

Katie lay on her back, staring at the ceiling. Josh had left more than an hour ago, and despite her best efforts, she hadn't managed to fall back asleep. She'd tried to convince him to stay in bed. She kissed his neck, rubbed his thigh, even attempted to go down on him, but he was running late and had several important meetings with corporate that week. The covers had been kicked to the foot of the bed, leaving her bare beneath the slow rotation of the ceiling fan. Eventually, she gave up pretending sleep might come and reached for her phone.

Her body was still worked up, her mind drifting back to last night, and the night before, and the night before that. That had been the pattern all week. Almost a week had passed since Brian's living room, and every night since had ended with Josh and Katie crawling all over each other like they were back at the beginning of their relationship. Josh fucked her from every position he could think of. On top of her. Behind her. Beneath her. He whispered things into her ear that had no business making her cum as hard as they did. *I keep seeing his hands on you. I keep thinking about the way you looked. How badly you wanted him to make you cum.* Every confession was filthier than the last, and each time they finished together, it felt louder and more powerful than anything that had come before. It had become a drug, one Katie was already desperate for another taste of. That was why she was lying awake just before ten, her thighs pressed together as her arousal slipped slowly down the inside of one leg.

Katie unlocked her phone and opened her messages.

Katie: *Miss you. Wish you were here.*

She pressed send and waited for Josh to reply. Less than a minute passed before impatience got the better of her. She opened the camera, angled the phone so the rumpled sheets filled the background, the bottom of her naked chest taking up the top of the screen. When Josh still hadn't answered, she sent the picture.

She smirked as it flipped from delivered to read, then three dots quickly appeared.

Josh: *Sorry, babe. Stuck in meetings all day.*

Katie: *Bummer.*

She took another photo, her nipples just out of view. The lower curves of her dark areolas showed clearly in the frame. Katie rubbed her thighs together as she studied the photo, then caught her bottom lip between her teeth and pressed send.

Her fingers danced along her thigh as she waited for his reply. The message ticked from delivered to read and she held her breath, her free hand sliding down her ribs.

Josh: *You're going to get me fired lol. What are you thinking about?*

Katie: *Oh, I think you know.*

Her cheeks ached from smiling so hard, but she didn't dare look away from the screen. Meanwhile, her other hand seemed to develop a mind of its own. It traced the inside of her thigh, easing her legs apart while she waited desperately for Josh to answer. When the three dots failed to appear, she decided to send another picture.

This one was from her collarbone down, one arm draped across her chest, her nipples peeking above her forearm. Her free hand slid between her thighs. She was already slick when her fingers paused just above her clit. She turned her head toward Josh's pillow, inhaling the faint scent of his skin.

Josh: *That pose looks awful familiar.*

Katie: *Maybe I should send it to him again. I bet he wouldn't wait as long as you to reply.*

She typed with one hand, the other applying gentle pressure to her already swollen clit.

Katie: _I've been touching myself since you left.

That was a lie, but the version where she'd spent two hours staring at the ceiling replaying his voice felt harder to explain, and significantly less sexy. The message changed to read, though no reply followed. Katie closed her eyes and pictured Josh trapped on a video call with someone from the main office, struggling to keep his expression neutral while they droned on about strategies and deadlines. Was he shifting in his chair? Fighting the urge to adjust himself beneath the table? Was it possible he was as turned on as she was right now? Her fingers slipped between her wet folds, and her eyes fluttered shut. Probably not.

"Ahhh." She rotated her hips, Josh's face filling the darkness behind her closed eyes. She saw him sitting in the chair at Brian's house, staring at her like he wanted to kill someone and fuck her at the same time. She'd never seen that look on him before. It had scared her almost as much as it turned her on. Her thumb circled her clit as she pushed her fingers deeper, each breath growing shorter than the last. When she finally opened her eyes, a new message was waiting.

Josh: *Did you cum yet?*

Katie: *No. I keep hoping you'll come home and finish me off.*

His replies were getting slower. She was trying to wait for him, or at least keep some kind of conversation going so it felt like they were doing this together, but he was clearly busy.

Katie: *I keep thinking about how deep his fingers were. Wondering if anything will ever be that deep again.*

She hesitated for a second before sending that one. The words sounded playful in her head, another piece of the fantasy they had spent all week feeding, but they looked sharper on the screen. She didn't want to hurt him.

The message changed to read. Katie held her breath as the three dots appeared, her fingers going still against her clit. They vanished without a reply. She groaned and dropped the phone onto the pillow.

She was right there, right at the edge, her hips rocking against her own hand, her breath coming faster. She thought about Brian's fingers, how thick they were.

"Fuck." Her legs began to shake as she remembered the ease with which Brian had taken control. How nothing she did surprised him. How he never hesitated. Her toes curled, the orgasm hovering just beyond her reach. Behind her closed eyes, Josh was still sitting in that chair, stroking himself while Brian worked between her legs. She remembered the sense of control and hunger she'd had as she watched cum spilling over Josh's hand.

She rolled onto her stomach and pressed her hips into her hand. Her face was hot against the pillow. She tried for another minute, but the orgasm wouldn't come.

Her hips finally slowed. She exhaled through her nose and rolled onto her back, staring at the ceiling fan while her pulse settled. It wasn't going to happen. She couldn't decide what annoyed her more, that she couldn't finish or that she had wasted so much time trying.

She picked up the phone. Josh still hadn't replied to the Brian text. She noticed she'd been more turned on typing it than she'd been with her own fingers inside herself.

The time on the screen read 10:47. She had a shoot with Brian downtown at noon, the mural series they had been discussing all week. She still needed to shower, do her makeup, and choose an outfit, yet she remained sprawled across the bed with one hand between her legs.

Katie tossed the phone onto the nightstand and stood. Her thighs pressed together as soon as her feet touched the floor, a final pulse of unsatisfied need following her toward the bathroom. In a little more than an hour, she would be standing beside the man she had just tried to make herself cum thinking about.

Brian was already set up when Katie pulled into the lot off Commerce Street. She could see him through the windshield, leaning against a low concrete wall with Jewels's leash looped around one hand and his camera bag at his feet, scrolling through his phone. She took a breath, trying to forget about the images in her head from this morning, before grabbing her bag and hopping out.

"How'd you find this place?" he asked as she walked up, still scrolling on his phone.

"Another influencer on Instagram did something similar. He had more of a historical vibe, but the artwork is amazing. Obviously. I'm going for something a little more... casual."

She waved her hand over her outfit. She'd gone with a cropped white Bardot top and a pair of high-waisted jeans. She knew her numbers with form-fitting clothes were better than those without. There wasn't any sense in pretending otherwise. She caught Brian glancing at her as she adjusted the strap of her bag and felt her nipples pull tight against the thin fabric. She looked away before he could see the blush in her cheeks.

"First one's up here." Katie started walking north, pulling up the location on her maps app. She'd spent two days scouting locations, saving posts from other creators who'd shot in the area, cross-referencing which walls had the best light at midday. "There's a skyline piece on the side of a coffee shop," she said as they walked. "Then there's one with a bunch of shapes and strange little drawings a couple blocks away." They crossed a busy intersection, and Katie smiled when a few middle-aged men complimented her as they passed. "The last one is this huge Old West mural down a side street."

Brian quickened his pace to keep up. "You mapped all of this out?"

"Believe it or not, I take this very seriously."

"I can tell." Brian smiled. "I'm impressed. You wouldn't believe how many people I've worked with who think this job is just snapping a few pictures whenever the mood strikes."

Katie wasn't sure why the compliment affected her so strongly. A pleasant warmth spread through her chest, leaving her skin prickling as she walked beside him.

The first mural came into view around the corner, a sprawling city skyline painted across the brick side of a coffee shop. Deep blues and oranges stretched from the sidewalk to the roofline, with thin white lines tracing the buildings like light reflecting off glass. Brian stopped a few feet away and studied it, his eyes moving between the wall, the sun, and Katie. "Stand near the center building," he said, reaching for his camera. "The white top should pop against the darker colors." He scratched Jewels's head and stepped backward into the street, raising the camera as Katie moved into position.

"Like this?" Katie asked, squaring herself with the mural as she slid her sunglasses into place.

"Angle your left shoulder against the wall. Chin up a little more." The shutter clicked in three quick bursts. "Good. Now, hand on your glasses, give me a laugh."

This continued for the next ten minutes, both of them slipping easily into the rhythm of the shoot. Brian called out small adjustments, telling her where to place her hands, how far to turn her body, when to soften her expression, and Katie followed without hesitation. Between poses,

he stepped in to show her a few shots on the camera, praising what worked before sending her back against the wall. By the time they finished, the awkwardness she had felt in the parking lot was gone. Working with him felt easy, almost instinctive, and she found herself waiting for his next direction before he even gave it.

As Brian packed up for the next location, Katie opened her water bottle and took a long drink before bending to pet Jewels. She could already tell from the first few shots that today's shoot was going to be a success. Her audience had grown to seventy-one thousand followers over the past few weeks, and if this campaign performed as well as she hoped, she could be closing in on eighty thousand by the end of the week. A few other influencers had told her that one hundred thousand was where the larger brands usually started paying attention. Sunglass Hut had already bumped her to tier two the week before, earning her an extra two hundred dollars a month and early access to new releases.

"Where to next?" Brian asked, his camera hanging from his neck.

Katie stood, brushed her hands against her jeans, and pulled out her phone as she led the way. Jewels trotted ahead, stopping to sniff a fire hydrant and pulling Brian's arm straight. He started explaining depth of field, something about how a wider aperture would soften the mural behind her and keep the attention on her face. Katie listened with half an ear while checking the map and making sure they were headed in the right direction.

The second shoot moved even faster than the first. The mural was a chaotic mix of bright shapes, crooked faces, and overlapping lines that looked almost random. The sidewalk was busier here, forcing pedestrians to step around Brian as he crouched for different angles. Most kept moving, but a few slowed to watch. The added attention made Katie's stomach flip, but she did her best not to show it. One couple asked if she was someone famous, and before she could laugh it off, Brian had made up some elaborate story about a potential film being produced here with Katie starring. The young couple was confident she was going to be a huge star and asked for an autograph before they walked away.

Fifteen minutes later, they were packing up and Katie had grown strangely comfortable with all of the attention. She checked the results over Brian's shoulder, pleased by how different they felt from the skyline photos. Once the camera was stowed, she pulled up the map again and pointed them toward the final location. The cowboy mural was several blocks south, tucked down a side street closer to the older part of downtown.

"How's Josh liking the new job?" Brian asked as they walked. "Something with numbers, right?"

"Accounting." She laughed, pocketing her phone as she wiped the sweat from her forehead.

"You know he hates it when you say things like that."

"He needs thicker skin." Brian bent to kiss Jewels on the forehead. "Besides, I think part of him likes being teased."

Katie opened her mouth to defend him, then stopped. Her mind slipped back to that night in Brian's living room.

Tell Josh how my fingers feel.

She remembered the way Josh's cock had twitched when she obeyed, how quickly the embarrassment in his face had given way to arousal. Brian had probably only been trying to get under his skin, but maybe there had been some truth beneath the joke. Maybe the little digs made the fantasy feel more real for him. She should ask him.

The final mural covered the side of an aging brick building at the end of a narrow side street. A cowboy sat high in the saddle beneath a burnt-orange sky, one hand resting near the revolver at his hip while cattle disappeared into painted dust behind him. It was quieter than the last location, though the occasional pedestrian still passed at the mouth of the street or cut through on the opposite sidewalk. Katie had just started looking for the best place to pose when Brian handed her Jewels's leash. "Hold her for a minute. I'll be right back." Before she could ask where he was going, he jogged toward a narrow storefront a couple of buildings down and disappeared through the door, leaving Katie alone beneath the cowboy's watchful gaze.

A few minutes later, Brian emerged from the small shop carrying a plastic bag. "You're in Texas," he said, pulling out a tan cowboy hat. "You can't keep doing shoots without one."

Katie laughed as he held it out to her, unable to hide the color creeping up her neck. The hat was nicer than a cheap prop, with a braided leather band around the crown. She ran her thumb along the brim, strangely touched that he had seen something that could improve the shoot and gone out of his way to get it for her. "You bought me a hat?"

"Consider it an investment." His gaze traveled over her outfit, making her hold her breath, before returning to her face. "Put it on. I want to see if I was right."

Katie placed the hat on her head and adjusted it until the brim sat at a slight angle. Brian raised the camera, studying her through the viewfinder before pointing toward the center of the mural. "Stand beneath the cowboy. Back against the wall." Once she was in place, he motioned for her to lift both arms above her head. "Hold the brim with both hands and stretch a little. Eyes closed. Let your mouth fall open."

The pose pulled her top higher against her ribs and forced her chest forward. Katie drew in a slow breath, suddenly aware of how exposed she felt despite being fully dressed. Somewhere behind Brian, footsteps approached along the sidewalk, but he never looked away from her. "That's it," he said as the shutter began clicking. "Forget everyone else is here." Katie closed her eyes and tipped her face toward the sun, her lips parting as she tightened her fingers around

the hat. For several seconds, she heard nothing except the rapid snap of the camera and fading footsteps.

Her breath caught when Brian's hand settled on her waist. "Stand a little straighter. Like this." He adjusted her position, his fingers pressing into the strip of bare skin above her waistband. The correction lasted only a second, but his touch lingered as he drew his hand away, sending goosebumps across her stomach.

"Good." He lowered the camera. "These are going to do well."

Katie opened her eyes. Brian was closer than she expected, close enough for her to catch the scent of his cologne beneath the coffee on his breath. For a moment, neither of them moved.

Then he stepped back and began reviewing the shots, scrolling through them on the camera's display. Katie moved beside him to look over his shoulder. The cowboy hat had been the right touch. It tied her to the mural and gave the pictures an authenticity she hadn't realized was missing.

"I think that about does it," Brian said, lowering the camera.

"Thanks again, Brian. This all turned out even better than I expected."

The street had gone quiet while they worked. Brian looked toward the mouth of the side street, then checked in the opposite direction, like he was looking for something.

"Let me see your phone," Brian said, stepping forward.

"My phone?"

"I think we need to take one more picture." A smile formed on his lips. "For Josh."

Her pulse picked up. She reached into her bag on instinct and handed it over. "What do you mean, for Josh?"

"You saw him that day." Brian's hands settled on her arms, his fingertips sliding slowly over the exposed skin. "He was about to explode in his pants when I was putting sunscreen on your back."

Katie chewed on her lip. He was right. Josh had hidden behind the fence while Brian untied her top and worked the lotion into her skin. When she got home, he had practically pounced on her. The memory tightened her nipples beneath the thin fabric as Brian's hand reached her bare shoulder. She stood frozen beneath his touch, caught between the urge to step away and the need to hear what he would say next.

"And then that night," he continued. "Well, you remember the look on his face when my fingers were inside you."

Katie's cheeks burned. She remembered staring directly at Josh while Brian touched her, watching him cum as the fantasy became real in front of him. The memory struck low in her stomach, sharp enough to clamp her thighs shut.

Brian's fingertips reached the edge of her top, tracing the line where the fabric met her skin. "He likes watching you lose control," he said. "Imagine the look on his face when you send this."

"What... What kind of picture?" Her fingers curled against her palms.

"Oh, just something to get his blood pumping. You know, make him squirm." He winked, his fingers sliding under the fabric and pulling. Katie's eyes went wide, her hands closing on his wrist.

"Are you crazy? There are people everywhere!"

Brian laughed. "I don't see anyone." His fingers tightened on the fabric. "Exciting, isn't it?"

"Brian..." Her grip loosened, just slightly, but it was enough.

"If they would have waited just a few minutes later to walk by, they would have been treated to one hell of a view."

The fabric dragged across her nipples and they were already hard. They had been for most of the day. When the cotton cleared them, she felt the sunlight warm her bare skin and a breeze swept over her. Her breath caught as she stared past Brian toward the open end of the street.

She didn't move, though she knew she should. Being half-naked in public was as good a reason as any, and her gaze remained fixed on the opening, silently praying no one would walk by. She also hadn't cleared this with Josh. She had no idea how he would react, but her chest tightened at the thought of him receiving the picture. Of him rushing through the door that evening and pinning her against the wall.

Brian's hand closed around her bare breast and she let out a soft moan, her eyes half-lidded before she got her hormones in check.

"You said a picture," she whispered, pulling his hand away despite the urge to press into his touch. "So hurry up and take it before someone sees."

Brian stepped back and raised her phone. He looked completely calm, his hand steady as he framed the shot. "Arms up. Grab the brim of your hat."

Katie looked at him, but her body was already moving, falling back into the familiar rhythm of the shoot. She raised her arms and curled both hands around the brim. The shutter clicked three times.

"Good girl." Brian lowered the phone slightly, studying her over the screen. "Now cross your arms over your chest. Let the hat hide the rest."

Katie removed the hat and pressed the crown against her breasts, angling the brim diagonally across her body. It concealed one nipple completely while leaving the upper curve of the other exposed. Brian motioned for her to turn her hips and arch her back against the wall. The pose felt far more revealing than simply standing there topless. Anyone who saw the picture would know exactly what she was hiding and how little stood between them and the rest.

Brian lowered the phone and turned the screen toward her. She looked at herself and her stomach dropped. She was flushed from her chest to her hairline, lips parted, eyes glassy. But she couldn't deny just how good the pictures looked.

"Send that to your boy." Brian's voice was low. "That'll keep him up tonight."

Katie grabbed the hem of her top and pulled it up, covering herself. Her hands were shaking. She glanced toward the mouth of the street. Still empty. She took the phone from Brian and opened her messages, the photo's thumbnail still visible at the top of the screen.

Wish you were here. She had typed those exact words to Josh that morning while lying in their bed with one hand between her legs, desperate for him to come home. Now she stood half-dressed on a side street, her heart pounding after letting Brian take topless pictures of her. The distance between those two moments made her dizzy. She attached the photo and pressed send.

"Send it to me too," Brian said, as casually as if he were asking for a group picture. "For my collection."

Katie's knees threatened to give out. A heavy pulse beat between her thighs as she remembered the darkroom and the rows of women covering the walls. Each of them had stood where she was standing now, agreeing to one picture before moving on to something bolder. She found Brian's contact, attached the picture, and stared at his name above the message. Heat climbed across her skin until she felt close to combusting. She pressed send.

Brian pocketed his phone and slung the camera bag over his shoulder. He started talking about the photos from the first two murals, how the blues in the skyline piece complemented her skin tone, how they should revisit the geometric wall at golden hour sometime. He checked his watch.

"I'll have the edited shots in your inbox by the time you get home. Give me thirty minutes."

"Okay." She didn't dare answer with more than one word.

They walked back toward the lot with Jewels trotting between them, the leash swinging loosely from Brian's hand. He was already describing another location he had been scouting, a long wall

near the rail yard with better shade and more texture. Katie nodded whenever he paused, though most of her attention remained on the phone in her hand. She resisted the urge to check it again. Josh had probably seen the picture by now. Maybe he was staring at it in the middle of a meeting, shifting in his chair and trying to hide what it was doing to him.

Once inside the car, she let out a long breath she was pretty sure she'd been holding since Brian took the final picture. Her hands trembled against the steering wheel as she thought about Brian's hands on her and how, for just a fraction of a second, she wanted his fingers inside her again.

She shook the ludicrous thought from her mind, picking up her phone. The message still sat on delivered. He must be in another meeting. Katie waited a few seconds, watching the empty space beneath the picture as though the three dots might appear if she stared long enough. When they didn't, she opened the photo again.

Her cheeks were flushed, her nipples like diamonds. There was no mistaking how turned on she looked. Katie blamed the frustration she had carried with her all morning. She should have tried harder to finish herself off before leaving the house. Maybe then she wouldn't have let the moment go so far. Or maybe she was overreacting. Brian could be right. Josh might see the picture and feel that same sharp rush of jealousy he had felt before. He'd come home and fuck her like a man possessed, ensuring she got the orgasm she'd been denied this morning.

Katie closed the photo and started the car.

Josh leaned back in his chair and rubbed his eyes. He'd been on calls with corporate from the moment he walked through the door. That would have been bad enough on its own, but Katie seemed especially worked up that morning. He'd tried to multitask during the first meeting, checking her messages while someone droned on about quarterly projections, but his distraction became obvious almost immediately. The last thing he'd read was that she couldn't stop imagining Brian's fingers inside her. It made him so hard, so visibly unsettled, that the regional VP stopped the presentation to ask whether he was okay. After that, Josh silenced his phone and shoved it into his pocket. He hated doing it. Hated knowing Katie was worked up while he sat trapped behind a desk, unable to do anything about it. The phone felt like a ticking time bomb against his thigh, its presence growing heavier with every passing minute.

It was nearly one when the final call ended. Now that Josh had the office up and running, the regional VP had announced they would be audited. The review was fairly standard for a new location. Corporate wanted to make sure everything was being handled by the book. That didn't make the timing any less miserable. Josh watched his team's faces as the announcement landed, everyone groaning or rolling their eyes as they realized how many late nights it would mean. Cole caught Josh's gaze, pressed two fingers to his temple, and mimed pulling the trigger. Josh

might have laughed at the theatrics if he weren't already convinced the VP had a hard-on for him after catching him distracted earlier.

Audits usually took two weeks to get through, sometimes longer for an office this size. Josh had told the team after the call that he didn't want anyone working past eight, though he knew most of them would probably push closer to nine. He refused to be the kind of manager who left while everyone else was still buried in work. By the time he made it home, Katie would have already eaten dinner, poured herself a glass of wine, and taken a shower. He found himself wondering what kind of stories she would have ready for him by then. The front of his pants tightened, and he forced his attention back to the audit.

By the time Josh returned to his office and the commotion surrounding the announcement had died down, he had decided to skip lunch. All he wanted was enough privacy to go through Katie's messages. He knew she had a shoot scheduled with Brian that day, which was probably why she had started the morning the way she did, just to get under his skin. She'd always loved flirting and teasing, but ever since they'd moved into this house she'd taken it to a whole other level and he was all for it.

The second Josh dropped into his chair, he pulled out his phone. The screen lit up with a stack of notifications, and he was hard again as his hands shook while unlocking it. He started at the beginning, taking his time and trying to recapture the rush from that morning. His tongue passed over his lips as Katie exposed more of herself in each picture, and he shifted in his chair while rereading the message about Brian's fingers. By the time he reached her claim that she had been touching herself since he left, he had to check the front of his pants for a wet spot. There was one new picture waiting, but before Josh could open it, someone knocked against the frame of his open door. Cole stepped inside.

"A fucking audit. My team is already stressing," he said, perching on the edge of Josh's desk. "Clara is going to kill me. We went through two audits when I was out in Dallas. She threatened to leave me if I started coming home late again."

Josh laughed. Katie had said something similar when they first got together. Luckily, she'd had her sister nearby back then to keep her company. The two of them would spend entire evenings bingeing cheesy rom-coms and end up passed out on the sofa by the time Josh got home. He wondered whether Stephanie might be able to come stay for a few days if the audit dragged on. It would give Katie someone to spend time with and make the long nights easier on both of them.

"You want to hit the gym? Work off some of this stress?"

Josh's eyes dipped to his phone. The new picture Katie had sent stole his breath. Katie's top was pulled below her breasts. Her hands were crossed over her chest, fingers spread, barely covering herself. The cowboy hat was pressed against her body, the brim cutting diagonally across one

nipple while the upper curve of the other was exposed. Her face was flushed, her lips parted, her eyes half-closed. Josh could hear blood rushing in his ears. The picture wasn't a selfie. Brian had taken it. Katie was topless with Brian.

The realization made Josh dizzy. His grip loosened around the phone, nearly sending it onto the desk. What else had happened? His cock ached as jealousy and arousal twisted together inside him. Beneath the picture sat a single message.

Wish you were here.

"Oh shit."

Josh's head snapped up. Cole was staring at the screen. He had shifted closer while waiting for an answer, and Josh had been too absorbed in the picture to notice.

Cole looked away immediately. "Sorry. I wasn't trying to..." He rubbed the back of his neck as an awkward laugh escaped him. "Man, you're a lucky bastard."

"Shit." Josh laughed, stuffing the phone back into his pocket. "You weren't supposed to see that." His face burned, but his cock pulsed with excitement.

Cole was off the desk now, looking toward the door. "Guess your mind isn't really on lifting right now." He pulled out his phone. "Check this out. We'll call it even."

Cole turned the screen toward him. Clara stood in what Josh assumed was their bedroom wearing one of Cole's white button-downs, the oversized shirt hanging open, just barely covering her breasts while leaving the blue lace of her panties visible below the hem. Her legs were long, tanned. One finger rested between her teeth as she stared into the camera with a seductive grin.

"No, man, you don't have to..." Josh started, though his eyes never left the screen. He took in the length of Clara's legs and the glimpse of lace between them. The shirt framed the swell of her breasts, her nipples hidden just beyond its edges. It looked like something Katie might have sent him. Heat climbed higher into his face before he finally forced himself to meet Cole's eyes. "She's beautiful."

"She is," Cole said proudly. "Looks like we both have pretty good taste in women." He pocketed his phone and headed for the door. "Anyway, I'm going to try to get a set in. Enjoy the pictures." He winked before closing the door behind him.

Josh remained in his chair after Cole left, his phone resting heavily in his hand. Once he was sure no one else was coming in, he opened Katie's picture again and studied it without the panic of being caught. His gaze started at her parted lips as he tried to decipher what she had been feeling when Brian took the shot. Her half-lidded eyes were filled with unmistakable desire. Josh told himself that look was meant for him, that she had been imagining his reaction while she

posed, but the certainty wouldn't come. He needed to hear her voice. He tapped her contact and lifted the phone to his ear as it began to ring.

"Oh my God, finally." Katie answered after the second ring. "I was getting nervous." The words came fast, nearly running together.

"I told you, I had those meetings with corporate today." Josh settled back in his chair. Just hearing her voice eased some of the anxiety that had been building inside him.

"I know, I just... are you okay?" Her tone grew serious. "The picture was... I didn't plan it."

Josh let the silence stretch while he sorted through the answer. He was jealous and a little hurt that it had happened without warning, but the thrill of opening the message and seeing her like that had overwhelmed everything else.

"I know. The picture was..." He drew a breath. "Fuck, Katie, you looked so hot. Did he..." He steadied himself, trying not to let the arousal take control again. "Whose idea was it?"

He heard her exhale. "Are you sure? Because if it's too far I can tell Brian we can't shoot anymore. I can—"

"Babe," he interrupted her spiral. "It was hot. I promise. I'm not mad. Now, tell me what happened."

He heard her smile through the phone, her voice dropping to something more provocative. "Like you want to know exactly how it happened or you want a story?"

Josh glanced at the closed door. He wished he could leave for the day. Four more hours stretched ahead of him, followed by however many late nights the audit would bring.

"A little of both, maybe." He laughed.

"Honestly, most of the day was normal. We took some really great pictures, and Brian was a perfect professional." She paused. Josh heard a car door slam, followed by the chirp of the locks. "The last mural was down this quiet little alley. I thought we were wrapping up, but Brian suggested taking one more picture."

Josh closed his eyes and began rebuilding the scene. There were dozens of details he wanted, questions he didn't have time to ask yet.

"So, it was Brian's idea?"

"As if you have to ask."

Josh rolled his eyes. The man always seemed to know exactly what buttons to press and when.

"Anyway. I asked Brian what he meant and he..." She sighed. Or was it a moan? "He started to pull down my top."

Josh reached down, adjusting himself. "And you let him?"

"No. Not at first." Her breathing had slowed. Josh wondered whether it was because she no longer feared he was angry or because she was replaying the moment too. "But then he reminded me about the pool. How excited you got when you watched him put lotion on me."

Josh sank lower in his chair, letting the memory build as his fingers traced the length of his erection through his khakis.

"Then I thought about your face that night at his house when he..." She gasped. There was no mistaking the sound this time. "When he had his fingers inside me."

"Where are you right now?"

She giggled. "Our room."

"Are you—"

"Focus."

Josh bit his tongue, the tip of one finger still moving slowly along his length.

"After that, I sort of released his hands and he pulled my top down." She groaned, and the sound nearly set Josh off. "His hands were..."

"Did he touch you?"

"Mmm. For a second." Her breathing grew heavier. "My nipples were already so hard from thinking about you. Thinking about your reaction. Then I felt his hand on my chest, and I almost... Ahhh."

Josh lowered the volume on his phone, suddenly aware of how easily someone outside the door might hear her.

"I told him if he was going to take the picture then he needed to get on with it."

"But part of you didn't want him to hurry." Josh's voice dropped. "You wanted him to keep touching you out there, where anyone could walk by and see."

"Nnnnggh. Yessss," she hissed. "Come home, baby. Please. I need you. I was thinking about you the entire time. About how you would react if he..." Another moan filtered through the phone, swallowing the rest of the sentence.

"Did... Did anything else happen?" Josh was palming his erection.

"No." She almost sounded disappointed. "He took the pictures and told me to send them to you. Then I pulled my top up and it was like everything went back to normal."

"You need to cum, don't you?"

"Mmm, so bad."

"You have to wait." Josh looked toward the closed door again, imagining her alone in their bed.

"Don't touch yourself again until I get home."

He heard her start to whine, but she agreed.

"Does, um... Does Brian have plans tonight?"

The line was quiet for several seconds. "Josh... what are you planning?"

"Nothing." He pulled the picture up again, imagining Brian's hands where the cowboy hat had rested against her chest. "We should invite him over for dinner. You know, to thank him for today."

Katie remained silent long enough for Josh to wonder whether the call had dropped. "Josh, I..." She exhaled slowly. "Do you understand what you're asking?"

He pulled his hand from his erection, afraid that if he continued to touch it, even through his pants, he might explode. "I... yeah."

"I'm not sure you do." Her breathing deepened. He heard the sheets shift beneath her. "Because I've needed to cum all day, and if you invite him over..." He heard her moving across the bed. "If you do what I think you're planning to do... then I can't be held responsible for what I do."

Josh's mouth went dry. He could feel the dampness spreading inside his boxers. What was she saying exactly? That she would sleep with Brian?

No. That wasn't what she meant.

So, why was he so hard? He thought about saying never mind. Katie was right; she was more worked up than he could ever remember seeing her. The sex would already be incredible when he got home. But then what? He would spend the rest of the night wondering what would have happened had they extended the invite. Besides, they would be in their house. Josh would be there the entire time, controlling the pace and deciding where the boundaries were. Home-field advantage.

"It's just dinner, babe." He couldn't contain the grin.

"Mmm." The sound came through the phone like a purr, and Josh couldn't tell whether she was answering him or sinking back into the fantasy. "Okay. If that's what you want, I'll invite him

over."

Dinner was surprisingly more pleasant than Katie had anticipated. Brian had brought over a bottle of red wine, something expensive with a label written almost entirely in French. She was already halfway through her second glass as he told them about a wedding he had photographed in North Carolina.

"They'd decided not to have sex for the week leading up to the ceremony," he explained, his eyes cutting briefly toward Katie. "The poor guy was wound tighter than an eight-day clock." He smiled. "You're probably too young to get that reference."

Katie laughed a little too hard, nearly sending wine through her nose. Her hand found Josh's thigh beneath the table, her fingers settling there before tracing a slow line along his leg.

"Anyway, when his bride came down the aisle draped in white, I thought for sure the poor kid was going to pass out." Brian swirled the wine in his glass. "He was fidgeting so much during the ceremony that the preacher actually stopped and asked if he needed to use the restroom."

Katie wiped her eyes with her napkin. She could picture it. Josh standing at the altar so aroused by Katie that he couldn't stand still. The thought sent a pulse of heat straight to her core. Or maybe it wasn't the thought as much as the fact that she too had felt pent up all day long and was desperate for this dinner to end so she could finally get her release.

"I could go on for days with stories like that." He took another bite of the baked chicken on the plate. "But this is something I don't get enough of," he said around the mouthful. "The lemon really comes through with each bite."

"Thank you." Katie's cheeks ached from smiling. She had spent nearly an hour on dinner. She'd hoped they might have a little time to fool around before Brian arrived, but Josh had gotten home later than usual and barely had time to change before the doorbell rang.

"So, I have a bit of bad news," Josh said when the conversation finally lulled. He took a sip of wine. "Corporate told us today we need to prepare for an audit."

Katie set her glass down. "An audit? Already? You just got settled in."

"Standard for a new location, apparently." He shrugged, but she caught the disappointment in his face. "Two weeks minimum. Late nights, documentation pulls. I'm trying to make sure everyone gets out by eight at the latest."

"Two weeks?" She squeezed his thigh. "Josh."

"I know." He drained the rest of his wine. "And I'm pretty sure the VP already has it out for me after today."

Brian reached for the bottle and topped off Katie's glass without asking. Josh slid his empty glass toward the middle of the table, but Brian set the bottle down beside his plate without seeming to notice. Josh stared at it for half a second, then reached across the table and refilled his own glass.

"That's too bad," Brian said, not sounding very upset. "You really should have seen our girl today. She was a natural."

Katie blushed and felt Josh tense beside her.

"She told me." Josh smiled at Katie. "The photos are amazing. I checked before I got home. The numbers are already great."

"Some of the best work I've done in years, honestly." Brian looked at Katie. "I've shot a lot of talent. Fashion, editorial, a few campaigns you'd probably recognize. Some of those shots today are right up there with my all-time favorites."

Katie felt the heat climb her neck and focused on the last piece of chicken she didn't plan to eat.

Brian turned his attention to Josh. "Of course, the best picture of the batch she already sent you, right?" The corner of Brian's mouth lifted.

Katie's hand slid up Josh's thigh, cupping him. He was already hard. Josh gave a half-laugh, half-gasp as he tried to formulate an answer. He cleared his throat and shifted in his chair. Katie's palm squeezed harder against him.

"Yeah... She um... sent it to me." He reached for his wine and took a longer drink than necessary. "It was... She looked great. I can't believe you got her to agree to it."

Brian's smile widened. "I think you'd be surprised at what all she's willing to do."

Katie gasped, pulling her hand away as Josh's cock pulsed under it. The silence that followed lasted only a few seconds, but it felt much longer. She glanced between the two men, suddenly aware of how warm the room had become. "You know, I never showed you the rest of the house," she said, pushing her chair back. "You've basically only seen the kitchen and living room."

Brian looked at Josh first, then back at her. "Sure. Lead the way."

Josh stayed behind to clear the table while Katie led Brian through the rest of the house. The wine was already starting to settle into her, spreading a warmth through her chest as they

crossed the living room and headed down the hallway. Behind them, she could hear plates clinking together, followed by the rush of water as Josh rinsed them in the kitchen sink.

The spare bedroom was the first door on the left. It was mostly bare and hadn't been used since Stephanie stayed with them. The bed was neatly made beneath a floral comforter, and a handful of framed pictures were scattered across the dresser and walls, most of them showing Katie and Josh at different points in their relationship. As Brian looked around, Katie noticed the thin crack running along the baseboard near the corner.

"Happens with slab houses in Texas." Brian crouched to inspect it. "Heat expansion. Nothing serious."

From there, they continued down the hall. Brian peeked into the guest bathroom, then glanced inside a narrow linen closet when Katie opened it to show him how little storage the house seemed to have. The sound of water faded from the kitchen behind them. At the very end of the hallway was the master bedroom.

Katie pushed the bedroom door open and her stomach dropped. The lingerie was still hanging from the closet door handle. Heat rushed into her face before she had fully processed what she was looking at. She tried to act casual as she circled the edge of the room toward the closet, hoping to grab it before Brian noticed. Her fingers had just closed around the fabric when he stepped beside her, close enough for his arm to brush hers. Before she could pull it away, Brian lifted the lingerie from the hook with two fingers and held it toward the window. The sheer mesh nearly disappeared against the last of the daylight.

"I thought I put that away."

"Now why would you do that?" His fingers moved lightly across the fabric. "It would photograph well."

Katie snatched it from his hand. "No. Absolutely not." She folded the set against her stomach, trying to hide it even though the damage was already done. "You were never supposed to see that."

Brian's gaze traveled down the bare skin above her jeans before moving lower. Katie froze beneath the attention. When his tongue slid across his lips, she turned toward the mirrored closet door, unable to maintain eye contact. Brian moved in beside her, close enough that his thigh pressed against hers. In the reflection, she watched his eyes travel over her body while her nipples hardened beneath her shirt.

"It wouldn't be much more than I've already seen," Brian said quietly, causing Katie to shift to her other foot. His attention remained fixed on her reflection for another second before something in his expression changed. His eyes lifted in the mirror, focusing on something behind them. "Josh wants to see it too."

Katie's stomach tightened. In the reflection, Josh stood motionless in the bedroom doorway, one hand resting against the frame. His gaze moved from Brian beside her, to Katie, then to the lingerie clutched against her stomach.

For a moment, nobody spoke. Katie could hear the faint hum of the ceiling fan and the blood pounding in her ears. She expected Josh to say something, to break whatever spell had settled over the room, but he stayed in the doorway. His eyes lingered on the lingerie in her hands before slowly lifting to meet hers in the mirror.

Brian turned to face Josh fully. "Tell her," he said. "It will be way better than the tease you got this morning."

"I..." Josh looked from Brian back to Katie. Even from across the room, she could see the outline of his cock straining against his pants. "Um... I don't think she—"

Brian cut him off. "I've done hundreds of boudoir shoots. Thousands, probably. You wouldn't believe how many couples tell me pictures like these completely changed their sex life." He took the lingerie from Katie's hands and held it against her body, letting the lace fall over her stomach. "I bet seeing her in this, you wouldn't last two minutes."

Katie held her breath, waiting for Josh to respond. Her body buzzed with the energy of an atomic bomb. She couldn't decide what answer she wanted from him. Josh looked at her, his eyes burning with lust, then at the lingerie pressed against her body. His throat bobbed as he swallowed.

Brian was already pulling his phone from his back pocket when Josh finally took a step forward.

"Just... Just a couple photos." The words made Katie's knees buckle. He held his phone out. "Use my phone."

Katie stared at the phone in Josh's outstretched hand. Her pulse hammered so hard she could feel it in her fingertips. The brush of Brian's leg against her still radiated through her body, making her squeeze her thighs together. She'd been wound up all day, she and Josh playing a dangerous game of chicken that neither person wanted to lose. She'd told Josh when he called that she couldn't be held responsible for what she would do. She stared at his erection. He was the one who wanted to see how far they could push this. There was absolutely no reason for her to feel guilty about any of it. At least, that was what she told herself as she met his eyes one last time, searching for anything that would tell her to refuse and call it a night.

When she found nothing, Katie snatched the lingerie from Brian's grasp. "I swear to God, if anyone outside this room sees these pictures, neither of you will live to tell about it." She blew Josh a kiss as she brushed past Brian and headed for the bathroom door.

Katie shut the bathroom door and set the lingerie on the counter. For a second, she simply stood there listening to her own heartbeat. Then she unbuttoned her jeans and pushed them down, only to stop when she saw the dark patch soaked through the front of her panties. "Jesus Christ," she whispered. She touched the fabric with two fingers. It pressed into her with ease, and she stifled a sigh. She was almost grateful to be changing. At least then they wouldn't be able to see just how turned on she was.

The mesh clung tighter than she remembered. There was a tiny bow between her breasts and at the top of her panties, which rode high across her hips, leaving far less to the imagination than they had when she bought them. She had pictured wearing this for Josh dozens of times. Walking into the bedroom and watching his expression change. Letting him believe the whole thing had been planned for him. She had never imagined stepping out in front of him while another man stood beside him waiting with a camera.

Katie turned sideways in the mirror, then slowly back again. The lingerie hadn't changed, but somehow the woman wearing it had. She adjusted the straps, pulled them onto her shoulders. She wanted to perform for Josh. She'd been denied all day and he'd told her to wait. Fine. If this was the fantasy he wanted, she was going to make sure he enjoyed every second of it.

She planted both palms on the counter and drew in a steadying breath, watching the mesh pull tight across her chest. Then she released the counter, straightened the bow between her breasts, and opened the door.

Josh was sitting on the bed when she came out. The cold air from the vent kissed her skin, forming goosebumps. Brian straightened, his eyes raking over her body from the other side of the bed. Her nipples were stiff enough that they were easily visible in the low light of the room. Instinctively, her arms moved to cover her chest, but she paused. Her gaze found Josh and she smiled, cocking her hip to the side.

"Hey big boy," she teased, trying to convince herself that her fiancé was the only other person in the room with her. "Do you like what you see?"

Josh's mouth fell open. His eyes traveled slowly down her body, lingering on the tiny bow between her thighs. Katie giggled and ran her hands down the outside of her hips and across her bare thighs, drawing his attention to her wetness. "I've been waiting all day for you to come home."

She started toward the bed, taking her time, watching Josh's expression change with every step. Then the rapid *click, click, click* of the camera broke through the moment.

Katie glanced toward Brian. He held Josh's phone at eye level as he moved slowly around the foot of the bed, searching for another angle.

"Good," he murmured. "Now walk toward me. Lick your lips."

Katie looked back at Josh. His hand had already drifted toward the front of his pants, his eyes locked on her. That was all the encouragement she needed. She smiled at him, then turned toward Brian's camera and followed the direction.

"Keep coming," Brian said, backing toward the foot of the bed as Katie followed. Katie tried to keep her attention on the camera, but Josh remained at the edge of her vision, sitting perfectly still as he watched her perform. Every time she caught his expression, another smile threatened to break through the sultry look she was trying to hold.

Brian continued around the bed until he reached the headboard, putting Josh directly between Katie and the camera. "Stop there." Katie came to a halt near the foot of the mattress. Her eyes went to Josh immediately, and everything about her expression changed. The teasing smile softened, her lips parted, and she cocked her head as she took in the hunger on her fiancé's face.

"You're so fucking hot," Josh whispered.

His hand rested in his lap, his fingers shifting restlessly every few seconds. That tiny movement was enough. Katie climbed onto the mattress and caught his ankles, pulling his legs straight before slowly making her way between them.

"His feet are in the way," Brian scoffed, lowering the phone. He circled toward the foot of the bed and motioned at Josh. "Pull them back up."

Katie laughed under her breath as Josh bent his knees, moving his entire body up the bed.

"Spin around. Look at me." He raised the phone again. "Now lower the straps. Slowly."

Katie glanced over her shoulder at Josh first. His eyes were already fixed on her. "Hope you like the view from back there," she teased, going onto her knees so that Josh could see just how aroused she was.

Katie bent at the waist and pressed her palms against the mattress. Looking at the camera, she slid the straps off her shoulders. The camisole caught on her nipples and hung there, barely covering anything. Brian raised the phone and took the picture, his own arousal growing between his legs.

"He's still in the shot." Brian turned the phone toward her. He was right. From this angle, Josh's feet were visible at the edge of the frame. Katie wasn't sure why it mattered. The pictures were only for them, and having some evidence of Josh watching almost made them hotter. Before she could say so, the mattress shifted behind her. Josh stood and glanced around the room, apparently searching for somewhere else to sit. He walked toward the chair closest to the bed, covered in unfolded laundry. He bent down, scooping up her tank tops and leggings, tossing them to the ground before sitting down.

"Much better," Brian said, drawing her attention back to him. "Now, lie back. Put your hands over your head."

Katie lowered herself to the mattress. Her head turned and she smiled at Josh. "How's the view over there, baby?" Her hand reached for her top, still caught on the hardness of her nipple. She tugged it down, exposing her chest and drawing a gasp from Josh.

"Perfect." Brian leaned against the foot of the bed and hovered above her. "Arch your back."

Katie heard the unmistakable rasp of Josh's zipper, and her eyes fluttered shut as she sank deeper into the moment. Brian's hand closed around her hip and lifted her slightly, adjusting the angle of her body for the shot. Her mouth fell open as electricity zapped from his fingers to her clit. He had already gotten her where he wanted her, but his fingers stayed against her skin for another second, just long enough to make her body shudder before he finally pulled away.

"Good girl," Brian murmured, checking the last few shots before raising the phone again. "Back on your hands and knees. Come toward me like you're crawling into the frame."

Katie rolled onto her stomach and pushed herself up. By now, the embarrassment had blurred into something hotter, more reckless. Each click of the camera, every seductive glance from Josh and praise from Brian fed into the moment. Her body was alive with need, her panties now clinging to her skin. She crawled slowly toward the foot of the bed, keeping her eyes on Brian while he snapped pictures.

"That's it. Perfect." His voice dropped as she came closer. "You're a natural at this."

Katie reached the edge of the mattress with Brian standing directly in front of her. She could feel the warmth of him from where she knelt, close enough that her pulse jumped again. From this distance, there was no mistaking how aroused he was. The front of his pants strained beneath her gaze, and Katie wet her lips. Another click came from the phone, but she barely registered it. Her attention had shifted. She reached up and caught Brian's belt, her hands trembling slightly as she started working the buckle free.

"His... His pants stay on."

Josh's voice from the chair. It was the first thing he'd said in what felt like hours. Katie froze, the spell breaking just enough for her to look over her shoulder at him. A grin slowly spread across her face. Her fingers were still hooked through Brian's belt, her body perched at the edge of the mattress. It took another second before she finally let go. She planted her hand back on the bed and became suddenly aware of how loud her breathing sounded in the quiet room.

"That's too bad. Would have been a hell of a shot." Brian's voice was low, sharper than normal. He rolled his shoulders and let out a slow breath before looking back at Katie. "Turn to the side. Face your fiancé."

Josh could hardly breathe as he sat in the laundry chair watching Katie. He'd never seen her this excited, this completely lost in the moment. She was flushed and breathless as she followed Brian's every command. He shuddered at the thought of what might have happened if he hadn't found his voice. A bolt of jealousy shot through him, and his grip tightened around his shaft.

Katie pivoted toward him, a grin on her face as she found him stroking himself. Josh shifted deeper into the chair, trying to understand how he could want two completely opposite things at once. He wanted to know how far she would have gone had he not told her to stop. He also wanted to cross the room, pull Katie into his arms, and remind both of them exactly whose bedroom they were standing in.

He'd told Brian they could take a couple of pictures. That was at least twenty pictures ago. He wasn't sure how far this was going to go. Worse, he wasn't sure he wanted it to end.

Brian stepped around the bed until he was behind Katie, then climbed onto the mattress. Josh's stomach tightened immediately. From the chair, the scene looked like something out of a movie. Katie remained on her knees near the edge of the bed, facing him, while Brian settled directly behind her. If Josh hadn't told him to keep his pants on, then he would be... Precum dripped from his cock as he stroked it slowly.

"You poor thing," Brian said, lowering the phone. "Putting on this whole show." His free hand traced slowly along Katie's side, fingertips following the curve from beneath her ribs toward her waist. "I bet you're dying for someone to touch you."

"Ahhh." Katie's eyes fluttered.

The sound made Josh groan, his hand fully inside his pants now, moving almost without thought. Katie's eyes opened again and met his, holding his gaze while Brian's fingers traveled back up her sides. Then her hips moved. Josh's grip tightened as he watched Katie's hips press backward. Brian's hand closed around her waist and Josh stopped breathing.

With one firm pull, Brian drew Katie completely against him. Her body rocked back into his crotch, her moan filling the room. Josh watched her expression change the instant she felt him through their clothes. Her eyes snapped shut, her face tightening as the breath rushed from her lungs. Josh's hand paused, seconds before he lost all control.

"I was right," Brian goaded. "You're absolutely soaked." Brian pushed his hips forward and Katie's fingers dug into the comforter. "Tell Josh how wet you are right now."

"Ohhh," Katie whined. Her eyes opened to slits as she searched for him. "I'm... I'm so wet right now, baby."

Hearing her say it nearly finished Josh. His stomach clenched, his pulse pounding hard enough that he could feel it in his throat. Katie was staring directly at him while Brian held her against his body. The jealousy burned hotter than anything he had felt all night, and somehow that only made his grip tighten again.

There was something almost pleading in the way she looked at him, as though admitting it aloud had made the whole thing more real for her too. Her hips continued to move even after Brian's stopped. Josh watched her lip disappear between her teeth as she pushed herself harder against Brian's cock beneath his jeans.

"She's soaked almost completely through these," Brian laughed, watching Josh's reaction. Then his hands slid upward, spreading across Katie's ass.

Fire rushed through Josh's blood as his stomach twisted at the sight of another man fondling his fiancé. Brian's fingers moved over her slowly, and Katie pushed into it. Her head dipped toward the mattress as her hips rolled back again, leaving a dark patch against the front of Brian's denim.

"She's close." Brian's hand pressed into her skin, his fingers curling around the wet lace. "See for yourself."

Before Josh could process what he was saying, Brian yanked the fabric to the side. Katie's whole body went rigid when her bare skin met the rough denim.

"Oh fuck." Her hips crashed backward, her hand disappearing beneath her body. "Oh God."

Katie's arousal hung thick in the air, familiar enough that Josh recognized it immediately. The smell hit him and went straight to his cock. His hand trembled around himself as he watched her grind against Brian, her hips working harder while her fingers moved frantically between her thighs. His gut clenched so violently that for a second he thought he might throw up. Or pass out. Or cum. He tore his eyes away from Katie and found Brian staring directly at him, grinning.

"She wants it, bad," he said, making no mention of what "it" was, although Josh had a pretty good idea. "Her fingers are as deep as she can get them." He lifted the phone and snapped several more pictures, never taking his eyes off Josh for long. Then he lowered it and caught Katie by the hips, pulling her firmly back against him again. "But I don't think they are working. She wants something bigger."

"You feel that, don't you?" he continued, as he thrust forward and held it there. "How hard I am for you. How big it is."

Katie whimpered. Her whole body seemed to tighten as the movement of her hand beneath her became more frantic.

"Tell him." Brian's voice hardened. "Open your eyes and look at your fiancé. Tell him how it feels."

Katie forced her eyes open and caught Josh across the room. The effort it took seemed written across her face. Her lips parted, breath coming unevenly, and for a second she looked like she might lose the thought before she could get it out.

"It feels..." She swallowed. "God, Josh, I can barely think." Her gaze stayed locked on his. "I can feel..." She was panting now, her head falling forward onto the bed. "Oh God, that's so good... He's so big, baby. So fucking hard and..."

She lost her train of thought completely, as Brian's fingers seemed to dip down to meet hers. Josh strained his body to look, his pupils going wide as he watched Brian's fat fingers meet Katie's before disappearing inside her.

"Ohhhh God, just like that." Katie's voice broke. "Oh fuck, I feel so full."

The words hit Josh like a truck. His chest tightened as she whispered his name again, almost pleading now, and he realized with a sick rush of jealousy that he still didn't know whether he wanted to rescue her from the moment or watch her finally tip over the edge.

It was all too much. Too many sensations all at once. The smell of her arousal, the sight of her whimpering and panting for another man, the words she was saying. Josh's mouth opened, his hips lifting off the chair as his cock swelled, spilling his seed across his hand and in his pants.

Brian's voice filled the air before Josh could even process what just happened. "Look at him." He ran his fingers up Katie's spine and through her hair, pulling her body into his. "Your fiancé just came from imagining you fucking another man."

Katie lifted her head. Her glassy eyes settled on Josh as shame washed over him. She didn't seem to notice. Her mouth was open. Her skin was flushed from her chest to her jaw. She was grinding against Brian harder now, faster, her hips rolling with a desperation that had forgotten all about the camera.

"That isn—"

Brian leaned forward, his lips brushing Katie's ear. Josh could barely make out what he said next. "And now you're going to cum thinking about the same thing."

Katie whimpered.

"Thinking about how different it would feel. How bad you want to know if it will fit."

"Ohhhh. Oh fuck. Oh God, baby, I'm gonna—" Her whole body clenched. "Fuck, I'm cumming, I'm cumming."

From where Josh was sitting, it looked like she was having a seizure. Her entire body shook violently, her thighs trembling so much she collapsed onto her stomach. Brian's fingers stayed buried inside her, pistoning into her cunt so fast that Josh could see her juices splatter his wrist. It went on longer than she ever let it with him, her words coming out an incoherent mess.

Eventually, the orgasm seemed to wane and Brian pulled his fingers free. She whimpered as he left her empty, her entire body still spasming softly. Brian brought his fingers to his mouth, licking them clean, his eyes never breaking from Josh. He was still hard. Josh could see it, the strain of it against his fly, and Brian made no move to do anything about it. He just reached over and picked the phone back up off the mattress.

"Hope you don't mind," he said, tossing the phone onto the side of the bed closest to Josh. "I went ahead and sent myself a few copies as well." He looked down at Katie with a grin as she continued to writhe on the bed. "I'll let myself out."

Katie rolled onto her side, chest heaving, her top still shoved down under her breasts. Her eyes finally opened, looking at the front of Brian's jeans.

"You didn't... You didn't finish."

Brian looked down at her and laughed. "Nope." He reached down, his hand resting on her thigh and staying there. "I told you what you need to do if you want that." He let himself out. Down the hall, the front door opened and clicked shut.

"Josh," Katie started, but he was already across the room before she could finish. His mouth found hers as he crawled onto the bed. She kissed him hard, her hands already pulling at his shirt, her body still trembling against his.