his hand working to push her jeans down over her ass. "Let's see if we can't get these pants off of you after all, shall we?"

He shifted his weight, and Grace lifted her hips to allow him to slide her jeans and panties down her legs. The air felt cool on her skin as he exposed her to the night, but the heat of his body pressed against her more than made up for it. Her boots were discarded somewhere in the darkness, and she kicked her jeans off the rest of the way, her heart pounding in her chest.

Nate leaned back, taking in the sight of her naked body spread out before him.

"You're a damn vision," Nate breathed, his voice rough.

Grace blushed at the compliment, but couldn't help feeling proud of herself. She'd never had anyone look at her the way Nate was looking at her now - like he wanted to devour her whole. She reached for him, pulling him down into another heated kiss. His cock rubbed against her thigh, hard and insistent. She wrapped her legs around him, drawing him closer.

"I need you," she murmured against his lips.

Nate didn't need to be told twice. He shifted his weight, and Grace felt his cock press against her wet opening. She gasped as he slowly pushed himself inside her, stretching her walls. He filled her inch by delicious inch, the pressure almost too much to bear.

She let out a low moan as he buried himself in her to the hilt, their bodies pressed together, skin against skin. Nate began to thrust, slow and steady at first, then faster, deeper, as they fell into a rhythm.

The sound of the Volkswagen's worn-out suspension squeaking with each thrust echoed through the parking lot, but they were both far beyond caring. Each time he pushed in, he hit the perfect spot. Grace felt like she was burning alive, her pleasure mounting higher and higher as Nate's relentless thrusts drove her wild.

Grace's back arched off the leather seat, her hands gripping at Nate's broad shoulders as she writhed beneath him. His lips were everywhere, on her mouth, her jaw, her neck, her breasts, as he pounded into her over and over again. That strong, steady rhythm that made the whole car jolt in tact with each thrust. His breath came in sharp pants against her skin, and Grace could tell by his ragged grunts that he wasn't too far from losing it completely.

Neither was she. Grace couldn't stop moving against him, couldn't hold back the small, needy sounds escaping from her lips each time he drove into her.

"Nate!" Grace's voice rose as Nate slammed into her harder, her fingers digging into his skin.

"Fuck," Nate grunted in her ear. He sounded desperate, overwhelmed, his voice tight and rough.

"Oh fuck, Nate. Fuck me. Fuck me, Nate," she groaned, barely able to get her breath to form words as he slammed into her, shaking her to the core.

Nate didn't respond in kind, at least, not vocally. His only answer came from the way he sped up even more, his hips jerking forward at a higher pace, but with the same rhythm that made the car move and shudder with them. The springs creaked, the tires spun, and the entire thing bounced and shook like they were in a carnival ride.

"Nate," Grace groaned, her feet kicking into the open air above her, curling and tensing.

"Grace," Nate said, his voice a low rumble that vibrated through her entire body.

Naked in the back of this sleazeball's car, Grace came like the devil. Hard and heavy, deep and long. Her whole body tensed, while Nate didn't let up, not for a moment. He kept going, his relentless thrusts driving her over the edge again and again. It was all she could do to hang on, her fingers digging into his skin giving him scars that only one other man would have from her, her body writhing beneath his unforgivingly. It wasn't gentle, but it was exactly what she needed, the intensity and power of it washing over her, taking her away from everything else. It began as a silent scream, but the second she managed to draw a breath, she let it out in a long, desperate moan, her back arching off the leather seat as she shuddered.

And finally, her voice cracking, her body shaking, she let out one final cry.

"Nate! Oh, oh Nate! God damnit, Nate."

Her toes curled and her body clenched, a wave of white-hot ecstasy crashing through her. The world seemed to spin around her, and the only thing keeping her anchored was the feeling of Nate's body against hers, her hands clinging onto him in almost sheer desperation, the sensation of his cock sliding in and out of her, the sound of his ragged breaths filling the car.

As the last shudders of her pleasure subsided, Grace felt Nate's rhythm shift. His movements grew erratic, losing their deliberate pace as something primal took over. His hips stuttered against hers, a frantic energy replacing the steady rhythm that had been building her orgasm. His face buried deep in the crook of her neck, his stubble scratching against her sensitive skin, and she could feel his breath coming in harsh, ragged gasps against her throat. He was close—she could feel it in the way his body tensed, the way his muscles grew taut under her hands, like a bowstring drawn to its breaking point.

With a final, deep thrust that seemed to split her in two, Nate let out a low, guttural groan that vibrated through her entire body. His cock swelled inside her, pulsing once, twice, and then she felt it—a flood of warmth unloading inside of her, coating her walls, filling her so completely that she felt it in her very core. The sensation was intense, overwhelming, a testament to his release that made her own spent body shudder in response. His hips jerked forward once more, twice, several times, final, involuntary spasms as he emptied himself into her, a low moan escaping his lips as he did so.

They stayed there for a moment, locked together, their bodies slick with sweat and trembling with aftershocks. The air around them was thick with the smell of their exertion, the musky scent of sex mingling with the stale odor of Nate's car. Grace could feel Nate's heartbeat pounding against her chest, a rapid, heavy rhythm that slowly began to even out. She wrapped her arms around him, holding him close as he came down from his high, his body growing heavy with exhaustion as he collapsed against her, his weight pressing her into the worn leather of the backseat. They lay there, breathing hard, their bodies tangled together in the aftermath, the silence between them broken only by the sound of their own breathing and the distant hum of the city.

Finally, Nate pulled back, sitting up and letting out a deep sigh. Grace watched him through half-lidded eyes, her limbs heavy and sated.

"That was..." he started, but trailed off, seemingly lost for words.

"Fuck, do you think anyone heard us?" Grace said, suddenly worried. Then her second thought hit her. There was one person she should've hoped had heard them.

"Pff, I think you like putting on a show," Nate said. "Ow!" Nate's hand flew to his lower back. "Old football injury."

"Maybe you could drop a few," Grace teased, poking his beer belly. "All that weight must wreck your back."

Nate groaned as he tried to maneuver himself off of her without spilling out of the car in a heap of fleshy limbs.

*

The silence would be pressing if it weren't for that steady squeaking rhythm coming from the old car. Nolan watched in a mix of awe and terrible excitement, his throat so dry he could barely swallow. His jaw hung slack, breathing too ragged to bother closing his mouth. Frozen in place, back pressed against the cold brick wall, he couldn't move or even remember how to breathe properly. His eyes were glued to that Volkswagen, to the fogged-up windows that hid everything and told so much at the same time. His ears strained, desperate for any little clue, any hint as to what was happening inside. Not that he needed to listen hard—he could hear Grace groan as if in pain, but he knew better. That was a different kind of groan.

The squeaking grew more erratic, more frantic. It had been a slow, rhythmic affair at first—methodical, even—now came in fits and starts. Each squeak of the Volkswagen's worn suspension grew more desperate, more urgent, until they blurred together into a frantic staccato that made Nolan's teeth ache. He could picture it now with sickening clarity: Grace's back arching off the leather seat, her feet kicking toward the ceiling as Nate drove into her with a new urgency. The sounds coming through the fogged windows changed too—Grace's groans rising in pitch, growing ragged as Nate's own breathing came in harsh pants. Each frantic squeak of the car seemed to punctuate another desperate thrust, the old vehicle shuddering under their combined weight as they neared their end. Nolan watched, transfixed, as the steady rhythm he'd been memorizing disintegrated into chaos, each sound tearing through him like glass.

And that squeaking... the sound of it would be burned into his mind forever.

Nolan was rooted to the spot, his heart racing, his palms sweating. He'd never felt so aroused and terrified at the same time. It was surreal.

The squeaking grew more erratic, a frantic rhythm losing all sense of control. Each squeak bled into the next, a high-pitched desperate noise that made Nolan's teeth ache. And then there it was. The unmistakable sound of Nate finishing, a long groan. Nolan imagined him pulling out to unload on Grace's perfect belly, painting her taut, flat stomach with thick ropes of white. Or worse, pumping his seed inside Grace. The thought sent a shiver down his spine and Nolan's stomach twisted into a knot, his blood pounding in his ears.

And then—nothing. A sudden, jarring silence that seemed to suck all the air from the parking lot. One beat. Two. Three. The quiet stretched, thick as molasses, heavy enough to feel in Nolan's chest. The silence was deafening.

Nolan could only hear his own heart pump away.

The two of them seemed to be chatting idly inside the car, their voices a little muffled through the window, but still audible. A small laugh from both of them, a chuckle really, then Nolan's heart threatened to kill him as the back door started to open.

Nolan bolted away before anyone noticed him, before he even could make a conscious thought about whether it was the right call even. He hurried around the corner and found his Equinox humming its more calm, methodical rhythm. He got in the car and tried to catch his breath. His chest heaved, his lungs burning. He couldn't tell if it was from running or the adrenaline coursing through his veins.

Nolan leaned back against the seat, his eyes wide. He couldn't believe what he'd just witnessed, what he'd just heard. The image was seared into his brain, playing on a loop in his mind. The metallic sound of that old piece of shit car jolting and jerking, and why that old car was jolting and jerking... the squeak of its old springs, the muffled groans, the thumping, the panting, the frantic, almost panicked squeaks as the two of them came together, it all was so incredibly vivid.

He sat there for several minutes replaying it in his head, from how he found the car, the slow reveal, the slow realization of what he had walked in on, where Grace had guided her, to how Grace had sounded even through a car window. Nolan was in desperation to finish himself off, and had a mind to think to hell with it and deal with the mess afterwards, but ultimately fought the urge.

The hollow pit in his stomach grew. That familiar, gnawing dread crept up from his toes, clawing its way into his chest and wrapping its icy fingers around his heart. That burn that both hurt but also made him feel so alive at the same time. He hated this feeling, he loathed it, but he craved it. The conflict of emotion left him dizzy, light-headed.

Fuck, what an amazing gift this had been from Grace. She had promised to include him, and boy, did she deliver. He hadn't seen exactly what had been going on, but that hardly mattered. He had heard it, he knew what was happening. And that was all he needed. The mental gymnastics his brain had to do to fill the gaps in what he didn't see... it was incredible.

Nolan's gaze drifted to his phone, face down on the passenger seat. The silence in his car felt heavier now, pressing in on him from all sides. Would a text come? A call? Grace telling him he could pick her up? Or were they still there, still tangled together in that backseat? His thumb twitched, desperate to snatch up the phone, but he held back. The waiting was part of it, wasn't it? The not knowing. His heart hammered against his ribs as his eyes remained fixed on the dark screen. Just another minute, he told himself. He'd give it one more minute before giving in. Before checking to see if this gift had truly ended, or if there was more to come.

The screen lit up as Nolan snatched his phone from the passenger seat. He folded. Folded like a cheap suit in the high wind. Just like that, all his resolve crumbled like a house of cards. He had to check. What if something had changed? What if she needed him after all? The thought of her waiting, wondering where he was, twisted something in his gut. Especially if that would be why Grace chose to go with Nate.

No messages from Grace.

Nolan swallowed hard, the lump in his throat feeling like a golf ball he couldn't quite wash down. Nothing. His thumb hovered over Grace's contact, the urge to call warring with everything he knew about their arrangement. One part of his brain screamed that it was perfectly reasonable to check in. The other—the quiet part that remembered how Grace had squirmed when they'd first discussed this, how she'd ultimately embraced something that made her uncomfortable just to satisfy him—that part knew better.

Calling felt like it would shatter something. That invisible fourth wall Grace had so carefully constructed, the delicate balance between his fantasy and their reality. It would tell her he didn't trust her, not really. Not after everything. And he did trust her, damnit. It was himself he couldn't trust to be patient, to sit in this goddamn car and wait while the aftershocks of what he'd just witnessed rippled through him.

Grace wouldn't make him wait if she didn't want him to. That was the thought that anchored him, the one truth in all this madness. She'd given him what he wanted, what he'd begged for, even though it cost her something. Even though he'd seen how upset she'd been that first time they talked about it, how she'd needed to go for a ride before continuing. He owed her this at least—this silence, this space to process. To trust her, even when every cell in his body was screaming for more.

He found the Google Maps icon and opened it up, eager to see if he could still track her location. To his surprise, the little dot that represented Grace's location was still available to him. What made his heart skip a beat, however, was that it was moving and was nowhere near where he was. When had they left? How long had he sat here wallowing?

Nolan started his car, put it in gear, and followed the map to wherever Grace had decided to go. It took him a second glance to realize that they weren't heading home.

"What are you doing, Grace?" Nolan muttered under his breath, his brow furrowed.

Regardless, Nolan followed, pushing the speed limits to make up for lost time. The last thing he wanted was to lose sight of Grace now. Why weren't they heading home?

"Fuck," Nolan grunted, making an abrupt turn as he had been staring at the phone too much and almost missed a turn. The car veered, tires squealing, before righting itself and continuing.

After several minutes of frantic driving, he finally caught up with them. He slowed down to keep a safe distance, staying a few cars back. What was odd was how he only saw the back of Nate's head. Had Grace not joined him after all? Had Nolan missed something? He quickly checked his phone and saw that she was indeed ahead of him, and most likely inside that old beatdown car. Nolan's throat tightened, but he persevered.

The red brake lights of that familiar Volkswagen flashed as Nate turned into a parking lot. Nolan squinted at the illuminated sign above the entrance, recognition dawning slowly. The Starlight Inn. God, he remembered it well. One of his first ad campaigns after being hired—those cheesy "Your home away from home" taglines he'd worked on until his eyes burned, trying to make that rundown dump sound like luxury accommodation. He'd even driven through this same parking lot once, taking photos for mock-ups, never imagining... never imagining Grace would be checking in. With him.

But he followed suit, keeping a few rows back and watching as Nate's car parked near the far edge of the lot. He watched as the two of them got out of the car, both seemingly unhurried and casual. She didn't even bother looking back to see if he was there. Or maybe she did and he had missed it. Nolan's breath caught in his throat as the two of them headed inside without a glance back.

Nolan's throat felt thick as he stared at the entrance, the bright neon sign buzzing overhead.

*

"The night is not over yet," Nate chuckled, running a hand over her thigh as they drove.

"What, you haven't had enough, cowboy?" Grace chuckled.

"I'm not some two-pump chump," Nate replied, squeezing her thigh while steadily keeping the vehicle on the right track, not letting her delicious thighs distract them from keeping them on the road.

"That you are not," Grace chuckled, glancing over at her rugged neighbor.

Grace ran a hand through her hair, shaking out the tangles with her fingers as best as she could. She was sure she looked like a mess after what had happened in the car, and the thought made her smirk. Nate had done a number on her, that was for sure. Not that she was complaining. It had been fun.

She glanced over at him again, studying his profile as he drove. His jaw was set, his eyes focused on the road ahead. He seemed lost in thought. Grace wondered what he was thinking about, where he'd take them next.

"So what's the plan, cowboy?" she asked. "I should really get back home to Nolan."

"He had you most of last week," Nate said. It could've sounded like he was pouting, but it was more of a statement of fact. Like he was the one who was owed.

"You don't own me," Grace pointed out.

"Oh, I know," Nate chuckled, turning the steering wheel, the worn springs squeaking. "I'm just saying."

"And besides, he's my boyfriend." Grace moved her hand to shove his away. But his returned, a playful little game of possession. "You're just..."

"The guy who fucks you the best," Nate finished, his hand sliding higher up her thigh. "Plus, you don't look too upset with the idea."

The two sat in silence for a moment, the hum of the engine filling the air between them. The road stretched ahead, endless and dark, the glow of the headlights casting strange shadows along the asphalt.

"I'm not," Grace finally admitted. "Not really..."

"I think you need to be treated how you deserve, and I think you like that it's me and my... antics. And perhaps that is something that is hard to come to terms with," Nate said, sounding almost sagely. He kept his eyes on the road as he spoke. "I think that's why you keep coming back."

Grace shifted in her seat, crossing her legs, and inadvertently pushing his hand further up her thigh.

"Maybe," she said softly. "Or maybe I just like having a good time."

Nate laughed, a deep, throaty sound that seemed to reverberate through the car. "Oh, princess. You know what they say, you can't hide forever. You'll have to face the music sometime."

Grace turned her head toward him, shooting him a glare.

"It's just fun, Nate," she said, her voice hardening. "And I don't appreciate you acting like you're my therapist or something. And don't think I don't notice your little snide remarks either."

"Fair enough," Nate said, his tone changing, a little less amused, a little more serious. "I apologize."

They fell into silence again, the tension in the car thick. Nate's hand stayed firmly planted on Grace's thigh, and she found herself not pushing it away this time. It was warm and heavy and comforting.

"Well," Grace broke the silence, her voice softening. "I do want to thank you for tonight. For everything."

"The pleasure is all mine, princess," Nate chuckled. "But like I said, our evening has just begun."

"Yeah?" Grace asked, perking up. "Where are we headed then?"

"Just up ahead," Nate replied, pointing to a sign ahead. "There's a hotel I've been meaning to check out."

Grace arched an eyebrow. "A hotel?"

"What, Nolan can take you out on a small trip, and I can't?" Nate laughed. "It's the Starlight Inn. Heard of it?"

Grace had. She looked out the window, as if the name of the hotel represented more than a motel with an H instead of an M.

"It was Nolan's first job, actually," Grace said. "He worked on a campaign for them."

"Only fitting then," Nate said, an almost sly smile on his face. "We'll make sure to give them some good word of mouth."

"I don't think they have that kind of service," Grace chuckled. "But I do like the way you think."

"What can I say, I'm a man of culture," Nate replied with a shrug. "Plus, I thought it'd be nice to get out of the house for a bit."

"That's fair," Grace said. "And I think we both need to blow off some steam after tonight."

"Oh, that we do," Nate agreed, his hand squeezing her thigh. "I think it's a nice way of rounding out an exciting evening of sexy photos and posing."

Grace looked down at his hand, her thighs tingling where he touched her. She could still feel the phantom touch of his fingers inside of her, the memory of his rough, calloused skin against her soft folds making her shiver. His grip on her leg tightened, and she couldn't help but imagine him spreading her legs apart, his thick cock pushing deep inside of her. She shifted in her seat, biting her lip as she felt a fresh wave of arousal wash over her.

"You alright over there?" Nate's deep voice broke through Grace's thoughts, and she blushed as she realized she'd been zoning out.

"I'm fine," Grace said, her voice a little higher than she would've liked.

She unbuckled herself, making Nate shoot her a look, but Grace just smirked back.

"What are you doing?"

"Don't worry about it," she giggled, reaching down to unzip Nate's pants. It was difficult, given her positioning and how they bounced on the uneven road. Not to mention Nate's size. Grace managed though.

She fished his cock out, and was taken aback at how it felt against the cold night air as the wind came through the cracks in Nate's beatdown car.

Grace pumped his fat cock in her hand, working him until his cock was nice and thick and hard.

Grace gave Nate's cock a slow stroke before she bent forward and lowered her mouth to his engorged tip. She heard Nate groan from above as his cock slid deeper into her mouth.

Nate's cock twitched in her mouth as Grace took him in deeper. It filled her completely, and Grace loved how Nate seemed so lost in the feeling that he barely kept the car steady. It made her feel in charge in a way.

She began bobbing her head, slowly taking him in and out of her mouth, savoring the taste of him. Her lips stretched around him and the feel of his velvety skin on her tongue sent shockwaves of desire coursing through her body. Grace's moans filled the air, and Nate's hand found her head, and his hips pushed forward to match her pace, his breathing getting louder, his groans getting harder to conceal. His fingers threaded through Grace's long hair, keeping her in place while she pleasured him. She could tell by the way his hand gripped her hair that she was giving him a lot of pleasure. It wasn't gentle. His hand was tight and demanding in her blonde locks. This rougher treatment was her own doing, but she was willing to see it through.

Nate's hips bucked forward again and she took him in even deeper, his hard shaft pushing to the back of her throat. The sensation of it all, her gagging slightly and the way his body seemed desperate for even the smallest relief was all part of Grace's pleasure.

Grace's jaw ached, stretched to its limit around Nate's thick shaft. She'd never manage to take all of him, not really—his cock was too big, too thick for her small mouth, especially hunched over like this in his beatdown Volkswagen. But Nate had never uttered a complaint. Grace knew that most of his sensitive spots were right there at the tip, that fat, flared head of his, and she knew just how to work it with her tongue, swirling around the ridge, pressing into the sensitive underside. His groans told her everything she needed to know as she hollowed her cheeks, creating that tight, wet suction that made his hips jerk against her. She could feel him pulsing against her tongue, hot and alive, as she focused on what she could manage—taking him as deep as she could without gagging too much, using every trick she'd learned with him to drive him wild.

"Fuck," he growled. The sound was low, rumbling in his chest like distant thunder.

"Mhm," Grace agreed, pulling off of his cock with a wet, messy sound. A string of saliva connected her bottom lip and his crown as she panted heavily. It was hot in the cab of the car despite the cold autumn wind, her body hot with arousal.

"You're too good at that, Princess," Nate continued, letting go of her hair long enough for her to switch back over and plant herself properly in the seat, even though she didn't buckle up right away. "It's a goddamn superpower."

"Nah, just good old-fashioned practice," she said, wiping her mouth, reaching over to grab his dick again, pumping him slowly, her hand slick from her own spit and Nate's precum. "And I do love to practice."

Grace smiled, biting her bottom lip. She gave his cock another pump, her grip firm but gentle.

"Well, don't let me stop you," Nate replied, his voice a low rumble, his eyes never leaving the road. He shifted in his seat, spreading his legs a bit wider as Grace continued to stroke him. "We're soon there, by the way."

Grace shrugged, leaning over and guiding him back into her mouth. She licked the throbbing veins that ran down the underside of his cock, all the way up to the glans, which she wrapped her lips around and suckled gently. Her cheeks hollowed out, the tip of her tongue flicking at the slit. She tasted the salty precum oozing out of him, and she swallowed it eagerly.

Nate groaned, his cock pulsing in her mouth. Grace could feel the car turning, slowing down, and she knew they were at the hotel already. The fact that they were gliding through the small parking lot while she gave Nate head didn't make it any less thrilling though. In fact, it only made it better. She knew they could be caught at any moment, and the thought sent a shiver of excitement and anticipation through her spine.

The car came to a stop, and Grace felt Nate's hand on the back of her head again. He held her in place as he started fucking her mouth, thrusting his hips upward, pushing his cock as

deep as he could go. The tip bumped against the back of her throat, making her gag. She pulled away from him, coughing and gasping for air.

"You okay?" Nate asked.

"It's fine," Grace said, smiling up at him. "I like it when you get a little rough with me. I usually like to guide, but sometimes it's nice to... let go."

"So I've learned," Nate agreed. "Let's head up to the hotel."

*

Nolan kept his steps light as he moved along the cracked pavement toward the hotel lobby, the soles of his shoes barely making a sound against the concrete. From the corner of his eye, he caught sight of them approaching, their figures cutting through the shadows. The bright fluorescent lights of the lobby spilled onto the sidewalk ahead, but Nolan managed to stay just outside their reach, his body angled away from the entrance.

They weren't looking for him, and thus not at him—Grace was lost in laughter, her face illuminated with an expression that spoke of comfort. Pure, unguarded amusement, head tilted back a touch as she listened to whatever Nate was saying. Nate stood close beside her, his hand resting possessively on the small of her back, guiding her toward the entrance with a casual intimacy that made Nolan's stomach clench.

Nolan slipped behind a cluster of overgrown bushes that lined the walkway, the rough leaves brushing against his jacket. Through the gaps, he watched as Nate leaned closer to whisper something in Grace's ear, causing her to swat playfully at his arm. Even from this distance, Nolan could see it—the ease between them, the natural rhythm of their interaction. It was something familiar in the way Grace tilted her head toward Nate, the way Nate's fingers spread across her back, as if he'd touched her there a hundred times before.

It was odd seeing for the first time how the two interacted when they didn't think they were being watched.

Nolan couldn't help but feel a little bit jealous seeing them like that. Jealous of their closeness. But also jealous of the fact that he wasn't there with Grace. That it was Nate, of all people, who had been with her tonight. Nolan found himself wondering what they had been doing all evening. She had been in such a rush when she left, he couldn't wait to ask Grace when she got home later.

The two quickly disappeared into the hotel, and Nolan wasn't far behind. He wasn't sure why he was trying to be so secretive, but it sort of added to the excitement. Besides, Grace had led him here.

As he entered, Nolan tried to stall his pace, giving them just enough space to check in, and for Grace to then send him the number or whatever the plan was. Did she want him in the

room? Stand at the door and listen? Or... lurking in the bushes outside? He took a deep breath and walked into the lobby.

The first thing Nolan noticed was that the place smelled like cigarettes. Old, stale smoke clung to everything like a thick, gray fog, coating the air in a hazy film that made his eyes water. He wrinkled his nose in disgust as he looked around at the drab, worn-down décor of the hotel lobby. The carpet was stained and threadbare in places, and the wallpaper was peeling in the corners. There was a faint buzzing coming from somewhere—the old fluorescent lights that flickered overhead. So much for working several days of overtime to write their damn ads.

He spotted Grace and Nate near the front desk, checking in. Nate was doing the heavy lifting, while Grace looked around, obviously not impressed. Compared to their Chicago trip before the weekend, this was a pig sty.

Grace's hair fell loosely around her shoulders, and she looked tired, but beautiful as ever. Even if she looked a bit worse for wear, her makeup smudged and her clothes wrinkled. It suited her. Her T-shirt was tied up to show that flawless belly that Nolan loved to kiss and sniff. Yes sniff. Her scent was divine.

It wasn't often Nolan was able to watch his girlfriend from afar, but god damn, how striking she was, even tired and casually just standing there. She had a presence that seemed to fill the room, and it was impossible not to notice her. She was the kind of woman who commanded attention wherever she went—and Nolan felt lucky to have her.

The clerk obviously noticed too, because he kept stealing glances at her, his gaze lingering a little too long on her perfect curves. It was subtle, but Nolan caught it. He knew that look of appreciation. It was the same look he had given Grace when they first met. Nolan hadn't been able to be so subtle, however. And he wasn't now either.

"Here's your room key," the clerk finally said, handing Nate a small card. "You're in room–"

Grace turned away from the front desk, her eyes scanning the lobby. Nolan quickly ducked behind an old vending machine, out of view. His heart raced, and his palms were sweaty. He couldn't believe he was actually doing this. Being such a bitch. She'd probably be happy to see him there, wanting them to share her excitement.

Nolan held his breath as he waited for Grace to pass, his pulse pounding in his ears. He slowly counted to ten. Three times. Then peeked around the corner, getting an eyebrow-raised look from the clerk.

"I, ugh, fell," Nolan mumbled, blushing as he got up from the floor. "I tripped over the... uh... carpet."

"Right," the clerk said, obviously not believing him, but didn't care enough to ask any further questions.

Nolan glanced around, trying to spot Grace, but she was gone. Had he missed her? God damn it. And he missed the room too.

He walked over to an old sofa, one he had insisted them throwing out when he was working on their campaign, and sat down. He pulled his phone out and started pretending to play some game, hoping nobody would question what he was doing here. The last thing he needed was someone asking if he was lost or if he was waiting for someone. He had no idea how to answer. He wasn't lost, but he was waiting for someone. For two people, actually. But he couldn't exactly say that.

There were no messages from Grace. It had been less than two minutes since they went, so they probably had barely gotten to their room yet.

To give them time, Nolan looked around a bit. The hotel lights, people coming and going. He gave a snort between a laugh and a tired sigh as he saw customers at all. At least his ad had done something, he presumed. It was almost completely out of business before the campaign. They didn't have the best score online, but money in the bank was more important, he figured. Maybe they simply hadn't had the funds yet to improve the ways Nolan had suggested.

Nolan shrugged and checked his phone. Nope, nothing yet.

Well, Grace had been pretty disheveled. She probably hit the shower or something, or maybe just lay down for a second to rest. Nolan nodded to himself, deciding that had to be it. She looked exhausted after all, so she probably just needed to recharge before updating him. He just needed to give it a minute. Patience had paid off so well so far.

Nolan's gaze drifted back to the lobby, his eyes scanning the stained carpet and flickering lights as if searching for something to distract him from the thoughts bouncing around his head.

His attention snagged on a pair entering through the glass doors—a man in his late twenties, looking like he'd just finished a double shift, and a perky brunette bouncing at his side who couldn't have been a day over twenty. Something about them struck Nolan as odd, even more mismatched than Grace and Nate despite their smaller age gap. Their French drifted across the lobby like exotic birdsong, the man's words slow and weary while the girl's chirped with the boundless energy of someone who'd downed three espressos before crawling out of bed that morning. Nolan wondered if anyone else noticed the way she practically vibrated beside him, how he seemed to be physically leaning away from her energy even as he kept their hands linked. Probably not. Probably everyone was too wrapped up in their own desperate quests to notice anything at all.

Maybe there wasn't anything to notice. They talked French; maybe they had been on a long flight, and this was their humble abode for the night. Nolan chuckled. Why would two Europeans come to Courtington, a small college town in Indiana, of all places? Good for them, he presumed. At least they saw the *real* America. Nolan had hated the small town

when they moved to their little apartment, but work and Grace had made him grow oak-like roots.

Nolan's eyes drifted from the couple to the worn front desk, to the clerk who was busy helping the next customer in line. A young buck. Red-head with loads of pimples, and some lanky limbs. The guy looked exhausted, probably having spent what was left of his energy dealing with the couple from France, and Nolan felt a pang of sympathy for the guy. He knew how demanding some customers could be. Especially those who weren't familiar with the country. And judging by the way the guy was speaking to the clerk, it was a tiresome nuisance for them as well. His English sounded almost American, though, which was impressive.

As if jolted awake by a defibrillator, Nolan found his phone again. He realized he hadn't checked for a bit. Surely Grace had sent him something now. He pulled it out and checked if he had missed anything. Nothing.

He leaned back, trying to relax. There was still no message from Grace. It had been about ten minutes now. She had to be done with her shower, right?

"Fucking hell," he grumbled under his breath, feeling more than a little impatient. His eyes darted around, but unable to take more in from the small lobby.

His mind still managed to drift, not really entirely present. A small numbness had taken over him as he sat there, no longer entirely waiting for a message anymore. Grace was probably too preoccupied.

Nolan thought about his 'Nuevo Camino' campaign. He had leaned more towards 'Masa & Co', as it was more diverse if they wanted to branch out to a rum and whatever their ideas had been, but the Tex-Mex folks liked Nuevo Camino better. And he'd oblige.

He shifted a bit uncomfortably in his seat, feeling a bit uneasy.

The new name had grown on him anyway, and his artist had done a great job with the concept art for a lot of good logos. It was a bit of a slow process with these folks, but it was a longer project, so it was alright. And they didn't mind spending a bit of money either, so it was just good business as long as they were happy with what Nolan was producing.

Nolan's gaze drifted again, catching on the stained upholstery of the lobby sofas—exactly the ones he'd argued to have replaced during his campaign. They'd insisted on keeping them, something about "retro appeal." Now the springs were surely shot, the stuffing probably oozing from tears in the fabric. His eyes slid to the old vending machine he'd ducked behind earlier, its glass still smudged with his fingerprints. Then to the hotel entrance, where more tired-looking souls trudged in and out. The janitor's closet door hung slightly ajar, revealing a glimpse of yellow mop handles leaning against each other. The front desk looked newer than he remembered—sleek, faux marble replacing the cheap laminate from before, though the glow of their ad campaign still flickered on a screen behind the clerk.

His eyes finally fell to his phone in his hand, its screen still dark and silent when he tapped it awake. Just as empty and unforgiving as it had been five minutes ago, the last message from Grace still hours old.

He glanced over to the front desk clerk, who was busy with a new customer, and slowly got up and walked over to the elevator, keeping an eye on the clerk who was occupied with something of no importance.

The elevator doors slid open with a quiet ding, and Nolan stepped inside, pressing the button for... That was the thing. He didn't really know what floor he was looking for. Nolan clicked the button for the first floor and waited for the doors to close.

The hallway stretched out before Nolan, narrow and suffocating. Worn-out carpeting, the same drab brown they'd refused to replace during his campaign days, absorbed the sound of his footsteps as he crept forward. Room after room passed in a blur of identical doors, numbers tarnished with age. Behind them, muffled television sets murmured indistinctly, their tinny voices mixing with the hum of the cheap air conditioning units bolted beneath each window.

Nolan paused, his hand hovering near his throat. His heartbeat increased until it thundered in his ears, drowning out the distant sounds from the rooms. What the hell was he doing? What was he expecting to find out here, wandering the halls like some lost ghost? As if Grace would broadcast their activities for any random passerby to overhear. Still, he found himself listening anyway, straining to catch something—anything—that might break the stale air of anonymity. A muffled laugh? The rhythmic creaks of bed springs? The thought made his stomach clench and his blood run hot all at once. He wanted to know and he didn't want to know, caught in that familiar tug-of-war that had brought him to this wretched hotel in the first place.

Nolan took another step forward, the thick carpet silencing even his shallow breaths. His fingers trailed along the wall, tracing the cracks in the paint, the rough edges of faded water damage. He'd been here before, he realized. Back when he was working on the campaign, he'd done a photo shoot for one of the rooms—something about how comfortable and clean they were. He remembered the beds, how stiff they'd felt, the sheets had smelled like cigarettes and bleach, as if they'd been hastily washed before his arrival.

The memory made his throat tighten as he thought of Grace in those sheets.

"Sir, are you staying here?"

Nolan whirled around to see a middle-aged woman in a maid's uniform standing behind him, her dark hair pulled back in a tight bun. She wore a look of suspicion on her face as she eyed him up and down, taking in his disheveled appearance.

"I..." Nolan began, suddenly aware of what he was doing. How long had he been wandering around? "I'm sorry," Nolan said, forcing a smile. "I must have gotten lost. I'll leave."

"Do you need help finding your room?" she asked.

"No, no, I'm fine," Nolan said. "Thank you. I'm just going to head back to the lobby."

Without waiting for her response, Nolan hurried away, his cheeks burning with embarrassment. What was he thinking, creeping around like that? And for what? There was no way Grace would make it easy for him to stumble upon them. Hell, he didn't even know what room they were in. It had been an idiotic plan from the start, if you could even call it a plan.

He checked his phone one last time. Nothing. Nolan slid it down into his pocket again.

Ten minutes later, Nolan was on his way home.

*

The room wasn't impressive, but it hardly mattered. Grace carried her energy from the photoshoot, from their little date, and the car, and all the way into their modest hotel room. She felt almost giddy. She was ready to explore. To see what the night had in store.

She wanted to lead him over to the bed, push him down on it, and then straddle his lap. He looked up at her with a hungry look in his eyes. But instead, Grace stretched her hands up above her head, her strong back almost giving a small crack, as she damn near paraded through the room toward the window, letting that old creep watch the body she had sculptured move with confidence and purpose.

The hotel room itself was nothing special, a cramped, sparsely decorated space with peeling wallpaper and stale air. The only saving grace was the large window that looked out over the parking lot, where they had parked a few cars over from Nate's own beat-up Volkswagen.

Grace walked over to the window, her hips swaying as she moved. She peered out into the night, the orange glow of the streetlamps casting long shadows across the pavement. Her gaze lingered on Nate's car for a moment before moving on to the rows of parked vehicles.

Meanwhile, she could feel the intense stare still linger on her. Nate always brought that little element of danger, that she wasn't always entirely safe around him. Sure, he had never hurt her, but he had also never fully stopped being a bit rough. A bit unpredictable. And the idea of this rough man wanting to possess her, claim her, have her... it was a turn-on she had never truly understood until Nate came along. It made her want to be naughty.

Grace smiled as she turned back to him, her eyes meeting his. "So," she said, crossing her arms over her chest. "What do you want to do first?"

Nate's gaze burned with intensity, his eyes dark with desire as they swept over her body. His lips curled into a smirk as he stood up and walked over to her. Grace shivered as she felt his warm breath against her skin, sending tingles down her spine. She bit her lower lip as his hands moved to rest on her waist, squeezing her curves possessively.

"Well," Nate said, his voice low and husky, "I think you should finish what you started in the car."

Grace giggled, biting her lower lip.

"Oh yeah?" she asked, tilting her head to the side.

Without waiting for a reply, Grace slowly, right in front of the window, sank to her knees in front of him. The carpet underneath was threadbare in places, worn thin by the passage of hundreds of feet, the ghosts of past patrons, their own stories woven into its faded threads.

Her heart raced, excited. She bit her lip as she looked up at Nate.

She could feel the weight of his gaze on her as she reached for the buckle of his jeans, her delicate fingers making quick work of the leather strap. With a slow, deliberate movement, she unbuttoned the fly and tugged at his jeans, exposing the straining bulge of his boxer briefs underneath. His eyes roamed over her as she leaned forward and pressed her mouth against his hard cock, kissing and nuzzling him through the fabric. The musky scent of his arousal filled her nostrils and she inhaled deeply, savoring the masculine scent.

Grace's own body throbbed with excitement and anticipation as she hooked her fingers in the waistband of his briefs and slid them down his strong thighs. His cock sprang free, hard and thick, jutting out proudly in front of him. A bead of pre-cum glistened at the tip and Grace licked her lips, eager to taste him once more.

Her hand wrapped around his thick shaft, feeling the smooth skin against her palm, she started to stroke him, slowly at first but quickly picking up speed as his moans filled her ears. Grace ran her tongue across her top teeth, savoring the taste of his precum that still lingered from their drive.

She started by lightly kissing the tip, teasing him with gentle, feather-light touches. Her small, soft hand continued to pump up and down his rigid shaft, while her lips slowly pressed down, creating a small vacuum for her to suckle on.

Grace could feel Nate tense as her hot mouth closed around the head of his cock. Her tongue began exploring the ridge that connected his wide crown to the thick column, following it back until the back of his cock met the softness of her tongue, before sliding it forward to tease the sensitive frenulum on the other side.

"Damn," Nate breathed. His cock twitched in Grace's hand. "You are really, really good at that."

"Mhmm," Grace chuckled as she licked him up and down his length, one hand slowly stroking his thick base and the other gently rubbing his balls. Her tongue traced a vein, the texture rough against the soft slickness of her tongue, and a groan escaped Nate. Grace's eyes flickered upward, meeting Nate's gaze as his head tipped backwards, a low groan escaping from his throat.

"Mmmmmmhmmm..." Grace hummed playfully, the sound vibrating around Nate's thick crown. Her eyes locked onto him, twinkling mischievously as she sucked him deep, letting the wide flare of his head glide across the velvet softness of her tongue. Nate was too big for her to take him down her throat, but she'd give him what she could, sucking hard and bobbing her head quickly, drooling down his shaft.

The noises of the wet mouth enveloping and sucking him were audible and lewd, especially in that room. Grace's cheeks were burning and tingling as her body was reacting. Her arousal was growing rapidly.

Grace kept her gaze firmly on Nate, and she watched his jaw go slack, his eyes fixed on the way her mouth was stretched wide around his thick cock. The way just the very ridges of his head escaped her lips any time she withdrew teased so many nerves in his sensitive crown, making him throb. She flickered her tongue on that spot, and the way his expression changed let her know it was his weakness. So she teased it again. And then again. And again. Grace would flick her tongue over it as if it was her sole purpose to make him squirm. She licked him like an ice cream, sucking on the tip and playing with him like candy, just like how she knew he wanted her to.

"Fucking hell," Nate moaned, his head tipping back again, his hands reaching for her hair. "You're gonna kill me."

Grace couldn't help but smirk. It was always so much fun to drive men wild, especially a man like Nate—the kind who took charge everywhere else in their lives. But Grace had discovered there was nothing Nate loved more than a girl who made him feel powerful, so powerful that a confident, assertive young woman like Grace would happily get on her knees for him, put his cock in her mouth, and do everything she could to please him.

With a loud, lewd slurp, Grace let Nate slip free of her mouth, giggling at the way it slapped back against his body, thick and hard.

"Is that so?" Grace teased. She leaned in and started licking his balls. "You think I'm dangerous?" she giggled, kissing each one of them before sliding her tongue back up the center of his shaft. "A killer?" Her tongue twirled around his head and she pumped him eagerly with her hand. "Well, how's this for dangerous, Mister Bertsch," she purred.

Leaning back on her heels, Grace lifted his rigid pole up out of the way and brought her face to his low-hanging balls, her mouth opening and engulfing them with her heat, sucking at them gently while she tickled his taint with the tip of her tongue, the texture of the wrinkled flesh a strange sensation.

Nate moaned. She was getting a little carried away with it, but she couldn't help it.

She let Nate's testicles fall from her hungry lips and they slapped back against his thigh as Grace licked her way up to the tip of Nate's cock, looking into his eyes as she lapped at his tip again.

"Oh, that's real fucking dangerous," Nate replied with a growl.

Nate took his thick, twitching shaft in hand, aiming the wide head towards Grace's mouth. Her tongue was out, ready to receive him. A flicker of amusement shone in Grace's eyes, and then, without further ado, the swollen crown slid between Grace's thin lips and over her tongue. He could feel her breath catch in her throat, his shaft swelling at the thought of her choking. His grip tightened on her hair as she swirled her hot, soft, wet tongue around the head of his cock.

"Ooh yeah, that's good. Just a more... mmmm, fuck that feels good," he muttered, as the wide rim of his glans pushed past the entrance of her throat, making her gag, her mouth flooding with spit as she tried to swallow it back.

"Aaaahhh fuuuck!" Nate groaned, pulling back as the sensation grew too intense.

Grace felt him swell even bigger in her mouth, a small trickle of salty fluid spilling into her mouth as she struggled to catch her breath.

Nate looked down at his conquest and smiled, a sense of satisfaction coursing through him as he saw the way she stared back at him, her cheeks flushed red and her chest heaving.

He released his cock for her to take over, and Grace eagerly slurped it back into her mouth, her eyes closing blissfully at his taste. The soft moans she let out sent shivers down Nate's spine and straight to his balls, which were already aching with the need to empty themselves. Grace's own pussy throbbed with excitement, and she could feel wetness growing between her thighs, spurring on her own eagerness to make him fill her mouth.

Nate reached for her head and grabbed hold of her long, blonde hair again, gently at first, then harder as she picked up the pace and started sucking him faster and more vigorously. He could see the determination in her eyes and feel the hunger of her mouth around him.

"Oh, fuck yes," he sighed. "Just like that. Get ready..."

"Mhmph!" Grace mumbled around his cock, nodding slightly.

"Unh, unh, unh! Fuck yes!"

Grace felt his thick meat jerk between her tight-pressed lips, the thickest pulse of salty fluid yet splattering onto her tongue and filling her mouth with his masculine essence. She was sucking him down as far as possible, feeling his thick head and bulbous ridge sliding back and forth across her lips. With every pull of her hungry mouth on his throbbing dick, another spurt of sticky, viscous cum spilled into her mouth. She couldn't get enough.

"Mmhh!" Grace moaned, sucking him faster, swallowing another shot of his warm seed. "Mmmmh!"

Nate gritted his teeth and growled through the intense, near-unbearable pleasure as Grace bobbed her head, sucking down his cum without a care for her surroundings.

She pulled back and opened her mouth for a deep gasp of air, catching her breath while his shaft kept pumping out shot after shot of thick semen onto her outstretched, waiting tongue. The sight of his thick cum lurching from his tip was incredible and made her feel more wanton and needy than anything had before. Grace couldn't explain the intensity with which the need hit her. How all her other problems and thoughts and feelings disappeared when her lips closed around his pulsing cockhead, her mouth and cheeks bulging as Nate pumped rope after rope of hot jizz into her. It didn't make sense. And right then, in that moment, she didn't care.

When he finally started to come down, his cock still decently hard, but the pulsing finally abated, Nate slowly pulled free of her clinging lips. His flared crown dragged a trail of saliva and seed out of Grace's glistening, slick mouth as it emerged and slapped against his thigh, and he looked down to admire her handiwork.

Grace opened her mouth even wider and presented him a glimpse of his thick load in her mouth, showing off the white ropes that clung to the roof of her mouth and the milky puddles that had settled between the dips of her tongue. Then, in an almost ritualistic manner, Grace closed her mouth and swallowed loudly.

"Aaahh..." she said, licking her lips clean.

"Damn, where did that come from?" Nate asked, clearly satisfied.

"Just trying new things," Grace said with a shrug, letting Nate pull her to her feet.

"I'm all here for it," Nate chuckled.

"Well, I'm off to brush my teeth and... I guess get ready for bed," Grace said.

"You're not running off this time either?" Nate asked, almost sounding genuine.

Grace laughed. "No, I don't think I am."

Nate nodded. "Good."

"But I'll be right back. Just need to freshen up a bit. You know how it is."

*

The shower was much needed after a day of work, photoshoot, sex, oral sex, and you name it. Jesus. To think it had all happened in one day. Was this how Nate lived? Grace chuckled to herself at the idea. She imagined that, if she let him, that would be the case.

Grace had always been adventurous in the bedroom, but she'd never quite considered herself a wild person. Now though... she was definitely more into the idea of being wild and crazy.

It was exhilarating. The thought of someone watching her, maybe even taking photos, it really appealed to her. She even hoped that Nate would have more in store for her. It was

putting her work on a pedestal, to be admired, and now... to be consumed.

Grace rinsed the last of the shampoo out of her hair and stepped out of the shower, grabbing a towel to dry herself off.

As she stood there, rubbing the towel over her body, she caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror. A blush crept across her cheeks as she took in her own reflection, her tanned skin glowing from the hot water, her long blonde hair hanging wet down her back, her perky breasts rising and falling with each breath she took. She traced a finger down her stomach and over her pubic mound, feeling a rush of heat between her legs as she did so.

"Damn, I look good," Grace said to herself.

She blushed even just saying that, feeling like such a show-off, but she was glad no one wasn't around to hear it. She was proud, yes, confident, but come on.

*

Ten minutes later, Grace exited the bathroom and found Nate already under the covers, watching TV.

"You're on my side," Grace joked, moving around to the other side.

"I guess we'll have to stack," Nate quipped.

"Oh, is that so?" Grace replied, throwing aside the duvet.

Nate continued to look at the TV for a few moments before turning it off, wanting to catch the last bit of the segment he was watching.

"Isn't this nice? Getting away a bit?" Nate asked, rolling to his side.

"Yeah," Grace replied. "I mean, the place isn't what I would have wanted, but at least the company is pretty good."

"You're welcome," Nate chuckled, his grin almost infectious.

"You've really grown on me," Grace said, shaking her head. "I have no idea how you do it, but I actually enjoy spending time with you. You're such a creep."

"I've heard worse," Nate shrugged. "And it's not the worst thing to hear."

"I can't believe you're not bothered by people calling you names," Grace said, laughing.

"Eh," Nate said. "What can I say, I have a thick skin."

"Clearly," Grace chuckled.

"If anything, I can say I didn't think I'd ever be in a position where I took you out on dates and such," Nate admitted, his tone sincere.

"Well, I'm glad you did," Grace said. "I don't regret anything we've done."

"Neither do I," Nate said, smiling.

Nate rolled over and kissed her softly on the lips. It was tender and sweet, and Grace melted into it. Her hands moved to his chest as he pulled her closer, his own hands sliding down her back. She sighed against his mouth as she felt him harden against her thigh, his erection pressing insistently into her hip. She wanted to feel him inside her again, and judging from the way he was grinding his hips against her, he wanted it too.

She wrapped her hand around his shaft and began stroking him slowly, making him groan. He pushed her onto her back, and she spread her legs for him eagerly.

"Fuck," he groaned, sliding between her thighs. She moaned as she felt his thick cockhead press against her wet pussy, teasing her entrance.

She gripped his shoulders tightly as he pushed inside, gasping at the sensation of being filled by him. Why did this feel so right? Nate wasn't even handsome. She didn't like him at first either. So then how come she had this feeling in her gut that this was perfect, when all logic said otherwise?

"Oh, fuck yes," Grace gasped. She felt his hands grip her waist and then he was moving, thrusting deep into her with long, sure strokes that left her breathless. She couldn't help but moan out loud, her fingers digging into his shoulder blades. The way he stretched her walls, rubbing against that sensitive spot deep inside with such precision and intent... it was pure heaven.

Her eyes met Nate's as he continued to move, and he held her gaze as he thrust. She could feel her body begin to tense up, her stomach muscles clenching. Was this... was he... making her cum already? How was he able to bring her to the brink like that? Oh god!

"Nate! Fuck, you're gonna... oh god! Oh fff-ughh! Oh fuck! Yes, oh fuuuuh!"

She closed her eyes tightly, unable to think of anything else other than the overwhelming sensations coursing through her entire being.

Nate's hips moved in a steady rhythm, his body tensing with the effort of keeping up with Grace's demands. The bed rocked with every thrust, and Grace could barely focus on anything except for her own pleasure. It seemed to be the same for Nate.

"Oh god, it feels so good," Grace panted. Her hands slid over Nate's back, tracing the lines and ridges that made him uniquely his. The idea that he wasn't her perfect fit didn't really bother Grace, but it did make her pause to consider how strange it all was that this, now, was better than the many nights of great sex with Nolan. She loved her boyfriend deeply, but she couldn't deny the sheer pleasure she felt with Nate. And yet... she also couldn't imagine this feeling lasting, or growing. Not with her. Not after how everything started. They were just too different, weren't they? Even if it seemed more compatible than she'd ever admit.

Grace bucked hard up to meet Nate's heavy work on top of her, her orgasm rushing through her body. She threw her head back against the pillow, a silent cry escaping her lips save for gasps and heavy, frantic pants. She moved one of her hands to the back of his head, tangling her fingers in his dark hair, holding on for dear life as their hips moved together in unison. With a groan, he thrust into her again and again, and she cried out in ecstasy.

As the intensity slowed, Nate didn't. He kept punishing her with deep strokes.

Grace looked up at Nate through half-lidded eyes, heavy with pleasure and exhaustion, wanting to see him clearly. The rough, unrefined man she had dismissed as nothing more than a creep now revealed layers she hadn't expected. It felt strangely natural—too natural, if she was being honest with herself—to let go of her usual control, to let her inhibitions melt away like snow in spring. To trust him. God, she hated that feeling. She never liked feeling weak, or needy, or out of control. But with Nate... something was different. The tightness in her chest loosened just a little each time they were together, the walls she'd so carefully built around herself crumbling bit by bit. The thought terrified her as much as it thrilled her. It felt so right. So good.

"God damn it!" Grace cried out, pulling him into another deep kiss.

His lips captured hers hungrily, and the two shared another moment together where nothing else existed except the intense connection between them. His hands moved up her back as he laid down on top of her, setting a more intimate pace. Her own fingers traced his spine, and she moaned against his mouth.

Nate's cock twitched inside her, and she knew he was close. She could feel him getting harder, his rhythm becoming more erratic as he chased his own climax. She wrapped her legs around his waist and pulled him deeper inside her, wanting to feel every inch of him. She kissed him deeply, savoring the taste of his lips, the heat of his breath, the way his tongue felt against her own.

It felt so earned, so deserved, as if they'd both worked hard to get there. It was almost like he'd finally been able to break through all her barriers.

"God damn it! Nate! I'm gonna fucking cum again!" Grace screamed as she felt another orgasm build deep within her core. She clung to him, her fingers digging into his skin, trying to hold on for dear life, as her walls tightened and contracted around his thick girth.

"Grace, Fuck! Fuck!" Nate's face tightened in concentration, his brow furrowing and jaw clenching as the tension mounted in him, ready to explode.

"Just like that!" she exclaimed, "Keep doing that! Fuck, yes! Harder!"

"Grace, I'm gonna fucking... cum...!" he grunted through his clenched jaw, the strain clear on his face.

Nate's balls drew up and exploded as his orgasm roared up from his loins and surged forth. The familiar pulsing and throbbing began, and then... nothing. His mind and body flooded with a most delicious relief, his tense muscles relaxing as the intense climax slowly ebbed from his body. He groaned, his orgasm pulsing deep within her tight depths, as his balls emptied into her womb. She felt amazing, her velvety walls milking every last drop of his seed, her inner muscles massaging him like the world's tightest and hottest vice. The feel of her clutching around him, accepting all that he offered, the warm splash of his sticky fluids against her tender walls, it was a deeply satisfying experience, one that left him with the kind of bliss that usually only came with a truly mind-blowing session.

And right along with him, Grace had her third orgasm, a less intense yet more pleasant release compared to the others. Her thighs quivered around his sides as her pussy milked his spurting shaft. The sensation of Nate cumming, the warmth inside her, the feeling of her womb swelling with his load, feeling his tongue on hers, feeling *Nate* pressed so deeply inside her... it was beyond anything she had felt before. A sort of sense of completion filled her.

*

The two of them let out a small laughter. Or was it a giggle. Hard to say. Probably something in between. The two exchanged a few kisses before Nate's weight proved too much, and he rolled to his side.

Grace bit her lower lip, the mere act of biting her lower lip showing the slightly mischievous mood she had. Her toes curled and she snuggled closer to Nate, wrapping her legs around his thighs. Her breasts pressed up against his side as she rested her cheek on his shoulder.

"You know, I was supposed to stop this today," Grace muttered after a while.

Nate looked down at her with an unreadable expression. Then he offered a smile. "You did a terrible job, then."

Grace half-laughed, half-settled more comfortably against him. "Well, you're just... I don't know. It's just different. It feels different."

Nate raised a brow at her. "Different?"

"It doesn't make sense," Grace said, shaking her head. "I didn't even want to go out on a date with you, and now look at us. I'm here, in bed with you, having sex. Again."

"You keep acting like this is something that happens to you," Nate said, his voice rough but gentle.

Grace tensed slightly against him, the warmth of his body suddenly feeling too close. "I make my own choices."

Nate propped himself up on an elbow, his dark eyes finding hers in the dim light filtering through the cheap hotel curtains. "You talk about it like it's this force of nature. Like you're

just being swept away by... whatever this is between us."

Grace pulled back slightly, creating space between them on the lumpy mattress. "Because it is. We weren't supposed to happen. You weren't even supposed to be part of my life beyond being some creepy neighbor who couldn't keep his eyes to himself."

A corner of Nate's mouth curved upward, but his eyes remained serious. "And now I'm the guy who fucks you the best."

Color rose to Grace's cheeks, heat spreading across her face and down her neck. It would normally be meant playfully, but it didn't seem like that now. "Don't be crude."

"Am I wrong?" Nate pressed, his fingers tracing patterns on the sheet beside her. "You keep saying this doesn't make sense, but you're the one who keeps coming back. This isn't just happening to you, Grace. You're choosing it."

Grace sat up, pulling the sheet around her naked body. The air in the room suddenly felt suffocating. "You think I don't know that? You think I haven't spent nights wondering what's wrong with me that I keep letting this happen?"

Nate shifted to sit up too, the mattress creaking beneath his weight. "There's nothing wrong with it. There's nothing wrong with wanting something different. Something... raw."

Grace's jaw tightened. "Raw? Is that what you call this? A guy who looks like he hasn't showered in a week getting me to do things I never thought I'd do?"

Nate reached for her, his fingers grazing her arm. She didn't pull away, but she didn't lean into his touch either. "I call it honest. We don't pretend with each other. You don't pretend you don't want me, and I don't pretend I'm not obsessed with you. That's more real than whatever careful dance you do with your quarterback boyfriend."

Grace flinched at the mention of Nolan, guilt flooding her system like cold water. "Don't talk about him."

"Why not?" Nate's voice grew softer, more persuasive. "Because it reminds you that you have a choice here? Every time you come running to me, Grace, that's a choice. Every time you let me undress you, that's a choice. Every time you open your legs for me..."

Grace squeezed her eyes shut, his words cutting too close to truth she wasn't ready to face.

"Look at me," Nate commanded gently.

Grace opened her eyes slowly, meeting his intense gaze.

"You didn't get pushed into this car," Nate continued, his thumb stroking her arm now. "You didn't get forced into this room. Your mouth wasn't forced open when you took me in your mouth. Your hands weren't guided when you wrapped them around my back. These are choices, Grace. Choices you keep making."

Grace's shoulders slumped, the fight draining out of her. "I know," she whispered, the admission feeling both liberating and terrifying. "I know they are."

"You like what I bring. There's nothing inherently wrong or right about that. It's just what you're drawn to."

Grace mused on his words as she settled down next to him, keeping that little space between them. She let the silence sit for a minute before finally replying to something he had said earlier. "Nolan doesn't pretend to obsess over me. He truly does worship me and our relationship together. You might not be able to tell, but I love him, and he loves me. I can feel it in the way he looks at me and talks to me. This isn't some illusion or act on his part."

"Fair," Nate said, not pushing the issue. Grace had expected him to do so, as that was what men did, right? Compare who's the most man and all that nonsense.

"I should probably text him. He is going to want to know where I am," Grace said, looking up at him.

"Then text him," Nate said.

Grace didn't move. Instead, she continued to look at Nate as the moment stretched. She wasn't sure what she was expecting. A small silence lingered.

After several beats, Nate spoke. "You don't have to decide everything tonight."

Grace nodded, but didn't respond further than that.

"You try to make everything fit in the same room," Nate said.

"What do you mean?" Grace asked.

"Nolan gives you one thing. I give you another. You keep acting like one has to cancel out the other, but that's not true. You're allowed to want more than one thing from your life," Nate said, easy as can be.

"That sounds convenient," Grace resisted.

"Sure. But it doesn't make it wrong, either," Nate said. "Nolan is home. I'm not."

Grace closed her fist around the sheet, rolled more on her side to face Nate. Was that the truth? Could she even admit to that?

"I hate feeling split like this. That both can... be true," Grace said, feeling a lump in her throat. But what was it? Fear? Guilt? Sadness? Excitement, even?

"Then stop treating it like a contradiction," Nate said.

Grace looked up at him now, searching his eyes, a strange mixture of emotions churning within her. She had expected this to be some sort of grand gesture or proclamation on her part, something that would change everything. Instead, it felt strangely simple. Too simple.

"It sounds like you're trying to make this normal, like people can just divide themselves up."

"They can," Nate replied. He made it sound as if it were such an easy answer, and that alone was a red flag for her. Nothing like this was that easy.

"I mean, I don't want Nolan to feel like he's waiting for me to live my life, while all he does is wait for me," Grace said. The thought alone was hard enough to imagine. It tore on her emotions to think of how Nolan would absolutely do that if not protected from himself.

"Then don't leave him waiting. Just don't drag him into every room either."

Once again, Grace fell silent. Her gaze shifted to not really look at anything specific. Nate seemed to have a lot of answers for things, but she wasn't sure if they really could hold true for her situation. What he said wasn't wrong. Of course it wasn't. Grace knew better. It was more that it wasn't enough. Even if he was able to give her something Nolan couldn't, it still wasn't a solution for everything else. It was a good question. But it wasn't a full answer. It was almost too easy. The ease of it almost felt more unnatural than the idea of there being something new she was exploring.

"He is not some piece of furniture," Grace said. "It's not fair to him, what I'm feel– doing..."

"No. But lying about what you want won't be fair to him either," Nate said.

"You're really good at making selfish things sound honest," Grace mused.

Nate offered a smile and a low chuckle. "Only when they are."

And yet again, silence acted as a mediator. This was new for Grace, she would realize, just not in a way that was entirely comfortable or positive. Normally, in any situation, a conflict, or even a normal discussion, she knew where she stood on issues. But lately, she felt more in the middle of everything, trying to understand how to act, what she should or could say, or do. Where others could be certain, Grace had to try to figure out who she even was in her current context. She kept changing her position.

Wasn't she used to knowing who she was? How did it come this far for her to start doubting that, all of a sudden? Was it even doubt? Was it herself that she fought against, and her stubbornness that refused to change, or did Grace really have a lot of things to figure out about herself? In many ways, Grace wasn't used to not knowing. Yet here, that was exactly what was happening to her, and Grace was discovering that the process was deeply uncomfortable.

"Come here," Nate finally said, holding his arm out to her, beckoning for Grace.

She hesitated for a moment. Grace then glanced over at her phone. Briefly. Before sliding over to him. It didn't feel unwelcome, but more unfamiliar. He had a way with her that Grace just didn't really have a word to describe. Just like she found herself unable to put her finger on it. Grace slid closer and felt Nate wrap his arm around her, holding her. She could smell his sweat and musk on him.

Grace's body began to relax. She was still wide awake, but she was more comfortable with the thoughts drifting in an out of focus in her head.

"Are you still angry about Tuesday?" Nate asked.

Grace felt herself tense as she remembered back. It felt like months away, but it was not even a week.

"You went too far."

"Yeah," Nate said. Grace immediately looked up at him, looking at him, taken a little back. Nate saw that and looked right back at her, a small shrug offered. "I shouldn't have left you wondering."

"What?" Grace asked, not amused. "That's one way to put it."

Nate met her eyes more directly, shifting more onto his side as she had. A hand traced over her hip, the side of her body, her shoulder and collar, brushing against the side of her breasts.

"Then maybe don't wonder this time."

"You think I'll let you do that?" Grace asked, her tone more annoyed.

"You won't let me do anything," Nate said. It wasn't a pout. It was a promise. "You'd choose it. No surprises, no waiting alone."

Grace's body drew tight again, muscles tensing where Nate's hand still rested on her hip. His words hung between them in the stale hotel air. She hadn't expected this, nor did she really want this, not after admitting to herself that she kept coming back. But she understood what he was offering. Something different. Something that put the choice entirely in her hands this time, not his. No repetition of old wounds disguised as new excitement.

"I'm not asking you to pretend I didn't push too far. I'm asking if you want to find out what it feels like when I don't," Nate said.

Nate didn't emphasize 'if you want', but it hung there regardless. She remembered the cuffs, the anger, how it had left bruises that made her think of Tuesday and Nate even when she was off with Nolan. But she also felt the pull.

Grace felt her wander across the bed, images of her helplessly tied to a post while Nate had his way with her flashing in her mind. She shivered at the thought, her body reacting to the idea.

But it would be different now.

"If I say stop, you stop," Grace said, that burning excitement in her chest growing.

Nate nodded. "Yes."

"And if I say I don't want this, you stop," she added. "No games."

"No games."

"And the key is within my reach," Grace said, "where I can see it."

"Yes."

Grace studied him. She knew Nate well enough to distrust how easy that all sounded, but she also knew him enough to know he meant it now. He wanted her to want it. He wanted her to make the choice.

"Fine," Grace said, her stomach fluttering at the idea.

The moment it left her mouth, Nate acted. He kissed her hard and pulled her to him, the way he moved more forceful than normal.

It made Grace gasp, wondering for a split second if it was the right call, but then her gasp floated into a moan. It was the kind of thing that would normally piss her off, but with Nate, it somehow felt like something she wanted.

"On your stomach," he said, letting go of her.

Grace looked up at him, confused. "What?"

Nate gave a look and pointed to the mattress. "On your stomach," he said calmly, but clearly with that edge to it.

Grace felt the tension within her grow as she shifted to her stomach, feeling his weight next to her move as he leaned over her side.

"Did you bring your cuffs? Did you plan this?" Grace asked, keeping her tone playful.

"Extend your arms out," Nate said.

Grace did so, and she felt his strong hands wrap around her wrists, and the cool metal tighten around her wrists. She felt her pulse quicken, her heart racing, her breathing becoming shallow, wondering what was next. The click of the other cuff closing around her other wrist made her jump. Looking up, she saw her wrists on either side of a pole on the headboard, a chain link between them, tying her to said pole.

She was bound. She was at his mercy again.

But this was different. She didn't feel what she felt then.

Nate moved, positioning himself to straddle her lower back, and then she felt the key being placed in her palm, closing her fingers around it. Her muscles tensed around the cool metal, her heart rate spiking before slowly calming back down. She had control. Even in this vulnerability, she held the power.

Grace rested her cheek against the cheap pillow, her fingers curled around the key like a lifeline. She could feel Nate's weight shift above her, could hear the rustle of sheets as he settled between her legs. The cool metal of the headboard against her wrists was a constant, grounding presence—a reminder that she had chosen this, that she could end it whenever she wanted.

But until then... she was his.

Grace could feel Nate's hands on her lower back, tracing the curve of her spine, his touch firm but gentle. His thumbs pressed into her muscles, working out knots she hadn't even realized were there. She sighed softly, her body relaxing under his skilled touch. It felt good. It felt right.

Then his hands slid lower, cupping her ass, squeezing firmly. Grace couldn't help but moan as he kneaded her flesh, his fingers digging in just enough to be pleasurable. She arched her back slightly, pushing herself against him, wanting more.

But instead of giving her what she wanted, Nate shifted his weight, moving up her body until he was straddling her thighs. Grace could feel his hard cock pressing against her ass, the heat of him seeping through her skin. She shivered, a mixture of anticipation and excitement coursing through her.

"You still think about it," Nate said, his voice low and rough. "Tuesday."

Grace tensed slightly, her fingers tightening around the key in her palm. She had been trying not to think about it, to push the memory aside, but it kept coming back. The feeling of being helpless, of being at his mercy, of not knowing what was going to happen next.

"I do," Grace admitted, her voice barely a whisper. "But this is different."

Without further warning, Nate's large, calloused palm came down on her exposed ass cheek with a sharp, stinging slap. Grace cried out, more from surprise than pain as the shock of it radiated through her. Her skin tingled where he'd struck her, a warm flush spreading across the area. Another slap followed on the opposite cheek, then another, building a rhythmic pattern of impact that sent waves of sensation through her body.

Grace buried her face in the pillow, muffling her sounds as Nate's hand came down again and again. Each slap sent a jolt through her, a mixture of pain and pleasure that she couldn't quite process. Her body was responding to him, her pussy growing wet with each strike, her clit throbbing with need.

She felt exposed and vulnerable, her ass thrust up in the air, her hands bound to the headboard.

The slaps ceased as suddenly as they began. Grace lay there, panting, her skin tingling, her body humming with anticipation. She could feel Nate's weight shift as he positioned himself behind her, the head of his cock pressing against her wet entrance. There was barely any

resistance as he pushed himself inside, his thickness stretching her walls, filling her completely.

Grace moaned as Nate began to move, thrusting into her with deep, powerful strokes. His hands gripped her hips, holding her steady as he pounded into her, the bed creaking in protest with each movement. He was going hard and heavy, but god could Grace take it. Barely.

Her hands instinctively tried to grip something, but the cuffs held her fast, a reminder that she was at his mercy. But then her fingers brushed against the key in her palm, a small, cold piece of metal that held so much power. She could end this whenever she wanted. But she didn't want to. Not yet.

Nate's hands moved from her hips to her hair, grabbing a handful and pulling her head back gently. The slight pain mixed with the pleasure, sending a tremble down her spine, making her arch her back even further, pushing herself against him, meeting his thrusts with her own desperate movements.

Before letting her settle in this angle, Nate shoved Grace's face down into the pillow. Her cries of delight and moans were muffled, the way his rough and aggressive movements were making the bed rock. It wasn't gentle. Nate's hands gripped her hips tightly, his fingers digging into her skin, sure to leave bruises that would last for days. As if the spanking wouldn't.

"Fuck, Grace," Nate growled, his thrusts becoming more erratic, more desperate. "I think you like it more when I'm rough with you."

Grace couldn't respond. Not with her face pressed against the pillow, her breath stolen by the force of Nate's thrusts, but she didn't need to. Her body was doing all the talking for her. She was pushing back against him, meeting each thrust with one of her own, her pussy clenching around him, milking him for all he was worth.

Grace could feel her body begin to tense up, her stomach muscles clenching as her orgasm approached. She could feel the familiar tingling sensation start at her toes and work its way up her legs, spreading through her entire body like wildfire. Her walls tightened around Nate's cock, her inner muscles milking him, trying to draw him deeper inside her. She was so close, so very close, and she knew it wouldn't take much to push her over the edge.

Nate must have sensed it too, because he shifted his position slightly, changing the angle of his thrusts. He was hitting that spot deep inside her, the one that made her see stars, the one that made her toes curl and her eyes roll back in her head.

The angle, the cuffs, the keys in her hand, the sheer roughness of it all was all a bit too much, and a little bit too perfect.

She screamed into the pillow as wave after wave of pleasure washed over her, her body convulsing, her pussy spasming around Nate's thick cock. It was an earth-shattering

orgasm, one that left her breathless and trembling, her body spent and sated.

But Nate wasn't done with her yet. He kept pounding into her, his movements relentless as he chased his own climax. He had already climaxed three times this evening, but something about this raw, primal act had him going again.

Grace was so sensitive after her orgasm, each thrust sending jolts of pleasure-pain through her body. She squirmed and writhed beneath him, her bound hands struggling against the cuffs, but she didn't want him to stop. She wanted more. She wanted to feel him cum inside her again, to feel his warmth spread through her, to feel his body tremble as he reached his peak.

Nate leaned forward, his weight pressing her into the mattress, his chest flush against her back. She could feel his hot breath against her neck, could feel the sweat dripping from his body onto hers, could feel the rapid thumping of his heart against her spine.

"Grace," he whispered, his voice ragged with desire.

She turned her head to the side, trying to look at him, but he buried his face in her hair, his hips moving faster now, his thrusts becoming more erratic. She could feel him swelling inside her, could feel the tension building in his body, could hear the ragged gasps escaping his lips.

With a final, deep thrust, Nate let out a guttural groan as he emptied himself into her, his body shuddering with the force of his release. Grace could feel the warmth of his cum spreading through her, a comforting and intimate sensation that made her feel connected to him in a way she had never felt before.

He collapsed on top of her, his full weight pressing her into the mattress, and she could feel his heart racing against her back, could feel the sweat dripping from his body onto hers, could feel the gentle tremors that still ran through him as he came down from his high. The key remained clasped in her palm, a small, cool reminder of the control she had held throughout this encounter.

*

"Oh shit! Oh, FUCK!" Grace cried out, riding Nate for all he was worth. Her blonde hair was plastered to her forehead with sweat, her cheeks flushed with exertion and pleasure, her body moving in a frantic, desperate rhythm. She was sitting astride him, her hands free to rest on his chest, her perky breasts bouncing with each movement, her head thrown back in ecstasy.

Nate's hands gripped her hips, guiding her movements, helping her find the perfect angle, the perfect rhythm that would send them both spiraling into oblivion. He was watching her, his eyes dark with desire, a smirk playing on his lips as he watched her lose herself to the pleasure.

She could feel his cock deep inside her, his thickness stretching her walls, rubbing against that special spot deep within her with each thrust. The head of his shaft possessively slammed against that place inside her that had her eyes rolling into the back of her head, that made her toes curl and her mouth drop open in a silent scream. She was riding the wave of another intense orgasm, her whole body quivering and trembling, a cacophony of pleasure coursing through her veins, threatening to make her explode from within.

He was taking her rough, and it was doing all the right things to her, making her both see heaven and stars alike.

With a few last, frantic thrusts, Nate's climax joined Grace's, the pair clinging to each other in the heat of the moment, their bodies moving together as one in the height of passion. She could feel the pulsing of his cock, could feel each burst of cum as it shot deep inside her, her tightness drawing it out, milking him for everything he was worth.

*

Nate sat on the edge of bed, once again with Grace on her knees in front of him, giving him the kind of service his cock deserved. Grace was happily blowing him again, her tongue tracing every inch of his shaft, her lips wrapped tightly around his thickness.

"Fuck, you're good at that," Nate groaned, his hands tangling in her blonde hair, guiding her movements. He was still a bit spent from their latest love-making session, but he couldn't resist the temptation of Grace's mouth.

Grace moaned around his shaft, the vibrations sending shivers of pleasure through his body. Her hands were on his thighs, her fingers digging into his flesh, holding him in place as she worked her magic on him. Her head bobbed up and down, her tongue swirling over the sensitive head of his cock, her lips sliding along his length.

The sight of her on her knees before him, her mouth full of his cock, was almost enough to make him cum again.

*

Pressed up against the wall, Nate was hammering into Grace's pussy, his hips moving with a frenzied intensity, his hands gripping her ass, holding her in place. Her legs were wrapped around his waist, her arms draped over his shoulders, her head thrown back in ecstasy.

"Fuck yeah, you like looking at that juicy booty while you fuck the shit out of me?" Grace asked.

"You fucking bet," Nate grunted, slapping said ass for good measure, almost losing his grip on her. "Almost as much as I liked doing *this*!" Nate then shoved into her in just the right way.

"Oh god, yes!" Grace cried out, her nails digging into his back. "Just like that! Don't stop! You fuck me so good, N-NATE!"

"I have no plans of stopping, princess," Nate grunted, his hips moving faster, his thrusts becoming more powerful. He could feel her walls tightening around him, could feel her body tensing as her orgasm approached.

"You're going to make me cum! I'm gonna cum!" Grace screamed, her body convulsing, her pussy spasming around his cock. "Oh god, yes! I'm cumming! I'm cumming!"

With a final, deep thrust, Nate let out a guttural groan, his own release joining hers, the two of them collapsing against the wall in a heap of sweat and satisfaction.

*

The bedside clock's red digits mocked her in the darkness: 3:17 AM. An early morning, or a very late night depending on how you looked at it. Grace lay curled on her side, the cheap sheet pulled up to her chin, watching the steady rise and fall of Nate's chest as he slept beside her. His face looked different in sleep—softer, somehow, the harsh lines smoothed out, the perpetual frown gone. Almost peaceful. She could see the faint scar above his eyebrow, one she hadn't really noticed before. She wondered how he'd gotten it. A fight? A clumsy accident? The thought struck her that there was so much she didn't know about this man she'd invited into her bed, into her life.

Grace rolled over to face the other side of the bed. The key to the handcuffs was on the nightstand, its metallic surface catching the faint glow from the parking lot lights filtering through the cheap curtains. She had never actually used it. Nate had uncuffed her himself, his fingers gentle as they released her wrists. She hadn't needed the key then. But it was a comfort.

*

Some time later, Grace awoke on her side again, this time with something hard and strong pistoning into her from behind. Nate's hands gripped her hips, his body spooning hers as he moved inside her with slow, deliberate strokes. His breath was warm against her neck, his chest pressed against her back.

"Morning, princess," he whispered, his voice rough with sleep and desire.

Grace moaned softly, her body still heavy with exhaustion but responding eagerly to his invasion. She reached back, her fingers tangling in his hair as he continued to move, his thrusts becoming faster, more demanding.

"You're insatiable," she murmured, her voice a sleepy murmur.

"Only for you," he replied, his hips moving faster, his thrusts becoming more urgent.

They moved together, their bodies finding a perfect rhythm, a harmony that seemed impossible given their circumstances. Nate's hands roamed over her body, caressing and

exploring, his touch a mix of possessive desire and gentle affection that made her head spin. His words from the night before echoed in her mind.

Nate held her close as his climax drew close. His thrusts became shorter, but somehow deeper still. Grace's hand was wrapped around his thigh, her nails digging into his flesh.

"Fuck," he groaned, and Grace could feel his cock twitch inside her, could feel his hot breath against her skin, and she couldn't help but gasp at the sheer force of him.

*

The stale hotel air still lingered in the room, yet it somehow felt warm and comfortable. The sheets were tangled, and faint daylight shone through bad curtains. It was a gray morning, but it didn't feel like it, even if Grace laid with the duvet only covering half her body.

Grace's body felt heavy. Sore in all the right places. She could hear Nate breathing nearby. The sound of whatever was going on outside. A cart rolled down the hallway outside their room.

The smell of sex, sleep, sweat, and cheap soap mixed in the air. And somehow, it didn't repulse her as much as she would've thought it should.

A buzz.

Grace heard a buzz. She stirred, waited, her sleepy mind thinking the sound somehow belonged elsewhere. The AC, something in the hallway perhaps. The buzzing stopped, and Grace let herself drift into slumber again.

The buzzing returned, drawing her right out of her slumber. Grace blindly tried to reach for her phone, which had to be somewhere on the nightstand. She found it, her fumbling fingers closing around the familiar smooth surface. She blinked her eyes open, annoyingly rubbing sleep from her eyes and the screen came into focus, a series of notifications lighting up the display.

Her stomach dropped. The buzzing stopped just as realization hit her. Nolan's name was on the display. What time was it? How many missed calls were there? Did she even text him last night? Grace looked around. Where were her clothes?"

A sickening pit formed in her stomach. The guilt she had managed to keep at bay during their raw, passionate encounter now flooded her system with an intensity that made her feel nauseous. She quickly swiped through the notifications, her heart racing. Six missed calls. A string of increasingly worried texts.

'Everything okay?' from 10:47 PM.

'Hope you're having fun but let me know you're safe' from 11:52 PM.

God, had she slept that long?

"That him?" Nate rumbled.

Grace didn't reply; she was busy staring at her phone, her thumb hovering over the screen.

'Im okay, ill be home soon,' she wrote quickly and pressed send before she could think better of it.

The air in the room seemed to have changed. No longer warm and comfortable, but stifling. Suffocating. Grace put the phone face-down, as if that could somehow shield her from the reality waiting for her on the other side of these thin, faded walls.

The bed beside her shifted and groaned.

"Come back here, princess," Nate rumbled, and soon his arm was around her in the next moment. He pulled her close, her head resting on his chest. She wanted to melt into him, to let his warmth and solidity ground her. But she couldn't shake the feeling that she didn't deserve that comfort—not with the weight of her guilt pressing down on her like an invisible burden. Not while the consequences of her actions were laid out starkly on her phone, demanding her attention.

But then there was that scent. Nate's scent. It was so primal, so raw, that it made it almost impossible to pull away from. It was the smell of sweat, of sex, of something undeniably male that made her stomach twist in a way that was both thrilling and terrifying. She knew she should get up, should get dressed, should face the morning and the mess she had made, but she couldn't bring herself to move just yet. Instead, she lay there, her head on his chest, listening to the steady rhythm of his heart, trying to ignore the gnawing guilt that was eating away at her.

"You okay?" he asked.

Grace almost said yes. Almost said no. Almost said it was time for her to go.

Instead, she looked back at him. Nate didn't smile, didn't smirk or offer a chuckle. He ran a hand down her shoulder, down her arm, slow, and she could move away at any moment.

But she didn't.

In a matter of moments, Grace was on her back again, her legs wrapped around Nate as he thrust into her again with a deep, satisfying groan. She could feel him everywhere, inside her, around her, his scent filling her lungs, his body covering hers like a blanket.

She closed her eyes, focusing on the sensation, letting it wash over her, washing away the guilt, the fear, the uncertainty. For a little while longer, at least.

*

Finally, an hour later, after a shower and a quick fix-up, Grace was rapidly making her way down the open corridor to her apartment. She didn't know what to expect when she walked

through that door. Awkwardness, for sure. She honestly had no idea how Nolan would react to her disappearing like this.

Grace gently pushed the door open, as if not wanting to wake anyone up, sneaking into her own apartment, as if it wasn't already midday. But it was. She looked at the clock on the wall. God, it was almost 1 PM.

Inside, the apartment was still. Not calm. Not spacious. Still.

Grace hiked her purse up a bit and walked down their little hallway.

And there he sat. Nolan.

He turned as he heard her enter. He had clearly been awake. Probably for a long while.

"I waited for you."

"I waited for you."

Grace stood for a moment at the small wooden frame that separated their little hallway from the rest of their apartment. She adjusted her purse again, slower this time, as if it helped her change gears.

She knew how it looked, standing there, stiffened by the moment. Her hair was still damp, fixed in a hurry, her body was visibly tired, aching. Her odor was that of cheap shampoo and whatever hotels smelled like. For a fleeting moment, she was worried he'd detect it and cause more of whatever this was.

Grace felt her heart rate pick up. But not like it had the last 24-hours or so with Nate. It was quite the contrast to that. Nolan had clearly been awake for quite some time. How long had he waited for her? All night? Had he stayed up all night? She looked at Nolan, feeling a feeling she was so uncomfortable with. Hesitation. Was he angry? Hurt? Turned on? All three?

Nolan's face was drawn, the skin under his eyes bruised with exhaustion. She watched his shoulders slump as if the weight of her absence had been pressing down on him all night.

She felt her hesitation rapidly morph into other emotions as she stood there, now clutching her purse as if that did anything. Fear slithered up her spine, cold and unwelcome, followed by the sharp sting of her own hurt, just by looking at a man who was tired. There he was—the man she loved, his face a roadmap of sleepless hours, his posture a confession of how deeply he had suffered.

"Nolan..." she began, meekly. She took a step closer toward him, but somehow it didn't feel right. "I know."

The brown of Nolan's eyes was dull with exhaustion. Those eyes that normally held calmness, that centered her to something warm and comfortable. The air between them felt charged, thick with unsaid words, with the aftermath of her night with Nate. It wasn't anger she saw first,

though that might come. It was jealousy, twisted and raw, the familiar flavor of their new life together.

They were back to this, weren't they? The aftermath of her adventures, the space between what she'd done with someone else and how she and Nolan would have to pick up the pieces. She had slept with Nate again, stayed out all night, probably pushed their arrangement further than it should stretch. Like a rubber band pulled too tight, waiting to snap back and sting.

Nolan's knuckles were white where he gripped the arm of their secondhand sofa. Grace remembered buying that sofa with him, how they'd laughed trying to fit it through their apartment doorway. The memory felt like something from another lifetime now.

"I know," she said again, taking another step closer. "I know what you're feeling."

But did she? Really? She felt her own discomfort rise like bile in her throat. This was the part that had always made her hesitate—the cost of her explorations wasn't measured in money or time but in this moment, in Nolan's face.

Grace softened, her shoulders relaxing as she looked at him. Poor man. He was suffering, and it was because of her. Because of them. Because of this thing they were building together out of something that seemed destined to tear them apart.

This was the truth of it, wasn't it? Nolan had sent her into this adventure, had encouraged her to explore this part of herself, but he hadn't been able to turn off his own heart in the process. They had both known this would hurt, had talked about it, but knowing and feeling were two entirely different things. The emotions were as real as the love she felt for him, as real as the passion Nate ignited in her. They all coexisted in a messy, complicated tangle that neither of them had quite figured out how to navigate.

"I didn't mean to stay that long," Grace said. "I know how it looks. But you sent me into this too, Nolan. You know that, right?"

It felt wrong to turn this back on him, a sharp twist of guilt in her gut, but she couldn't carry this alone either.

"That's not what hurt," Nolan said, his voice low and pained. Grace stopped still. Hurt. "It hurt. But not because you were with him."

Grace hesitated again, not entirely sure what she had walked in on. Fear crept back in, fear of the unknown. This wasn't what she expected, and it left her unsure. She had expected the normal jealousy, the old rules of how to decompress to apply. But no, that wasn't it. This was something new, uncharted territory. Nolan's words were soft but heavy, and Grace realized she had been walking through this whole thing blind, assuming she understood the landscape when really, she was lost.

Nolan looked away, toward his phone. His gaze lingered for a moment before he got up from his seat and turned toward the window.

"I found the parking lot," he said. "Even through foggy windows, I saw how your feet jumped up and down, your toes... It was the most incredible thing I've ever witnessed. It was powerful, if you could call it that."

Grace looked at him still, rooted to the ground. She wanted him to get the space he needed, to get where he was going on his own.

"I was so thrilled to finally be part of it. I know you said you wanted to explore on your own for a bit, but when I got your hints the last week, then with that text message? My heart rate was through the roof. I've never been so excited," he explained. His voice wasn't as tired. He was recounting what sounded like great memories, but with an underlying pain. It was tainted. "So I followed, and as I said, I found you. And then you, erh, finished, and I was ready for the next part."

Nolan stopped talking for a moment, looking down at the windowsill. It was riddled with plants that Grace had tended to. Nolan didn't touch them, as they were her domain. He just looked at them.

"Then you left," he said, followed by a sharp intake of breath. "You didn't text, but again, I followed. This was a gift that kept on giving. I checked my phones as often as I could, expecting some sort of, I don't know, some sort of signal. I even got a notification, and I grabbed my phone so quickly, thinking it was you. It wasn't."

Nolan straightened up and turned slightly, but still didn't bring himself to look at her. He rubbed his face slightly, probably trying to partially rid himself of his exhaustion.

"So I waited in the lobby. Did you know the hotel was one of my first jobs? Well, I sat there, checked my phone, familiarized myself with every inch of that lobby while checking my phone every now and then. It felt ridiculous just hanging out there like that; I bet the clerk thought I was some loser with nowhere better to be. Maybe I was."

Grace wanted to go over and hug him tight. He wasn't a loser, not by a long shot. But she remained where she was.

"But I realized that I wasn't invited. When you sent me the coordinates, I thought that meant something. I thought you were telling me to come. But at the hotel, I didn't know if I was supposed to knock, hide, wait, leave, text, or pretend I hadn't followed at all. I don't know why I was there," he said, turning towards her, finally looking at her. "That was the worst part. Not that you went with him, or not even that you stayed. It was that I was close enough to know I had been brought along, and far enough away to understand I had been forgotten."

"I didn't tell you to go there," Grace retorted.

"No. You didn't tell me anything," Nolan said. "You let the map do the talking, and then you stopped talking altogether."

That landed. It landed like a sack of bricks.

Grace flinched at the bitterness in his tone, a sharp pang of guilt twisting in her stomach. He was right. She'd been so caught up in the moment, so consumed by Nate's raw intensity and the thrill of pushing her own boundaries, that she'd done something worse than simply forget to text. She had brought Nolan to the edge of the knife and then left him standing there.

Grace slumped down into the nearest chair, burying her face in her hands, before kicking back.

He was right. But him being present would have changed what that experience was, or any experience with Nate. She'd be performing for Nolan's fantasy instead of something she had to experience herself. It was selfish.

"I didn't want you there," Grace began, but immediately heard what she just said. "No, that sounds worse than I mean."

Grace inhaled, held her breath before exhaling slowly. She tried again.

"I needed... it to be mine at first. I needed to know what it felt like when I wasn't watching you watch me, when I wasn't wondering if I was doing it right for you," Grace said. "You said yes. I know you said yes. I know this started because of something you wanted. But when I was with him, it still felt like crossing a line. Me engaging with him is, to me, still cheating. Not legally or, I guess technically, but emotionally. It still felt like I was doing something against *us*. Psychologically, it is a huge step to take, to engage and then sleep with someone who's not the one you're loyal to and love."

Grace stood back up. It felt wrong to not stand when Nolan did. Her legs would have to endure, no matter how sore they were.

"And I think part of me needed to feel that. Not because I wanted to hurt you. Because if you were there, it would have... been a scene. A performance. Something we were doing together. I didn't want you present the first times because of that. And part of what made it so powerful was that I was choosing it myself, away from you, while still knowing it was wrong."

Nolan flinched, but Grace was being honest. She had to be.

"It still felt like cheating. If you had been the first time, the second, or even last night... I don't know. I needed to know if I wanted it when nobody was asking me to want it," she explained.

Nolan looked at her, flicking from one eye to the other. His brown eyes, her steel-blue ones.

"But I don't want to be outside if you meant me to be inside," Nolan said. "Inside the room, inside with you on what is going on."

"I didn't want you inside yet. Not because I don't love you, but because it would have changed what it was," Grace explained.

"I understand why you needed privacy. I understand. You needed it to feel real," he said.

"It was real."

"I know. And I wanted that, perhaps even as much as you. I needed it to be real too. That is the point of this. But Grace... at this point, it's not just the first time anymore. You've been with him several times, you've gone back to him after whatever happened, and you've spent nights with him," Nolan said.

"And I'm not saying that to throw it in your face. Last night, you didn't ask for privacy. You invited me, but just enough to make me think I was part of it. I wasn't. I was in the parking lot, then I was in a hotel lobby, then I was walking around like some creep. Every step felt like I was following an invitation that kept moving further away. That's the part I can't do. I can give you

private time with Nate, say that. But I can't be left to guess if I'm invited or if I'm supposed to stay home and let you... explore."

Grace looked away, the weight of Nolan's words pressing down on her shoulders like a physical force. She moved toward their dinner table, her movements stiff and uncertain. Leaning her elbows on the cool surface, she felt the chill seep through her thin sweater, a stark contrast to the heat still lingering on her skin from her night with Nate. The smooth wood was a grounding force, but she felt restless, like she couldn't be still anymore. The emotions made her unable to find a comfortable position in her chair, standing, or leaning.

Grace pushed off the table, turned, and instead leaned against it.

"If he gets time with you, fine, but I need time that's mine too. You said you were including me, but I ended up on the outside. I don't want to spy on you. I don't want to hide behind cars or wander around like a pathetic idiot. If you want me there, I need to actually be there. I can handle being told no, or being told if you want something to be more private," Nolan said. "What I can't handle is being brought to the door and left outside it," he added, concluding his piece. He stood there, waiting for her response.

"You're right," Grace said, her voice barely above a whisper. "I handled that badly. I didn't think it through. I was being selfish. I am. Selfish, I mean. You feel like I gave Nate the night and gave you the leftovers, if even that. A location. A few sounds through glass. A lobby. Waiting. And then... then nothing."

Grace looked at him, her shoulders slumping. The tension in her body released, and she felt a wave of exhaustion wash over her. She wanted nothing more than to collapse onto the couch, to close her eyes and escape from this conversation. But she couldn't. This was too important.

"That's a first," Nolan said after a while.

"What?" Grace asked, tired.

"The man winning the argument," Nolan said. Grace gave a chuckle. Nolan still had his humor, then.

Nolan sat down on the couch, taking her hands in his. It was the first physical touch since she got home, no, since before she left for work a day and a half ago. It felt... forgiving.

"I still want to see you with him," Nolan said.

Grace tensed up, but Nolan quickly clarified.

"Not like last night. Not hiding, not guessing. No pretense of anything else," Nolan said. "I want to be there because you want it, and not as a second thought."

Grace hesitated. She didn't hate the idea necessarily, but because deliberate watching would make everything real in a new way. She couldn't deny that she found the idea difficult, even now, even though that brought a bit of shame.

But she was surprised that Nolan still wanted this. It spoke to what he said. He wasn't upset that she slept with Nate. It was the half-hearted attempt to include him, or the lack of inclusion in general. It had probably been gnawing at him, culminating in what happened last night. She could barely imagine what that would be like for him. Especially as the biggest beneficiary of his kink, she found it hard to put herself in his shoes. Which probably made it extra difficult for him when Grace had behaved like she had.

And it spoke to Nolan's conviction to her, to them, to their new discoveries about themselves. He still wanted *her* to include him; he still wanted *them* to explore.

There was a certain amount of intrigue too, to let Nolan see her with Nate. To let him experience what she was experiencing. One thing that almost never failed to turn Grace on was being dirty, and there was hardly anything dirtier than sleeping with another man while your boyfriend

watched. The power dynamic was also fascinating to Grace. She'd be the center of everything then, two men under her spell, though for two different reasons.

But she also feared what something like that would mean for their relationship. For now, most of her relationship with Nate had been second-hand and at arm's length for Nolan. What he asked for was a shift of that paradigm. It would be right in front of Nolan, right in his face. If he was going to be jealous, he'd know it in the moment. There wouldn't be the barrier of distance, of being a passive participant in his cuckolding scenario. He would have to own up to his feelings, right then and there, or risk destroying what he asked to see. And she had no idea how that would work. And who knew how Nate would react to any of it, before, during, and after.

Part of her wanted to protect Nolan from all that. Not because he wouldn't get off on it in the moment—she knew he would—but because of what came after. That moment when the fantasy ended and the jealousy kicked in, when reality crashed down on him like it had on her that first time in Nate's apartment, when she'd seen her reflection and felt both shame and pride warring inside her.

What if it happened while Nate was still inside her? That thought alone made her stomach clench. Would Nolan panic? Would he storm out? Would he want to join in? God, the thought of him trying to intervene mid-thrust made her skin crawl. How would they even handle something like that?

And what if it wasn't what he'd hoped for? What if watching his girlfriend get railed by their creepy neighbor wasn't nearly as hot in person as it was in his head? What if he saw things in her expression that made him question everything?

It came back to the bit about performing, about it becoming a scene instead of something real. What if what she experienced wasn't what Nolan saw? What if he saw only betrayal while she was feeling that raw, honest ache that only Nate seemed to bring out in her?

"You want to be there... and watch?" Grace asked, making sure she understood exactly what he was proposing. He wanted to be there, as a spectator, not to participate.

Nolan squeezed her hands gently. "I want you to want me there," he corrected. "Not just as a spectator, but as someone you're sharing it with. I don't want to be on the outside looking in anymore, Grace."

"I don't know if I can do that," Grace said.

"I'm not asking you to do it today," Nolan replied, his voice gentle and understanding.

"I don't even know if Nate would," she said. She was pretty sure Nate wouldn't like the idea at all, given how he had some slight possessive tendencies.

"This isn't about Nate," Nolan said simply.

Grace studied him for a moment. Quite a few of Nolan's many qualities were on full display. Sometimes it felt like she could steamroll him, and sometimes unintentionally, but she was happy to see that wasn't the case all the time. Nolan knew what he wanted. He could be nudged this and that way, and he would always cater to her needs and her assertiveness. But Grace had misjudged the last few days, misread the signs of what her inclusion would actually look like. And Nolan was setting the terms, telling her in all honesty how he felt and how she was wrong. Yes, actually wrong. It was a tough pill to swallow, especially when it was her own actions that led them there.

The silence between them stretched, no longer tense but expectant. They had found a new way of communicating about this, one that was more direct, more honest. The old ways wouldn't work anymore.

"So what do we do?" Grace asked.

"Like I said, if you need something to be private, say that," Nolan said.

"And if I want you there..."

"Then you tell me what that means," Nolan concluded.

Grace mused on that for a moment.

"And if I don't know? Or if it's... sporadic?"

"Then tell me that too," Nolan said.

Grace moved one of her hands from his grasp to cup his cheek, feeling so much admiration for this man who was willing to endure so much for her, for them. He had been pushed to his breaking point, yet here he was, not demanding, not angry, but offering a path forward. He was brave enough to want this, but also brave enough to tell her when she was wrong.

"I'm sorry I left you in the dark," Grace whispered. "I got caught up in... everything. In him. I'm sorry I left you waiting."

"Thank you," Nolan said, smiling, taking her hand and kissing it gently.

Grace slumped down on the couch next to him with a heavy sigh, exhaustion finally making it impossible to remain standing. She looked at him, and he turned enough to look back.

"Can I... lean on you?" she asked, feeling awkward even asking. He nodded, and Grace sank into him, folding her arms around him. Nolan leaned back, allowing her to rest in his lap. He gently stroked her hair behind her ear, sighing heavily him as well. Safety. That was Nolan.

Grace sniffed herself, not entirely deliberately, and felt the scent of cheap hotel soap and a faint hint of Nate still linger on her. She thought Nolan may too, and that wouldn't do.

"I should shower. Or run a bath. I need real soap," Grace said. Nolan chuckled.

"Dirty girl," he said, that sexy voice of his making her shiver.

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The bath did not fix anything, but it changed the temperature of the day.

Grace sank into the water with a groan she could not quite suppress, letting the heat climb around her tired legs and sore hips. Nolan stayed in the doorway for a moment with a folded towel in his hands, looking like he wanted to ask a dozen questions and had decided to ask none of them yet.

That restraint, which he had lacked before, did something to her.

He could have hovered. He could have made the bath another courtroom with pestering and questions, another place where she had to explain herself. Instead, he set the towel on the closed toilet seat and asked, "Do you want coffee after?"

Grace looked at him through the steam. "You're not going to ask?"

Nolan gave a small smile. "I’m trying this new thing where I let you tell me what you want me to know."

It should have sounded passive, but with what they had gone through, it didn't. It sounded like effort. Progress from their first incidents.

Grace leaned her head back against the tub and closed her eyes. "Coffe would be good."

"Then coffee it is."

He left her there with the door mostly open. Not quite closed, not quite wide. Grace listened to him move around the kitchen, cups clinking, the coffee machine making its impatient little sounds. For the first time since she had walked through the door, she let herself feel tired without also feeling hunted by the next sentence.

Nolan was giving her the space she needed. Not distance. Space.

The rest of the Sunday was sort of how most of their Sundays were. They tried very hard to become their ordinary selves. Trying, because if they had gone on with their day easily, as if nothing had happened, there was nothing to build on. This was a strength they both shared.

They made coffee. Nolan burned the first piece of toast because he kept watching the hallway instead of the pan, and Grace pretended to not notice because she could tell he was pretending not to notice also. After breakfast, they went for a walk while the weather still held, neither of them saying anything important for the first ten minutes. That helped. The space. The world kept being the world. Cars passed. Someone's dog barked behind a fence. A kid on a bicycle whizzed past, the chain whirring like a metallic insect.

Grace found herself talking about nothing. Work. Her sore calves. The awful wallpaper at the hotel, though she stopped herself before the sentence got too... graphic. Nolan listened, nodded, even laughed once or twice, his curiosity piquing at the mention of that awful wallpaper, but she could feel him checking her in little ways. Not suspiciously. That almost made it worse. He was not looking for proof. He was looking for her.

Later, Grace suggested that she might skip her Sunday ballet.

"But you like ballet," Nolan said, surprised.

"I'm tired," Grace excused.

"You're always tired after work," Nolan replied, easy as can be.

"I'm *extra* tired," Grace said, with a small hint of playfulness.

His mouth twitched. "I'm not gonna ask why," he said.

Grace gave him a look, then softened despite herself. "I could stay home. With you."

"You don't have to stay home to prove anything, Grace."

That made her quiet.

And settled the debate.

Nolan drove her.

It was strange being in the passenger seat beside Nolan after the night she'd spent in Nate's old Volkswagen. Nolan's car was cleaner, quieter, warmer. It smelled faintly of old coffee and the little pine-tree air freshener he claimed not to like but kept replacing anyway. He was careful as he drove, with both hands on the wheel, checking the mirrors at every turn. Safe, familiar, hers.

When they arrived, he parked diligently, stopped the car, and reached into the back seat for her gym bag where she had her workout tights and whatever else she might need before she could.

"Look at you," Grace said, amused, taking it from him. "Good boy."

Nolan smiled, and for a moment it was almost normal. Almost.

He came inside with her and found himself a seat in the lobby, knees together, hands resting loosely between them. Dutiful. Patient. Waiting.

Grace paused in the doorway to the studio and looked back at him. "You know, you don't have to sit there the whole time."

"I know," Nolan said.

"There's a nice coffee shop down the street," Grace said.

"I know."

Grace shifted the bag on her shoulder. "You're really just gonna sit there and wait?"

Nolan looked up at her then, and there was no trace of accusation in his face. That was what hurt. No bitterness, no little punishment. Just tired, unending affection and a steadiness she suddenly felt unworthy of. The only man who could truly humble her confidence in her actions, and justifiably so. And still, he loved her. He wanted to be there with her. He knew what he wanted.

"You told me where you'd be," he said.

And there it was. So plain. Last night he had known where she was, but not whether that knowledge meant anything. Today, he knew. Today, waiting had a shape.

Grace had no clever answer to that.

During the practice, she caught herself looking through the little window in the studio more than once, to the annoyance of their coach. Nolan was still there each time. Sometimes on his phone, sometimes reading a magazine or a newspaper, sometimes staring at nothing. Once, he was rubbing his eyes with the heel of his hand. He was not anxious in the same way he had been last

night, because there was nothing to solve. Nothing to decode. He wasn't left where he didn't know what was going on.

He was waiting, but he wasn't lost. He had not been excluded from the waiting itself.

That was the difference, Grace realized. Or part of it.

Nolan could wait for her. He would wait for her. He had proved that in ways that made her chest and heart ache for her dear man. But she had left him waiting without shape, promises that weren't met, without a door he knew he was allowed to open, left in the dark to wonder where his part came in.

When practice ended, he stood too quickly as she came out, then seemed embarrassed by it. Grace went straight over to him and kissed his cheek, feeling that light stubble under her lips, before he could make a joke.

"Thank you," she said.

"For what?"

"For waiting properly," she explained, cupping his cheek gently.

Nolan huffed a small laugh. "That sounds like something you'd train a dog to do."

For a split second, Grace thought back to her analogy of Nolan being a dog and Nate a cat, and it amused her a bit.

"Well," Grace said, brushing her thumb down the line of his jaw to his chin. "You *are* a good boy."

This time, his smile almost reached his eyes, as that sort of talk from her in a certain tone always worked.

Grace understood a little more than she had that morning. He trusted her so much that he had waited until waiting had hurt him. And would probably do it again.

But waiting itself had not been the wound. Not really. It was being given a place to go, and no place to stand once he got there. He followed her because she had opened the door, because she had let him believe there was a place for him on the other side. Then she had closed it without meaning to, too caught up in her own night to notice was still there. That was the wound.

Nolan didn't need less intensity; he just needed to know where he had to stand. She was beginning to understand that including him didn't have to mean bringing him closer, to have him along. Perhaps she had known before and simply forgot.

Today, Nolan knew.

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The two exited the studio shortly after and started their journey back to their humble abode. The energy from this morning until this evening had shifted entirely. It wasn't wholesome; a day like this doesn't warrant that, no, that would be arrived at later, but a mutual understanding had emerged.

Pulling up to the apartment complex, Grace's phone got a notification. A small vibration that Nolan likely wouldn't have been able to hear as he hummed happily, drumming the steering wheel. And lo and behold, it was Nate. The timing was impeccable.

Per old instinct, Grace angled the phone away, then she stopped. She caught herself. This was grounds to practice her new understanding. She wasn't sure if it was a written rule, but it prompted her to adjust.

'Still alive, princess?' Nate had written.

Grace glanced over at Nolan, who may or may not have noticed. He didn't give much of an inclination either way.

"Do you want to know?" she asked.

"Huh, what?" he asked, turning his head to glance over, before snapping back to avoid an accident.

"It's from Nate," she said.

"He texted you?" Nolan asked.

"He did. He often does," Grace offered.

Nolan sat there for a moment before he seemed to remember that he still needed to park in their spot, and not block the entryway to the small lot. He was stalling, Grace noticed.

"I want you not to hide it," Nolan said. "I mean, unless you don't want me to see it."

Grace smiled. He was game. He wanted her to decide still, but with him present in mind. No more hiding behind doors or curtains or glass windows. She didn't hide the doorway.

"One second then," she said. Yes. She asked him to wait. She wrote a reply.

'sore, exhausted. Today is all about the repair,' she wrote. Then, when Nolan had backed into their spot, she handed him her phone.

They exchanged a look as their hands briefly touched. Grace smiled delightedly. Yes, Nolan had asked for some secrecy, and boy had she indulged in that, but there was something about showing your boyfriend how naughty you had been behind his back. Most of it was, of course, per their agreement.

"It was just last week that was our special secrecy week anyway. I mean, I could tell you absolutely everything if you want. It has been more than a week, I guess."

Nolan read the last two messages, then looked up at her.

"You're right. I didn't even think about that," he said. He looked back at the phone. "There's so much. I mean, not just messages, but so much I've been wondering about."

"It feels like a month," Grace said, sighing as the memories of the last seven days or so washed over her. It wasn't on purpose. Some of them had been bad, some worse, a vast amount of it good, but all of it with the same intensity that only Nate could bring. "Sorry." Her sigh was a sigh of content nonetheless.

"Don't be," Nolan said, handing her phone back. "Princess?"

"He calls me that a lot," Grace said. Nolan turned more toward her.

"Does he have a nickname?" he asked.

Grace thought about it. "I sometimes call him cowboy. I'm not sure if he cares," Grace said. She looked down at her thigh and saw a sexy man's hand resting there suddenly. It closed into a loose fist and retreated. "There are more if you scroll up," Grace said, inviting him to have at it.

They sat there for a moment. As intense as the week had been for her, she knew Nolan had probably had a different, albeit as intense a week as she had had. She saw it in how tired he was, how he looked at her. There was so much more than just a new experience to him. There was a change, a shift, and it was only the beginning.

"Are you okay?" she asked.

Nolan didn't answer at first. He just kept looking at her, and then he let out a small huff of air that wasn't quite a laugh. He looked out the front window.

"You're one of a kind, you know," he said.

"Thank you. And?" Grace asked. Nolan shrugged.

Nolan looked at the phone again, but to her surprise, he handed it back to her. He could, but he chose not to. He squeezed her thigh and jumped out of the Equinox, rounding the car and opening her door.

"You don't wanna scroll up and see all the dirty things we talk about?" Grace asked, putting on a more innocent voice, stepping out of the car. "You can look. If you want."

Nolan glanced at the phone in her hand, almost held out to him, loose so he could easily indulge. For a moment, she thought he might take it again. His eyes flicked to the screen, then to her thumb resting around the side of the case, then back to her face.

"I do," he said. Grace waited for him to continue. "But not like that. Not *just* like that, anyway."

"Like what?" Grace asked.

Nolan rubbed the back of his neck, looking suddenly embarrassed by his own restraint. "Like I'm checking your homework, or something," he said, motioning them to get going.

Grace's mouth twitched toward a smile despite herself, walking alongside him toward their building.

"I mean it," he said. "I want to know. More than anything. Everything, down to the sweat drops. Probably more than I should. But I don't want to sit in the parking lot and scroll through a week of your secrets while you watch me do it."

"It was your secrecy week," Grace said, though softer than she intended. But soft wasn't wrong either. "You asked for some of that."

"I know."

"And I may have indulged it."

Nolan's eyes narrowed, sharpened slightly at that. Not anger. Intrigue. Interest. Deep-rooted fear and anxiety mixed with anticipation. The kind that made Grace feel warm and guilty at the same time. She shared his emotions, but in another lane.

"Yeah," he said. "I'm starting to get that."

Grace looked at the phone again. Nate's message sat there, ordinary and smug and too easy to answer. Above it was a whole week of things Nolan had not seen. Little provocations. Invitations. Perhaps small lies, small truths dressed up as jokes. A trail of doors she had closed because he had told her, for a while, that he wanted them closed.

She was letting him know how much had happened without saying it. And it wasn't even all in the messages. It was a small fraction, really.

But not forever.

And not anymore.

Grace stopped in front of Nolan, blocking his way. They stood by the mailboxes now.

"I can tell you," Grace said. "Like we did before."

Nolan looked at her.

"Not everything right now," she added. But corrected herself. "Unless you want that. I can tell you while we stand here in the parking lot. Or... some of it. Or we can take our asses up to our apartment and do whatever."

Nolan swallowed.

"I... I want you to tell me what you want me to know," he said.

"That sounds dangerous," Grace said, taking a step toward him, her voice low and sensual.

"It probably is," Nolan said, his voice also low, but with a touch of knowing caution.

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Nolan felt the elevator rise beneath his feet, but his attention stayed on Grace's phone. It seemed a bit ridiculous, perhaps, and perhaps even more so because it wasn't just about what could and might be on that little device, but about the whole situation. Nolan had seen her reply to him, and it wasn't really anything out of the ordinary in terms of content. How they had nicknames... It was a bit flustering how casual it was, though. But not in a negative way.

And to his approval, Grace hadn't indulged further. Not because she felt his watchful eyes or anything, just because she was in no rush to reply or carry on a conversation. It was like this was their time now, Nate could have his some other time.

Nolan held the door for Grace once again, getting a small smile from his queen, which made his small gestures worth it.

While Nolan was desperate to know everything, to ask away, he chose restraint. It served two ways. It felt less desperate, and it gave Grace space to operate and navigate. It had been a tense day, and the last thing Nolan wanted was to crowd her.

In return, it seemed like Grace appreciated it. Him once again letting her have control the flow of information while also opting not to push her earned him a knowing glance here, a teasing smile there.

When they entered the apartment, Grace put her phone down on the kitchen table. Face up. Instead of handing it over, it was now available. Not hidden. Open for Nolan's curiosity. She didn't say anything. She smiled at him, then wandered into the living room like it never even happened. Nolan imagined the kind of texts they had been sending. But again, most of what had happened the last week wasn't even on the phone. It was physical things that had happened, real things, memories that Grace shared with Nate and Nate alone. And even if she told Nolan, it would be second-hand, and still a memory for her while just a tale for him.

That made him ache. An ache he had grown to love and relish in. But it also built anticipation. Especially know that he hoped Grace understood he wanted a memory like that as well.

Nolan moved over to the table, running his hand along the pine wood surface as he walked around it. He looked at the phone, sitting there on the table like an offering. He saw the notification there. His hand made a small movement. Not a twitch, nor remaining immobile. He didn't dare pick it up. But he did look at the screen, resting his palm on either side of it,

imagining what could be in there if he decided to scroll. Imagined finding some things that would hurt worse because of the way he would learn of them. He looked out on the balcony. Where their little adventures had officially begun. He looked at the forest beyond. It wasn't much to look at, but Grace the horticulture expert, loved it. And thus Nolan did too.

He moved his gaze toward Grace, who sat in the sofa, untying her ponytail and ruffling her hair free, which sent her scent drifting his way. His favorite scent. It wasn't even the perfume or shampoo, it was the scent of her, a blend of all the things he loved about her.

And as she did all this, she didn't say a word, nor did she watch him. He watched her, but she was relaxed, like she didn't even have to think about it. This was pure Grace.

Or was it?

Nate had the privilege of seeing a version of her that Nolan hadn't. Having his way with her in the back of his car, more or less in public? Nolan had never done that. Nor had he experienced the sort of intensity where Grace would fall back on her promises, forgetting herself, letting go, and just live in the moment like she had.

He looked at her again. That woman, whom he loved so much, who should be solely his, held something that was someone else's. Their neighbor's. He had seen her give herself away. Or rather, the evidence of it. In that car. Or, he hadn't seen it.

"I keep hearing that car," Nolan said, a bit awkward, chuckling at his own confession. It sounded more charged than it was. He stepped away from the phone, and rested back against the table instead.

Grace looked up, her steel-blue eyes fixed on him, reading his expression. While last night had hurt, it had given him what he wanted. The fogged-up windows, her legs sticking up on either side of an unseen bulk. The poor car fighting for its life as Nate fucked his girl. It was as intense as it got. It had been everything he hoped for, and perhaps even more.

"That part was a gift. I don't think I'll ever forget that. I think that will give me fuel for years. The rest was where I got lost," Nolan explained.

"Do you want me to tell what happened after?" Grace asked, point-blank. There was no sensual flirtation in her voice. Nor chiding. It would be his decision without any hint or guidance from his girlfriend.

"Yeah," Nolan said, but reiterated. "But only what you want to tell me."

"So... if I don't want to tell you anything?" Grace asked.

Nolan's knees buckled. And finally, a knowing smirk from his angel. Angel of seduction. Angel of death.

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She nodded to his recliner. "Sit," she said, standing up herself.

Nolan made his way over to the chair and sat down. Grace walked over to him and stood in front of him, looking down at him. That quiet confidence that made him feel small, yet so loved and protected. She was terrifying sometimes, but in a way that he was in total awe of her. She was hard to read, especially at the moment, when he was on the edge of being told about her escapades.

"You can stop me at any time," Grace said.

"I know," Nolan replied.

"I want you to look at me. And you can't touch yourself," Grace said. "Not until I'm ready. And I'll leave no doubt."

"Grace," Nolan gasped, staring up at her, feeling the moment sweep him off his feet. "I love you."

Grace offered a smile, then sat down on his left knee. She was so warm and soft, yet firm from her strong legs. Nolan was about to touch her, but a look from Grace was enough for him to hesitate and change his mind. That was his role now. To sit and listen.

She shifted her gaze, looking through her memories. Deciphering what was relevant. Selecting details for him. Making the choices. Decisions and secrets that were only hers and Nate's. Until now.

"On Saturday, I was still frustrated with Nate because of," Grace began, but paused. She was choosing what she wanted to tell. "Well, I went over to his apartment after work to let him know my mind, to call the date off, actually, pissed off at him and his sleazy character. I can't really pinpoint how, but it sort of ended up with me agreeing to help him with a photoshoot. You see, he has this soap ad idea he wants–"

"How did that happen? From anger to joining a photoshoot?" Nolan asked. "You wanted to cancel the date?"

Grace shrugged and continued. Nolan felt a physical reaction to that dismissal. It hurt, but the kind of hurt that lived for.

"Well, turns out, I have a knack for looking good in pictures," Grace said. "Nate was very complimentary."

"Of course," Nolan said, moving a hand to her thigh, not able to resist anymore. Grace allowed it.

"And I got so into it. Nate commanded me around, making me do this pose and that. Just softer things. To begin with," Grace told. "I got more and more daring. At one point, without even thinking about it, I almost pulled my skin-tight jeans down. Nate had to stop me. Fuck, I'm not sure how far we'd gone if not."

Grace seemed to relax more as she went through the story, shifting in her seat to face him more. Nolan rubbed her thigh on top of her yoga pants, listening to every word.

"The energy between us... after the camera stopped clicking, it was still there. Still humming," Grace continued, shifting her weight on Nolan's knee as if reliving the moment. "Neither of us wanted to call it a night. So we ended up at some diner that he knew of."

She paused, a small, almost private smile touching her lips before looking down at Nolan's hand on her thigh.

"So Nate got his date after all," she said, her voice dropping lower. "He has this way... of getting exactly what he wants. Even when it's the last thing you planned on giving him." Nolan felt that possessive jealousy flare in his chest again, hot and sharp, but there was something else too—pride. That his Grace, his capable, confident Grace, had been swayed by the same raw magnetism that had drawn him to this whole dynamic. "I didn't even realize it was happening until I was sitting across from him, listening to something crude he said. Something I'd normally roll my eyes at."

Nolan's hand stilled on her thigh. "What did he say?"

Grace's eyes flickered with that mischievous light he knew so well, but she just shook her head. "I think he told me he liked how my ass looked in the jeans I wore," Grace said. "Or something to that effect."

"And then?" Nolan asked.

"Then we left. You saw what happened. Nate drove us. I first thought he was taking us home, but no, he was finding somewhere secluded so he could feel me up. It didn't take long before I was in the back seat of his car..." Grace paused and looked Nolan dead in the eyes. "... with Nate's cock buried in me."

"Jesus," Nolan hissed.

"It was so intense. So... animalistic. Raw. Just fucking," Grace said. "He took me like nothing I've ever experienced. And I let him. I needed it. Needed him to take me like that. I had no choice, really."

Grace's gaze drifted away from Nolan, her eyes unfocused as she lost herself in the memory. She didn't have to spell it out for him. Nolan could read it in the softening of her features, in the way she unconsciously leaned into his touch as if seeking some kind of anchor to the present moment. In those small tells, he saw the truth he already suspected: Nate had taken her somewhere Nolan couldn't follow, had awakened something in her that belonged only to the two of them. Their neighbor had pushed her past boundaries Nolan had never even known existed.

He should have been crushed. Part of him was. But part of him was also deeply aroused, and he realized, as he sat there with her on his lap, that the two feelings were intertwined, inextricable from each other. His envy, his awe, his desperate longing to understand what she'd experienced—all of it fed into his desire for her, made him want her with a ferocity that bordered on pain.

"And you liked it," Nolan said. Not a question.

Grace nodded, a small, almost shy smile on her lips. "I loved it," she whispered, her voice catching on the words. "He made me feel things I didn't think I could feel. Like he was tapping

into some part of me that had been sleeping all these years. It was terrifying, but it was also... exhilarating. Like being on the edge of a cliff, about to fall, but knowing that the rush of the fall would be worth the fear."

Nolan's grip on her thigh tightened, his fingers digging into the firm muscle.

"We ended up at the hotel after," Grace said, her voice dropping to a near whisper. She shifted slightly on his knee, her weight pressing into him. "Nate seemed... possessive. He was tired of me spending so much time with you, and that he'd had enough and that he wanted me all to himself."

She paused, letting that hang in the air between them. Nolan's hand, still resting on her thigh, felt suddenly heavy. He could almost picture it—the way Nate would say something like that, that mix of crude assertion and undeniable magnetism that had somehow captivated Grace.

"And he got what he wanted," Grace continued, looking down at where their hands touched. "We went... all night. I kept thinking I should stop, should think about coming home, about you waiting. But I couldn't. Not really."

She lifted her gaze to meet his, her steel-blue eyes dark with memory. "It was... Nolan, I don't know if I've ever felt anything like it. The way he took me, over and over... I've never felt so wanted, so completely claimed. Even now, part of me aches from it, and another part of me just wants to go back."

Her fingers traced idle patterns on his forearm. "I don't regret the pleasure itself, even though I know I hurt you. That's the part I regret. But the rest? God help me, I don't think I've ever felt so alive, so satisfied in my entire life."

"Did you think of me?" Nolan asked. He suspected the answer and knew it would hurt him. But he was a glutton for punishment. Grace paused, her eyes searching his face, before she nodded again.

"No," she said. Nolan's heart sank. "Does that hurt?"

"Yes," Nolan gasped, followed by a sharp intake of breath.

"Do you want me to stop?"

"No," Nolan said. "Just… give me a second."

She traced his collarbone with her finger, waiting for him. He didn't ask for a full stop, just a breather. That was fine.

Grace's eyes drifted away for a moment, her gaze fixed somewhere beyond Nolan's shoulder as she gathered her thoughts. Her voice, when she spoke again, had shifted—lower, darker, stripped of that teasing sensuality she'd wielded like a weapon just moments before.

"I saw the missed calls when I woke up," she said, the words barely audible in the quiet room. Her fingers, which had been tracing idle patterns on his forearm, suddenly stilled. "The little red numbers on my phone... I knew then. Knew I should have gotten up, gotten dressed, come home."

She paused, her gaze still distant, lost somewhere in that cheap hotel room from hours earlier. "But I didn't."

Nolan felt his chest tighten at the admission, at the raw honesty in her voice. He could practically picture it: her there, Nate pushing her down on the bed to mount her.

"Nate..." Grace hesitated, as if even now she couldn't quite put her finger on it. "He wanted more. And I don't know if it was because I was so wrapped up in doing whatever he told me to by that point, or if I was just chasing that intensity, thinking it might be the last time..." Her eyes

refocused on him then, steel-blue and unnervingly clear. "Or maybe, just maybe, it was because I really, really wanted him to have me again."

The last words hung in the air between them, unapologetic and devastatingly honest. Nolan found himself holding his breath without realizing it, his hand still resting on her thigh, fingers tense. She wasn't asking forgiveness—she wasn't even offering an explanation beyond the stark truth of her desire. And God help him, that truth hurt, but it also made his blood run hot.

"Still with me?" Grace asked, turning in his lap, maneuvering her leg to straddle Nolan. "Too much?"

"Too much and not enough," Nolan breathed, placing a hand on her waist.

Grace leaned in, her lips just brushing against Nolan's ear. The softness of her breath sent a shiver down his spine, a stark contrast to the raw, explicit words she whispered next.

"He cuffed me," she murmured. Nolan flinched, his body tensing beneath hers. "To the bed. And I loved it." Grace pulled back just enough to look him in the eye, her own pupils blown wide with a mixture of arousal and something darker, something he couldn't quite name. "Every minute... every thrust... every single thing he did to me... I wanted it. I didn't just let it happen, Nolan. I chose it. I chose him over coming home to you."

His breath hitched, and she felt it—the way his entire body went rigid, the way his jaw clenched as he tried to absorb her confession. She'd told him the raw, unvarnished truth of her desire, and she could see the war raging within him—the jealousy warring with the undeniable, pulsing heat of the fantasy he'd so desperately wanted to experience.

"It's okay to hate that," she said gently, her thumb stroking his cheek. "It's okay to be hurt by it."

Nolan looked up at her, his own desire tempered by the sting of her words. He could see the sincerity in her eyes, the way she was trying to balance her honesty with the love she had for

him. He knew, in that moment, that she wasn't trying to hurt him, but simply sharing the truth of her experience—however painful it might be for him to hear.

"I... I do hate it," Nolan admitted, his voice rough with emotion. "But I also... love it."

"I know," Grace said, leaning down to kiss him full on the lips, her hands tangling in his brown hair. "And that's okay, too."

Nolan's arms wrapped around her, pulling her flush against him as he deepened the kiss, his tongue tangling with hers in a desperate, hungry dance. He could feel her smile against his lips, a small, knowing curve that told him she understood the complexity of his feelings, the messy tangle of love, desire, jealousy, and longing that had brought them to this point.

But the kiss wasn't just a prelude to something more. It didn't erase the hurt. That was what made it matter. It was an acknowledgment. A sealing of their new agreement, their new understanding. The boundaries had shifted, the rules had changed, and they were navigating this new territory together, one honest, sometimes painful confession at a time.

Grace pulled away, her lips swollen and glistening from their kiss. She rested her forehead against his, her breathing ragged.

"You're not holding back, are you?" Nolan asked.

"I'm not. I wouldn't do that to you," Grace said.

"Even if it hurts me?" Nolan asked. Grace nodded, blushing as she did.

"The truth is what you asked for," she said. "And I'm going to give it to you, Nolan. All of it. Because I love you too much to lie to you. I don't want to pretend it wasn't everything I've told you, because that would cheapen what I felt. And I don't want to cheapen your part in it either. That's not fair to either of us."

Nolan's hands moved to her hips, gripping her firmly.

"Good," Nolan said. "Tell me the truth, but don't leave me behind while you do it."

Grace wrapped her arms around his shoulders, holding him tight. "I won't," she whispered. "I promise."

Nolan stood up, Grace still wrapped around him, and walked the few steps to their bedroom. He gently laid her down on the bed, her legs falling open to accommodate him as he settled between her thighs. Thank god she wore yoga pants. As Nolan stood back up, he was able to admire this goddess, his queen, with her long blonde hair fanned out across the pillow like a golden halo, and those intense steel-blue eyes that seemed to see right through him.

"I love you, Grace," Nolan said. "And I always will. Even when I'm not sure how to feel about all this."

Grace smiled up at him, her expression softening. "I know," she said. "And I love you too, Nolan. More than you know."

Nolan leaned down to kiss her again, his tongue delving into the warm cavern of her mouth, tasting her sweetness. His hands moved to the hem of her shirt, tugging it upward, breaking the kiss just long enough to pull it over her head and toss it aside. She smiled up at him, reaching up to unfasten her bra and toss that aside too. Nolan groaned at the sight of her bare breasts, the soft curves begging to be touched, to be worshipped. He palmed one of them as he bent to take the other in his mouth. Grace moaned beneath him, her hips arching off the bed as she sought more friction.

Nolan's cock ached in his slacks, straining against the fabric as he worked his way down Grace's body, leaving a trail of kisses across her belly until he reached the waistband of her yoga pants. He hooked his fingers in them and tugged them down, leaving her naked beneath him.

"God, you're beautiful," he breathed, inhaling her scent.

"So are you," Grace said. "Now, don't hold back on me, cowboy."

Nolan looked up at her. Grace had used the nickname she had for Nate. Grace looked back with a challenging glint in her eyes. She was testing him. Seeing if he could take it. And God help him, he could. He would. He had to.

"Anything for you, princess," Nolan said.

A smile spread across Grace's face. That's what she wanted to hear.

He settled himself back between her thighs, her legs wrapped around his waist as he slowly pushed himself into her. He could feel the slight resistance of her walls, the way her body welcomed him, claimed him as her own. He started moving, slowly at first, then faster as her moans filled the room, urging him on.

"Yes, Nolan," she panted. "Just like that. Don't stop." Her nails raked down his back, leaving red welts in their wake, marking him as hers.

"Never," Nolan grunted, picking up the pace. Grace's hands moved to his shoulders, gripping him hard, her body undulating in perfect rhythm with his thrusts.

"So good," he murmured into her skin. "So fucking perfect." His words were punctuated by the slap of skin against skin, by the wet sounds of their coupling. The heat of her pussy, the taste of her skin—it was overwhelming, all-consuming.

He felt her start to tense beneath him, her legs wrapping tighter around him, pulling him closer. "I'm close," she breathed. "Nolan, please... please make me cum." Her breathy voice in his ear was all it took to send him careening toward the edge with her.

"Tell me, ugh, something," he grunted, pistoning into her. The question was out before he even knew it was in him.

Grace looked up at him, her expression unreadable. She could have said anything in that moment. She could have told him a million different things about what she had done with Nate, what he had done to her, how he had made her feel. But instead, she simply wrapped her legs around him and pulled him closer.

"He's bigger," she said, her voice barely a whisper.

And that was it. Nolan exploded with a guttural groan, releasing everything he had into her. Grace followed right behind, her body convulsing around him as her own orgasm ripped through her.

They lay there, panting, their bodies slick with sweat, the air in the room thick with the scent of their lovemaking. Nolan collapsed on top of her, his face buried in her hair, his heart pounding in his chest.

Nolan eventually rolled off her, landing on the bed beside her with a soft thud. He reached for her, pulling her into the curve of his arm, her head resting on his chest. The room felt warm, close, filled with the aftermath of their passion. They lay there in silence for a while, the only sound their breathing slowly returning to normal, the steady thrum of Nolan's heartbeat against Grace's ear.

She was listening for signs, for distress. Nolan's breath returned to normal, and his hand, like it always did, find some part of her to rub and squeeze, a familiar gesture that Nolan felt her ease into.

"Are you okay?" Grace asked, between jagged intakes of breath.

"Dandy," Nolan grunted. "Fuck. We haven't fucked like that in forever."

"I'm sorry I made you wait," she said, her fingers tracing idle patterns on his chest.

"I know," Nolan said, pulling her closer. He pressed a kiss into her hair, the familiar scent of her filling him with a warmth that had been missing all day. "It's not okay that I had to wait," he began. "But I'm glad you're home."

Grace shifted, propping herself up on an elbow to look down at him. "I'm not going to lie to you again," she said. "Or, if I am, you'll know that I am. But no half-truths. If I need space, or if there's something I want to do, I'll let you know. If I want to tease you, I'll do that. But no more exclusion. You'll know your position, quarterback." Grace poked his chest at the last remark, earning a warm squeeze of Nolan's hand on her ass.

"I'd love that," Nolan said, and then he started. "Did he..." he began, then stopped, the words catching in his throat.

Grace just looked at him, her expression open, waiting.

"Did he do things to you that I can't?" Nolan finally managed to ask, the vulnerability in his voice raw and unfiltered. "Things that you want more of?"

Grace considered this for a long moment. She could have lied. She could have reassured him with some placating words about how he was everything she needed. But that wasn't the agreement anymore.

"He did," she admitted, her voice soft but clear. "And yes, some of those things... I do want them again."

Nolan flinched. She felt it, a subtle tightening of the muscles beneath her head. His heart rate, which had been returning to normal, picked up again, a frantic little rhythm against her ear.

"But that's not the same thing as wanting him instead of you," she continued, her fingers tracing patterns on his chest as if to soothe him. "He gives me something. I won't lie about that. Something that I want more of. But that isn't the same as wanting a life without you in it."

"You're such a bad girl," Nolan teased, earning a chuckle from Grace.

"God, I needed that," Grace said, stretching. "And one thing you do better. You eat out, and you crave dessert."

"He doesn't do that?" Nolan asked, perplexed, and slightly amused. Maybe even a little proud. "He's... more of a dinner kind of guy. A very big, rough dinner," Grace said. "He sees a meal, you see a buffet... where you can hardly choose what to do or try first."

"Fun analogies," Nolan mused.

"Fun times," Grace said, rolling over to straddle him, her legs on either side of his hips. She sat up, her perky breasts on full display. "Tomorrow is Monday. Life continues. After work, I may come here, but I might go next door." She ran her hands down her own sides, a small, mischievous smile playing on her lips.

Nolan watched her, captivated. He could feel his cock stirring beneath her, a renewed desire pulsing through him at the sight of her, so confident, so unashamed of her desires, so willing to share them with him.

"How does that make you feel?" she asked, her voice a low purr as she leaned forward, her long blonde hair brushing against his chest.

"It makes me want to know what happens next," Nolan said, his hands moving to her hips, gripping her firmly. "It makes me want to be part of it."

"What if I go in there with the intention of watering his plants, but end up getting fertilized?" Grace asked. Nolan twitched. "Sorry, bad pun." Grace giggled.

"Maybe not the best one," Nolan chuckled. "What if you go in there, and end up getting that big, rough dinner?" he replied, playing along.

"I might," she said, her expression turning serious for a moment. "And I want to be able to tell you about it without feeling like I'm confessing a sin."

"You can," Nolan said. "You can tell me anything. I want you to. And now I know you'll go there in private."

Grace nodded.

"He might not like the new 'rules'," Grace said. "I can already imagine his face. He'll smirk first, then realize we made this whole thing and then get annoyed that we did that without him.

"He doesn't have to," Nolan said, a surprising firmness in his tone. "This isn't about him."

Grace raised an eyebrow, impressed by his sudden assertiveness.

"He's a big boy," Nolan continued. "He can handle it. If he can't, then that's on him, not us."

Grace leaned down and kissed him, her lips soft and yielding against his. It was tomorrow's problem.

"He's a very big boy," Grace agreed, a smirk playing on her lips as she pulled away. "But don't underestimate his... appetite. Nor mine... I mean, like I've said before... the best sex I had was with you... until he came along and, erh, came in me."

"All the puns today, eh?"

"I'm trying to be lighthearted, okay?" Grace chided. "It's just... I thought you were mad about the trust thing, the jealousy."

"That's not it," Nolan said. "The trust is there. The jealousy, the anxiety—all of it, knowing what you feel with him is real, that you want more... I signed up for that. We're good on that front."

"Sounds good," Grace concluded, running a finger down the middle of his chest. "Now, about that dessert..."

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"Black?" Anna asked, bringing them each a cup from the small kitchen beside the waiting room. Nate nodded. "You know me," he chirped with the easy familiarity he had been cultivating for weeks, following her into the office.

When he first started therapy, he had brought his own coffee. Somewhere along the line, he had stopped that, and now it had become a habit that Anna ran two capsules through her coffee maker instead of one, even letting Nate use one of the in-house mugs. With time, he had politely told her that he didn't really like milk in his. He didn't give a shit if there was milk in it or not, but it was a gesture of modesty after weeks of drinking cafe lattes, and Anna's professionalism slipping ever so slightly when the 'truth' finally came out. She had said her sorrys and since made his coffee black.

"New car?" he asked as he took his seat. "A black sedan suits you."

"Not yet," Anna said with a slightly warmer smile than one would give a patient. "It's just a rental."

"You ever seen the old Michael Winslow bit about rentals?" Nate asked. Anna's professionalism returned like a slow tide. It had faded in place almost without notice. She shook her head. Curt. Nate waved his hands. "Pff, kids these days. Or maybe I'm just old."

No response.

Nate stole the moment to trace her figure, making it look like he was just thinking while sipping his coffee. Her dark hair was in a tight ponytail. She wore a green blouse and a white cardigan. And a knee-length skirt that looked both practical and sexy. Her feet were clad in dark pumps.

She had a killer body. Those curves that only a mature woman could have, that complexity that could make a man do things he wouldn't normally do. Nate wasn't a stocking type of guy, but Anna was changing his tune with her calves barely hidden behind a layer of sexy nylon. And her skirt sat at a perfect height.

She didn't give an inch.

Nate felt a rush of excitement. He loved the chase. And he loved the chase even more when the prey was well aware, and gave him just enough rope to hang himself.

He took another sip, then placed his cup on the table between them.

"So..." Anna said, sitting down, crossing her legs, and letting her skirt ride up her thigh a bit. "You're on time."

"Yeah," Nate said, leaning back in his chair. "I try."

"You said last time you were late because you had a lot of things going on. Is that still the case? Do those things impair your general mood?" Anna asked.

Nate shrugged, wanting to seem boisterous, but also not one of those rough-neck blue-collar guys who hated talking about their feelings. Instead, he wanted her to know that he was trying, that it was a hurdle to get past.

"Kinda, I guess. You know," he began, looking off to the side. He let the moment rest a moment before he looked back, meeting her brown eyes. "It's a woman."

No change in expression. Just waiting for the follow-up. Something one could call a dramatic pause in other situations.

"Romantic?" Anna asked.

Nate scoffed, as if romance was something for little boys in women's novels.

"She's something. Confident. Assertive. She runs her own landscaping business and dances ballet; what you think of that? And she's pretty. Like, if you're a man, you'd almost swerve off the road as you took a second glance driving past." Nate glanced toward the table.

"Sounds like quite the person."

"She is. A great person... Though, I'm starting to think I'm not good for her," Nate said, ending with a pained chuckle.

"Why is that?"

Nate looked back up again, meeting her eyes more deliberately.

"She's in a serious relationship," he said. Nate leaned back, changing his posture to show unease. "I feel conflicted afterwards. I do, honestly. It's the only downside to that woman... but I continue returning to the well despite knowing this."

Anna nodded, making a note.

"And you haven't told me about the relationship part last time," she said.

"I wasn't sure what to make of it," Nate said.

"Because of the morality of it?" Anna asked. Nate nodded. "And what have you concluded?"

"That I'm a horny bastard who doesn't care about anything but getting laid," Nate said. Anna chuckled.

"Do you?" she asked.

A humorless chuckle escaped Nate's throat. "God, I wish. But yeah, I do."

He let out a slow breath, staring at some fixed point on the wall. "The boyfriend... he seems harmless enough, you know. That almost makes the whole thing worse. Almost feel sorry for him." Nate paused, his gaze hardening. "But that's the problem, isn't it? He's just... in the way. She has so much potential and is such a force; I feel she's too much for a guy like her boyfriend. She's quite the wildfire."

"Is that why you keep going back?" Anna asked. "You like her because of her *'fire'*?"

"Among other things. I mean, she's a great lay, but she's a great person too. She is a woman with a plan, not some bimbo I can just have my way with," Nate explained. "No offense to all the bimbos out there, but her confidence and her character are really a magnet to me. I don't think I've ever been quite that into someone."

"*'A great lay'*, and the way you talk of this boyfriend, you talk of them as if they are things in your world," Anna observed.
Nate held up his hands, as if held at gunpoint.

"Those rough edges again. I mean, I don't know," Nate said, stuttering to seem more conflicted about this than he was. "It's not something you'd expect a guy like me to think or feel, so I guess I protect myself by making it crude. I don't know, I'm not as adept as some talking about feelings and people and all that."

Anna's eyes narrowed a fraction. "I think you're more adept than you say."

Say. Not *'think'* or even a *'that you give yourself credit for'*. She was sharp. Nate loved that in a woman.

"Maybe."

"So let's try it. Talk about how this makes you feel," Anna prompted.

"Well, all the sneaking around, it feels shitty," Nate lied. The thrill of it, of having Grace when Nolan was just in the next-door apartment, or at home dutifully waiting for his girl to get fucked, was a constant, electric hum under his skin. "Especially, I hate how she feels about it. While we're together, she's all in, but I can see it in her afterward—the guilt. And honestly, I feel it too, but it's different. I don't want to be the thing that breaks them. I'm just tired of being a secret. I hate being on pause, not knowing when I get to have her. It could be days of silence, then suddenly she's pulling me back in. We've been on real dates, and those were perfect... and I think I just want more of that. More of her."

"You don't sound ashamed of being with her. You sound resentful that you only exist when she has time for you," Anna remarked.

Nate shifted in his chair, the cheap vinyl groaning beneath his weight. Anna was sharp indeed. Her observation hit a nerve he hadn't realized was exposed. The way she saw through his carefully constructed narrative about guilt and remorse unnerved him, though he'd never show it. He'd have to remember that for later. Both her remark and her face as she made it.

Instead, he leaned back, nonchalantly draping an arm over the back of his chair. He let a slow, deliberate smirk play on his lips, the kind that said she'd hit close but missed the mark by a crucial inch.

"Resentful?" Nate scoffed, though the sound lacked genuine conviction. "Lady, I'm not a pining poet. I don't pine." He watched her expression, the slight raise of her eyebrow, and knew she wasn't buying it.

"So what do you want?" Anna asked.

"What I want?" Nate said. He let his eyes roam her for a moment. Not an obvious leering stare, but just looking through his thoughts for the correct one. "Isn't it curious, wanting something, but not being able to pinpoint exactly what? I want..." Nate trailed off.

He wanted Grace. Simple as that. But what the hell did that actually mean? That's why he kept coming back to these therapy sessions, even without the pills and even with the extra chase he got from trying to get Anna to bend a little. It was like a playground, testing his ideas out on a stranger who supposedly had all the answers. A pretty stranger at that. He had to be careful though. Anna wasn't some bimbo he could easily wrap around his finger. She saw too much. Felt too much. And that made her dangerous in a way that was almost as exciting as Grace.

"There's a difference between being desired and having a recognized place in someone's life," Anna offered after Nate's silence stretched a little too long.

Nate disliked the phrasing Anna used. Sounded too much like neediness, like a handout. He wasn't some charity case. But he couldn't deny how it landed, how it made him pause. A flicker of something sharp and useful in his mind. He'd hold onto that. File it away for later. A tool, perhaps. Nate knew better than to dismiss a sharp edge when it was offered to him.

He didn't reply right away, letting the weight of her observation settle. What did it mean for him, if you took away the semantics? A recognized place in life. To Grace, that was Nolan. He occupied space in Grace's life. Sharing her meals, running errands for or together, following up on her ballet, sleeping beside him, planning a future. Marriage, kids, all that was the trajectory of a 'recognized place'.

It annoyed Nate. It had been a lie that he disliked the secrets and the intensity that came with it, but now his take was morphing. He didn't dislike it, but there was an imbalance that was irritating him. Nolan was getting Grace's official life. Irritating indeed.

Then, with calculated nonchalance, he waved a dismissive hand in the air.

"Maybe I should simply walk away," Nate suggested.

"Is that what you intend to do?"

"I didn't say that."

Anna let a long silence stretch between them, studying him for a bit, then refocused to make a few notes. After a few moments of scribbling, she sighed conclusively and looked up.

"You returned to work after years away, then managed to get yourself suspended almost immediately," Anna said. "You've stopped the medication, and now you've entered a relationship that depends on uncertainty and conflict. I'm asking whether any of this is actually helping you."

Nate smiled. "Depends on what you call helping."

"Does it make you happier?"

He considered lying. "It makes me feel awake," Nate said.

Anna studied him for a moment. "Those aren't always the same thing."

"Close enough," Nate chirped.

"And this woman, is it her you want, or the feeling you get from taking something another man is his?"

Nate's smile remained, but it required more effort.

"You make it sound ugly," he said.

"I'm asking you to distinguish between them," Anna said.

"Maybe I don't have to."

Anna made another note. "Then you should at least consider what happens when she asks you to. Feeling awake is not the same as being well, Nate."

Nate's jaw tightened at the reminder. He had lied through his teeth to get his hands on that Zoloft so he could make Nolan impotent. It was a strategy he had abandoned a long time ago. But it was still biting him in the ass. Apparently, he had played a convincing role, if nothing else.

"Close enough for now."

Ten minutes later, the session was done. Her hand touched the middle of his back as she guided him through the doorway. It might have meant nothing. Nate preferred the alternative.

The therapy sessions had a tendency to be quite a bore, and if it wasn't for Anna, he'd ditched them a long time ago. But today was different. A particular phrase Anna had used stuck in Nate's mind. 'Recognized place.' A mouthful, but it was something he knew he could use for later.

Well, for now, it was off to his apartment to edit the last photos for the soap pilot for later this week.

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By Thursday, Nate had finished the edits, assembled the client's response into a presentation, and returned to an office that felt entirely different from when Nate had last been there two weeks ago. It was always a nice enough office, the ad department always a bit louder than the others.

While Nate had been suspended, the higher-ups had landed a political account large enough to reorganize half the department. If Nate recalled, it had already begun before his suspension, but now it was almost mayhem. Nate had no idea what office the woman was running for, and cared even less, but the money had apparently been good.

Hence why Nolan had been put in charge of his own corner, with Nate himself and a few others under him, and apparently, they were now handling most of the 'smaller' contracts. The threshold for what counted as success had risen.

Nate's grin was wide and smug, thinking Nolan's precious Tex-Mex contract was now smaller. His smirk would've faded when he realized his soap ad would likely be the same, but Nate was in a good mood today, so fuck it.

Nolan looked up at him as he arrived, and Nate had no idea how to read that kid anymore. He wasn't sure if he just had a resting bitch-face or if it was because he was face-to-face with the guy who was turning his girl into his little plaything.

Nate almost squirmed. No. Grace was more than that. His previous relationships had been playthings. Grace was too much woman to just be someone's toy. She was his equal. His partner. She challenged him. Thrilled him. Made him feel awake. Alive.

"Morning, Bickle," Nate greeted with a nod, and a slight tilt of the head to make it seem like he was respecting him.

Nolan didn't smile. Just looked back at his screen. Grace had said over text that she shouldn't have spent the night with him. Nate deduced Nolan had reacted to that and now was a cooldown period. He knew better than to nag; Grace was a stonewall when she wanted to. But it annoyed him still, dancing to this kid's tune, to live at other people's whim.

And while Grace had said that she shouldn't have spent the night, no mention of the photoshoot or all the delicious fucking being a mistake, so Nate took it as a few days' vacation to focus on picking out the best pictures, finding a few different slogans, working on angles for the ad. In that regard, it was actually nice to have a few days for himself.

Nolan went to get them coffee. Meanwhile, Nate sat reading the newspaper, the old-fashioned way, waiting to be called up by the big man himself. Josh didn't know why Nate had been suspended, as Mirella kept him on a need-to-know basis when it came to such issues. Mirella had apparently kept the reason on a need-to-know basis, sparing Nate the indignity of explaining himself in detail or rebuilding his image from scratch.

A few minutes later, Josh was waving him into his office, with all the bravado of someone who hadn't seen a friend in years. Nate understood quite easily why so many were smitten by Josh's charisma.

Nate glanced at the sling around Josh's arm but did not ask. With the Calhouns, there was always some story Nate had no interest in hearing.

Josh steeled himself as he sat down. "So, you're back."

"I am," Nate said, gesturing toward the opposite chair. Josh nodded, and he sat down.

"How've you been?" Josh asked, sounding friendly but a tad distant.

"Better," Nate said. He took a deep breath. That's what people do. "Look, I know I'm not your favorite person, and I can take some responsibility for that. But I just want to say that I'm sorry. For all of it. I can be an ass–"

"You're right," Josh said, standing up. "I wouldn't have taken you in at all if it wasn't for Nolan."

Nate's heart rate increased. How much had Mirella told Josh? He watched carefully as Josh made to stand behind his own chair, looking down toward Nate, a gulf of an office chair, a table, and a vastness of differences sitting between them. Nate wasn't valuable enough to not get rid of. Yet.

"I'm not coming back empty-handed," Nate answered. Josh didn't react. He had expected nothing less. Nate knew then if he hadn't taken the initiative, he'd be sitting here getting fired. He should've seen that coming. "I'm working on a soap ad of all things," he continued, masking his increased pulse with a convincing casualness.

Nate turned in his seat and produced a folder out of his old leather satchel. In the corner of his eye, he could see that Josh liked his satchel of all things. It was an heirloom from Nate's dad from when he had been in Vietnam. It wasn't rustic by design; it was authentically worn. A rarity among fashion designers, Nate would've scoffed if he wasn't already walking a thin line.

He pushed the folder across the desk toward Josh, commanding him to at least come back around his chair to inspect it. Josh picked up the folder, opened it, and started reading through a report Nate had worked on, which included a written endorsement from an executive at South Georgia Personal Care and Hygiene, SGPCH for short, one of the biggest soap manufacturers in the Midwest, and a request for an extended pilot. He read the few specific product lines, such as the bathing oils, the bathtub soaps, and even a couple of the shampoos and shower gels.

He also read how they enjoyed Nate personally, his visual concept, his humor, and his understanding of target audiences. Some of that he had sugar-coated a bit, but it was all on paper.

"These are the kinds of products you'll find in homes throughout Ohio and Michigan," Nate explained, hoping Josh would sit down. He did.

Josh flipped to the next page, his eyes landing on the photos of Grace. While the shots were mostly PG, the way her gaze cut through the lens – steel-blue eyes boring deep into the viewer — had a way of making any grown man forget his own name for a second. Josh was no exception. That particular mix of bored superiority and raw confidence, the look that said 'I've

seen you, sized you up, and found you wanting,' had ensnared plenty of men before. Nate watched Josh's throat work as he swallowed, a small but satisfying confirmation that he'd hit his mark with Grace as his model.

"Whoa. I've never seen Grace like that before," Josh said. "She's doing our backyard, but she's always in overalls. I mean, she's attractive but god damn."
"Right?" Nate chuckled, standing up to round the table and look down at the pictures himself, but with a respectable distance to the big man.

"Nolan is cool with this?" Josh asked.

"Grace said she'd want to help me out on this one. And she has a knack for it, right?" Nate said. "This one is particularly good." It was one of the last pictures he had taken. Grace was looking over her shoulder, shirt tied up, jeans tight around that perfect, absolutely flawless ass. Just looking at it, remembering how that ass had felt like, made Nate's palms sweaty and his crotch start to pump with blood.

"She sure does," Josh said.

Nate went back to his seat. He gave Josh a moment to let the idea of Grace do her thing settle in. Nate knew he didn't need much more. Josh was a man, after all. He flipped back to the testimony.

"I'll have Mirella confirm the client request and authorize a limited pilot budget," Josh said. "If the paperwork checks out, you two can do two more shoots, an assistant to start, and a proper modelling fee for Grace. Tell Nolan this is your primary account now, and pick one or two people you work well with, should you need it."

Josh stood.

"Bring me something good, and we'll talk about your contract," Josh concluded, closing the files. "I sort of brought it up to her before, but I think she'd be great advertisement for Entrendy too."

That was Josh's own clothing company. In other words, huge for Nate.

"Her just wearing any of it in itself is plenty, but if she'd model... Do you reckon she'd help out with that too?" Josh asked, sounding hopeful.

"I can ask," Nate said, making it known that he was the go-between man. "She's not a professional, so she prefers working with people she knows." Like Nate. And only Nate.

"She'd fool me," Josh muttered.

Five minutes later, Nolan was extending his hand, a genuine smile plastered on his face as he offered his congratulations. Nate's grip tightened just enough to make it a contest, though the other man didn't seem to notice. This was worse than jealousy. This was respect. Professional courtesy. It made the whole thing feel like some corporate training exercise where Nolan was playing the part of the generous mentor, and Nate was the gifted student who had suddenly surpassed expectations.

Nate hated it. The memory of Nolan patiently explaining advertising semantics to him during those first weeks—like he was some clueless apprentice—surfaced with a vengeance. Now here was Nolan, patting him on the back like they were equals, colleagues who just happened to work in the same department. The whole scene grated on Nate, undermining the victory. This wasn't supposed to be about camaraderie. This was supposed to be a reckoning. A silent acknowledgment that Nate had taken something Nolan thought was his—his girlfriend, his confidence, his place as the golden boy at work—and made it his own. Instead, Nolan was treating it like Nate had just landed a big client and earned a bonus.

"Yeah, Grace really helped out on this one," Nate said, wiping that stupid grin off of Nolan. The kid composed himself fast enough, but it landed.

"She did," Nolan agreed, his voice a touch cooler. "She's talented."

Nate's grin stuck to his face as he found his desk, the cheap metal chassis groaning under his weight. The air around him had shifted. He could feel it—new glances tossed in his direction from every corner of the open-plan office. Some carried the weight of begrudging respect, others dripped with envy. Nate let it all wash over him, savoring the small victories.

'Pilot went well. Need you for another shoot. Come by after work,' Nate typed, sending it to Grace. Then he added, with a satisfied smirk, *'And I intend to celebrate properly.'*

'I can come by, but we need to talk first,' she replied shortly after. There it was again. Four words that never brought anything good and never kept her away for long. Ominous. The celebration, apparently, would have to wait.

The rest of the day flew by quickly. He made plans for a new shoot, reconnected with the folks at SGPCH about the progress being made, and drew a full map of the different products that would group well together into a nice campaign.

*

When Nate arrived home at his apartment, he was pleasantly surprised to see that Grace was already there. She had used her key. As he entered, he was immediately met by the feminine scent of her perfume and the small sounds of his coffee machine dripping. It felt almost... domestic.

Nate saw that her work jacket hung on a coat hanger in the hallway, hanging there as if it belonged there. He kicked off his own shoes and put down his satchel, and as he moved toward the kitchen, he found Grace facing the sink, not noticing his arrival just yet.

He studied her for a moment. The sunlight streaming through the window caught the flyaway strands in her long neon-blonde hair, turning them to gold. She had that way of standing, shoulders squared, spine straight, as if she owned whatever space she occupied. Even his kitchen. Especially his kitchen. His eyes roamed her exposed back, her top revealing just enough to tease him. He remembered that back, remembered how it looked when she was cuffed to his hotel bed, the muscles tensing as he drove into her.

But what affected him was not merely the view. It was the ease of her. The jacket in his hallway, the coffee dripping into one of his mugs, Grace standing in his kitchen as though it was partly hers. She looked less like a visitor than she had ever before.

"Hey there," she gasped as he pressed himself up against her, his hands finding her hips, running up to cup her breasts.

"Fancy seeing you here," he muttered, kissing the back of her neck. Grace shivered, her body responding instantly to his touch. She leaned her head back against his shoulder, giving him better access.

"I thought we could celebrate," he said, his hands moving lower, slipping under the hem of her top to trace the skin above her waistband. That taut belly, the way her muscles fluttered under his touch...

"We need to talk," Grace said.

"That phrase again?" Nate chuckled. "And I here I wanted to bend you over this counter and celebrate my successful day."

Grace turned in his arms. "Is that what I am to you?" she asked in a playful enough mood. "Just a nice ass to bend over a counter?"

"Far from it," Nate said. "But you do have a really nice ass." And he squeezed it for good measure. Hard.

"So how was your day then? Seems like you're in a great mood," Grace asked.

"Josh loved the pilot and gave me a budget for a new shoot or two. I was thinking this weekend. Striking while the iron is hot," Nate said. "If this thing goes well, I'm up for a review of my contract. Might even get a more permanent position."

"Damn. You've really done something," Grace said, genuinely happy for his success. "Honestly, I felt it during the shoot. You had a vision and everything."

Nate smirked. "Yeah, I've got a vision," he said.

"Next weekend might be a bit hard, though. I think Nolan was planning something," Grace said, stepping away from the counter. "Especially after last weekend."

"Fond memories of that," Nate said.

"Nolan followed us," Grace said. Nate had no reaction to that. "I sent him a location-sharing link. He has been dying to get included into this thing with us, and I knew it would be such a thrill if he came over... us. And he did, to the parking lot."

"Then he heard you screaming my name in the back of my car?" Nate asked, smugly. "What did you tell him? That my dick is bigger?"

Grace's expression soured. "Nate, be serious."

"I am. What did he see?"

"He saw enough," Grace said. "Enough to get him all hot and bothered. But not enough to actually be included. I honestly forgot when we were done, and he followed us to the hotel. He waited around in the lobby and everything, and I never gave him a signal or anything, so he just sat there waiting for the next phase or something," Grace said. "So he went home alone. Hurt. Hurt because of me."

"He sat in the lobby?" Nate asked, amused, moving away from the counter to go sit in his recliner.

"Shut the fuck up, Nate," Grace barked. "Sorry. I mean, don't talk like that about him."
Nate raised his hands in apology.

"It wasn't the hotel that upset him. Or, not only the hotel," Grace said. "I made him think he was part of it."

"He followed you."

"Because I told him to. Perhaps not with words, but I knew what that location would mean to him," Grace said. "And I never followed-up. I sent that link as if that was the end of it. Or, I sent without thinking about any end at all."

Nate tried to discern the difference. To him, it sounded mostly as Nolan asking for a larger role in what Nate and Grace were doing. It was normal; Grace and Nolan were, after all, the actual couple, but it was annoying nonetheless.

"I handled it badly. I rushed in on Saturday after work, gave no explanation, then invited him partway in," Grace said.

Nate ran a hand over his face, the scruff catching on his palm. He wasn't hiding jealousy—not that he'd admit anyway—but the way Nolan could still affect her like this, still matter enough to make her talk about forgetting him with such concern... that part grated. That part made him feel

like he was still playing in someone else's sandbox, following rules Nolan had somehow set, even when he had Grace bent over bed and begging for more. Cuffed and naked and his. But not entirely.

"So Nolan wants a clearer framework. If I want privacy, I'll say so, if he is to be included, I need to be better at defining how. No more half-invitations... and that sort of brings me to, well, his inclusion," Grace began. She moved to lean against the wall separating the kitchen from the hallway. "He wants to watch."

"He wants to sit in the room?" Nate chuckled, thinking it was some sort of joke.

"And he wants me to want him there."

That wording irritated Nate further.

"Absolutely not."

"Why?" Grace asked. She didn't seem surprised by the answer.

"I'm not putting on some sort of show for him," Nate said. "What, is Nolan to give direction too? Am I just there to fulfill this kid's fantasy?"

Grace stared blankly at Nate, probably not sure what to say. Nate turned softer, changing his tactics, but not entirely.

"I'm not sure either of us would be able to enjoy it even," he said. "I mean, it wouldn't be the same."

Nate knew that Grace would be watching for Nolan's reaction too. She loved him too much, and would see how Nolan would handle Nate plowing his most cherished possession right in front of him. She'd be part with Nate, and part with not-Nate.

Grace sighed.

"I don't disagree. Those are among my concerns as well. I worry if he's there that it becomes... performative."

"Then why are we even discussing it?"

"Because he asked me. And because this involves you."

Nate stood from his seat and turned away. He was hiding his anger. He wasn't some fucking ingredient. A tool. A logistical component of Grace and Nolan's relationship. Nate went over to one of his plants and nipped out some moss, grounding himself in something mundane.

"So you two sat down and decided where I fit?" he said, his voice steady.

Grace came over and joined him, taking a seat on the couch opposite him.

"No. We talked about us," Grace replied.

"No, you talked about me," Nate retorted.

"Don't be childish. Nolan is my boyfriend and my relationship with him comes first and will always come first. I'm sorry to inform you, but I happen to love Nolan," Grace said. "It's only natural that we discuss boundaries. And I've fucked up enough as it is, so you better get used to it. And don't pretend you haven't benefitted from Nolan's openness over and over."

"I don't want to be a guest in my own relationship with you," Nate said.

"Relationship?"

A small involuntary silence snuck between them. Nate plucked moss from the plant Grace had planted for him months ago. He could feel her eyes on him.

"Do you consider yourself my boyfriend?" Grace asked, rather bluntly.

"Not 'boyfriend'," Nate replied.

Nate opened the door to the balcony and tossed the moss over the edge.

"Sleeping together and going on dates doesn't automatically make our 'relationship' equal to me and Nolan's," Grace said.

"I didn't say 'equal'," Nate said.

"Then what did you mean?" Grace asked.

Nate didn't turn back toward her right away. He saw a bird fly by his apartment, looking for seeds perhaps.

"So what about Saturday?" Nate asked.

"I can't promise anything. Nolan and I may have plans," Grace said.

"So when do I get you?" Nate asked.

"You have me now," Grace replied, raising her eyebrows.

"I mean properly. When's my turn?"

"Nolan is my boyfriend, Nate. What do you expect?"

"I expect you to stop saying that like it answers every question."

Grace's face shifted, and it looked as if some realization came to her. For the first time, Nate thought she understood what he was actually asking. This was getting serious. Very serious, and Grace didn't seem in the mood to like it. Nate shifted his angle.

"Here's what my issue is," Nate said. "All this secrecy bullshit. Every time something happens, you go home feeling guilty, he gets hurt, and the two of you come back with another rule. Then you disappear until you decide it's safe to see me again."

Nate slumped down in his recliner, letting out a convincing sigh.

"And I can't lie, I don't enjoy that part," Nate lied. "Seeing how it affects you, seeing how a real relationship suffers because of ambiguity? I'm not a monster. And I'm also not something you borrow whenever you have a few hours."

They studied each other for a moment. Nate's face was serious, Grace's full of mixed emotions. "Hell, if I'm doing all this to you guys, maybe it's best if I step away," Nate concluded.

"No," Grace said. It was all the proof Nate needed. The answer had come before she could make it less revealing. Her expression hardened. "And don't do that."

"What?"

"Pretend this is concern for us when you're angry that you don't get to choose the terms," Grace said. "Don't pretend you've been reluctantly dragged through any of this. You loved the secrecy when it made you feel like you were stealing something. And you're not *'on pause'*. I have a life when I'm not standing in your apartment."

"So what is it then?" Nate asked.

"I came here to tell you what Nolan asked, not how to restructure my life," Grace said, a bit more resignation in her voice than before. She didn't buy what she was selling, Nate wagered. "I just wanted you to know."

Nate nodded. "I'm informed. Go home then," he said.

Grace looked at him, confused, raising her eyebrows. She was surprised. Both by him rejecting her, but also how this whole thing played out. Nate figured she wasn't used to being told no, too. "Apparently it's his night," he said.

Grace furrowed her brow. "I didn't say it's Nolan's night?" she said with growing annoyance. "Exactly. Nobody knows whose time anything is."

Grace stared at him blankly for a moment. She slowly stood up. Nate saw the conflict. She had known he wouldn't like Nolan watching. But she didn't realize he'd object to his entire position. "So the answer is no?"

"The answer is that I'm not doing it for him," Nate replied.

There came no reply from Grace. She simply walked over to where her jacket was, fetched it, and disappeared out the door. A moment later, he heard the neighboring door closing. The small rack of jackets looked much emptier now. On the kitchen counter, her mug stood completely untouched.

*

Nate stared at where Grace had stood just moments ago. The apartment had not felt empty before she arrived, but it did now. He looked at her mug standing there, steam no longer coming from it. Was that regret? Not guilt. He knew guilt well enough to counterfeit it. This was simpler and more irritating: knowing he wanted one thing, said another, and watched Grace walk out because of it.

No. This was more akin to looking back on a conversation, knowing you said something stupid, and wondering whether you could've approached it better.

He had wanted to be clear and direct about where he stood, but perhaps he could've done something different.

"Fuck that," Nate said, though 'that' wasn't anything in particular. He grabbed Grace's mug and threw the coffee in the sink. Why the fuck had he sent her back to Nolan when he wanted her for himself? Why the fuck was he this stubborn? Pride? Was he playing the part of a scorned girlfriend? What was this?

No. His dismissal was perhaps harsh, and perhaps too impulsive and driven by emotion, but he knew it would affect Grace. She had wanted to keep things going, but he was the one sending her away. Yet, it was the sort of after-the-fact justification that annoyed Nate.

Nate paced around his apartment, his mind circling back to the same damn thing every time. That wimp next door. Nolan had this way of worming his way into Nate's time with Grace, even when he wasn't physically there. None of tonight's awkwardness would've happened if it wasn't for how Nolan had a way of becoming central when he was nowhere near the room. Nate stopped walking and looked at his reflection in the dark window. There was a small smile creeping onto his face, crooked and ugly. Nate's mind made a small adjustment. Was this how Nolan had felt when he and Grace had talked about Nate? How Nate was present even when he wasn't? The thought brought a flicker of satisfaction. Small, but satisfying nonetheless.

Anna's words from therapy echoed in his mind—*'recognized place.*' The phrase had stuck with Nate like a burr under his skin, irritating and impossible to ignore. Now he understood why. Nolan already owned the official parts of Grace's life—the shared meals, the weekend plans, the future they talked about over breakfast. That was his territory, his recognized place. And now, somehow, Nolan wanted more. Now he wanted access to the one part of her life Nate could pretend belonged only to him.

Why did they have to change anything at all? Nate scoffed. Grace was right, of course. He loved the secrecy. It made Grace's choices feel that much more exciting, and the thrill and anticipation of being able to pull her over a line. Sure, the new rules were always nonsense, but they made for new chases, and Nate always enjoyed a good hunt. And most importantly, it Nate gave time with Grace that Nolan didn't have access to, and if Grace chose not to indulge, he'd never know. Grace was no one else's but Nate's in those moments.

Nate brought his coffee out on the balcony. It was almost fall now, so this balcony had seen way less action lately than it used to. Damn shame. He missed having Grace sunbathe in that black and green bikini. Another thing that was his and hers and nobody else's. Come to think of it, he wasn't sure if she had worn all the clothes he got her either.

A bird flew past again. Was it the same one? Who knows. Who cares.

And how awkward would it be to have Nolan in the room? Nate barely managed to fake politeness to him at work. He tried to picture it. Nolan in Nate's own bedroom, huffing and panting his balls off, staring at Grace and Nate. He imagined he'd be distracted by the constant feeling of Nolan's staring eyes. Hearing him try to talk to Grace about something he wanted Nate to do differently and them awkwardly pausing what they were doing to do Nolan's bidding. Nate almost chucked his mug at the fucking bird as it flew past once again.

And that was Nolan. What about Grace? She loved Nolan and wanted to please and avoid hurting him. Would she lay it on thick just for Nolan's amusement? Would she be worried when Nate was making her cum that it would hurt Nolan's feelings?

Nate loved sleeping with Grace, as anyone did, but having some random asshole sitting in a chair in the corner looking at them? Why the fuck would he want that? He didn't even have that many chairs to begin with. Fuck if he'd drag his recliner into his bedroom just for that.

No. It wouldn't happen. Nate saw no reason for it. And why would he? Why would he want to share that? Every version he imagined had Nolan contaminating the room. Grace checked his expression, slowing down to reassure him, turning every choice into a question about whether her boyfriend could handle it.

Then Nate imagined one detail differently.

Grace would look toward Nolan. She saw him sitting there, understood exactly what he wanted from her, and then turned back to Nate anyway.

The image held.

That wasn't Nolan directing anything. It wasn't a performance designed for his approval. Nolan would merely be present enough to understand the choice being made in front of him.

A witness.

Nate paused. He'd been standing there, but his mind finally caught up to what he was imagining. The nuance shifted something in him. Witness. Not director, not participant—just witness. If Nolan was in that chair, he'd have to watch with his own eyes as Grace chose Nate again and again. The cruelty was not that Grace might forget Nolan. Forgetting could be excused as heat, distraction, a moment getting away from her. Nate imagined her looking directly at Nolan, reading every expression on his face, and turning back to Nate anyway. Every glance would become another choice. Nolan would not have to wonder where he stood. Grace would show him.

He'd see Grace slide into Nate's bed, take him into her mouth for his pleasure—and for hers—but never for Nolan's. He'd understand why Grace was drawn to him, why she'd forgotten Nolan at the hotel. He'd witness her reactions to things Nolan had only ever imagined. Nate would command Grace's full attention while Nolan would be outside that circle, seeing everything unfold, understanding finally why Grace needed this, why she needed Nate. Why she had said 'no' to Nate walking away.

And if he was in the room, Grace would have to see what Nolan thought of all of it. Nolan would finally see why she kept coming back, and why she had forgotten about him at the hotel. And would again in the future.

"Holy shit," Nate muttered, his voice almost trembling.

Grace had said Nolan wanted a place. Perhaps Nate could give him one without giving him any power. The thought arrived vague, ugly, and unexpectedly difficult to dismiss.

Nate wouldn't be performing for Nolan. Nolan would be watching what he was missing, what Nate would've done anyway. And Grace's attention? It would be fully on Nate, and if her mind floated in the direction of Nolan, it would be a reminder of what her boyfriend was and wasn't. *'Tell him I changed my mind.'* Nate deleted the draft and wrote a new one. *'Maybe he should see it.'* Deleted.

No. It was just as well. He had already acted rashly once today. He wasn't even sure if he was on board with the witnessing idea. It was just a new thought. He still truly didn't want Nolan in the room. But perhaps his flat-out denial wasn't as absolute.

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Nate noticed Nolan's chair before he noticed Nolan. It was an ordinary chair, too narrow and too cheap to resemble anything Nate had imagined the night before. Still, the association came, and Nate pushed it aside before Nolan looked up.

"Drew, could you fetch me that insurance thing?" Nolan said from behind his desk as Nate approached.

He sat in front of most of the other guys handling the smaller contracts, Nate included, his desk annoyingly well organized. Nate scoffed. It still didn't sit right with him to be under a kid like Nolan. Not only was Nate his senior by at least two decades, Nate also had way more experience in both sales and advertising.

Nate glanced down at Nolan's chair, before dismissing any intrusive thoughts.

"Mornin'," Nolan called when he saw Nate, without looking up.

"Good morning," Nate grunted, throwing his satchel up at the desk before going to fetch him his first cup of coffee.

On his way back, Nate made sure to pay extra attention to Nolan. He looked extra tired; there was that. He had already avoided eye contact once, and didn't look up as Nate made his way back to his desk. It wasn't the easiest tell, but Nolan seemed a bit nervous; Nate couldn't tell whether it was because Grace told Nolan everything or because Nolan merely knew she went next door yesterday.

"Mirella told me the client confirmation came through, and a limited budget has been approved. We just need you to submit dates, expenses, Grace's modelling paperwork, and any equipment requests. A nice list, if you will," Nolan said, not even looking up from his paperwork.

Nate disliked that Nolan was still involved in what was his, but he also heard something useful in Nolan's tone and what he said. This was being treated as Nate's project rather than trying to control it.

"You planning to supervise?" Nate asked, casual as can be.

Nolan looked up then, with a puzzled expression.

"The shoot?" he asked.

"What else?"

"Oh. You brought it in. Unless you ask for help, I'm staying out of it. I don't think you need me standing over your shoulder," Nolan said.

What irony was this? Now he didn't want to join in on the fun?

"So you're not interested in watching me work?" Nate asked.

Nolan paused. His face and posture shifted slightly.

"Did Grace agree to another shoot?" Nolan asked, trying to turn back to business. It was an awkward transition considering who he was talking about and to.

"She came over last night," Nate said instead of answering.

Nolan's fingers stopped over the keyboard. He glanced at Nate before quickly looking at a nearby desk. Color began to climb Nolan's neck.

"For the shoot?" Nolan asked.

"We got around to discussing it," Nate replied. Nolan adjusted a pencil on his desk. He was clearly a bit nervous. "But we mostly talked about your idea."

Nolan quickly looked around the office, then leaned in a little over his desk and looked at Nate. "Could you not call it that here?"

"What should I call it?" Nate asked quietly, his voice matching Nolan leaning in.

"Nothing. We don't need to discuss it here."

"But Nolan, you wanted to discuss it in my bedroom?"

Nolan's jaw tightened, and he clearly shifted uncomfortably in his seat. "Fuck, where was I?" he mumbled, trying to turn back to the monitor.

"She was making coffee in my kitchen when I got home, actually," Nate said. That stopped all motion from Nolan. He sat there, staring blankly at the screen in front of him. He was probably thinking along the same line as Nate had thought when he saw Grace in his home, using his kitchen like it was her own. "Your girlfriend gave me quite the proposal."

"Grace spoke to you because it involves you," Nolan said. He was surprisingly calm, but Nate could still hear the strain.

"I told her no."

Nolan exhaled slowly and closed his eyes. Was it immediate disappointment? Relief of nothing imminent? Embarrassment that Nate knew what Nolan wanted? From Nolan's body language, it was hard to tell. Unless, which was likely, that it was all of them and more.

Nolan opened his eyes, but still avoided Nate's gaze, opting for staring blankly at whatever was on his screen.

"Okay," he replied. It was controlled, but with some effort.

Nolan didn't follow up; he just sat there still.

"That's it?" Nate asked.

"What do you want me to say?"

Drew returned then, threw a thick folder onto Nolan's desk before going off on his own adventures.

"You went through all that trouble to have Grace ask me, and now it's just 'okay'?" Nate asked, lowering his voice.

"I didn't send Grace over to ask you," Nolan said. "One doesn't send Grace to do anything."

"She came over because of what you wanted."

"No, that's not it," Nolan said, looking up finally. "She came over because, well, it involved you and, uhm, she didn't want to make another decision behind anyone's back."

Nate narrowed his eyes a fraction. "I'm not putting on a performance because you want a show."

Nolan immediately looked around to see if anyone heard that. He returned to pretending to read, his knee fidgeting up and down like a nervous tic. He glanced around occasionally before replying.

"That's not what I asked for," Nolan finally said.

"You want to sit there while I make her cum. Over and over. Sounds like a show."

Nolan's flush returned with a vengeance. Nate got some sort of sick pleasure from watching Nolan squirm, how difficult it was for him to hear the situation stated so plainly, right here in their office.

"It isn't... I don't want to tell either of you what to do," Nolan said.

"Then why be there?"

"Because I want..." Nolan trailed off before looking away again.

"Because you want what, Bickle?"

"To be included. Because I want to be included," Nolan almost whispered.

"Included while what? While I fuck your girlfriend?"

"Yes," Nolan managed to get out, the sound barely audible over the office chatter.

Nate let that hang in the air for a good, long moment. He watched the internal struggle playing out across Nolan's face. He looked trapped between wanting to retreat and needing to answer. "You want to sit there and watch her forget about you again?" Nate asked.

This time, Nolan looked right at Nate immediately. The mixed bag of emotions was briefly replaced by anger.

"No," he said, firmly at that. Nate didn't say anything, so Nolan followed up. "I want her not to forget I'm there."

The firmness lasted only until the words were out. Nolan looked away again, but he had said them. He tried to pretend to read, his go-to nervous tic, but it was very apparent that Nate had

struck a nerve. A deep wound. And it told Nate that Nolan didn't fly away or shell up; no, Nolan would stay. That could be tested repeatedly.

"What if she doesn't forget?" Nate asked. Nolan looked back at him. "What if she knows you're there the whole time, but chooses me anyway?"

He opened his mouth several times, trying to say something, but nothing got out. The only thing that came was redness and stammering.

"I don't know."

"Again, why ask, then?"

"Because not knowing doesn't stop me from wanting to find out. That's not why I left the hotel," Nolan said.

"You left because Grace forgot you."

"Exactly," Nolan said. "But I didn't ask you to do anything for me. I didn't leave because you were with her. I left because I didn't know if I was even supposed to be there or not."

"You asked to watch," Nate said.

"I told her what I wanted when she asked me. She brought it to you because you get a choice too. Now," Nolan said, returning to his keyboard.

While Nolan attempted to work, Nate studied him. The imagined scene from yesterday now attached itself to the real Nolan. His flush, how he fidgeted, how he seemed to not know what to do with himself. The way merely discussing Grace with Nate seemed to disrupt him. If talking about Grace and fucking Grace did this to him, what would seeing it do?

"Grace looked disappointed when I said no."

"Disappointed about what?" Nolan mumbled.

"Ask her," Nate said dismissively. "But maybe my answer wasn't as final as Grace thought."

Nolan became immediately flushed again. The implication was enough to have the kid reeling.

"Why?"

"Professional curiosity," Nate replied easily.

"Then talk to Grace," Nolan said.

"She's the one who came to me."

"And she's the one you should answer."

Just then, Mirella came over with the confirmation paperwork, a bunch of forms Nate needed to submit, interrupting their little sparring match or whatever one might call it. Nolan had to go and talk to Sean about another contract that was in a conflict of interest or something. But before he went away, Nolan tapped two fingers on Nate's desk.

"Production list before lunch."

As Nolan walked away, his flush was already receding. When Mirella first came over, he had been flustered too, but managed to either mask it or recover from it.

But if talking about it made the kid turn red, Nate could only what the real thing would do. Nolan wanted to be included so Grace would not forget him. Nate wanted to see whether she would anyway.