

Dr. Carson uncrossed his legs and reached for his glass of water. "So. Catch me up. How have things been going since we last spoke?"

Jon stared at the ficus in the corner. It had dropped several leaves since the last time he was here. No one had bothered picking them up and he wondered if Dr. Carson even noticed. He didn't seem to have the eye for details like Jon did. Maybe that was the issue all along.

"Wendy's been Director for a couple of weeks now." He adjusted his glasses. "We're still figuring out the new dynamic. She has her own office, her own schedule. Her being in charge has been... interesting."

"That's a significant structural change. How are you navigating that at home?"

"We're fine. It's an adjustment." Jon hadn't intended to sound so short. The truth was things at home were how they'd been for months, tense. But he didn't see the use in rehashing all of that with Dr. Carson.

Dr. Carson waited. He always waited. During those first few months of therapy it always did the trick. Jon would grow uncomfortable in the silence and start to fill the void with whatever was gnawing at him. Today, he welcomed the silence.

"Let's check in on the thought journal," Dr. Carson said, shifting gears. "Have you been keeping up with it?"

Jon nodded, even as his jaw tightened. He had. Every night, sometimes twice. He'd documented the closed-door meetings that continued even after the promotion. He'd explain away the long nights, the missed dinners. There was even a section in there about the observations others around the office would make. Each entry timestamped, organized, and cross-referenced with other dates.

He knew exactly what would happen if he opened the notebook. Dr. Carson would lean forward, tilt his head, and ask Jon to consider alternative explanations. He'd bring up Olivia. He always brought up Olivia. He'd remind Jon of the statistical model, the accusations, the surprise birthday trip that turned out to be the only thing his ex-girlfriend was hiding. He'd say something about patterns and self-fulfilling prophecies and Jon would leave this office feeling worse than when he walked in, same as every other week.

He was exhausted. Not just physically, but mentally. Tired of fighting his own instincts, his own wife.

Dr. Carson leaned forward, his pen poised on the top of his legal pad. Jon couldn't help but smile. Had he always been that predictable? He relaxed his shoulders, unclenched his jaw, and met Dr. Carson's eyes.

"Yeah, I've been keeping up with it. Honestly? It's been helping." He let himself smile. "Writing things down, seeing them on paper. A lot of the stuff I was spinning out about looks different when I actually sit with it. I was skeptical at first, but I think it's working."

He'd practiced the speech in the car on the drive over. Jon didn't like lying, he never saw the point, let the facts present themselves and use that information to draw a logical conclusion. Except that didn't seem to be working with Dr. Carson.

Dr. Carson looked up from the notebook, a rare smile on his face. "That's great, Jon. Can you give me an example?"

"The trip she took to Cincinnati. I was worked up about Wendy being gone all day, but when I wrote it out..." He shrugged. "She was transitioning a major account. That takes time. I'd read somewhere that the Corsetti Brothers were adversarial to change which likely drew out the meeting. I was reading too much into it."

Dr. Carson was nodding along. "That's exactly the kind of cognitive reappraisal the journal is designed to facilitate. Separating the event from the interpretation."

Jon exhaled and kept his hands still in his lap. "Thanks, Doc. For making me put in the work."

"Is there anything else you want to discuss?"

He almost said no, but that would look like he was hiding something. The clock on the wall said he still had another fifteen minutes, and the truth was there was one thing eating at him that he couldn't put his finger on.

"There's a... thing. With Wendy." He shifted in the chair. "In the bedroom."

Dr. Carson's expression didn't change. It never did.

"She's been different lately. Since the promotion, maybe before. More aggressive. She keeps bringing up this underwear thing, teasing me about a fetish." He let out a short laugh. "I don't know. At first I didn't think I was into it. But, she seems to want me to be."

"What do you mean by 'underwear thing'?"

Color tinted Jon's cheeks. This part wasn't a performance. "She made a comment one night about me being... interested in her underwear. She was in the shower and I picked them up off the floor. She got the impression that..." Jon took off his glasses and rubbed the bridge of his nose. "She um... used them on me that night. It was different. Even let me... finished me, in her mouth." Maybe bringing this up was a bad idea.

To his credit, Dr. Carson didn't flinch. His forehead creased and he sat for a long minute pondering what Jon had described.

"Wendy just stepped into a significant leadership role. A role that I would imagine tests her ability to assert herself." He ran his hand against his jaw. "It's possible she's trying to grow more confident in her assertiveness." He paused letting the message sink in. "I think your wife is reaching for you. Physically, creatively. In a language that might be new for both of you. I think if it's something that doesn't completely turn you off then it may be wise to let it play out. It sounds like it's having a positive intimate impact."

Jon's fingers dug into the cool leather of the sofa. He wondered if Dr. Carson's answer would be different if he knew the words Wendy was saying while using this new "technique".

"Yeah." He slid his glasses back on. "No, you're right. I'd be lying if I said I didn't enjoy it a little."

"Many couples find that as they experiment more in the bedroom their affection for one another grows as well."

Jon nodded, unsure if he trusted himself enough to talk.

"Looks like we are about at time. I'll see you again next week?"

"Actually," Jon stood and grabbed his jacket. "With things going back to normal with Wendy and the thought journal helping I was wondering if we should wind these down a bit."

Dr. Carson's expression hardened. "I worry if we do that you'll have another relapse. After Olivia—"

"I know," Jon cut him off before the comparison could take root. "I'm not saying stop completely just... less frequent. I'll call the office and schedule something."

He stuck out his hand and Dr. Carson shook it, reluctantly. "Be careful, Jon. You've made great progress. We don't want to see it all go down the drain."

"We won't. I promise."

Jon turned and walked out before Dr. Carson could get another word in.

The elevator doors slid open and Jon caught his reflection as he descended. His shirt was wrinkled, and there were dark circles under his eyes. He barely recognized himself. When was the last time he got a good nights sleep?

The Jon who walked into Dr. Carson's office for the first time would never have lied to his therapist. But that Jon hadn't watched his wife get promoted over him for a position he'd spent years earning. That Jon hadn't been told he was paranoid for noticing major red flags. The same flags Trevor and Jenny had noticed. He didn't feel guilty about lying. In fact, he felt lighter. Maybe that was the part that should scare him the most.

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Wendy closed her laptop and leaned back in her chair. The office was quiet for the first time all morning. Jenny had stopped in twice already, looking for guidance on her accounts. Wendy pawned her off on Jon, claiming she had a full plate she needed to deal with. Steve had sent three emails about Q3 projections, and Michael had texted twice, both of which she ignored.

She'd been with him twice since his apartment. Once in his car after a late strategy session. He'd walked her to her car and before she knew it they were crammed into the backseat of his BMW in the parking garage like teenagers. Once in his office after everyone had left, bent over his desk instead of reviewing the Skyline account. Neither time came close to what happened at his place. She made sure of that. Both times she'd taken him in her mouth before he could finish inside her. He'd protested the first time, tried to pull her up by her hair, but her nails dug into his thighs until he was too far gone to care.

The Plan B was destroying her. The cramps had her doubled over in the bathroom between meetings. The nausea would hit without warning. A cycle so erratic she'd given up trying to track it. She couldn't keep taking it. That much she knew.

What she couldn't figure out was the other thing. The thing Michael had said at his apartment while he was fucking her. The way he'd talked about filling her, about her belly growing, about Jon having to know. She understood it was Michael being Michael. A power play fantasy that he got off on. Michael didn't want a child. He wanted the idea of one. The ultimate claim on her body, the ultimate proof that she was his. He just got off on the idea of owning her in a way that couldn't be undone.

She knew all of that. What she didn't understand was why the image of it made her cum so hard that day. Or why it was still there, lodged behind her eyes, surfacing at the worst possible moments. In the shower. During a call with the Corsetti brothers. Last night with Jon. It was fucked up and wrong and she couldn't think about it. Especially not today.

A knock pulled her from her thoughts. The receptionist from downstairs poked her head in the door.

"Ms. Taylor? Jack Peterson is in the lobby for you."

Wendy's pulse ticked up. She nodded. "I'm on my way."

The woman disappeared and Wendy turned toward the window checking her reflection. Her blue blouse had the top two buttons undone, her grey skirt stopping just above her knee. It wasn't the gold dress Jack was expecting. That was for later tonight. She adjusted the collar so the lace edge of her bra was barely visible, then smoothed her skirt over her hips, before grabbing her laptop and heading toward the elevator.

Jack was leaning against the reception counter when she rounded the corner, scrolling through his phone. He wore a charcoal blazer with one button undone over a plain white dress shirt. His sleeves were pulled to his forearms and he didn't bother with a tie. She paused, taking a second to appreciate that some men on power still took time to take care of themselves.

When he looked up, his eyes tracked the full length of her before settling on her face. "Director now." He grinned, pocketing his phone. "You're moving up in the world."

"Jack." She extended her hand and he chuckled at the professionalism of it all as he took her hand. "We've got the team waiting upstairs."

"Lead the way."

In the elevator, she caught him glancing at the gap in her blouse. She didn't bother to adjust it.

The elevator opened and Wendy nearly gasped when she saw Trevor standing there. His eyes traveled over Wendy briefly, his scowl turning into a smile when he saw Jack.

"You must be Jack." Trevor moved his coffee mug to his left hand, extending his right. "Trevor Holt."

"Are you part of the Fireball Team?" Jack asked, shaking his hand.

"No, I was handling another large client. Until Wendy stole it that is." He laughed and Jack joined him, taking it as a joke.

"Well it's nice to meet you. "Glad to hear this one has a take no prisoners attitude."

"Oh that she does." Trevor's gaze went back to Wendy, his smile crumbling.

He stepped aside and let them pass. Wendy picked up her pace, keeping Jack a step or two behind her. She could feel Trevor's gaze on her back the entire length of the hallway. When she glanced over her shoulder at the conference room door, he was still standing there, watching her as he sipped his coffee smiling.

The conference room was already full when they walked in. Brian stood from the head of the table, buttoning his jacket as he crossed the room with his hand extended.

"Jack, thanks for making the trip. We know how valuable your time is." Brian clapped him on the shoulder as he guided him toward the table. "We're excited to show you where things stand."

"I'm excited to see it." Jack took the seat Brian gestured toward, but his attention drifted back to Wendy as she set her laptop down across from him. "I have to say, the numbers you've been sending me are hard to believe. In a good way."

"She's been a force," Brian added, settling into his chair. "Best hire we've made in years."

Wendy absorbed the praise without letting it show. Three chairs to her left, Michael watched her with a grin. He nodded at Jack before letting his attention shift back to Wendy.

A low hum settled beneath her skin as he looked her over. She could still feel the ghost of him between her legs. She kept her eyes on her laptop. Across the table, Jack was watching her with a similar hunger. The contrast between them made her press her thighs together.

As the projector came alive, Steve started things off. "Q3 revenue is up nineteen percent year over year across the Fireball portfolio." He nodded at Wendy. "Walk us through it?"

For twenty minutes she owned that room. She dove into the Memphis relaunch numbers, the social media conversion rates, the loyalty app adoption curve. She knew every data point without needing to look at the slides. Jack listened with his chin resting on his fist. Wendy smiled to herself, he was actually paying attention to her. Not staring at his phone, at her chest.

"Very impressive," Jack said when she finished. "What's your cost-per-acquisition looking like in secondary markets? We don't have the same bar infrastructure in those cities like we do in Memphis. The college scene is smaller, and our distributor network is still building out. What will it cost to convert a new customer in a market where Fireball isn't already part of the culture?"

Wendy opened her mouth to answer then paused. Her eyes darted to the screen. She knew the top-line CPA for the Memphis launch. She'd cited it in a dozen presentations. But secondary markets? The cost differential between primary and emerging territories? That was three layers deep in the spreadsheet Jon maintained. The spreadsheet she hadn't thought to pull because she didn't think she'd need it.

Her cheeks started to flush and she reached for her ring.

"We're still working on—"

"Sorry, Michael. I don't want to be rude. But let's give Wendy a chance to answer. After all you did tell me to let her take point."

Michael's eyes narrowed and his gaze cut back to Wendy. She glanced around the room, hoping someone else would speak up, to bail her out. No one did. She should have had those numbers. Six months ago she would have had Jon sitting next to her with three backup spreadsheets and a pivot table for every possible scenario. She'd left him out on purpose, convinced she could handle it alone.

"What I can tell you," Wendy said, allowing herself a moment to breathe, "is that our Memphis model was designed to be scalable. The creative assets, the influencer partnerships, the social strategy none of that is market-dependent." She paused, letting the room absorb it.

"Let me pull the secondary market projections and I'll walk you through the specifics over dinner." Her fingers found the collar of her blouse, adjusting it just enough. She watched Jack's eyes dip, then return. "Along with anything else you might need."

Jack grinned, aware he'd been caught. "I'll hold you to that."

The rest of the meeting wrapped quickly. Brian thanked Jack again, Steve gathered his laptop, and the room began to empty. Michael was one of the first to leave. He didn't say goodbye to Jack. Didn't look at Wendy. Just collected his legal pad and walked out. She knew exactly why he was mad. The same reason she'd be mad if the roles were reversed. She just didn't have the energy to care about that right now.

She stayed behind, closing down the presentation, letting the room clear. She watched as Brian walked Jack toward the elevator, laughing about something as they went to discuss whatever it was CEOs discussed.

She sat down in the nearest chair and exhaled. That was nearly a disaster. She'd gotten lucky Jack was so easy to distract. But she needed to be better prepared in the future.

Her mind shifted to dinner. The gold dress was hanging in her office closet, still in the garment bag. Jack would expect it. He'd made that clear enough through text, and his eyes in the elevator confirmed it. She knew what he wanted. She also knew what she needed, a larger budget. A national rollout with her name on it, not Michael's.

The trick was keeping him hungry. Give him the gold dress, the eye contact, a hand on his thigh at the right moment. Let him think next time. Let him leave Columbus replaying every almost-moment, counting the days until he got to see her again.

She stood, smoothed her skirt, and headed back to her office to pull the CPA numbers herself.

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Jenny was already sitting in his office when Jon got back from therapy. His office had a citrusy smell to it, and she was humming something upbeat as he walked in.

"You're here early," he said, dropping his laptop bag into the chair next to her.

"Had a couple of ideas about the Reinhart account. I went to Wendy but she was busy." She glanced up from the monitor. "Oh, you look like shit."

Jon ran his hand through his hair as he dropped into his chair. "You know, it's your professionalism I admire most about you."

He couldn't help but smile. It was nice having someone to talk to since Marcus was gone. Someone who he didn't feel like he needed to be completely guarded around.

"Sorry." Her brown eyes twinkled, playfully. "I'm just sayin. Maybe get some more sleep."

"Over fifty percent of all adults get less than six hours a night. I think I'm in the majority here." He slid his chair closer to her. "What were those ideas?"

"I was thinking more about what you said. You know, about starting with the date." She opened an existing tab. "The traffic data over the weekend is really interesting. The numbers are strongest in the morning, but then in the afternoon it's a ghost town."

Jon adjusted his glasses, scanning the data on the screen. "Could just be a slow weekend. If you look at the data from last—"

"I knew you'd say that." She bumped her shoulder into him. "So I drove down there on Sunday."

"You went to Reinhart's?"

"I wanted to see it. Like, actually stand on the sidewalk and watch." She turned to face him fully. "Wendy always talks about the essence of the store." Jon flinched. "Anyway, there's a new yoga studio that opened a couple of doors down. Brand new, but pretty busy."

Jon stared, unblinking at the screen. "So you're saying the data is outdated."

"I'm saying the marketing needs to shift to meet the new demographic in the area."

Jon reached for the mouse, his fingers briefly touching Jenny's. He cleared his throat. "You're... not wrong."

He highlighted the sourdough row and dragged it next to the foot traffic breakdown. "Look. If the product already exists and the foot traffic is already there, we're not asking Reinhart's to change anything about what they do. We're just changing who knows about it. That's a much easier sell."

"So we geo-fence. Two-block radius, hit them right when the studio lets out—"

"Whoa." Jon held up a hand, but he was smiling. "Before we jump to tactics, what does the revenue split look like without the farmers' market bump?"

"What?"

"Saturday mornings. German Village farmers' market is seasonal. Half those morning regulars might be market overflow, not loyal Reinhart's customers." He pulled up the seasonal overlay and turned the monitor so they could both see it. "If we factor that out..."

Jenny's mouth fell open. "Their organic traffic is even worse than we thought."

"Which is actually—"

"Better for us." She was smiling. "Because any lift we generate is real. It's not noise."

Jon leaned back in his chair and let out a short laugh. "Exactly." He'd been working with Jenny for the better part of a month now. She was sharp. Sharper than he gave her credit for. Definitely more than Wendy gave her credit for. When they first started he wasn't sure mentoring would be for him, but seeing the excitement in her eyes. The way the pieces started to click together, he could see the appeal.

They stayed huddled around the monitor for another ten minutes, bouncing ideas off one another and working on their pitch. The click of heels down the hallway caused them to look up. Wendy was walking down the hallway with Jack Peterson and heading toward the conference room. Jon's hand balled into a fist then released slowly. He'd been a part of every major client conversation for the last two years. To make it worse, it was his own wife that sidelined him. Jon tried to tell her that she was trying to take on too much, but she insisted it was the right move. She wanted to prove to everyone, to Michael, that she could do this on her own.

"At least she's actually in the office today. That's rare." Jenny covered her mouth as soon as she said it. "Shit sorry. That was... I wasn't thinking."

Jon chewed on his cheek not speaking. He watched as they rounded the corner, Jack's eyes locked on Wendy's exposed legs. He thought about the woman he married. How she would have been disgusted to be looked at like that.

"It's fine," he said, turning back toward the monitor. I know what people say about my wife." He angled the monitor back toward Jenny.

"It doesn't bother you?"

"Of course it bothers me, but..." he took a breath. "You don't blow up your marriage without having actual facts." His voice was soft, unsure if he was speaking to Jenny or himself.

Jenny was quiet for a long time, like she was trying to figure out something to say. Instead of responding to him, she pulled out her phone and sent a text.

"So," she turned back toward the monitor, as if the last thirty seconds didn't happen. "The geo-fence. I wonder if we sync the push notifications with the studio's class schedule. They post it online, it's consistent week to week."

They worked through the rest of the afternoon. By five, most of the floor had emptied around them and Jon saved the file and shut his laptop.

"Come on. I'll walk you down."

The parking garage was quiet. Late sun cut through the open sides and provided just enough light as they walked. Jenny was telling him about a consumer psychology podcast she'd been bingeing, and Jon found himself laughing at her impression of the host.

"Thanks for today," Jon said, rolling his eyes the second the words left his mouth. "I mean. It's been awhile since the job has actually felt... you know, fun."

"You're a good teacher, Jon. A lot of things really started to click for me today."

They reached her car. A silver Civic with a small dent in the bumper and an Ohio State parking permit still on the windshield. She dug her keys out of her bag and turned to face him.

"Jon." She smiled up at him. "You're a good guy. You should trust your instincts more."

He laughed, confused. "Okay. Thanks?"

"I just mean..." She gripped her keys, the metal pressing white lines into her fingers. "The Reinhart stuff. The farmers' market insight. You were right about it. You just didn't have all the data." She laughed. "Sorry, it's been a long day."

She opened the door, then paused with one hand on the frame. Her mouth opened and Jon waited for what came next. Then she shook her head, and dropped into the driver's seat.

"See you tomorrow."

"Bye, Jenny."

He watched her taillights wind down the ramp and disappear. The comment wasn't about the farmers' market. He was almost sure of it. But he wasn't sure what to make of it.

When he got to his car a few rows down, he dropped into the driver's seat and let out a sigh. His fingers dug into the leather of the steering wheel, the leather creaking under the weight of him as he waited to start the engine.

He thought about the underwear. The way Wendy had turned it into a joke, then turned it into sex, and then something else entirely. He thought about Jack Peterson's eyes tracking his wife's legs down the hallway two hours ago. The same way Michael's eyes followed her. The late meetings. The aggression. How she'd cut him out of meetings and didn't value his opinion.

His eyes burned, his cheeks wet with tears as he waited for his hands to stop trembling. Then he reached for his glasses, took them off, wiped his eyes with the back of his hand, and put them back on.

Six seconds later, he took a deep breath and started the engine. By the time he merged onto the highway, his face was unreadable.

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Wendy unzipped the garment bag and pulled the gold dress free. She held it up against her body in the reflection of her office window, the city lights turning the fabric liquid. The last time she wore it was in New Orleans, standing in a hotel bathroom mirror trying not to cry. Michael had picked it out. Michael had told her to wear it. Just looking at her now made her feel more powerful. Her skin burned with excitement as she locked her office door and unzipped her skirt. *Jack isn't going to know what hit him.*

As she stepped into the glittery dress, a rush of heat throbbed between her legs. She'd almost forgotten how revealing it was. The plunge still stopped mid-chest and the slit still climbed past her thigh. She turned once in the window's reflection, adjusting the neckline. Gold Dress Wendy stared back at her, and she smiled back.

Jack had picked the restaurant before he even landed. It was a power move, and one that Wendy was happy to let him pull. Let others think they are in control. One of the first things she'd learned from Michael. The restaurant in question was some Spanish place called Vaso in the Short North that she'd never heard of. She looked it up and nearly choked on her water when she saw the prix fixe was two hundred a head before wine. It was a good thing her promotion came with a company credit card. She was meeting him there at six, which gave her just enough time to fix her makeup and get across town.

She checked her phone, surprised she didn't have a message from Jon. He usually stopped by or at least texted before he left for the day. He was taking her promotion hard. He didn't understand why she was excluding him from key meetings. But if her own husband didn't think she could handle the job, how would others if she just brought him into meetings for backup.

Her messages were empty. She'd barely seen her husband today. He'd been in his office with Jenny most of the afternoon, and when she stopped by to tell him she'd be late he barely looked up from his monitor. "Client dinner," she'd told him and he didn't even look up from the monitor to acknowledge her.

She grabbed her clutch and started toward the elevator. No sense in dwelling on it now. She'd find a way to make it up to him later. She squeezed her thighs together, feeling her panties dampen, in a way she thought he'd appreciate. The hallway was mostly dark, just the glow of a few monitors left on overnight and the green pulse of exit signs. She was halfway to the elevator

when she noticed the light spilling from Trevor's doorway. He was at his desk, jacket off, sleeves rolled to his forearms. His eyes lifted as she passed.

"Have a good night," he called out as she passed.

She could feel his gaze on her as she sped past his office without slowing down.

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Vaso was on the top floor of a luxury high-rise. Spotlights danced off the side of the building and music thumped from the rooftop bar as Wendy made her way inside. The hostess led her through a corridor of Edison bulbs to a table near the window. Jack was already seated, a glass of red in front of him and another poured on the table beside him.

He stood when he saw her. His eyes moved the way they had in the elevator that morning, from her heels to the gold neckline then finally her face. This time he didn't bother hiding it.

"That dress should be outlawed on you. Wow." He slid out of the booth, motioning for her to sit.

"You asked for it." She sat and reached for the wine. "Literally."

He laughed, settling back. "And it was the smartest request I've ever made." He raised his glass. "Hell of a presentation today."

They clinked and she drank, hoping to ease the anxiety that was suddenly bubbling up. She didn't expect to be nervous, but she realized in that moment how truly alone she was. Michael was usually a backstop for her, a safety net just in case she needed it. She hadn't heard from him since the presentation and it only added to her anxiety.

"You asked me a question this afternoon and it bothered me." She pulled up the projections on her phone and set it between them. "The secondary market CPA breaks down into three tiers depending on distributor density."

"I thought work was over." Jack gave his best smile, his hand finding Wendy's knee under the table. "We are supposed to be celebrating."

She ignored the fresh wave of heat between her legs. "I don't like feeling like I didn't answer all your questions." She swiped to the next screen. "Tier one markets, the ones where we already have bar partnerships, the cost-per-acquisition runs about fourteen dollars."

"The only question I have right now is what's under this dress." His hand inched higher.

Wendy's free hand casually went to his wrist. "A big time CEO like you should know a little more about patience," she teased. She didn't pull his hand away, just casually let him know to slow things down.

She wasn't dumb. She knew exactly what Jack's intentions were before he ever stepped off that plane. Her plan was to use that to her advantage, get him excited, make him think there was a real chance. Then once she got what she wanted shut it down with the promise of next time.

"Now, where was I?" She released his hand, her fingernails dragging across the exposed skin on his forearm. "Tier two. That's where we have distribution but no bar presence, jumps to twenty-two. Tier three..." She looked up at him. "Tier three is where it gets interesting."

His fingers gently teased the skin of her thigh. "How interesting?"

Wendy licked her lips, holding his gaze as she parted her legs just slightly to reward him for his good behavior. "Thirty-eight dollars. But only for the first sixty days. After that, the social strategy kicks in and it drops to nineteen. I ran the model three different ways this afternoon, they all converge by day ninety." She swiped again. "The Memphis data backs it up."

He sat back, smiling, his hand remaining on her thigh. "You did your homework."

Wendy's smile widened. He was impressed. "I did."

For the next fifteen minutes they talked about acquisition funnels, retention curves, the influencer partnerships she'd built from scratch. Along with growth models, and a new social media campaign she'd personally been spearheading.

By the time the appetizers had arrived, half the bottle of wine was gone, Wendy's face was flushed, and her hand had also disappeared under the table, mirroring his movements.

"That brings me to the next thing I wanted to talk about."

"Jesus, there's more?" Jack laughed a little too loud, as he topped off their wine and flagged down the waiter for a second bottle.

"Louisville is a test market, Jack. I like to think... bigger." Her fingers drifted off his thigh, brushing his hardness for the briefest second. "I want a national rollout. Twelve cities in eighteen months."

Jack's eyebrows rose. His fingers skimming the lace of her panties. "That's... ambitious."

She shifted in her seat, allowing him better access. "The framework scales. The Memphis model proves it, the Louisville projections support it. The window is right now. If we wait another year the craft whiskey market eats into our college demographic and we lose our edge." She held his gaze. "You know how bad I want this."

His fingers pressed against the front of the lace and Wendy's eyes fluttered. "A national rollout is basically a blank check."

"It is."

To Wendy's surprise, Jack removed his hand, picking up his glass of wine and taking a long drink. "I'll have to take this to the board." He continued to study her. "They are going to need to see projections across every major market."

Wendy nodded, reaching for her wine with her free hand.

"I'm going to need quarterly check-ins. In person."

She smiled, her fingers tracing his manhood, more deliberate this time. "Of course. They're already finished."

The second bottle of wine arrived and Jack quickly filled up his glass. The waiter hovered, reciting the dessert specials, and their hands found their way back to the table as if they'd never left.

The conversation loosened as they ate. Jack asked how she ended up in Columbus and she gave him the short version. Small town in Indiana, college, followed Jon for his job. He talked about growing up with a father who built an empire but was never around, how people assumed

he'd been handed the keys instead of earning them. He was charming about it in a way she didn't expect. Their stories weren't that different. They both wanted to prove themselves.

By the time the plates were cleared his hand was back on her thigh and the second bottle sat empty between them. She'd drunk more than she'd planned, but she wasn't drunk. Just buzzed enough to enjoy the heat coming from his fingertips.

"So," Jack said, leaning back. "When do I see this national rollout proposal?"

"I'll have it in your inbox first thing in the morning."

"If this is going to happen I need to see it before I leave." He drank the last of his wine. "I fly out at seven and meet with the board tomorrow at noon. I need time to prepare for it."

Wendy chewed on the inside of her cheek. She was so close. "You... want to see it tonight?"

"You can come back to my suite and pull it up." His fingers dug into the soft flesh of her inner thigh. "We can go over it there."

Her stomach tightened. The hotel was a trap and she knew it. Even before the two bottles of wine she knew exactly how that would end. Part of her, more than that if she was being honest, wanted to jump at the opportunity. Jack was young, powerful, attractive.

She took a breath. She came here with a plan. One that didn't end with her sleeping with Jack. She needed to stick to it.

"The office is closer," she said, keeping her voice easy. "Everything's on my laptop. The full deck is ready to go. We can be in and out in twenty minutes."

Jack studied her. She could see him calculating. The question was how hard was he going to push? After all, Jack, despite his wandering hands, was still a successful CEO who couldn't be seen as persuading women up to his hotel room.

"Wendy, I've been in meetings all morning. I'm tired of conference rooms."

She shifted closer to him in the booth. Her hand slid up his thigh, her lips inches from his ear.

"I thought you liked watching me work in this dress."

Jack exhaled through his nose. "You don't play fair."

"I never said I did."

He flagged the waiter for the check.

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The parking lot was nearly empty when Wendy pulled up. There was the usual scattering of vehicles, likely from other companies in the building. She pulled up next to Jack's rented Lexus and scanned her keycard to get them into the building.

She led him to the same conference room they were in earlier in the day. Her heels clicked against the floor, echoing through the empty building as Jack walked behind her, no doubt watching her ass as she walked.

"Sure is a lot quieter during this hour," Jack said, walking toward the window to look out at the empty Columbus skyline.

Wendy flicked on the lights, dimming them slightly, as she pulled her laptop from her bag. She watched Jack walk toward the liquor cart as she rushed to pull up the national numbers she'd worked on.

"Nightcap?" He asked, already opening the bottle of Fireball that was in the room for their presentation.

"How can I say no to such a premium brand." She smiled, taking the cup from him as her spreadsheet pulled up.

"To a premium brand," he said, raising his glass.

"To a premium brand."

They drank and set their cups on the table. He didn't sit down. He was standing close enough that she could smell his cologne. She turned back to the laptop and started walking him through the numbers. Phased rollout. Market selection criteria. Projected ROI by quarter.

She almost made it through the first page before she felt his lips on her neck.

"You're making it very hard to concentrate." She tilted her head to the side, allowing him better access.

"I'm not having any trouble at all." His hand slid down her arm, then across her waist, pulling her back against him. She could feel him hard against her ass through the thin fabric.

Wendy chewed on her lip, her fingers still on the trackpad. "I thought you wanted to see the numbers."

"I know the numbers." His mouth was on her collarbone and her knees buckled. "I'll take it to the board in the morning." His hand slid inside the neckline of the dress, fingertips brushing against her hard nipple. "For now I'd rather focus on this."

The air in the room shifted. Her eyes closed. His mouth was back on her neck, his other hand gripping her waist, and she could feel every inch of him pressing into her from behind. She should stop this. This wasn't part of the plan. But then his fingers pulled the fabric to the side and he spun her around. His mouth dropped to her chest, his lips closing around her nipple. Her fingers instinctively went to his hair, threading through it as his tongue slid across the hard nub. He took his time, his tongue tracing her before his teeth grazed the sensitive skin. Her back arched, pushing herself further into his mouth. When he switched to the other side she pulled his face up to hers and kissed him.

The kiss was powerful, months of buildup and flirtation had led to this moment. She moaned into his mouth, her hands sliding to his shirt, untucking it as her nails found the hard flesh of his stomach. His body pressed into hers, his fingers digging into her ass, lifting her slightly so that she was half sitting on the desk.

She broke the kiss, both of them panting. "We should slow down." Her nails slid up to his chest, feeling the toned muscle beneath.

Instead of answering, he leaned in and kissed her again. His hand found the slit of her dress.

"Mmm." She broke the kiss again, her fingers resting on his belt. "This isn't smart. You're a client. |—"

His fingers brushed against the front of her panties and her legs fell open. She was soaked, desperate. The plan that she'd had to start the night started to evaporate as she worked his belt free.

"I've wanted to do this since the first time I saw you." He pushed the lace fabric of her panties between her lips making her sigh.

"Fuck, Jack." She cupped him through his pants and his body pressed against her just enough to make her lean back slightly on the desk. He pulled her panties aside, the tips of his fingers parting her slickness before pushing inside.

"Unnnnggghh." Her grip tightened around him. "Jack." His name came out breathless. All of the teasing at dinner earlier had her more worked up than she realized. She clutched around his digits, grinding her hips. She could already feel the orgasm building.

"Take it out," he whispered, pulling his fingers from her clit. She whimpered from the loss, her hands working on their own to quickly unzip him.

Her hips lifted from the desk as Jack's fingers curled around the waistband of her panties. She could feel her juices on his hand as he dragged her panties down her leg. They caught briefly on her heels and she kicked them away somewhere beneath the conference table.

The palm of her hand slid across his length, her wrist twisting and disappearing into the hole of his boxers, her fingers cupping his balls.

His hand came back up the inside of her thigh, his thumb finding her clit as two fingers dipped back inside her.

Her hips rolled against his hand, his hand working the smooth flesh of his shaft. A drop of precum oozed from the tip and Wendy worked it between her fingers, teasing the crown of his cock. Jack's fingers pushed deeper inside her and her thighs began to shake.

"We... we have to stop." She pressed one hand on his chest, the other still stroking him. "You have an early flight."

His digits curled inside her, then slipped out, rolling over her clit. Wendy's mouth opened in a silent scream, her grip on Jack tightening. "I'm serious." She wasn't sure where she found the willpower. "You're a client and this... isn't the right place."

His hand stayed on her sex, her hips still rolling but starting to slow. "You're telling me you've never wanted to have sex in your office conference room before?" His head dipped to her chest, her breathing labored.

"You're assuming I never have." She laughed, then reached down slowly pulling his hand from between her legs. "Besides, you have a board meeting to prepare for." Her hand went to his head and she pulled him to her for another kiss. "And this feels like something better served to celebrate the rollout being approved."

Jack laughed, standing up straight and refastening his belt. "You really don't play fair."

"You say that like it's a bad thing." She slid off the table, adjusting her dress. She was painfully aware of the air against her bare skin beneath the dress, of the wetness on the inside of her thighs. Her underwear was somewhere under the conference table and she wasn't about to crawl under there to find them with him watching. Her skin was still on fire, she'd been so close

to cumming. She'd also been dangerously close to playing all of her cards prematurely. A wave of pride washed over her for being able to hold the line.

"Not bad at all." He zipped his pants, looking her over one final time. "But when this rollout is successful you're coming to New Orleans for a proper celebration."

Wendy pressed her thighs together as they walked toward the elevator. "Looking forward to it."

At the elevator she pressed the button and Jack stepped in still grinning. "For what it's worth," he said, holding the door with one hand, "that was the best pitch I've gotten all year."

She shook her head, smiling. "Goodnight, Jack."

He leaned forward and kissed her one final time. "Goodnight, Wendy."

The doors closed. She stood there watching the numbers descend. Her lips were swollen. Her skin still humming everywhere his hands had been. She could still feel the ghost of him between her legs, how close he'd been to pushing inside her.

The national rollout was within reach. She hadn't slept with him. She'd let it go so much further than the plan called for, further than she thought she was capable of letting it go, but she pulled back. Found her voice. That was a win.

She started back toward the conference room. Her thighs were still slick and the ache between her legs hadn't faded. She wondered if Michael was still awake. Her clutch was still in the conference room she could text him.

A fresh wave of arousal dripped from her legs as she dismissed it. No, she would go home, to Jon. Even if she had to wake him up, he wouldn't mind. He'd act confused, ask how dinner went then he'd go along with it. It would be fine.

*He can't make you cum the way I can*

Michael's taunts echoed in her head. He didn't live far from the office. What if she just showed up. How would he—

She stopped in her tracks as she neared the conference room door. Trevor was sitting on the conference room desk smiling at her, her panties clutched in his hand.

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"Seems we are both working late tonight." Trevor laughed, taking in the shocked look on Wendy's face. "Although, we seem to have different ideas of the word." His gaze went to the lace fabric in his hand.

The blood drained from her face. "Trevor. What the hell are... I'm not sure what you think you saw but—"

"Right." He dangled the panties from his index finger. "I'm sure these just fell off by accident while you and Jack were going over projections."

The hallway tilted. She thought about Jack's hotel. She should have gone to his suite. She should have taken her chances. At least there would have been no chance of being caught. The worst part was that she didn't even think to look. She'd seen Trevor working when she left. Why

didn't she take an extra second when she got back to make sure he was gone? She needed a plan. There was a way out of this. There had to be.

"So here's what I'm thinking," Trevor said, sliding off the desk. He tucked the panties into his pocket. "I go to Brian first thing tomorrow morning. Tell him what I found. I'm sure he'll have lots of questions for you and our biggest client." He shrugged.

Her hand drifted to her ring. Trevor hated her, she knew he wasn't bluffing. Her fingers trembled as she spun the diamond. "Alright Trevor." She took a breath and stepped further into the office. "Cut the shit. Just tell me what you want."

He stepped closer. She could see the sweat on his forehead, the slight tremor in his jaw. He wasn't as calm as he was pretending to be. His eyes kept dipping to the neckline of her dress.

"Skyline. I want it back." He held up a finger. "And I want on the Fireball team. Seems like an... exciting account."

"Absolutely not." She'd worked too hard, sacrificed too much to let that happen. If she gave Skyline back it would look like she couldn't handle two large accounts. And Fireball, she was about to get a national budget. The last thing she needed was for people to somehow think Trevor had a hand in that.

He shrugged, brushing past her toward the door with the panties still in his pocket. "Then I guess Brian's going to have an interesting morning."

Her mind went to Michael. How would he handle this type of situation. What would he tell her to do if he were here right now. She grabbed Trevor's arm, spinning him toward her.

"Wait." A smile formed on her lips, making her want to vomit. "I know what you really want. So let's stop pretending." She reached for the strap of her dress, holding eye contact as she slowly pulled her arm free.

She hated herself for being in this position. Hated Trevor even more for putting her in it. "This is really what you want, right? It's what you wanted when I took Fireball." Her other arm came free and the dress fell from her shoulder to her waist.

Trevor's gaze immediately went to her exposed chest and she fought the urge to cover herself. Her chest was still flushed from Jack, her nipples still swollen. She stood there, half-naked in front of a man she despised, and smiled seductively while rage boiled below her skin.

"Well now, this is quite the offer." His hand came up and grabbed her breast and Wendy winced, balling her hand into a fist as he squeezed her already erect nipple.

"So, what do you say? Do you think we can just keep this between ourselves?" Her voice dripped with false seduction as Trevor pawed at her chest like a horny teenager. She could make this work. She could endure a few minutes of Trevor if it meant his silence.

"I mean, don't get me wrong, your tits are great Wendy, but you're going to have to sweeten the deal if you actually think I'm going to keep this to myself."

Shame burned Wendy's cheeks. Of course this perverted fuck would expect more. "Oh this is was the appetizer." She reached out running her finger down the front of his shirt. She thought about Michael, about the first time she wore this dress and slowly sank to her knees. "Don't you want to see what else I have in store?"

Trevor's laugh was vicious as he released her nipple. Wendy was thankful for the reprieve. "So that's how you did it, huh? You got on your knees for Michael showed him what a great little cocksucker you are?" His fingers tangled in her hair.

Wendy fought the urge to bark back. To tell him that Michael was more of a man than he'd ever be, that Michael actually understood Wendy's value, had given her real power. Instead, she purred seductively, her fingers trembling as she tugged on his zipper.

"I always knew one day I'd have you on your knees in front of me, begging me to—"

She squeezed the outline of his cock through his pants hard enough to make him gasp before he could finish his venomous sentence. His slacks fell open and slid down his thighs. "Then why don't you stop talking and enjoy it."

Her head moved closer, allowing him to feel her breath on his manhood through the thin fabric of his boxers. His cock was average at best, He was roughly the same size as Jon. Nowhere near as big as Michael.

His fingers tightened in her hair and Wendy couldn't help but smile. He was so smug, so sure of himself just seconds ago. All it took was her breath on his cock and suddenly he was holding his breath.

She unsnapped the button on the front of his underwear, pulling his cock free. The second her hand wrapped around his soft flesh he let out a breath.

"So, this is how it's going to work." Wendy's voice was stern, her fingers slowly working his shaft. "You give me back my underwear and pretend like tonight never happened." She smiled as Trevor's hips pressed forward, chasing the warmth of her breath. "And in return you leave here a... very happy man."

"Most people don't try to negotiate from their knees." He pushed her head forward and Wendy grimaced as his head rubbed against her cheek. "Go on then. You make me cum and we forget this ever happened. Show me how you really got the director position."

For a second she considered biting him, but she knew that wasn't really an option. It would only lead to more trouble and Wendy had gotten herself into a big enough mess as it was. "You really do have a nice cock, Trevor. It's too bad you have to blackmail women to get them to see it."

The words did their trick. He pulled her hair, making her gasp, then pushed his hips forward finding their mark.

Her hand pressed against his thigh as she adjusted, her tongue sliding across the underside of his shaft. Her other hand gripped him at the root, controlling the pace. This was damage control, nothing more. No different than what she'd done with Michael a dozen times. She could end it before it started, then go home, brush her teeth and pretend the night ended with Jack.

"Fuck." Trevor's head fell back against the wall. "Jesus Christ, you're good at that."

She hated how much the praise excited her. "Mmmm." Her voice vibrated around him, as she took him in her throat and watched his face through her lashes. His breathing was already getting shallow. Good. She could have him finished in three minutes if she pushed. Her hand slid to his balls, cupping them as she swallowed him to the root.

"Fuuuuck." Trevor's hipped pushed forward and Wendy rolled his testicles in her hand. "How many guys at this company have you sucked off? This is world class."

She let his cock fall from her mouth, her spit dripping from the head as she stroked him. "Are you going to cum for me, big boy? I know you're close."

"Sorry, sweetheart. You're dealing with a real man now. Not some two pump chump like Jon. Does he know his wife can suck dick like this?"

Before she could answer he pushed her head forward. She gagged as he hit the back of her throat, her eyes watering instantly. She tried to pull back but his grip held her there, his hips rocking slowly, feeding himself deeper as her throat constricted around him.

"There you go." His voice had dropped, rougher now. "That's more like it."

Her hands braced against his thighs as she fought for air through her nose. Spit was already pooling at the corners of her mouth, running down her chin. He pulled back just enough for her to gasp before pushing forward again, fucking her face. This was his show now.

"Fuck, your mouth is incredible." He gathered her hair into a fist, wrapping it once around his knuckles for a better grip. "I knew the second Michael named you for the Fireball campaign something was off. I just couldn't believe someone as hot as you would fuck a slob like him." He thrust forward and she choked, her nails digging into his thighs.

Her mascara was running. She could feel it as it rolled down her cheeks mixing with tears and saliva. Her jaw ached from the stretch of him hitting the back of her throat over and over. She tried to take back control, tried to push against his thighs and slow him down, but his hand held her head steady as he fucked her mouth with short, sharp strokes.

"I bet getting used like this gets you off, doesn't it?" He pulled her off just long enough to drag the tip of his cock across her swollen lips. She gasped, a thick rope of spit hanging between them. "I bet your pussy is dripping right now. You want to touch yourself, don't you?"

She couldn't answer if she wanted. He pushed back inside before she caught her breath and her eyes rolled as he hit her throat again. She could feel drool dripping onto her chest. The worst part was that he was right. She pressed her thighs together, she did want to touch herself. But not because of him. Trevor was an asshole with an ego. It was because of Jack. That was the only thing that made sense, it was because of how worked up he had gotten her.

He pulled out and slapped his cock against her cheek. Wet, heavy. She flinched.

"Look at you." He tilted her chin up with his thumb, forcing her to meet his eyes. Her face was a wreck. Her mascara was streaked, her lips swollen and slick, spit and precum smeared across her jaw. "The great Wendy Taylor." He dragged the head of his cock across her bottom lip. "It's okay, I'll give you exactly what you want."

He grabbed her arm and pulled her to her feet, spinning her toward the conference table so quickly that she reached out with both hands to catch herself.

"That... that wasn't the deal, Trevor. Just let me finish you with my mouth."

Trevor laughed as he lifted the back of her dress. "I knew it. You're fucking soaked." The rush of cool air against her slit caused her to shiver. "The deal was you make me cum. We didn't say how." His cock slid over her folds, and a moan escaped Wendy's lips.

He was right, she was soaked, disgustingly so. She hadn't even realized how aroused she was until Trevor pointed it out. Now, it felt like every nerve in her body was lit up. The coil of anticipation bubbling to a boiling point. She couldn't believe she let this happen. She was going to let Trevor fuck her.

His cock glided across her clit again, the tip brushing her clit and making her shudder. Something was off. It wasn't just that Trevor had her bent over the desk. It was something else. Her eyes went wide at the realization just as Trevor's cock split her lips.

"Wait, you don't have a con— Ohhhh God."

He buried himself to the hilt in one thrust. The air left her lungs. Her fingers clawed at the wood as her body stretched around him, her mouth hanging open. He wasn't Michael. He wasn't close. But she'd been empty and aching since Jack's fingers left her and the sudden fullness after all that teasing nearly sent her over the edge. Her walls clenched around him before she could stop them and Trevor groaned behind her, his fingers digging into her ass.

"Fuck." His voice was breathless. "Didn't think a whore like you would be this tight."

Her forehead pressed against the cool wood of the table. She could feel every inch of him. She hated that she could feel every inch of him. She hated more that her hips were already pushing back.

He pulled out slowly, almost all the way, then slammed forward. She cried out before she could stop herself, her palms slapping flat against the table.

"That's what I thought." He fucked her hard and fast, each stroke shoving her hips into the edge of the table. "All that attitude. All that 'fuck you, Trevor.' And here you are, bent over the conference table taking my cock."

"That this make you feel like a man?" She forced the words out between thrusts. "You couldn't get me yourself so you... had to resort to blackmail and tricking me."

"Tricking you?" He laughed as he bottomed out inside her. "You pulled out your tits so fast it was like second nature, sweetheart." His fingers dug into her ass. "Is that what you tell yourself about Michael? That he somehow tricked you into fucking him?"

"Michael is twice the man you'll ever be."

His hand cracked against her ass. Hard. The sound ricocheted off the glass and the sting bloomed hot across her skin. Her pussy clenched around him so violently that Trevor had to pause.

"Oh you liked that." His voice was darker now. He slapped her again, same spot, and her back arched off the table.

"Uhhhh."

"I should have known a slut like you liked to be spa—"

Wendy drove her hips backward, her walls spasming around him. She hated herself for it, but at least it shut him up. "I should have known you'd ruin a... perfectly good fuck by talking."

"Doesn't sound like I'm ruining anything, Wendy." His hand found the back of her neck and shoved her head onto the table. "It sounds to me like you just can't admit I'm going to make you cum."

"In your... dreams." But her voice cracked. Because he'd shifted his angle and found a way to fuck her so hard it made her vision blur. The rage was beginning to fade, and she closed her eyes, trying desperately to deny the pleasure that Trevor was giving her.

"Bullshit. I can feel you squeezing me." He leaned over her back, his mouth close to her ear. "You're going to cum, Wendy. Because you're a slut and you can't help yourself."

She didn't respond. Because he was right and if she opened her mouth the sound that came out wouldn't be an argument. Her fingers uncurled from the edge of the table and her back softened. Her hips tilted upward, giving him a deeper angle, and Trevor groaned his approval.

The wet sound of him driving into her filled the conference room along with the rhythmic thud of her hips hitting the table edge. Her orgasm was fast approaching and as much as she wanted to deny it, she couldn't hold it back.

"I... unnngh fuck, Trevor."

"That's it." Trevor laughed behind her, sweat dripping onto her back. "Say my name."

"Fuck... Fuck me, you asshole." But there was no fire left in it. The words came out breathy, almost a whisper, and her hips were rocking back to meet his thrusts in a rhythm she hadn't chosen. She could hear herself. The wet, obscene sound of her body welcoming each thrust. She sounded like she wanted this.

"With... pleasure." His pace increased, his breath ragged. She matched his thrust with her own. Her mouth was agape, her face red as the orgasm grew. Then at the last second she felt Trevor pull out completely.

"What the..."

"Turn around," Trevor demanded, pulling on her arm. "I want to watch your face as you cum all over my cock."

He spun her before she could argue, lifting her onto the edge of the conference table. The wood was cold against her bare ass and she gasped as he stepped between her legs, pushing them apart. The gold dress was bunched at her waist, her chest fully exposed, her hair matted to one side of her face with sweat and dried tears.

He looked down at her and she saw something in his expression that made her stomach turn. Triumph.

"There she is." He gripped himself and pressed the head of his cock against her entrance, dragging it through her folds. She was so wet the sound was vulgar. "You really are a good fuck."

He pushed inside her and her head fell back, her hands catching herself on the table behind her. The angle made it feel like he was deeper, or maybe it was just the intimacy of it that made her entire body clench. She tried to look away, at the ceiling, at the skyline, anywhere but his face. He grabbed her jaw and turned her back.

"Eyes on me."

She stared at him. His face was red and sheened with sweat, his hair disheveled, his shirt half untucked. He looked pathetic. He looked like exactly the kind of man she would never let touch her. And he was inside her, and it felt good, and her legs were wrapping around his waist pulling him closer. She felt him bottom out and her breath stuttered. Her body welcomed him the way it had no right to.

His hands gripped the backs of her thighs, spreading her wider, and the new angle made her whimper. "Mmm I knew you kept it hairless." He reached down, his thumb like gasoline on her clit.

"Ohhhh God." She slammed her body into his. She looked at where they were connected. At the way her body stretched around his girth, the way her clit throbbed with each stroke of his hand. It was obscene, and it was driving her toward a devastating orgasm.

Her hands were on his shoulders now, pulling him closer, her heels digging into the small of his back.

"I bet when this is over you're going to be begging me to fuck you." His hand was a blur between her thighs, his cock expanding inside her. "Should I go ahead and schedule some closed door training session when this is over?"

Her nails dug into his shoulders, making him hiss. "Shut up and cum already!" Her body squeezed around him.

She bit down on her lip hard enough to taste copper. Her thighs were shaking. Her stomach was clenching in waves. She looked up at Trevor through blurred vision and hated him and hated herself and—

"Ohhh fuck. Ohhhh God."

He grabbed her hair and pulled her head back, making her screams louder. "That's it. Cum for me Wendy. Cum all over my dick."

The orgasm broke. It ripped through her from the base of her spine, her pussy clamping down on him so hard his rhythm faltered. She screamed. The sound tore out of her, raw and ugly, bouncing off the glass and the walls. Her body convulsed, her hips bucking against him, every contraction pulling him deeper. She could feel herself milking him, could feel every spasm gripping his cock as wave after wave crashed through her.

"Holy shit." Trevor's head tilted back "Fuck— I'm gonna cum."

Her legs locked around him, pulling him deeper, pushing her orgasm to another level. She felt him swell inside her, felt the twitch that meant he was seconds away.

Trevor wrenched himself free. She gasped at the sudden emptiness, her body still spasming, her hips rolling as her fingers filled the void. His hand was already on his cock, pumping fast, and before she could sit up he came across her face. Her cheek, her jaw, her chin. Some of it hit the corner of her mouth, making her taste his salty seed. He groaned above her, milking the last of it onto her chest where it streaked across her bare skin.

She lay on the conference table staring at the ceiling as her orgasm slowly faded. His cum began to cool on her face and a fresh wave of shame washed over her.

Trevor stepped back, pulling up his pants. Breathing hard. Face red and grinning.

"You know if I didn't know any better" He buckled his belt slowly. "I would think you were trying to hold me inside you when I came." He shook his head. "It almost seemed like you wanted me to cum inside you."

"Don't be disgusting." She sat up, wiping her face with the back of her hand. Her voice belonged to someone else. "I just... didn't hear you."

"Sure." He smirked, turning toward the door.

"Trevor." She slid off the table, pulling the dress up over her chest. Her legs nearly buckled but she locked her knees. "We had a deal." She reached out her hand. "Give me my underwear."

He went into his pocket and looked at the lace, then at his cum still streaking her face. "I guess you held up your end of the deal." He tossed them at her and she caught them against her chest.

"This will never happen again." She stepped into her panties. "And you keep your mouth shut. About tonight. About all of it."

"Whatever you say... Director." He leaned against the doorframe. "But my calendar's always open when you change your mind. I know women like you can't resist it for too long."

He disappeared down the hallway. She listened to his footsteps fade, then the elevator door chime. She stood in the silence wondering if the threat of Trevor was really over. She reached for her clutch and paused. The light caught her ring and instinctively she reached for it. On the third rotation she stopped.

What was the point?

She walked to the bathroom on legs that barely held her. She didn't look in the mirror as she ran paper towels under the faucet. Face first. Then her chest. Then between her legs. She threw the paper towels away, smoothed her hair, pulled the dress into place and headed home to her husband.