[Supporter] Date Night Ch. 1 and 2

Mad Stories

Hey friends!

Hope all is going well. Unfortunately, life has hit pretty hard this month for both Hannah and I and we are not in a place where Window is going to be ready. I think we made it over our last big hurdle and I'm hoping to get it to Insiders probably next week.

Instead, I wanting to bring you all something a little different. This story is called "Date Night" and the deign is for each chapter to be able to be read as a stand alone, or all together for a better experience. The hope is that I can write one or two chapters of this periodically and the gap is less of a concern because of the stand alone element of it.

I also have another story I'm putting the finishing touches on for the first couple of chapters. Once I get that here, probably around the end of November, I'll toss out a poll to see which one should get the focus when not working on Window or Exposed.

I've also had a few people reach out about Therapist. Time permitting I want to get another chapter of that out either in November or December as well.

Anyway, onto the good stuff. Let me know what you think.

Chapter 1

Kyra sat at the bar, leaning into a conversation with a guy who had bought her two drinks in the last twenty minutes. I watched from my usual spot in a small booth just inside the door. We'd been playing this game for two years, and my chest still tightened until it was hard to breathe during this part.

I couldn't take my eyes off of her. She had one of those red, stretchy party dresses on, the kind that girls spend most of the night tugging on, afraid they'll expose a butt cheek. She'd left her glasses at home. That had become a theme for nights like this, the nights we'd started calling date night. It was almost like an alternate personality, her own version of Clark Kent becoming Superman. The glasses, pinned-up hair, and oversized shirts were gone. This version of Kyra wore her hair down, let her green eyes catch the light when she walked into a room, and chose dresses that clung to her body and showed off her toned legs. I wasn't sure her friends or family could have picked her out of a crowd. Hell, we'd been married five years, and I barely recognized her. She carried herself with a confidence, an edge, that disappeared as soon as the night ended. Sometimes in bed, I'd read her own texts back to her, and she would blush and cover her face. But I'm getting ahead of myself.

The man currently holding her attention was tall, with broad shoulders like a linebacker, dark hair cut into a military-style fade, and a sleeve tattoo running down his left forearm. He had at least thirty pounds on me and looked like one of those gym rats who cared more about his bench press than his IQ. When he first sat down beside her, I actually laughed. There wasn't a chance in hell she would go for a guy like that. Then she laughed at something he said, and butterflies stirred in the pit of my stomach.

His look was certainly her type. That was one of the things that had stunned me when we first started date night. She always went for the bigger guys, the loud ones who were just irritating

enough to get under my skin. It used to make me insecure. I'm five-ten, and I run three times a week. I'm not small, but watching her leave with some six-foot-something guy every date night starts to make you wonder whether she thinks she married the wrong man. She assured me that wasn't the case. For her, part of the fun came from being with someone she would normally never give the time of day.

My phone buzzed against the table. I picked it up and angled the screen away from the aisle.

Kyra: *omg he's so tall*

I glanced up at her. She wasn't looking at me, still fully engaged with the guy, her chin resting on her hand as if whatever he was saying was the most interesting thing she'd heard all week. Her other hand remained hidden beneath the bar, holding her phone.

Daniel: *Yeah, I noticed. Didn't think you'd go for the dumb jock thing.*

Three dots appeared. Her thumb moved beneath the bar while I watched, though I had no idea how she'd even seen my message. She must have glanced down without him noticing.

Kyra: *OMG, are you jealous? It's so cute that you still get like that.*

I smiled down at my phone. Even after all these years, she knew exactly which buttons to push. The phone buzzed again in my hand.

Kyra: *Besides, I'm not trying to date him. Just fuck him ;)*

A groan caught in my throat as I shifted in the booth, my cock straining against the front of my pants. Jealousy and arousal twisted together inside me, a combination I knew better than to crave but kept chasing anyway. I watched my wife touch his arm and laugh at something he said, pride pulling at the corner of my mouth. Every movement carried that confidence, that easy sex appeal she only seemed to possess on nights like this. Watching her become this version of herself made it impossible to look away.

Daniel: *So you're saying you want to fuck him?*

Her reply came before I was ready for it.

Kyra: *What do you think?*

Before I could decide exactly what she meant, her hand slid from his arm to the back of his neck. Her pink polish caught the dim light as she brushed her fingers through his short hair, then pulled his face toward hers. Everything else in the room seemed to fade. Her lips parted, her tongue slipping out to find his. I forgot the bourbon in my hand as their tongues met, their mouths moving slowly at first before the kiss grew more urgent. Movement beneath the bar caught my eye. His hand was sliding up her leg. His fingers disappeared beneath the hem of her dress, and my heart felt ready to pound out of my chest. A woman at a nearby table glanced at them, then turned to her friend with a raised eyebrow. I took a drink of bourbon and realized my hand was shaking.

The kiss lasted maybe ten seconds. When Kyra pulled back, she whispered something against his mouth that made him grin like he'd just won the lottery. He flagged down the bartender, his hand still hidden beneath her dress. My mind raced. Could he feel how wet she was? I couldn't be sure, but it didn't look like he was actually fingering her. Then again, what if he was? What if his fingers were inside my wife right now?

My phone buzzed, and I nearly fumbled it onto the floor.

Kyra: *We're heading back to his place. No touching yourself until I get home so you can properly reclaim your wife.*

I struggled to breathe. This was always the most exciting and the most stressful period. Watching her walk out the door with another man and not knowing what they were doing. I tried to control my breathing, my cock throbbing angrily at her instruction. This was a newer thing we'd incorporated into date night. When we first started this, I would go home and immediately get myself off as my mind spiraled. A couple of months ago, I'd waited. It was torture and agonizing but somehow I managed to make it until she got home. The sex that night was otherworldly. I'd fucked her three times, until she was begging for a break. Since then, it had become a rule.

Daniel: *Be careful, baby. I love you.*

Kyra: *I love you too. I can't wait to feel you inside of me.*

She slipped her phone into her purse and turned to the guy with a smile. Her gaze met mine for a fraction of a second and the smile grew bigger. It was over in a flash, but it was all I needed to know that while she was leaving with him, her heart was with me.

He helped her off the stool, his hand lingering on her waist. She grabbed her jacket and he took it from her, holding it open so she could slide her arms in. She looked small next to him and I immediately wondered what they would look like together. What she would sound like when he slid into her the first time. Would he fuck her from behind? Would she ride him?

The daydream drifted away as they walked toward the door. She passed my booth close enough that I could have reached out and touched her arm. Her perfume hit me and then she was past, not a glance, not a pause, nothing to suggest the guy in the corner booth was anyone to her. The door opened. His hand found the small of her back, guiding her through. The door closed.

I sat there staring at it, my bourbon forgotten, my pulse hammering, already reaching for my phone even though I knew there was nothing to read yet. The bartender wiped down the spot where she'd been sitting and tossed her cocktail napkin in the trash, and just like that, there was no evidence she'd been here at all.

The car was quiet after the bar. I pulled out of the parking lot with the image of Kyra dragging him in for that kiss still playing in my head. Her confidence seemed to grow every time we played this game, and I couldn't stop imagining what that confidence became once they were alone. My cock was still hard against my jeans, and I shifted at the first red light, trying to relieve the pressure. It didn't help.

Her perfume lingered from the drive over. Vanilla and lavender. She had picked it out specifically for tonight, and I wondered whether he was enjoying it now. I breathed it in and pictured her walking past my booth again, except this time she was already stroking him, whispering that she couldn't wait to get back to his place. I checked her location. They were still moving in the opposite direction. Was he touching her already? I pictured her leaning back in the passenger seat, her dress hiked up while he explored her freshly shaved slit. Or maybe she was bent over the console with his cock in her mouth while he struggled to keep his eyes on the road.

Before all of this started, Kyra hadn't liked giving head. She offered it to me occasionally, though she always said she hated the way it made her feel. Dirty was the word she used. I laughed to myself as I turned onto our street. After her third date, she started giving me head almost every

night. She said it made her feel powerful, that she loved making strong men crumble while she sucked them dry. It took me a moment to realize she was telling me they had finished in her mouth. Another first she had discovered with someone else.

Twelve minutes later, I was home. I sat in the driveway for another two, trying to collect myself, though it never did any good. Her dot had stopped moving five minutes earlier in a neighborhood about twenty minutes away. I watched it and fought the urge to text her first. That part never got easier.

I walked into the dark house and flipped on the kitchen light. Her glasses sat on the counter beside a hair tie. That version of Kyra was the one they would never get to see. The one who spent entire afternoons curled up on the couch, sipping tea while she read a romance novel. The one who worried too much about whether I liked a new recipe or whether she was dressed appropriately for one of my work events. The real Kyra. I poured myself a bourbon and carried it into the living room, settling into the chair overlooking the large bay window. My phone rested faceup on the arm beside me as I waited.

The buzz came about ten minutes later.

Kyra: *He's in the bathroom. Sorry I didn't text sooner. I was distracted ;)*

Then the photo loaded.

She was lying on a bed large enough for four people. White sheets, oversized pillows, and an elaborate carved headboard filled the frame around her. She was down to the black thong I'd watched her put on earlier that evening and nothing else. Her legs were parted just enough to reveal the damp patch darkening the fabric. I licked my lips, my cock pulsing as I imagined everything that must have happened before she took the picture.

I zoomed out and studied the rest of her. Her lips were swollen, and her hair fanned across the pillow. She stared into the camera with her chin lowered and that familiar half-smile tugging at her mouth. She had staged the whole thing. The pose was meant for me because she knew exactly what it would do, but it was also waiting for him when he came back from the bathroom. Her skin was flushed from her chest to her stomach. A dark mark stood out on her neck just above her collarbone. I pressed my palm flat against the chair arm. Putting my hand anywhere else would mean breaking the rule.

Daniel: *Jesus. That mark on your neck is new.*

Kyra: *He's not gentle lol*

She was smiling in the picture, so I knew there was nothing to worry about. The aggression was another thing she had only recently discovered she liked. Two weeks earlier, she'd told me, with my cock in her mouth, that a man had choked her just before she came. I'd expected her to panic afterward or tell me we needed to take a break. Instead, she moaned around me and massaged my balls as she described it. She had loved every second.

Daniel: *Are you safe? Do you need me to head that way, just in case?*

Kyra: *I'm fine, baby. It was actually really hot. I'll tell you all about it in a few hours. You better be ready for me.*

I placed the phone facedown on the chair arm and closed my eyes. My pulse hammered in my throat, my wrists, and between my legs. My body already felt balanced on the edge of release.

One more look at that picture and I knew I would lose control. My pants would be around my ankles, assuming I even managed to get them that far.

The phone buzzed, and my stomach dropped. I snatched it up.

It wasn't Kyra.

Antonio: *Hey man, quick question about Meridian. What discount structure did you set up with them? They're pushing back on the renewal pricing, and I can't find it anywhere in the CRM.*

I read it twice. Antonio had taken Meridian from me three months ago. He'd walked into Dave's office (I later learned they were old fraternity brothers) and walked out with my biggest account. Dave called it a strategic realignment. He assured me there was nothing to worry about. Meridian simply needed someone with a little more charisma. I tried to let it go, but each time I saw Antonio, he seemed to have the same smug look on his face.

Losing the account was bad enough. Watching him fumble his way through managing it made everything worse. The client seemed to love him, yet every week brought another text asking me to solve some new problem he'd created. Tonight was no different. Had he bothered looking beneath whatever mess he'd made of the file, he would have found the discount structure sitting there in plain sight.

I considered ignoring him. During the first month, I'd bent over backward to help, telling myself I was being a team player and he needed time to get up to speed. By the end of the second, it was obvious he was taking advantage of me. Still, refusing to help meant risking another trip to Dave's office, this time with Antonio complaining that I was holding a grudge.

I swiped back to Kyra's photo. Her body stretched across those white sheets. I traced a finger down the screen, and my stomach coiled tighter. The guy was probably coming out of the bathroom right now. Kyra had likely already put her phone away. It could be hours before I heard from her again. I needed something else to occupy my mind.

Daniel: *It's tiered. The first 500 units are 12% off list, 501 to 2,000 are 18%, and anything over 2,000 is 23% with a quarterly true-up. The breakpoints reset every fiscal year. It's in the original account notes. You're probably looking under the active contract tab.*

Antonio: *My man 🙏 Knew you'd have it. One more thing. Do you remember if the true-up is net 30 or net 60?*

There was always one more thing with Antonio. The guy was full of shit. I knew from day one that he was the type of salesman who got by on personality alone. At six-four, he had a magnetic presence that made him perfect for the job, but his work ethic couldn't have been worse. He'd charm you over a beer and act like you were his best friend while pumping you for information he could later use in a presentation and pass off as his own. The man was a snake. Most of the others on the team simply avoided him. For whatever reason, I could never seem to escape his orbit.

Daniel: *Net 45. Custom terms. It's in the original SOW.*

Antonio: *Right. Didn't think to look there. You're saving my ass, man. I'll let Dave know how good you've been to me.*

I wasn't going to hold my breath. Still, the irritation helped. My pulse had steadied and the pressure behind my zipper had become a little more manageable.

I thought about pulling up Kyra's photo. Kyra sprawled across that oversized bed, waiting for a guy who'd done nothing to earn her while I sat in our living room solving problems for a man who'd done even less. A knot tightened in my stomach. I set the phone facedown on the arm of the chair. My mind had finally started to settle. Looking at her now would only send it spinning again.

I finished the bourbon and rinsed the glass in the kitchen. Upstairs, I kicked off my shoes and stripped before climbing into bed. I placed the phone faceup on the nightstand, close enough to grab the moment she texted that she was coming home. That message was supposed to be my signal. I needed to be awake, hard, and desperate, ready to take her the second she walked through the door and fuck her until the other man faded from her mind and ours was the only bed that mattered.

I stared at the ceiling, then closed my eyes and tried to picture what Kyra was doing right now. The image came too easily, her body pressed against his, the mark on her neck darkening beneath his mouth. I shifted under the sheets as jealousy tightened in my chest and arousal began to build again.

I must have fallen asleep. When I woke up, her mouth was around my shaft, her tongue sliding eagerly around the crown.

"Hi," I said, my voice gravelly. "Sorry. I didn't mean to—"

She took me all the way to the root, killing my apology on my lips. For several seconds the only noise in the room was the wet, slurping sound of my wife, working my dick with the enthusiasm of a professional. Her wrist twisted each time her lips passed over the head, while her nails dragged lightly across my sensitive balls. Her damp hair felt cool against my thighs. She was still wearing the dress from the bar, the fabric bunched around her hips as she knelt on the mattress. One heel dangled loosely from her foot.

She pulled off me with a soft pop and looked up. Her green eyes sparkled in the light spilling in from the hallway.

"You weren't worried I was going to be naughty?" she teased, kissing up my stomach.

"Were you?"

"Very." Her teeth grazed my nipple as I sucked in a breath, my hips lifting. "Did you touch yourself?"

"No."

"Good boy." Her mouth closed over mine, her tongue pushing deep.

My imagination went to work, trying to determine what else I could taste on her. Beneath the sweetness of her lip gloss was the sharp mix of alcohol still lingering on her breath. She pulled away with a smile, catching my bottom lip between her teeth.

"I know what you're thinking," she said, reaching between us and closing her fist around my shaft. Her hand pulsed around it, pulling a groan from me as I tried not to cum across her fingers.

"You're wondering if that taste is him."

I couldn't deny it if I wanted to. My cock quivered in her hand, giving me away instantly. "Is it?"

“Maybe,” she teased.

She sat back on her heels and released me, leaving my cock aching toward the wet heat between her thighs. Then she straightened and pulled the dress over her head. She was completely naked underneath. I couldn’t tell whether she had removed her bra and panties before waking me or abandoned them somewhere at his place. The thought sent a fresh wave of heat through me.

“Or maybe we just spent the last three hours drinking and telling each other our deepest fantasies.”

Her hips shifted and I felt her slick arousal slide across me.

“You’re soaked.”

She bent forward, her hands sliding through my hair. “Are you sure that’s mine? Maybe it’s him dripping out of me.”

I grabbed her ass, squeezing the smooth flesh as I tried to pull her down onto me. She laughed and resisted, keeping herself just out of reach. She had always used condoms. We’d talked about it several times over the years. She didn’t know these men and wanted to be as safe as possible. Sometimes she teased me afterward, claiming a guy had tried to slip inside her during the second or third round, but the stories always ended the same way. Nothing had happened. The danger was part of the fantasy. That’s all this was too… wasn’t it?

“You let him fuck you without a condom?”

I felt her lips curl into a smile, her hand sliding over my cheek. “Would you be mad?” She pressed her lips to the corner of my mouth. “Would you fuck me harder if you knew I carried my lover’s seed inside me?”

My cock jerked as I pressed against her clit. She reached between us and guided me inside her. We both exhaled as she undulated around me. Her pussy was hot and swollen, and as she took me to the hilt I wondered if she felt different. Her hands pressed flat against my chest and she rolled her hips in a slow circle that made my eyes close.

“You smell good,” I said.

“Vic has a nice shower.”

I opened my eyes. “So he has a name.”

She smiled down at me with her chin lowered. “It was one of those large walk-in showers.” Her eyes fluttered shut, and I wondered whether she was reliving it as she rode me. “He lifted me like I weighed nothing and pinned me against the wall.” Her breath caught as she dropped harder onto my cock. “Ohhh, baby, you feel so hard.”

Her hips kept driving down onto me as she spoke, the pace growing faster with every word. Each time she took me as deep as she could, she rolled her hips, grinding against me like she was trying to pull me even deeper inside.

She leaned forward until her chest pressed against my face, forcing me to breathe in the scent of Vic’s soap. “Vic seemed to love these,” she whispered, pulling my head forward until my lips found her taut nipple. “Mmm, he was so rough with them.”

Faint red marks curved along the soft skin, with one darker impression near the edge of her nipple that looked unmistakably like teeth. The sight made my stomach tighten, my mind filling in the moment he had left it there. My tongue traced the marks before my teeth closed gently around the same spot, adding one of my own.

“Ahhhh,” she moaned, pressing herself harder against my mouth. The mattress shifted beneath us as I pulled her closer, my fingers digging into her hips while she continued to move above me. I could already feel my orgasm building, the pressure gathering faster every time she rocked against me.

She slowed her hips, sensing how close I was. “You don’t want to contaminate the crime scene, do you?” A wicked smile curved across her lips as she lifted off me, leaving my cock throbbing against my stomach. Before I could reach for her, she planted one hand beside my head and swung her leg over me, turning until her knees settled on either side of my shoulders.

“You didn’t…” My eyes fixed on her pussy, red and swollen, hovering inches above my face. “Did you?” My hands closed around her thighs, but she stayed just beyond my reach, rocking her hips enough to make the answer glisten beneath the dim light. The freshly shaved slit was right there. The room was too dark to know for sure if it was her arousal or Vic’s, and the uncertainty of the moment twisted even tighter around me.

She looked back over her shoulder, her hair spilling across my stomach as she lowered herself another inch. “Do you want to hear what happened after I messaged you?” Her fingers wrapped around my shaft, holding me firmly as she settled her weight over my mouth. “The first time he fucked me.” I barely had time to draw a breath before her tongue slid across my entire length, her hips lowering.

The sharp tang of her arousal flooded my senses, pushing everything else aside. Her entire body bucked the instant my tongue touched her clit, and her hips jerked away from my mouth before settling back within reach. She tasted as perfect as I remembered, yet my mind searched for something unfamiliar. Was she saltier than usual? Why wasn’t there even a trace of latex?

I’d gone down on Kyra hundreds of times. Every other time, she had been on her back while I willingly kissed my way down her body and settled between her legs. This was another first. Her knees pressed tightly against my ears, muffling the room and leaving her in complete control of the distance between us. All she had to do was lower her hips, and my mouth belonged to her.

“Mmmm, yes. Just like that, baby. Good boy.”

She ground her hips against my mouth, rolling forward until her weight cut off my air for a second. At the same time, the heat of her mouth engulfed me, pulling my hips from the sheets. Her manicured fingers squeezed and rolled my balls while her lips worked along my shaft. Then she came off me with a loud pop and paused to catch her breath.

“Now, where was I?” She lowered her full weight onto my face and sat nearly upright, trapping me beneath her. I made the most of it, extending my tongue as far as I could and pressing it deep inside her.

A low grunt tore from her throat. Her thighs tightened around my head as her hips shifted against me, smearing her arousal across my mouth and chin.

“Yessss… Oh yes, baby. Just like that.” Her hips rolled harder, forcing my tongue deeper. “Ohhh, his cock went even farther than that. So fucking deep.”

She pitched forward again, finally giving me room to breathe. I dragged in air like I'd been drowning as her fingers curled around the base of my shaft. Her tongue resumed its slow assault, taking her time now, as though she wanted to savor every reaction she pulled from me.

"The moment he came out of the bathroom he was like a man possessed." She placed a light kiss on the tip of my cock. "He told me I looked like a perfect slut." Her lips closed over my head, pausing there and humming softly. "I thought I would be outraged, and for a second I was."

I felt her laugh around me and wished I could see her face. Instead, I drew her clit between my lips and sucked gently. She gasped, her story breaking off for the briefest moment as the sensation took over.

"After the initial shock wore off," she continued, pausing again to take me in her mouth. She pumped me faster with her hand. The second she sensed I was getting close, she pulled back and left me throbbing beneath her. "I crawled off the bed and stopped in front of him, asking if he'd like to see just how good of a slut I could be."

I focused everything I could on Kyra. She thrust her hips across me, my tongue dancing like lightning, slithering over her clit and labia. Her story stalled again, and a surge of satisfaction went through me at the reminder that I could still make her lose her place. I speared my tongue into her pussy a second time, making her cry out before lifting her hips just out of reach.

"I reached up to pull down his boxers, but he swatted my hands away and told me to beg him to let me suck it."

I watched as her pussy spasmed around nothing, like it was remembering Vic and the spell he seemed to have over my wife and her body.

"So that's what I did. I told him I'd been thinking about his cock all night. How badly I wanted to see it. Taste it. Feel it inside me."

Her hips lowered again in search of my mouth, though part of me wondered whether she was still imagining him beneath her. I used every trick I had learned over the years, refusing to let some one-night stand know her body better than I did. Whenever her thighs loosened enough for sound to reach me, I heard her gasp and whimper. She moved against me with the same hungry rhythm she had described, and I became determined to remind her who could make her lose control.

"Ohhhh fuck, Daniel. Yes right there. Unnngh please, baby, just like… Nnnnggghhh."

Her body pushed into my face as I was coated with her glorious nectar. There was something freeing about the entire thing. About being used as some sort of sex machine as your wife hovers over you and uses you to her own will. I wasn't trying to time my orgasm with hers. I wasn't trying to tease or prolong. My only job was to lie there, lapping at her juices until she came.

"Mmmm, God, you're so good at that."

My pride swelled along with my cock. For a while, she simply hovered above me with her cheek resting against my thigh, trying to catch her breath. Her body still trembled from the aftershocks. After what felt like an eternity, her fingers tightened around my shaft again.

"I sucked him until my jaw hurt," she said, still gasping for air. "I was determined to make him cum, but he just laughed. He told me how needy I looked, how desperate."

Her hand moved faster as she slipped back into the memory. Each warm breath landed a little closer to my cock.

“He grabbed my hair and pulled me off the floor. It hurt, but oh, fuck, it felt good too. So wrong.” Her lips closed around me again, drawing hard as her cheeks hollowed.

“He pushed me against the wall and fucked me. Hard…” This time she buried her face in my groin, and her gagging and wet slurping filled the air as she demonstrated the way he fucked her.

“Fuck…” My hips lifted off the bed. “I’m close,” I warned, wishing I could reach her hair.

She pulled away, and I felt the dampness of her tears as she stroked me inches from her mouth. “He wasn’t wearing a condom, Daniel.”

My stomach dropped. Her grip tightened around my shaft but I barely felt it. The taste on my tongue. I’d told myself she was more aroused than usual, that the saltiness was hers. But was it? Had I been tasting him this entire time? My mind raced backward through every second of the 69, replaying the extra wetness, the way she’d ground against my mouth, the way she’d kept me pinned beneath her where I couldn’t see. Had she planned it? Had she sat on my face knowing what she was feeding me? My cock pulsed against her fingers, throbbing so hard it hurt, and I couldn’t tell anymore whether I wanted to throw up or cum.

“Do you want to cum where he did?”

I grunted and nodded. Kyra lifted herself from my face and began sliding down my body. My imagination ran ahead of her, already picturing her settling over my cock and letting me fill the same place he had. I was so hard I ached. Every muscle in my body tightened with the need to reclaim her, to leave enough of myself inside her to erase any trace of him, to remind her she was mine.

“Mmmm. I knew you would.” Instead of climbing onto me, she leaned over my cock and turned her face toward it. Her thumb circled the swollen head while her fist pumped faster, holding me inches from her cheek as her tongue slid across my balls.

She wasn’t moving fast enough. My entire body prickled with need. I wasn’t able to hold out any longer. My hands curled in the sheets as a growl tore from my throat, my cock pulsing as I erupted.

For several seconds, all I could hear was our breathing. Then Kyra swung one leg over me and turned, crawling slowly up my body until the light from the hallway reached her face. Only then did I understand what had happened.

White streaks covered her cheek and lips, with several drops running down onto her chest. She smiled as she watched me take it in, then extended her tongue and caught a thick bead clinging to the corner of her mouth. I blinked several times, trying to process the sight. I’d finished in Kyra’s mouth plenty of times, but this was different. With her mascara smudged and my cum painted across her face, she looked like a porn star.

“He fucked me raw,” she said, watching my face for a reaction, but I was still focused on the cum mixing with her mascara close to her eye. “Then, when he said he was going to cum, he dropped me to the floor.” She dragged one finger across her cheek and sucked it clean. “I went to my knees like a good girl, ready to take him back in my mouth.”

She pulled her bottom lip between her teeth and I immediately felt my cock start to stir back to life.

“He wouldn’t let me.” Her smile widened as she leaned closer. “He said sluts like me get facials.” She paused, letting the words settle between us. “It was so degrading. So vulgar.” Her eyes fluttered as she remembered it. “So fucking hot.”

She pressed her lips to mine, smearing some of the mess between us as her tongue traced the seam of my mouth. I froze. Every instinct told me what I would taste if I let her in. Then my lips parted, and her tongue slid across mine, carrying the warm, salty flavor of my own release.

“I touched myself while he did it,” she whispered when the kiss broke. Her cheek dragged across mine, leaving a damp streak behind. “I came while another man covered my face.”

For a while we just lay there. Her cheek was pressed against my chest and I could feel her breathing slow as the adrenaline left her body. At some point she pulled the sheet up over herself and I knew date night was officially over.

“Did I go too far?” she asked, pressing her body into mine.

I turned onto my side to face her. My cum had dried along her jaw and I suppressed a groan as I took in her soft features.

“I can’t believe I let it go that far,” she said before I could answer. “I just get so lost to the moment. And then afterward I hear myself and—”

“Hey.” I tilted her chin until she was looking at me. “I like when you lose control. It’s so sexy hearing about this version of you. That’s the whole point.”

She searched my face for a few seconds. Whatever she found must have been enough because her shoulders dropped and she pressed her forehead into my neck.

“We need a shower,” she said, laughing. “You have cum on your face.”

“I guess that makes two of us.” We both laughed and I pulled her tighter.

I kissed her fingers and she replaced them with her mouth. It wasn’t like the kisses from earlier. She wasn’t just kissing me because she wanted to, but because she needed that connection that only we could give each other.

She climbed off the bed and stretched. I could see marks on her shoulders and a bruise forming on her thigh I hadn’t noticed before. She caught me looking and tilted her head.

“Coming? Don’t you want to hear about the rest of the night?”

I followed her into the bathroom. She turned on the shower and leaned back against me while the water heated, pressing into my chest. I wrapped my arms around her waist and rested my chin on top of her head. The bathroom filled with steam and she stepped under the water, pulling me in after her.

She turned beneath the spray and pressed her back against the tile. Water cascaded off her face and shoulders, washing the white globs from her cheek. She pulled me closer by my hips. She was still buzzing from the night. This was normal. She would be wired until we fell asleep, teasing me with stories as the edge slowly started to fade. The first time it happened had been too much for me. We’d fucked like rabbits until the sun came up, but I’d been so consumed with wanting

every detail, getting frustrated when she couldn't remember something, that she nearly called the entire thing off. That was when we made our first real rule. She controlled the pace of what she told me. She couldn't lie or permanently keep something from me, but if I was getting too worked up, she could slow things down and we would come back to it later. It was also when we decided date night wouldn't be an every-week thing. The timing of it had changed over the years, but what we'd settled on now was a monthly occurrence.

"Was it true?" I asked, kissing her neck as I let the water wash away my angst. "The part about the condom." Even as I asked, I felt myself getting hard again.

She looked up at me through the water, mascara running down her cheeks. "Yeah." She pushed her wet hair back from her face. "It happened fast. I got so caught up begging him…"

My cock twitched.

"That once he was inside me, I just…" She closed her eyes and ran both hands over her face. I wasn't sure if she was wiping away the makeup or avoiding looking at me. "I didn't want him to stop."

"That's…" I tried to keep my voice calm. "That's not like you."

"I know." Her fingers slid down my chest. My cock was solid again, pressed against her thigh while the water ran between us. "It felt too good to stop." She glanced down between us before looking back at me. "He didn't finish inside me, though. I made that clear." Her hand wrapped around my shaft. "He really did cum on my face." She tilted her chin and studied my expression. "Are you okay?"

"Yeah." I kissed her wet hair, her forehead. "This is about you. As long as you're safe and comfortable, I'm okay." I pressed my forehead to hers as she stroked me slowly.

She smiled, looking up at me through her lashes. "You sure? I know it's something we should have talked about."

"I'm sure."

"Does it upset you or turn you on when I break the rules like that?"

My cock twitched in her hand, giving her the answer before I could open my mouth. She wasn't really breaking the rules. We'd built them throughout the years as we started this game. Never the same person twice. Always text when you're leaving. Always come home the same night. Those were the ones carved into the foundation, the ones neither of us could move without the other. Everything else had gotten blurrier over time. It started with getting her ass slapped. When she'd gotten home and told me, I came instantly. After that she started getting more daring, not just looking for the things that excited her, but me as well. Apparently condoms had just joined the list.

She smiled mischievously and released my cock, turning to face the tile. She placed her palms flat against the wall, arching her back so the water ran down her spine and over the curve of her ass. She looked at me over her shoulder with that half-smile.

"His shower was bigger than this. But this is how he fucked me next." She licked her lips as my cock jumped. "Except the water was hotter and he was a lot… bigger than you."

The teasing wasn't new. It was something we both liked surprisingly well. Now, don't get me wrong, I'm not one of those guys who enjoys being put in a cage and told how pathetic I am. But there is something seriously sexy about the woman you love dropping her voice as she talks about the things another man can do to her. The places you can't reach.

My cock pulsed with rage, desperate to prove her wrong. I stepped closer and pressed my lips to the marks on her shoulder. Even beneath the water, I could still smell the unfamiliar soap on her skin. She pushed back into me and her breath caught.

"Mmmm." She rolled her hips once, slowly, and I slid easily back inside of her. "You should have seen it. He pulled my hair so hard I thought I was going to break in half."

Her walls closed around me, still just as warm and tight as earlier. I ran my fingers up her back, grabbing her hair. She gasped and pushed into me, nearly knocking me off my feet.

"Was he bare again?" With my free hand I grabbed her hip, pulling her deeper.

"Yessss." I couldn't see her face, but I knew her eyes were closed, reliving the moment with Vic. "He called me a… mmm, just like that. A dirty slut. Is that what I am?"

The moment she asked it, my hand tightened in her hair and I gritted my teeth, fucking her harder.

In the car I'd pictured her bent over his console, her dress hiked up, his hand on the back of her head. The real version had been this, palms flat against tile, water streaming off her body, while a man who wasn't her husband fucked her raw.

"Ohhh fuck." Her hand went between her legs. "I can feel you getting close. You like the thought of it, don't you? Wishing you could see your wife be a complete slut for another man."

My thighs were burning as I braced myself against the side of the tub, desperate not to slip. She was right. Images of her filled my head and my stomach coiled.

"Where… fuck, where did he cum?"

She moaned again, throwing her head back as water splattered my face. "My back. He pulled out and came on my back." She pushed back harder against me. "But don't you dare pull out. Give me what he couldn't. I want to feel it."

"Ahhhhh!" Her walls clamped around me, pulsing hard enough to make my hips stutter.

I wish I could say I held out, that I fucked her through the orgasm like I'm sure Vic did. Instead, I groaned and lifted onto my toes as I exploded inside her. Kyra resumed jerking her hips, her hand never slowing between her thighs as she milked every last drop of cum from my aching balls.

We eventually stilled. Kyra stood upright slowly, giggling as she turned around and kissed me. Her skin was red from the hot water and exertion.

"What if I did?"

The words left my mouth before I'd decided to say them. She looked at me, confused, the water starting to turn cold. I could feel her panting against my chest.

"See it, I mean." I looked down at her. "Next time we could try FaceTime or something."

She blinked at me, water dripping from her chin. "What?"

“FaceTime. When you’re with them.” My cock was still half hard against her thigh. “I want to see it.”

She stared at me. “You want to watch me fuck someone.”

“Yeah.”

“Like, live. While it’s happening.”

“Yeah.”

She reached behind me and turned the water off. The cold hit us both and she folded her arms across her chest. “How would that even work? I can’t just… where does my phone go? What do I tell him if he sees it?”

“You’d figure it out. You managed to text me from six inches away from that guy at the bar without him noticing.”

She opened her mouth to respond and then stopped, looking at me for a second, then down at the water circling the drain. “Daniel, the stuff that happens when I’m with them… some of the things they have me say.” She was looking down now. Date-night Kyra was gone.

“I clean it up for you. I know that sounds weird, but I do. When I’m telling you about it in bed, I already know which parts you’re going to like. I leave stuff out.”

My cock twitched at the words ‘I leave stuff out.’ Even standing there in the cold, my mind was already filling in the blanks.

“Like what?”

“Like…” She ran her hands over her face and pushed her hair back. “Some of it’s just mean. The things they call me. The things I say to get them going.” She glanced up at me. “It gets pretty rough.”

“You told me Vic was bigger than me while I was inside you.” I smiled at her. “I survived.”

She almost smiled, then shuffled her feet. “When he had me like that, in the shower.” She bit her lip, avoiding my gaze. “He told me to tell him I’d never had a dick like his. That no one would ever be able to satisfy me again.”

The smile left my face. I looked at her standing there with her arms folded and water streaking down her cheeks.

“Did… you say it?”

“I screamed it,” she said bashfully.

My mouth fell open. Was it true? Was I not able to satisfy her the way someone like Vic could? I shook the thought from my mind. This was exactly why she was nervous.

“I still want to see it. To hear the things you say.”

Her eyes had turned glossy. “What if you hear something and it’s not hot, it just… pisses you off?” She wrapped herself in a towel. “What if you see me with one of them and it changes how you look at me?” She caught her bottom lip between her teeth. “I can’t take it back once you’ve seen it, Daniel.”

“It won’t change anything.”

“You say that now.”

She was right. I didn’t know what I was asking for. I just knew that every month I sat in that chair filling in the blanks from a couple of texts and a blue dot on a map, and every time the story she brought home was something I never would have come up with. I was tired of guessing. I wanted to see what really happened, even the parts she thought were too much. Maybe especially those.

She watched me for a second, then grabbed another towel, handing it to me. “I’ll think about it.” She stopped in the doorway and looked back over her shoulder. “But if we do this and you freak out, there won’t be any more date nights.” Then she disappeared into the bedroom.

Chapter 2

Like always, the sun came up too early after date night. I snuck out of bed, braving one more look at my beautiful wife and her ravaged body. She looked so peaceful when she slept. Had it not been for the bite marks on her chest and small bruises on her thighs, she would have looked almost angelic as the sun cut through the open blinds across her body. I smiled down at her and backed out of the room so she could get some much-needed rest.

By the time Kyra came downstairs, I had already rearranged the Briarwood deck twice and rebuilt the opening slide from scratch. I glanced at the microwave clock. A quarter to eleven. I’d been working for three hours without realizing it. I smiled at her as I gathered the pages spread across the table and stacked them beside my laptop, clearing a spot for her. Then I went to start a fresh pot of coffee.

“Good morning,” she groaned, stretching her arms over her head.

She was wearing a faded University of Michigan sweater that stretched down to the middle of her thigh. My eyes scanned her legs as the sweater rode higher. Her glasses sat slightly crooked on her face and her hair had been piled on top of her head and held together by a clip. She looked perfect.

“Nearly afternoon now,” I teased.

She shuffled across the cool tile as the coffee maker sputtered to life. She stepped into my arms, pressing her head to my chest. I held her, kissing the top of her head.

“Thanks for letting me sleep in.” She pulled away from the hug, kissing my cheek.

“Of course. I’d say you earned it.” I chuckled as her cheeks grew pink. “How are you feeling?”

“Like my brain is trying to escape through my left eye.” She lowered herself into the chair where I had been sitting and immediately winced. “And I’m sore.”

“I noticed.” I couldn’t help but puff my chest out.

Kyra laughed, then rolled her eyes. “Don’t look so pleased with yourself. You’re only responsible for some of it.”

I poured the fresh batch of coffee into her favorite mug, the oversized blue one she’d bought on our last trip to Savannah, and added vanilla creamer until it was more creamer than coffee. She

wrapped her hands around it, her fingers lingering on mine before she held it under her nose and taking a careful sip.

“Better?”

“Helpful at least.” She closed her eyes and leaned over the steam. “I shouldn’t have done that last shot of tequila.”

I cocked my eyebrow. “There was tequila? When did that happen?”

Kyra kept her eyes closed, breathing in the steam. “Sorry, love, date night’s over. No more questions.”

I sat down at the laptop and pulled back up the slide deck. “I’m just wrapping up. Do you want some breakfast? I can whip up some eggs.”

“Not yet. Let me finish the coffee first.” Her foot found my leg under the table, the heel sliding across my shin. “What’s all this?”

“The Briarwood presentation I was telling you about. They run twenty-three medical clinics. We’re pitching them a system that uses RFID to track supplies in real time and reorder them before they run out.” I could tell I was already losing her on the technical jargon. “If we land them, they’ll be one of our top three accounts.”

She nodded, pretending to understand. “And why is it on my kitchen table on a Saturday morning?”

I laughed, taking the not-so-subtle hint and putting the papers into my computer bag. “Dave wants Antonio and me to present our approaches Monday. Whoever he picks leads the client pitch Friday.”

“And let me guess. You think he’s going to give it to Antonio?” She adjusted her glasses, the coffee slowly bringing her back to life.

“That’s why I’m working on perfecting the slide deck over the weekend. He’s not going to steal it the way he did the Meridian account.”

“He sounds dreadful.”

“Well, according to Dave, he has more natural charisma and stronger relationship-building skills.” I scoffed, slamming the lid of my laptop shut.

“What does that even mean?”

“It means they were fraternity brothers and Antonio knows how to make Dave feel important.”

“While you do the actual work.”

“Pretty much.”

Kyra pulled one of the papers from my bag and studied it. “Do you think Antonio is doing this right now?”

“Antonio probably isn’t awake right now.”

“Then I already like your chances.” She reached across the table and rested her fingers against my wrist. Her pink polish was chipped near the edge of her thumbnail. “He sounds like an asshole.”

“He is an asshole.”

“Good. I was worried I was being unfair.” She finished her coffee, placing the empty mug on the table. Her hand found mine, her nails running over my forearm.

“Want to have a lazy day on the sofa and order takeout?”

Kyra smirked, shaking her head. “You forgot, didn’t you?”

My chest tightened as I checked my watch. It was the middle of October, nowhere near her birthday or our anniversary. I breathed a little easier. “Um…”

“Emma invited us over for a cookout.” She clicked her tongue. “I told you about it last week and put it on the shared calendar.”

“Right, right. Emma and Mark. Sorry, I thought it was next week.” I squeezed her hand. “You going to be okay to go? Not too hungover?”

“I’ll survive,” she said, putting on a brave face. “I should probably head upstairs to shower though.” She slid back from the table and stood.

“I’m done here. I could join.”

“Thanks, but I need to actually get clean with this one. I wouldn’t mind those eggs you offered though.” She smiled, the top of her nose crinkling under the bridge of her glasses. God, she was perfect.

“Two eggs, over-medium. Coming right up.”

“Thanks, babe.” She kissed my cheek and headed toward the stairs.

Mark and Emma lived a little over an hour away in a newer subdivision where every street seemed to have the same six house designs. Their narrow backyard was enclosed by a white vinyl fence and crowded with evidence of two small children. A plastic slide leaned toward a patch of worn grass, sidewalk chalk covered one corner of the patio, and a bubble machine fired a new stream across the yard every few seconds. Music beneath the covered porch competed with the hiss of burgers and children yelling next door.

Mark stood over the grill wearing a faded navy baseball cap and an apron that said KISS THE COOK above two cartoon pigs. He was a few inches shorter than me, thick through the chest, with a reddish-brown beard trimmed close to his jaw and pale forearms already turning pink in the sun.

“Hey, you made it,” he called when he saw me. “I was starting to think I was going to have to drink all this beer myself.”

By all this beer, he meant a couple of six-packs and a bottle of wine for the girls. Not that I was complaining. We usually stuck to water the day after date night. I didn’t want to be a bad guest, though. He reached into a blue cooler and handed me a bottle dripping with melted ice, which I happily accepted.

Mark and I had only seen each other a handful of times, usually when Kyra and Emma arranged something. We got along fine. He showed me whatever he had recently bought for the yard, I pretended to know more about football than I did, and neither of us asked anything that required more than a surface-level understanding.

“You much of a poker player, Daniel?” He flipped the burgers, grease popping as it hit the hot coals underneath.

I shrugged. “I played a bit in college. I’m not going to the WSOP anytime soon, but I know how to hold my own.”

“I have a monthly game with some buddies from work. One of the guys got a little too drunk last night, got a little too rowdy. Anyway, there’s a spot open if you’re interested.”

“You guys always play the last Friday of the month?”

I chewed on the inside of my cheek. I needed an excuse. I couldn’t exactly tell him the last Friday of the month was when I watched my wife leave the bar with another man. I took another pull of beer as I shifted my feet.

“Not always.” He pointed to a plate beside me and I passed it over. “We usually try to do the second Saturday of the month. This month just got away from us because, well, adulting.”

“Sure.” I released the breath I’d been holding. “I’ll need to check with Kyra, but next time you have a game lined up, text me.”

We continued our poker conversation as Kyra and Emma stepped out of the house. Kyra had changed into high-waisted denim shorts and a sage-green top that slipped off one shoulder. Her white canvas sneakers made her legs look even more tan, though one shoe would not stay white for long. She had straightened her hair, letting it hang past her shoulders, and traded her glasses for sunglasses that covered most of her face.

Emma sat beside her at the patio table. She was about Kyra’s height, with red hair twisted away from her face and freckles scattered across her bare shoulders above a yellow sundress. She and Kyra had met during their sophomore year of college and stayed close through different jobs, two moves, Emma and Mark’s wedding, and the birth of both children. Living an hour apart had turned weekly plans into monthly ones, but they still texted almost every day.

Emma had carried out a bottle of wine, her glass half full. Kyra had stuck with water.

“You look like you had a hell of a night last night.” Emma giggled, taking a sip of wine.

“Yeah.” Kyra cast me a nervous glance. “We um… went out to a bar last night and had a couple drinks.”

“A couple? Girl, you look like I did during rush week. I didn’t expect… Oh my God, what is that?”

Emma brushed Kyra’s hair to the side, revealing the dark-blue mark on her shoulder. The blood drained from Kyra’s face, her eyes as big as saucers.

“Daniel, you freak.” Emma laughed. “Stop corrupting my innocent friend.”

“I um…” I rubbed the back of my neck as Mark nudged my shoulder. “I guess I got a little carried away.”

Emma had always been the wilder of the two, at least in the stories Kyra told me about college. She knew where every party was, kept cheap vodka in a water bottle beneath her dorm bed, and dragged Kyra onto dance floors when she would have been happier going home. Meeting Mark changed how often she went out. Lily and Noah changed it even more. I doubted she had stepped inside a club since becoming a mother, though half a glass of wine was usually enough to bring back the Emma who loved making Kyra blush.

Much to Kyra's delight, Emma wasn't able to ask a follow-up question because Lily spotted Kyra less than a minute later.

The four-year-old abandoned a bucket near the plastic slide and ran across the patio with both arms raised. Kyra bent to catch her, the color returning to her cheeks as she smiled with all of her teeth. Lily crashed into her, and Kyra laughed as she lifted her off the ground.

"Aunt Kyra, you came!"

"Your mom promised me a cheeseburger."

"Daddy's making them."

Kyra glanced toward the grill. "Then we may have a problem."

"I heard that," Mark called.

Lily pulled Kyra toward the chalk. Within minutes, Kyra was sitting cross-legged on the warm concrete while Lily explained that the six-legged pink shape in front of them was a horse. The position could not have been comfortable after the night she had, but Kyra stayed there, nodding as Lily went through what each leg did.

Three-year-old Noah wandered over holding a bubble wand in one hand and a red plastic cup in the other. He settled beside Kyra, placed the cup near his knee, and knocked it over almost immediately.

Fruit punch spread across the patio and soaked the side of Kyra's white sneaker. His face crumpled.

"Uh-oh," Kyra said.

"I sorry."

"It's okay. Look." She dipped the blue chalk into the puddle and dragged it across the concrete, leaving a dark streak behind. "You made paint."

I watched her with a proud grin. We had talked about children, but only in the vague someday way that never required us to make a decision. There had always been a reason to wait, whether it was money, work, or the house. Now that we were both in our thirties, someday was starting to feel like something we needed to put on a calendar. Kyra stuck her tongue out at Noah before adding wings to the heart Lily had drawn.

"She's good at that," Emma said, coming up behind me and putting her hands on my shoulders.

"She is."

"So put a baby in her already." She grinned at her own vulgarity. "Judging by the mark I saw, you've got the practice."

I turned toward the grill, angling the empty bottle in front of my shorts. Kyra was still cross-legged on the concrete, helping Lily add a seventh leg to the horse.

“I’m serious, Daniel.” Emma lowered her voice, leaning in so Mark wouldn’t hear. “You two would be great at it.”

“We’re getting there.”

Emma squeezed my shoulder and went to refill her wine. I stood there watching Kyra show Noah how to mix yellow and red in the fruit punch puddle, her knees stained with chalk, her hair falling into her face as she bent over the concrete. Twelve hours ago she’d let a stranger fuck her without a condom because it felt too good to stop. When she told me, I came so hard my legs nearly gave out. We never talked about what it meant beyond the two of us. Whether the pill was enough. Whether enough was even the right word when the rules kept getting blurrier and neither of us seemed interested in drawing them back.

Kyra made a face at Noah and he shrieked with laughter. She looked up at me across the patio, her eyes crinkling above her sunglasses, and for a second I could see both versions of her at once. The woman on her knees in a stranger’s shower and the woman sitting in chalk dust wiping a toddler’s sticky fingers. I couldn’t figure out which one scared me more.

“You okay?” Mark asked, flipping a burger beside me. “You look like you checked out on me.”

“Late night.” I forced a grin. “Running on fumes.”

“Help me get the food to the table,” Mark said as Emma walked over to the kids, humming.

By the time we ate, Kyra had acquired a blue handprint on one thigh, a red stain on her shoe, and two yellow chalk marks near the hem of her shorts. She sat beside me at the patio table with Noah on her other side, cutting his burger into pieces while she and Emma argued about whether a restaurant they loved in college had always been terrible.

No one looking at her would have seen the woman from the bar. They saw Kyra laughing when Noah dipped a potato chip in ketchup and asking Mark how his mother was recovering from surgery. Even I had trouble fitting the pieces together. Last night, those same lips had whispered Vic’s name against my skin. Now she was blowing on a piece of hamburger because a three-year-old insisted it was too hot. Kyra caught me staring.

“What?”

“Nothing.”

She narrowed her eyes, then placed the cooled piece of burger on Noah’s plate. Beneath the table, her knee pressed against mine and stayed there.

Mark asked whether I had watched the game Thursday night. Emma interrupted before I could answer to remind him that he had fallen asleep before halftime. That started an argument over whether closing your eyes during commercials counted as sleeping. Kyra sided with Emma, Mark accused the two of them of collusion, and Lily began chanting that her father was old without understanding why.

I took another drink of beer and listened to them. Kyra’s knee remained against mine while she laughed, her shoulder bumping mine every time Noah climbed across the bench. When Lily ran out of insults for Mark, she grabbed Kyra’s hand and dragged her back toward the chalk horse.

Kyra went with her, still laughing as she tried to keep the child from pulling her too quickly across the patio.

A month had passed since the barbecue with Emma and Mark. Antonio stood at the front of the conference room with the Briarwood slides on the screen behind him. Dave had picked his pitch. I nearly rage-quit when he told me the news. I didn't know why I was surprised. It was always like this. It was always going to be like this. I sat at the middle of the white-trimmed table, the windows at my back, stewing with my phone in my lap and my mind somewhere else.

The discounts Antonio was proposing were too aggressive. It looked like a copy-and-paste from another project. We were leaving money on the table. The rollout plan was worse, all big-picture vision with nothing about how they were going from one location to twenty-three, nothing about the install timeline or where the RFID infrastructure gaps were going to create bottlenecks. Every flaw in the plan was like a flashing red light. Maybe I was just being bitter. Dave was nodding along, and when someone did raise their hand and ask about specifics, he waved it off and said that could get ironed out during implementation.

Antonio was good at this part. All ten people sitting in the small conference room were relaxed and laughing. Even when Antonio wasn't able to answer one of their questions, which was most of the time, he'd inject a bit of self-deprecating humor that would break the tension and allow him to continue without a follow-up question. He leaned against the table with his sleeves rolled to his forearms, cracking jokes between slides to keep the room laughing instead of reading the numbers too carefully. The first two buttons of his shirt were open, and when he bent forward, the fabric pulled and I caught a glimpse of ink on his right pec. It was something circular and dark, with what looked like rays fanning out from a face in the center. I pictured him shirtless at a fraternity party, five drinks deep while some kid with a tattoo gun charged fifty bucks for the hack job. I glanced at Dave, wondering if he had a similar one.

My phone buzzed and my eyes dropped to see Kyra had messaged me. I nearly fell out of my chair when I saw what she'd sent. A photo taken from our bathroom. She'd bought new lingerie and apparently she felt like showing it off.

I drew my bottom lip into my mouth as I studied the picture of my stunning wife. She was in red lingerie. A matching set I had never seen before, still creased from the packaging. The bra barely covered her nipples, the dark circles pressing against fabric so thin it might as well not have been there, the tops of her areolas exposed above the lace. In the mirror behind her, the panties disappeared completely between her cheeks. From the front, the material cut low across her hips, tight enough that I could make out the outline of her pussy beneath the lace. I tilted the phone against my stomach and stared at it until the screen dimmed. A message followed the picture before I could pick my jaw off the floor.

Kyra: *What do you think? For Friday?*

I groaned, already thinking about how great this month's date night was going to be. I checked the room without lifting my head. Antonio was still on slide six, walking through regional expansion projections with his hands in his pockets. The guy beside me was taking notes on a legal pad. I typed with one thumb, my hand not entirely steady.

Daniel: *Are you trying to get me fired?*

Kyra: *LOL Does that mean you think he'll like it?*

I went back to the photo. Zoomed in on the thin fabric between her legs, hoping she was wet enough to turn it transparent. I couldn't tell, but I traced the outline of her lips with my eyes and my mind filled in the rest. Some guy she hadn't met yet pulling the lace to the side with his thumb while she arched off sheets that weren't ours. The red bra shoved above her tits because he couldn't wait long enough to take it off. Her legs wrapped around someone thicker than me, her heels pressing into the small of his back as her pussy blossomed around him. I thought about the words she'd say, the sounds she would make.

I glanced back up, confident the guy next to me could hear my heart pounding. He was nodding along to something Antonio was saying.

Kyra: *I found a new place for Friday btw. Girl at work told me about it. Just opened. Encore. Same side of town as your office.*

A screenshot of the reservation confirmation came through: Encore, Friday, 8 PM.

I closed the thread and opened my browser. A quick search showed that the bar was less than fifteen minutes from my office, and from the photos it was a clear step above our usual spots. The bar ran nearly the full length of the room, dark wood along the front, rows of liquor bottles glowing beneath amber lights. Small round tables filled the space between the bar and a wall of tall windows overlooking the street, while leather booths wrapped around the back corners. There wasn't a neon beer sign or television in sight. I scanned the shelves, wondering what kind of tequila they carried and whether it was as good as whatever Kyra had been drinking with Vic.

The people in the photos held me longer than the décor. Men in fitted button-downs with sleeves pushed up, jackets draped over the backs of chairs, watches that probably cost more than my monthly mortgage. Older professionals mixed with guys around our age who looked like they split their time between a trading desk and a squat rack. I studied their faces longer than I needed to, trying to figure out which type she would notice first. The confident one leaning back in a booth with his arm stretched across the leather, or the one standing at the bar with his jaw set and a drink he hadn't touched. Would she go for another big guy like Vic, or would the setting pull her toward someone different, someone in a tailored jacket who nursed his whiskey and let silence do the work? I kept scrolling, my cock pressing harder against my zipper with every face I looked at.

Daniel: *That place looks a little more expensive than our usual spots.*

Kyra: *Good thing I bought a new dress for it then. Don't worry, I don't think I'll be buying my own drinks ;)*

My free hand went between my legs, and I did my best to adjust myself without making it obvious. New lingerie, a new dress. Kyra seemed as excited for Friday night as I was. Hopefully that meant she'd be just as worked up when I got home tonight.

"Daniel."

My stomach dropped. I hit the power button and shoved the phone farther into my lap. Too fast to look casual. Antonio was standing directly behind my chair. My eyes darted around the room, color draining from my cheeks as I realized everyone was looking at me. How long had he been standing there?

"Sorry?" I cleared my throat. "Can you repeat that?"

“I was just telling Dave,” he said, his voice smooth as he put his hands on the back of my chair, “that without your help on Meridian the deal would have fallen through.”

I sat up a little straighter in my chair. He said that?

“Briarwood’s too big to take chances with. Once we get into rollout, we need somebody who understands the implementation from the ground up.” He smiled. “I’m just the pretty face.”

Everyone around the table laughed. Dave looked at me from the front of the table. “Daniel, can I count on you to team up on this with Antonio? It would really mean a lot for the company.”

“I um…” I shoved my phone into my pants pocket. “Yeah, of course.”

Antonio grinned. “I’ll loop you in on the file tonight.” He buttoned his jacket and started for the door. Dave followed a few steps behind him.

The room cleared. When I got back to my desk I pulled out my phone. I should have been thinking about Briarwood. I wasn’t sure what had gotten into Antonio, but I suddenly had a chance to show Dave how valuable I could be. But Kyra had sent another message while I was in the meeting. My cock throbbed in anticipation. I could focus on the account in a minute.

Kyra: *So, I have a surprise for you ;)*

Daniel: *Another? I’m starting to feel spoiled*.

Kyra: *I’ve been thinking about what you asked. About being on FaceTime next time*.

My chest seized. I sat back in my chair, taking deep breaths. The hum of the AC faded behind the sound of my pulse in my ears.

Daniel: *Yeah?*

Kyra: *I’m willing to try it, but I have some conditions*.

I dropped my phone on my desk. Down the hall I heard Antonio laugh from Dave’s office. I ran my hands over my face, then picked back up my phone.

Daniel: *Yeah, of course, babe. What are they?*

Kyra: *If I can’t do it without him knowing, I’m not doing it. I’m not propping my phone on some guy’s nightstand and pretending it’s not there. If it feels too risky or too awkward, I’ll text you and that’s the end of the conversation for the night*.

I gulped air as I read the message a second and then a third time. Her conditions weren’t unreasonable.

Daniel: *That makes sense*.

Kyra: *And I mean what I said. If it’s too much. If it, you know, changes us. Then it’s over. All of it*.

I read the message again, the excitement in my chest tightening. She wasn’t backing out. If anything, the fact that she’d thought far enough ahead to draw a line made Friday feel more real.

Daniel: *I know. I won’t let it*.

I locked my phone and slid it into my pocket before I could keep staring at the thread. Briarwood was still waiting for me. I opened the rollout file Antonio had sent over and started working

through the implementation notes, but my attention kept drifting back to the red lingerie, the reservation at Encore, and the possibility that a few days from now I might finally see what happened on date night after Kyra left.

Kyra sat in front of the vanity applying lotion as I did up the first few buttons of my dark-blue button-down. Her glasses sat next to her, her lips curved into a smirk as her gaze locked with mine. Her fingers moved slowly over her neck and collarbone before dipping to the tops of her breasts above the red lingerie. She was taking her time with that part.

“You’re hard,” she said in a low, seductive voice. Her eyes dropped to my erection.

“Can you blame me?” I finished buttoning my shirt and pulled a burgundy tie from the closet. The collar already felt tighter than it had a few minutes ago, and Kyra wasn’t helping as she rubbed another slow circle of lotion across her chest.

“Not that one.”

She stood and walked toward me. I watched her through the mirror. Her heart-shaped ass swayed with each step, the thong disappearing almost completely between her cheeks. I wondered what lucky son of a bitch would get that view later tonight.

She disappeared into my closet and came back with a silver tie, taking the burgundy one from my hand. Her tits pressed against me as she looped the tie around my neck, the smell of her perfume filling my nose.

“This one’s better.” She started the knot and leaned close enough that her lips brushed my ear. “It screams power.” Her words were laced with sex as she pulled the fabric through. “Dominance.” Her tongue grazed my ear and I shuddered. “Real big dick energy.” She tightened the tie and let her fingers slide down my chest, cupping my hard-on.

She took a step back and admired her handiwork. “Perfect,” she said, her eyes moving from my tie down to my belt and back up.

I stepped forward and kissed her. Her mouth opened instantly, her tongue finding mine as she moaned into my mouth. When she broke the kiss, she pulled her bottom lip between her teeth and walked over to the bed where a black garment bag sat.

“Ready to see what I’ll be wearing?” She unzipped the bag.

“I thought I was already looking at it.”

“Mmm. Don’t give me any ideas.” She looked over her shoulder at me, her ass wiggling. She was in rare form tonight. The lead-up was always one of my favorite parts of date night, but tonight she hadn’t let up since I walked into the room. Not that I was complaining. Maybe it was the FaceTime conversation.

She slipped the dress off the hanger and stepped into it. The hem stopped high on her thighs, shorter than anything she’d worn on date night in months. The thin black fabric hugged every curve as she pulled it over her hips. The neckline dipped low enough to show the tops of the red bra underneath.

“Zip me up.” She looked back at me, blinking rapidly.

“That looks… Fuck, Kyra.” I stepped behind her and placed one hand on her shoulder as I pulled the zipper up her back.

She pressed her cheek to my hand, smiling. “So, about the FaceTime request.”

My stomach fluttered. She was backing out. “Yeah?”

She spun into my arms, looking up at me. “I just… I want to be sure you really want it.” Her thumb slid across my cheek. “When I’m with someone, I don’t want to be thinking about what I’m saying or whether you’re going to hear something you don’t like. I… I don’t want to have to think about what I’m saying.”

My cock pulsed and I knew she felt it by the way she shifted her body into me. “That’s what I want too, babe. I want to see you really let go. I’ll be okay. I promise.”

She held my gaze a second longer. “Okay.” She returned to the vanity and sat down, crossing one leg over the other as she reached for her makeup. The dress rode another inch up her thigh.

She held up two lipsticks. Both were red, but one was darker than the other. “Which one?”

I tilted my head. “Which one what?”

She lowered her chin and looked at me through the mirror. “Which one do you think would look better wrapped around a cock?”

My cock jumped hard enough that I had to shift my stance. For a second I just stared at her reflection, trying to picture both versions. The question shouldn’t have surprised me. Still, hearing her ask it so casually made something tighten low in my stomach. In a few hours, one of those shades might be smeared around another man’s cock while I watched from a screen. My mouth went dry.

“The darker one,” I said.

She grinned as she applied the color. I stood in the bedroom unable to move as I watched her transform.

“I just need to get my shoes on and I’m ready.” She giggled as she stood up, walking by me to get to the closet. “You should do the same,” she whispered, pulling me from my daze.

My phone buzzed in my pocket as she was in the closet looking for heels. My hand went to it on instinct. I still hadn’t moved from the spot where I was rooted.

Antonio: *Hey bro, I’m at the office fighting with the Briarwood rollout. Dave wants the final Monday and the scaling still isn’t lining up. Can you swing by and help me tighten it up?*

I let out a breath through my nose as I squeezed my phone so tight I nearly crushed it. I should have flagged the problems the moment I saw them. The rollout plan had been weak from the start, and now Antonio was doing exactly what Antonio always did. Waiting until someone else had to fix it.

“What’s wrong?” Kyra asked, standing in the closet in four-inch stilettos. My mouth hung open as my eyes traveled up her toned legs. “Daniel?”

I shook my head. “It’s nothing.”

“It’s something.” She glanced at the phone in my hand. “Work?”

“I…” I looked down at it and considered throwing it against the wall. The playful sparkle in Kyra’s eyes had dulled and I hated being the reason for it. “It was just Antonio. Of course he fucked up the rollout plan and Dave wants it by Monday.”

Her shoulders slumped a fraction of an inch. “It’s okay.” She didn’t mean it. “We can postpone until tomorrow.”

“No.” I nearly shouted it. “We have the reservation. I don’t want to lose it.”

Her mouth flattened. “Then we can reschedule for next week. I know how much this account means to you. It’s fine, really.” She reached up to unclasp an earring I hadn’t noticed.

“No.” My jaw tightened and I stepped forward, placing my hand on her wrist. “The office is less than fifteen minutes from Encore. I know the rollout like the back of my hand. I can drop you off and be back before you’ve finished your first drink.”

She studied me, her hand still on the dangling diamond but unmoving. “I really don’t mind, babe. I’m sure they will have an opening next week.”

“No, I can make it work. I’m not going to let Antonio fuck up date night for us.”

She stared at me. Then she shifted her weight onto one heel and dropped her hands. “Fine. But if you’re not there after I finish my first drink, I’m leaving.”

I tried to smile. “You think someone will impress you that fast?”

“I’m serious.” She grabbed her purse without smiling.

The drive to Encore was quieter than I expected. Kyra rested her hand on my thigh and traced teasing circles around it, but the bite from earlier was gone. There were no dirty jokes or playful jabs about what the night had in store. As I pulled up to the curb she checked her lipstick in the mirror one last time and squeezed my hand.

“I’ll see you inside,” I said.

“One drink.” The corner of her mouth lifted, but only for a second.

She stepped out and closed the door behind her. I watched her walk up to the guy at the door in those heels, the black dress moving against her thighs. She showed him her reservation on the phone and his eyes crawled over the front of her before she disappeared through Encore’s front doors alone.

I pulled out my phone.

Daniel: *On my way. Less than fifteen minutes.*

I set the phone in the cupholder and pulled away from the curb. Kyra’s vanilla perfume still hung in the car, strong enough that every breath reminded me exactly where I should have been.

I texted Antonio from the elevator.

Daniel: *Just walked in. Heading to your desk.*

His reply came as soon as the doors opened on the third floor.

Antonio: *Thank God. Files are open on my screen. Bad sushi at lunch. I barely made it to the bathroom. I’ve been dying in here for the last ten minutes. Start without me.*

I stifled a laugh at the small bit of cosmic justice. At least now I wasn't the only one whose plans had taken a turn. Still, this would go a lot faster once he was off the toilet and here to help.

The floor was mostly dark. I didn't come up here much after hours. Most of the work we did could be done from home. Of course when you're someone like Antonio you don't think about small things like uploading to the cloud, I guess. Overhead lights clicked on as I walked past empty desks before I turned the corner into Antonio's office. His jacket hung over the back of his chair and the Briarwood rollout file glowed on his monitor with the cursor blinking where he'd left it.

A framed picture of him sat by the keyboard. I picked it up. He looked to be at some boat party with a girl on each arm. He was shirtless, the tattoo on his pec even worse than I'd originally thought. It was a sun, or some type of deformed version of one. The face at its center was round and featureless except for two closed eyes, and from each one a single dark tear cut down the cheek. Around the face, a thick black ring held everything in place, and from that ring erupted a dozen jagged, uneven rays.

I set the picture frame back down. I hoped he didn't actually pay someone to give that to him. I'd never seen anything like it. It was equal parts disturbing and comical. A text came through as I sat down in front of the monitor.

Kyra: *You better hurry. A guy bought me a drink before I could even order and he's pretty cute.*

A picture followed of some pink fruity concoction in a coupe glass with amber light glowing behind it. At the bottom of the photo I could just make out Kyra's legs. Her dress had ridden up, and most of her thigh was exposed. Beside it was another leg, nearly touching hers. It was covered in dark fitted pants and angled in a way that suggested he was already leaning into her.

Daniel: *Looks sugary.*

Kyra: *I think you mean strong lol. It has like four different shots in it.*

I swallowed the lump in my throat and looked at the files on screen. The quicker I got this done, the quicker I could get to the bar and see if this guy actually had a chance. The file was a mess. He'd copied the Meridian ramp-up numbers and swapped the client name without adjusting for the fact that Briarwood had twenty-three locations and Meridian had six. The RFID install timeline was a single line that read "Phase 2 – Infrastructure" with no dates, no vendor assignments, and nothing about the equipment lead times.

The good news, if you could call it that, was that the fix was pretty straightforward once I saw the structure underneath Antonio's mess. I texted Antonio as I got to work on the corrections.

Daniel: *You about done? This thing needs more work than I thought. We could probably knock it out in under an hour with an extra set of hands.*

Antonio: *Still in here bro. Clinging to life* 🤞 *I don't think I'm eating sushi ever again. As long as we don't count that Asian chick from accounting* 😂

"Jesus Christ," I muttered to myself. I pulled up a second tab on his spreadsheet and found the RFID numbers I'd sent him a week ago. He'd never bothered plugging them into the actual formula.

The heater clicked on above me as the overhead lights timed out and left the office in total darkness. I loosened the tie around my neck as I replaced his numbers with the correct data, shaking my head every time I had to fill in another cell.

Kyra: *You're lucky I'm enjoying the company. It doesn't hurt that he has nice arms ;) Just ordered a second drink. You almost done?*

I pulled at the collar of my shirt, tugging the tie lower. The shift in her demeanor was subtle, but I picked up on it. Despite the change in plans she was starting to have fun. That meant she really liked the person keeping her company.

I shifted in my chair, trying to picture her at the bar. She'd be sitting with her legs crossed, letting whoever was buying her a drink have a nice view of her legs. I pulled back up the picture from earlier. Not just her legs, but most of her thigh too. Blood rushed to my cock as I imagined her laughing at something he said that probably wasn't even funny. She'd place her hand on his chest, his forearm. That was always her move before things escalated.

Daniel: *Almost. This is worse than I thought. Save me a seat.*

Kyra: *I'm not sure Tony would appreciate someone else stealing my attention ;P*

Fuck, she was already using his name. My pulse kicked up as I stared at the screen trying to focus on what I needed to do next. It wasn't very often she'd find someone this quickly in the night. Usually by the second drink she was ignoring them until they got the hint. Once she started using their name I knew the odds swung heavily in their favor. The cursor blinked on a cell I'd already corrected and I read the same row three times without processing it.

I texted Antonio again ten minutes later. This time I used multiple exclamation marks to get my point across. He sent back a thumbs-up and a praying hands emoji. I had no idea what that meant but hopefully it meant he was finishing up and would be in here soon. I turned my attention to the rollout strategy and started filling in dates by cross-referencing a timeline the Briarwood team sent over.

It had been fifteen minutes when my phone buzzed again. My fingers shook as I opened the text.

Kyra: *God, he's so cocky. 🙄 He just accused me of staring at his dick and told me all I had to do was ask and he'd pull it out for me.*

A second message appeared behind it.

Kyra: *Why does it turn me on knowing he'd actually do it?*

Daniel: *He sounds like an asshole.*

Kyra: *So you agree, he's just my type. The bar is kinda dark. Think anyone would notice if I slipped off my seat in front of his ;)*

I leaned back in Antonio's chair and read the message twice. My cock had been half hard since the first photo and now it strained against my slacks hard enough that I had to shift my hips to ease the pressure. I could see him at the bar, this tall cocky stranger leaning in close enough that Kyra could feel his breath, one arm stretched along the back of her stool while the other held a drink he wasn't paying attention to. Her chin would tilt up the way it did when someone had her, and I could see the way her lips parted just before she smiled. Every detail she gave me turned into something larger in my head, and every version was more vivid than the last. She was

pressing her thighs together at the bar while this man talked to her in whatever voice was doing that to her, and I was sitting at Antonio's desk in a dead office with my cock throbbing against my pants. I closed my eyes and breathed through it. When I opened them the rollout numbers were still glowing on the screen.

Antonio: *Hey man I gotta head home. Stomach is in knots. I am so sorry. I'll make sure Dave knows you came through clutch for this on Monday, bro.* 👊

I stared at the message, my entire body shaking. I'd spent the last forty minutes rebuilding a rollout Antonio should have gotten right the first time. He got the account. He got the credit. And when the actual work needed doing, I was the one sitting in his chair cleaning up the mess. I kicked the edge of the desk then shoved back and stood.

I could leave the file half finished and be at Encore in fifteen minutes. Kyra was still at the bar, still flirting. I may have missed a lot of the banter, but I hadn't missed the part that mattered most. The moment she decided to leave with him and gave me that look on her way to the door. My hand tightened around the back of the chair as I pictured it, my cock pulsing with the answer it wanted to hear.

Then I thought about Dave. If I left the file unfinished Antonio would find a way to spin it and make it my fault. Dave had looked me in the eye just a few days ago and asked if he could count on me. I wouldn't get a second chance. If I walked out, I owned the failure.

I sat back down at the desk and looked at my progress. Ten more minutes of work, tops. Followed by a fifteen-minute drive to Encore. I could still make it if I hurried. Another message came through.

Kyra: *I chickened out and didn't ask to see his dick lol*

A photo followed. Kyra had turned away from the bar and toward the stool beside her. Tony's hand rested high on her bare thigh, his fingers pushing the black fabric far enough up that the red lace between her legs was impossible to miss. My jaw fell open. He wasn't testing the waters anymore. His hand was already inches from my wife's pussy, and judging by the way her legs were spread, she wasn't exactly discouraging him.

Kyra: *He wasn't as scared. When he saw my bra peeking out over my dress he asked if it was a matching set.*

Kyra: *You haven't responded. Are you mad? Should I leave?*

A knot formed in my chest. She thought I was mad. While I sat there staring at the picture like an idiot, Kyra was watching her phone, wondering if she'd pushed too far. My eyes dropped back to Tony's hand on her thigh, the red lace exposed between her legs. Mad wasn't even close. My cock throbbed hard enough to hurt, and the only thing pissing me off was that I wasn't there to see it happen.

Daniel: *No. Don't leave. I'm almost done here.*

Another message came in before I could set the phone down.

Kyra: *I'm glad to hear you say that, because now not only does he know it's a matching set he knows just how wet I am. I'm pretty sure the guys at the table behind him may know too.* 😳

I pulled the photo back up and zoomed in until Tony's hand filled most of the screen. I hadn't noticed before, but his pinky was pressed against the red strip of lace between her thighs. She wasn't just flashing him, she was letting him rub her in public. I closed my eyes, imagining I was at the table behind him, the one she said might have seen how wet she was. I pictured myself sitting there as Tony's hand slid up her thigh and Kyra spread her legs to give him better access. His finger would drag across the damp lace and she'd sigh, making him chuckle. Then he'd pull the fabric aside completely, exposing her bald slit to me as his fingers slid between her lips, making her head tip back.

My cock pulsed at the thought and my hand drifted between my legs, my fingers brushing lightly over the front of my slacks. I groaned when I felt the dampness spreading through my boxers. There wasn't enough air in the office anymore and the edges of my vision started to go dark. I needed to get the hell out of here.

I dropped the phone beside the keyboard and went back to the rollout.

The next ten minutes were ugly. I copied dates from the Briarwood timeline, filled the vendor assignments, corrected the scaling formula, and stopped checking any of my work. I didn't care if it was wrong. It just needed to be done. Every few seconds my eyes flicked toward the phone, waiting for the screen to light up again. My shirt stuck between my shoulder blades. My cock stayed hard. Just as I was about to save my work and close out the spreadsheet, my phone buzzed so loud it sounded like a shotgun blast in the small office.

Kyra: *Tony says he can't wait to taste the rest of me. He just went to the bathroom to close out the tab.*

Another photo loaded. This one showed Kyra's face as she stared into the lens with her chin lowered. Her eyes were glassy, and her face and chest were red. Her lips were parted slightly, like she was gasping for air. The lipstick I'd picked for her earlier was smeared across her face and on her chin.

Kyra: *I'm sorry you missed all of it, baby. I can walk out before he gets back and we can try again when you're actually here to enjoy it.*

I barely finished reading the message before a new one came through.

Kyra: *Or would you rather watch your wife get fucked by some guy you've never even seen?*

My fingers tightened around the phone until the edges dug into my palm. I pressed my other hand against my cock through my pants and sucked in a breath that did nothing to settle me. I was so close it felt ridiculous. One more message from her and I might actually cum sitting at Antonio's desk. I lifted my shaky hand from the front of my pants, barely able to type out the next message.

Daniel: *I want to watch.*

Kyra: *Then you know the rule. No touching. I want you hard and desperate when I get home so you can properly reclaim your wife.*

I groaned at the screen. Her perfume was still in my throat from the drive, my cock ached, and she wanted me to hold all of it until she got home. I had no idea how that was possible.

I looked at the monitor. The Briarwood file was good enough. I stood on wobbly legs as I looked over the office one last time before heading to the door, nearly running toward the elevator. The

overhead lights clicked off behind me one section at a time and I kept thinking about Tony's apartment, what it looked like, if they would even make it to the bedroom. Judging by the last picture Kyra sent she was nearly as turned on as I was. I thought about how she was going to pull off the FaceTime video, where she would put the phone. She'd warned me twice now that she cleaned up the things she said during these encounters for me. Would I really be able to handle whatever I was about to see and hear? The parking lot air was cold enough to feel through my shirt. I started the engine and pulled my phone from my pocket, surprised to already see another message from my wife.

Kyra: *He lives even closer than I thought. Just pulled up to his place. I hope you're ready, baby. Remember, phone on mute.*

They were already there? I slammed my hands against the steering wheel. Fucking Antonio strikes again. There was no way I could make it home before she called even if I blew through every light. I let my head fall back against the seat and stared through the windshield at the empty office parking lot. After everything tonight, this was where I was going to watch my wife fuck another man.

All I could do now was sit there and wait for her to call.

I turned off the engine and sat in the quiet. My leg bounced with nervous energy as I looked around the empty lot waiting for Kyra's call. My cock pressed against my zipper, desperate to be freed, and all I kept picturing was Tony's hand between Kyra's legs in that last photo. I glanced at my screen, still dark, anticipating finally seeing more.

I took off my tie, tossing the reminder of how the night could have played out into the seat beside me. My shirt was still damp between my shoulder blades from the heat in Antonio's office. I'd imagined this moment a hundred times since last month. In that version I was always at home, lying in bed, a glass of whiskey next to me. Instead I had spent the last hour repairing Antonio's rollout plan while he sat on the toilet. That brought me back to Kyra and what she was doing right now. Was she already undressing him? I found myself picturing his bedroom, how large it was, what color the sheets were.

My phone lit up with a FaceTime call and I answered before the first ring completed. Her face filled the screen, whispering from another man's bedroom. The lights were dim. Behind her I could just make out a four-poster bed. My hand drifted to my thigh.

"Hey, baby." Her speech was slurred, her eyes unfocused as she tilted the camera, checking angles. "Can you see me okay?"

"Yeah." My voice cracked. "I can see you."

"God, I missed seeing your face at the bar." She looked over her shoulder, then propped the phone on what I assumed was a dresser or table by the bed. "I'm so turned on." She bit her lip and took a couple of steps backward, ensuring she was in view.

Just hearing her say those words was enough to make the anger twisting in my chest loosen. Everything about this night was about us. Even when the plans changed at the last minute.

"He's making us drinks." She blew me a kiss and put her finger to her lips. "I love you. Remember, stay on mute."

She sat on the edge of the bed. I unzipped my pants, needing to relieve the pressure as my heart thudded in my chest and I heard a door open just off screen.

I stared at my wife. Her makeup smeared, her dress disheveled but still on as she sat on another man's bed. She turned toward him and her face lit up. She stood slowly, keeping her hand on the bed for balance.

I wished again that I was at home. I could have grabbed my iPad. I needed a bigger screen. I wanted to see every little detail.

"All I had was Jack. I brought a Coke in case you needed a chaser."

His voice came through the phone speaker and filled the car, low and husky. It sounded muffled, like they were in a tunnel or something. I double-checked that my phone was muted, then turned up the audio on my car hoping to hear the two of them better.

"Are you chasing it?" my wife asked. I could hear the challenge in her voice.

He walked into the frame, handing her a glass. He was taller than I'd expected, standing an entire head over her despite her heels. I couldn't see his face. The camera angle cut off just at his neck. I tried not to think about how every guy Kyra went home with was always bigger than me.

"Nah, I can handle my liquor just fine," he said, throwing the shot back without even wincing.

Kyra laughed, her hand going to his arm. I was unsure if it was to steady herself or if it was simply to touch him. "I can handle anything you give me." She threw back the shot, holding his gaze. I saw her hand ball into a fist and knew she was trying not to react to the burn. That was my girl, always the competitor.

He took the glass and set both of them beside her phone. The clink exploded through my speakers, making me jump. He stepped back in front of her, his hand sliding against her neck and through her hair. She moaned, pressing her head into his touch, and my dick jumped.

"I can think of at least one thing you can't handle." The way he said it almost sounded familiar. I turned my head to the speaker, trying to hear him more clearly.

"Oh yeah? What's that?" Her hands slid under his untucked shirt and I gulped.

His fist tightened in her hair and pulled her head back. Kyra gasped, and I shot up straight in my seat. Every muscle in my body locked and for half a second I was ready to throw the car in drive and head straight for wherever she was.

"Ahhh." Her smile widened and she licked her lips as her knees hit the floor.

I sank back into the seat, the tension changing shape just as quickly as it had arrived. Her fingers went to the button of his pants and I stopped breathing. The angle was almost perfect. I had them both in profile, the phone sitting roughly level with Kyra's head, close enough that I could see every movement of her hands as she worked the button free. Her head turned slightly, just enough for her eyes to find the camera. She held my gaze for a second before turning back to him and sliding his pants off his hips.

"Mmmm. Is this all for me?" She cupped him through his boxers and I gasped, my balls pulling tight from the phantom feeling.

“I saw you staring at it from the second I sat down. I knew when I ordered that first drink I’d have you on your knees.”

I couldn’t believe he was talking to her like that. I expected her to roll her eyes, maybe shove him away and tell him to go fuck himself. Instead, she stared at him, breathing harder, completely focused on what was happening in front of her. She reached for the band of his boxers and he swatted her hand away.

“So eager.” He chuckled, taking a step forward. Kyra’s mouth hung open as Tony pressed against her, rubbing the front of his boxers across her face. “You want to take it out, don’t you?”

She didn’t answer at first. Her eyes were half-lidded, her open mouth chasing his length as he moved his hips.

“Yes,” she finally whispered, her tongue sitting just outside of her mouth, pressing against the hard lump in front of her.

Tony laughed and dragged his thumb across her bottom lip. She opened her mouth, reaching for it, but he denied her that too. “Then ask nicely.”

Kyra’s eyes flicked toward the camera again. Long enough that I knew she was wondering how I was reacting to this side of her. She’d told me before she’d begged. I’d never seen it, and watching it in real time was even hotter than anything I could have imagined.

She looked back up at him and placed both hands on his thighs. “Please.”

He didn’t move.

Her lips curled into a smile. “Please let me see your big dick.” She leaned forward, her tongue sliding over the clothed spear. “I’ve been thinking about it all night.”

My grip tightened around the phone. I told myself this was just the act. She was telling him what he wanted to hear. But another voice in the back of my head kept getting louder. What if she was being honest? What if she’d clocked him the minute he sat down, glanced between his legs, and decided she had to have it? My hand dropped to my lap and I unsnapped the button on my boxers, my cock springing free in the cool night air.

“Much better. I knew I could turn you into a proper slut.”

My fingers dug into my thigh. This guy didn’t deserve Kyra.

“Go ahead then. Take it out.”

My eyes darted back to the screen. Kyra moaned in approval, her hands going to the waistband of his boxers. Time slowed down as she slipped her fingers into the fabric, holding them there just a second as she wet her lips. His boxers slid down his thighs slowly, then in a flash his dick popped free.

“Oh fuck,” Kyra gasped, stealing my words from me. Tony wasn’t just big. He was thick enough that my stomach tightened when I pictured Kyra trying to take him. She stayed on her knees staring at him long enough that jealousy started crawling through me again. Then, Tony cleared his throat and she pushed his boxers the rest of the way down his legs.

She wrapped her hand around him, her fingers nowhere close to touching. Kyra looked up with a smirk. “I guess I know why you’re such an asshole.”

He laughed, a real laugh that sounded like she'd caught him off guard. I smiled despite myself. The slow sway of her body gave away how much she wanted him, but apparently she was determined to get one more jab in first.

"I'm still trying to figure out why you're talking when you should have my cock in your mouth."

Something about the rhythm of his voice scratched at the back of my head again. I turned the volume up another notch, trying to place it as Kyra laughed. Then, all thoughts of it were forgotten as she leaned forward, stretching her jaw and taking the head of another man's cock in her mouth.

Kyra's cheeks hollowed as she worked her mouth around him, one hand wrapped around the part she couldn't take. Even through the shitty phone audio I could hear how wet it was, each pull of her lips followed by a soft breath through her nose. Tony kept his hand wrapped in her hair, applying gentle pressure as more of his cock disappeared between her lips.

I couldn't look away. I'd pictured Kyra doing this more times than I could count. Every month after date night she'd come home and tell me what happened, and it almost always involved giving another guy head. I'd close my eyes while she talked and build entire scenes from whatever details she gave me. None of that came close to this. There was no blank space left for my imagination to protect me from. I could see the way her hand struggled around him, the concentration on her face, the little movements she made when she wanted more. My hand drifted to my exposed cock and closed around it without moving. I hated that I didn't want to turn away.

"Mmmmm." The sound vibrated through the speaker. She moaned around his cock like she was starved for it.

I stared at the stretch of her jaw and the movement of her cheeks. A groan slipped out of me as her fingers cupped his shaved balls, squeezing them gently before her other hand twisted around his equally smooth shaft.

Tony gathered her hair into one fist and pulled it away from her face. "You can take it deeper than that. Show me what a good little cocksucker you are."

She did. I heard the sound of her throat opening and then the gag, abrupt and raw, her body convulsing once before she steadied herself with both hands on his thighs. He eased her head back, then pushed his hips forward. I swear I saw her throat bulge, but her lips stayed sealed, taking more of his thick shaft into her mouth. He held her there for a second longer than she was ready for and when she pulled back she gasped, spit stretching between her mouth and his cock in a strand I could see even from the small screen.

"You need more practice. What's wrong? Not used to anything this big?"

Kyra chewed on her lip, leaning forward to take him back in her mouth. He stopped her, holding her hair like reins.

"I asked you a question." He grasped the base of his cock, sliding it across her cheek and slapping it against her lips.

"No," she whimpered.

"No what?" He held his cock just out of reach of her mouth, making her squirm as her tongue slipped past her lips against the underside of his shaft.

“No, I’ve never had one this big.”

The words hit harder than I expected. My cock pulsed against my hand and I ran my thumb across the tip. It wasn’t that she’d said it. I had eyes. I knew he was bigger than me. It was how quickly she answered. No hesitation. No embarrassed laugh. No attempt to soften it for me, because this time she wasn’t talking to me. She was staring at his cock, trying to get her mouth back on it while admitting out loud that he’d already beaten every man who came before him.

My balls tightened hard enough to ache.

“Don’t worry, I’ll make sure you get lots of practice.”

He released her hair and Kyra immediately leaned back in, taking him into her mouth with an eagerness that made my breath catch. Tony widened his stance as she worked her jaw, determined to take more than before. She hummed around him, her lips only inches from his stomach.

“That’s it. Take it. Take it like a good slut.”

His hands closed around the sides of her head. Each time she swallowed, he rocked his hips forward a little farther. The sounds coming through the speaker grew wetter and faster, Kyra’s breathing turning ragged between each movement. Her eyes widened when she managed the last inch. Spit ran down her chin as she fought to hold him there, both hands gripping his thighs for balance.

He held her there until she was suffocating, then finally let her go. Her mouth came off his cock with a pop, tears rolling down her cheeks as she gasped for air.

“I knew you could do it.” He smoothed a hand over her hair, almost tenderly. “Do you know why?”

She looked up at him, still trying to catch her breath. “Because I’m a slut.”

Her lips curved into a smile as she said it. When she’d told me about the encounter with Vic, I’d imagined her saying it in the throes of passion. I never imagined her saying it after nearly choking on another man’s dick.

“Whose slut are you?” He stepped forward, the large purple head of his cock touching her lips.

“I’m your slut.”

It felt like a weight had been dropped on my chest.

She kissed the head of his cock. Then again, closing her eyes and dragging her tongue along the underside like she was trying to make love to it. She moaned in pleasure, taking him back into her mouth all the way to the root, then pulling off with a wet sound that made my jaw clench.

I pressed my head back against the headrest and squeezed my eyes shut. My cock was slick against my palm and thigh. Every part of me wanted to close my fist and stroke. My hand was already there. One movement was all it would take. Kyra had told me not to touch myself and somehow that made resisting even worse.

Tony ran his thumb across her swollen bottom lip, wiping away some of the spit that had collected there.

His hand slid down to her throat. “I’m going to fuck you now.”

Kyra whimpered, her knees rubbing together. The second he said it, her eyes dropped to his cock, then lifted back to his face with a look that made my throat close.

For a minute, I thought I was going to be sick. The blowjob had already been more intense than anything I'd imagined, but some part of my brain had still been able to treat it like another dirty video. Another version of something Kyra had described dozens of times before. I didn't know if I could handle what came next.

He lifted her to a standing position, pulling her body tight against his. She reached behind her back to unzip her dress, but he stopped her.

"Allow me."

He hooked a finger beneath one strap and dragged it off her shoulder, then did the same with the other. The thin straps slipped down her arms and the top of the dress folded around her waist, exposing the red bra underneath. The lace was sheer enough that the outline of her nipples showed through it. He stared at her for a second before tugging the cups down and exposing her completely.

Kyra's left hand went to her chest, cupping her breast as she reached out with her right hand and hooked it behind her lover's head. I heard her moan get swallowed by him as she dragged him onto the bed between her legs, her mouth covering his.

For what felt like forever, all I could see was Tony's back and pieces of Kyra beneath him. Her fingers in his hair. One bare leg curling around his hip. The occasional flash of her face whenever he shifted. I hated the angle. I wanted to see everything.

By the time they finally separated, Kyra had worked open the buttons of his shirt. Tony shrugged it off and tossed it away while she shifted toward the foot of the bed.

The new position was better. Much better.

I had a clear view of Kyra's face as Tony moved between her legs and pushed the hem of her dress up around her waist.

I held my breath as Tony reached between her thighs and grabbed her panties. My hand was back on my cock before I realized it, applying gentle pressure as Kyra lifted her hips and he slid the thin red fabric down her legs. The lace got caught on the heel of her stiletto and Tony grabbed them and chucked them in my direction. From this position, all I could see was from the bottom of her chest down, but I could tell by the way he'd stopped moving that he was admiring her wet lips.

He grabbed her legs, spreading them wide as he inched forward.

"Tell me what you want." He rubbed the head between her lips, slow, dragging it from her clit to her opening and back. Her hips lifted off the mattress and I heard her suck in air.

"I want you to fuck me." The words came out scraped and desperate, stripped down to something I'd never heard directed at someone else.

"You want my big dick inside you?" He grabbed the base, and the wet sound of it bouncing off her slick folds filled my car.

"Yes." She moaned, rotating her hips. "I want it so bad."

He leaned forward and for a second I thought he had slipped into her. She sighed, her hands coming to his hair as he sucked her nipple into his mouth, letting his cock glide across her open folds.

“What the fuck?” I pulled the screen closer to my face.

From this new angle I could see his bare chest as he continued to feast on Kyra’s nipple. There was a tattoo on his right pec, dark lines fanning out from what looked like a sun with a face.

“No… No… No fucking way.”

I told myself my mind was playing tricks on me. I had just been staring at that same tattoo an hour ago. With everything happening right now with Kyra, all the jealousy, the angst, I was seeing something that wasn’t there.

“Stop teasing me, Tony. I need your cock inside me.”

He pulled off her nipple, his body adjusting as Kyra’s leg wrapped around him.

“You want to feel what it’s like to be fucked by a real man?”

I stared at his chest, my vision turning red. My entire body went cold.

“Yessss. Fuck me, Tony. Show me what it’s like to be fucked by a real man.”

I barely heard her.

I couldn’t see between their bodies, but I knew the moment he pushed his bare cock into Kyra. His hips lurched forward, and Kyra’s mouth opened in a silent moan, her eyes fluttering shut. Tony paused, probably to allow her body to adjust, then he fed more into her and Kyra’s voice returned, breaking into a long continuous cry.

Move your fucking head.

Kyra pulled him closer. She reached for his face, her legs spreading wider as he bottomed out inside of her. Her shoulders lifted from the bed, her mouth finding his in a searing kiss. For the first time all night, I could see his face.

Tony was Antonio.

The world tilted. My jaw went slack as I thought back to the office. The bullshit sushi excuse.

“You motherfucker.”

Antonio drove into her again and the sound of flesh slapping flesh filled the car.

“Oh fuck, Tony!” Kyra cried out, wrapping her legs tighter around him.

My hand was still on my cock, still applying unwanted pressure.

“How’s it feel?” His voice was suddenly crystal clear and I cursed myself for not hearing it sooner.

“So good. Unnggh fuck. Your dick feels so fucking good.”

I came. My hand clenched and my hips drove up off the seat until I couldn’t breathe. My vision whited out at the edges and my legs shook against the floorboard, my phone nearly falling from

my other hand. The orgasm tore through me in hard, angry waves, coating my hand and the outside of my slacks while my wife kept screaming the name of the man I hated.

As my vision returned, I dared a glance at my phone. Antonio had Kyra's legs over his shoulders. Her chest bounced wildly with each hard thrust, her head turned toward the camera and her face pinched with the effort of taking him.

"Ah, ah, oh!" she chanted. Her left hand was on her nipple, tugging and pulling every time Antonio drove forward.

Her dress and bra were bunched around her waist, and Antonio had a fistful of the fabric twisted in his hand like a leash. The expensive clothes I'd watched her put on only a few hours earlier were now being used to reel my wife onto his dick.

I tapped my phone screen. My thumb hovered over the mute button as Kyra's moans grew more urgent. I needed to tell her, to warn her who she was fucking. I could unmute the phone and call out. She would surely hear me, but then so would he. She'd be devastated, humiliated. She'd told me more than once that if I interfered, date night was over for good. But these were extenuating circumstances, weren't they? I mean, if she knew Tony was actually Antonio, MY Antonio, she would never… I wasn't sure how true that was. I thought about the type of men Kyra picked up. They were all Antonio, weren't they? They all had that same cockiness, that same ego.

"You're so deep. So… fucking… deep." Kyra's voice had gone hoarse. Sweat covered her face as Antonio drove into her again. I realized in horror my cock was getting hard again.

"Your pussy is squeezing me so hard. You're so fucking… tight." Antonio was panting, but the wet sloshing coming from between Kyra's legs told me just how much she was loving it. "You're going to cum, aren't you? You're going to cum on this big dick."

He leaned forward, nearly bending her in half. The sound she made was primal as she drove her hips up to meet him.

"Ohhhh. Oh fuck."

I knew that sound. She was close. I stopped focusing on the mute button and watched my wife. She brought her forehead to his, wanting to kiss him or maybe pull his body closer.

"That's right. Take my dick deeper like a good little slut."

Antonio's right hand came to her throat, pushing her head back against the mattress. I held my breath, my nails cutting into my palm. Kyra's entire face went red and she pushed herself into his grip.

"Nnnnnggghhh." Her eyes rolled to the back of her head and when she came it was like nothing I'd ever seen.

Her entire body lifted from the mattress, shaking as broken and incoherent words poured from her mouth. She gripped at the sheets, then his arm, then the sheets again. Her legs locked around his waist so tight he couldn't move. He stayed buried inside her while she shook. My fist had closed around my cock again, my entire world narrowing to the six-inch screen.

"Good girl," Antonio said, keeping her pinned beneath him as her orgasm finally subsided. "You've never been fucked this good before. Have you?" He started moving again, Kyra's legs falling half-off of him, hooked loose at his hips.

“No.” The word came out strangled and immediate.

“Have you ever cum that hard?” He buried himself to the hilt.

“Fffff, no.” Her stomach rippled and I knew she was still feeling the aftershocks of the orgasm she’d had.

The windows of my car were completely fogged. Sweat soaked through my shirt like I’d been the one fucking for the last hour. I thought about what Kyra had told me in the shower after Vic. How she filtered things because she was afraid hearing everything would change the way I looked at her. I understood what she meant now. I wondered if every time was like this. How many men had made her sound like this? The thought that I might be the worst lover she’d ever had made it hard to breathe. Somehow my cock only got harder.

“I’m going to cum soon.”

Antonio’s announcement pulled me from my thoughts. I expected Kyra to push him away, or at least demand he cum on her stomach. Instead, it was like it drove her into another gear. Her legs climbed higher around his waist and locked behind him as her hips lifted to meet every thrust.

“Mmmm, fuck.” Her tongue slipped from her lips as she moved with him.

“Fuck.” Antonio’s rhythm turned frantic. He was on the edge. “You’re going to let me cum inside you, then? You’re an even dirtier slut than I imagined.”

Blood rushed in my ears until everything coming through the phone sounded distant. Why wasn’t she telling him to pull out? With Vic she’d said everything happened too fast. That excuse didn’t work here. Antonio had teased her, made her beg, dragged the whole thing out. She’d had plenty of time to say something about a condom. And now…

“Kyra,” I whispered, my hand shaking as my finger moved back to the mute button.

At the last second Kyra shoved against his chest. Antonio’s cock sprang free and less than a second later white streaks shot across Kyra’s abs, her thigh, even the smooth skin inches above her pussy. My heart was in my throat as I watched it slide across her skin and over her clit. He’d come so close. I couldn’t decide if I should be relieved she pushed him away in time or angry that she’d waited so long to do it.

Their lips were moving, but I still couldn’t hear them. Kyra was turning over, switching positions with Antonio. I took several slow breaths until the rushing in my ears finally faded.

“That’s it. Clean every last drop.”

Kyra wasted little time. His dick was covered in their mixed juices and she ran her tongue over it slowly, scooping a large glob of cum onto her tongue then moaning as her mouth closed and her throat worked.

“Fuck, that was good.” Antonio was sprawled across the bed, his chest heaving. “Next time I fuck you it will be even better.”

“Mmm. I can’t wait.” She took his entire shaft in her mouth, slurping loudly.

“And I’m not pulling out then. I could tell how bad your body wanted to feel me explode.”

A small shudder washed over her. She pulled off and kissed the tip, her chin resting near his hip. “I can’t wait to feel you cum deep inside my slutty pussy.” She took him back in, her eyes closed.

I was close to hyperventilating. She didn't think she was ever going to see him. She could say anything she wanted. I needed to tell her. If not now, then when we both got home. I had to keep her as far away from Antonio as possible.

She pulled off his dick, grinning. His cock glistened with spit, no trace of cum visible. He shifted beneath her and sat up, stretching his arms over his head. "I'm going to grab some water then we're going again."

His footsteps crossed the room. A door opened and closed. Kyra stayed on the bed for a second with her hand pressed over her eyes, her chest still heaving. Then she scrambled across the sheets and grabbed the phone.

She pressed the phone so close I could count the black flakes on her cheeks. Her lipstick was gone. Her mascara was smeared in dark half-moons beneath her eyes. Her hair was plastered to one side of her face with sweat. She was smiling at me with so much warmth I had to look away from the screen.

She blew a kiss and pressed a finger to her lips. "I love you," she whispered. "I hope it was everything you imagined." She glanced over her shoulder. "I'll be home in a little bit. I hope you're ready to properly reclaim me."

The call ended and the screen went dark.