

Katie sat in her car staring at the text on her screen. The AC was blowing on her face, drying out her lips but not making her feel any cooler. She'd typed out the message to Brian almost five minutes ago, but she couldn't find the courage to press send.

*Hey! Josh and I chatted and were wondering if you wanted to have dinner tomorrow night. Let us know!*

She shook her head. It was warm and friendly, but it felt all wrong. Josh and I chatted? What did that even mean? Of course she couldn't say Josh and I talked about how you fingered me to orgasm and he'd love to watch. That would be insane. She huffed, then deleted the message, tossing the phone in her bag. She'd think of a better way to phrase it. Her stomach turned at the thought.

The parking lot was surprisingly empty for a Saturday. She adjusted her glasses as she made the short walk across the street to the outdoor mall. She'd told Josh she wanted to get an early start, before the sun got so hot her makeup would run between shots. He was still in bed when she left. How he was able to sleep past nine was beyond her, but she was determined to make the best of it.

She stopped in front of an iron bench across from a small duck pond. She set her iced coffee off to the side, adjusting the angle of the shot to make sure she got the ducks in the background but not the drink. Brian had called that free advertising and told her it was a cardinal sin for someone with her following.

She angled her phone, needing a quick pic for Instagram. She had a whole outing planned for this. She'd labeled it *the day in the life of an influencer* and teased it the last couple of days. The idea was simple: walk around the mall for a few hours, buy different outfits, and catalog all of it. Let her followers see what a "normal" day looked like for Katie.

She moved a few feet to the left, where the sun gave a more natural look from that angle, another trick Brian had taught her. She tilted her wrist slightly so that her engagement ring caught the light, then snapped several pictures as a duck floated by in the background, eliminating the dead space.

*Looks like we aren't the only ones out enjoying the day.*

She added the caption and posted it. Ten minutes later she already had three hundred views and a handful of comments. It wasn't the numbers she was used to getting, but they were certainly better than before they moved to Texas. She was hoping today would be a bounce back. Her last three posts without any of Brian's shots had underperformed and she could feel it in her engagement rate. She needed to right the ship.

Her first stop was the Sunglass Hut. She'd had a good relationship with them since the partnership and wanted to make sure she kept them happy. She snapped a quick picture of herself in front of the entrance, zoomed in slightly so everyone could see the shades already on her face, and added a caption about stopping at her favorite store. Once inside, she picked up a pair of oversized tortoiseshell frames and checked herself in the little counter mirror, turning her head left, then right. She pulled her hair over one shoulder and flipped to her front camera.

This went on for another two hours. Katie would post up in front of a store, take a few pictures, then head inside and repeat the process. By the end of it she'd posted dozens of photos and had two arms full of shopping bags. It felt like she was getting back to her roots, so to speak. She would buy clothes that she loved, people would like her photos and ask for fashion advice. It was casual, fun.

She checked her analytics as she made her way back to the car. She'd posted a TikTok video inside the Sunglass Hut with the cashier and it was doing better than expected. She grinned as she looked at the numbers for the rest of the day. Overall, it was a success. Still not the thousands of views some of her videos with Brian did, but enough to make her feel like she was trending in the right direction again.

A group of teenage boys stared as she rounded the corner. She rolled her eyes, already considering something ridiculous, maybe winking at one of them just to watch his face go red, when her phone buzzed in her hand and brought her up short.

*I knew I recognized you.*

It was an Instagram notification from an account she didn't recognize, but the profile picture left little doubt. It was Derrick.

Her heart was in her throat as she tapped on the profile, just to be sure. There were dozens of pictures there. Derrick in a group shot at what looked like a rooftop bar, a selfie with sunglasses pushed up on his forehead as he smiled for the camera, a gym selfie of him flexing in the mirror that she looked at a little too long, the veins on his bicep looking like they were about to burst.

She locked the phone. Her mouth was suddenly dry. She turned another corner looking for a vending machine, bought a bottle of water, and stood there drinking it. She didn't know why she was acting this way. She hadn't done anything wrong. They danced together at the club, that was it. Josh knew about it. She shifted her stance as she waited, staring at nothing.

After her heart stopped threatening to beat out of her chest, she pulled her phone back out and reread his message. She thought back to that night at the club, him dancing behind her, grinding into her... she needed to focus. He'd whispered in her ear that she looked familiar and she'd brushed him off. That must have been how he found her. He already followed her, and

after the club he went back to confirm. But why? She shook her head and closed the app, already knowing the answer.

She pulled back up the text to Brian to focus on something else.

*Hey! Josh and I talked. Do you want to do dinner tomorrow? The three of us.*

Was that better? Worse? She wasn't sure. She'd never had to navigate whatever this was before. She chewed on her lip, trying to imagine his face as he read the message. Why was she so nervous? She let out a frustrated sigh and tossed the phone back into her bag, leaving the message unsent.

She looked up, trying to get her bearings on where she was. Across the street was a small lingerie store. She hadn't planned it, but suddenly the thought of buying something sexy from the small boutique sounded like the best idea ever. The window display had a mannequin in black lace. It was a little dark for her complexion, but the cut of it was enough to entice her to walk inside.

She moved through the racks, touching fabrics. Satin, mesh, something with tiny straps she couldn't figure out the engineering of. She held an emerald set against her chest in the mirror and put it back. She was just about to walk out when she spotted a cute pink mesh piece. She held it up to her skin. It almost looked like a blush. The lace was sheer enough to show off what was underneath without looking like she was naked. The top was more like a cropped camisole than an all-out bra, with a tiny pink bow that sat just between her breasts. The panties were made from the same material with thin straps that rode high on her hips and would disappear into the curve of her ass.

She bit her lip, thinking about Josh's reaction. How long would it actually stay on her body before he ripped it off her? A laugh escaped her as she carried it to the register, not bothering to look at the price tag.

On her way out, she stopped in the doorway. She pulled out her phone, angling it low so the shopping bag hung from her wrist and her silhouette filled the frame against the bright store behind her.

*Thought the fiancé deserved to get spoiled.*

She posted it as she walked back to the car.

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Josh wiped the bar down and reracked his weights. His shoulders were burning and his shirt was soaked through, but he felt good. Better than he had all week. He'd barely slept the last few nights. Every time he closed his eyes, he saw Katie with Brian. It was like drinking a cup of coffee

ten minutes before bed. He and Katie had sex, great sex, every night that week, and still his mind would go there and his erection would return as hard and angry as ever. The gym was the one place he could turn it off for an hour. He took a drink of water and sat on the edge of the bench while Cole finished his set.

Cole worked two offices over. They'd grabbed lunch a couple times, talked about fantasy football in the breakroom. He was roughly the same age as Josh and was the only other person in the office who didn't have a permanent scowl on his face. This was the first time they'd worked out together. Cole had mentioned the gym on Friday and Josh said he'd been meaning to check it out, which was true, and that he didn't have anyone to go with, which was also true. They made the plans the same day.

"You good?" Cole set the dumbbells down and grabbed his towel. He was slightly taller than Josh and had a thicker frame. One that suggested if he wasn't sitting at a desk eating junk food all day, he'd be on the cover of one of those fitness magazines.

"Yeah. Shoulders are toast though." Josh took another drink of water. "Thanks again for the invite."

"You kidding? I needed the extra motivation." Cole grinned and tossed his towel over his shoulder. "You want to hit abs or are you done?"

"I'm done. My fiancée is already going to be mad that my arms are going to be useless all day."

"I hear that." Cole laughed, wiping his face. "How long you been together?"

"Since high school. Five years." Josh stretched his neck. "She's... yeah. Five years."

"Nice. My girl and I just hit two." Cole started wiping down his bench. He pulled out his phone and tilted the screen toward Josh. It was a photo of Cole with his arm around a girl. She had deep blue eyes, her blond hair stopping short of her shoulders. They looked happy. "That's Clara."

"She's cute. You two look good together." Josh pulled out his phone and found a picture of him and Katie at the beach. It was one of his favorites of the two of them, and didn't show anything too revealing. The sun was setting in the background. Katie was holding the camera up, one eye squinted, her tongue sticking out below her top teeth. "This is Katie."

"Wow, talk about punching above your weight class." Cole winked, knocking his shoulder into Josh.

Josh laughed. "Yeah, I got pretty lucky with her."

They grabbed their bags and headed back to the locker room. Josh dropped onto the bench in front of his locker and started unlacing his shoes. His arms were already stiffening up. Tomorrow

was going to be rough.

"You want to try to squeeze one in Monday?" Cole asked, spinning his lock. "Like a lunch break thing? I've got an hour."

"Yeah, that could work. Legs though. I'm not touching upper body again for a while."

Cole laughed. "Deal." He grabbed his towel and a change of clothes, then headed toward the showers. "Give me ten minutes."

Josh leaned back against the locker and pulled out his phone. He had a few notifications. A group chat from work, a weather alert he swiped away. Then he saw it.

Katie's story. She was standing in front of a lingerie shop. He could already feel his body start to respond before he saw anything else.

*Thought the fiancé deserved to get spoiled.*

He read it twice. He adjusted himself as he tried to see what was in the bag. No amount of zoom worked, but it didn't stop him from trying.

"Man, you're a lucky bastard."

Josh flinched. Cole was standing behind him, loofah in hand, looking right at the screen. Whatever expression Josh was making must have been obvious because Cole laughed. "Sorry, forgot this." He held up the loofah, then spun around, whistling as he headed toward the shower.

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Katie slid into the booth first, and Josh followed, settling in beside her. The restaurant was a place called Magnolia's, one Josh had been talking about wanting to try since they got into town. It had the low-lit polish of an old steakhouse, with electric candles glowing in the center of each table and dark wood paneling along the walls. Framed black-and-white photos of the town's waterfront and old fishing boats hung between brass sconces, giving the place a worn-in kind of elegance. Soft music filled the air, and the server who seated them wore a jacket.

"I feel like I'm underdressed," Katie whispered, tucking a loose strand of hair behind her ear. She was wearing a yellow sundress that sat just above her knee. She'd done her hair down and put on the gold hoops Josh liked. Along with a full face of makeup.

He hadn't told her much about where they were going until they were already in the car, so she tried to match his level of fanciness. He'd put on a blue button-down and rolled his sleeves to his forearms.

"You look great." He reached for her hand. "Besides, no one can see us back here." He leaned over and kissed her neck.

"Okay, Casanova," she giggled, placing her hand on his chest. "Let's order drinks."

As if he was listening, their waiter appeared. He was a younger gentleman, Katie guessed maybe slightly younger than them. He had dark features and a deep voice that didn't sound like it belonged to him. Josh ordered a bourbon and Katie ordered a vodka soda, then immediately wished she'd made it a double. She'd been carrying Derrick's message around all day, and every time the conversation got quiet, she could feel it pressing against the inside of her teeth. She'd decided in the car that she was going to tell Josh tonight. It was nothing. Just a DM she hadn't answered. But the words kept dissolving before they reached her mouth and she took another drink of water.

"So how was the gym this morning?" she asked, squeezing lemon into her water. "With Cole?"

"Yeah, Cole. He's cool." Josh settled back, his arm stretching along the top of the booth behind her. "Shoulders are trashed though. I probably pushed harder than I should have."

She almost asked if Cole was cute. She didn't actually care, but she knew how he would react and she loved to tease him and watch him squirm. The problem was that she still hadn't opened up about Derrick and it ate at her just enough to make her not want to poke the bear. Instead, she took a sip of water and kept the conversation safer.

"So is this going to become a regular thing?" She squeezed his arm playfully. "Are you going to get ripped?"

Josh looked over the menu. "I think I'm plenty ripped already, thank you." He flexed his arm to prove his point, and Katie gave him an exaggerated swoon. "We're planning to go back on Monday during lunch."

"Oh, I think I like this Cole guy already," she teased, looking over the menu.

The waiter returned with their drinks, along with a basket of bread. He gave Katie a warm smile as they placed their order.

"How about you?" Josh asked, pulling out a piece of bread. "Did you get the numbers you were hoping for today?"

"I did, actually." She sat up straighter. "The Sunglass Hut TikTok did really well. And the rest of the day was solid. Consistent."

"Good. I'm glad the tips from Brian have been paying off." He took a bite of bread, his eyes closing as he savored it. "I'm sure it's nice to know you don't need him for every post to be successful."

She poked at her ice with the straw. Her engagement rate was still down from last week when Brian was shooting with her. The algorithm rewarded consistency and her best content wasn't consistent without him. She smiled anyway.

"Yeah. It's been nice. Quiet."

She snapped a picture of their drinks side by side and they clinked glasses. The conversation flowed naturally. That was never a problem between the two of them. Even the most mundane conversations, like Josh talking about second quarter revenue projections, flowed in a way that made her smile. She told him about the teenage boys at the mall who stared at her so hard she thought their eyes might pop out of their heads like one of those cartoon characters. He snorted into his bourbon and she stole a piece of bread off his plate.

"Hey um... do you remember Derrick? The guy from the club?" Katie's heart rate ticked up, but she needed to get this out. She didn't like keeping secrets from him.

Josh's arm slid off the back of the booth and onto her leg. The touch was like electricity flowing through her body. "What about him? Did you see him at the mall?" He squeezed her knee casually, his fingers slipping to the inside of it.

"No, nothing like that. But—"

"Your steak, sir." The waiter materialized, the smoke stealing Josh's attention.

The meat sizzled on the plate, the butter melting away on top. Sear marks lined it perfectly, asparagus and other garnishes flanking the sides to maximize the presentation.

"And fish for the lady." He dipped his head low, his eyes remaining open and holding Katie's gaze. Or perhaps it was a bit lower. Her cheeks flushed, but she didn't look away. "Can I get you another drink?" He finally stood back up, the faintest hint of a smile on his lips.

"Yes, please."

He nodded and disappeared. Josh squeezed her thigh, his fingers sliding another inch, warm against her bare skin.

"He likes you," Josh whispered, when he was sure the waiter was gone.

"He's just doing his job."

"I know you saw the way he was looking at you." His grip on her thigh tightened.

"He's cute," she said, before she could stop it. Then immediately regretted ordering another drink.

Josh didn't respond with words, but his fingers continued to dance along her skin under the hem of her dress.

She cut into her fish, trying to focus on the food, but his hand hadn't moved. If anything, his fingers had crept higher. She could feel him watching her, a playful grin on his face.

"Eat your steak," she said, not looking at him.

"I'm letting it cool off."

The vodka was already working. Her tension melted away, replaced by a low hum just a few inches from Josh's fingers. Without turning her head, she slid her hand under the table, placing it flat on his thigh. She heard him suck in a breath and she had to stop herself from laughing. She let her fingers drift inward, casually, while she took another bite of her fish.

"Doesn't feel like there's much cooling off going on." She bit the inside of her cheek to keep from laughing as she palmed his length. There was no doubt about it. He was hard.

The waiter returned with her second drink and asked how the food was. She pulled her hand away from Josh and gave a thumbs up, not trusting herself to speak. The next twenty minutes were spent eating, as the vodka continued to relax Katie.

"Have you talked to Brian?" Josh asked, halfway through his steak.

Katie looked up, relieved that she was just buzzed enough that the question didn't send her into a tailspin. "No. I've started the text three times now, but I keep not sending it."

Josh nodded, chewing on a fatty piece of steak. "Is it because you don't want to do it? You know, in front of me?" He swallowed.

"No," she said a little too quickly. She touched his wrist. "It's not that. I'm... I'm excited to... I mean, I want this to be, you know, about us."

"Okay." He grabbed her hand and kissed the back of it. "So, the lingerie store..."

She drew her lip between her teeth and arched her eyebrow. "You saw that, did you?"

"I did." He put his hand back on her knee. It felt warmer than earlier and Katie pushed her leg into his touch. "So, what did you buy me?"

"It's not for you. It's for me." She raised her glass and took a sip, watching him over the rim.

"You just happen to benefit."

"And I want to benefit in the worst way possible." His thumb circled her knee, leaving goosebumps in its wake. "What color is it?"

"Pink." She rolled her eyes. "Now, stop asking about it and just wait until we get home and you can see it."

His thumb stopped circling. She thought he was actually going to listen to her, and a flash of disappointment rolled over her. Then, his hand went flat against her knee and slid up to her inner thigh. Her eyes went wide and her stomach pulled tight.

"What kind of pink?" He had that wild look in his eye.

She sighed, letting the electricity of his touch wash over her. "Your favorite shade." She bit harder into her lip. "It's pretty see-through actually. I think you'll like it. Now, stop asking."

His fingers spread wider on the inside of her thigh. She shifted in her seat, uncrossing her legs, and the slight parting was enough for his hand to slide higher. His thumb traced the hem of her panties and she closed her eyes.

"But what if I'm too turned on to wait until we get home?"

She put her hand on his wrist, her eyes darting around the room as a couple a few seats over stood to leave. Josh's fingers kept moving, agonizingly slow, and she could already feel moisture pooling between her thighs. She watched him from the corner of her eye, trying to keep her face still as his gaze tracked every little shift in her expression.

His fingers brushed against her lips, and her breath caught. She reached for her drink to cover it. The ice rattled against her teeth.

"Josh."

"Hm?"

"Your hand."

"What about it."

She tried to give him a look, but her face was too hot for it to land. The flush had climbed her neck, spreading across her cheeks with nowhere to hide. His fingers traced higher. Her mouth opened in a silent moan as the rough pad of his finger brushed her clit through the fabric.

She was already soaked. She'd been wet since his hand first touched her knee, and the thin lace did nothing to hide it. She knew he could feel it. His thumb pressed harder, dragging the damp fabric over her clit, and her thigh jerked against his.

"Josh." Her free hand dug into the cushion of the booth. She needed to take back some control. If this was the game he wanted to play, then she needed to do something to even the score.

"Yeah?"

She leaned into him. The tablecloth covered everything below their chests. Her mouth almost touched his ear.

"Take them off." His hand stilled. She checked the room again, making sure no one was watching. "Don't you want to feel how wet I am?"

He hesitated briefly, his fingers curling into the lace, then releasing like he wasn't sure how the logistics would work. She bit back a laugh as she watched him squirm. Then his grip found the waistband. She lifted off the seat just enough for his fingers to hook beneath the lace and pull. She shifted her weight from hip to hip as he worked them down her thighs. She stepped out of one leg, then the other, and the lace grazed her ankle before he balled them in his fist and tucked them into his pocket.

The air hit her in an instant, cool against the wet slickness of her skin, causing her to gasp. She could feel how swollen she already was, how exposed. Her arousal clung to her inner thighs as Josh's fingers kept up their assault.

He was teasing her now, all pretense of dinner forgotten. His fingers circled the soft, swollen folds of her sex, ignoring Katie's wriggling protest. The heat of his hand burned against her, and if he didn't touch her soon, she was going to drag him there herself. Her hips chased his fingers, but every time it felt like he was finally going to part her open, he pulled away.

"You're the worst," she breathed.

He stabbed a piece of steak with his free hand and put it in his mouth. That cocky smirk plastered on his face.

She picked up her water, but her hand was shaking too much to take a drink. She held her breath as his fingers made another pass. When he reached the top, his index finger dragged through the length of her slit. Just barely. Just enough to feel how wet she was and nothing else.

Her breath caught. His finger slid through the slickness, collecting it, spreading it along the inside of her thigh as he traced back down. She was dripping. He traced back up, his fingertip running along her outer lip, barely parting her, and she gripped his thigh under the table hard enough to leave marks.

"Relax," he murmured, taking a sip of bourbon.

"If you don't put your fingers inside me soon, I'm going to text Brian to do it."

The smirk disappeared from his face and she triumphantly took a bite of her salmon.

"Ahhh." She dropped the fork before it made it to her lips.

Two fingers slid between her folds, parting her. Her eyes rolled to the back of her head, caught off guard by the sudden fullness. Wet smacking sounds filled her ears as her body eagerly adjusted to it. She prayed the restaurant was loud enough to cover it. His middle finger found her clit, and she bit down on her knuckle to keep quiet.

"Is this what he did to you?" Josh's voice was rough and gravelly.

Her hand went to the edge of the table, and all she could do was nod. He circled her clit with steady pressure, and she could already feel it start to build in her thighs. She released her knuckle from her teeth, her nails digging into his wrist.

"Were you this quiet for him?" His fingers pushed deeper inside her, her walls clenching around him as her hips lifted off the seat.

"Nnnnggh. No."

Josh leaned into her ear. "Then I guess you don't get to cum yet."

"Baby..." Her hips continued to roll. "Please."

His fingers slowed against her clit, making her toes curl into her heels. She was so close. The tension coiling low in her stomach, her thighs clamping around his hand. He added a second finger, both of them stroking the sides of her clit, and she bit down on her lower lip hard enough to taste copper. Then, his fingers stopped moving.

"Oh my God." Her forehead dropped to his shoulder. Her nails were leaving crescents in his wrist.

He picked up his bourbon with his free hand and took a sip. She was right there, right at the edge, her body tightening, her breath coming in short pulls through her nose. She could feel herself dripping onto the booth seat, her pussy clenching around nothing every time his finger circled the swollen bundle of nerves that was about to end her in the middle of a restaurant on a Saturday night.

"Excuse me."

Her spine went rigid. The waiter stood at the edge of their table, check presenter in hand. He smiled warmly at Katie, but this one felt different, like he knew what was happening. Josh's fingers pressed flat against her clit, warm and unmoving, holding her right at the edge where she couldn't tip over.

"Can I get you anything else tonight? Dessert perhaps?"

Katie swore his eyes dipped to her exposed leg when he said it. She did her best to keep a straight face. "N... no thanks." Her voice came out a half-octave too high as Josh handed the

waiter his card.

"Of course."

He pulled up a small handheld tablet, taking Josh's payment on the spot. Katie's mouth hung open as Josh's fingers circled her. She watched the waiter's gaze dip again. This time there was no denying it. Her dress had ridden past mid-thigh, and from the right angle there was nothing between Josh's hand and the waiter's line of sight except shadow.

He handed the card back to Josh, the largest smile on his face. "Thank you for a lovely evening." His gaze locked onto Katie. "Enjoy the rest of your night."

The second he was out of sight, Katie grabbed Josh's wrist and pulled his hand from between her legs. Her thighs were slick and her whole body was vibrating. She'd been right there. Right fucking there.

"We need to go. Now."

The night air hit her face and she laughed. She didn't know why. Josh was grinning, pulling her across the parking lot, half-running toward the car.

"Oh my God." She pressed her face into his shoulder. "I'm pretty sure he knew what you were doing."

"Definitely."

She swatted his chest and he caught her hand and pulled her into him. She kissed him in the parking lot, hard, tasting bourbon on his tongue, her body still buzzing from the edge he'd left her on. She hadn't cum. She was going to make him pay for that the second they got home.

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Josh drove with one hand. The other hadn't left Katie since the parking lot.

She leaned back in the passenger seat with her dress bunched at her waist. If she'd thought Josh was going to relent once they got in the car, she was wrong. His fingers found her the second they pulled away, sliding through her wetness, teasing her clit, keeping her balanced right on the edge. Every time she arched off the seat, he pulled away. By the time they hit the main road, she was practically crawling toward him.

He hooked the straps of her dress and tugged them off her shoulders. Katie blinked her eyes open, half expecting to find them on some dark backroad where Josh planned to park and fuck her in the car. Instead, headlights swept past the windshield. They were still on the main road. She swatted his hands away, but he only laughed and pulled the fabric lower until her chest spilled free.

"Josh, someone could see."

"Let them."

She huffed in frustration, grabbed his hand, and put it back in her lap. "Seriously, if someone pulls up next to us, you better warn me."

The next fifteen minutes were more of the same. At one point, headlights from a passing truck washed over her, bright enough to make her freeze against the seat. Her mouth fell open, her tongue sliding across her top lip as Josh stopped again, pulling back just before the orgasm hit.

"Josh, I swear to God."

She reached across the center console, her hand running along his length through his jeans. He was so hard she could feel him pulse against her palm. A breathless laugh slipped out of her. He was just as worked up as she was.

"Almost there," he said, blowing through a stop sign hard enough to make the tires squeal.

They turned onto their street. Josh pulled into the driveway and killed the engine. Katie tugged the straps of her dress back up. She wasn't near drunk enough to walk across the lawn with her tits out.

They were both laughing as they stumbled out of the car. Katie's gaze drifted next door just as the porch light came on.

"Shhh," she slurred, slapping Josh's arm.

It was too late. Brian's front door opened, and Jewels took off like a rocket, barking and carrying on. Brian stepped onto the porch behind her in a pair of jeans and a faded gray T-shirt, his attention still somewhere inside the house. Jewels shot past his legs and went straight for Katie, who dropped into a crouch.

"Hi, baby. Hi." The dog jumped into her arms, licking her chin, and Katie hugged her close, laughing as Jewels squirmed against her.

"Sorry about that," Brian said, trotting toward the property line. "She got away from me before I could stop her." He eyed Katie over. "You two look like you've had quite the night."

Josh stood at the end of the driveway, watching as Brian took in his fiancée. Her dress was crooked, hair messy. Her skin was flushed in a way that showed both her arousal and her drunkenness. His cock pulsed against his pants. Did Katie even realize the vibe she was putting out?

"Haven't heard from you in a few days. She missed you."

Katie smiled, letting the dog lick the corner of her lips. "Yeah, we um... I meant to text you. Maybe we can have dinner tomorrow?" She looked at Josh. "The three of us."

Time slowed down as Josh watched the interaction. Brian's lips curved into a smile, his hands digging into the pockets of his jeans. His gaze cut to Josh almost like he was sizing him up, before returning to Katie.

"Why don't you two come over now. We can have a nightcap."

"Oh... I um... It's late and Josh and I were—"

"I insist. Besides, Jewel doesn't look like she wants to leave your side."

Katie looked at Josh, her eyes wide and slightly panicked. He knew he should say something. Step up. Tell Brian maybe some other night. But he couldn't form the words. Every time he looked between them, he saw Brian and Katie together.

He and Katie had talked about wanting this, but they'd been too nervous to send the text. Maybe this was the kind of push they needed. Maybe this was how it happened before either of them had the chance to talk themselves out of it.

"Actually," he said, swallowing. "Maybe just one drink?"

Katie's mouth opened, then closed. After a second, she nodded.

"Excellent. Come on in. I'll pour us something."

Josh's legs felt like concrete as he followed Katie up the steps. He'd said the words. That made everything real. All those whispered fantasies, all the half-joking conversations in bed, were suddenly more than pillow talk. His chest tightened with each step. The buzz from the restaurant was still there, humming under his skin, but this was different, bigger. It was like standing too close to something that was about to explode.

The house seemed smaller as they stepped through the front door. The only light on was in the back hallway, giving everything an ominous feel. Josh looked at the pictures on the walls, the same ones he'd studied the first time he came here. Now they were staring at him. Judging him. Katie reached back and interlaced her fingers with his. It grounded him, like the house had been swaying a moment ago and suddenly stopped. He glanced down the hallway as they passed it. Toward the door in the back where Katie had told him what she'd seen.

"Have a seat, please." Brian gestured toward the loveseat as he made his way to the liquor cabinet in the kitchen. "I've been looking for a reason to open this." He reached above his head to the top shelf, grabbing a bottle of brown liquor. "Some new premium blend from Fireball. The marketing is everywhere."

Katie sat in the middle of the leather sofa with Josh right beside her, close enough that his leg touched hers.

"I love you," he whispered, and he saw her smile.

"Are you sure about this?" she asked. He could see her pulse racing in her neck.

He nodded, his right hand drifting to his side. His fingers brushed the wet lace of her underwear in his front pocket, and he gasped. He'd forgotten she'd taken them off. The front of his pants strained, but Brian returned to the room before Josh could say anything.

"Katie told you about the dark room, I assume?" Brian handed them each a shot glass, his eyes tracking Josh.

"She..." Josh reached out and put his hand on her leg, his fingers brushing against the bare skin of her knee. "Yeah."

Brian's smile barely moved. "I figured." He walked toward the chair that sat across from them. Josh expected him to sit, but he just stood there, the shot glass loose between two fingers. "When I hadn't heard from Katie, I put two and two together." His eyes shifted to Katie for half a second, then back to Josh. "Usually, when this type of thing happens, it goes one of two ways. Either the couple goes home and pretends nothing ever happened. Or..."

His gaze dropped to Josh's hand, to the way his knuckles had gone white against Katie's knee.

"They end up back over here because their curiosity is just too much. Hearing about it isn't enough anymore. They want to know what it feels like to be part of it."

Josh swallowed. He wanted to deny it. Wanted to laugh, or shake his head and say they had only come over because Brian offered them a drink. But they all knew that was a lie. He also understood now who the "they" was that Brian kept talking about. The other husbands.

He wanted to ask how many there had been. What Brian really was. But Brian's gaze kept drifting to Josh's hand on Katie's knee, and Josh's cock pulsed with fury, as if Brian could somehow see that she wasn't wearing panties.

Beside him, Katie shifted her weight. She'd barely said anything since they came inside, and he wasn't sure what to make of that either. He looked over at her and noticed the flush in her cheeks, the slight part of her mouth, like she couldn't get enough air through her nose. He recognized that look.

"So," Brian said, lifting his shot glass. "To new experiences."

Josh could hear his heart beating in his ears. He looked at the glass in his hand. The liquor sloshed around in his glass as he tried to think of something clever to say. Thanks, but no

thanks, was the first thing to come to his mind. He even saw a version of himself grabbing Katie's hand and rushing toward the door. But none of that happened.

Katie lifted her glass first.

That should have scared him more than it did. Instead, Josh felt his gut twist. His erection had become painful as he watched her down the drink, her face pinching from the burn. She only looked at him afterward, cheeks flushed, eyes glassy and uncertain, like she was waiting to see whether he was brave enough to follow her.

Josh threw his shot back. The burn hit hard, lighting up his throat and chest, and by the time he lowered the glass, Brian had already stepped closer. Not much. Just enough to make the room feel smaller.

Brian looked at the empty chair across from them, then ignored it. Instead, he sat on the loveseat on Katie's other side, even though there wasn't really room for him. Katie shifted instinctively, her shoulder pressing into Josh's, her thigh trapped between both of theirs.

"What did you think?" Brian asked, his hand settling on Katie's other knee like it was the most casual thing in the world. Katie's breath caught, soft enough that Josh might have missed it if he hadn't been listening for every sound she made. "When she told you about the room?"

Josh's hand tightened on Katie's knee.

"I..." He tried to swallow the lump in his throat. He didn't know what to say. "It was a lot. I was angry at first."

"And then?" Brian asked. His grip tightened just enough to guide her leg outward, opening her a little more between them.

Josh watched Brian's hand on her leg, the way it inched higher without ever asking. Then he looked at Katie, searching for some sign of what it meant to her. She was watching him, listening to his answer. When their eyes met, she smiled warmly. Her knee had shifted open by the smallest amount, so small he might have imagined it.

"And then," Josh said, his voice thinner than he wanted, "I couldn't stop thinking about it." His face burned as soon as the words were out.

A smile tugged at Katie's mouth. With her free hand, she reached up and touched his face. Her thumb brushed his cheek.

"I..." Josh looked at her, then back to Brian. "I had to see it."

Brian nodded slowly, as if Josh had given the answer he'd been expecting all along. "That's usually the part husbands can't admit to themselves." His hand moved beneath the fabric of

Katie's dress. "They can admit they're angry. They can admit they're jealous. But wanting details?" His eyes lifted to Josh. "That takes a... special kind of person."

Brian's hand moved higher beneath Katie's dress, slow enough that Josh could pretend, for one more second, that he could still pull the plug on this whole thing. He didn't look away from Josh. "So," he asked. "Is it what you expected?"

Josh opened his mouth, his gaze burning through the fabric of Katie's dress. Katie answered for him without saying a word. She sucked in a shaky breath, leaned forward, and kissed Josh hard enough to knock the thought out of his head. Her hand slid to the back of his neck, pulling him into her, and for one dizzy second he forgot about Brian. His eyes closed as his fiancée's tongue found his.

Then her thigh shifted against his, her legs opening wider.

Josh felt the movement through the couch. Brian's hand moved under the fabric between them. Katie moaned into his mouth and kissed him harder. His stomach twisted with jealousy and heat so sharp he thought it would split him open.

Brian's voice cut through the kiss. "No panties," he said. "What a great choice."

Katie froze against Josh's mouth. Her lips stayed parted against his, her breath warm and uneven. When she opened her eyes, they were glassy and embarrassed and excited all at once.

"He's..." Her eyes drifted closed. "Oh fuck, Josh."

Josh didn't have to look to know what was happening. Still, with a shaky hand, he released his grip on her thigh and slowly pulled up the fabric of her dress, giving himself an unobstructed view.

The sight punched the air out of Josh's lungs. Katie's legs were spread wide, the hem of her dress gathered in his fist. Brian's fingers worked her slowly. His thick fingers slid through her slickness, spreading her open so Josh could see how swollen her clit was. The room spun as Josh struggled to breathe. Then, Katie's hand closed on his wrist. Her nails digging into him as her hips lifted to meet Brian's fingers.

"She's nearly as wet as she was last time." Brian's voice sounded distant, like he was underwater. "But I'm sure I can fix that."

As if to punctuate his taunt, the tip of Brian's finger slipped into Katie, causing her head to fall back on the couch, a moan escaping her lips. Her hand moved from Josh's wrist to the front of his pants.

His eyes snapped to hers. She looked embarrassed. Devastated by it, almost. Her fingers closed around the outline of him. "Mmmm you're so har—" Her head lolled as Brian worked her into a

frenzy.

Josh tore his gaze away from where Brian's knuckles were buried in his fiancée. The older man was watching Josh with a smirk.

"That's the part you wanted to see, wasn't it? The moment her body clamped down onto mine." His fingers slowed to a stop, two fingers buried all the way to the third knuckle. Katie's hips rolled, her breathing gone shaky. Brian watched Katie's hand stroking Josh through his pants. "Take it out. Let her see how excited you are to get to watch this."

Josh stared at him, his hands frozen. For one second, some last sane part of him tried to resist. Tried to tell him this was where he should draw the line. Then Katie's fingers found his zipper. The sound of it sliding down was impossibly loud. She was watching him now, lips parted, her tongue slipping just past them. Brian's fingers hadn't moved, even though her hips rocked in desperation.

"Please," she whispered, as she got his zipper down, but Josh wasn't sure if she was really talking to him.

Katie's gaze dropped as he freed himself, and the shame of it hit him so hard his face burned. He was painfully hard. Harder than he had any right to be with Brian's hand between her legs. Katie licked her lips when she saw him, and instead of looking away, she wrapped her fingers around him. Josh's hips bucked the moment she made contact. The feeling was so powerful, he worried he was going to cum.

Brian gave a low, satisfied laugh. "There you go." His fingers started moving again, and Katie's hand tightened around Josh in the same rhythm, her body caught between them. "Tell Josh how my fingers feel." Katie's eyes flicked up to Josh's. The embarrassment had been stripped away. All Josh saw now was lust.

"Good," she whispered, just as Brian's thumb dragged across her clit, making her entire body shake. "So fucking good."

He leaned forward and kissed her hard, swallowing her moan as Brian worked her harder. Katie returned the kiss with a hunger that startled him. The fingers of her free hand tangled in his hair as she pulled him into her. He groaned into her mouth as her thumb smeared precum around his tip. Their teeth clashed together as the kiss grew more frantic.

"Mmmppph," Katie sighed into his mouth.

A wet, obscene squelching noise came from between her legs. Josh opened his eyes and watched as Brian's fingers slammed into Katie's folds. Each thrust brought Katie's hips off the loveseat a little higher. Soft, helpless whimpers reverberated in Josh's mouth. Every sound crawled under his skin, feeding the jealousy and heat until he thought he might combust.

Her mouth broke from his with a gasp. For a second, she only stared at him, eyes glassy and unfocused, lips swollen from the kiss. Then she slid lower, kissing his jaw, his throat, the open collar of his shirt. Her hand kept moving, faster now, like she was keeping pace with Brian and imagining it was more than his fingers.

Josh shook the thought loose as Katie's lips trailed down his stomach. The hand not wrapped around his shaft worked at the buttons of his shirt.

"Katie," Josh breathed.

She didn't answer. She kissed lower, dragging her lips down his stomach as much as the couch would allow, trembling harder with every inch.

"What are you—"

His question was answered when her lips wrapped around his shaft, dragging a low groan out of him.

Her mouth was hot and wet. She took him nearly to the root, and he felt her gag. His fingers tangled in her hair, his eyes rolling back in his head.

"Feel the difference?" Josh heard Brian say.

From this angle, Josh could see over Katie's back. Brian's thumb rolled slow circles around her clit. His entire hand, all the way down to his wrist, was slick with her juices as he fucked her with his fingers. But what took Josh's breath away was Katie's other hand.

Brian had taken it and rested it in his lap.

Her grip curled around him through the fabric, just as it had around Josh minutes earlier. Josh watched her fingers shift and readjust, unable to close all the way around him.

Katie moaned around Josh's cock, and the vibration jolted up his spine. Every sound she made was muffled against him, hot and wet and desperate. The room closed in around the feeling of her mouth, the slick sounds from between her legs, the smell of her arousal in the air. And over all of it, burned into his head, was the sight of Katie's hand moving frantically against Brian's pants.

It was too much.

"Fuck, fuck, fuuuuck!" Josh grabbed the back of her head, his hips lifting before he could stop them as he exploded in her mouth. Katie moaned in satisfaction, swallowing him down while Brian kept working her open beside him. Josh's whole body shook. For a few seconds, there was nothing in his head but white noise and pulse and the fading heat of her mouth.

Josh couldn't move. His hand stayed tangled in Katie's hair, his chest rising and falling while the last shocks moved through him. Katie's mouth slipped from him with a soft gasp, her body falling back against the seat almost immediately.

Brian laughed quietly beside her.

"That was fast."

The words cut through the white noise in Josh's head. Heat crawled up his neck, but he was still too stunned to answer. Katie's hand slid over his thigh as if she meant to comfort him, but her body was already twisting again under Brian's touch, her hips rolling helplessly toward his hand.

Josh wasn't sure when it happened, but the straps of her dress were pulled down her arms. The hand she was using on Josh reached for her exposed tit, rolling her nipple between her fingers.

"You don't want to miss the rest of this from that angle." Brian nodded toward the chair across from the loveseat. His grin took up his entire face as he watched Josh come down. "Sit over there. You'll get the full experience."

Josh reached for Katie, but her eyes were closed, her brow pinched, her fingers still working her nipple. She was close. He could tell by the way her body was moving.

"Yessss, Ohhhh... Oh."

Katie's hand went to the button of Brian's jeans, her entire body lifting off the sofa in chase of his touch.

"Better hurry." Brian tipped his chin toward the chair.

His legs shook beneath him as he tucked himself away and crossed the few feet to the chair. The leather creaked when he sat. From there, the room looked different. Everything was brighter, louder. Katie's legs were spread wide, and from here Josh had a direct line of sight to the way her pussy trembled under Brian's touch.

"Oh my God," Katie moaned.

Josh's gaze found hers. She was looking at Brian. Her hand was stretched around his naked cock, her fingers looking comically small around him. The air was thick as Josh tried to process what he was seeing. He wasn't trying to compare himself to Brian. But his eyes kept going to Katie's hand, to the way her fingers stretched around him. She had to keep adjusting her grip because there was too much to hold comfortably.

Brian was bigger than Josh wanted to admit. For a split second, Josh thought he might vomit as he watched Katie cup his testicles like she was trying to weigh them. A vein ran along the underside of his shaft, disappearing into her fist before rising again near the broad, purplish

head. Katie's thumb dragged over it delicately, circling the swollen crown before smearing the slick bead of precum across the tip.

"She's close," Brian taunted. "God, you should feel the way she's gripping me right now. She's about to explode."

Josh's mouth went dry. He didn't know where to look. At the thick length Katie was desperately working in her hand. At Brian's knuckles buried between her legs. At Katie's face as she came apart one breath at a time. Every angle gave him something he wasn't ready for, and every time he tried to look away, his eyes snapped back, his cock coming back to life.

Katie whimpered, her head falling back against the loveseat. Her free hand clawed at the cushion beside her. "Oh God, I'm... Don't stop."

Brian smiled, his gaze never leaving Josh. "Tell your fiancé who you're going to cum for." His thumb pressed against her clit as she ground into it.

Katie's mouth opened, her eyes slits as she tried to focus on her fiancé. "I'm... Ohhhh." A third finger teased her entrance and her toes curled.

"Brian... Oh... oh fuck, Brian."

Josh's stomach clenched at the sound of another man's name in her mouth. His pulse kicked, hard enough that he felt it in his throat. He shifted in the chair and realized, with a sick little twist of humiliation, that he was stroking himself again. His body didn't care that he'd just finished. It didn't care that Brian was smirking at him or that Katie's hand was wrapped around another man's cock. It only understood the sounds she was making. The sight of her legs spread. The wet shine on Brian's wrist. The way her body kept begging, kept sucking Brian's fingers into her.

Josh's face burned. He couldn't look away. His hand worked his dick faster, causing Brian to laugh.

"Looks like he's really enjoying the show."

His words made Katie blink her eyes open. Her gaze dropped to Josh's lap, and a smile formed just as her orgasm neared.

"Fuuuuck. Yes, yes." Her hand tightened on Brian's shaft, her fingers glistening with his juices as he grunted in approval.

Her mouth opened, but no words came out at first. She turned her head toward Brian. "Cum... cum with me." Then her head lolled back toward Josh.

Josh gripped the arms of the chair. He wasn't sure who Katie was talking to, and the thought made his cock pulse with fury.

"Oh God. I'm..." Katie's entire body lifted. "Fuuuuuck."

Her head twisted side to side before landing against Brian's shoulder as her whole body clamped down around his fingers. The hand around his cock jerked once, then tightened uselessly as the orgasm took over. Her body began to shake, mouth open, eyes squeezed shut, the sound of her pleasure filling the room until Josh couldn't hear anything else.

He stroked himself faster, desperate to chase the feeling with her. His body had gone animal, responding to every twitch of hers, every wet sound, every breathless sob that slipped from her lips. He hated how beautiful she looked like this. Hated that he had never seen her this ruined. Then with a grunt, and that image of Katie burned into his brain, he came on his own hand.

Brian looked over at him, his hand slowly sliding from between Katie's legs, causing her to gasp at the sudden loss.

"That," he said with a smirk, "is the full experience."

"Fuck," Katie said.

It came out like a laugh, shaky and wrecked. Her hand moved back to Brian's thigh. "You... you haven't gone yet."

Josh's jaw fell slack.

Brian chuckled. "Not yet." He reached over and fixed the straps of her dress, almost tenderly, like he hadn't just taken her apart in front of her fiancé. "But when I do, it won't be wasted on your hand."

Josh and Katie gasped at the same time. He turned to Katie. Her eyes were already on him, wide and glassy, her cheeks flushed so deep it looked painful. For a second, neither of them moved.

"We um... We should..." Josh couldn't form sentences. He fumbled with his pants, his fingers clumsy and useless, then reached down and offered Katie his hand as she pulled her dress back into place.

"Of course." Brian stood next, not bothering to tuck himself away. "I'm glad we could clear the air."

Josh looked away and grabbed Katie's hand, desperate to get her out of there, but he still saw it. The slight pause. The way her gaze dipped one last time to the thick, throbbing weight between Brian's legs before she caught herself.

That image followed him across the lawn.

"Jesus," Josh said as soon as they were inside, the front door barely closed behind them. "I can't believe that just happened. I mean, it was so..." He let go of Katie's hand and started pacing the living room, one hand dragging through his hair. "I love you. You know that, right? I love you."

Katie didn't answer.

"I mean, I know I shouldn't have wanted to see it. I should've stopped it, or asked if you were okay, or..." He laughed once, then stopped pacing. "Fuck. Are you okay?" Josh turned back toward the door, expecting to find her frozen there. Maybe crying. Maybe staring at the floor, trying to make sense of what they had just done.

Instead, his eyes went wide.

Katie stood in front of the door completely naked, her dress pooled around her ankles. "I need you to fuck me." She stepped out of the dress and looked in his eyes. "Right now."