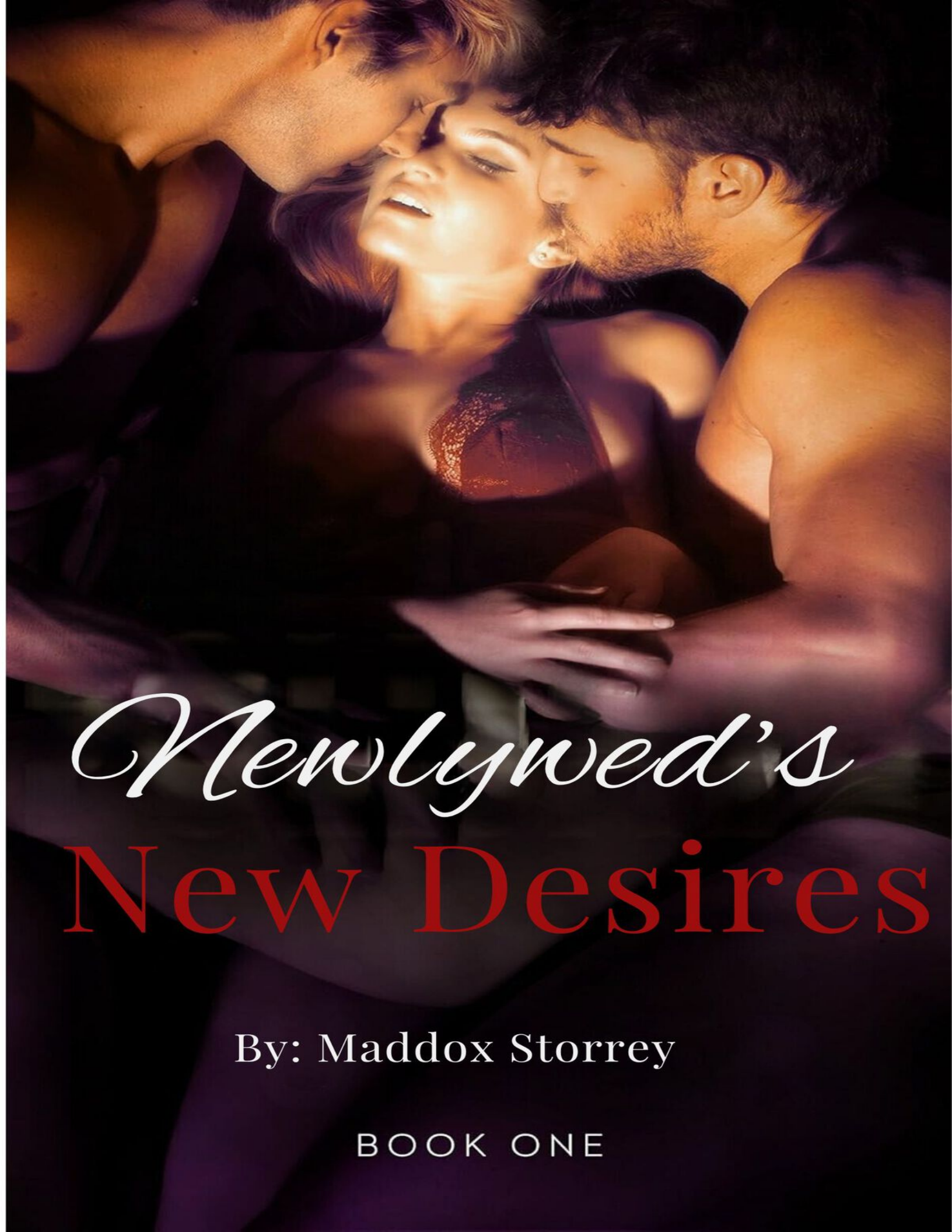




Newlywed's **New Desires**

By: Maddox Storrey

BOOK ONE

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CHAPTER ONE

CHRIS LET OUT a long sigh as he sat at the kitchen table, sipping coffee next to his wife, Ashley. They were going over their monthly budget, and much like the last few months, the numbers just weren't adding up. Chris worked as a salesman in a small firm, and his salary was largely commission-based. Unfortunately, that meant when the company went through some growing pains, such as now, he would feel it as well.

"We will figure it out. I can always pick up an extra shift at the hospital to help out until business picks back up," Ashley said softly as she ran her manicured nails through her husband's thick brown hair. This was something she'd done ever since they got married a few years ago. Chris lowered his head and closed his eyes, allowing the touch of his wife to instantly calm him down as he took another deep breath.

"You shouldn't need to, though. I'm supposed to be the breadwinner. Plus, we need to get used to only having one salary. You'll never be able to quit your job so we can start a family if we have to keep relying on extra nursing shifts." Chris reached back and squeezed her hand. At twenty-five, they had been talking about starting a family for a few years, but like most couples, the timing just never felt right. They had flirted with the idea of Ashley coming off her birth control soon so they could start trying, but now it looked like they might not be able to make their mortgage payment, and getting pregnant felt impossible.

"Lots of women work and can still take care of their family, you caveman," she said with a grin as she slowly stood up and kissed

Chris's neck, her large chest pressing into his back. Chris let go of her hand as he pushed his neck into her lips, wrapping his hands around the small chair until he felt the curve of her ass. "Not my wife, she deserves a break from the rat race. Besides, I can only imagine all the wanting looks you get when people see this cute little ass in scrubs." He squeezed the cheeks of her ass to emphasize his words, causing Ashley to give a soft moan.

"Well, that's true," she said teasingly, "I am known for my bedside manner." As she spoke, she let her fingers slide down Chris's chest and across his abs as he squirmed under her touch. "Would you like to hear all about how Nurse Ashley gives her favorite patients extra attention?" She bit his ear softly as her fingers traced the outline of his now rock-hard cock.

"Fuuuuck, baby, you're so bad." However, before Chris got the chance to capitalize on his wife's playful demeanor, his phone began to ring, and they were both brought back to reality with a long sigh.

"Go ahead and answer that. I need to get to work anyway. I have patients dying to see me, after all." She gave a playful wink before pulling her shirt over her head and tossing it to her wide-eyed husband as she swayed seductively to the shower.

When Ashley emerged from the shower, Chris was already in work mode. His files were spread across the kitchen table, and he was on what sounded like a conference call for work. They exchanged pleasant smiles while Chris barked out sales figures and action plans to the people on the other end of the phone. She stood in the doorway for several seconds, watching him in action. Something about seeing him like this always got her excited. She wished she had longer before her shift at the hospital so she could drop her towel and go to him as soon as he hung up, but she was already running late. Luckily, it was Friday, which meant they would have a date night after work, followed by a long night of lovemaking. As Ashley got dressed for work, she could still hear her husband in the other room. He was yelling at one of the junior sales guys about low

numbers and how his best simply didn't seem to be good enough. She bit her lip and let her fingers slide down her body to her wet folds. She couldn't believe how turned on she was and wanted badly to find release. Her willpower eventually won over, however, as she opened her eyes and put on her scrubs, before mouthing the words "I love you" to her husband on her way out the door.

The morning's playful intimacy lingered with Ashley as she navigated the sterile hospital corridors. Their financial stress felt distant here, replaced by a different kind of tension. Chris's words about her scrubs echoed in her mind, making her increasingly aware of the eyes that followed her movements. She'd always brushed off such attention before, focused solely on her patients and profession. But today felt different. Today, those glances stirred something unexpected.

The weight of their morning conversation pressed against her thoughts as she made her rounds. They were young, ambitious - wasn't this the time to chase dreams rather than security? Yet Chris's desire to be the provider, to give her the choice of motherhood, touched something deep within her. His protective nature both frustrated and thrilled her in ways she was only beginning to understand.

The maintenance man's lingering gaze caught her attention as she approached her next patient's room. Their eyes met briefly, his stare holding more heat than professional courtesy warranted. Ashley felt a flutter in her stomach as she passed, catching his reflection in the window - his eyes definitely weren't on his mop anymore. The thrill of being watched sent her reaching for her phone, fingers trembling slightly as she typed: "Can't wait for date night tonight. Something about today has me very turned on."

His response came instantly, making her breath catch. Chris's provocative photo response suggested their morning's playful energy

had gotten to him as well. Heat crept up her neck as she quickly pocketed her phone, trying to reclaim her professional composure.

"Are you alright, dear? You look like you've seen a ghost." The voice of her elderly female patient brought Ashley back to reality as she stammered an apology and nearly dropped her phone as she walked into the room.

"Yeah, sorry, Mrs. Johnson, just my husband, you know how they are."

"Oh yes, dear, I was married for forty-three years. That man sure knew how to spice things up in the bedroom."

Ashley gasped and playfully slapped her patient's arm. "Oh my God!" she exclaimed, turning red.

"Oh don't be such a prude, dear. The key to a great marriage is a healthy sex life. Why, my Robert did everything from pulling my hair to taking me to a swingers club. Anything to get the juices going." Ashley couldn't help but laugh as she pictured her eighty-seven-year-old patient with two bad knees and a replacement hip walking into a swingers club.

"You're too much! I love Chris and would do anything he asks, but I think we draw the line at cheating. Besides, he's more than enough for me." With a playful wink, she made note of her vitals.

"Don't be silly. It's not cheating if the both of you are okay with it. Trust me, dear, I thought Robert had all I ever needed as well. Until, of course, I realized he didn't." The old lady laughed again as Ashley took her blood pressure. She would have to remember to tell Chris about this because she was sure he would get a kick out of it.

"Your vitals look good, Mrs. Johnson. Dr. Stevens will be in shortly to discuss your surgery and try to get something booked in the next month or two. You try to stay out of trouble in the meantime," she said with a grin as she prepared to leave her favorite patient's room.

"Whatever you say, dear. Do me a favor and let Dr. Stevens know I'm not wearing anything under this gown." Ashley could do nothing but laugh as she exited the room and continued her rounds.

The rest of the workday was fairly uneventful for Ashley, aside from the constant state of arousal. As she said her farewells to her colleagues and friends, she sent Chris another text. "Heading home to shower. What's the plan for tonight?" Once again, her husband's response was almost immediate.

"Sorry, babe, it's been a day, and money is tight. How about we just rain check?" Ashley chewed on her lip and thought about her response. She knew Chris was stressed about money, but she was really looking forward to going out. Plus, she hoped it would cheer him up and get him in a better mood for later.

"How about we just skip dinner and head down to that bar you like, McDuff's? One beer, then we will leave. I promise I'll make it worth your while." She waited a few minutes for his reply. After several, she resigned herself into thinking he just wasn't up for it. After about ten minutes, though, a response finally came through.

"Sorry I was in the shower. You know exactly how to make me smile. A drink at McDuff's sounds great. See you soon." Ashley smiled to herself. She hated feeling like she was manipulating her husband, but she knew a night out would help, at least to some degree, with the stress of the money issues.

McDuff's was your regular run-of-the-mill dive bar. It was built in the mid-nineties by a man going through a divorce, and it sort of became his sanctuary. Beyond the bar, there were half a dozen tables near the back, two pool tables, and a small dance floor some of the locals would dance on when there was a live band or some new pop song came on the jukebox. Chris and his friends used to come here when they were younger; the owner never carded them, and it became a hangout of sorts. As Ashley and Chris stepped into McDuff's, the dimly lit bar greeted them with the smell of stale beer and the sounds of laughter and chatter. They found a small table in the back, and Ashley settled into her seat with a smile, nudging Chris playfully.

Chris managed a small smile, but the worry lines on his forehead remained.

"I don't know, Ash. I'm just not in the mood for a night out. Work has been really stressful lately, and with the financial issues..."

Ashley reached across the table and took his hand. "I understand, babe. But we can't let all that stress consume us. We deserve a break, even just for tonight."

Chris sighed, relenting. "Okay, you win. Let's make it a quick one, though."

As they sat down, Ashley could see Chris was still distracted. She decided to lighten the mood, teasing him gently. "So, do I have to remind you what's waiting for you at home if you're a good sport and come out with me tonight?" As she spoke, she grabbed his thigh and gently kissed his neck as the bartender came over and asked what they were drinking.

Chris chuckled, the tension easing a bit. "Oh, I remember, but I never tire of your reminders."

They ordered their drinks, and as they waited, Ashley continued to banter with Chris, doing her best to lift his spirits. Finally, their drinks

arrived, and Ashley raised her glass. "To us, to tonight, and to leaving all our worries at the door."

Chris smiled and clinked his glass with hers. "To us."

As they enjoyed their drinks, Ashley noticed a change in Chris's demeanor. The tension seemed to melt away, replaced by a more relaxed and playful attitude. She knew she had made the right decision in bringing him out tonight. Suddenly, a voice called out from the bar. "Chris! Is that you?"

Chris's heart skipped as a familiar face emerged from the bar crowd. Clayton. His friend's older brother strode toward their table with the same magnetic confidence that had made him the unofficial leader of their childhood crew. Time hadn't dimmed his charismatic grin - if anything, success had only amplified it. The years melted away as Chris watched him approach, memories of wild nights and reckless adventures flooding back.

"Clayton, hey!" Chris stood up to greet him, extending his arms to hug one of his oldest friends. "Long time no see. This is my wife, Ashley."

Ashley stood up and shook Clayton's hand, smiling warmly. "Nice to meet you, Clayton."

Clayton's eyes widened as he took in Ashley's beauty. "Wow, Chris, you really outdid yourself. She's stunning."

Chris chuckled, a hint of pride in his voice. "I know, I'm a lucky guy."

They all sat down, and Clayton turned his attention to Chris. "So, what brings you two lovebirds to McDuff's tonight?"

Chris hesitated, unsure how much to share. "Just needed a night out, you know? Work's been tough, and... well, things are a bit tight financially."

Clayton nodded sympathetically. "I hear you, man. Times are tough for a lot of people right now. I'm actually back in town because I just created a new app that I think will revolutionize the small business market. Unfortunately, I had to fire most of my sales team for incompetence so now I'm stuck doing sales calls and demos myself and don't have time to improve the product. But hey, let's not dwell on the negatives. Tonight is about having a good time and catching up with old, and new friends." He said with a grin as he looked over Ashley's body.

As the night went on, the three of them laughed and talked, reminiscing about old times and sharing stories. Ashley watched as Chris's mood lifted, grateful to see him enjoying himself. She knew that their troubles wouldn't disappear overnight, but she also knew that moments like these were precious. She was happy to see Chris out of the house and enjoying himself. She didn't know much about Clayton, but so far he seemed great.

As they talked, Clayton brought up their old bets, a tradition from their youth. "Remember those bets we used to make, Chris? The ones where if you won, you got whatever you wanted, but if you lost, I could ask for anything in the future?"

Chris laughed, remembering. "Yeah, I remember. What about it?"

Clayton grinned mischievously. "I propose we play a round. If you win, I'll give you something you want. But if you lose, I get to ask for something in the future."

"Wait a second. Let me get this straight? You guys used to make bets without fully understanding the stakes? Weren't you ever worried it would go too far or the person would just back out?" Ashley asked with a smile on her face. She thought she knew all of her husband's childhood stories, but this was the first she was hearing of any bet. Maybe it was the alcohol, but she was eager to hear more about this. What kind of things did Chris do, did he have a bad boy side she'd never seen?

Chris laughed as he took another drink of his beer. "Well, when you put it like that, it sounds bad. We were dumb boys trying to prove how badass we were. No one ever took it too far..."

"Well, that's not completely true, there was that one time I made a pass at your mom."

Chris nearly did a spit take as he recalled the events. "Yeah, and if I recall she smacked you in the face and practically made you cry."

Clayton rolled his eyes. "Whatever, she was into it. She just did that for show because you guys were around." Clayton said with a wink as he and Ashley made eye contact. "We never had to worry about anyone backing out of a bet. It was just one of those unwritten rules where once you were in it, you knew you had to follow through."

Chris raised an eyebrow, bringing the conversation back to the present. "Okay, so what's the bet?"

Clayton smiled and gestured towards a cute redhead at the bar. "All you have to do is go over there and get her number for me. Just a little primer to see if you still have the goods." Clayton looked at Ashley again, "he used to be a heck of a wingman back in the day."

"Oh, I believe it, he's quite the charmer." Ashley gave her husband's thigh a playful squeeze as she listened to the two friends banter back and forth. Chris looked at Ashley, who was already laughing. "I don't mind, Chris. Go ahead."

Chris nodded, a determined look in his eye as he finished the last of his beer. "Ok deal, but when I win. You make me the new head of sales for your app." He said with a smirk as Clayton nodded in agreement.

Chris wove through the crowd toward the redhead, shoulders back, channeling the smooth confidence of his younger days. The woman's eyes lit up as he leaned against the bar beside her, his practiced smile sparking an immediate connection. Ashley's stomach fluttered

watching her usually reserved husband transform into this magnetic charmer.

Once Chris was at the bar, Clayton slid around to the other side of the table next to Ashley. "So, tell me more about you. How'd you two lovebirds meet?" He asked as he tried his best not to stare at her ample cleavage.

"Oh, the usual story," Ashley said with a grin as she watched her husband buy the attractive redhead a drink and point back to the table where Clayton was sitting. "I was in nursing school and working a shift in the ER. Chris was brought in for a concussion from some hits he took playing college football. I started asking him questions about his injury and he spent the entire time trying to charm me. Eventually, I guess he won me over and I told him if he would stop flirting and take my questions seriously then I would go to dinner with him. The rest, as they say, is history."

"Wow, so beautiful and intelligent. Chris really did hit the jackpot with you, didn't he?"

"Oh, stop it, you're too much." Ashley said playfully, slapping at Clayton's knee before her face suddenly went red. She wasn't sure if it was the alcohol or what, but she could have sworn she felt his cock. She crossed her legs to ease the tingling sensation she felt as she glanced down and noticed the unmistakable outline in his pants and nearly choked on her beer. Clayton couldn't help but smirk, he knew what was happening. It was always a bit of a secret weapon for him. Once a girl knew what he was equipped with it was only a matter of time before their walls came down and they had to experience it on their own.

After a few minutes of awkward silence, Chris returned to the table, a triumphant smile on his face as Clayton got up and returned to his original spot. "Got it."

Clayton was impressed, but only mildly. After all, the girl was someone he'd hooked up with countless times before. He was just

using her as a pawn in his latest game. "Well done, my friend. Well done indeed. Here's my card. Call me on Monday, and we'll talk about that job."

As Clayton hugged them goodbye, Ashley once again felt the unmistakable outline of his cock pressed against her. Tonight had been more than just a night out; it had been a much-needed break from their worries, a chance to laugh and have fun. As they walked out of McDuff's, arm in arm, Ashley pulled her husband close and whispered in his ear, "hurry up and get me home. I'm dying to feel you inside me." She nearly laughed out loud as Chris practically ran the three blocks home.

Once inside, she quickly stripped her shirt off and pushed her husband against the wall. "God, I need you so bad," she moaned as she fumbled with his belt.

"You're on fire tonight. What's gotten into you?"

"Can't a girl just want to fuck her husband?" She whispered seductively as she gripped his boxer-clad cock.

"It's more than that, I can feel it," he said with a grin as he brought his hands to her chest and tweaked her already hard nipple. Ashley purred in his ear in response, increasing the tempo of her stroking.

"What if I told you I was a bad girl at the bar?" Ashley felt her husband's cock flex and his pulse begin to race.

"Bad how?" he asked as he brought his lips to her nipple, eliciting a low moan from her.

Ashley thought about Mrs. Johnson from earlier and what she had said. She'd never really tried role-playing with her husband and wasn't sure how he would react. Worst of all, she wasn't sure she wanted to tell him about how she accidentally touched Clayton. What if he hated her for it? All of that worry seemed to wash itself away, however, as Chris' fingers found her swollen clit. "Mmm, you're

soaked, tell me what happened," he whispered again as he pushed two fingers into her waiting sex.

"Oh fuck," Ashley moaned as she ground her hips into his fingers. She wasn't sure why she was so turned on, but his fingers felt like an electric pulse shooting through her entire body. "I... I may have touched Clayton's dick," she whispered in his ear. His thumb went to her clit as she felt his cock flex once more in her hand as she stroked him, matching his tempo.

"You what?" he moaned, increasing his pressure on her clit. "How?"

She wasn't sure if he was angry or not, but judging by his movement and the way his cock was reacting, he didn't seem to be too upset. "Honestly, it was an accident. He said something flirty, and I went to slap his knee. I guess I was too drunk and aimed higher than I thought or something because I felt more than just his knee. I'm sorry, baby, do you hate me?"

Chris moaned as his teeth came down on her nipple. He then spun around, pinning his wife against the wall as he worked his cock free of his boxers. She felt it press against her warm lips and tried to guide it into her pussy, but he seemed to be teasing her, only allowing it to slide over her clit. "Honestly, I bet you didn't miss it. Clayton has always had a reputation for being... big. One look at you and I'm sure the poor bastard was rock hard the entire time we were talking. You're such a tease," Chris said playfully as he continued to slide his cock over her clit. Ashley tried desperately to align her hips so he would slide in, but he just wouldn't let her get the right angle. "God, I bet he was picturing you naked all night. Sneaking a peek at your perfect tits every chance he got. He's probably back home now with that redhead imagining she's you."

Ashley had never seen her husband like this. They had engaged in a little bit of dirty talk in the past, but nothing so graphic. She wasn't sure if it was all the stress from work or the alcohol that was fueling it, but she couldn't deny it was having an effect on her too. "Oh, I'm

sure he was," she teased, nibbling on her husband's ear. "I caught him trying to look down my shirt more than once. Not that I minded; it gave me a chance to steal another glance at his hard dick. God, it was so big, baby, I bet I wouldn't even be able to get my hand around it." She felt his cock flex again, this time sliding deep into her pussy, causing her walls to immediately contract around it. She let out a loud moan, feeling her orgasm quickly approaching.

He did his best to push her buttons while hoping he wasn't crossing some unspoken line, "I knew you'd like his cock. Tell me how much you loved it," he whispered as he thrust harder into Ashley, whose toes curled in response.

"Oh, I loved it so much. Baby, don't stop fucking me," Ashley moaned, surprised by her husband's question, but at this point, she was willing to go along with anything he did or said.

Hearing Ashley admit this sent his body into unexpected overdrive. He started rapidly thrusting into her, his cock quickly sliding in and out of her soaked pussy. He wasn't sure if she was telling the truth or playing the role. What was even worse, though, was he wasn't sure which one he actually preferred.

"Tell me again. Tell me how big he felt," Chris panted, knowing he was already going to cum soon.

"So big, baby. I've never felt anything like it. God, I bet it's gorgeous," Ashley groaned. She looked up into the eyes of the man she loved seductively. "I bet he would ruin me if he ever got the chance to fuck me."

Chris looped both hands under her ass and spun her off the wall, practically throwing her onto the bed. He was like a man possessed and was instantly back on top of her. The look on Ashley's face had always driven him past the point of no return, but this time he imagined she was looking up at someone else. For some unexplained reason, he let his mind convince him that she was looking up at Clayton. He drove his cock harder into his wife,

thrusting as deep as he could as he replayed the last thing she said in his head: "he would ruin me if he ever got the chance to fuck me."

Ashley's eyes fluttered shut and Chris' face was immediately replaced with that of Clayton as she imagined his length driving into her. This was supposed to be just playful teasing for Chris's benefit. Yet Clayton's presence in her mind felt visceral, demanding. Real. She now couldn't stop picturing his face from the bar looking back down at her as she felt his cock rapidly fucking her. She flashed back to when she accidentally touched his cock at the bar. How thick and powerful it felt. She remembered the outline in his pants and how it looked like it hung down close to his knee.

She bit her lip and felt another orgasm beginning to swell inside of her. "Don't stop, don't fucking stop."

"I don't have a condom on, Ashley," he whispered as she felt his orgasm reaching its breaking point. He wasn't sure what had come over him, but before he could chicken out, he said, "You're imagining him right now, aren't you? Imagining him fucking you." Chris held his breath, unsure of how his wife would respond.

Ashley didn't even open her eyes. Her orgasm was too close, and her inhibitions too low. "Don't stop fucking me, Clayton, don't stop," she moaned.

Fuck, that was hot, Chris thought to himself as he and his wife continued to explore the fetish neither of them knew he had.

Chris kissed Ashley hungrily on the lips, his tongue pushing into her mouth. Ashley grabbed the back of his head and pulled him in closer. Her tongue danced with his as they both fantasized that it was Chris' old friend, Clayton, who was actually between her legs in bed with her right now.

This was it. "Fuck, I'm going to cum, Ashley," Chris grunted as he pulled back from the kiss while hammering into her as hard as he

could.

"Fill me," Ashley moaned, her fingernails digging into his shoulder.
"Fill me, Clayton."

"Fuck, I'm going to knock you up," he bellowed as he felt his cum beginning to boil up in his balls.

"Oh, do it," Ashley said breathlessly as she felt the sheen of sweat cover her body. "Do it, Clayton."

Chris roared as he exploded into Ashley. Hearing her say Clayton's name and telling him to cum inside of her made him explode harder than he ever had before. Dizzying thoughts of Clayton being in this position on his marital bed, with Ashley screaming out Clayton's name from underneath him, filled his head as pure pleasure rocketed through his body.

The second Ashley felt his cum hit the back of her pussy, her own, now third, orgasm rocked her. This one was harder and more intense than any of the others. For a moment, she thought she might actually black out as her entire body was consumed with pure bliss and her hungry pussy milked every drop of cum from her lover. This was like nothing she had ever experienced before, and as much as she wanted to chalk it up to the alcohol and stress of the last few weeks, deep down she knew the real reason.

Ashley's nails dug farther into Chris' shoulders as her legs wrapped tighter around him in a vice grip. The feeling of cum inside of her had set off the ticking time bomb of her orgasm as she came. Waves and waves of pleasure radiated out from her sex. She arched her back, her chest pushed up into Chris' body.

"Holy fuck..." she wailed through gritted teeth as her orgasm washed over her. She collapsed, breathless, as Chris let out one final grunt as he fully emptied himself inside of her.

After a few moments of labored breathing, Chris rolled off of Ashley onto his side of the bed. "That was... intense."

Ashley didn't even open her eyes; her total and complete exhaustion wouldn't let her. "Mmmm, fuck..."

Chris' tired brain tried to tell him he should be bothered that the role-play with Clayton went on as long as it did and finished the way it did, but he had just climaxed harder than ever before, fantasizing the entire time that it was his friend who was pounding away at his wife in place of him.

His eyes were also closed as he summoned one last grin to his face. "I can't wait to do that again."

"Mmmm..."

Without saying another word, both Chris and Ashley, still coming down from post-orgasmic bliss, drifted off to sleep.

CHAPTER TWO

CHRIS DRIFTED INTO consciousness, awakened by the intimate sensation of Ashley between his legs. Her warm tongue teased him awake with gentle strokes.

"Good morning, lover." Her voice vibrated against his skin. "The new head of sales deserves a special wakeup, don't you think?" She wrapped her manicured fingers around him while Chris blinked away the last remnants of sleep.

"How did I get so lucky to marry such an amazing girl?" he sighed as he ran his fingers through her hair. Ashley purred lovingly from between the sheets, her tongue circling his head, willing it to life. "God, I love when you do that," he said, letting out a long sigh as he pushed his head back down on the pillow. Once his dick was completely hard, she smiled to herself and engulfed it with her mouth, running her tongue along its underside as her hand continued to pump his shaft. She loved the way she could get him hard. Watching and feeling her man's arousal build sent a rush of primal, unnamable desire coursing through her. Chris bucked his hips up as soon as her mouth made contact. He held his hands to her head and groaned in pleasure. Ashley was by far the best he ever had. He couldn't believe this was how she was waking him up this morning, but he wasn't about to complain. Ashley took her mouth off his dick but never stopped pumping his shaft with her hand. Her mouth found one of his balls as she gently sucked it. Her tongue began swirling around it, tasting and caressing. Chris let out another low groan, and she moved and began working on the other side, gently caressing and teasing his shaft. Chris was in ecstasy. This

woman knew what she was doing. He'd do anything she asked, so long as she kept sucking his dick just the way she was.

Holding his dick in her hands, Ashley began licking and kissing her way from his balls up his shaft. Her beautiful face puckered and kissed every inch of his dick until she made her way to the head, where she twirled her tongue around it again, sending little shocks through his body. She kissed the head of his cock in the same intimate way she had kissed him earlier. She slowly removed her mouth from the tip of his cock and began planting soft kisses on his shaft as she stroked him. She only stopped stroking him to lick his dick from the base all the way to the head, where she swirled her tongue around again. Chris groaned in frustration and reached forward, grabbing the back of her head and pulling her down onto him. She obliged, removing her hand and letting his dick disappear into her mouth. He held the back of her head gently as she sucked the entire length of his dick into her mouth. Chris knew he couldn't last much longer, and so did Ashley. She reached up, running her nails along his chest as she hollowed out her cheeks and desperately worked her husband's dick. "Oh fuck, I'm so close," he raised his hips off the bed as Ashley continued to work her magic, determined to suck him dry. With one final thrust, Chris grabbed the back of Ashley's head, pushing his dick as far into her mouth as he could as he let out a long moan and rope after rope of cum hit the back of her throat. Ashley purred seductively on her husband's dick, doing her best to swallow every last drop and not allow any of it to spill from her mouth. She felt so powerful sitting there. The ability to literally suck the energy from a man was beyond hot for her. As she heard the last grunt from her husband and felt his cock start to deflate in her mouth, she did her best to put on a show, allowing his cock to drop from her mouth with a 'pop' as she made slurping noises and swallowed the rest of his seed before falling onto the bed next to him, completely satisfied.

"What did I do to deserve that?" He rolled to his side, a contented smile playing across his lips.

"You took great care of me last night; I figured I owed you one," she said with a grin, turning to face her husband, staring deep into his almond-colored eyes.

"Last night was..." Chris paused, searching for words. "Intense. Maybe the most intense we've ever been." He hesitated, vulnerability creeping into his voice. "Did you mean any of it?" His eyes met hers, swirling with a complex mix of emotions - uncertainty tinged with unmistakable excitement.

"You mean, do I want to fuck Clayton and feel his massive, thick cock inside me?" she asked teasingly. As soon as she said it, she could see the arousal in Chris' eyes. He couldn't even speak; all he could do was nod. Ashley smiled sweetly and put a reassuring hand to his cheek. "No, lover. It was all pretend. He's way too arrogant and full of himself. He seems like the type of guy who would only worry about his own orgasm and not care if his partner finished or not. I just played along with your little game. After all, you seem to enjoy the fantasy a lot," she said with a wink, as only then did Chris realize she once again had her hand on his dick, and despite cumming just minutes ago, he was already starting to swell.

"I can't explain it. Maybe it's the thought of you with someone else, or maybe it's just the idea of something new and exciting," he said, trying to understand his own desires.

"It's okay, baby. We all have fantasies. The important thing is that we're open and honest with each other about them. I can't wait to learn what other fantasies you have," she said, her hand slowly stroking his growing erection as she planted one last kiss on his chest and climbed out of bed to go to work.

Ashley moved through her morning routine on autopilot, her mind replaying the conversation with Chris. Her reassurances about Clayton had come easily - perhaps too easily. While she meant what she'd said about his arrogance, something about his magnetic confidence had left an imprint she couldn't quite shake.

The warm water of her shower did nothing to wash away the lingering questions. When had their comfortable marriage shifted into this new territory? She'd always prided herself on being the adventurous one, pushing their boundaries in small, safe ways. But Chris's newfound boldness both thrilled and unnerved her. His eagerness to explore these fantasies revealed a side of him - of them both - that she never knew existed.

Steam fogged the mirror as she dried off, obscuring her reflection. Fitting, she thought, given how blurred the lines between fantasy and reality had become. She loved Chris deeply, completely. That hadn't changed. But something else had awakened - a curiosity that whispered of possibilities she wasn't quite ready to acknowledge, even to herself.

Clayton strolled into his compact, yet purposeful office, tucked away in a corner of town. The small team, primarily composed of sales personnel, didn't require much space, but he preferred this centralized location, to keep a close eye on everyone. Even on a Saturday, the sight of his team diligently at work pleased him. Despite the excellence of his app, it required active promotion. That was precisely why he had brought Chris on board. And, of course, it didn't hurt that Chris's wife was stunningly beautiful, and completely out of his league. Clayton smirked, reminiscing about the previous night and the way Chris's innocent wife had accidentally brushed against him. He anticipated the pleasure of manipulating her to his will. However, business matters beckoned, diverting his thoughts.

As Clayton passed by Katie's desk, he noticed her hurriedly closing a window on her screen upon spotting him. The gesture brought to mind Katie's student debt, a heavy burden she had shouldered long before joining the company. With a warm smile, he approached her desk. "Katie, could you step into my office for a moment?"

Katie gave a concerned look, then cautiously followed him to his windowless office where he shut the door behind her. "Have a seat," he said, gesturing to the chair in front of his desk. He took his time walking to his chair allowing her to squirm and fear the worst. "Katie, it seems you've become distracted lately at work. It feels like you've lost focus and commitment. You need to understand that loyalty is very important to me."

Katie's eyes grew wide and tears started to form. She was barely scraping by as it was, there was no way she could afford to lose this job. "Sir, please, I'm very committed to you and this job. Just this morning I signed three small businesses to a trial of our product and I expect them to convert to paying customers by the end of the month."

Clayton maintained his calm demeanor across the desk. He had her exactly where he wanted her. Just a little more pressure would seal the deal. "Unfortunately, trials don't generate revenue and I need

results.” Clayton softened his facial features and smiled gently at the young woman who was on the verge of tears. “I like to think of myself as a reasonable man. I understand your situation with the student debt. Perhaps we can find another solution. I’m willing to give you one more chance if you can prove to me you’re loyal. Can you do that, Katie? Can you be loyal to me?”

Katie dried her eyes and returned her boss’s smile. “Yes sir, anything you want. I promise you won’t regret it. I’ll be the most loyal person in the company.” Katie quickly leapt from her seat and wrapped her arms around Clayton’s neck, pulling him into a hug. He smiled to himself as he returned the embrace. The poor girl had no idea what she’d just agreed to, he thought to himself as he dismissed her from his office.

Clayton leaned back in his chair, methodically reviewing the day's sales reports. The numbers told a story - steady growth, reliable revenue, but nothing that would turn heads in Silicon Valley. Small business contracts kept the lights on, but Clayton's ambitions reached far beyond mere survival.

His thoughts drifted to Chris. The new hire could open doors to larger corporate clients, the kind with deep pockets and lengthy contracts. A smile played across Clayton's lips as he considered the... additional benefits Chris's arrival might bring. Ashley's innocent touch from last night still lingered in his mind, promising possibilities beyond mere business metrics.

The Morgan Group's profile on his screen drew his attention back to the present. Three thousand potential users. A local tech company with a reputation for innovation. They were halfway through their product trial, and Clayton knew an account this size could change everything. His finger hovered over Jack Morgan's contact information. The CTO had been resistant to previous advances, but perhaps it was time for a more personal approach to closing this deal.

After all, business was about relationships. And if there was one thing Clayton excelled at, it was managing relationships to his advantage.

Chris straightened his tie in the mirror, his gaze drifting to Ashley as she rummaged through her wardrobe. He couldn't help but smile, staring at her perfect ass as she slid on a small black thong.

"You know, you don't have to try so hard. You always look stunning," Chris said, walking over to her, wrapping his arms around her waist, and kissing her neck.

Ashley leaned into his embrace, turning her head to meet his gaze as his hands slid up her body, cupping her large breasts, his fingers sliding over her sensitive nipples. "I just want to make a good impression. Your boss is kind of a big deal." She emphasized the word big, feeling Chris' cock come to life against her ass as she chuckled. "Someone is having naughty thoughts." Her hips gently rocked against his growing member.

Chris chuckled, pressing a soft kiss to her lips. "You're just so sexy. How is it you always know exactly what to say to get me all charged up?"

Ashley blushed, her heart fluttered at his words. "Well, these days it seems all it takes is a little shake of my hips and then mention of a large, powerful..."

Ashley couldn't finish her sentence as Chris kissed her again with even more aggression, slipping his tongue past her lips. She happily accepted it into her mouth, sucking on it softly as her own tongue danced with his.

"I mean every word," Chris replied, pulling back slightly to look into her eyes. "You're everything to me, Ashley. I love you."

"I love you too, baby," Ashley said, smiling up at him. "Now, let me finish getting all dolled up for you." She gave him one last kiss on the cheek then pushed him backward as she reached for her bra.

When they finished getting ready, Chris was even more taken aback by her beauty. She wore a short black cocktail dress cut low enough

to show just enough of her cleavage to make any guy do a double take. The dress came up just past her knee, showcasing her long, toned legs as she walked across the room in her four-inch heels.

As they arrived at Clayton's house nervous energy coiled in Ashley's stomach. She had only met Clayton the one time at the bar, and he was nothing but respectful to her. However, she couldn't help but feel in this short time the lines between what was real and what was fantasy were starting to blur.

Dinner began with the easy warmth of new friendship. Ashley relaxed into the comfortable rhythm of conversation, finding herself charmed by Clayton's role as the gracious host. His attention to detail impressed her - from the perfectly paired wine to the way he drew Chris into discussions about their college adventures.

Yet as the evening progressed, something shifted in ways too subtle to name. Clayton's gaze would linger just a fraction too long when passing dishes, his compliments wrapped in layers of meaning she couldn't quite decipher. Each time she caught these moments, she dismissed them as products of an overactive imagination, fueled by memories of their playful bedroom talk.

Chris glowed with pride beside her, clearly thrilled by how well his old friend and his wife were getting along. He didn't notice how Clayton gradually positioned himself to maintain constant visual access to Ashley, or how each refilled wine glass came with an increasingly intimate story about their shared past.

The wine softened the edges of Ashley's awareness, making it harder to distinguish between Clayton's natural charisma and calculated moves. His smile remained friendly, professional, yet something darker flickered beneath the surface - so quick she convinced herself she'd imagined it. Every time she felt herself growing uncomfortable, he'd smoothly redirect attention to Chris, leaving her wondering if she was overthinking innocent interactions.

"Can I get you another drink, Ashley?" Clayton's voice cut through her musings with silken precision.

"No thank you, I'm fine." Ashley aimed for polite detachment, but uncertainty threaded through her words.

Clayton's approach was casual yet deliberate, closing the space between them with practiced ease. "Are you sure? This is a special blend, imported just for tonight." His breath whispered against her ear, the proximity feeling both invasive and oddly natural.

A shiver traced down Ashley's spine. Chris's steady gaze should have anchored her, but instead it made her feel oddly untethered. When she sought his guidance, his warm smile and encouraging nod only deepened her confusion.

"Maybe just a small glass." The words escaped before she could analyze them, heat rising to her cheeks.

Their fingers brushed during the exchange - an innocent touch that felt charged with unspoken meaning. Ashley retreated a step, wine glass clutched like a shield. "Thank you." Her attempted composure cracked at the edges.

"My pleasure." Clayton's smile held shadows of satisfaction. "I always aim to please." The wink that followed sent her into a coughing fit, giving him the perfect opening to shift focus. "Care for another bet?" He turned to Chris with calculated timing.

"What were you thinking?" Chris asked, sipping his drink as Ashley tried to regain her composure. She was happy the attention wasn't on her anymore as she tried to slow down her pulse and the wetness between her legs.

Clayton grinned, his eyes dancing with anticipation. "I have a bottle of tequila in the kitchen. First person to finish twelve wins. Just like the old days."

It had been years since Chris drank tequila, and he knew he would regret the decision in the morning. However, he also prided himself on never backing down from one of these bets, and he wasn't about to stop now. "Fine, but if I win, I get to go to that big security conference in Vegas next week."

"Vegas? I want to go!" Ashley whined as Clayton refilled her glass without her asking.

"And Ashley gets to go with me."

Clayton thought about the proposal for a minute before nodding in agreement. "Deal, but there are going to be a lot of prospects at that conference, so you better bring your A-game." The two friends shook hands, making the bet official, and Clayton lined up two rows of shot glasses on the kitchen counter. "Pace yourself, I don't want any vomit on my floor."

Ashley took her position as judge, wine glass trembling slightly in her hand. The two men squared off at the counter, a dozen shots gleaming before each of them. She had never seen Chris drink this much before, so she wasn't sure what to expect, but she couldn't deny the excitement of a possible trip to Las Vegas.

"Go," Ashley said, and the two friends tossed back their shots. Clayton started off strong, but after the third shot he had to take a minute to catch his breath. This gave Chris the time he needed to catch up and take the lead. Ashley watched nervously, drinking her wine to help calm her nerves. Clayton smiled to himself, his plan was working perfectly. He made it a show to try to catch back up with Chris, but after his eighth shot he made it a whole production about how much he was struggling. This seemed to give Chris renewed energy as he powered through the last four shots with ease, causing Ashley to squeal and jump into Chris' arms.

The room was already spinning for Chris, and as Ashley leapt into his arms it was all he could do to catch her before falling to the floor with a laugh.

"Good job, baby!" Ashley said again, planting a kiss on his lips. Chris moaned against her lips, his hands sliding up her leg.

"Yes, good job indeed. I've gotta say, I thought I had you there for a minute. I can't believe you were able to drink that much." Clayton's words brought Chris back to reality, and he broke the kiss with his wife to give a cheerful smile to his friend.

"Well look, it's getting late, and you two are clearly in no position to drive. I'll convert the sofa into a pull-out and you can sleep here tonight."

Chris opened his mouth to protest, but as he did the room started spinning again, and he knew it was pointless to argue. Instead, he slowly pulled himself off the floor and lifted Ashley, who was also staggering after having finished an entire bottle of wine. "That's probably for the best." Chris said a little too loudly as he started giggling for no apparent reason.

While her husband struggled to stand, she kissed him again, savoring the moment before Clayton disappeared to prepare the bed. "I can't believe we finally get to go to Vegas. We've talked about going for so long. I'll have to call work in the morning and make sure I can get my PTO approved, but it shouldn't be hard."

Chris kissed her back, his fingers drawing little circles on her ass, causing the bottom of her dress to ride up a bit. "I'm so happy, baby. It feels like our luck is finally turning around."

Ashley agreed, kissing his neck softly, the wine from the night was starting to take effect on her. "It's all like a dream come true. Maybe I should march into the living room and show Clayton just how much we appreciate him." She teased as she heard Chris' breath catch and felt his manhood press against her thigh.

"You're so naughty. Did you see the way he was looking at you all night? He was practically eye-fucking you right in front of me." As he

spoke, his fingers continued to play with her ass, causing her to squirm in his arms.

"It's too bad he only did it with his eyes. Maybe I would have let him have me right there on the table if he tried." Ashley teased, feeling her husband start to surrender to the fantasy.

Just outside the kitchen, Clayton stood watching. If Chris had opened his eyes, he would have seen Clayton come back to the room. He licked his lips as he watched the back of Ashley's dress ride up, her toned ass coming into view. "Fucking beautiful," he said to himself, noticing the wet spot on the front of her panties as she ground against her husband. He wished he was close enough to hear what they were saying, but he could only make out a few words here and there, most of the words a mumbled mess. Despite his desire to stay and watch, he didn't want the young couple to see him standing there and suddenly get uneasy around him. Instead, he took a step back and made it a point to make a bit of noise before appearing back in the kitchen.

"The sofa bed is all made up for you. If you need me, I'll be upstairs, first door on your left," he said as he reentered the kitchen. Ashley was standing against the kitchen table, bracing it a bit to keep her balance, and Chris was leaning against the counter, grinning like a Cheshire cat, his erection threatening to burst from his pants.

"Thanks again for tonight. You've been an excellent host and built a great team."

"Nonsense. Thank you both. I really am grateful you decided to come aboard. I can't wait to get to know you both better," he said, practically eye-fucking Ashley as he spoke, causing her to look away in embarrassment.

Clayton made his way upstairs. Meanwhile, Chris and Ashley made their way into the large living room and sat down on the bed, turning on the TV in an attempt to bring down their excitement. The movie began playing, and Ashley nestled up against Chris, resting her hand on his leg. "I had a lot of fun tonight." Ashley pressed her arms together emphasizing her chest. "And your boss seemed to really like these."

Chris laughed, placing his hand on her thigh. "Oh, I'm sure he did. You didn't seem to mind the attention too much, either."

"What can I say? There's just something hot about getting two guys all hot and bothered thinking about me. I bet he's up there right now thinking about it," she purred into his ear, letting her fingers slowly slide up his leg. She felt his heart begin to race, unsure if it was caused by her words or her actions. As her hand slowly slid up his leg, she brushed against his hardening cock. "Well, well, what do we have here, Sir?" she laughed as she nibbled at his ear, causing him to let out an audible sigh.

"Clayton wasn't the only one who noticed how unbelievably sexy you are." Ashley purred and moved her face close to his. Her hand now lightly caressed his dick through the fabric of his pants. "Mmmmm hmmm, good answer."

Their lips met softly, tongues exploring with gentle curiosity while the evening's events echoed in their minds. Chris put his hand on Ashley's face, his fingertips playing with her ear as the other snaked around and pulled her body close to his. His fingers reached to the base of her neck, where his nails slowly caressed the hair there. Suddenly, he tightened his grip on her hair and pulled her right on top of him, eliciting a soft moan from Ashley.

His mouth opened hungrily, kissing her fast and hard. Ashley responded in kind, matching his passion and pushing herself down into him as she moaned into his mouth. Chris could feel Ashley's dress start to ride up. The soft fabric of her panties rubbed against

his manhood as it strained against him. He ran his hand down and grabbed one of her ass cheeks and squeezed as he pulled her harder into him.

Ashley's moan vibrated against his lips as she deepened their kiss. The firm grip on her ass, pulling her closer, sent sparks of pleasure through her body. It was pressing right into the inside of her thigh. She could feel how wet she was already getting and the heat from Chris' cock was making her grow hotter. She stuck her tongue into Chris' mouth and slowed down their kissing, savoring the taste of him. His tongue darted out and danced with hers, moving to a long, slow, open kiss. She continued kissing him like this as she reached down and slipped her hand beneath the waistband of his pants.

Ashley fumbled beneath his boxers, her hand finally finding the rigid hardness of Chris' cock. He broke their kiss with a sharp inhale as her fingers wrapped around him, stroking slowly. Chris leaned his head back, a wave of ecstasy washing over him. Her touch was electric, igniting him after a day of pent-up tension. Feeling his excitement grow, Ashley kissed and licked his neck, her strokes deliberate and teasing. But the awkward angle and the resistance of his waistband began to frustrate her. "Take these off," she demanded.

"Clayton is right upstairs." Chris's eyes darted toward the ceiling, before instinctively raising his hips.

"You're right, maybe I should go up there instead. I bet he won't hesitate to pull out that large cock of his for me." Under normal circumstances, Ashley would have never talked like this. Perhaps it was all the alcohol clouding her judgment, or maybe just the taboo nature of it all. Whatever it was, it was clearly having an effect on Chris as well, as he gave her a mischievous grin and quickly pulled his pants and boxers off his hips. Ashley gave a triumphant smile as she helped him get them the rest of the way off, sliding off his body and onto her knees in front of him.

Ashley enthusiastically began stroking his now rock-hard cock with her hands as she kneeled between Chris' legs on the side of the makeshift bed. The lust and desire were practically pouring out of both of them as they locked eyes, and she eagerly licked her lips.

She engulfed his dick with her mouth. Chris let out a long moan as he bucked his hips up as soon as her mouth made contact. He held his hands to his head and groaned in pleasure. Ashley never took her mouth off it. It was like her prized possession as she continued to work more and more of it into her mouth. Chris let out another groan, and she let it fall from her mouth briefly, only to suck even more of it back into her mouth. He had never seen her this motivated to suck him before. "Fuck, that feels amazing, baby," he moaned a little too loudly as she proudly took his entire length into her throat.

Chris reached over and grabbed the remote, pausing the movie to avoid either of them getting distracted. Ashley didn't even seem to notice as she released his cock from her vacuum-like seal and started to lick and suck his balls, slowly and deliberately. Ashley ran her tongue from the base of his balls to the tip of his shaft before again watching it disappear into her beautiful mouth. Her makeup had begun to smear as she forced more of his cock into her mouth, gagging herself but refusing to slow down. This went on for several minutes until Ashley leaned back away from him and began tugging at her dress. She peeled it off over her head, slowly revealing Chris' favorite black lace bra underneath. Her soft breasts were held perfectly in place for him to stare at as she once again forced the entirety of his cock into her mouth and let it slowly slide out. "Do you think I could get Clayton's massive cock all the way into my mouth like that?" she asked playfully with a mischievous grin on her face as Chris' own cock pulsed in her hand.

She began to lick his dick again. Slowly. Her eyes were not breaking from his, waiting for a response.

He whispered, "Have... have you thought about it a lot since that night?"

Ashley stared into his eyes, her tongue coming off his dick as she slowly wrapped her hands around his shaft. She grabbed onto it hard and began stroking it. "Would you be mad at me if I said yes?" Her lower lip protruded in an exaggerated pout. "Or would you punish me for being such a baaaad girl?" She could see the lust in Chris's eyes and she could certainly feel it in her hand.

Chris's mind reeled, caught between familiar desire and uncharted territory. "Uughh..." Chris started and then stopped, blanking on how to respond as he willed his cock not to explode.

"You've thought about it too, haven't you?" Her tongue circled the head of his cock. "Tell me, what did you think about? Was it just me accidentally touching him? Was it the thought of me seeing his thick cock for the first time? Or maybe you thought about me in exactly this position with him. My mouth, dangerously close to his large..."

Chris groaned and reached forward, grabbing the back of her head and pulling her down onto him. She obliged, removing her hand and letting his dick disappear into her mouth. He held the back of her head gently as she sucked his cock.

Ashley suddenly pushed herself up and stood next to the bed. Chris was surprised and sat up, unsure of what was happening. She bent over, peeled off her tiny thong, and moved towards him.

"I need you to fuck me." She mounted him, grabbing his dick and guiding it towards her opening.

Chris pushed himself up from the bed, and in one fluid motion, his cock slid deep into her wet pussy. Ashley moaned loudly, her body gripping him tightly as if she never intended to let go. He grabbed her hips, his hands firm as he eagerly thrust into her, but she pressed her palms against his shoulders, stopping him. "You just

watch right now," she whispered, breathless. "Watch as I ride this magnificent cock."

Reality and fantasy blurred in Chris's mind as Ashley took control. Their shared game had taken on a life of its own, crossing boundaries they'd never discussed but somehow both craved. He stilled beneath her, letting Ashley take over. His eyes locked on her beautiful face, twisted with pleasure, as she rode him slowly, her body rising and falling with deliberate control. Her breathing quickened, and he couldn't look away from her bra-clad breasts, rising and falling rapidly right in front of him. The tight pull of her pussy around his cock was almost overwhelming, milking him with each movement, leaving him completely at her mercy.

The games she had been playing today with him had them both waiting for this. Longing for it. She ground herself on his cock so that it kept hitting the right spots to get her to cum. She loved when Chris took charge, and he was great at what he did, but tonight she had to do it her own way. She wanted to tease Chris and rile him up some more, but right now she wanted to get lost in her own orgasm. So close...

She opened her eyes and looked down at him, immediately locking eyes. He was staring up at her, his hands casually behind his head like the stud that he was, looking at her with a self-satisfied grin. He is so fucking hot right now, she thought to herself as she ground her pussy into him.

As he stared at her, he slowly raised his hips off the bed, pushing himself deeper into her. Even though she told him to sit back, she couldn't help but get turned on when he took control. Part of her wished he would flip her over and fuck her from behind right now, using her for his own selfish reasons. She bit her lip, and his smile grew, knowing exactly how she liked it. He was touching the right spot. He slowly dropped his hips and then slowly raised them again, over and over, completely in control of what he was doing to her. She gripped him tighter as his hands found their way back to her

hips, holding them firm, not intending to let go. The way he took back control, the look of confidence and cockiness in his eyes, that smile, the way his cock was touching everywhere at once set her on fire. It came quickly and washed over her entire body. She gripped his cock even harder as she came, her head flying backward in the process.

"Ohhh fuck, Chris," she breathed as her orgasm washed through her. Chris didn't stop but kept up his slow deliberate pace, his cock rubbing against the sensitive spots again and again as her orgasm slowly eased back down.

Before she could completely come down from it, he picked up the speed of his thrusts as his hands moved to her ass, pulling her deeper into him. She felt it begin to rise again. Another orgasm was on the horizon.

"Oh shit. Oh, fuck. Don't stop," she said louder than she intended to.

"Cum for me, baby. Cum," he whispered. "Give it to me."

That encouragement was all she needed, as she came for the second time. Her nails dug deep into his shoulders. Her pussy was gripping his cock so hard that he had to stop thrusting into her. He felt her cum on his cock and had to control his breathing or else he was going to cum with her.

Ashley wanted another orgasm but needed a second to catch her breath. She wanted to stay in this position, so she kept herself firmly planted and tried to regain control.

His eyes locked on her face as she found her rhythm above him. "Is this what you've been thinking of?" she whispered. "Do you secretly want to see me riding him?"

He grunted as he flexed his cock, making her moan.

"Mmmmmmm....fuck that's so hot. You're such a bad boy wanting your poor innocent wife to fuck another man."

"I can't help it. Something about the thought of it. The way you describe it. It's just so hot," he said as his hands began to explore her back and legs. "You really have been thinking about it, haven't you... his dick?"

She grinned and resumed slowly riding him, setting the pace for him.

"I was feeling naughty today," she whispered. "You make me do bad things. I would never do anything to hurt you, but seeing the way this gets you going. It's so wrong, and so sexy." As she spoke, she began to increase her tempo, her imagination starting to run away from her.

She loved seeing him like this. The face he makes when he is insanely turned on. Seeing him look at her like that always turned her on. He looked so animalistic, like nothing would get in the way of him getting what he wanted. She could feel another orgasm building. This one was coming on quickly. The taboo nature of their conversation, his face, and the way his cock felt inside of her was sending electric shocks through her body. It felt like a giant wave of an orgasm coming in, getting ready to crash down on her.

"Sorry, just coming down for some water."

Chris and Ashley turned their heads toward the movement. Standing just a few feet away, between the sofa and the staircase, was Clayton. He was less than ten feet from them, clad in nothing but a pair of boxers that did little to hide the bulge straining against the fabric. His cocky grin spread wide as his eyes roamed over Ashley's body, lingering with unabashed appreciation.

Chris quickly looked away and back at Ashley. The outline of Clayton's dick burned into his mind, subconsciously noting its size. Ashley took an extra half-second to appraise what was happening before she too turned and looked back at Chris. Neither one of them moved, still connected to one another. Both of them on the cusp of cumming.

"Don't stop on my account." Clayton took another step into the room. "It's okay, I'm just going to watch."

Chris and Ashley exchanged a look, each searching the other's face for a clue about what to do next. But before either could act, Chris' body betrayed him, setting in motion something that would forever change their relationship.

The scene was overwhelming. Clayton standing there, watching them, his eyes on Ashley in nothing but her bra. The thought sent a surge through Chris that he couldn't control. His cock twitched, and Ashley felt it. She gasped, the sensation sparking a jolt of electricity that shot down her legs. Her body responded instinctively, gripping him tighter. A soft moan escaped Chris's lips as his hips lifted slightly off the couch, driven by the intensity of the moment.

Ashley closed her eyes, her mind racing. This was no longer a taboo fantasy. A game between two lovers to help ignite their sex life. Something that had always been private and just between them was now being shared with a spectator. Not just any spectator, either. The very person whom they had fantasies about. Who they were just talking about fucking her. It was so bad and unlike her. She shouldn't be doing this. If she were sober, perhaps she would race out of there embarrassed but no harm done. She could get Chris home and in bed to finish this little game. But she did none of that. Instead, she ground her hips into her husband, his cock pressing deeper inside her.

While lost in thought, her body had taken the lead and was gripping his cock as she rode him. Chris was looking up at her in amazement. This was happening. All the talk of fantasies and what-ifs were now coming full circle as the man who had consumed those fantasies sat less than ten feet away.

Chris was beside himself. Ashley was on display for another man while she was fucking him, no less. She wasn't stopping and seemed to be just as into it as he was. He watched as she bit her lip and

threw her head back. Her hands left his shoulders and moved into her hair. Her pussy gripped him tightly. Her breathing grew rapid. Her breasts rose up and down in quick succession.

"Oooohh fuuck," she tried to whisper but failed.

Chris looked over at Clayton, trying to avoid the sight of him and his cock. The spot where he was standing was empty. Did he get bored and go back to bed? He felt a sudden ping of disappointment as he scanned the room.

"Mmm, even more perfect than I imagined." Clayton's voice drifted from the shadows, causing Chris's heart to nearly leap from his chest.

Chris looked up and around but still couldn't see Clayton from his vantage point. Clayton was standing directly behind the makeshift bed out of his view. Ashley came down from her orgasm and immediately felt another one begin building. She opened her eyes and saw her husband's boss standing right in front of her on the other side of the bed.

He was looking at her with an animalistic, lust-filled face. The look that turned her on so much when her husband would make it. Clayton's was more intense somehow. She could tell by his arm movements that he was stroking his cock. She couldn't see it from behind the couch but the fact that someone was touching themselves while looking at her....

She ground herself into Chris harder. She kept the same slow, deliberate pace as she recovered from her last orgasm but tried to push down onto Chris to take him further into her. Chris looked up at her, surprised. At first he didn't think she heard Clayton's voice, but she just opened her eyes and looked at him. She knew he was there and was pushing into him harder.

Ashley only looked at Clayton for a split second before her eyes snapped down and locked with Chris'. Her mouth hung open as she

breathed, her eyes needful. She's getting ready to cum again, he thought. Her face also wore an expression of concern, but her hips never stopped moving. Chris could read the look on her face. Without speaking, she was looking at him for reassurance. Was this okay? Should they stop or keep going?

She was still grinding on him as she waited for some kind of indication from her husband. The situation was surreal; Chris didn't know how to process it or his thoughts. Part of him wanted to pick her up and run away, to keep what was his all to himself. But another part wanted Clayton to see her, to see what a wonderful woman he had married and to be jealous of Chris for it. The thought of him wanting Ashley but not being able to have her made Chris feel like he had some type of power over Clayton. He also wanted to see how Ashley would react. Where would she draw the line? He hadn't thought this through; he didn't know what he really wanted. All he knew was that Ashley's pussy was grabbing onto his dick harder than ever before. The way her chest was rising and falling and the look on her face were intoxicating. He didn't want to stop.

The weight of unspoken permission hung between them as Chris's fingers found Ashley's bra strap. Each inch of newly exposed skin marked another boundary crossed, another silent agreement in their evolving dynamic. He slowly pulled it down her arm until her bare shoulder was on display. Her large breasts were still hidden but now in danger of falling free. Free for Clayton to see.

Ashley gasped, surprised and turned on by Chris exposing her. They exchanged a look and, at that moment, made a silent agreement. This was going to happen.

Ashley closed her eyes and focused on the feeling Chris's dick was giving her. His hips rapidly lifted off the couch as he met Ashley's rhythm in earnest. Clayton stood there looking at Ashley. They knew he was there, and they weren't stopping. This spot behind the bed gave him a great view of her. He didn't have to look at Chris at all. He could just imagine it was him Ashley was riding. He wanted to

get closer, but he had to be patient. He didn't want to end a good thing before it really started.

Ashley was still riding her husband with her eyes closed. Clayton's eyes feasted on the smooth skin of her breasts, rising and falling. He focused on her face, watching it contort in pleasure as she went along with the situation. He licked his lips. "Mmmhmmm."

Ashley's hands moved to Clayton's chest, pushing her body down onto Chris's cock as she sat in a more upright position. With her newfound leverage, she continued to push down to meet Chris's thrusts, opening her eyes to meet Clayton's gaze.

Clayton had his hand inside his boxers, stroking himself slowly, matching the pace the couple was setting. Ashley's eyes burned into his. It felt like they were sharing something, but she was too lost in the pleasure of it all to understand what that was. She was getting fucked and staring at him. Her husband's dick might be in her, but she was focused on him. He licked his lips and grinned at her, placing his fingers on the waistband of his boxers. He started to slowly slide them down, causing her to bite her lip. She was looking at him with lust-filled eyes, a look that up to this point had only ever been reserved for her husband.

Clayton's lips formed the silent question: "Do you want to see it?" Uncertainty flickered beneath his usual confidence, aware of the delicate balance he was disrupting.

Heat rushed to Ashley's face as she realized exactly what he was asking. Should she check with Chris first? Was this still part of the fantasy, or were they about to cross a line neither of them had defined? Her thoughts blurred as her body took over, her growing orgasm drowning out the hesitation in her mind. She curled her toes and rode her husband harder, her breaths ragged, her eyes wide open as if afraid to miss a moment. "Yes," she gasped, her voice trembling. "Fuck yes. Do it, baby."

Clayton wasn't sure if she was talking to him or her husband, and neither did Ashley. However, before she got a chance to clarify, Clayton pulled his boxers away and stepped out of them. His large cock now pointed directly at Ashley. She couldn't believe what she was seeing. It was even larger than she had imagined. Her walls began to grip Chris even tighter. She instinctively licked her lips as her eyes feasted on his large member, causing Chris to groan in pleasure.

Clayton took a step forward, closing the ground between them. He was close to touching the back of the makeshift bed with his cock, inches away from where Ashley was. She flinched ever so slightly but quickly recomposed her sexy demeanor as a hundred thoughts ran through her mind. "Oh fuck, he... he has his dick out, baby. He's stroking his big, thick cock right in front of me."

As she spoke, Chris could feel her walls spasming around his cock. He could feel himself getting close. "Is it as big as you imagined?"

Ashley kept rolling her hips on Chris's cock. Without breaking eye contact with Clayton, she licked her lips again, this time in an exaggerated, almost pornstar-like manner. "Bigger. Oh fuck, so, so much bigger, baby."

Clayton was beside himself. He involuntarily started stroking his cock faster, his breathing quickening. The thoughts of everything that happened today began to flood his brain. He knew getting them drunk would likely lead to him getting to see Ashley naked, but he had no idea it would go this far.

"Mm-fuck, is that okay, baby? Is it okay that I'm looking at his massive cock while you fuck me?" she asked, finally closing her eyes as her orgasm began to take over.

"Fuck yes," Chris breathed. He looked up at her as his sweet and loving wife was fucking him in front of this stranger. She always went along with his fantasies in the bedroom and would often surprise him with the things she would say.

"And how about you, big boy, enjoying the show?" Ashley's eyes were back on Clayton, looking at him as she rode her husband's cock. Chris couldn't believe it. Not only was she fucking him with another man in the room, she was now openly talking to him. Somehow, she always knew exactly what buttons to press to get him off.

"Oh yeah, baby, I like that." Clayton edged closer, his eyes darkening with intent. "I bet you could do a lot more with those lips of yours." He smiled, taking a small step closer to Ashley as her mouth hung open.

That comment was too much for Chris. The heat of the moment, Clayton talking to Ashley like that, her exposed here in front of him, and the way she was milking his cock. It was all too much. With a sharp inhale of breath, Chris came. His cum shot out load after load, drenching the inside of Ashley's pussy, sending her into overdrive. She began grinding her hips harder into Chris, every nerve in his body feeling like it was on fire. Clayton saw this as an opening and quickly moved from behind the bed until he was standing next to its arm, right next to the couple.

"Stay back, Clayton." Clarity cut through Chris's haze of arousal. "No touching." He tried to look more imposing, but Ashley's hard pounding kept him seated in place. She was getting close to cumming herself and wasn't about to lose this one.

"Don't worry, I'm just giving her a better view of what she really wants." He smirked, still stroking his cock. His brassiness was now on full display. He gestured to his cock, and both Chris and Ashley involuntarily looked at it.

Ashley gasped, taken aback. She saw it earlier from across the room. But now, here so close to her, it looked even more massive. Clayton's cock was long, girthy, and looked as hard as a steel pole. And it was hard because of her. For a moment, she thought about

how it would feel inside of her, but quickly pushed those thoughts away and focused on her husband.

"She can't take her eyes off it, buddy."

Ashley immediately blinked. Her eyes darted to Chris, then back at Clayton, not knowing where to look. She closed her eyes to escape the situation and focus on the feeling of her husband's cock inside of her. But behind her closed eyes, the image of Clayton stroking his impressive organ was seared into her brain.

Chris had long since finished, but the situation was keeping his cock hard as a rock. Ashley continued to ride him with desperation. She was going to cum soon. She half-opened her eyes, only to see Clayton's eyes burning a hole through her as he stroked his magnificent cock.

"I'm going to cum for you, Ashley," he said in a commanding voice. In that instance, it sounded like he was the one in control. Like he was the person calling the shots in this fucked-up love triangle. The assertiveness in his voice made her brain short-circuit as she once again wondered what such a cock would feel like. That's when it hit her. The orgasm that had been building inside of her exploded, radiating across her entire body. It hit fast and hard and didn't stop. Pleasure washed over her. Chris could feel Ashley's pussy clenching his cock, holding it tighter than he had ever experienced before.

"Ohhhhhh fuck," she groaned through gritted teeth as her face contorted in pleasure and she stared at Clayton. "Fuck, fuck me."

Her eyes involuntarily closed. Her breasts were rapidly rising and falling; her nails dug into Chris' shoulders. He was trapped beneath her as her legs clamped down.

"Mmm, that's right, Ashley. Come for Clayton, baby." Clayton growled while stroking his cock with abandon.

Mid-orgasm, Ashley looked up at him and saw his balls tighten.

"Fuuuuuck." Stream after stream of Clayton's white-hot cum shot from his cock, hitting Ashley square on her chest. His cum soaked into her black bra and ran down her cleavage. With her chest covered in Clayton's cum, Ashley finally broke eye contact. She stopped moving and tried to catch her breath.

Reality crashed back in waves, leaving Chris suspended between arousal and uncertainty. Ashley's questioning gaze sought his, both searching for confirmation that their relationship remained intact despite the boundaries they'd just shattered. The intensity of their connection, if anything, felt stronger for having survived this test.

Chris could see the guilt spreading across Ashley's face. She needed some reassurance after what had just happened. "I love you, Ashley. More than anything in the world."

Ashley half-smiled, her body still spasming from her last orgasm. "I love you too, baby." Ashley's voice wavered with vulnerability, searching his face for reassurance. "I don't know how that happened. That was... crazy."

"It's okay, it's fine." He looked at her cum-soaked chest. "Let's get things cleaned up, and then we can talk about it."

Ashley looked down at her chest and gasped. "Jesus... I'm a mess."

"We'll get you cleaned up. You look so fucking sexy right now," he said with a reassuring smile.

Ashley smiled back at him. "I love you so much, Chris."

As they shared the moment, they both realized simultaneously that there was a third person in the room. They turned their heads to talk to Clayton, but he was nowhere to be seen. The click of a door at the top of the stairs told them he had gone back to his room, leaving them to deal with the aftermath of the situation alone.

CHAPTER THREE

ASHLEY NESTLED AGAINST Chris as they sat in the 747 bound for Vegas. First-class tickets, courtesy of Clayton, left them stunned. Their only prior flight was to Miami for their honeymoon—a gift from Ashley's father. She knew his overtime hours had funded that luxury, given both families' modest means.

Clayton booked them a suite at the Aria on the Strip, insisting they look successful. Chris's protests were dismissed. He vowed to land big clients at the convention, but Clayton assured him they, oddly including Ashley, were already valuable team members. Chris wanted to inquire further, but events were unfolding rapidly.

Ashley pressed the champagne flute into Chris's distant gaze. "Hey, spaceman. What's going on in that head of yours?" A playful glint danced in her eyes as she settled back into her seat.

Chris accepted the glass, watching how naturally she fit into their newfound luxury. "Just thinking about how lucky I am to be going on this trip with you. How much our life has changed."

"Cheers," Ashley clinked glasses with Chris. A week had passed since the incident at Clayton's. Despite their improved intimacy, she wanted to discuss it, but Chris's hectic schedule interfered. The champagne's warmth spread through Ashley's chest as her mind drifted to Clayton's house. So much had changed that night, yet they'd barely discussed it. Her fingers tightened around the glass. No more avoiding it - they needed to talk as soon as they reached the hotel.

As the plane took off, Ashley looked past Chris as the city disappeared beneath them. She finished her drink and closed her eyes, letting the gentle vibrations of the aircraft lull her into a peaceful sleep.

In her dreams, she found herself in their luxurious suite, surrounded by the glitz and glamor of Las Vegas. The room was dimly lit, casting a soft glow over everything. Ashley was amazed by the sheer size of the room. It was as big as her house back home. As she looked around the room her eyes caught her reflection in the mirror. She was wearing the same dress from a week ago. The short black dress showed off her curves perfectly as she ran her hands along the sides of it to smooth it out.

She heard a knock at the door and when she opened it, Clayton stood before her, dressed in a sharp suit that accentuated money as well as his boyish good looks. His eyes sparkled with mischief as he stepped into the room, closing the door behind him.

"Hello, Ashley." Clayton's voice carried that familiar husked edge. "Don't mind me. I'm just going to watch."

Confusion flickered across Ashley's features. The room seemed to shrink around them.

Clayton took another step forward, closing the distance between them. She felt a flutter of excitement in her chest as Clayton approached her, his gaze intense. She tried to speak, but no words came out. Instead, she was being forced to her knees in front of him. She tried to stand, but it was as if she had no control over her own body. The room seemed to fade away as he quickly lowered his slacks, and his hard cock sprung to life. She felt Clayton's hands in her hair, pulling her closer to the veiny piece of flesh in front of her. Her mouth began to water, sending waves of pleasure coursing through her. She had never felt so alive, so wanted.

Just as she was about to take it into her mouth she heard a voice in the distance, calling her name. She reached out, unable to get her

hand fully around the cock in front of her as she turned her head toward the voice. It was Chris, he was standing in the doorway of the bathroom, watching them with a mix of shock and confusion. Ashley tried to call out to him, to explain, but her voice failed her. Chris's gaze locked onto Ashley, a storm of confusion and desire etched across his face as he crossed the room. Each step seemed to pain him, yet he couldn't look away from her kneeling form. He reached out a hand to touch her face, but before he could, Clayton pulled her face to his cock, his grip possessive.

"I told you she could do a lot more with those lips," Clayton said, as he plunged his cock into her waiting mouth.

Ashley's heart raced as she strained to get her mouth around the monster in front of her. She wanted to tell Chris that it wasn't true, that she loved him and only him. But the words wouldn't come. Instead, she found herself taking more and more of Clayton's magnificent cock into her eager mouth. Tears began to build in her eyes as she choked on it, but she was determined to not give up. Something inside of her wanted to prove to herself that she could tame this beast. Her tongue bathed his length. Suddenly, she saw movement from the corner of her eye. Chris had taken a step back, resigned to his fate as he began slowly stroking his own, now hard, cock. She heard Clayton laugh as he looked at Chris and felt like her body was going to explode. His hands were touching her everywhere, making it hard to focus.

Without warning, Clayton reached down and scooped Ashley up, causing a large 'pop' to echo through the room as his cock dislodged from her mouth. She let out a soft moan to protest as she was being carried off to the bedroom. Her eyes met Chris's one last time as he came on his hand. His eyes were begging Ashley not to go, but before she could form any words the door was slammed shut. They ended up in a lavish bedroom, surrounded by silk sheets and flickering candles. Clayton's hands were everywhere, exploring every inch of her body. Ashley moaned with pleasure, her desire for him

growing with each passing moment as her clothes were quickly discarded and all thoughts of Chris forgotten.

Just as Clayton had lined himself up between her legs, Ashley was jolted awake by the sound of the captain announcing their descent into Las Vegas. She blinked, disoriented for a moment before realizing where she was. Her face was flushed and her pulse was racing as she tried to calm herself down. Glancing over at Chris, who was still asleep beside her, she felt a wave of guilt wash over her. She needed to have that conversation with Chris sooner rather than later.

Clayton's measured breathing synced with the cursor's rhythmic pulse on his screen. Two years of chasing investors, of enduring his father's sneers about "not having what it takes," of building BitGuardian from nothing more than ambition and spite - all of it pivoted on this week. The profit projections on his second monitor taunted him with their proximity to success. Just a few more deals, a few more manipulated pieces falling into place, and he could finally prove his worth. Transform those sleepless nights and sacrificed relationships into vindication.

But concentration slipped through his fingers like water. Instead of profit projections and sales forecasts, his mind replayed fragments from that night. Ashley's allure was undeniable, her flirtation apparent. When he caught them, her reaction surprised him - desire, not shame. Chris's intervention felt halfhearted; he'd allowed much to unfold, even encouraging Ashley. Clayton wondered if Chris's compliance hinted at deeper desires. How far could he have pushed?

He shifted in his chair, arousal mixing with ambition. Both victories felt connected somehow - domination in the boardroom, domination in the bedroom. The same intoxicating rush of power, the same careful manipulation of desires and fears.

Forcing himself to focus, Clayton stepped out of his office into the main room. Everyone was hard at work and barely even looked up from their keyboards. Clayton took the scene in and admired his handiwork. "If it wasn't for me, most of these losers would probably be jobless," he thought to himself, before calling a quick team meeting in the conference room to discuss strategy.

Clayton surveyed his young sales team as they entered the conference room. Most were competent but lacked the killer instinct he sought. He hoped to cultivate this in some, while others would need his closing expertise.

Watching them intently, Clayton battled inner doubts. Past failures and his father's criticism haunted him. Determined to prove himself,

he envisioned a future of wealth and power. A cough snapped him back to the present.

"Sir?" The hesitant voice broke through his reverie. "Should we begin?"

Clayton stood from his chair at the head of the table and put on his best smile as he looked over the small group of employees. "Alright, team," he began, his voice commanding. "This week is make-or-break for us. The deal with The Morgan Group is set to close today, and we have a couple of other major clients on the verge of signing. We need to be on top of our game. I don't want to see any deals fall through. If you feel like you are losing them, then call me in. This isn't the time to have a pissing contest."

Murmurs of agreement rippled through the room as the team prepared to dive into the details of the week's activities. Each person talking to their neighbor smiling and nodding.

"First order of business," Clayton continued, "Chris is in Vegas this week for the sales convention. Hopefully, he's drumming up some new business for us. That means your full attention should be on closing the deals you already have, not worried about getting new ones."

Determination filled the room as the team began discussing their strategies for the week. Clayton listened intently, offering his insights and guidance where necessary, and shooting down others when he heard something he didn't like. He wanted to make it clear, it was his way or the highway this week. No one was going to try to go out and be the hero.

Katie's manicured fingers trembled as she raised her hand, her other hand tugging at the hem of her pencil skirt. "Um, sir." Her voice emerged barely louder than the hum of the overhead lights. A flush crept up her neck as she forced herself to continue. "Creative Horizon is having second thoughts. The price point..." She swallowed

hard, her throat working visibly. "They want to discuss it again end of week."

Clayton's jaw tightened, a muscle twitching beneath his tanned skin. This deal could make or break their quarter. His eyes tracked the way Katie's shoulders curved inward, how her chest rose and fell with shallow, anxious breaths. Such untapped potential in front of him, waiting for the right touch, the right words to blossom - just like Ashley had.

"My office. 4:30." His voice dropped lower, intimate despite the professional setting. "We'll go over _everything_ in detail. I'll show you exactly how to handle difficult clients." He leaned forward, palms flat against the polished table, satisfaction coursing through him as her breath hitched. "Some skills require... hands-on instruction."

Katie's tongue darted out to wet suddenly dry lips. Her fingers clutched her tablet tighter, knuckles whitening as his meaning sank in. A soft "Yes, sir" escaped her as she dropped her gaze to the table, but not before Clayton caught the flash of heat in her eyes. The blush had spread to her cheeks now, painting them a delicate pink that stirred memories of Ashley's own first surrender.

With no further business to discuss, Clayton closed the meeting, wishing the rest of the team luck and promising that everyone could leave at 4:00 today, provided their deals were considered to be in good standing. As everyone began to file out of the conference room, he noticed Katie's nervous look around as she realized she would be the only one in the office with him during the call.

Clayton returned to his office, coding to ease his anxiety while his team worked on sales. Initially focused, he soon found himself constantly checking emails for signed contracts. He resisted micromanaging, knowing it would be counterproductive.

Images of Ashley flooded Clayton's mind - her flushed cheeks, the way her breath caught when he touched her, that mix of desire and

defiance in her eyes. Chris's casual comment about discussing Clayton's... attributes suggested deeper conversations between the couple, private moments where Ashley's curiosity had surfaced. Not an obstacle then, Clayton realized, but a doorway.

The soft ping of his email drew his attention. The first signed contract. His lips curved into a smile as another piece fell into place. Success bred success, after all. Authority, control, power - everything within his grasp.

Clayton's fingers danced over his keyboard before pulling up the BitGuardian dashboard. The hidden features menu appeared with a few practiced keystrokes - his own creation, absent from any documentation or code review. His pulse quickened as he activated the surveillance protocol on Chris's device. Text messages, photos, location data, even ambient audio - all of it now flowed directly to Clayton's private server.

He leaned back, satisfaction coursing through him. Let them think they controlled the game, let them believe their intimacies remained private. Clayton's fingers drummed against his desk as he imagined the possibilities unfolding before him. Some victories required patience, after all.

The Aria's grandeur took Ashley's breath away the moment they stepped into the lobby. Pure energy radiated from the city, infectious and intoxicating. The hotel's facade reflected the Strip's neon symphony, creating a dazzling display that threatened sensory overload. Above them, bundles of glowing glass hung like willow branches from a tree creating a warm ambient glow. In the background the distinct sound of slots and roulette being played caused her adrenaline to course through her as they checked in at the front desk.

Energy pulsed through Ashley's veins with each flash of neon, each burst of slot machine music. Her earlier anxiety dissolved into the electric atmosphere. Here, surrounded by possibilities, the weight of last week's conversation with Chris transformed from burden to opportunity. While Chris handled the check-in, Ashley drifted through the reception area, her attention captivated by the mesmerizing dance of water cascading through an intricate indoor fountain. Her mind drifted to their future. Previously, financial constraints had shelved talks of children. But now, flush with newfound wealth, could she broach the subject of pregnancy? The city's energy seemed to embolden her, making anything feel possible.

"We're all set. You ready to head up to the room, babe?" Chris asked her from behind, breaking her from her trance. She gave him a warm smile and a quick kiss on the cheek as they made their way to the bank of elevators.

When they finally got to their room, it was even more impressive than they had imagined. When Clayton said he booked them a suite, they were expecting a small room with a view. Instead what they walked into looked to be a small apartment. The suite door swung open, triggering the automated blinds. Vegas lights flooded the space, painting their temporary sanctuary in shifting colors. The sitting area was easily as big as their living room back home, and the large bedroom had a jacuzzi inside the room. The couple stood in the door, mouth agape taking it all in. They couldn't believe this

was where they would be staying for the week. It felt like a dream they never wanted to wake up from.

Chris fell backward on the bed, his body immediately sinking into the pillowtop mattress. "I still have a few hours before my first meeting. Do you want to explore the city a bit, maybe grab a bite to eat?"

Ashley stepped away from the window, the neon lights from the strip dancing across the room. She turned toward the bed, her gaze settling on her husband, who was lying there, staring absently at the ceiling. "I'd love that, but first we should talk," she said, her tone teasing as she pulled her shirt over her head, revealing a thin white bra that barely contained her full curves.

Chris didn't notice, his eyes remained fixed on the ceiling, his thoughts consumed by the conference ahead and the deals he hoped to close for his new company. Ashley smirked, watching him for a moment, debating how to pull him back to the present.

"Sure, what do we need to talk about?" Chris felt Ashley's bra fall across his face and he immediately looked to his wife, his eyebrow cocked.

"Last week," she said in a low voice as she stood between her husband's legs half naked.

Clayton shot up in his seat. He couldn't believe his luck! He quickly pressed record on his computer and made sure his door was locked. He felt his dick stir as he replayed that night. He pushed a few more keys on his computer, hopeful to access Chris' camera so he could get the full experience. Unfortunately, his phone seemed to still be in his pocket and all Clayton saw was darkness.

"What about it?" Chris asked, swallowing hard as his mind tried to process what was happening. His mouth suddenly felt dry. Last week got a bit wild, even by his standards. He was still trying to come to terms with how he felt about it. Having Clayton walk in on them and then...finish on his wife had been something he thought he would be disgusted by. However, it seemed to have the opposite effect on his body. He hadn't been able to stop thinking about it since that night.

Ashley smiled, as she slowly and seductively kneeled in front of her husband. She wanted to get this out before they got too deep into the Vegas experience. She thought she knew everything there was to know about her husband, but these last few weeks proved there were aspects he kept hidden from her. Fantasies that they needed to be on the same page about in order to make them work. Had Mrs. Johnson been right? Did Chris want to see her with other men? Even though these thoughts scared and confused her she felt like she had to at least discuss them with Chris in order to be a good wife.

She watched as Chris went back to that scene last week. She saw his breathing get shallow, and couldn't help but notice the lump on his pants start to grow. "I just want to have an honest conversation about it. How it made you feel. When we talked about this before it was all just a fantasy that only we shared, but then last week..." Her voice trailed off as she slowly lowered her husband's pants. He quickly lifted his hips allowing them to slide off with ease as he kicked them to the side. When he did that his phone fell out of his pocket and landed face up. Had they been paying attention they may have noticed the small green light that showed the camera was

in use, but they were far too concerned with each other at the moment.

Clayton sat back listening as the couple talked. The audio was incredible, it was like he was in the room with them. As Ashley took off her husband's pants, Clayton saw the screen of his laptop jumble about and then he was staring at the ceiling of the hotel. He could see the bed, and Chris' leg in the far corner of the screen. Ashley was barely visible as well, her bare arm and shoulder were on the screen but the rest of her body was just off camera. Clayton cursed the angle but didn't dare look away in hopes that she would move her body just slightly and he would get a chance to see her nude chest.

Be honest with me." Her tongue traced along his length. "It's important we communicate about these things. Her tongue traced at veins as she watched him squirm.

Chris reached for his wife's hair but was denied as she painstakingly ran her tongue across his cock. He knew she was right. If they weren't honest with each other about what happened then it could tear them apart. He didn't want that, but he was also concerned about what she would think of him if he spoke those words out loud, what he would think of himself. "I... I'm not sure." Ashley's fingers wrapped gently around his shaft. The teasing was driving him crazy. It was all he could do to get the words out. It didn't help that she continued to play with his cock without applying any real pleasure to it.

"I didn't expect it to happen. Honestly, if we were sober maybe it wouldn't have. But once it did. Seeing the way you looked at him. Feeling the way your body responded to seeing his..."

"His massive cock?" Her grip tightened around Chris, punctuating her words.

He let out a soft moan at the change in pressure and tried lifting his hips to find a rhythm with her, but Ashley quickly loosened her hand seeing the disappointment in his face. "Ah fuck" Chris couldn't believe his once shy wife was saying such vulgar things. He had no idea she was capable of it, but he found it so incredibly sexy.

"Once I saw how you responded it was like..." Chris struggled to find the right words. "It was like seeing the most erotic porn of your life and having it center all around you. Not just the visual aspect of it either, it consumed all of my senses. Hearing you talk to him, feeling your body react, the smell of..."

Ashley couldn't take it anymore, Chris' description of the events had her body aching. She threw her head down onto his lap engulfing his entire length into her mouth. Chris let out a loud moan and bucked his hips, momentarily choking his young wife. For a few long

moments, the only sound in the room was Chris' soft moans and the slurping sounds coming from Ashley's mouth.

Ashley eventually came up for air, both her and her husband now panting. "So, where does this fantasy end? Do you... do you want to see me have sex with someone else? I'm not sure I'm ready for that. I want to make you happy, to help you live out all your fantasies, but the idea of..."

Clayton couldn't help but bite his lip when she said it. The idea of seeing her with another man actually made him want to throw up, but both of them felt his dick twitch when she said the words. "No baby of course not. I mean, I won't lie, thinking about it certainly has a way of turning me on, but I would never want to cross that line. It's like I told Clayton last week, no touching. Letting someone else see your body and dream about touching it while you talk dirty to them is one thing, but I'm not ready to cross that line yet."

Ashley smiled. She was relieved to hear her husband say that. She understood that sometimes things could get lost in the moment and knew it was important to have ground rules.

"No touching, I like that. But then... are you saying you want it to happen again?" Ashley's hand stopped pumping Chris' shaft and they stared into each other's eyes for a long second.

"What do you want? You haven't said how all this made you feel. Did you enjoy having two men's eyes trained on you the entire time? Making them both cum with just a few words and movements of your hips?" Chris bit his lip watching his wife. Finally breaking eye contact as she closed her eyes to relive what he was saying.

Clayton was beside himself in his office. Watching this very intimate exchange between the two of them made his dick hard as steel. He closed his eyes and listened to the slurping noises of Ashley at work, imagining it was him on the receiving end, while slowly stroking his

own dick. As the conversation dragged on he was already plotting his next move. "Not ready to cross that line YET". That was what Chris said, yet. Even if he hadn't realized it, he was already considering letting things advance. Clayton just needed to find the right motivation to help Chris move things along. He had to find a way to remove that stupid no-touching rule.

"I'll admit, when we first talked about this at the bar, I never thought I'd be into it. I was just doing it for you," Ashley swallowed hard as tears filled her eyes. "But you're right—the whole scene was, and is, so erotic. I don't know if it will happen again, but if it does, I don't think I'd be against it. I felt so powerful when it was happening, so alive."

Her eyes met his, and they both smiled. Warmth spread through Ashley's body as she realized how deeply in love she was with this man.

"There was this rush of excitement when I saw he was watching us. I never thought of myself as an exhibitionist before, but now I see the appeal," she said with a laugh, thankful the tension had left the room. She had just one more thing to admit.

Ashley buried her mouth on Chris' cock again. Pulling her cheeks in as her tongue swirled around the head of his cock. Chris let out another loud moan gripping the sheets as he struggled to keep from coming into his wife's mouth. With a loud pop, she released his cock from her mouth.

"I have another confession," she said in almost a whisper her eyes giving off a mischievous grin as she continued to toy with the cock in front of her.

"What did you do? Are you showing off to people at work, too?" The playful tone he aimed for came out sharp, serious. He had worried he killed the mood.

"Is that what you want, baby? You want to start showing off to any guy I come across? You don't want to just share me with your boss, but you want the entire city to know what a hot little slut your wife is?" She bit her bottom lip, surprising even herself as she said the words. She knew, however, it had the desired effect on Chris. He nearly bit a hole through his bottom lip as he desperately tried to use her hand to get his release.

"No, I didn't mean..."

"We are in Vegas after all, I'm sure there are more than a few hot guys here who would love to get a better look at these," She grinned playfully, pushing her chest together as she placed Chris' cock between them.

"Oh fuck, baby. You wouldn't dare," Chris moaned as he began to drive his hips up and fuck his wife's chest.

"I guess we'll have to see," she said with a wink as she let her tongue circle the head of his cock as it pushed through the flesh of her chest.

"So what is it then? What's the confession?"

Ashley bit her lip as she watched her husband, she could tell he was getting close. Originally she was hoping to fuck him after this, but she could tell that would have to wait. " I... I had a dream about him."

"Clayton?" He meant to at least slow down his movements when he asked the question, but somehow they only got more urgent as he watched his wife.

She nodded, again allowing her tongue to snake over the head of her husband's cock. "On the plane, I fell asleep," she kept her eyes locked on Chris. He was working himself up to a finish. At first, she expected to see anger, or at least a little sadness in his eyes, but all she saw was pure lust.

"We had just gotten our room. You were in the bathroom and he was at the door. When I went to answer he forced me to my knees. I think I tried to get up, but I couldn't, and then his cock was out and it was right in front of me and so big," she bit her lip recalling the dream. Her fingers slid down her body, hoping to offer herself at least a little relief.

"Oh fuck," Chris moaned, closing his eyes before he could see his wife's fingers make contact with her clit.

Ashley gave out a soft moan as her fingers found her slick entrance, her own hips starting to rock. "I took him in my mouth. God baby, it felt so real, he was so rough with me, but it only seemed to make me want it more. And his cock, fuck, it was so thick. My jaw hurt trying to..." She gave a soft moan as she teased her folds, she had needed to cum since she woke up from that dream. "Trying to take his whole cock in my mouth."

"Fuck, I'm going to cum, baby," Chris felt his orgasm rising quickly. His mind couldn't process what was real and what was a fantasy anymore. He worked his cock between Ashley's slick chest. All he could see in his mind was his wife on her knees servicing Clayton. He wanted to think about something else, to inject himself into the scene somehow, but Ashley's moans and storytelling made it so vivid.

Ashley pushed her fingers into her dripping sex, her own orgasm approaching much more quickly than she had thought possible. She was beginning to think something was wrong with her. She had been so turned on she'd been these last few weeks. It felt like she was always aroused or thinking about sex.

"You came out of the bathroom, and I thought you were going to stop him, but you just watched. I thought for sure I was going to conquer him though. I was forcing more and more of him into my mouth, I thought I was going to choke or pass out. Just when I thought he may come he scooped me up and took me into the bedroom, locking you out," Ashley's fingers worked her clit faster. Her entire body felt like it was on fire as her juices coated her hand and she moaned in delight.

"Oh fuck... did you let him...did he fuck you?" The words flew out of his mouth faster than his brain could process them. He was no

longer sure if they were talking about a dream or real life, but something in his mind told him it didn't matter.

"He threw me down on the bed and then spread me wide. He pointed that large cock right at my pussy and then....oh fuck," Chris came at that exact time. His cum covered Ashley's chest and face. Not to be deterred her fingers continued to work her slit and only seconds after him, she experienced her own orgasm. She nearly fell forward as her walls clenched her fingers, desperate for them to be replaced by a cock as the image of Clayton kneeling between her spread legs replayed in her mind.

Coming down from their shared orgasm, Ashley looked down at her husband and smiled, dragging her tongue around her lips and tasting his seed. "That was when I woke up, just before he..." She let the sentence end there as she stood and turned toward the shower to wash off.

Clayton was standing over his desk now, dick in hand as he watched the events unfold in front of him. He heard Ashley tell her husband about her dream. He held his breath as he listened to the events unfold, and saw Chris' reaction as she played it all back to him. This was all too good to be true, he was almost certain now he was going to get his chance to fuck this pretty wife, despite what they might think right now.

He felt his own orgasm approaching, and he knew the next time she came, he would quickly follow suit. Just as she stood up and turned toward the shower, her perfectly naked chest came into view. Clayton's eyes went wide with delight as he let out a low growl and painted his monitor with cum.

At exactly 4:30 Clayton heard a weak tap on his door.

"It's open," he yelled, closing out BitGuardian and pulling back up his email just as Katie walked in.

"You wanted to see me, sir?" She asked shyly, her eyes looking to the ground.

"Good, you're here. Shut the door and have a seat," He rose from his chair and stretched out. "Tell me the latest."

"Well, um, like I said in the meeting. I thought the deal was near done then at the last minute they..." Katie froze her mouth hanging open as Clayton stood behind her placing his hands on her shoulders. Her entire body tensed as she lost her train of thought.

"Go on," His voice sounded so powerful like he was speaking through a megaphone right into her ear. She tried to focus her breathing, but suddenly the room felt so suffocating, that she worried she might faint.

"They, um... they came back to me this morning and said they needed at least another 20 percent discount in order to move forward," she felt his hands tighten on her shoulders as she spoke. "I...I've been trying my best, sir. The product is just h-hard to sell sometimes..."

Clayton sighed like a disappointed father. "The product isn't the issue. The issue is your pitiful lack of confidence and assertiveness. Take right now, for example. I can see how uncomfortable I'm making you, yet instead of addressing it, instead of standing up and slapping me, you bottle it up and take it."

Katie felt Clayton remove his hands from her shoulders and heard his footsteps as he walked in front of her. He placed a finger under her chin, forcing her widened eyes to meet his.

"But I'm going to change that. From this moment on, every day at this hour, you will come to my office for training. By the time I'm

done with you, you'll be able to sell ice to a fucking Eskimo."

Katie gasped. She wasn't sure how to respond. All she could do was nod silently.

"Stop nodding. When someone says something you look them in the eye and respond!"

Katie bit her lip, uncertainty freezing her in place. All she could do was nod silently.

"Stop nodding. When someone says something you look them in the eye and respond!"

Her teeth worried her bottom lip. This felt wrong, yet somewhere deep down she wondered if submitting to his torment might actually improve her sales skills.

With a sudden burst of confidence, she lifted her head and locked eyes with him. "Yes sir."

He held her eyes for an uncomfortably long moment before allowing a slow smile to spread across his face. "Better. You're already making progress."

"Now, stand up." His body remained immobile, forcing Katie to brush against him as she rose.

The first hour established their pattern. Clayton circled her like a shark testing its prey, stopping occasionally to adjust her posture or correct her tone. Each role-play scenario grew more intense, more physical.

"Again," he demanded, invading her space until she could feel the heat radiating from his body. "Sell me on our security features."

Katie's voice trembled less with each attempt, though whether from growing confidence or something else entirely remained unclear.

Clayton's hands found her shoulders, her jaw, her hips - each touch a lesson in dominance masked as professional guidance.

Days bled together, their sessions following the same crescendo of physical intimidation and calculated praise. What began as simple sales training evolved into an intricate dance of power and submission. Katie found herself anticipating his touch, craving his approval.

"Speak from the diaphragm! With confidence! Don't let me intimidate you," he said through clenched teeth, his face just inches from hers. Katie struggled not to cringe away from his hot breath and unwavering stare. After each painfully long segment in the session, he would make it a point to praise her on her progress no matter how small.

"I'm starting to see a fire in your eyes. Good, good. We're getting somewhere now," a subtle undercurrent ran through his praise, both a reward and a threat if she dared to backslide.

Increasingly dependent on his approval yet fearing his intensifying rebukes, Katie found herself getting lost in the moment of it all. At first, his touch made her feel suffocated and in danger. Now, each touch felt like a jolt of electricity running through her body. Katie found herself spending nights rehearsing his lessons in her apartment. An obsession with pleasing this man who had hand-picked her for his personal tutelage began to eclipse all other areas of her life. Clayton couldn't believe how drawn to it she had become. In just under a week, Katie had changed almost her entire persona, drawn to it like a moth to a flame.

Chris straightened his tie again, its tightness constricting like the pressures riding on this convention. He took a deep breath, willing himself to put his best foot forward for BitGuardian.

Everything rode on his performance here. Clayton's faith in him. His own need to prove the doubters wrong. His chance to show he belonged in this world. Tech industry booths and professionals packed the sprawling space shaking hands and exchanging business cards.

An hour later, Chris was momentarily caught off-guard as his phone buzzed in his pocket. It was a text from Ashley containing just two words and an attached photo - "Miss me?"

He bit his lip as he glimpsed the picture she'd sent. It was a classic Ashley move, a flirty swimsuit selfie from the Aria pool with a coy expression on her face. He knew from experience her texts were only going to get more provocative from here.

Pocketing his phone, he refocused on the IT manager he'd been pitching to. "Sorry about that. As I was saying, our multi-factor authentication process is fool-proof so there's no risk of..."

His voice trailed off as his phone vibrated again. This time it was a video message titled "For your eyes only ;)"

Chris coughed to cover his pause. "You'll have to excuse me one moment," he stepped away to find a quiet corner, hands trembling slightly as he opened the video.

It started innocuously enough, just Ashley lounging poolside in a tiny crimson bikini. But then she blew a kiss towards the camera lens and let the camera slowly travel down her body. For a moment it looked like she had no top on at all, but at the last second, the slightest hint of one appeared barely covering the top of her nipple. Chris felt his pulse quicken as he wondered how far this game of hers was going to go. He needed to refocus. Unfortunately, as he looked up from his

phone screen the IT manager had already moved on, clearly annoyed at his lack of attention.

He moved on to the next group, the phone still intermittently buzzing away with naughty photos and videos from Ashley. Between pitches, he managed to sneak a look at her latest message. She must have gotten bored at the pool and decided to do some shopping. The latest picture showed her standing in front of a full-length mirror in just a small black lace pair of panties, the curve of one breast barely peeking out of the frame with the text "Trying on some new outfits for you ;)"

Chris was determined to stay laser-focused as he approached the booth for Larkin Industries, a manufacturing firm with around 2,000 employees across the southwest. This was exactly the kind of business that he needed to get on board to prove himself.

"Tom Ashford, head of IT," the graying man in a navy suit introduced himself with a firm handshake. "What can you tell me about this BitGuardian thing?"

Chris launched into his pitch, putting on his most charismatic smile. "Our mobile device management software is going to revolutionize how you handle security and encryption across your employees' phones and tablets. With BitGuardian's military-grade protocols..."

As he spoke, his phone vibrated almost urgently in his pocket. Certainly another teasing message from Ashley. He determinedly ignored it and kept his focus on Tom.

"...And our spiderweb integration can map and secure every single device linked to your central company network. Gartner predicts mobile cyber attacks are going to spike 85% over the next year, so locking things down is crucial."

Tom stroked his chin thoughtfully. "That all sounds pretty impressive. I've got to say, mobile security has been a real vulnerability for us lately."

Chris's phone buzzed again, this time with an insistent pulse pattern telling him it was likely video rather than just photos. He fought to keep his mind from wandering to what sort of salacious content Ashley might have sent.

"And with our continuous monitoring systems, we'll keep threats at bay 24/7," he barreled on, hoping to wrap up the conversation before temptation got the better of him. "Let me know if you'd like me to put together a formal proposal and I'd be happy to get something together," Chris took a breath as he watched Tom think about the proposal.

"That sounds great. Here's my card, reach out to me when you get back to the office, and let's talk about setting up a trial," Tom said, handing him his business card as he began to walk away.

Excited about the news, Chris quickly took his phone out of his pocket to tell Ashley, momentarily forgetting about the videos and pictures that were being exchanged. When he opened the screen his jaw dropped, "Room service is taking forever..." Ashley captioned the latest pic, which showed her standing completely nude, except for the smallest black thong he'd ever seen, and slouched against the hotel room door like a centerfold model.

"Oh...wow," Chris heard from behind him. He quickly spun around, red with embarrassment as he saw Tom staring at his screen. Before he could respond with an apology Tom just smiled. "We will definitely be in touch," he said before slapping his shoulder and disappearing into the crowd.

As the week continued, Clayton's actions became more pronounced and deliberate. He would stand unnecessarily close to Katie during their sessions, his body just barely grazing hers as he circled her. His hands began to linger, squeezing her shoulders from behind, adjusting her stance by pressing a firm hand against her lower back and allowing his fingers to wander. At first, Katie would tense up under these invasions of her personal space. But Clayton was a master of gradual escalation. He had been here many times before and knew exactly which buttons to push.

"Relax, I'm just showing you how to take up space and exude confidence," he murmured by her ear as he molded her body with his hands. "You're far too timid. A strong, powerful woman owns every room she walks into."

Slowly, Katie's defenses began to lower. The more aggressive Clayton became, the more it validated his teachings on assertiveness. Was this what true confidence looked like—brushing off inappropriate behavior as no big deal? Part of her wanted to believe he was just unorthodox in his methods. Despite herself, she began to feel more self-assured after his hands-on coaching session. His bold dominance seemed to transfer to her through osmosis, a fact not lost on Clayton. He noticed the way she looked at him, not just with the will to learn, but with sudden desire. It wouldn't be long until she was eating out of the palm of his hand, doing his bidding.

After a couple hours of training late on Friday Clayton stood in front of Katie, his hands on her hips as they stared at one another. "I think you're ready," He said with a grin.

"Thank you so much, sir. I honestly feel like a new person," she said, wrapping her arms around him in a tight hug. Then, in what felt like a final test, he pressed his lips against hers. It took Katie's tired brain only a second to catch up. He wrapped his arm tightly around her, letting his hands rest on the swell of her ass as he pushed his tongue into her mouth. Finally, she pulled back her eyes, meeting

him as he gave her a cocky smile. Clayton was momentarily shocked at what came next, as Katie slapped him hard across his face. The sting in his cheek did little to take the smirk away as Katie never broke eye contact with him.

Undeterred, he pulled her into another kiss, digging his fingers deeper into the soft flesh of her ass as he pulled her into another kiss. For a second her tongue found his and she got lost in the primalness of it all. Her defenses were starting to weaken, as she again pulled away from the kiss and swung her hand again at her boss. He was ready for it this time, however, and caught her wrist before it made contact. He glared into her eyes and saw not just passion and fury, but also, lust. He saw her face soften and felt her body relax. He quickly spun her body around, pushing her against the wall as he pressed his body to her back and his lips found her exposed neck.

Katie shuddered.

"I... we shouldn't be doing this."

He paid no attention, instead, he brought his hand around her body pinching her nipple as he continued kissing her neck lightly.

She winced slightly at the touch of his fingers on her chest, but involuntarily moved her head towards him, exposing her neck more, as if in approval. At least, that's how he took it. He slipped his other arm from her shoulder and dropped it down and around her waist, his hand landing on her lower stomach.

The kisses continued, his right hand moving over to her left breast and his left hand gently massaging her lower stomach through the thin skirt, bunching it up slightly as he inched his fingers downward. Turning her around, his arms went around her, pulling her to him for a very long, deep kiss. Katie was melting fast. When he bit down on her lip before allowing his tongue to explore hers, it shattered the remains of her resistance. She was breathing hard, feeling her heart

doing a fluttering beat, and that all too familiar feeling between her legs that felt like it had been building all week.

None of these signals went unnoticed with Clayton. He had been around this block before; actually, he had expected her to cave earlier in the week and was impressed with her resistance thus far.

Accepting her actions as unspoken approval, he guided her over to the other side of the room, placing her on the plush sofa in his office. Clayton sat beside her, covering her body with his, his hands never stopping their exploration, and his tongue deep inside her mouth doing a slow dance with hers.

Clayton sensed that she was totally open to his advances. He held his breath. Regardless of what had happened up to this point, this was a big moment. Slowly, he slid down off the couch to his knees in front of her. Katie was surprised at her disappointment when his mouth left hers. It was so nice. He placed his hands between her knees and very slowly spread them, giving him an unhindered view of her under the short skirt. His hands went above her knees, pushing her legs wide apart before he leaned over and started trailing kisses up her legs right behind where his hands were teasing.

Katie closed her eyes and lifted her hips slightly in reaction to his kisses. He took that chance to push her skirt up above her hips, exposing her thong. The thin pink material already looked saturated with moisture and he could see the thin strip of hair hiding underneath it.

"Mmm I haven't seen a landing strip in some time," he whispered teasingly, as his hands continued to slide up her slender legs. Katie's face turned crimson as she slid down the sofa so that her back was against the corner. She tried to lower her head to see her most intimate parts, but he was having far too much fun teasing her.

"Patience is just as important as confidence," he said, as she rationalized that this was all still part of the training. All the while,

his hands never stopped their upward movement in a tantalizing slow process. His fingers felt magic, each little circle making Katie's nerve ends explode as they crossed. Finally, mercifully he reached her panties. Those magic fingers never stopped tormenting her, teasing her through the little wisp of near-nothing that covered her.

He wasn't sure what was more of a turn-on for him at the moment. The way he had almost completely changed this soft-spoken, meek girl in a week. Or the way he was able to just as easily bring her back to that submissive place with the way she was silently encouraging him with her gentle hip rotations and the soft moans pouring out of her.

After teasing her for what seemed forever his fingers finally went under her thong and found her, wet and swollen. Katie reacted with a soft moan. She didn't want him to stop and wasn't going to pretend anymore. Her legs opened wider as his fingers worked slow magic on her clit, finally slipping inside her expectant channel. When they did, she bucked her body up to meet them with a muted cry. They felt wonderful in there, alternating between slow long strokes and then rapid, hard thrusts that made her body move against his fingers.

Just as he knew she was about to come, he removed his fingers and peeled her thong off so slowly that it was torture for both of them. He took his thumbs and spread her wide open, giving kisses not on her mouth, but rather on her wet pussy taking her swollen clit in his mouth and running his tongue over it.

Katie was unaware that her cries were no longer so muted. Her hips were doing a slow involuntary rotation as he began a very slow, very soft sucking motion, slipping her clit in and out of his mouth, scrapping it with his teeth. Finally, she couldn't hold it anymore and exploded, bucking so hard he had to work to stay with her.

Clayton was on his knees on the floor but sort of extended out so that even though her legs went up over his shoulders she was not in

a contorted position, but rather lying flat. His hands had slipped under her hips, giving them support as he lifted them in the air. There was no doubt that he had complete control of her and he was welcome to it, as she encouragedly whimpered softly coming down from her orgasm.

He slowed down, giving her time to recover yet teasing her simultaneously. Then, as if on cue, he sucked hard once more, triggering another mind-crushing orgasm. Katie had experienced multiple orgasms from oral sex before, but this was undoubtedly the best. His approach demonstrated that her pleasure was his top priority, and he seemed insatiable in pleasing her. If this was his way of repaying her for the week, she considered it fully settled.

Finally, he slowed down and the torrid eating became a gentle nibble. In the state she was in it was a little disappointing but she said nothing as she knew as well as he that their time was up. Finally, he stood up and pulled her forward on the couch. Her face was level with his waist.

She almost fainted!!!

Sometime, somehow, he had removed his pants during all this. She was staring straight at his anatomy, not more than six inches away. If she had thought she'd seen a large cock before, this one was at least double that. He took her hands and placed them gently on it, fully feeling the full girth and length.

"Do you want it?" He asked.

Her only answer was an unintelligible moan.

"Do you want me to fuck you?"

After a few seconds, Katie could only nod. She was still holding it, slightly moving the skin up and down with both hands, she caused him to weave back and forth.

"What did I tell you about nodding?" He asked, slapping her ass hard enough that she jumped and let out a yelp.

She broke her eyes away from his cock to meet his. All the while, she slowly stroked it with a renewed sense of power. "Yes, I want you to fuck me," The fire had once again returned to her eyes. She didn't dare look away.

Hearing her finally say the words, nearly caused Clayton to cum in her hand. Instead, without breaking eye contact, he quickly positioned his throbbing cock at her entrance. As he rubbed it along her clit he could see the fear in her eyes. He'd seen that look before, every new conquest he had once had that same look. Finally, all the waiting and the games were over. With one hard thrust, he buried his cock inside her small frame.

The way Clayton thrust his entire cock quickly into her hurt, but it was a good hurt. In its simplest form, it was the hurt of a primal man taking a woman without any other care in the world. Katie felt herself stretched to the brink by his cock. She had never felt so full before. Thankfully Clayton had warmed her body up, it didn't take long before she felt like her body had a handle on his massive organ. She could feel Clayton touching places within her that had never been explored, stimulating her every nerve. It felt amazing.

"Mmmmmm," she moaned looking at him with a lust-filled expression. He held his cock still as she rolled her hips on it, trying to coax him into fucking her. Katie groaned under him, frustrated, wanting more of his cock but also taking a second to grow accustomed to his size. Clayton enjoyed the way her pussy was milking his cock, before pulling almost all of his shaft out of her and then slamming it back into her.

Wasting no more time, Clayton set a punishing pace - ruthlessly slamming his hips forward to impale Katie on his shaft with harsh grunts and growls of exertion. Her petite frame was pinned between

him and the sofa, leaving her bouncing helplessly with the sheer force of his savage thrusts.

"Aaahhh GOD! Yes yes yes..." Katie dissolved into garbled moans of shameless rapture, overwhelmed by the dominant and relentlessly claiming of her.

One hand slid from supporting her thigh to palming and squeezing her breast through the flimsy fabric of her dress. Katie cried out sharply as he twisted her nipple with rough dominance while simultaneously increasing the brutal cadence drilling her raw.

It wasn't enough. Katie desperately wanted -- needed -- all of him with nothing between them. Utilizing what little dexterity remained, she scratched at the strained neckline of her dress until it ripped down the front in one long tear, baring her chest fully to her ruthless boss' greedy eyes and hands.

"Fuck...what a gorgeous little slut you've become," Clayton taunted, immediately latching onto one of her exposed tits to suck and nip at the sensitive peak. "Made to take this cock over and over again..."

"Uh, uh, fuck," Katie's moaning was growing more frantic. There was no more pretense of staying quiet. What was once silent cries, now neared full-on screams as she felt the full power of his cock. She was going to cum again. She was astonished at how quickly her body was giving her another orgasm. She had lost how many she must have had, but this one felt even bigger than the rest.

"Do it," Clayton growled in her ear. "Cum for me, cum on my cock," he felt his own orgasm approaching and he knew the next time she came, he would quickly follow suit.

The words sent Katie over the edge. Her world exploded with pleasure as her pussy tightly gripped his cock as she came. Her body was racked by an orgasm that seemed to never end. Stars exploded behind her eyes, entire galaxies igniting each time he bottomed out to thoroughly sheathe himself in her convulsing grip.

Clayton was determined to ride this one out as well. However, as her walls continued to clench and pull on his cock, he knew it was inevitable. He buried himself to the hilt with one last brutal thrust, swelling and erupting in hot spurts of release that immediately overflowed Katie's swollen lips.

Katie was too weak and too engulfed by her own orgasm to even realize what was happening. Her cries echoed through the office as her body convulsed in pleasure.

"Oh my god!" she exclaimed as she looked down at tattered clothes and swollen lips. "Do you have something I can clean off with?" She looked to Clayton who was already pulling his pants on.

"Afraid not. You can get some hand towels out of the bathroom," he said with a shrug as he zipped back up before adding, "You can leave through the back if you think it will help." His attention was no longer on her. He was back at his computer staring at the screen as he looked at the pictures Ashley had been sending Chris and plotting his next move. His cock already starting to stir again as he looked at the near-nude wife of his fantasies.

Katie laid there for several seconds just blinking. She wasn't sure if she should curse him for leaving her in such a state, or thank him for the mind-blowing experience she just experienced. Eventually, she settled on neither and gingerly stood up and put herself together. Oddly, she couldn't find her panties. Clayton looked to be growing impatient with the fact she was still there and was not so subtly urging her to leave. She rationalized that she was just going straight home anyway and Clayton could find them later and get rid of them. Without so much as a goodnight or thank you from her boss, now latest partner, she slipped out the back door without them.

CHAPTER FOUR

THE WEEK IN Vegas felt like an erotic dream for Chris and Ashley. Following their charged conversation about Clayton, their sex life escalated to dizzying new heights. Whenever Chris wasn't occupied with drumming up new business leads for BitGuardian, he and Ashley remained intimately entangled in the hotel's silky sheets, indulging in their fantasies.

Ashley's playful laughter filled their suite as she described the hungry stares from convention-goers. "Maybe I should give them all a little show," she teased, eyes sparkling with mischief. "After all, Clayton shouldn't be the only one who gets to watch, right?"

Their nights melted into an intoxicating blur of fantasy and desire. Sometimes they imagined faceless strangers drinking in every detail of their intimacy. Other times, Chris assumed the role of voyeur, watching as Ashley surrendered to phantom lovers who pushed her past every boundary she'd ever known.

But like all dreams in Sin City, their passionate escape had to end. As they packed their bags, trading knowing glances and stolen touches, they silently vowed to return. Vegas had awakened something in them both - something that wouldn't stay confined to hotel walls.

In the days that followed, Chris and Ashley existed in a perpetual state of arousal and indecent longing. Smoldering looks and intimate touches were savored whenever possible between their daily routines. Each encounter seemed more uninhibited than the last, as a renewed sense of lust kept them both yearning for more.

It had been nearly two weeks since Vegas. Clayton called Chris to his office to discuss a lucrative deal with Larken Industries. Chris had been in constant contact with Tom Ashford, Larken's VP. He went over numbers and strategies, hoping for a signature. But Tom seemed hesitant. Chris couldn't tell if he lacked authority or was simply stalling.

Their calls inevitably steered to another topic as well - Ashley. Tom never failed to ask about "that beautiful wife" of Chris's, punctuating the word "beautiful" in a way that made Chris vividly recall the moment Tom had caught an accidental glimpse of Ashley's playboy style photo. Chris would deflect with a casual, "She's great," trying to steer the conversation away, yet those two simple words were enough to send his pulse hammering in his chest.

Strangely, he never told Ashley that Tom had seen that photo. He wasn't sure why he kept it from her; she likely wouldn't have cared and may have even incorporated it into one of their racy roleplay scenarios. But for whatever reason, Chris guarded that little secret.

"Listen man, you've been working your ass off on this Larken deal, but I think we need to switch it up." Clayton leaned back in his chair. "Why don't you hop on a flight out there and surprise them at their headquarters? Show them we're serious." Chris was jolted back to reality by Clayton's suggestion, sitting up straight on the plush sofa.

Chris frowned skeptically. "You don't think that's a bit too aggressive? We don't want to risk scaring them off completely."

"I think it will do the opposite," Clayton retorted, propping his feet up on the desk. "It'll show them how dedicated we are and prove we'll do whatever it takes to keep them satisfied." Clayton's company was truly taking off, and landing the Larken deal would silence any lingering doubts about his entrepreneurial chops, especially from his father.

Running his fingers through his hair anxiously, Chris sighed. "Could you at least send Katie? She's been a selling machine lately. Ashley

can't take any more time off work right now. She'll kill me if I jet off again so suddenly after Vegas."

A sly smile crept across Clayton's face. The nightly sessions had certainly molded Katie into quite the sales force, though her true transformation showed most clearly behind closed doors after the office emptied. But he wasn't ready to let her go off on her own just yet - he had bigger plans in motion.

"Katie isn't the head of sales, you are," he countered. "Besides, what kind of message would that send if we had you handling this for weeks only to put Katie in at the critical moment?"

Chris knew his boss made a fair point, but the thought of leaving Ashley's side for any extended period filled him with dread. Their sex lives had been red hot as of late, and he didn't want anything slowing that down. Reading Chris's trepidation, Clayton decided to sweeten the deal.

"Alright, how about this, let's make things more...interesting," He paused for effect, a playful grin forming. "Another little wager, if you're up for it?"

Those three words quickened Chris's heartbeat. A new bet, a new challenge - the thrill was impossible to resist. "What do you have in mind?" he asked, unable to mask his intrigue.

Clayton's grin spread, showing his teeth. "Close this deal within twenty-four hours of landing at Larken's, and ten percent stake in the company is yours." Letting the words marinate, he gauged Chris's reaction. Ten percent, my friend. Think about what that means. With the rapid growth we are already seeing and the money from that deal, it could be a life-altering windfall if you can pull it off."

Chris's jaw dropped as the magnitude of Clayton's wager hit him. Ten percent ownership could transform their lives - he pictured finally being able to give Ashley the future she deserved, free from

financial burdens. Ashley could finally quit her job and they could start a family. After yearning for that for so long, how could he possibly say no?

Before Clayton could even elaborate on the potential downsides if he failed, Chris was already nodding fervently. "You've got a deal." He shot up from the sofa, adrenaline coursing through his veins. "I'll go pack my bags right now and let Ashley know."

As Chris hurried out of the office, his head was swimming - the fortune he could accrue, the unimaginable luxuries he could shower on Ashley, the dreams they could finally realize together. He just had to nail this one pivotal pitch and their lives would be changed forever.

Ashley had just finished her rounds, checking on her last patient for the morning. As she stepped into the hallway, her phone buzzed with Chris's ringtone. She smiled warmly, still buzzing off their trip, as she ducked into the empty hallway.

"I was just thinking of you," she answered warmly, leaning her back against the wall. "What's up?"

Chris took a deep breath before explaining. "Clayton wants me to fly out to Larken Industries and try to close their deal. If I can pull it off, he's offering a ten percent ownership stake in the company."

Ashley's eyes widened. "Babe, that's...that's huge." She paused, considering the implications. "But another trip already? We just got back from Vegas. There's no way I can take more time off work."

"I know, I know." Chris's voice was low and calm. "But think about what this could mean for us. Ten percent of BitGuardian? We're really picking up steam here. If the company takes off like I think it can, we're talking about financial freedom. Maybe you cutting back at the hospital or even quitting entirely." He paused meaningfully. "Starting a family, like we've talked about."

Ashley felt her heart flutter at that last part. Having a baby together was a dream they'd discussed but had been putting off. This could make that reality possible sooner than they dared hope.

"Well, when you put it that way..." Ashley replied after considering the opportunity. "But you owe me. Big time. Don't think you're going to leave me high and dry while you're gone, mister."

Chris chuckled at her feisty tone. "Now would I ever do that to you? You know I'll keep you...occupied until I get back."

"Oh yeah?" Ashley purred in a way that made Chris's pulse quicken. "And just how do you plan on managing that from across the country?"

"Well, I could start by describing in great detail what I'm going to do to you when I get home," Chris replied, his voice lowering huskily. "How my tongue is going to explore every inch of your body until you beg me to stop."

He heard Ashley's sharp intake of breath on the other end. "You're playing with fire, mister. Perhaps I'll have to wear some of those new outfits to work. How do you think the patients will respond when they see their nurse walking in with a low cut top on and no bra underneath?"

Now it was Chris's turn to take a sharp intake of breath. He knew the exact outfit she was referring to and it left very little to the imagination. "Something tells me if you did that you'd have more than just a couple onlookers. Guys will be lining up to try to get a hand on you."

With a throaty chuckle, Ashley darted a glance around the empty hallway. "Perhaps that's what I need. A big, strong man to ravish me while my husband's away." She tensed, certain she heard a faint noise, her face warming at the thought of being overheard. In a lowered voice, she went on, "Letting him run his hands over me, feeling his body pressed against mine."

As she spoke, she subconsciously closed her eyes and was squirming against the wall. Even more horrifying, when she opened them she locked eyes with the janitor, who was just stepping out of another patient's room. His broad smile confirmed he'd heard every word. Ashley felt her face flush red-hot as she realized he had likely overheard her entire conversation. She quickly turned to face the other way and rushed down the hall.

"Are you still there, babe? I lost you for a minute." Her husband's voice rang in her ear as she realized she'd been holding her breath.

"Why don't I call you later when I'm not, uh, at work." Her voice was softer, burning with embarrassment.

"Everything okay?" Chris's concerned voice came through the speaker.

"Yeah, yeah, everything's...fine," Ashley assured him, though her cheeks still burned. "Just busy at work. We'll talk more tonight. I love you."

She ended the call and glanced over her shoulder, her stomach lurching as she noticed the janitor still watching her. His toothy grin sent chills up her spine before she quickly ducked around the corner.

Less than six hours later, Chris tossed his bags into the back of a town car. He straightened his tie and set off for Larken Headquarters. If things went well, by this time tomorrow, he would have landed the biggest deal yet for the company and have equity to boot. He tried calming his nerves by shooting Ashley a text that he'd made it safely.

"Hey babe. Just landed. Sorry again for the short notice, I miss you already."

The response back from Ashley was almost immediate. "I miss you too, lover. This bath just isn't the same all by myself." That message was followed by an image. Chris gasped, then choked out a cough as the driver eyed him in the rearview mirror. The picture left very little to the imagination as Chris longed to push the small patch of bubbles aside that were hiding her most intimate parts.

"I hate that I'm so far away from you. I want so badly to be in that tub with you, kissing your neck."

"My neck? That's all you're interested in right now?" Ashley teased wanting badly to get a release after all of today's... festivities.

"Oh that would just be the start of it, of course. I can't stop thinking about your body," he wrote, glancing up again at the rearview mirror to ensure the driver wasn't paying him any mind. "The way you move, the sounds you make when I'm inside you..."

Ashley bit her lip, her free hand drifting down as she imagined Chris's hands roaming. "Tell me more," she typed breathlessly.

Chris's phone buzzed - Clayton's face appeared. "Shit it's Clayton," he typed quickly. "Gotta pause, sorry."

Ashley sighed, reluctantly submerging into the water as Chris took Clayton's call.

"Hey man, hope I didn't catch you at a bad time. Just wanted to make sure you made it safely." Clayton stifled a laugh as he read the

steamy messages between Chris and Ashley on his computer screen.

"Not at all," Chris lied. "Just sitting in the car now heading to Larken. I'm honestly shocked they were able to get the board together so quickly to meet"

"That just means they are more interested than they led on. I told you going out there would be the right move. Now, let's go over the talking points. I want to make sure everything goes according to plan."

Chris silently cursed his boss as he ran his hands through his hair and steadied his breathing. "Sure thing, let me just get it pulled up."

Chris straightened his tie and took a deep breath as he walked through the doors of Larken Industries. Tom greeted him at the front desk with a warm smile and a firm handshake.

"Great to see you again, Chris. I hope the trip wasn't too taxing."

"Not at all, Tom. Happy to be here," Chris replied with a smile, shaking his hand firmly.

Tom leaned in slightly, a sly grin playing across his features. "I don't see that beautiful wife of yours with you. Couldn't convince her to join you on this business trip?"

Chris felt a slight tightening in his chest but maintained his professional demeanor. "Ashley had to stay behind for work commitments, unfortunately."

"That's a shame," Tom said, his attention suddenly elsewhere. "Well, let's get you in front of the board." he said as he opened a large set of double doors.

Chris entered the room and felt his pulse quicken. Instead of the expected empty conference room, seven board members sat waiting, their expressions unreadable. He forced a confident smile while running fingers through his hair, a nervous tell he couldn't quite suppress, as Tom settled into his chair at the table.

Once the room was silent and Chris's presentation was on screen he launched into his pitch, highlighting BitGuardian's innovative security solutions and the potential benefits of a partnership. The executives listened intently. They would occasionally jot down notes or nod in approval.

As the meeting progressed, Chris sensed a positive shift in the room. The executives nodded along, seemingly impressed with BitGuardian's offerings and potential for growth. A spark of hope ignited within him, dispelling the lingering doubts he had carried into the meeting. The CEO, in particular, leaned forward with a thoughtful expression, indicating a genuine interest. Chris felt a surge of confidence, buoyed by the possibility that his vision for how BitGuardian fit into their plans was resonating with those who could make it a reality.

However, just as he began to feel confident about closing the deal, one of the executives raised a hand. "I have a concern about your company's relatively small size and limited track record," he said, leaning forward. "In light of the privacy concerns already in the public eye, these raise multiple red flags."

Chris took a deep breath and did his best to address the concern, but he could see the hesitation creeping back into the executives' faces as he spoke.

As the final slides transitioned off the main display, the same board member cleared his throat and turned to address his colleagues. "Well, I think it's safe to say Chris has certainly made a compelling case for why we should be taking a hard look at this partnership," he said, pausing to meet Chris's gaze. "However, given the potential

scope and concerns I brought up earlier, I don't want to rush into any commitment today."

Chris felt his heart rate spike as he continued, "Let's take a day to further review the materials in-depth as a team and reconvene to deliberate on moving forward with a formal acquisition. We can meet back here at this time tomorrow for a final decision." The other board members nodded in agreement.

A dozen different objections flooded Chris's mind, urging him to push for an immediate decision, especially considering the personal stakes and Clayton's 24-hour bet. Despite his eagerness to close the day on a positive note, he knew he had to address these concerns to secure a deal.

The board member suddenly looked agitated and raised an inquisitive eyebrow. "Is that going to be an issue?" he asked. "Because if you need to head back, we can..."

No, no—of course, I can make myself available tomorrow," Chris interjected quickly, not wanting to jeopardize the entire opportunity just to win. As tantalizing as the prospect of owning a part of BitGuardian could be, this prize was too massive to risk torpedoing by pushing his luck.

"Perfect, we'll be in touch," he said, a little too coldly for Chris's liking, as they all rose from the table and began to file out of the meeting room. Chris exhaled a long, slow breath, feeling defeated.

"Helluva pitch, man. But I gotta say, you almost lost them there at the end, what was that?" Tom was back at Chris's side offering a warm smile.

"I know it was stupid. Just exhausted and wanting to get home, I guess."

"I don't blame ya, man. If I had a bombshell like that waiting on me..." Tom broke into a laugh as he slapped Chris on the shoulder

and began to walk him out of the office.

While not the outright, immediate grand slam he'd been gunning for, he had still taken a massive step towards landing a massive client. Just another day of strategizing and hypotheticals with the board, and he would be back home with Ashley.

An hour later, Chris fell back onto his hotel bed exhausted. As his eyelids began to get heavy, he shot another message to Ashley.

"Finally back in my room. The meeting wasn't a complete bust, but looks like that equity stake isn't going to pan out the way we hoped."

"Aww, I'm sorry love. Perhaps this will put you in a better mood." The next message to appear was a close up of Ashley's perfect chest. She was wearing a red lace bra, but her nipples were clearly hard in the picture.

Chris let out a soft groan as the photo from Ashley appeared on his phone. "Mmm, you always know just how to make me feel better." He could already feel the tension from the long day start to disappear as desire coursed through him.

Shifting on the bed, he typed out a reply. "This bed is feeling awfully empty without my sexy wife though."

On the other end, Ashley bit her lip coyly as she read his message. "Oh really?" She let the tease hang for a moment before typing a new message. "And what would you do if I were there?"

"Well, first..." Chris's fingers shook with desire as he typed his message. "I'd strip you down nice and slow, taking my time to kiss and lick every inch of your body."

"I'd pay special attention to those perfect tits, sucking until you're squirming. But I wouldn't let you get off easy."

"You tease! I need you inside me so bad...". Ashley squirmed on the bed, her fingers teasing and pinching her nipple as she waited for his response.

"Believe me, I plan on burying myself to the hilt in that soaked pussy. I bet I would slip right in, you're so wet."

"Mmm yes, baby. God, I needed this." As Ashley typed, her free hand had already to wander its way down to her wet pussy. Her

fingers teased her folds as she moaned out in pleasure.

"That's it, get yourself nice and ready for me. I'm going to devour you the second I walk through that door. Have your legs spread and waiting."

The next photo from Ashley nearly made Chris cum - her hands pulling aside panties, glistening lips exposed.

"Like this?"

"Goddamn, Ash...your pussy looks delicious. I can't wait to bury my face in it."

"Don't stop now, I'm already close." Ashley was panting as she sent the text, her fingers trembling with need.

"Fuck, Clayton is calling."

"Are you kidding me? Don't answer!"

"I can't ignore him. He probably wants to debrief what happened today. I'm sorry baby, I'll make it up to you."

Ashley groaned in frustration, her climax suddenly ripped away from her. "I'm just going to go to bed."

"Hey man, sorry for calling so late. I knew the meeting had to be over and I wanted to hear how it went." Clayton smiled, his eyes fixed on his screen where Ashley's intimate photo glowed. His fingers traced her image as desire and possession warred in his chest. Soon, he thought, soon you'll be mine. Pushing aside his growing hunger, he launched into another sales pitch with Chris.

The next morning, Ashley practically dripped with pent-up desire as she made her rounds at the hospital. Every brush of fabric against her skin had her on edge as she counted down the hours before she could get home and relieve herself.

As she hurriedly took care of all of her patients the aching between her thighs only continued to increase. She wished she could call Chris, or better yet, go to him, to have him take her and give her the orgasm she'd been trying to achieve since yesterday. But she knew he was already preparing his sales pitch, and as much as she wanted to hear from him, or even tease him, she knew she needed to let him focus. Last night had been hard for him and she knew he needed the win. Instead she decided to seek out her favorite patient, Mrs. Johnson. Even though it'd only been a couple of weeks since she last spoke to the elderly lady she felt like a completely new person. She still felt a little uneasy about this new adventurous side of their relationship. However, she could no longer deny the thrill she got when Chris talked dirty to her. She no longer felt guilty about some innocent flirting with another man. She knew that as long as she shared those details with Chris it would only add more fuel to their sexual fire.

As Ashley rounded the corner, her steps faltered. Mrs. Johnson was gone, her bed crisply stripped and the janitor mopping the floors in her stead. For a heartbeat, disappointment washed over Ashley before a different impulse took hold.

"Excuse me," she said, her voice friendly. "Do you know when Mrs. Johnson might be returning?"

The janitor turned, his gaze lingering on the curves hugged by Ashley's fitted scrubs. She felt a spark of something - nervousness? Excitement?

"Discharged this morning," he replied, his eyes still roaming. "Probably be back soon though. She's a frequent flier."

Ashley nodded, a sudden jolt coursing through her as her breath hitched in her throat. The janitor's blatant once-over sent an unexpected shiver of excitement up her spine. She should have felt violated, angry at his brazen assessment of her body. But after the spicy conversation with Chris earlier, after the near-miss with the janitor himself...Ashley realized she didn't feel offended at all. In fact, a part of her found a secret thrill in being so openly desired. The thought should have shamed her, but there was no denying the warm curl of excitement unfurling low in her belly.

She moved to the cabinet, reaching for a supply bag on a high shelf. Her scrub top rode up, exposing a strip of skin at her lower back. The janitor's sharp intake of breath sent a thrill through her.

"Allow me to help you with that, ma'am." His voice was close - too close. Ashley turned her head to politely decline, but he was already pressed against her back. The unmistakable swell of his arousal pressed shamelessly into her backside. A sharp gasp escaped her lips as the warmth of his breath tickled her neck, forming goosebumps all along her sensitized skin. The musky, stale scent of cologne and cigarettes should have revolted her, but after the week of heated fantasies she'd endured, Ashley found herself wanting to push back against his insistent hardness.

Then her pager beeped, shattering the charged silence. The janitor blinked and stepped back. Ashley fumbled for the pager with shaking hands, grateful for the interruption.

"I have to go," she mumbled, grabbing the supply bag and brushing past him.

Ashley ran into the staff room, locking the door behind her as she slid down to the floor trying to catch her breath. With shaky fingers she fired off a text to Chris no longer concerned if he was in a meeting or not. "I've never been so fucking horny. Ran into the Janitor at work, he decided to help me get something off the shelf. He was so close to me. I could feel his... I wish you were here"

She paused, trembling fingers stroking over her screen as she hastily typed out the final damning line:

"All I could think about was you, how turned on this is going to get you when I tell you every filthy detail. This is all your fault for getting me so riled up!"

The reply was instantaneous, brief but laced with heady promise:

"Oh, I can't wait to hear it, baby. I'm going to destroy you when I get home. Or should I say, the janitor is going to destroy you."

Ashley whimpered softly at the words, fresh arousal lancing through her like a lightning strike. Her thighs clenched instinctively, seeking relief from the insistent throbbing between them. She needed Chris back with her in the worst way.

Chris stared at his wife's message, his pulse quickening. Even after all their recent adventures, he still couldn't quite believe his sweet, innocent Ashley could be so boldly provocative. More surprising was his own reaction - the way his body responded to her newfound confidence, the effect it had on their relationship. He'd never imagined himself as "one of those people," yet here he was, aroused by the very thought of other men desiring his wife. They just had to maintain the boundaries they'd established in Vegas: trust and open communication above all else.

Chris took a deep breath as the car rolled to a stop in front of the large building. While disappointed he didn't get the deal done yesterday, he knew he had to bring his 'A' game today. If he couldn't have equity, he at least wanted the bragging rights of landing such a big client.

He was once again greeted by Tom as he made it into the reception area. Tom said his initial conversations with the board this morning seemed positive and reassured Chris that if he could perform like he did yesterday he was pretty confident they were going to pull the trigger.

This was the confidence boost Chris needed as he entered the large conference room and took the time to personally shake each board member's hand and thank them again for taking the time to consider him. He then jumped right into his presentation, this time, it was more of a live demo. He wanted the members to see the type of tools they would have at their fingertips, and helped to squash the idea that any privacy could be infringed.

As the demo dragged on, Chris was starting to once again feel unsure if they were going to actually sign or not. However, just as Chris was beginning to lose hope, the problematic board member from yesterday shot him a toothy grin. "I think we've seen enough. I know we've put you through the wringer these last couple of days, but we needed to see just how well your software, and your

company, could hold up under immense pressure. I'm happy to say you've passed with flying colors."

Chris stood still for several seconds. His brain processing what was being said. As the room erupted in polite applause, Tom clapped Chris on the shoulder.

"Excellent work, my friend. I knew you had it in you," he said, his grip lingering a little too long. "Next time you're in town you'll have to bring that wife of yours. I insist you both join me for dinner to celebrate properly."

Chris forced a grateful smile, though Tom's persistent interest in Ashley made him distinctly uneasy. "Absolutely, Tom. We'd be honored."

As they shook hands, Chris couldn't help but wonder if he had just opened a door he might soon regret.

The drive back from Larken's headquarters seemed to stretch endlessly before Chris. As the city's skyline shrank in the rearview mirror, his mind raced—replaying every moment, every subtle glance and questioning if he had read too much into Tom's suggestive comments about Ashley. After all, he wasn't the first guy to fixate on Ashley's beauty. Was it his own twisted fantasy telling him there was more to it than that?

When Chris returned to his hotel room he allowed himself exactly 10 minutes to celebrate. He let out a loud shout as he danced around his hotel room as if he'd just won the lottery. He knew he would eventually be able to close the deal, but the relief he felt upon actually getting it done sent him over the moon with excitement. Clayton may not have to give him equity just yet, but a couple more deals like this and it would be inevitable. He and Ashley could still start a family and live the life he always dreamed, even if it was on the exact time table he had envisioned just 24 hours ago.

Once he had worn himself out he fell back on the bed, exhausted then dialed Clayton's number excited to give him the news.

"What do you got for me?" Came the quick reply after only one ring.

"A signed agreement and a whole shit load of happy customers," Chris responded, the thrill in his voice evident.

"That's incredible! I knew you could get it done. I have a couple of meetings this afternoon but then I want to dive into the details of the company and find out what really makes them tick. Can you send over your portfolio for all the major players so I can take a look?"

Chris held his breath, for a moment, he hadn't expected Clayton to want to jump into things so quickly after signing. "Um... I don't actually have any of that with me. I left it all at the house yesterday in my rush to pack. But I can be on a red-eye tonight and get you the paperwork first thing in the morning."

There was a long pause on the other end of the phone as Clayton took in what he said. "I need it tonight," Clayton stated firmly. "I want to have their welcome packet ready first thing in the morning so we can really blow them away." He paused, feigning nonchalance. "Call up Ashley, have her bring the files by the office."

The casual way Clayton made the suggestion caught Chris off guard. He didn't even consider the potential repercussions or discomfort it might cause Ashley. "Uh, yeah, sure. I can ask her," he replied after a beat. "She should be getting off work soon. I'll let her know you're expecting her."

Clayton's face lit up. That was even easier than he had imagined. He expected Chris to put up some sort of resistance, but instead he was going to happily send his wife to Clayton. "Sounds good. Great job again, buddy. I knew you were the right man for the job."

After a few more minutes of small talk Chris hung up his phone, smiled to himself in the mirror and then dialed Ashley to ask her for the favor.

"I did it babe! They signed!" he beamed as soon as she answered the phone. His excitement bursting out of him.

"That's amazing, baby! I'm so proud of you," Ashley said warmly. "I knew you could pull it off. Now hurry up and get home to me, mister."

"I'm catching the red eye back tonight. I will be home before morning. You better be ready and waiting for me." He said playfully wishing he could snap his fingers and be there already.

"In that case, I should hop in the shower and get ready."

Listen, there's one more thing I need from you though. Clayton wants me to send over my full portfolio on the Larken executives tonight so he can have the welcome packet ready for them in the morning. He's really eager to get started, but I left the folder at the house. Could you swing it by the office and give it to him?"

Ashley paused, when she heard the request. Her thighs inadvertently rubbing together. "Are you sure it's a good idea for me to go to Clayton's office alone?" Ashley asked hesitantly. "After what happened last time..."

Chris muttered a curse under his breath, berating himself for his thoughtlessness. He hadn't even considered how uncomfortable this might be for her. Lost in the moment, he had let that night at Clayton's house slip from his mind, until now. The memory crept back, vivid and consuming, and his cock began to stir as the events replayed in his head. "Fuck, I didn't even..." He trailed off, scrambling for words. "He'll be at the office, so you won't be alone." Chris tried to sound reassuring, but the uncertainty in his voice betrayed him.

"You're right, I'm likely overreacting," she said, pushing aside her discomfort. "It will just be a quick drop-off. No need to make it into a bigger deal than it is." Ashley managed a small smile, not entirely convinced but willing to put her doubts aside for now. "Okay then, I'll head over to the office after I grab a quick bite to eat and hop in the shower. Just send me a list of which files you need."

"Thanks babe, I owe you big time for this. I promise as soon as I get home I'll..."

"Don't say it. The last thing I need is to have that image in my head while I'm there. Let me know what files you need and I'll take them. But yeah, you owe me." she forced herself to laugh slightly in hopes it would lighten the mood. She didn't want to kill this moment for Chris. She knew how bad he needed the win.

After her conversation with Chris, Ashley headed home to freshen up before going to the office. She showered and changed into a casual summer dress, wanting to look presentable yet comfortable.

The crisp evening air did little to calm the storm of emotions roiling within Ashley as she pulled into the BitGuardian lot. Part of her still buzzed with electrifying memories of that afternoon's risqué encounter with the janitor. She could still feel the ghost of his heated breath on her neck, his solid frame pressing against her from behind. A shudder ran through her. And yet, that delicious thrill was laced with fear- a war of desire and logic raging beneath her skin. As she killed the engine, Ashley's gaze fell upon the darkened office building. She needed to keep her composure, get in and get out, she told herself. As Ashley walked towards the front entrance, she noticed Clayton standing by a side door, waving her over.

"Ashley, over here!" Clayton called out with a friendly smile. "Didn't want you having to go through the main office area and deal with any office gossip."

Ashley arched an eyebrow but approached him. "Gossip about what exactly?"

"You know how things can get twisted around the rumor mill," Clayton said lightly. "I'd hate for anyone to get the wrong idea about you stopping by after-hours."

She nodded slowly, reminding herself not to be so quick to make assumptions. Clayton was right - it made sense to avoid any potential workplace speculation.

"I didn't even think about that. Thank you," Ashley replied, her face softening. "I just wanted to drop off these files, then I'll be on my way."

"Thanks, Ashley," Clayton said, taking the files from her but not making any move to let her leave. "Please come inside for a moment. I need to make some copies."

Reluctantly, she nodded and followed him into the office, her senses heightened. The room felt stifling, heavy with unspoken tension.

Clayton set the files down and turned to her, a predatory gleam in his eyes. "You know," he began, his voice laced with insinuation, "I've been thinking a lot about that night. The night I watched you and Chris."

Ashley felt her spine straighten, her heartbeat accelerating, but her resolve hardening. "Let's not go there," she said, her tone firm.

But Clayton wasn't deterred. He took a step closer, lowering his voice. "I can tell you still think about it. About seeing my cock. I know it excited you. You've at least wondered what it would feel like."

She met his gaze head-on, her eyes blazing with defiance. "I've dealt with guys like you before, Clayton. If you think getting me here and talking about that night is gonna make me drop my panties for you, you're seriously mistaken. I love Chris. That night was about us, not you. You were lucky we let you be a part of it."

His eyes narrowed, a mix of amusement and frustration flickering across his face as he advanced, nearly bridging the gap between them. "And what kind of guy do you think I am?"

"You're cocky and self-centered," she spat, her anger rising. "More worried about your own orgasm than your partner's. I bet you couldn't make a girl cum if your life depended on it."

Clayton's expression darkened, his jaw tightening. He moved closer, lifting his hand as if to respond, but their tense stand-off was interrupted by a soft knock on the office door. Panic flared in Ashley's eyes, as she suddenly worried about the office gossip Clayton had mentioned earlier.

Clayton quickly put his finger to his lips, signaling her to be silent. "Get in the closet," he whispered urgently.

She shot him a look filled with contempt but knew there was no time for debate. The knock came again, this time louder. Without another word, she slipped into the nearby closet, shutting the door just as Clayton opened his office door to greet the unexpected visitor.

Right on time, Katie stepped into the dimly lit office. Without a word, she walked over to Clayton and pulled him into a long, sloppy kiss. "Is this assertive enough for you?" she whispered, pushing him against the wall. Clayton smiled, biting her bottom lip aggressively. He maneuvered her toward the sofa and sat down, pulling Katie onto him. He kissed her on the neck.

Katie moaned softly, exposing more of her neck to him. "Everyone is gone for the day. I just locked the front door," she said as she quickly lifted off her top.

Just as the top was going over her head, he looked at Ashley in the closet with a knowing smile on his face.

Ashley shuddered. What was he up to? The man was mad!

He helped Katie lift her top over her head and then off, keeping his attention on Ashley. They both knew Ashley could see out, but Katie wouldn't be able to see in. Clayton would ensure that. Ashley was a prisoner in that closet, wondering where all this was going and certainly wanting no part of it.

Clayton smiled. This had worked perfectly. He had both women exactly where he wanted them.

The removal of Katie's top revealed a white transparent demi bra. Clayton slid his hands around her and gently slid his fingers over the exposed top of her breasts where just a hint of nipple was exposed.

"I see that you took my advice and started dressing in a way to distract our clients," he said.

Katie laughed, and reminded him she was outselling everyone at the company. She had her head turned to one side most of the time. He continued to kiss her lightly on the neck, his fingers lightly caressing her breasts.

He slipped his hand inside the right cup of the bra, cupping it fully before massaging the nipple with his fingers. She moaned softly and pushed back against him.

"It's been a long day," she said. He answered by slipping the straps off her shoulders and lowering the bra from her breasts. Ashley could see perfectly well and thought to herself how sexy the woman looked right now. Her breasts were smaller than Ashley's, but they were pert and full as Clayton ran his fingers over her nipples.

Katie moaned slightly, and tried to find his lips. Strangely, Ashley found herself wishing it were her being touched like that. Those same fingers filled her senses with undisciplined pleasure.

Unlike Ashley, though, Katie had no reason to be quiet and her noises escalated as the teasing increased. His soft manipulations

became rough as he pinched her nipples harder and pulled them away from her chest.

Katie began a slight grinding of her hips as she tried to push back against him. When he stopped the fondling long enough to discard her bra, she sighed softly. He leaned her back and went to her breasts with his mouth, going from one to the other. Even though his head blocked Ashley's view of the actual contact, Katie's enjoyment was obvious; her mouth opened slightly, her eyes closed, and she emitted little sounds. Her arms went around his neck when he alternated between her breasts and her lips, burying his mouth in her neck at times.

His mouth never left her as his hand went down, slowly sliding the bottom of her outfit off. It was a one piece that was a panty and skirt combination and she lifted her hips to accommodate him, exposing the rest of her body. Ashley had never seen such raw exposure as this. It was so different from seeing somebody naked in a locker room, or even the occasional porn she would watch with Chris.

Clayton laid his body across her stomach so that Katie couldn't possibly see past him to where Ashley was. His eyes moved away from her, looking instead straight into the darkened closet where he could barely see Ashley in the shadows. They locked eyes for an instant, but that instant told him everything he needed to know as Ashley instinctively bit her lip, her arousal growing by the second.

His hands went to Katie's legs, slowly starting the sensual journey upward that Ashley yearned for at this moment. Just inches above her knee, he looked up again, hoping to catch Ashley off guard. Hopefully, he could entice her to come forward, to open the door just a little bit so that he could see her better.

The trapped Ashley was in turmoil, caught in a situation she was desperate to escape yet somehow finding the scene just feet away too bizarre, too intriguing to ignore. It was this frame of mind that

allowed her to unknowingly accommodate a hopeful Clayton. This was all Chris' fault, she thought to herself. All of his games and messages had her on the verge the last 24 hours. If she had just been able to cum earlier...

Her thoughts trailed off. She gently pushed the door open just a little further to allow herself a better view. And with her improved vision, she saw Katie's hips moving in a large, circular motion. Katie circled her ass and responded to Clayton's touch. She was on an incredible high. It all felt so good to her. Her orgasm was fast approaching as she opened her mouth in a silent scream.

For Ashley, it was all becoming too much. The entrapment that had started as mere curiosity was slowly turning into anticipation. Where was this going? Her unwanted situation was slowly taking a different direction as her breathing became shallower.

Clayton would once again be the benefactor, providing her with an erotic fuel so potent that it was bound to ignite eventually. He ensured that Ashley had an unobstructed view as his hands teased, delivering Katie the kind of pleasure that couldn't be overlooked.

When he finally reached her crotch, instead of touching it, he applied a little pressure to the insides of her legs to encourage her to open them wider.

As he started a slow, circular massage of her anxious clit, Katie wailed, moving her head from side to side. He never stopped watching for Ashley through the crack in the door, disappointed that there were only fleeting glimpses of her.

If he could have seen into the hidden darkness, he would have noticed Ashley standing near the door, her entire body shaking and breathing hard. He would have mentally approved before continuing to arouse Ashley by returning to stimulate Katie. Katie was moaning loudly, her hips now moving in a constant, fluid motion. It was a perfect synchronization, his fingers and mouth and her hip movement. She was close, and Clayton wasn't going to let her off

the hook. His fingers dug deeper into her as he stared into the closet. Then, with a loud moan, Katie's hips raised off the sofa and stayed there as her cries of pleasure echoed through the office.

Her hips suddenly slowed and then stopped. With a smug look of victory toward the closet, Clayton withdrew his hands from Katie long enough to stand up, face away from the closet, and undo his pants to slide them off. It wasn't an accident that he had his back to Ashley as he did so.

Suddenly, he turned. The tingle that had slowly grown within Ashley instantly turned to electricity when he faced her. If you could hear somebody's eyes open wide, hers would have been a clap of thunder! She nearly chewed a hole through her lip, staring at his hard cock. She had seen it once before, but this time it looked even larger, angrier. She knew no matter how much she tried, she wouldn't be able to get that image out of her head for a long time.

Ensuring Ashley had a completely unobstructed view of his cock, Clayton buried his face in Katie's soaked pussy. He pulled her legs up and out, spreading them wide to allow him to lick and suck on her while maintaining direct eye contact with his hidden guest. He would occasionally turn his head towards the closet before returning his face to Katie's wet lips.

Ashley was standing in the darkness but now she was edging even closer, hedging her safety net by moving closer to the door. Finally, her face was almost touching the door, the ever-widening six-inch crack providing more and more of an unobstructed view. She could see out much better, but she had crossed the safety line. Clayton couldn't see all of her, but what he could see was very vivid!

It never occurred to her that she was lightly rubbing her nipples, responding to a body on fire. This was all so erotic.

Clayton's mouth left Katie's clit for a few seconds, only to be replaced with his fingers. He was looking straight into the opened closet now, a knowing smile on his face. Any caution that Ashley

might have had was slowly being thrown to the wind. Ashley had moved close enough to the tiny lighted opening that he could easily see her distorted face, one with an open mouth that he had to believe was breathing heavily. And was she rubbing her nipples? She was even more turned on than he had hoped.

He turned his attention back to Katie. She needed more attention if she was going to cum again, and he didn't want to spook Ashley. There was no doubt in his mind that she would give in, relent to what she was seeing, and eventually push it too far. He was betting that the closed closet door would be too much of an inconvenience and that it would eventually be opened slightly more, enough for a little show.

Ashley was mesmerized by what she saw and heard. It wasn't just that she could see Katie in the throes of his touch, but slowly, without even realizing it, she imagined it was her. She could hardly concentrate on any one thing. The moaning, writhing Katie would capture her attention for a few moments, but inevitably her eyes would return to that massive, hard cock standing menacingly away from Clayton's torso. Her eyes were locked on the action, her nerves on edge, and her fingers slowly teasing her sensitive nipples.

Clayton was right. The burning sensation between her legs slowly took control like a magnet, drawing reluctant fingers down past her heaving stomach to fill the need. She left little for him to imagine, little for him to ask. She slipped her hand all the way down between her legs and under her loose dress, her fingertips brushing her lips aside to go directly to her clit. She stifled a moan as her senses reacted, her hips pushing out to meet the touch. She bent over slightly, her hips moving back and forth in concert with her fingers, knees bending slightly then returning, sending her in an up and down motion.

In short, her whole body was in motion, torn between her actions and what she was witnessing.

Ashley was unaware she had bumped the door very slightly. The few inches it moved were like upgrading from a small television to a wide-screen. Clayton could suddenly see very well into her darkened space and loved what he was seeing.

Ashley got lucky. Just as she felt herself reaching the breaking point, all attention shifted to Katie. She watched as Katie suddenly raised her head up, throwing it side to side and crying out loudly, begging him not to stop. He defied her by removing his mouth from her clit and replacing it with two fingers, pumping them deep and fast into her while Ashley watched.

Ashley tried to hold back, to stem the tide rushing through her body. But when Katie loudly exploded with her second orgasm, the erotic presentation was more than she could take. Her orgasm washed over her, dropping her to her knees as her fingers flew over her clit, increasing the pressure and speed. With her left hand over her mouth to mute her outburst, Ashley had a realization, a sudden awakening.

She had opened the door too far. It was obvious that Clayton could easily see her. He was watching her with glazed eyes, his pleasure obvious. His hips were moving slowly back and forth as if he were penetrating both of them with that massive cock!

He had no intention of letting Katie stop coming. She was his catalyst at the time, the star of the show. His fingers kept driving hard and fast into her, keeping her bucking up and down with the action. As if caught in his trance, Ashley moved her fingers from her clit and inserted them inside, matching his pace.

It was too late to ignore his presence. Sensibly, she should have closed the door, but she couldn't think straight. Instead, she was fixated on the sight of that massive cock swaying in the air.

A thought crossed her mind. He was obviously as entranced watching her as she was them. She was once again giving him a show, perhaps even more lewd than the last.

Ashley heard Katie building up again. She couldn't help but watch; it was all so magnetic, so captivating. It was as if Katie drew Ashley up the scale with her, her moans announcing her imminent orgasm, which was almost more than Ashley could take. Shaking uncontrollably and totally lost in the sensations of her dangerous situation, Ashley's own orgasm washed over her.

It was mad! It was dangerous! It was more exciting and erotic than she could have ever dreamed.

Everything slowed down, each of them bringing themselves down. Ashley was still a bundle of nerves wanting another release. Her fingers were back at her clit, making very slow circles as she watched Clayton nibble slowly on Katie's clit. His eyes never left Ashley now, his desire obvious. She thought about what it would be like to have that huge cock slide into her. Her eyes closed, and she almost came again with that vision.

The ringing of a phone broke her thoughts, and Ashley's eyes snapped open.

Ashley's knees buckled, forcing her to lean against the closet wall for support. Her body still hummed with aftershocks, each tremor a reminder of what she'd just done. Her mind reeled as she replayed the scene that had unfolded mere feet away.

What kind of woman does this make me? The thought crashed through her like a wave as shame replaced the desire within her chest. Her fingers pressed against her temples, trying to sort through the tangle of emotions threatening to overwhelm her.

"It's the Newton deal, 200-seat prospect" Katie announced through labored breaths.

Katie attempted to rise, but Clayton held her down, burying his face in her crotch again.

"Ooh fuck," she moaned, closing her eyes as Ashley came to her senses. What the hell was she doing? Slowly, she closed the closet door so that it was barely open. She stood in terror as she heard them moving about, as the door slowly opened.

Sorry," he whispered, shrugging his shoulders as if it were all a terrible circumstance. "She just left the room to take that call. You can leave out the back.

She quickly gathered her bag, her head still foggy with the events that just took place. As he led her out the back door, he spun her around to look into her eyes. For a moment, she thought he might try to kiss her, and she wasn't sure she had the strength to stop him.

"Do you always cum that hard?" He asked with a cocky grin. Then he gently closed the door, leaving her alone and flustered in the parking lot.

Ashley's knuckles blanched white against the steering wheel as she navigated the familiar streets home. Each traffic light became an unwanted opportunity for reflection, forcing her to confront the memories still fresh in her mind. Clayton's cocky stare, Katie's heated moans, and the undeniable arousal Ashley had allowed course through her own body. Everything she had thought about Clayton was all wrong. He wasn't just some cocky wannabe who was all talk.

She squeezed her eyes shut but it was no use. The visions just kept coming, joined by the vivid recollection of the janitor's solid body pressing against her backside earlier, the unmistakable bulge of his arousal pressed shamelessly into her. A shudder ran through Ashley as she remembered how badly, hungrily, she had wanted to push back against him in the heat of that moment.

"This is all Clayton's fault," Ashley tried to convince herself, desperately wanting to believe his manipulation alone had orchestrated her downfall. But a nagging inner voice whispered that

she was lying to herself. As much as she tried to blame Clayton, she couldn't deny her own desires had been stoked red-hot.

Ashley's hands gripped the wheel tighter as she grappled with this realization. Was this the person she had become - a slut consumed by her own lust? Panic rose inside her at the thought. How would Chris react when she told him? Should she tell him? Sure they had played this game before, but this time felt different, more intimate.

A storm of thoughts ran through her - disgust at her own shameless behavior, fear of changing into someone unrecognizable, yet also a sliver of perverse excitement that set her skin on fire. Pulling into their driveway should have brought relief, but instead, Ashley felt completely adrift, untethered from the certainties that once anchored her life.

As she killed the engine, Ashley's carefully constructed walls crumbled. The weight of her actions pressed against her chest, demanding acknowledgment. Could she really hide this from Chris? Let it fester between them like an untreated wound? But confessing the full extent of her awakened desires terrified her equally. He wouldn't understand, she told herself. He would run away in horror at what she had become.

Shaking, Ashley sat in silence surrounded by the familiar trappings of her simple life. She stared at their home, suddenly feeling like a stranger in her own skin. As the immensity of her desires threatened to drown her, tears pricked at Ashley's eyes.

She had always taken pride in her self-control, her grasp of right and wrong. But now, as the full force of her newly-awakened hunger coiled inside her like a serpent, Ashley realized she could no longer outrun the truth - these cravings were her own, not Clayton's manipulations or Chris' fantasies, or anyone else's influences.

With a shuddering breath, she climbed out of the car. But as the weight of her realization settled over her, something else stirred inside Ashley too. A perverse sense of power and excitement

knowing that she had all these different men throwing themselves at her and wanting too badly to know her body. Despite the guilt still gnawing at her conscience, she felt dangerously liberated by this acknowledgment of her own carnal demands. Squaring her shoulders, Ashley headed into the house, no longer certain of the woman she truly was.

CHAPTER FIVE

THE SUCCESS OF BitGuardian soared to new heights in the months following Chris's pivotal deal with Larken Industries. A steady influx of major clients had the company expanding rapidly, igniting rumors among everyone at the company.

For Chris and Ashley, this meant significant changes. Gone were the struggles of deciding which bills to pay, and which to delay. Instead, they purchased new kitchen appliances and furniture. Chris even indulged himself by buying a new BMW, a stark contrast from the ten-year-old Honda he had driven previously.

They sat together on the plush patio sofa, sipping coffee and basking in the gentle warmth of the sun. Ashley's feet rested comfortably in Chris's lap as he idly traced patterns along her calves, taking in the view of their meticulously landscaped backyard. A sense of peaceful contentment settled over Chris as he surveyed their personal oasis. This was the life he had dreamed of providing for Ashley after all their hardships. No more scrambling just to get by. They could finally pause and enjoy the fruits of their labor. He felt Ashley's foot playfully press against his chest, breaking his daydream. Glancing over, he met her dazzling smile and sparkling eyes. Even in this state of comfort, that spark of adventure and desire they had fanned still burned brightly between them.

"You know," Ashley said, her voice soft but tinged with excitement, "I was thinking we should host a dinner party. It's been a while since we've had everyone over."

Chris nodded, a smile spreading across his face. "That sounds great. We could show off the new kitchen. Maybe next month? Remember, we have my company party this week. Clayton has been raving about getting everyone together to celebrate the company's success over the last few months. All because of yours truly, of course." Chris gave a playful wink and flexed. He was proud to have proven himself capable of heading an entire sales division.

Ashley laughed and rolled her eyes at his mock bravado. However, the mention of Clayton and a company party made her pulse race. Her mind drifted back to the last time she saw him, trapped in the closet while bringing herself to an unbelievable orgasm as she watched him pleasuring a female coworker. She could still vividly remember every detail of that night. The way Clayton taunted her with his looks, proving how easily he could bring a woman to euphoria, mocking her for daring to challenge him. "Do you always cum that hard?" Those parting words pounded in her head every night since.

"Earth to Ashley, you alright over there?" Chris's voice brought Ashley back to the present as she realized she'd been biting her lip, the faint taste of blood coating her tongue.

Ashley managed a grin, looking over Chris with a smirk, "Just wondering what I should wear to this party. Something tells me a certain someone may want me to be the center of attention." As she spoke, she saw the swell in Chris's pants begin to tent. She loved teasing him, and despite her initial reservations about this newfound fantasy, she couldn't deny she was starting to love it, perhaps even as much as he did. Despite her growing affinity for these fantasies, Ashley still felt a pang of guilt knowing she never told Chris what truly happened the night she dropped off documents for Clayton. As far as Chris knew, Clayton had simply flirted with her, but she shut it down before leaving. She wasn't entirely sure why she had lied initially, but once she did, she felt she couldn't go back on it now.

"It's like you could read my mind," Chris said with a mischievous tone. "I bet you'll have all of those guys tripping over themselves just to be at the same table as you."

"In that case, I guess you should give me your card so I can find something fitting for such an occasion." Ashley eyed Chris's midsection again. "So tell me, Mr. Sales Manager, should I be going for stylish and sexy, or slutty and needy?" The added strain in Chris's pants gave her the answer he was unable to verbalize as he struggled to breathe.

After several minutes of controlled breathing, Chris regained his composure. His fingers softly sliding back and forth on Ashley's skin. "It's nice to be in a place where we can enjoy these things. Where we can breathe a little, and not have to think about bills."

Ashley leaned back, closing her eyes, placing her head on his shoulder. "It's moments like these that make it all worth it, you know? All the hard work, the late nights, the stress. It all led to this."

Chris nodded, his expression serious for a moment. "I'm glad we went through it together. It made us stronger. And now, we get to enjoy the rewards."

Ashley opened her eyes and looked at him, her expression softening. "I love you, Chris."

He smiled, leaning in to kiss her gently. "I love you too, Ash."

As the sun began to set, casting a golden glow over their backyard, they continued to talk, dream, and plan. The sense of accomplishment and security they felt was palpable, a stark contrast to the uncertainty that had plagued them for so long.

That same evening, after dinner, Chris came up behind Ashley as she cleaned in the kitchen. He nuzzled against her neck, breathing in her familiar scent as his arms encircled her waist. "Mmm, you smell

incredible," he murmured appreciatively. "Is this what it felt like when the janitor pressed against you?"

Ashley tensed slightly at the reference, but a secret thrill ran through her. She vividly remembered that day when the janitor's solid frame pressed against her from behind, with his unmistakable arousal shamelessly pressed into her backside. She had been unable to resist sharing every lurid detail with Chris.

A mischievous smile played across her lips. "You mean when he 'helped' me get something off that high shelf? And I felt his...hard cock pressed right up against me?" Her voice dropped an octave lower, dripping with seduction.

Chris's embrace tightened, his voice lowering. "That's it. Knowing you got all flustered from another man being so forward with you." His hands roamed over her body, rekindling their intimate role-playing. "You know, I still wonder what would have happened if your pager hadn't gone off."

Ashley trembled slightly in Chris's strong embrace as his wandering hands stoked her desire. Despite their newfound comforts, that frisson of taboo thrill remained electrifying. "You know I couldn't stop thinking about it," she breathed, leaning back against him. "About how easily he had me flustered. Who knows, maybe I would have let him take me right there. What would you have said then?"

In an instant, Chris's demeanor shifted. He spun Ashley around, pinning her against the wall, his body pressed domineeringly against hers. When he spoke again, his voice took on a lower, gravelly timbre - channeling the janitor from her fantasies. "That's 'cause you're just a tease, ain'tcha?" he growled, his tone dripping with insinuation. "Struttin' around in them tight little scrubs. You were beggin' for me to do something about that pretty ass of yours."

Ashley's body thrummed with excitement and trepidation as Chris fully inhabited the janitor's persona. Her mind wove the tactile present with those fevered memories - reality and fantasy blurring.

Chris's improvised dialogue transported Ashley into the janitor's crude mindset. She could practically smell the lingering notes of stale smoke and cleansers that had clung to his rough overalls that day.

"Yeah, that's it..." the gravelly voice taunted as Ashley squirmed helplessly against him. "I could see it in those pretty eyes of yours how bad you wanted it."

Her breath caught in her throat as imagined scenarios rapidly eclipsed reality. What if she hadn't fled from that charged encounter? What if basic, animalistic desire had conquered her depleting self-restraint in those heated moments?

The conjured vision of the janitor pinning her wanton form against the wall brandished itself in high definition behind Ashley's fluttering lids. His thick hands shoved impatiently beneath her rumpled uniform, groping with calloused possession while grinding shamelessly against her.

A strangled whine escaped Ashley's lips as Chris effortlessly spun the illicit fantasy even further, breathing the janitor's taunting words directly into the flushed hollow beneath her ear.

"That's right, princess... let the 'ol janitor take care of you nice and proper. I'll give you what you really need - what you've been cravin' all along."

Awash in the fantasy, Ashley was only vaguely aware of her hips canting instinctively, involuntarily seeking friction against Chris's insistent frame as it relentlessly overpowered her. The forbidden thoughts and sensations rapidly snowballing into an unstoppable crescendo of yearning she could scarcely contain.

Ashley gasped at his abrupt transformation, but her sharp intake of breath betrayed an undercurrent of excitement. Chris's arms caged her in, his solid frame rendering her powerless against the rough wall at her back.

"I saw the way you were eyeballin' me," the gravelly voice continued. It was as if the janitor himself had been summoned into their home through the sheer force of their illicit desire. "Could hardly stop myself from bendin' you over right then and there to give you what you wanted..." Unbidden, Ashley's mind conjured the erotic image - her pinned and squirming against the hospital counter as thick, calloused hands slid over her hips. The twisted fantasy caused a fresh shudder of yearning to cascade through her as Chris maintained his rough charade. "You've been a very..." he paused, his hot breath fanning over the sensitive skin of her neck, "...very bad girl, haven't you?"

As Chris continued to channel the janitor, his grip tightened, sending another jolt of excitement through Ashley. The line between their playful role-playing and the raw emotions it stirred was thrillingly blurred. He stepped back just enough to let her catch her breath, his eyes dark and filled with a mix of desire and mischief.

"You've been such a bad girl," Chris repeated, his voice now his own but still heavy with intent. "And bad girls need to be taught a lesson."

Ashley shivered in anticipation, her mind spinning with the possibilities of where this night might lead. "What kind of lesson?" she asked, her voice barely more than a whisper.

A slow, knowing smile spread across Chris's face as he leaned in close, his lips brushing against her ear. "The kind that makes you never want to misbehave again," he murmured. "Or maybe the kind that makes you crave it even more."

His words sent a thrill through her, and she felt a deep, primal need rise within her. Chris's hands roamed over her body with a newfound urgency, each touch setting her skin alight. He lifted her effortlessly, carrying her to the bedroom where the shadows danced with the promise of what was to come.

Once inside, Chris set her down gently on the bed. He took a step back, his eyes raking over her body with unrestrained hunger. "Take off your clothes," he ordered softly, his voice commanding and filled with desire.

Ashley complied, her fingers trembling slightly as she unbuttoned her blouse and slipped out of her skirt. She stood before him in her underwear, feeling both exposed and empowered by his intense gaze.

Chris approached her slowly, like a predator stalking its prey. He reached out, his fingers trailing along her collarbone and down to the swell of her breasts. "Beautiful," he whispered, his eyes meeting hers. "So beautiful."

He turned her around, her body pressed between the wall and him. His rigid cock pressed firmly against her ass "There's no pager here to save you now," he growled in her ear. "I'm going to take you the way I should have done then."

Ashley's breath quickened as she felt Chris's hands roam over her body from behind, mimicking the janitor's movements. She could practically feel the ghostly presence of that long-ago encounter, the lines between past and present blurring deliciously.

As his hands slid over her hips, Ashley's mind was flooded with memories of that day. "We shouldn't do this at work," she whispered. "Someone might see us."

Chris chuckled darkly, his breath hot against her neck. "No one's going to see us," he replied, his voice low and rough. "I made sure the door was locked when you came in. Besides, would it really be so bad for everyone to know what a slut you actually are?."

She felt a thrill at his words, while they stung, they also sent her pulse racing. "But I'm married," she protested weakly, her voice trembling with excitement. "What about my husband?"

Chris's grip tightened, and he pressed her harder against the bed. "You don't need to worry about him," he growled. "You belong to me now."

Ashley moaned softly, her body responding eagerly to his touch. "Please," she whispered, the word a mix of desperation and desire.

Chris's hands roamed over her body with a newfound urgency, each touch stoking the flames of her arousal. He positioned her so she was bent over the bed, her back arching as he moved behind her. The familiarity of the position sent another wave of excitement through her.

"You're such a tease," he growled, his hands sliding up her thighs and over her hips. "Strutting around in those tight little nurse outfits, just begging for someone to take you."

Ashley whimpered, her body trembling with anticipation. "I couldn't help it," she said, her voice breathless. "I wanted it so badly."

Chris's hands moved to her waist, his grip firm and possessive. "And now you're going to get it," he murmured, his voice filled with promise as he ripped away her panties causing her to yelp with anticipation.

As he moved behind her, his cock pressed against her wet folds, teasing her clit as she wiggled around it. Each touch, each whispered word, transported her back to that charged encounter, blurring the lines between reality and fantasy. Ashley tensed, her breath catching in her throat as he finally pressed into her. She arched her back, moaning softly as he slowly sank into her.

"You're so tight," he growled, his voice rough with desire. "Just like I imagined."

Ashley could do nothing but moan as she felt his fingers digging harder into her hips. She could feel every inch of his cock from this angle, her arms nearly giving out due to the force of his thrusts. His

rough hands gripped her hips tighter, his growl reverberating in her ear. "Do you like this? Do you like being taken right here in the hospital?" he whispered, his breath tickling her neck.

Ashley couldn't hold back a moan, her body rocking back into his. "Yes...please, don't stop," she breathed, each word loaded with desire.

Chris put his hand on her back as he pushed her down onto her forearms and slid more of his cock into her. "You don't have to pretend anymore, nurse. Nobody is here, and I know how much you've wanted to feel my cock."

Ashley's entire body was ablaze as Chris continued to fuck her. Mental images of that day in the hospital flooded her mind. She wouldn't soon forget that thrill of that day. "That, that's not true. I love my husband. I would never do that."

Chris took his hands off her hips and watched as Ashley continued to push back onto his cock over and over. "Then why are you still fucking my cock?" he said, mockingly.

She gave a small grunt, trying to will her body to stop pushing itself back on the object that was giving her so much pleasure.

Chris felt her movements start to slow down. He slapped her ass, appreciating the way it rippled against his palm, causing her to moan louder and renew her efforts to push herself back against him. Ashley's eyes were closed, the harsh image of the janitor flooding her mind. She could see his yellowed teeth when he smiled and smell the stale smoke with each harsh thrust. She felt the first signs of her orgasm approaching as the bed began to squeak against their renewed efforts.

Chris's thrusts grew more intense, his pace quickening as Ashley's moans grew louder. She gripped the sheets for support as he took her from behind, the role-play became more immersive as the lines

between reality and fantasy blurred. Her toes began to curl as her orgasm drew near.

"You like being taken like this? Rough and aggressive? Do you?" Chris growled, his voice thick with sexual hunger.

"Yes, sir!" Ashley gasped, her body writhing beneath his. "Take me harder! Fuck I'm so close. Don't stop."

Emboldened by her submission, Chris's thrusts became more brutal, slamming into her with a primal intensity. Ashley cried out in ecstasy, her body trembling as she reached her peak, her orgasm courtesy of the janitor who's cock she felt swelling in her spasming pussy.

Finally, Chris collapsed onto her back, their bodies panting together. They lay there for a few moments, their hearts racing, their bodies glistening with sweat.

Hours later, as they lay entwined in the afterglow, Ashley rested her head on Chris's chest, listening to the steady rhythm of his heartbeat. She felt a profound sense of contentment and belonging, knowing that their journey together was only just beginning.

"You're so bad," she whispered teasingly. I love you," her voice filled with the weight of her emotions.

Chris tightened his arms around her, pressing a kiss to her forehead. "I love you too, Ashley. More than anything."

A few days later, Ashley wandered through an upscale boutique, her mind buzzing with ideas for the perfect party outfit. Chris's words about having all the guys tripping over themselves replayed, stoking her desire to truly turn heads. She was still struggling to convince herself that this was who she really was, but the constant rush of excitement helped to serve as a steady reminder.

As she browsed, fingers traced silky fabrics, imagining how the clingy materials would accentuate her curves. An intrusive thought crept in - what would Clayton think seeing her like this? The idea both unsettled and thrilled her. A part of Ashley relished tempting him, stoking those inappropriate fires simmering between them. Yet another part worried she was playing with forces beyond her control.

She could vividly picture Chris's reaction - his eyes darkened with lust at the thought of her dressing to tease other men, especially Clayton. Ashley knew her husband fantasized about the idea of her flirting with that dangerous line, coming closer and closer to crossing it in the most deviant way. Perhaps imagining Clayton's hungry gaze raking over her barely concealed form would stoke Chris's possessive streak later.

In the fitting room, Ashley slowly undressed, eyes roaming over her reflected curves. She traced her hips and waist, imagining that silky fabric clinging deliciously. The thought of hungry eyes devouring her figure sent a shiver of excitement.

Stepping into the slinky red dress, she smoothed the material over her skin, admiring how it hugged her assets enticingly. She bit her lip, knowing the effect this would have on Chris - his gaze burning with arousal. But that darker part wondered how others might react. Would they openly leer, devouring every bare inch with his eyes? The idea was thrilling...and terrifying. Ashley couldn't deny the wicked urge to torment Clayton, to flaunt her body before him as the ultimate forbidden temptation. Yet she was still troubled about the escalation from their previous encounter. She still hadn't told Chris what really happened that night, seeing Clayton with that woman,

watching as he masterfully stroked her into orgasm after orgasm. The way her own body had reacted was shameful, but also exhilarating.

With a daring smile, Ashley angled her body and snapped a photo, capturing her alluring form. Her fingers hesitated before typing, "Think Clayton would approve?" and hitting send.

Chris's reply mixed arousal and trepidation: "Damn Ash.. .you really want to test the poor guy's willpower? You know how hot you look. It may make enforcing my no-touching rule harder." He added a winking emoji, but concern laced his words.

A flush crept over Ashley's cheeks as she soaked in his response, that darker thrill growing. Yet a small voice questioned whether she skated too close to a line not to be crossed. She swiftly tamped it down, letting Chris's mind wander where it shouldn't.

Over the next hour, she tried increasingly risqué options, each pushing inappropriate boundaries further. With every daring outfit, thoughts turned to how Clayton might look at her, his gaze roaming exposed skin, hugged curves. She wanted to tease him, prove she held the power in this escalating game. But nagging doubt crept in - was she underestimating how quickly control could be lost?

As "Do you always cum that hard?" echoed through her mind, Ashley squeezed her thighs together, desire warring with unease. She craved besting Clayton but worried about unlocking something uncontrollable.

A black ensemble in the corner caught her eye. Running her hands over the silky material, she could tell it left little to the imagination. With newfound excitement, she scooped it up and dashed to the changing room.

What Ashley saw took her breath away and made her reconsider her defiant path, if only fleetingly. The top featured a plunging neckline dipping far lower than anything she'd worn, showing magnificent

cleavage. The fabric clung to every curve before tapering at a cinched waist.

But the bottom half truly quickened her pulse. Instead of flowing panels, dangerously high slits started at mid-thigh, baring long expanses of toned leg with each step--the sheer side panels offering scant cover.

Turning to inspect the back, she admired how it dipped in a deep scoop, thin straps leaving shoulders and back exposed. The hem rode up higher than she'd dare, clinging sinfully to her backside's curves.

Ashley bit her lip, imagining Chris's eyes burning through the delicate material when she walked in wearing this ensemble. And the thought of catching others' admiring gazes as so much was tantalizingly bared made her heart race with wicked excitement.

This dress pushed boundaries perhaps further than ever before. But that was its appeal. Chris had said he wanted guys tripping over himself to get to her, and that was exactly what this dress would do. Ashley knew she'd be the target of ravenous stares all night--leaving nothing to the imagination.

Ashley hesitated before sending Chris the photo, having a better idea. This daring outfit deserved to be unveiled in person. She would surprise him at the party instead. Buying the red dress too, just in case he found this one crossing the line from alluring to improper.

A wicked smile played over her lips as she gathered her purchases. She could hardly wait to see Chris's reaction to this sinful dress.

Chris leaned back, sales reports laid out before him with a satisfied smile. Katie's numbers had been steadily climbing, her conversion rate now nearing an impressive 100%. He remembered when he first met her - a quiet, almost mousy young woman. Back then, he'd wondered if she possessed the confidence to truly thrive in sales.

How things had changed. These days, Katie carried herself with a bold, self-assured demeanor that occasionally made Chris forget his position as her superior. Her wardrobe choices had also undergone a striking transformation, favoring shorter skirts and deeper necklines that pushed boundaries of professional attire, drawing admiring looks from many of the male employees.

A light rap on the conference room door broke Chris from his wandering thoughts. Speak of the devil...

"The Reynolds account?" Katie slipped into the seat across from him, smoothing her skirt as she crossed her legs. Chris couldn't help his gaze lingering on the expanse of toned thighs exposed by the high slit before forcibly refocusing.

"Right, yes. I want to make sure we put our best foot forward to reel them in." His voice came out slightly rougher than intended as Katie leaned forward, the v-neck of her blouse gaping to reveal a tantalizing glimpse of lace and the swell of her cleavage. A flush of heat stirred low in his stomach.

Katie's tongue darted out to moisten her lips before curving into a sly smile. "I have some ideas that might help with that," she purred, chin dipping as she held his gaze from beneath lowered lashes. An unmistakable undercurrent of suggestion made the fine hairs on the back of Chris's neck prickle.

He shifted in his seat, jaw tensing. "Oh? Do tell."

"Well..." Katie began, idly tracing a fingertip along the neckline of her blouse. "I was thinking an in-person presentation might be more

effective than the usual video dog-and-pony show."

Chris considered this, forcing his eyes to remain focused on her face rather than the mesmerizing path of her finger. An in-person meeting had certainly helped sway Larken Industries when he landed that game-changing deal. "You think a more intimate setting would be more effective at driving our points home?"

"Exactly." Katie's tongue swept out again, drawing his gaze to the fullness of her lips. "We need to get creative, think outside the box...use every tool at our disposal to get ahead." There was a slight emphasis on her words that gave Chris pause, the hairs on his arms rising.

He shrugged it off, surely just his own fantasies about Ashley playing tricks on him. "You make a fair point. Being there in person was a big factor in closing the Larken deal." Chris nodded slowly, willing himself not to dwell on the implications behind her sultry tone.

"Alright, let's go that route. Keep me updated on how things progress."

"Of course, sir." Katie's voice had dipped into a lower register, sparking a distressing tightness in Chris's groin as she held his gaze a touch too long. "I'll make sure to attend to their every need."

A bead of sweat prickled the back of Chris's neck as Katie gathered her notes and started discussing potential travel arrangements. He couldn't quite shake the feeling that she had subtly suggested something far more provocative than just going for a standard sales presentation.

Across the hall, Clayton's office door opened. He strode to the center floor, he could hear hushed conversations come to an end as he cleared his throat.

"Listen up! I've got exciting news about our upcoming party," He swept an arm out, savoring the dramatic pause as curious murmurs filled the weighted silence. "In light of our growth, we'll celebrate in

style at the Rivermont's grand ballroom. The company's covering deluxe hotel rooms too."

Cheers and applause erupted at the news. Clayton soaked in the energy before continuing.

"But we're not stopping there. I'll be extending exclusive invitations to our biggest, elite clients."

A wave of impressed cheers and applause erupted at the lavish news, echoing through the space as Clayton raised his hands, clearly relishing the adoring energy. As the clapping tapered off, he flashed a roguish grin, slowly dragging his eyes across the rapt crowd.

"A chance to schmooze and strengthen crucial relationships," Clayton added with a wink. "You know how I love mixing business with pleasure."

His remark seemed directed at someone, but before Chris could look, Katie chimed in.

"Unfortunately, I'll miss this. The Reynolds deal is heating up."

"No rest for the wicked, eh Katie?" Clayton chuckled, his expression both impressed and suggestive. "Guess we'll go extra hard in your honor." An inside joke between them left Chris baffled.

As the excited chatter continued, Chris couldn't shake his unease. He still hadn't told Ashley about the awkward Playboy photo incident with Tom months ago, hoping to sweep it under the rug. But now that incident might resurface.

After the meeting, Chris followed Clayton to his office. The smarmy businessman's wandering eyes when Ashley was around made his skin crawl.

"You got a minute?" Chris rapped on the open door.

Clayton looked up with an easy smile. "For you? Always. Have a seat."

Chris sank onto the plush sofa, trying to keep his tone casual despite the knot of unease in his gut. "It's about these client invitations for the party..."

"You can bank on Ashford being at the very top of that guest list," Clayton preempted him with a dismissive chuckle. "We'd be foolish not to butter up that particular cash cow at every opportunity."

Chris winced but kept his concerns vague. "Well, I've noticed Ashford seems to have taken a... liking to Ashley."

One of Clayton's eyebrows quirked up. "You think the bastard is trying to make a play for the hot wife?"

Heat flooded Chris's face at the crass phrasing, thoughts about the night Chris and Ashley spent at Clayton's house creeping in before he tamped them down. He shifted uncomfortably. "Maybe I'm overthinking it. But you know how Ashford can be."

Clayton tsked, leaning back as he steepled his fingers together. "I wouldn't worry too much, Chris. Guys like that all bluster and bravado until you call their bluff. He may leer and make vulgar comments, but he knows better than to truly push his luck too far." His tone dripped with patronizing overconfidence, doing little to settle Chris's anxieties.

As Clayton deftly transitioned into other business matters, Chris couldn't shake his lingering worries. Little did he know, Clayton's thoughts had turned to the heated incident with Ashley months prior - how she'd trembled with shock and arousal as she watched him from the closet, how she mocked him just moments before she brought herself to climax watching him perform.

A predatory smile curved Clayton's lips. Ashley may have left without him touching her, but not before he glimpsed the undeniable interest

simmering beneath her denials - a powerful craving he looked forward to stoking into an inferno.

This party, with its champagne-fueled indulgence, could provide the perfect opportunity to truly unravel Ashley again. Perhaps he could even engineer a scenario to join her and Chris for another performance.

In the lead up to the party, an undercurrent of tension simmered within Chris, no matter how much he tried focusing on the celebratory spirit. He couldn't shake his gnawing unease over Tom Ashford's attendance after that mortifying incident months ago. The very thought of him leering at Ashley or making inappropriate comments made Chris's skin crawl.

While Chris relished the idea of Ashley pushing boundaries in the private fantasies they explored together, he wasn't comfortable with an outsider like Tom intruding upon that intimate world - the games they played, the sides of Ashley that Chris coaxed out solely for his pleasure, not for someone like Tom to come in and objectify her, making her feel less of herself.

He briefly considered warning his wife about what happened. It would prepare Ashley, in case he acted inappropriately. But even briefly admitting he'd kept something like that from her could cause a fracture in their relationship's foundation of trust and honesty. So after an internal struggle, Chris ultimately opted to remain silent for now, resolving to stay vigilantly by Ashley's side instead.

The night before the party, Clayton cornered Chris under the guise of finalizing details.

"I had a thought about ensuring this shindig's success," Clayton began. You know how crucial it is for spouses to circulate and work the room too? Making our esteemed guests feel welcomed, appreciated..."

He watched Chris closely, noticing the flickers of turmoil and discomfort flit across the man's features. Clayton's lips curved in a facsimile of an indulgent smile as he offered a carefully-baited lifeline.

"I know you have...reservations...about Ashford attending. But hear me out on this."

Chris shifted uncomfortably in his seat, hands fidgeting. "I...suppose you have a point about keeping clients happy. What did you have in mind, exactly?"

A calculating glint entered Clayton's eyes as he continued, "Well, if Ashley were to offer our guests a dance or two over the evening, it would go a remarkably long way. Help them feel relaxed, indulged...in our presence. I'll have a chat with Tom. You have my word I'll ensure he remains a complete gentleman."

Chris's expression betrayed a hint of skepticism, suspecting Clayton might have an ulterior motive. But Clayton swiftly alleviated those concerns with a disarming chuckle.

"Think of it as killing two birds with one stone - you get to show off your gorgeous wife, and our clients get that VIP treatment we're known for."

The suggestion hung perilously between them. Clayton could practically see Chris weighing the repercussions of refusing such a reasonable request.

At last, Chris gave a terse nod. "I...suppose that would be alright. Just make sure Tom is a complete gentleman."

"Of course, of course," Clayton assured him easily, fighting a knowing smile as he looked forward to ensuring Ashley had plenty of champagne refills.

The night of the party finally arrived, and Chris's breath caught as Ashley emerged in a slinky black dress that hugged her tantalizingly bare curves.

"Holy..." His eyes roamed over the plunging neckline and daring thigh-high slits that revealed toned legs. "You look incredible. That dress leaves little to the imagination."

Ashley did a small twirl, a hint of self-consciousness flickering across her face. "Too much, maybe? I have the red one too, if this is over the top."

Chris's gaze darkened with unmistakable desire as he drank in her figure. "And hide that body from everyone? Not a chance."

"Chris, I look like...a hooker or something," she said, flushing. "Maybe I should change into the red one."

"Are you kidding me?" Chris's eyes raked over her body hungrily. "You look absolutely phenomenal. That dress is made for your curves."

He stepped closer, trailing a finger along the neckline's edge. "Don't even think about covering up this masterpiece."

Ashley shivered at his intense gaze. "But it's so revealing. I'm practically naked."

"Exactly." Chris gripped her hips, pulling her flush against him. "Which is why every other man there won't be able to resist you."

His heated look made Ashley's breath catch. "You...want me to dress this way? For them to gawk at me?"

"Hell yes." Chris cupped her face, holding her captive in his smoldering stare. "Let them see exactly what a goddamn knockout you are. They'll be dying with jealousy that I'm the only one taking you home later."

A wicked thrill sparked through Ashley at his ravenous possessiveness. She bit her lip, debating briefly, before giving a tiny nod of acceptance.

"Okay...if that's what you want. But be careful what you wish for mister, I may not be able to resist them all night," Ashley teased playing into the fantasy.

Chris growled in approval, capturing her lips in a searing kiss. "That's my girl. You're going to be driving everyone mad tonight...and I can't wait to get you back to the room and take advantage of it."

Desire pooled low in Ashley's belly as she leaned into him. Her own arousal was already flaring up as she thought about where the night may lead.

As they entered the ballroom, Ashley quickly drew stares. Blatant leers followed her every move on Chris's arm. She could feel countless eyes devouring her curves.

Part of her reveled in that undercurrent of ravenous want. Yet her pulse fluttered rapidly - she wasn't used to being in the spotlight like this. But she couldn't deny the wicked thrill rapidly clouding her senses.

During introductions, she could feel the weight of heated, appraising stares shamelessly roaming her exposed skin. The thrill of being so on display coursed through her, warring with the pounding of her heart. This bold step outside her boundaries left her feeling unnerved yet liberated.

Chris leaned in close. "You can feel them all undressing you with their eyes, can't you?" His voice was a low rumble. "Bet you're loving this attention, baby." As he spoke, his fingers crept down her exposed back to the swell of her ass. A subtle reminder of just how much skin she was exposing.

A tremor ran through Ashley at his words. As much as she grasped for modesty, she couldn't fight the rising desire this permissive atmosphere stoked.

When a client suggested dancing, Ashley knew refusing could risk offense. "I'd be delighted," she replied with a polite smile, allowing him to lead her onto the floor.

The moment his hands settled on her waist, her breath hitched. An acute awareness flooded her of how utterly on display she was with each movement.

Every sway of her hips, every daring glimpse of leg bared by the slits...her breasts straining against the low neckline. Ashley bit back a whimper, realizing how many hungry eyes fixated on her body - not just her partner's, but practically every warm-blooded male imagining her laid bare.

As the dance ended, her partner leaned in, hunger plain on his face. Ashley pondered for a moment surrendering to this hedonistic haze blurring her boundaries.

Before such thoughts took root, Chris cut in smoothly, reclaiming her with a possessive grip around her waist.

"Thanks for keeping her warm," he said lightly, pulling Ashley flush against him.

Her previous partner's surprise and chagrin were obvious before he rallied with a polite nod, melting back into the crowd. Ashley's pulse hammered with a confusing blend of lingering desire and relief.

"You look like an auction display right now," Chris murmured in amusement, grinding against her. This evening had spiraled into a storm of intoxicating, forbidden cravings she hadn't expected.

After each dance, Chris's hungry gaze undressed her from afar as he handed her freshly topped-up champagne to help quench her thirst. With each indulgent sip, she felt her inhibitions slip further. He knew

she would never behave this way on her own. But this fantasy they had been flirting with for months now had firmly taken hold. He knew that as soon as they got back to their room she would be on him, and it would be some of the best sex of their life.

"Watching every guy here salivate over you is driving me crazy," he murmured gruffly against her ear. "Knowing they all want to bend you over on this dance floor..."

Desire cascaded through Ashley's core at his lewd imagery. She trailed fingers along his chest. "Is that what you want? To claim me in front of them? Make me scream for you while they watch?"

Chris groaned, the rumble resonating through her as he pulled her tight against his arousal. "You'd love putting on that show, wouldn't you? Having an entire audience watch you as you cum?"

With each word and caress, the atmosphere grew heavy with desire. Both Ashley and Chris were ready to take each other right there in front of everyone. It was all either of them could do to resist the urge.

Ashley's head swam from the champagne, lust, and realization that she was completely on display. Dozens - maybe hundreds - could linger on her, appraising, undressing her with their eyes, imagining...It should have mortified her.

Instead, she reveled in that edgy undercurrent, like charged static in the air stoking her depraved appetites until threatening to consume her. Part of her still recoiled slightly, struggling to cling to even the smallest strand of dignity. But the fire between her legs was growing out of control and she could hardly think about anything but getting back to their room.

Chris's lips traced her lower lip, drinking in each trembling breath. "Tell me what you want tonight, Ash..."

Before she could respond, another suitor was already standing behind Chris asking Ashley to dance. However, this wasn't just any client.

Tom Ashford stood before them. His tall, imposing frame and chiseled features allowed Ashley's imagination to run a little as she took him in, already reeling from the charged game her and Chris were playing.

Chris spun around, plastering on a warm smile. "Tom! So glad you could make it. Let me introduce you to my lovely wife, Ashley."

Tom's eyes raked over Ashley's body brazenly, undisguised appreciation flickering across his face. "The pleasure is all mine. I've heard so much about you, Ashley. And from what I've seen tonight, it looks like everything Chris has said is true."

Before Ashley could inquire about his meaning, Clayton appeared smoothly at their sides. "If it isn't my favorite client! Tom, you scoundrel, I was beginning to think you'd be a no-show."

Clayton leaned in, murmuring something in Tom's ear too quietly for the others to catch. Tom nodded, though looking slightly disappointed.

Turning his smile back toward Ashley, Tom took her hand and brushed his lips across her knuckles. "I simply must insist on a dance, my dear. If you'll allow me?"

Chris flicked an uncertain look toward Clayton, who gave a slight nod. The silent exchange promised Chris had nothing to worry about.

Tom led Ashley to the dance floor, leaving Chris and Clayton hanging back, sipping their drinks watching the pair closely.

As the first slow notes of the song began, Tom settled his other hand respectfully on Ashley's hip, pulling her in close. His reassuring touch contrasted with the intensity blazing in his eyes. "It's a pleasure to

finally meet the woman who I've heard so much about." His smile was perfectly charming as he met Ashley's eyes. "He speaks so highly of you. I feel like I already know you through his stories."

Ashley felt herself relax slightly at his polite manner. "Thank you, you're too kind. Though I'm afraid Chris has likely exaggerated my virtues."

Tom chuckled. "I highly doubt that. If anything, I'd wager he has understated just how stunning you are in the flesh." His eyes briefly traced over her figure before returning to her face.

Flushing slightly at the unmistakable appreciation in his gaze, Ashley sought to change the subject. "Chris has been really excited about the deal with Larken. It's really helped keep the company moving in a positive direction."

Tom's eyes danced with undisguised satisfaction at her words. "Is that so? We're rather pleased with it as well. Your husband gave one hell of a sales pitch when he was in town. Really won a lot of people over."

"I'm so happy to hear that. He worked extremely hard to make that partnership happen," Ashley continued, missing the sly, calculated look that flickered across Tom's face. "Truly, closing this deal meant so much to him. I can't stress enough how much your business has meant."

"How very diligent of him," Tom said smoothly, giving nothing away. "Though I can't say I'm surprised, given his obvious... motivation." His gaze dropped pointedly to her cleavage before returning to hold her eyes.

Ashley felt herself flush again, an odd swirl of embarrassment and thrill coursing through her. She wasn't used to such overt appreciation from other men.

As the dance finally ended, Tom brushed his lips across her knuckles once more, letting them linger in an unmistakable sensual caress.

He shot a look over toward where Chris and Clayton stood watching. "And one I'd hate to disappoint, if I'm being honest."

With a final wink, Tom released her hand and merged back into the crowd, leaving Ashley flustered and wondering just what he had implied by that parting remark.

Back at the table, Chris and Clayton watched Ashley with a lustful gaze. She was handling herself perfectly tonight. She was both charming and alluring with the clients, making them feel the perfect balance of comfort and desire.

"You know, she'd be pretty impressive in sales as well," Clayton admired as he licked his lips watching the sway of her hips.

Chris could only nod as he watched Ashley and Tom on the dance floor. Tom seemed to be behaving himself, although part of Chris worried Tom would slip up and say something about her photo. The two seemed to be engaged in a civil conversation, and while it was clear Tom was laying on the charm it didn't seem to be too overt.

Clayton's voice cut through his thoughts like a razor. "Look at you," he said, slapping Chris on the back as he sidled up alongside him. "Top sales guy, big new client locked down. Color me impressed."

Chris mustered a half-smile. "Should've put a little more faith in me, huh?"

"Maybe you're right," Clayton admitted with a roguish wink. "Tell you what, no more holding back. I believe you've earned that."

A puzzled frown creased Chris's brow as he searched Clayton's face for meaning. "What are you talking about?"

Clayton smiled, pulling his eyes away from Ashley for a moment. "I have a couple of other big deals in the works. One I've been cultivating personally is a couple thousand users. And another, Katie has been heading up. Could be close to 4,000.

"Holy shit. If we land those on top of what we already have..."

"I know, it could be huge. I'm thinking maybe I do put our top sales guy on it. Maybe give you another shot at equity?" Clayton gave Chris a wink before looking back over at Tom and Ashley. "God, she looked unbelievable tonight. I would love to get her on the dancefloor with me..."

Despite his head swimming with the idea of having another shot at equity, a protective flare ignited in Chris's chest and he opened his mouth to protest, but Clayton swiftly cut him off with a dismissive wave. "No, no, don't get your panties in a twist there, buddy. I know the rule," I smile crept across Clayton's face. "But, I recall a certain wager that you lost, seems to me you owe me."

"Wh... what are you implying," Chris asked suddenly feeling like his tongue was made of lead.

Clayton leaned in conspiratorially. "Why don't we agree that silly little 'no touching' rule is off the table, at least for tonight? Let's see if the lady would indulge me in a dance or two. That's all I'm asking for now.

Dread crept into Chris's gut as he processed what Clayton was asking. "Dude, that's my wife. She would kill me if she found out about being part of the bet."

Clayton held up his hands in mock surrender, smirking. "Relax, Romeo. I'm not saying she has to know the real reasons behind you removing those restrictions. Just tell her you're loosening up a bit, having a little fun for once. We both know she won't object too much." The sudden confidence Clayton had made Chris feel off balance. He wasn't sure if he should be offended or aroused by the phrasing of that sentence. "Besides, I helped you out with that whole situation." Clayton pointed back to the dance floor where Tom was giving Ashley a parting kiss on the hand before disappearing back into the crowd.

When the song finally ended, Ashley made her way back over to the table. Her face red from exertion as beads of sweat began to form on her forehead. "Hey, can you grab us a couple of drinks from the bar?" Ashley asked breathlessly as she slid into the chair between Chris and Clayton.

Chris's eyes raked over her with a burning mix of hunger and trepidation as he wrestled with what Clayton had asked him. Part of him knew that they had played their game long enough, and he should call it a night and head back up to their room. But the larger, more primal part wondered where this would go. If Ashley would allow another repeat performance of that night at Clayton's house.

He started to open his mouth - he wasn't sure exactly what he was going to say. But then, Clayton's baritone voice boomed over him. "Hate to interrupt," Clayton purred in that smooth, calculating tone. "But I was hoping to steal this beautiful woman for a dance of my own."

His piercing stare bored directly into Ashley, undisguised challenge glinting behind those pale blue depths.

Ashley tried to rally her nerves, turning questioning eyes on Chris. Surely he wouldn't just sit idly by as Clayton - the same man who had so shamelessly ogled her and Chris together - now demanded to have such an intimate encounter with her in public? Or was this part of the game they were playing? Upping the stakes with one another to see who would back down first? "Do you always cum that hard?" The question rang in her ears again as she rubbed her thighs together. She'd been calculating a plan for the better part of the week to try to best Clayton. Now it seemed was her chance to try to one-up him. As Chris meekly shrugged and nodded stiffly refusing to meet her gaze. "Go ahead. I'll grab those drinks."

As the pulsing beat of an upbeat song filled the air, Clayton rose smoothly from his seat, offering Ashley his hand.

"Allow me," he purred, that provocative glint shining in his eyes as Chris headed toward the bar.

Ashley felt a shiver of anticipation as Clayton's fingers enveloped hers, pulling her into his arms on the dance floor. His other hand found her hip, holding her close as they began to sway.

"God, you look so fucking sexy tonight," Clayton murmured, shamelessly drinking in her curves.

Ashley wet her lips, letting her body meld against his. She trailed a hand up his chest as she leaned in close. "Not so bad yourself, handsome." She was enjoying teasing him more than she thought she would as her body moved to the beat.

With that, she rolled her hips sensually, grinding her ass against Clayton's growing arousal. Ashley reached back, raking fingers through his hair as she pressed her form brazenly against him.

"Mmmm someone likes what they see," she teased breathily. "Careful now, wouldn't want you getting too... excited out here."

Clayton chuckled darkly, hands roaming over the swell of her hips as they moved together. "Like you did that night in my office?"

He slid his hands just under the swell of her chest, lips brushing the shell of her ear. Ashley flushed, inadvertently arching harder against him.

"Still think I'm selfish?" he teased as his fingers brushed the underside of her bare chest. Ashley moaned into his ear as he grinded harder into her the images of that night swirling in her head.

From across the room, Chris couldn't tear his eyes away. His wife dancing so provocatively, they were practically fucking on the dance floor...he felt arousal and jealousy warring within him. Part of him wanted to stalk over and reclaim what was his. But a darker part relished watching Ashley get thoroughly worked up, anticipating how ravenous she'd be when he finally took her later. Perhaps he would

roleplay as Clayton again, he thought to himself as he had to adjust his growing arousal.

On the dance floor, Ashley nuzzled against Clayton's neck. "You seem to have some very vivid memories. Think about that night often do you?"

"How could I forget?" Clayton rumbled, hands roaming over the daring slits in her dress. "You were on fire that night. Let's not pretend you didn't imagine it was you on that couch."

The air thickened with tension as Ashley arched wantonly against him. As the song reached its finale, Clayton grazed his tongue along her neck.

"If we are keeping score, I believe it's your turn to put on another private performance..." he murmured, the promise in his tone unmistakable as they walked back to the bar.

As the song ended, Clayton reluctantly released Ashley, though his fingers trailed along her curves until the last moment. A charged look passed between them before he turned and headed across the floor.

Ashley felt flushed and slightly unsteady as she made her way back to where Chris stood at the bar, clutching two fresh drinks. His eyes were hooded as they raked over her disheveled appearance.

"You two looked pretty cozy out there," he murmured, voice low.

Ashley wet her lips, caught off guard by the hunger burning in his gaze. "We were just dancing," she said coyly.

"Really?" One corner of Chris's mouth quirked up. "Because from here, it looked like he was almost devouring you."

He stepped in close, lips brushing her ear. "Were you trying to make him lose control, baby? Get him all worked up knowing how exposed you were under that dress?"

A shiver ran through Ashley at his words. Before she could respond, Clayton reappeared at her side smoothly.

"Well, it appears the night is winding down for most of our guests." Clayton's eyes danced with lingering heat as they met Ashley's. "If you'll excuse me, I should make my rounds telling them farewell."

With one last weighted look between them, Clayton crossed the room to chat with the departing stragglers. Ashley turned back to Chris, feeling her pulse pounding.

"So..." She took a steadying breath. "Where does this leave us?"

Chris's gaze was molten as it roamed over her body slowly. "Well, we've got a few options. We could call it a night and head back up to our room..." He trailed off, his lips kissing down her neck, burning a hole in her skin.

Ashley felt herself growing damp at just the thought. But part of her wanted to push this delicious game further, to its inevitable conclusion.

"Or?" she prompted breathlessly.

Chris hesitated, his mind racing with possibilities. Before he could respond, Ashley's eyes lit up with a daring idea.

"What if..." she began, her voice low and sultry, "we invited Clayton up for a nightcap?"

Chris felt his pulse quicken, arousal clouding his judgment. The thought of Clayton watching them again sent a thrill through him. He nodded, not fully processing the implications of Ashley's suggestion.

"Yeah," he breathed, "that could be... interesting." His kisses reached her collarbone as he bit down softly, drawing a low moan from Ashley.

Ashley leaned in close, her breath hot against Chris's ear. "Last chance to backout," Her fingers traced the outline of his hardness, eliciting a sharp intake of breath from Chris. "Are you sure you don't want to just disappear now? Do you really want to see Clayton watch us again... seeing me like that?"

His response was immediate, voice low and husky. "The way you two were dancing earlier... I could tell you wanted it to happen again." Chris pulled her closer, his lips brushing her earlobe. "And honestly? Seeing the way all these guys are watching you... wishing it was their room you were going back to. It drives me wild."

His hand stroked down the curve of her spine, pulling her tight against him as his mouth found hers. Ashley whimpered softly into his kiss. "I love you so much."

As their hands continued to roam each other's body, their public display of affection was broken up by Clayton clearing his throat. Having seen off the last of the guests, he hurried back to their side, sensing the stakes of their little game were about to rise.

"Well now..." That silken voice seemed to caress them. "It appears you two are ready to call it a night."

Ashley extended the invitation with a coy smile. "Would you care to join us?"

All the couple could manage was the slightest of smiles, desire raging in both of their eyes as they made their way to the elevator.

As the elevator doors slid closed, the tension was thick enough to cut with a knife. Ashley found herself pressed against the wall, Chris's body pinning her there as his lips crashed hungrily onto hers. His hands roamed greedily over the curves exposed by her daring dress, leaving her breathless.

Chris's mind raced with possibilities, imagining Clayton as a silent observer to their passion. Little did he realize, Clayton had other plans for the night. He was tired of being the silent observer, tonight he was going start to make the younger couple understand the new power dynamic.

Clayton watched the heated display with undisguised interest, a self-satisfied smirk playing across his lips. When the elevator dinged open on their floor, Chris reluctantly broke away, needing to dig out their room key from his pocket.

As he fumbled for it, Clayton stepped up behind Ashley, letting his fingers trail lightly down her spine. She shivered at the electric contact, goosebumps rising on her skin.

Finally retrieving the key card, Chris ushered them both quickly into the room, shutting the door behind them. No sooner had it closed than he had Ashley pinned against it once more, lips seeking hers headily.

Clayton cleared his throat. "Why don't you two get comfortable while I pour us some drinks?"

Peeling herself away, Ashley playfully pouted at her husband. "You know, you were the only person at that whole party I didn't get to dance with."

Chris grinned rakishly at Ashley's challenge. With a few taps on his phone, a sultry beat began pulsing through the room's speakers. He started swaying his hips, shooting her a look full of exaggerated attempts at being seductive as he began unbuttoning his shirt in an overly dramatic fashion.

Ashley watched her husband's hammy strip tease attempt with equal parts amusement and arousal flickering across her features. After a couple of minutes of his fumbling efforts, she finally cut him off with a playful slap to his chest.

"Okay, okay mister, I think that's enough of those sad moves," she laughed, pushing him backwards until the backs of his legs hit the edge of the bed. "Why don't you sit back and let me show you how it's really done?"

Chris landed with a bounce, hungrily devouring Ashley with his eyes as she began tracing her fingers along the deep neckline of her daring dress. With a wicked grin, she slowly peeled it down over her shoulders, allowing the garment to gradually slither down her body and pool tantalizingly at her feet.

Clayton watched with rapt attention from where he leaned against the nearby wall, a fresh glass of whiskey in his hand. His eyes burned over every new inch of golden skin Ashley revealed.

With a flick of her fingers, Ashley changed the music to a sultry, slow rhythm. She crooked a finger at Chris, beckoning him up from the bed with a smoldering look. As he stood up, Ashley moved closer, pressing her nearly-nude form against his.

Chris let out a guttural groan as her soft curves molded against his body. His hands found her waist as they began swaying to the insistent beat. Ashley's fingers deftly worked at the remaining buttons of his shirt, pushing it off his shoulders to bare his chest.

Their movements turned into a dance of gradually increasing intimacy and undress. With each circuit around the room, more layers fell away--Chris's belt, her bra unclasping--until they were both down to just their underwear.

That's when Ashley felt another presence at her back. Clayton stepped in boldly, slotting his body against hers to make it a sensual

dance for three. She gasped at the sudden contact, but made no move to withdraw.

Instead, Ashley leaned back against Clayton's solid frame as Chris continued caressing her body. She was enclosed in the heated cocoon of their delicious masculinity. Powerful hands roamed her curves as the dance grew more heated and provocative.

For a moment, Ashley couldn't resist getting lost in the thrill of Clayton's touch. She arched back against his solid frame, fingers trailing up the hard planes of his bare chest. When had he even removed his shirt? The thought was fleeting as her hands continued upward, burying in his hair.

But then a flicker of uncertainty resurfaced. She turned her gaze to Chris, lips parted. "He's...he's breaking the no touching rule," she whispered, searching her husband's eyes for guidance.

Before Chris could respond, Clayton's mouth was hot on Ashley's neck, teeth scraping along her sensitive skin as he growled. "We chatted earlier, gorgeous. Chris has decided to waive that little rule." His hands boldly traced over the swell of her bare breasts as if to emphasize his point, causing her nipples to stiffen as goosebumps appeared.

Ashley's breath caught in her throat at the direct stimulation. Part of her still instinctively wanted to protest this escalation. But Clayton's skilled hands on her body were rapidly muddling her senses, making rational thought difficult. His fingers expertly stroked and pinched her nipples causing her to gasp and push back into him, her eyes fluttering shut. She felt the heat of his cock against her near naked ass, pressed firmly between her soft flesh. She grinded hungrily into it, her body demanding more contact.

Ashley felt like she was being swept up in a heady current of desire and sensory overload. Clayton's skilled touch on her bare skin sent shockwaves of pleasure through her body, temporarily overriding any

trepidation she harbored. She was caught in the intoxicating haze of having two men openly coveting her.

For Clayton's part, he could sense the delicate balance at play. He carefully escalated the situation at a tantalizing pace--not pushing too hard, yet inexorably guiding the couple further down this path until restraint fully unraveled.

Chris found himself a storm of conflicting emotions. The primal, possessive part of him couldn't deny the blazing arousal at seeing his wife so desirous and uninhibited. Having her on wanton display for Clayton's hungry eyes ignited something deep within him. Yet another part felt a creeping unease, as if they were accelerating into territory he hadn't fully anticipated.

When he agreed to suspend the "no touching" rule with Clayton earlier, he had simply envisioned allowing him to share a dance with Ashley. Not this level of hands-on intimacy that already blurred so many lines. He felt himself teetering on the edge of his boundaries being pushed too far, too fast. Part of him wanted to tap the brakes, but Ashley's responsiveness made that difficult.

As the charged tension in the room amplified, Clayton's hands roamed Ashley's body with increasing boldness, his fingers sliding down her stomach, and slipping just past the band of her panties. His lips trailed along the side of her neck in heated kisses and nips that left her gasping and pressing harder into him.

Chris watched with blazing eyes as Clayton's hand snaked further into her panties, no doubt feeling how wet she was. Suddenly, he seized her hips and spun her around. With a playful squeal, Ashley found herself tossed onto the bed, gazing up at her husband's heated expression.

"Taking what's yours?" She purred, eyes sparkling with delight at his possessive display.

Something primal flared in Chris's gaze. In one fluid motion, kneeling between her legs, pinning her on the bed, mouth hot on her skin as he kissed a path down her body. Ashley arched with a soft moan, feeling his fingers hook into the band of her silk panties and slowly peel them down her legs.

Undeterred, Clayton stepped aside to allow his hosts their intimate moment, watching the erotic scene play out. Eventually, Ashley's eyes fluttered open to meet his smoldering stare. With a cocky grin, Clayton hooked his fingers into his own boxers, raising an inquisitive eyebrow.

Ashley responded by raising her hips invitingly off the bed, Chris's warm breath hitting her clit making her breath catch. Her gaze held Clayton's as she purred a seductive affirmation.

Rather than strip off the last barrier, Clayton got closer to the bed. "If you want me to take them off," he growled in his deep, velvety voice, "then you'll need to do it yourself." His fingers reached out, sending a chill over her chest as he traced her nipple with a finger.

An anticipatory hush fell over the room as Clayton allowed the suggestion to linger provocatively. The rigid length tenting his boxers mere inches from Ashley's face, forcing her to make the next move.

Ashley felt her pulse pounding as her gaze flicked from the unmistakable bulge in his boxers to meet Chris's heated stare. Part of her couldn't believe they were truly at this juncture--on the precipice of making this fantasy a reality. Despite the bold banter and escalating foreplay, a tiny voice in the back of her mind still questioned if they should pause before hurtling across boundaries with no return.

Chris felt like a man torn between two compulsions. On one level, the primal, possessive side of him was practically snarling at another person encroaching on his spouse in such an intimate manner. Every instinct told him he should toss Clayton from the room, snatch Ashley into his arms and take her.

Yet, that voice found itself shouted down by the growing swell of something darker--an irrepressible hunger to see Ashley fully unleash her dark desires. To have her on full display, shamelessly claiming the pleasure she so desperately craved from any source necessary.

Clayton studied the couple with the self-assured certainty of a skilled strategist. He'd maneuvered perfectly to this point through carefully stoked tensions and suggestions. He had been three steps ahead of them this entire time. Now it was a subtle test of wills, and with each pregnant second that passed he knew their will would crumble.

Clayton pinched Ashley's nipple hard, causing her to cry out and lift her hips off the bed again. This subtle movement set the gears in motion as Chris let his tongue dip into his wife's dripping sex.

"Oooh, fuck..." Ashley moaned, her eyes fluttering as she grabbed the back of Chris's head and smashed it against her folds, her juices smearing his face as he assaulted it with renewed hunger.

"Mmmm, fuck, don't stop, baby," she pleaded as Clayton seized her wrist and brought it to his waistband.

As Ashley rolled her hips, her eyes locked on Clayton's. Gone was any hint of trepidation; all he saw now was pure, unadulterated lust. Ashley bit her bottom lip knowingly as she began to tug down his boxers, his large cock springing forward, causing her to gasp. She was close enough now to see every vein, every trimmed hair, the entire length of it in all its magnificent beauty.

"Mmmm hello again, big boy," she whispered seductively as her mouth began to water. She ran her tongue over her lips as she continued to stare at the massive cock in front of her. "How do you walk around with this things all day?" She asked playfully as her fingers gently grazed his shaft causing Clayton to let out a soft gasp of his own.

From between his wife's legs, Chris saw something hard to process: her raw lust for another man's cock. Her small hand moved along his thick shaft, exploring every inch of it. Chris's mind struggled to comprehend the sight of his wife's delicate fingers exploring another man's naked intimacy. It was both deeply embarrassing and somehow the most compelling sight he had ever laid eyes upon. He lazily ran his tongue over her clit, trying to understand how they got here. He recognized that his wife had never been exposed to such a specimen, and coupled with the alcohol and her arousal, she quickly succumbed to her latent and newfound female curiosity. Clayton's cock was a pillar of peak masculinity, something nearly every man on the planet would be envious of. It was impressive in a way that was impossible to deny, and that truth, coupled with Chris's fantasy, allowed Ashley to submit to him.

Clayton looked at Chris, satisfied, knowing he had won, unworried about any reaction Chris might have to seeing his wife stroking his big cock. In fact, part of him knew that a part of Chris wanted this to happen. They had been playing this game for months. It was only a matter of time before the couple submitted to him.

Ashley slowly removed her hand from Clayton's cock for a brief moment upon noticing Chris's stare. Her face was red, flushed, her eyes distant and hazy. Part of her stare, however, seemed to hint at some recognition that Chris might want her to continue. Her tongue ran along her lips seductively as she locked eyes with her husband, her hips driving toward him, willing him to continue his efforts on her.

For several long minutes, they all sat there in a hazy, seductive atmosphere. The only sounds were their breathing and the sexual noise of Clayton's massive balls smacking up and down. Chris watched the woman he loved continue to stroke another man's cock as if it were the only thing that existed in the world.

With renewed desire, Chris's tongue found Ashley's clit again, causing her to cry out with approval as she continued to stroke her

new object of desire.

"Fuck, baby, this is so hot. I can't believe we are doing this." Ashley's raspy voice drew Chris's eyes back up to his wife, his tongue pushing deep inside her folds. As he watched his wife turn her head from side to side, he realized with horror that Clayton's hand was in her hair, pulling her face closer to his cock. His mouth went dry as he realized she was about to take him in her mouth, to place her lips onto his naked flesh.

"Ash..." he cried out in almost a whisper as he watched in slow motion her head slowly moving toward it, her feminine lips parting as she planted her tongue across the head of his cock. It was only a few seconds before her jaw was stretching around his girth, only able to take a few inches.

Clayton arched his head back, savoring the mind-blowing sensation of triumph. He grunted, "Fuck, Ashley. I knew you were a naughty girl. Suck that big dick." His words stung Chris, who suddenly pushed two fingers deep inside Ashley's pussy in an attempt to reclaim what was his, drawing out a muffled moan from his wife. "I knew from the moment I saw you I was going to have those sexy lips wrapped around my cock," Clayton's taunts continued as Ashley tried to take more of that monster into her mouth.

Chris's heart pounded, his humiliation surged, but he was simply spellbound. Ashley continued to suck Clayton for several minutes, kissing up and down his tower, her free hand massaging the heavy shaft beneath her mouth, moving her fingers downward to caress and fondle his large testicles.

"Fuck me, baby," Ashley whispered, and Chris initially wasn't sure who she was talking to. His vision blurred as he wrestled with the conflicting emotions inside his head. Ashley's fingers running through his hair calmed him just enough to realize she was staring into his eyes. "Fuck me, take what's yours." Chris gave a small smile,

those five words enough to make him realize that despite all that was happening, Ashley was still his.

As Chris stood from between Ashley's legs, he pulled her dominantly, positioning her on the bed, facing away from him. He moved behind her, admiring the way Ashley's chest heaved and her ass wiggled eagerly. She twisted her body so that she was sitting on her hands and knees. Clayton's hand was still in her hair, greedily pulling her head back to his cock. With a low moan, she easily accepted it back into her mouth, her tongue circling around the giant head.

"Keep going, Ashley," Clayton ordered, his voice low and commanding. "I want to see you take me deep into your throat. Show me what a good little cocksucker you are." Clayton marveled at Ashley's oral skills. It was obvious she was doing this as much for herself as she was for him. She was like a woman possessed.

Ashley complied with his demands, taking more and more of his rigid cock into her throat, her moans echoing throughout the room. She could feel his cock throbbing against the back of her throat, and the thought of Chris watching her as she pleased him sent shivers down her spine.

Meanwhile, Chris couldn't believe how turned on he was by this scenario. He watched as his wife happily took Clayton into her mouth, her eyes locked in, her hands gripping his thighs. Chris pushed his entire length into her, Ashley momentarily dislodging the large appendage from her mouth and moaning loudly as Chris slid inside her.

Chris groaned as he entered Ashley from behind, the sight and feel of her servicing Clayton only adding fuel to the fire of his lust. Ashley, with Clayton planted firmly between her lips, reveled in the sensation of her husband fucking her from behind. Each thrust triggered a wave of euphoric pleasure that surged between her and Clayton, creating an electric connection that ignited with every passing moment.

"Is this how you imagined it," Ashley moaned softly letting Clayton's cock slip from her lips as her tongue slid down his shaft to his balls. "Your wife sucking your boss's big cock while you fucked me from behind?"

Ashley sucked Clayton's large testicle into her mouth, eliciting a moan from him. Her entire body was on fire as the two men used her body in ways she had only fantasized about. She couldn't believe this was actually happening, that Chris would take his fantasy this far. She felt Chris driving deeper inside her, spurred on by her words no doubt. She loved how aggressive he was being, and greedily pushed her ass back against him, milking his cock with each thrust.

Chris's hands roamed over Ashley, his fingers tracing a path around her waist, up to her breasts, kneading them possessively with a mix of pleasure and guilt twisting in his chest. Ashley's eyes fluttered shut briefly, her focus narrowing upon the task at hand as she continued worshipping Clayton's awe-inspiring member in her mouth.

Clayton tightened his grip on Ashley's hair, thrusting his hips forward, causing her to gag slightly. "I knew just by the way you looked at me that day at my house. I saw the hunger in your eyes when you saw my dick. You've wanted this ever since." Clayton's taunts caused Ashley to whimper against his cock. Her tongue swirled along the underside of it as the sound of Chris's flesh slapping against her ass rang in her ears.

Ashley drew her lips off his cock with a defiant smirk. "Stop talking and show me you're worth it." She saw the fire ignite in Clayton's eyes as he grabbed her hair and shoved her face back down on his shaft. Ashley gagged as more of his cock quickly slipped down her throat, his thrusts now more brutal and rapid than before, causing her makeup to run down her face.

Chris couldn't believe the way Clayton and Ashley were talking to each other, but he couldn't deny how it fueled her passion. She was

pushing her ass into him with abandon, her hungry pussy clamping down on his cock with each thrust. He knew he wasn't going to be able to last long with all that was going on, but he at least wanted to ensure Ashley got off. He couldn't risk what might happen if she didn't.

As if on cue, Ashley released Clayton's cock from her throat with a loud pop, turning her head to lock eyes with her husband.

"You feel amazing, baby, please don't stop." Her voice was low and sensual, her eyes fluttering. He could tell she was getting close; he just needed to hold on a little longer. "Is this slutty enough for you, baby? Wasn't this what you wanted? Am I... oh fuck, don't stop!" Ashley began convulsing around his cock as she let out a low primal growl. "Cumming, oh fuck, baby, don't..." her cries of passion were silenced as Clayton again pushed his cock into her open mouth as she cried out around it.

Chris couldn't hold back anymore; the scene before him was too erotic. Just as he felt Ashley coming down from her orgasm, he felt his approaching. With a grunt of his own, he grabbed her hips, burying his cock deep inside her as rope after rope of cum painted her insides.

Ashley moaned softly against Clayton's invading cock, feeling the remnants of Chris's warm cum dripping out of her. Her focus shifted entirely to Clayton as Chris's cock went soft and slipped from her folds. She reached up with one of her hands, gently massaging his large sack, eager to draw his seed out.

"Mmmm, fuck, I'm close," Clayton growled, his hips pistoning forward. "Where do you want it?"

Ashley slid the cock from her mouth but kept her tongue pressed against the underside, stroking it faster. "Wherever you want, big boy," she cooed passionately.

"Not you," he said with a grin, sending a shiver straight to Ashley's core.

Chris realized Clayton was looking at him, the same cocky smile plastered on his face as Ashley greedily lapped at his cock. Chris felt his cheeks burn with embarrassment. For several seconds, he could only stare at the scene unfolding in front of him. "I... on... on her chest. Cum on her chest," he choked out, surprised by his own voice.

"Oh fuck," Ashley moaned, aroused by Clayton's unbridled control over the situation. She couldn't help but feel attracted to the way he commanded the moment.

As Clayton turned his attention back to Ashley, she looked at him with a devilish grin. Both hands now stroked his large cock as she sat back on her heels. "Go ahead, stud. You heard the man, cum on my chest," she purred, sticking her chest out to taunt him as her hands slid gracefully over his cock. "You've thought about this before, haven't you? Having your thick cum all over me." Ashley's taunts were turning her on as she waited impatiently for him to cum.

With one final grunt, Clayton erupted, pointing his angry cock at Ashley's chest. She moaned seductively as she felt the warm stream splashing onto her ample chest, sliding down her skin.

Chris felt like he was having an out-of-body experience, watching his wife's chest get covered by another man's cum. Worse yet, in a roundabout way, Chris had told Clayton to do it. A small part of him appreciated Clayton for allowing him that sense of control, but it did little to combat the other voices in his head.

Chris's eyes went wide after several seconds, when he realized Clayton was still cumming. Ashley's large chest was already completely covered. The warm glaze dripping onto her legs and the bed. But rope after rope of continued to erupt from Clayton's large shaft. Chris had never seen so much before.

Balls empty, Clayton staggered backward, admiring his handiwork as Ashley fell back onto the bed, exhausted, his seed covering her chest, shoulders, and sliding down her toned stomach. He couldn't help but wear a triumphant smile as he slowly gathered his clothes.

As Clayton reached the door, he turned back and locked eyes with Chris. "Don't be too hard on yourself about this. I know things got a bit out of control, but you'd be lying to yourself if you said you didn't want it."

Chris opened his mouth to speak, but no words came out. Instead, he sat there, naked, staring up at the man who had just covered his wife in cum.

"I think you'll come to realize you enjoyed it more than you think. Next time will be even better," Clayton said with a parting shot, then he was out the door and heading back to his own room.

Chris's mind was still trying to process Clayton's words. Did he say next time? Was there going to be a next time? Did he want a next time? Did Ashley? Before he could process any of that, he heard Ashley rise from the bed.

"I'm going to rinse off in the shower. I... I need you to fuck me again, baby. I need you to reclaim what's yours." Chris felt his cock come back to life at those words, seeing his loving wife flash him a warm smile before disappearing behind the bathroom door.

CHAPTER SIX

SUN RAYS SLID through the curtains, lighting up the room. Chris shifted, slowly opening his eyes. Memories from last night flooded in. He glanced at Ashley, still asleep beside him. Her chest moved with each soft breath. Thoughts of last night rushed in - that same perfect chest, covered in Clayton's cum as Ashley moaned uncontrollably. Chris's body reacted, his stomach twisting at the same time.

As Chris struggled with these two conflicting emotions, Ashley opened her eyes and smiled at Chris watching her. Within seconds, she too remembered everything that happened last night. A mix of feelings hit her hard.

Neither said a word. The room felt full of silent emotions.

Chris coughed. "Morning," he whispered, sounding strange to himself.

"Hi," Ashley answered, her voice uncertain.

Chris's mind raced, replaying fragments of last night. Hands, glances, everything that crossed the line. He was torn between excitement and shame. Did they really go too far? Is this what he wanted?

Ashley bit her lip. Her thoughts were racing too. She felt strong yet exposed, unsure of how to handle what happened. They sat in silence until Chris spoke again.

"So..." he began, trailing off, not sure what to say.

Ashley looked at him. There was understanding in her eyes. "Yeah," she muttered. "Last night was..."

"Intense," Chris finished.

A long pause followed, both trying to find the right way to talk about what happened.

"You drank a lot. Do you remember...?" Chris stopped as Ashley's face darkened. He realized he had approached it wrong. His intention had been giving her a way out, an excuse to never repeat what happened.

"I wasn't drunk," she said firmly. Her words were soft but clear. "You told Clayton he could break our rule. And when you didn't stop him, I thought it's what you wanted." Her voice carried some frustration. She wasn't going to let Chris push the blame onto her. Like she was just some careless girl who did these things by accident.

Scenes from last night flashed in her mind. Clayton, his powerful voice, his figure. How she struggled to fit his cock into her mouth. The cock of the same man who'd been teasing her for months. It hit her, she couldn't outsmart him.

Ashley realized how everything had changed. What started as Chris's fantasy was now their reality. Heat surged between her legs. She was just as drawn to this twisted path now.

Chris watched her carefully, noticing the seriousness in her tone. He exhaled slowly. How could he tell her the truth? That this whole thing happened because of a bet with Clayton? "We... did talk about it. The no-touching rule." Memories of Clayton's hands on Ashley filled his head. The hunger in her eyes. "You looked so good, Ash. I hated the idea of sharing you, but... you looked... so good."

Ashley relaxed, her smile growing. She had feared that Chris would wake up full of regret. But instead, he admitted how turned on he

was. She briefly imagined the idea of being really shared, biting her lip at the thought.

"I... I'm glad you thought that," she whispered, her cheeks flushed. "But... are you really fine with okay with what happened?"

Chris gulped, thoughts running wild. He hoped to calm Ashley and avoid an argument, yet felt torn inside. "It was... intense. Seeing you that way..." His voice faded as he struggled to voice his mixed emotions.

Ashley misunderstood his pause as approval. "So you liked it?" she asked with some uncertainty, her voice showing both hope and doubt.

Chris nodded quickly to avoid hurting her. "Yeah, it was... something," he replied, sounding more excited than he felt. Inside, guilt and jealousy battled inside him.

Ashley's heart beat faster. She was both excited and nervous about what this might mean. "So do you want to..." she began but couldn't finish.

Chris, feeling stuck between frustration and keeping the peace, blurted out, "...make you happy," his voice tight with feelings he couldn't name.

The moment the words left his mouth, Chris knew he'd messed up. He wanted to say he cared about her overall well-being, but now it sounded like he supported more of what happened last night.

Ashley's eyes widened, filled with both excitement and caution. "Really? You'd go further with it?" Her voice trembled slightly.

Chris's head spun. He needed to regain control. But as the conversation carried on, it felt like he was thinking with something other than his mind. "We need some solid rules," his words rushed out. "Real ones. We both stick to them unless we talk first."

Ashley nodded slowly, her desire rising as memories from last night flooded her thoughts. She couldn't believe Chris was okay with it. But maybe this was always where things were headed?

"No sex," Chris said forcefully, wanting to avoid further miscommunication. That was the line they couldn't cross again. But doubt crept in - were they already too far down this road to stop?

Ashley agreed, though a mix of relief and disappointment flickered across her face. "Yes. There's still so much here I don't get. Things are already moving too fast. I don't want us to rush into something we'll regret."

Chris nodded, feeling a knot tighten in his stomach. He wanted to share the inner conflict tormenting him. At least they both agreed: no sex. But as he read the burning intensity in her eyes, the words froze in his throat.

"What... what did you like the most?" Ashley's voice was low, but he could feel the fire in it - the same fire from last night.

Chris held his breath. He hadn't thought about that yet. His body stirred as the images from before filled his mind. Ashley's moans, her words - it overwhelmed him. "I... I'm not sure. Maybe when he finished on you, the way you looked..." His cheeks flushed red. Admitting it embarrassed him.

Ashley scanned Chris's body. For a moment, she thought he was just saying what he thought she wanted. She almost considered ending this. But then she saw how hard he was proof of his feelings. He was telling the truth. She clamped her legs together, trying to control the rising heat inside her.

Her hand slid across his stomach, making his muscles tighten. Her eyes gleamed with mischief as she gripped his hardness. "You thought I looked hot? I felt so dirty."

Chris let out a soft moan, almost like a growl from deep within. His mind became foggy again, desire clouding his thinking. "You were so hot, baby. Watching you give in like that..." He gently started to move his hips. His thoughts were becoming jumbled again. The cloud of arousal clogging his rational thoughts. "You looked so hot, baby. Seeing the way you just let yourself go." Chris began rocking his hips softly. His eyes never leaving Ashley's.

Ashley licked her lips. Uncovering the rest of their bodies with her free hand as she continued to stroke Chris. "What made it even hotter was seeing the look on your face. I felt your desire even as I stroked him." Her hand snaked down his shaft over his balls. Fondling them gently before sliding back up to his shaft. "Seeing the way you looked at me when I touched him... God, you were so sexy, so animalistic. I love seeing you that way."

She leaned forward and licked him, from the base of his shaft up to the head. Her lips slurping up the small amount of precum already running down his shaft. "Now tell me, did you like watching me take him in my mouth? He was so forceful, I could tell how excited he was about it."

She slowed her strokes, waiting for him to answer. Chris was still staring into her eyes, riled up beyond belief. He had to answer, and for a moment he wasn't even sure if he was lying or not. "Yeah...I did. It was hot. Maybe the hottest thing I've ever seen."

She knelt forward and took his dick into her mouth, stroking him with her hand. After a few seconds, she backed off, her eyes never leaving his. "Is that all you want? For me to just blow Clayton?"

He wasn't sure what she meant. They had just agreed not to have sex. "What do you mean?"

A half-smile spread across Ashley's face as she recognized the effect she was having on the man she loved. "I mean, that hardly seems fair. He gets all the attention. What about little ol' me?" Ashley mock-pouted, puffing out her bottom lip before taking his cock back into

her mouth. She could already feel him pulsing. The electricity of his stare shot lightning bolts to her pussy.

"What if he wants to touch me?" Her tongue slowly circled his head while the fingers of her free hand slid down her stomach. She propped herself up on her knees to give Chris a better view.

"What if he wants to taste me?" Ashley moaned against his cock, the vibration causing him to moan with her.

"Is that what you want? For Clayton to taste you?" Chris's breathing was coming in ragged breaths now. The sensation of Ashley's tongue mixed with her words was overloading his senses.

"Maybe. Maybe." She took a long look at the hard dick in her hand, tightening her grip. "Not just Clayton," a wicked smile formed at the corner of her lips as she heard Chris gasp and felt his cock twitch. Chris couldn't think straight with the way she was looking at him. He reached out, bundling her hair in his hand and forced her down on his cock. Ashley moaned around it. Her cheeks caved in as she gagged momentarily.

The image of last night flooded both of their minds. The way Clayton had practically fucked Ashley's face with so little regard for Chris.

Ashley slid off his cock with a loud pop. "I want to fuck you now, Chris, but I want to hear it first." She slowly stopped stroking him and looked up into his eyes. That lust-filled face that turned her on so much was looking back at her. "Do you want it to happen again? Does that turn you on? Hearing me moan from another man's touch? Seeing me covered in his cum? Mmm there was so much cum, baby."

Chris struggled to formulate a response. Is this some kind of trap? Is this what she secretly wants? Why is she asking me this...

"Ugh, God." Chris breathed as Ashley once again tightened her grip on his cock. "The thought of someone else touching you, it just

drives me over the edge. I don't want them to even be in the same room as you, to look at you, but when he was there while you were stroking him like that...fuck."

Ashley raised an eyebrow at him and slowly let go of his cock.

She sat up and threw her leg over his lap, straddling him. Chris's hands found her hips just as her lips found his ear. "Do you want it to happen again?"

Chris gulped, his mind racing.

"Do you want to see his cum dripping down my chest? " she whispered huskily.

Conflicting emotions ran through Chris. His angst, anger, and jealousy mixed together with his overwhelming arousal. "Yes," he said in almost a whisper. The word left his mouth before he could stop it, a mix of excitement and dread washing over him.

Ashley ground her pussy against his dick, her slick folds coating his shaft. "Yes, what, baby?"

"I... I want to see it again. I want to see you with him again."

Ashley pushed down on Chris's chest, moving her hips just enough for his cock to slip inside her. They both let out a loud moan as her lips wrapped around his piercing hot cock. Their arousal already in overdrive.

Ashley's body moved at a fast pace. She closed her eyes, grinding faster into Chris as images of Clayton's cock filled her mind.

Ashley bit her lip, wanting Chris to know she loved the way he felt inside her. She could feel the tempo of his heartbeat through the vein on his cock as it throbbed inside of her. "Ah, fuck. Mhmmmm. God," Ashley grunted as she rolled her hips around on Chris's cock. "You feel so good, baby." Ashley's nails dug into Chris's shoulders as she gripped him. "You feel so fucking big inside of me."

"Squeeze me, Ashley, ah." Chris grunted, pushing his cock into her. "Keep going, baby. Squeeze me like you did last night." The words flew out of his mouth before he even realized it.

Ashley felt a pang of electricity run across her skin at Chris's words—goosebumps formed on her back. Chris's comments about last night brought her back there again. With Chris pounding into her from behind as she gagged on Clayton's cock. Chris had her ass in his hands, moving with her as she rode him, catching her and slamming her down on his cock. She felt an orgasm rapidly forming, ready to drop down and crush her. "Fuck, don't stop, uh, uh, don't stop, baby."

"Cum for me, baby. Let me feel you cum," Chris grunted. He put his hands on her chest, rolling her nipple between his fingers as she rode him. The slippery walls of her pussy pulled on his cock deliciously, threatening to explode at any moment.

"Fuck, right there, agh, right therrrrreeeeeeee," Ashley's pussy clenched down hard on Chris's cock as she felt herself begin to cum. Her body tensed, and she held her breath as pleasure radiated out from her sex and seemed to light every nerve in her body on fire. She felt complete at that moment, with Chris's cock buried deep inside her.

Chris grunted, leaning up and taking her nipple in his mouth. Her pussy was milking him for all he was worth. As Ashley continued to ride out the last few moments of her orgasm, Chris felt his crashing over him quickly. He grabbed Ashley's ass, pulling her down hard on his cock as it began to expand and explode deep inside her.

Ashley felt the sudden expansion of his cock, sending another jolt of electricity through her body as she collapsed on Chris's chest. Her pussy still spasming around his cock as it slowly began to deflate and soften.

Chris closed the door of his hotel room behind himself; the latch clicked through the vacant hall. Morningsun beaming through his window was just too bright, too full of joy for the storm brewing inside him. As he continued further down toward his car, Ashley's words swam in endless loops with those of the last 24 hours within his mind.

Peeling out of the hotel parking lot, still reeling, Chris barely registered the sound of screeching tires and car horns blaring behind him. He looked in his rearview mirror to see a dark sedan running a red light, in a hurry behind him.

"Idiot," Chris muttered, shaking his head. He refocused on the road, the incident passing almost instantly in his mind as he autopilot drove down familiar streets with white knuckles clutched onto the steering wheel.

It was a blur of a drive. Chris needed coffee, needed food, needed something normal to center himself before he went into work. Spotting Mabel's Diner just off the road, he steered in. Yet, even as he guided his car into the parking lot, he couldn't shake the notion that something fundamental had shifted in his world. He hoped a quick breakfast might help him think, help him process the whirlwind of the past day. Yet, as he stepped out of his car, the weight of recent events still pressed heavily on his shoulders.

Chris took a deep breath and shove through the smudged glass door of Mabel's Diner. An overhead bell announced him to filled air of friendly chitchat. The scents he knew so well - fresh coffee, sizzling bacon, decadelong grease-wrapped around him as he slid into the booth, the cracked vinyl seat squeaking in protest.

"What'll it be today, hon?" the waitress asked as she reached his table, graying hair escaping a messy bun.

"Two eggs over-easy, bacon, and toast," Chris said, forcing a smile which wasn't reflected in his eyes. Mabel, a name tag loosely swinging from her untucked shirt, smelled of stale cigarettes and

cheap perfume. He rubbed his temples for what felt like the hundredth time, trying to erase images playing on a continuous loop in his mind of last night's revelations.

As he waited for his food, Chris couldn't help but go back to what transpired in that hotel room. Ashley's voice, her words, it had sounded like she wished for the rendezvous to happen again. If he could, he would go back in time and reword a few things, making her understand that indeed he still did have some reservations. His own damning admission echoing in his ears: he'd wanted it to happen again. He had told himself it wasn't true, but no more. Christ, it was his idea to invite Clayton up to the room.

The clatter of plates on the worn tabletop startled Chris from his reverie. Mabel set down his breakfast, the aroma of crispy bacon momentarily grounding him.

"Anything else, hon?" she asked, already turning away.

Chris shook his head, mumbling a quiet "Thanks" as he reached for his fork. As he cut into the golden yolks, watching them spill across his plate, vivid images from last night flooded his mind.

He was just supposed to watch. That's what Chris told himself as Ashley's flushed face filled his mind, her lips parted in ecstasy. The sound of her moans, muffled yet unmistakable. Clayton's commanding presence, his hands on Ashley's body. Each memory sent a wave of nausea through Chris's stomach, his grip tightening on his fork.

Yet as the scenes replayed, Chris became aware of an unsettling warmth spreading through his body. His breath quickened, heart rate picking up. Despite the unease churning in his gut, he felt a familiar stirring of arousal. His pants began to tighten, as he asked himself the same question for the millionth time... did he enjoy last night more than he was admitting to himself?

Suddenly, his imagination veered into unexpected territory, a new image flashed in his mind - one that hadn't happened. Ashley and Clayton, entangled, making love. No, not making love. Fucking... hard.

Chris's coffee cup froze halfway to his lips. The intensity of the scene playing out in his mind shocked him. Clayton was slamming into her with a force that threatened to break her, his hand was on her neck as Ashley struggled for air, it was all so vivid, so real. Yet, she wasn't complaining, instead she was cumming. Harder than Chris had ever seen before.

A voice in the back of his mind protested weakly: this wasn't what they had agreed upon, this was too far. But as the imagined scene continued to play out with startling clarity, Chris found himself unable to focus on anything else, forced to confront desires he'd long tried to bury. The conflict between his moral unease and undeniable excitement left him reeling.

Chris set down his fork, appetite lost. How could he reconcile these opposing feelings? And more pressingly, how was he supposed to face Clayton at work today?

Overwhelmed by the intensity of his thoughts, Chris knew he needed to clear his head. He signaled for the check, mind racing. He tossed a twenty on the table as a tip. Then, ensuring no one was watching him, he stood on wobbly legs and headed for the door.

As he made his way back to his car he fished his phone out of his front pocket and called Ashley. He just wanted to hear her voice again. To tell her he loved her and nothing would ever change that. Unfortunately, the call went to voicemail and he was left alone with his own thoughts. Grappling with new desires he never thought he'd have.

Clayton leaned back in his leather chair, his hands behind his head as he stared at the computer screen. The audio feed from Chris's phone crackled with static, punctuated by muffled, indistinct voices. He frowned, realizing the device must be too far from the conversation to pick up anything useful.

"Damn," he muttered, sitting forward and tapping a frustrated rhythm on his desk. He'd been hoping to gauge Chris and Ashley's reactions to last night's events, to fine-tune his next move. But technology, it seemed, had other plans.

Clayton closed his eyes, allowing himself a small smile as he reflected on the previous evening. Everything had gone according to plan – better than planned, really. He could still see the mix of shock and excitement on their faces, the way they'd hesitated before giving in to the moment. The memory of Ashley's lips on him, Chris's conflicted expression – it was intoxicating.

"One step at a time," he reminded himself, opening his eyes and focusing on the task at hand. Patience had always been his strong suit, a trait that had served him well in both business and his personal pursuits. This game he was playing with Chris and Ashley required a delicate touch, a careful escalation that would leave them craving more without fully realizing how deep they were getting.

He pulled up his calendar, scanning the upcoming week. There were meetings to arrange, subtle pressures to apply. The couple was malleable now, caught between desire and uncertainty. It was the perfect time to push a little further, to see just how far they'd go.

Clayton's mind raced with possibilities. Perhaps a business dinner, where he could test the waters with more daring flirtations? Or maybe a weekend retreat under the guise of team building, where boundaries could be slowly eroded away from the watchful eyes of others?

A flash on his calendar caught his eye, they were planning a get together at their house next week. He had nearly forgotten. Chris

had told him about it in passing last week and asked what kind of grill he should buy. It seemed the loving couple were getting more and more comfortable with having spending money. He knew before long the thought of having to go back to living paycheck to paycheck would feel like a fate worse than death.

Clayton ran through the possibilities of how that night would play out. He could get them liquored up again, of course. But, he was growing tired of that game. It was about time for them to bend to his will without the influence of alcohol. Perhaps he would show up early, help setup the party and then see where things went? He thought about taking Ashley in her bed. The same one she and Chris laid in every night as they mapped out their future. "They are making this almost too easy," he thought to himself with a chuckle, before leaning forward on his desk and adjusting the volume on his computer.

Despite the poor audio quality, he was determined to glean any information he could. Every detail, every nuance of their reactions could be useful in his carefully orchestrated plan.

Suddenly, the static of the audio faded. Though still muffled, the unmistakable sound of Ashley's moans filtered through. Clayton's smile widened, a surge of triumph coursing through him. It seemed their conversation had ended on a positive note, increasing his chances of taking things further.

He sat back, savoring the moment. This was just the beginning. Soon, very soon, he'd have everything he wanted – and more. The power, the control, the sheer thrill of bending them to his will – it was addictive.

After his unsettling experience at the diner, Chris headed to the office. As he pulled into the parking lot, he noticed the same dark sedan from earlier passing by. For a moment, he felt a twinge of unease, but quickly dismissed it as coincidence. The car was gone as quickly as it had appeared, and Chris had more pressing matters on his mind as he prepared to face Clayton.

Parking the car, Chris's mind was still reeling from the revelation at the diner. He felt as if he was losing control of his own fantasies, acutely aware that allowing things to escalate further with Clayton would be a grave mistake. By all accounts, his life was near perfect: he was excelling at work, playing a pivotal role in BitGuardian's rapid growth. His relationship with Ashley couldn't be happier, and their sex life was nothing short of extraordinary. It would be foolish to jeopardize any of that.

Yet, as he entered the front door of the office he couldn't help but picture Ashley slowly sliding down onto Clayton's large cock. Chris shook his head, trying to dismiss the thought. He took a deep breath, steeling himself for the workday ahead and the inevitable encounter with Clayton.

The office was quiet, almost too quiet, for even a weekend. Most of the team were there hunched over computers working. Chris walked over to his desk, casting furtive glances at Clayton's office. Through the open door, he could see Clayton pacing up and down, phone against his ear, talking with his hands animatedly.

Chris couldn't focus on his work, his mind wandering in loops between last night and his contradicting feelings. He found himself sending surreptitious glances in Clayton's direction, hoping to find at least some indication of regret or unease, knowing he wouldn't. Clayton was very much in control, just as he had been last night, just as he was now.

Rising from his desk, Chris decided to confront Clayton and establish clear boundaries. However, as he took a step towards Clayton's

office, his determination faltered. More fantasies flooded his mind: Ashley, her naked body glistening with sweat, lay nearly motionless beneath Clayton, overwhelmed by a prolonged, intense orgasm. Clayton's powerful thrusts only intensified as he rode her harder. He then turned to Chris, his smile sharp and knowing.

"She can't get enough of it, buddy," Clayton's imagined voice taunted.

The vibration of his phone snapped Chris back to reality. A text from Ashley lit up the screen, further complicating his state of mind.

"Sorry I missed your call, lover. I was out shopping for the dinner party next week, before I went to work."

Before Chris could respond, a picture message came through.

"What do you think? " Chris audibly gasped. She was in the fitting room, standing in front of a full-length mirror, wearing a light blue lingerie set. The flimsy bra hugged her curves to perfection, whereas the almost see-through boyshort panties accentuated her shapely hips and thighs. She was standing with her back to the mirror, looking over her shoulder seductively, her lips pursed as if blowing a kiss. Her cascading long hair fell down her back, while the mischievous glint in her eyes made her even more seductive. She was positioned in such a way that a captivating view of both front and back was visible, showing the smoothness of the skin and all the details of the lingerie. The soft light of the room accentuated each curve, and Chris was out of breath, gazing at the breathtaking view of his beautiful wife.

Chris felt his cock stir, as he examined every inch of Ashley's perfect body. Providing at least a moment of relief from the angst of this morning.

"Jesus, Ash, you look incredible," he typed, feeling a mix of desire and unease. How had their relationship dynamic shifted so drastically over the course of a few months?

"I know how much you like the color blue. If you're a good boy, maybe after the party you can unwrap your gift."

"Fuck," Chris mumbled under his breath as he stared at the picture. How did he get so lucky. Before he could formulate a real response, the three dots appeared indicating Ashley was typing something else.

"Or would you rather I just wear it out for the party? Let everyone see what a slut you've turned me into?"

Chris didn't know when Ashley got so good at dirty talk, and sexy text messages, but she certainly knew how to push his buttons. Their recent experiences seemed to have awakened a new side of her – or perhaps just brought a hidden part to the surface. Unfortunately, this time, all it did was cause Chris to imagine Clayton pushing his cock into her from behind as Chris sat by and watched.

"As hot as that sounds, I think I want you all to myself this time," he fired back, trying to steer the conversation away from more daring territory.

"Mmm, I can't wait. I love it when you get so possessive."

Chris smiled to himself, a momentary respite from his earlier anxieties. But the relief was short-lived as Ashley's next message appeared.

"I'm about to walk into work, love. Was there something you wanted to talk about?"

"Just... wanted to say I miss you already and I can't wait to get home. I love you, babe."

Chris tucked the phone back into his pocket, the warmth of the exchange with Ashley fading as he looked back toward Clayton's office. His boss was now sitting at his desk, deep in thought.

After what felt like an eternity, Clayton emerged. He paused when he saw Chris, a flicker of surprise crossing his face before being replaced by his usual confident smirk. The look sent a chill down Chris's spine.

"Chris! Wasn't sure if I'd see you or not today after last night's... festivities," Clayton called out, his tone casual but with an undercurrent of... something Chris couldn't quite place. "Everything okay?"

Chris forced a smile, hoping it didn't look as strained as it felt. "Yeah, everything is great. Just didn't want to fall behind on any deals," he replied, avoiding direct eye contact.

Clayton studied him for a moment, the wheels in his head turning. "Listen, about last night—" he began, but Chris cut him off.

"Let's not," Chris said quickly, perhaps too quickly. "Not here"

Clayton raised an eyebrow, a confident smile playing at the corners of his mouth. "If you say so," he said, his tone light but his eyes sharp and assessing. "But, I meant what I said when I was leaving."

Before Chris could respond, Clayton's phone buzzed. He glanced at the screen, his expression shifting to one of focused intensity. "Fucking Ashford," he said, already turning back towards his office. "You weren't lying, this guy is needy."

Chris's heart skipped a beat. Why was Tom calling Clayton directly? He nodded, following Clayton into the office, but Clayton held up his hand, moving the microphone away from his mouth. "Give me a minute. Let me schmooze him and then I'll call you in," he said with a wink as he closed the door on Chris.

As he entered, Clayton was already deep in conversation, his charm turned up to eleven. "Tom, my friend, you make it back home safe? Any troubles at the airport?."

Tom's hearty laugh crackled through the speaker. "First class, and TSA pre-check, my friend. It was smooth flying the whole ride."

They exchanged a few more pleasantries before Clayton smoothly steered the conversation towards business. "So, what can I do for you today, Tom?"

"Well, I'm calling about that... arrangement we discussed at the party," Tom said, his tone becoming more serious. "I've been thinking about it, and I'm eager to get going."

Clayton leaned back in his chair, his fingers dancing across his keyboard as he quickly scanned Chris and Ashley's last conversation. "I appreciate your enthusiasm, Tom, but these things take time to set up properly." His mouth fell open when he saw the picture Ashley sent. Chris had no idea the kind of woman he was married to.

"You still there?" Tom's voice echoed, bringing Clayton back to the conversation as he quickly saved the image and sent it to his phone.

"Yeah, just side tracked for a moment was all." Clayton stared at the photo, and Ashley's heart shaped ass. He knew he would have her, it was just getting harder to be patient. "Look," Clayton focused back on the conversation. "He's already uneasy around you, and doubly so with his wife around. These things take some careful planning. I've almost broke them."

"Come on, Clay," Tom pressed, a hint of impatience creeping into his voice. "You get them here and I can promise you they will be more than properly trained."

"Tom, I hear you, but I need a bit more time. We need to come up with a proper crisis." Clayton was getting annoyed. He had promised at the party that if he left Ashley alone that night, he would make sure Tom got some time alone with her the next time Chris was at Larkin. However, he hadn't anticipated Tom being so impatient about it.

"You want a crisis? How about I pull the entire deal? You gave me your word at the party that..."

Clayton cut him off, his fists pounding on the desk. "Don't threaten me, Tom. You think just because you and my dad go way back you can disrespect me? I told you to let me think. Now, let me think!"

Clayton's eyes flicked towards the office door, noting Chris peaking inside. He took a deep breath, closing his eyes. "Chris just walked in. Let me get him up to speed."

As he spoke, Chris entered the office. He hesitated for a moment before stepping inside, curiosity and apprehension warring on his face. As Chris silently fell onto the sofa in front of Clayton's desk, Clayton forwarded the photo of Ashley to Tom.

"Chris, we've got a situation," Clayton began, his tone serious. "The executives at Larkin are facing increased pressure about security concerns with BitGuardian. Tom thinks it would be good for us to go up there and put their minds at ease."

As Chris settled onto the sofa, Clayton's thoughts drifted to his recent conversation with Tom. The promise of alone time with Ashley was clearly more important to him than Clayton realized. Now, Clayton just needed to maneuver the pieces into place.

"Both of us?" Chris replied, uncertainty evident in his voice. "I'm not versed in the technical side. I'm not sure how useful I'd be."

"Yes both of you. This is an all hands on deck situation, damn it!" Tom's voice roared from the other side of the speakerphone. He quickly picked up on the game Clayton was playing, but he opted more for the bull in a china shop approach.

Clayton leaned forward, his eyes locking with Chris's. Apparently he was going to be the good cop. "Your relationship with them is far more valuable than my technical jargon. They trust you, Chris."

Inwardly, Clayton smirked at the irony of discussing trust while orchestrating this elaborate deception. He pressed on, knowing he needed to sweeten the deal.

"Look, why don't you bring Ashley along? We could stay for a couple extra days. You two could make a trip of it."

Chris tensed visibly at the mention of Ashley's name. Clayton held his breath, hopeful that Tom wouldn't say something stupid and blow this entire thing up. He watched Chris's internal struggle, knowing he was pushing the right buttons.

"What kind of concerns do they have?" As good as Chris was at his job. He seemed to have a blindspot when it came to Clayton.

"Probably the same shit, they've been saying since day one. That someone could manipulate the system and see sensitive data on other clients that don't have the program installed."

"That's exactly it," Tom was back injecting himself into the conversation unprompted. "It was all I could do to get them to delay a decision. They feel like you lied to them, Chris."

"You were just here. Why didn't you bring any of this up at the party?"

"That isn't important now. What's important is that this is where we are now," Clayton wanted to cut the conversation off before Chris had a chance to sniff out what was going on.

"Alright, I guess that could work," Chris finally conceded.

Clayton felt a surge of triumph. Everything was falling into place. He'd deliver on his promise to Tom, further entangling both Chris and Ashley in his web. The possibilities of the upcoming trip sent a thrill through him, but he maintained his professional facade.

"Excellent. We'll make this work, Chris. For BitGuardian, for Larkin Industries, and for us," Clayton said, the double meaning of his

words lost on Chris.

Clayton said his final goodbyes to Tom, ensuring him that they would fly out as soon as possible. Once he hung up the phone he let out a long sigh looking over at Chris.

"Relax." Clayton finally said as they locked eyes.. "We'll get it figured out. Larkin is a big company. They think with their checkbooks. I'm sure it's mostly just investors making empty threats."

Chris realized he'd been holding his breath and finally exhaled. "Thanks, man. I... I honestly don't know how much help I'm going to be. But I appreciate you having faith in me."

Clayton studied him for a moment. He seemed more tense than usual. Something was definitely off with him. But then again, he was sitting across the desk from the man who less than twelve hours ago covered his wife's chest with cum. "You sure you're alright? You don't look to great."

Chris felt like his world was spinning as Clayton asked that question. His pulse quickened as he told himself he needed to tell Clayton that things couldn't go further with Ashley.

"Yeah, just tired. Last night was... well, you know," Chris laughed nervously.

Clayton chuckled, the sound sending a chill down Chris's spine. "Yeah, I know," he said, his tone laden with innuendo. "Hell of a woman you've got there," Clayton added with a wink. "Why don't you head home? We can talk about Ashford on Monday."

As Chris stood to leave, Clayton called out, "Oh, and Chris? Looking forward to that backyard get-together. It's going to be... interesting."

Chris nodded wordlessly and left the office, his mind a whirlwind of conflicting thoughts and emotions. Why didn't he mention the boundaries? Why had he let Clayton lead the conversation the way he did?

Chris headed home and just couldn't shake the feeling that he was losing control-not only of the fantasy, but also of life. The lines blurred between what was real and what was desired. He felt terrified and exhilarated at the same time over the possibilities awaiting him.

Ashley stepped out of her car and, with the push of a button, locked the door of the new BMW. Still buzzing in her mind from the events of last night and her conversation with Chris this morning, Ashley exuded renewed confidence in her stride with each step toward the hospital entrance.

Last night had definitely taken a turn that was not expected, yet Ashley could not deny the spark she had felt. The interest given by both Chris and Clayton had stirred something inside her that she did not even realize was missing. It was not at all about the carnal aspects but the feeling of desired, admired, and being at the center of their attention.

She closed her eyes for a moment, remembering the electric feeling of standing between Chris and Clayton. The heat of their bodies, the feeling of both of their cocks pressed against her - it sent a shiver down her spine even now. A vivid image flashed in her mind: Chris, his jaw clenched with a possessiveness she rarely saw, practically throwing her onto the bed. The memory of his forceful touch made her breath catch.

Then there was Clayton. Ashley's cheeks flushed as she recalled the weight of him in her hand, the taste of him. It was so different from Chris, yet equally thrilling. Their little game of cat and mouse had been going on for months and last night... an image flashed in her head again from last night. She was standing in the bathroom, her chest absolutely covered in cum... in Clayton's cum. She shifted in place before walking toward the nurses station, suddenly aware of a growing warmth between her legs.

For a moment, Ashley pondered Chris's quick agreement to break the no touching rule. It had surprised her at first that he and Clayton would discuss it without her, but she rationalized it as part of the heat of the moment. A fleeting thought crossed her mind - would he be so quick to break the no sex rule they'd established? But as she felt the warmth between her legs grow, she quickly dismissed the idea, trusting in their communication and shared understanding.

Entering the nurses station, Ashley realized she was enjoying the planning and execution of their little game. All of the teasing and flirty texts kept a certain edge to their sex life. Initially, she'd worried it might make her feel cheap or degraded. Instead, she felt empowered and more confident than ever. The way these men all looked at her, the way Chris had reacted to her this morning - it all contributed to a newfound sense of self-assurance.

"Focus, Ashley," she muttered to herself, trying to redirect her attention to the files in front of her as she sat at the nurses station and logged into her computer. But concentration proved elusive as her mind continued to wander.

Almost unconsciously, her eyes drifted to the supply closet down the hall. She thought of the hospital's janitor and their past... encounters. A small frown creased her brow as she realized she hadn't seen him in a while.

"Do I miss him?" she thought, then quickly dismissed the idea. No, that wasn't it. But after their last encounter, and especially following the intense roleplay with Chris, she'd be lying to herself if she didn't admit to feeling just a little curious about their next potential rendezvous. The thought sent a small thrill through her, a mixture of anticipation and guilt that she quickly tried to push aside.

Ashley shook her head, trying to clear these thoughts. She was surprised at herself, at how easily her mind now drifted to these provocative places. It was as if entertaining Chris's fantasy had also unlocked something within her, a part of herself she'd kept tightly controlled for so long.

With a deep breath, she forced herself to look back at the patient files. She had responsibilities, after all. A smile formed at the corner of her mouth as she was looking for the patient forms. Mrs. Johnson was back.

Ashley went about her day, trying to focus on her duties. She checked vitals, administered medications, and updated patient charts

with practiced efficiency. However, her mind kept drifting back to the events of last night, the way Clayton commanded the room. Ashley hated admitting to herself how sexy it all was. She hated guys like that and usually found their cockiness to be a complete turn off, but the way he took control, how forceful he was...she took a deep breath then paused and refocused. "Work, focus on work," she chastised herself.

Ashley was close to the end of her shift and decided to stop by Mrs. Johnson's room. She tapped lightly on the door and then opened it, breaking into a warm smile upon seeing the elderly woman.

"Mrs. Johnson, it's so great to see you again," Ashley exclaimed, genuinely pleased to see her favorite patient.

The wrinkled face lit up. "Ashley, dear! I was hoping you'd be here."

Taking Mrs. Johnson's vitals and making small talk washed a sense of normalcy over her, she thought. It was routine, connecting with a patient she had known for years-grounding she hadn't realized she needed.

"How have you been, dear?" Mrs. Johnson asked, her keen eyes studying Ashley's face. "Last time we talked you were going through some big changes."

Ashley blushed to her ears. "Oh, you know," she tried to say in a nonchalant manner. "It's been... eventful".

Mrs. Johnson swatted Ashley's hand. "Oh, don't give me that horseshit. Unless you're going to go find me that fine doctor with a cute ass, I'm going to need some details."

Ashley smiled, grateful for Mrs. Johnson's presence. She loved how effortlessly the woman spoke what was on her mind. "You're so bad!" Ashley laughed, as she looked over her shoulder at the closed door to ensure they had some privacy.

"Well, if you must know." Ashley grabbed the stool with her foot and rolled it over, sitting next to the elderly woman. "You may have been right about Chris. Things have... progressed."

Mrs. Johnson's eyes lit up. She felt like a teenager again involved in the latest drama at school. "Oh you old whore," Mrs. Johnson said, laughing. "So, did you fuck him?"

"Oh my god!" Ashley's face immediately turned a deep shade of pink, embarrassment coursing through her body, with a mix of something else she dared not think about. "No, and keep your voice down. There hasn't been any sex...yet." Ashley immediately gasped when she said the word. She wanted to take it back. She wasn't even sure why she added it. It just sort of slipped out. But once it did, it hung in the air like the scent of a rose—intoxicating yet unsettling, stirring emotions she wasn't ready to confront.

Ashley cleared her throat and continued. "No sex, that's off the table, but last night..." As Ashley delved into the events of last night and what transpired Mrs. Johnson listened with a gentle eagerness and ease. Once Ashley started confining in the elderly woman the words just sort of poured out. She spared her no details. The flirty messages and pictures leading up to the night, the flirting with strangers as she danced, all the way up to when she laid back on the bed exhausted the proof of what happened that night dripping from her chest.

Little did Ashley know however, that Mrs. Johnson wasn't the only one listening. The janitor just happened to be cleaning the room next door when he heard the two women giggling. As he moved closer to the thin wall to have a better listen, the shared air vent above provided even better audio. A dark smile formed on his face. In that moment, everything he had thought about Ashley shifted. She wasn't just some lonely wife who enjoyed teasing people she felt were beneath her without her husband knowing, this was much better than that. He'd dealt with couples like this before, and now he knew everything he needed about the young couple.

"My my, it sounds like you've had quite the adventure, dear. Isn't it thrilling, to know you get to explore your sexuality in a way that is so liberating? You get to experience new things and push your boundaries, all while having the support and encouragement of your husband."

Ashley found herself gently nodding her head. "It was certainly... thrilling," she said with a laugh. "But I still feel a little guilty about it. Even after our conversation this morning when he assured me everything was fine and he enjoyed it."

Mrs. Johnson patted her hand gently. "It's natural to feel guilty at first, but remember that you're not doing anything wrong. Plus, it sounds like the sex this morning was even more passionate," she gave a knowing wink as she reminisced about her younger years.

"Thank you, Mrs. Johnson. I knew you would be the right person to tell." Ashley gave her hand a gentle squeeze as she stood to leave.

"Of course, dear. Now, when you go find me that orderly. You know, the one with the arms." Ashley laughed and waved goodbye to her patient. Feeling even better about last night.

As Ashley prepared to leave for the day, she leaned against the row of lockers. The back of her scrub top had lifted slightly, the cold of the steel against her bare skin feeling like the unexpected touch of a new lover.

She thought about her conversation with Mrs. Johnson, how easily the words had flowed. There was a freedom in that honesty, in giving voice to desires she'd barely acknowledged to herself. But with that freedom came fear - fear of judgment, of losing control, of irreparably changing her relationship with Chris.

The attention from both Chris and Clayton was intoxicating, she couldn't deny that. But was it the act itself that excited her, or the power she felt in that moment? The ability to captivate not one, but

two men, to be the center of their desire... it was an exhilarating feeling.

With a deep breath, Ashley pushed off the wall and straightened her scrubs. Whatever came next, she was determined to face it with open eyes and a strong connection with Chris.

Chris wiped his brow as he lugged another box of decorations from the garage. "I think that's the last of it," he called out to Ashley, who was busy arranging snacks in the kitchen.

"Great!" Ashley replied, her voice slightly muffled. "Can you start setting up the patio lights?"

As Chris began untangling the string lights, Ashley emerged from the kitchen, a thoughtful look on her face. "So, who all is coming again?" she asked, leaning against the doorframe.

Chris paused, mentally ticking off names. "Well, there's Mike and Sarah from accounting, Tom from HR, a few of the guys from my team..." he trailed off, hesitating slightly before adding, "and Clayton, of course."

Ashley raised an eyebrow, a mischievous glint in her eye. Oh, Clayton's coming? Hmm, I wonder what I should wear..." She teased, slowly lifting her shirt.

Chris, distracted by Ashley's provocative comments, fumbled with the lights. The string slipped from his hands, creating a tangled mess on the floor.

Ashley chuckled, her eyes sparkling with amusement. "Oh dear, having trouble there? Maybe we should invite that handsome janitor from the hospital to help set up. I'm sure I could find a way to... repay him for his services."

Chris's face flushed, a mix of arousal and jealousy evident in his expression. He abandoned the lights and crossed the room in a few quick strides, grabbing Ashley by the hips.

"Mmm, hey there tiger," Ashley purred, a knowing smile playing on her lips. "What's got you all excited? Thinking about me and Clayton... or me and the janitor?"

His eyes were dark with desire and something else - uncertainty, perhaps jealousy. Without a word, he pressed Ashley against the

wall, his lips finding the sensitive spot on her neck.

Ashley gasped, her hands instinctively gripping Chris's shoulders. "Oh?" she breathed, tilting her head to give him better access. "But what if Clayton wants to join again? I saw how excited you were last time."

Chris pulled back slightly, his eyes dark with desire and a hint of conflict. "Is that what you want?" he asked, his voice low and husky.

Ashley bit her lip, her heart racing. "Maybe," she whispered, her gaze challenging. "Or maybe it's what you want. Did you like watching me with him? The way a came pleasuring both of you?" Ashley closed her eyes, pushing back into Chris's steel erection.

In return, Chris spun her around and crashed his lips against hers in a searing kiss. His hands roamed her body, pulling her close with the apparent intent of erasing any thoughts of Clayton from her mind.

Mmm, Clayton. and you too, Mr. Janitor. So many hands.

Chris was frozen for a second, then he surged on, his touches urgent, possessive. He lifted Ashley, her legs wrapping around his waist as he carried her to the couch.

Chris froze for a moment, then redoubled his efforts, his touches becoming more urgent, more possessive. He lifted Ashley, her legs wrapping around his waist as he carried her to the couch.

Ashley moaned as Chris laid her down onto the couch, his body pressing against hers. She could feel his hard cock pressed against her thigh and ached for him to be inside her.

"Oh Clayton," Ashley moaned as Chris began to kiss her neck. "You feel so good."

Chris bit her neck harder, causing her to cry out, before continuing his kisses down her body. He knew Ashley was playing a game, but

the jealousy and arousal that surged through him at the thought of another man touching her made his body react as if he'd been pent up for months.

"And what about Mr. Janitor?" Ashley whispered, her voice low and seductive. "You think he wants to touch me too?"

Chris's grip on her hips tightened as he imagined another man's hands on her body. He knew that he shouldn't be turned on by the idea, but he couldn't deny the heat that was building between them.

"Fuck," Chris growled, his voice low and rough. "You're driving me crazy."

Ashley smiled, running her fingers through Chris' hair as he kissed her stomach. She knew she was pushing the boundaries, but she couldn't help herself. She loved his response when she did this-the loss of control, the thought of her with other men sent him over the edge.

"Mmm, I love it when you get so possessive," Ashley whispered huskily. "You wanna fuck me... fuck me the way Clayton wishes he could?"

Chris's eyes met hers, and he could see the challenge in them. Was she picturing Clayton right now? Imagining it was him taking her?

"Yes," Chris growled, his voice filled with desire. "I want to fuck you like Clayton would." His fingers immediately tangled in her hair as he spun her around. Her knees resting on the sofa as her ass pushed into him.

As Ashley worked to take off her jeans, Chris's hand came down hard across her ass. The slap seemed to rattle Chris more than Ashley. She moaned in response her ass wiggling against him. She could feel his cock pressing against her, hard and ready.

"And what about Mr. Janitor?" Ashley whispered again, her voice low and seductive. "I don't think he would just sit by and watch, do

you?" As she spoke she reached behind Chris's body grabbing his fingers and taking them into her mouth.

Christ grunted as he felt her warm tongue sliding over his fingers. He desperately tried to take off his pants with one hand as Ashley's tongue rolled over his fingers, her cheeks hollowed out as she sucked the imaginary cock for all she was worth.

Ashley released his fingers letting out a loud sigh as she felt Chris sink his cock into her. "Mmm yes fuck me, Clayton. Fuck me harder." Her tongue snaked out of her mouth in search for Chris's fingers. Her eyes slammed shut as she imagined the taboo threesome.

Chris groaned as he felt Ashley's wetness envelop him, her body yielding to his as he thrust deeper inside her. He could feel her hips pushing back against him, her body writhing in pleasure as he took her.

"Yes," Chris growled, his voice filled with desire. "You're soaked, baby. You feel so good."

Ashley moaned around his fingers as Chris continued to thrust into her, his hands roaming her body as if he couldn't get enough of her. She could feel herself getting closer and closer to the edge, her body trembling with pleasure as she imagined the two men man-handling her..

Ashley's tongue danced over Chris's fingers, her mind wandering to the thought of the janitor's cock. She imagined him standing there, watching them with lust in his eyes as Clayton fucked her from behind.

Chris groaned, his hips bucking against her as he felt her suck on his fingers. He could feel himself getting closer and closer to the edge, his body trembling with pleasure.

"Fuck, Ashley," Chris growled, his voice filled with desire. "You're going to make me cum."

Ashley moaned in response, her body writhing against his as she sucked on his fingers. "Do it, Clayton. Cum inside me. Drive the big cock inside me and cum." Ashley's orgasm continued to build, her breath coming in short gasps. "Fuck...don't stop. I want to feel every last drop of your cum inside me."

The final thrust, Chris was deep inside her, the movement coaxing a cry out of her. He could feel her body clench around him as she came, shaking with the force of her orgasm.

Ashley's mouth shot open, releasing Chris' fingers. "Oh fuuuck yes", she cried out. A mind-shattering orgasm exploded and sent waves of pleasure coursing through her body. Every muscle in her body tightened up as her body fell forward onto the sofa.

Chris was soon behind, shaking as he came inside her. He fell on top of her, breathing in ragged gasps to catch his breath.

As their breathing started to regulate, Chris and Ashley lay entwined on the couch as the heat from their session started to dissipate. Chris trailed lazy circles across Ashley's back, his mind still reeling from their steamy roleplay.

"I don't think I've ever seen you so turned on before," Chris whispered, his voice carrying with it an air of both astonishment and discomfort.

Ashley lifted her head, a mischievous look in her eye. "What can I say? The idea of Clayton and the Janitor at once really gets me going," she teased, her tone playful but with an undercurrent of something more.

Chris's hand stilled on her back. He swallowed hard, gathering his courage. "I've been thinking..." He could suddenly hear his heartbeat in his ears. "If you wanted... I mean, Do you want to..."

He cut himself off, the words sticking in his throat as Ashley's gaze met his. In that moment, his nerve failed him. The weight of the

question and its potential answers suddenly felt too heavy to bear.

"Want to what?" Ashley prompted, her eyebrow raised in curiosity.

Chris forced a chuckle, shaking his head. "The party... We should probably finish prepping for the party. Those lights aren't going to hang themselves."

As they disentangled themselves and began to dress, Chris couldn't shake the feeling that he'd just missed an important moment. Ashley cast him a curious glance, sensing the shift in his mood but choosing not to press the issue.

Chris busied himself with the party preparations once more, but his movements were distracted, his mind replaying their conversation and wondering what Ashley's answer might have been if he'd found the courage to finish his question.

CHAPTER SEVEN

AS THE SUN began to set, Chris tended the grill, his eyes scanning the backyard with a sense of pride. He and Ashley had spent the majority of the day rearranging patio furniture until she thought everything was just right. The shrubs and small garden had been meticulously trimmed and pruned, a visual representation of just how far they'd come. Ashley had told Chris everything had to be perfect, and as he looked out over the yard it felt like it was exactly that.

Ashley emerged with a tray of deviled eggs, placing it on a table laden with dishes she'd spent all day preparing. She ran her hands over her dress, to try to calm her nerves. This gathering was their chance to solidify their new social standing. "That's the last of it," she said, placing a hand on her hip as she looked over the yard.

Chris paused to admire Ashley, still taken aback by her beauty. He walked over to her, pulling her into a hug. His hands pressed into her back between her shoulder blades. As they embraced, she reminded him again about his "special present" later, causing Chris to flush.

"Christ, Ash," he muttered, "you can't say things like that just before people arrive." His cock started to swell and press against her leg.

Ashley laughed, "I thought you liked showing me off? Besides, it seems like somebody likes the idea." She ran her hand gently along his length to emphasize her point.

Chris forced a smile. "I love that I married the hottest girl on Earth, but let's not scare off the neighbors," he said with a nervous laugh.

"Besides, tonight, I want you all to myself."

The doorbell rang, and they exchanged an excited, nervous glance ending the playful banter.

"Let's get this over with so I can ravage you," Chris said, squeezing Ashley's butt with a smirk before greeting their first guests.

The backyard came alive with the buzz of conversation and laughter as friends, coworkers, and neighbors arrived. Chris moved through the crowd, playing the role of charming host, but his eyes kept darting to the gate. He knew Clayton would be arriving soon, and the thought filled him with a mixture of anticipation and dread.

As if summoned by Chris's thoughts, Clayton's imposing figure appeared at the entrance to the backyard. He paused, surveying the scene before him, a knowing smile playing at the corners of his mouth. In one hand he held a six-pack of expensive craft beer, in the other, a box of cigars.

"Now this is my kind of party," Clayton announced, making his way towards Chris. "None of that stuffy cocktail hour bullshit."

Chris forced a smile, accepting the beer Clayton offered him. "Glad you could make it, man. Burgers are almost ready." Chris did his best to not just hide the anxiety building inside him, but forget about it all together.

Ashley, engaged in conversation nearby, hadn't noticed Clayton's arrival yet. But as she laughed at something her companion said, she felt a familiar prickle at the back of her neck. She turned, her eyes locking with Clayton's just as he reached them.

"Ashley," Clayton said, his voice low and smooth as he leaned in to kiss her cheek. "You look absolutely ravishing."

Chris stood motionless, his gaze fixed on the scene before him. As Clayton's hand rested on Ashley's arm, the air seemed to thicken around Chris. His breath caught in his throat, and time appeared to

slow, each second stretching into an eternity as he watched the scene unfold.

Ashley felt a warm flush creep up her neck as Clayton's lips brushed her cheek, his compliment making her stomach flutter with butterflies. Images from their last encounter flashed through her mind - the heat of bodies pressed close, the taste of him on her tongue. She blinked, trying to clear her thoughts as she met his intense gaze.

Instinctively, Ashley's eyes darted to Chris, a thrill running through her as she saw what she interpreted as arousal in his eyes. The slight tension in his jaw, the way his fingers gripped the spatula - to her, these were signs of his excitement, his possessiveness. In reality, Chris's expression was a complex mix of desire and uncertainty, a conflict Ashley failed to recognize in her heightened state.

"Chris, honey!" she called out, her voice light and teasing. "The burgers are burning!"

Chris startled, jerking back to the present moment. "Shit," he muttered, quickly flipping the sizzling patties.

Ashley gave Clayton an apologetic smile. "Duty calls," she said, gesturing to the gathering crowd. "Make yourselves comfortable. I'll catch up with you both later."

As Ashley moved away to play the gracious hostess, Clayton sidled up to the grill, casually popping open two beers. He handed one to Chris with an easy grin, his mind racing beneath the calm exterior.

"So, how's it feel being king of the castle?" Clayton asked, gesturing to the backyard filled with laughing guests. He watched Chris carefully, he knew he was still feeling some reservations about last week. He had hoped that by now they would have come to terms with what happened and accepted his new role.

Chris accepted the beer gratefully, taking a long pull before answering. "It's... surreal, honestly. Sometimes I still can't believe this is our life now."

Clayton nodded, his expression thoughtful. "It's a big change, alright. You've come far. Ashley seems to be adjusting to the role well," he said with a smile as he watched her ass bounce as she went from guest to guest. He kept his tone casual, but inwardly, he was scrutinizing every micro-expression on Chris's face.

Chris shrugged, focusing on the grill. "Yeah, it's been nice not having to sweat the small stuff anymore. Just hope we can keep up, you know?"

"I hear that," Clayton said, his tone sympathetic while his mind worked overtime. He needed to find an in. He wanted Chris to finally admit that not only did he enjoy what happened but he wanted it to happen again.

"Must be a lot to process..." his eyes hadn't left Ashley's ass. "The change, I mean. How are you holding up with everything?"

Chris hesitated, and Clayton's internal alarms blared. That pause spoke volumes. "Yeah, everything has kind of taken off very quickly. It's a lot to process," Chris lied, flipping another burger. "But I'm managing".

"Well, I'm always here to help guide you. You can trust me with anything, Ashley too."

Chris nodded, forcing a smile. He noted Clayton's word choice and couldn't help but think there was more than one meaning to them. "Thanks, man. I appreciate that."

The two friends shared a quiet moment as burgers sizzled on the grill and a warm breeze swept through. Chris considered bringing up his conversation earlier in the week with Ashley. Making sure Clayton understood and respected the boundaries. But each time he started,

the words caught in his throat, just as they had when Ashley mentioned their threesome.

Clayton, meanwhile, kept his eyes trained on Ashley. He remained committed to reaping the rewards of his careful groundwork. He could sense Ashley's growing receptiveness to the idea of their relationship evolving, even if she wasn't consciously aware of it. Chris, however, presented a more formidable challenge, he still wanted to deny his true feelings. His true place in this new... relationship.

"We've got a great life here, my friend," Clayton said, breaking the silence. Chris nodded in agreement, taking a swig of his beer as he added more patties to the grill. The flames leapt up, the sudden burst of heat against his face a welcome distraction from his tumultuous thoughts.

"Nice house, quiet neighborhood, smoking hot wife," Clayton continued with a wink, nudging Chris with his elbow.

"Great life"

"Ashley sure knows how to work a crowd, huh? Doesn't hurt that every guy is practically drooling over her."

Despite the history of the last few weeks, Clayton's boldness to openly talk about Ashley like that in such a public setting made his blood turn to ice.

Noticing Chris's discomfort, Clayton gave him a playful nudge. "Loosen up, man. I'm just fucking with you," he said with a boisterous laugh. The sound caught Ashley's attention, and she turned to look at them. Her face lit up, seeing their apparent camaraderie. She brushed a loose strand of hair from her face and offered a small wave, curiosity piquing as she wondered about the source of their amusement. An all-too-familiar warmth spread through her body, bringing a slight blush to her cheeks before she turned away.

Clayton's strategy was twofold: either provoke Chris to anger, letting Clayton know where he really stood, and possibly upsetting Ashley, or push Chris into uncomfortable silence with increasingly vulgar comments about Ashley. The latter would confirm Chris's willingness to stand idly by as Clayton made his move.

"But seriously, check out these guys," Clayton whispered, gesturing towards the gathering with his beer. "You can't tell me that one isn't eye-fucking her right now." Chris followed Clayton's gaze to find Ashley engrossed in animated conversation with one of their elderly neighbors. As she leaned in to speak, Chris noticed the man behind her struggling to tear his eyes away from her long legs, exposed by her rising dress.

Chris felt a conflicting surge of arousal, unsure if it stemmed from Clayton's explicit comment or his own imagination of Ashley in a similar pose later that night. Unable to formulate a response, he resorted to the only action he could muster. Raising his beer, he clinked it against Clayton's with a forced smile. "To having it all," he said, his voice barely masking his inner turmoil.

As the evening wore on, the backyard party began to wind down. The once-lively chatter now nothing more than a handful of quiet whispers, punctuated occasionally by the clink of bottles being gathered and the scrape of chairs across the patio.

Clayton emerged from the bathroom, still trying to figure out his next move. As he approached the hallway leading to the living room, he overheard Ashley's voice, low and playful.

"Honey, why don't you start saying goodbye to everyone?" Ashley's tone was teasing, laden with promise as she traced a finger up Chris's chest. "I'm going to head upstairs and... get comfortable."

Clayton froze, his pulse quickening as he processed the implications of Ashley's words. He heard Chris's muffled response, followed by the sound of the back door sliding open.

Unaware of Clayton's presence, Chris made his way outside, focused on the task of ushering their guests home. The scent of lingering charcoal and the cool night air did little to quell the anticipation building within him. Tonight had been a success, he thought to himself as he grabbed a few empty beer bottles for the patio and tossed them in the trash.

Clayton remained motionless in the hallway, his mind racing. He could hear Ashley's footsteps on the stairs, the soft creak of floorboards overhead. An evil smirk formed on his lips as he considered his next move, the possibilities unfolding before him like a chess game where he controlled all the pieces.

Slowly, deliberately, Clayton began to move towards the staircase, his footsteps measured and silent on the plush carpet. The sounds of Chris's voice drifted in from the backyard, oblivious to the scene unfolding inside his own home.

As the crowd began to thin out, Chris felt a rising tide of panic in his chest. His eyes darted from face to face, searching for Clayton among the departing guests. Where was he? Chris couldn't

remember seeing him leave, and he knew Clayton wasn't the type to slip away without a word.

Chris's gaze flickered to the upstairs window, his pulse quickening. The bedroom light cast a warm glow against the darkening sky as he saw Ashley's shadow appear. Chris swallowed hard, his mouth suddenly dry.

"Thanks for having us, Chris! We should do this more often," one of the lingering guests said, clapping him on the shoulder.

Chris nodded, forcing a smile while his mind raced. "Absolutely, we'll set something up soon," he replied, his voice sounding distant to his own ears.

As he shook hands and exchanged pleasantries with the last few stragglers, Chris could feel beads of sweat forming on his forehead. The cool evening air did nothing to alleviate the heat rising within him, a mix of anxiety and something else he didn't want to name. "Where the hell is he?" He thought to himself.

"You alright, man? You look a little flushed," another guest remarked, concern etching their features.

"Yeah, yeah, I'm fine," Chris said, waving off the concern. "Just a long day, you know how it is."

Finally, the last guest made their way down the driveway. Chris watched their taillights disappear around the corner, his heart pounding in his ears. He needed to get upstairs. Now.

With trembling hands, he locked the door and rushed toward the staircase. Each step felt like an eternity, the silence of the house pressing in around him. What would he find when he reached the top?

Clayton ascended the stairs with deliberate slowness, each step precise. As he reached the landing, he paused, listening. Chris's muffled voice floated up from the backyard, a distant echo that made this moment feel almost dreamlike in its unreality.

He approached the bedroom door, slightly ajar, a sliver of warm light spilling into the hallway. Clayton's heart raced, not from nervousness, but from the thrill of power, of knowing he was about to cross a line that couldn't be uncrossed.

With a gentle push, the door swung open.

Ashley lay on the bed, the soft blue lingerie hugging her curves. She had positioned herself carefully, one leg slightly bent, her hair fanned out on the pillow. Her heart raced with anticipation as she heard footsteps approaching. She knew how much Chris was going to enjoy seeing this on her. He'd been working so hard lately, he deserved this treat.

She closed her eyes, a coy smile playing on her lips as she heard the door open. "I've been waiting for you," she purred, her voice low and inviting.

"Mmm, the picture doesn't do it justice," came a deep voice - but not the one she was expecting.

Ashley's eyes flew open, her body tensing as she saw Clayton standing in the doorway, his gaze intense and hungry. Shock and disbelief washed over her, followed by a confusing mix of fear and... something else she didn't want to admit to herself.

"Clayton," she gasped, scrambling to sit up and cover herself. "What are you- He showed you the picture?"

Clayton stepped into the room, closing the door behind him with a soft click. He realized he had just made his first mistake since starting this game. He cursed himself silently, trying to think of an excuse for when Chris inevitably said he didn't share the picture. "Chris is still saying goodbye to the guests." He watched her face as she considered what he'd said. "We have some time."

Clayton's eyes roamed over Ashley's form, a smile playing at his lips. "Why don't you lay back and give me a little show?" His eyes moved over her curves as he watched her nipples stiffen. "Get yourself nice and warmed up for when Chris gets up here."

Ashley's mind raced, a whirlwind of emotions coursing through her. "Wait..." Her voice was shaky with need. "Did... did Chris send you up here? Did he set this up?"

Even as the words left her mouth, Ashley found her body responding to Clayton's presence. Almost against her will, she felt herself slowly reclining back onto the bed, her movements fluid and automatic. It was as if her body was operating independently from her mind, driven by some primal instinct she couldn't quite comprehend.

"I don't understand," Ashley whispered, her eyes locked with Clayton's intense gaze. "Is Chris on his way..."

"Shh," Clayton soothed, his voice hypnotic. "Don't overthink it, Ashley. Just enjoy the moment."

Ashley bit her lip, a gesture both hesitant and seductive. She couldn't deny the thrill that coursed through her body at the thought of being alone with Clayton. Her hands began to move, slowly trailing over her body, tracing the curves accentuated by the soft blue lingerie. She felt disconnected, as if she was back in the closet at his office.

"Chris said tonight was just going to be the two of us. Why did he send you up?" As Ashley continued to try to make sense of what was happening in her head her body was already ablaze. She cupped her large chest with her hand, her tongue lightly sliding over the bottom of her lip.

Clayton took a step closer to the bed, his confidence growing as he observed Ashley's submissive behavior. He could see the unmistakable desire in her eyes as she watched him close the distance between them. Her fingers already sliding across her chest, a soft moan escaping her lips.

"Don't act so surprised that I'm here. You've wanted this moment for months. You both have." Clayton's shins tapped the end of the bed. Ashley was within striking distance now. His cock swelled at the possibilities.

This is crazy, Ashley thought, her arousal growing with each passing second. *This is wrong. I should wait for Chris. But... why

would he show Clayton the picture and have him come up here if he didn't want this?* Guilt and excitement ran through her, each sensation amplified by the forbidden nature of the moment.

Clayton watched intently, his eyes dark with desire. Inwardly, he marveled at how easily Ashley had fallen into his plan. She's even more receptive than I thought, he mused, a mixture of triumph and unexpected tenderness washing over him.

"That's it," Clayton murmured, his voice husky. "You're body is astonishing." As he spoke he began to unbutton his shirt.

Ashley's breath hitched at his words. Her eyes blazed with lust as she watched him slowly strip. Her tongue darting out past her lips as her hand slid under her bra and cupped her bare breast. She wondered how far this was going to go before Chris came in the room. Maybe he was already at the door, watching? The thought sent a jolt to her pussy as his other hand slide down her toned stomach.

Clayton pulled out his phone, his eyes bouncing with mischief. "Let's make sure we remember this moment," he said, snapping a few quick photos of her touching herself. The soft click of the camera caused her to panic. Why was he taking pictures? She should tell him to stop.

Clayton reached out, his fingers swept over the bare skin of her leg causing her to forget her thought. *This is it,* he thought. The moment everything changes. Clayton tossed his pants to the side, and sat his cell on the dresser, now standing between Ashley's spread legs in just his boxers.

Ashley's body was going into overdrive. Her fingers danced over the front of her wet panties causing her to lift her hips off the bed.

"It seems these are getting in the way," Clayton said with a grin hooking his fingers inside the waist band of her sexy underwear. Ashley moaned in response, keeping her hips from the bed as

Clayton slowly dragged the thin blue material off her legs and tossed them behind him, leaving Ashley's bald folds exposed and glistening with desire.

Clayton's eyes devoured the sight before him, his hand reaching for his cell again. "You're too perfect not to capture," he murmured, snapping a few more quick photos of Ashley's naked body before tossing it back onto his pants.

Chris gripped the banister as he climbed the stairs. A soft moan drifted down from the bedroom, freezing him mid-step. His mind refused to process what he'd heard, even as another moan confirmed his suspicions. Panic surged through his body, making his legs weak beneath him.

"Fuuuck, that feels good. Just like that. Fuck yes, don't stop." Ashley's voice rang out again as he reached the top of the stairs. Chris stood just outside the closed bedroom door. Panic racing through him. He opened the door cautiously, first noticing Ashley's discarded lingerie by the door next to, what he could only assume were Clayton's pants.

He wondered if he was going to be sick. Vomiting felt like the appropriate response to this discovery. He doubled over, putting his hands on his knees as he tried to keep from passing out. But as his breathing returned to normal, the steel-like erection that his pants couldn't contain stood as a stark reminder that no matter what he should have felt the indiscretion turned him on.

Almost as if he were in a trance, Chris pushed the doorway open wider and stepped inside. He stood there for a moment, frozen, his chest heaving as he tried to process the scene before him.

"Ashley?" he managed to choke out, his voice barely above a whisper.

Ashley's eyes flew open, wide with shock and something else - guilt? Fear? She scrambled to sit up, her face flushed and hair disheveled. "Chris! I... I thought... We..." Her words dissolved into a moan as she collapsed back, waves of pleasure overwhelming coherent thought. "Oooh fuuu. Jesus. Her eyes fluttered shut as she felt the energy draining from her body.

Clayton turned slowly, wiping his face with the back of his hand. He seemed unsurprised by the interruption. His expression was one of challenge and defiance. "Hey man," he said, his voice steady. "We were wondering if you were going to show up." There it was again,

that cocky smile. "I've got to say, she tastes even better than she looks."

Chris opened his mouth to speak, but nothing came out. Instead his eyes fluttered to Clayton's hands as he slowly discarded his boxers. "I see you're already enjoying the show," Clayton jabbed, motioning at Chris's strained pants.

Heat crept up Chris's neck as embarrassment washed over him. He felt like an intruder in his own bedroom, a voyeur to this intimate scene. _This is wrong,_ his mind screamed even as his body betrayed him. *I should stop this.* But Ashley's face told a different story. Her features soft with pleasure, her body responding eagerly to each touch. That familiar voice in his head grew louder: *Look how much she's enjoying it. How much you're enjoying it.*

Clayton saw Chris's hesitation for what it was, submission. He wasn't going to be a problem, not tonight anyway. With a triumphant smile he grabbed Ashley's legs. Admiring her naked body as she slowly recovered from her orgasm. He let her feel his cock, hard and pulsing against her still quivering pussy, pushing his hips forward as the length of it slid over her clit.

"Ohhh, God," Ashley yelped, her clit still sensitive. He dragged it a few more times over her lips, her juices coating his cock. This would end up being Clayton's second mistake of the night.

Through lazy eyes Ashley looked to Chris. Her foggy mind trying to put the pieces of what was happening together. Chris had slumped down in a chair at the corner of the room. His eyes were distant, his cock strained against his pants.

Chris sat frozen, his breath quickening as he took in the scene before him. He shifted uncomfortably in his seat, his hands clenched into fists. He tried to stand up, opening his mouth to object. But, the words didn't come out as he heard Ashley let out another loud moan as Clayton's cock threatened to split her in half.

Ashley's breath caught as the realization of what was about to happen dawned. A million things raced through her head. How would a dick that size feel inside of her. How much would Chris enjoying seeing it? Would her marriage be able to survive it? Was this really something Chris wanted?

As Clayton drew his hips back a final time, the head of his dick positioned at Ashley's warm entrance, he felt her hand wrap around his shaft. "Not so fast," she purred as she stroked it softly ensuring she kept it pressed against her clit away from her entrance.

Clayton growled softly, realizing he had missed his opportunity. "Don't pretend like you don't want it. Like you haven't wanted it since that night in the office," he teased as he began to fuck Ashley's fist. He noticed the way her body responded every time the head of his cock pressed against her swollen bud.

"Mmm I want it soooo bad," Ashley teased as she tried to catch her breath. She looked at Chris again, who had only moved to remove his pants. His cock pulsing in his hand as he took in the scene in front of him. Her voice was soft but firm as she addressed Clayton. "Come up here," she said, gesturing to the head of the bed as she licked her lips.

Clayton hesitated, glancing at Chris with a smirk. The air was thick with tension and desire as he made his way to the head of the bed.

"You can't fuck me...", Ashley reached out stroking his cock slowly. "But if you ask real nice, maybe I'll..." Ashley was cut off as Clayton grabbed the back of her head and pushed his cock into her mouth. "Mmmph." He held the back of her head as he pushed into her. Her hands pressed against his thighs trying to control his movements.

"Mmm," Ashley moaned once she regained her composure. Her body was responding to Clayton's forcefulness in ways she couldn't imagine. The way he just shoved his cock in her mouth with no sense of regard for her made her desire harden.

Ashley's resistance waned, her touch softening against Clayton's form. Sensing this shift, Clayton eased his hold, allowing Ashley more control. As he did, Ashley's mouth never left his cock. She was setting the pace now.

Clayton's hands wandered, caressing and teasing as they moved across Ashley's chest. His touch elicited a soft gasp from her. As he heard movement behind him, his attention briefly shifted to Chris.

Chris was still struggling with all that had happened. The sickness he had felt coming upstairs, the overwhelming sense of arousal when he thought Clayton was fucking Ashley, the relief when he realized they weren't having sex, and now the humiliation of sitting in the corner, just... watching. This wasn't a threesome; neither of them made any attempt to include him. Yet his dick was painfully hard. His gaze fell on Ashley's discarded lingerie, and for a moment, he tried to imagine exactly how it had gotten there. Had Ashley even had time to put it on before Clayton was on her? Or had she given him a seductive dance while taking it off? Perhaps they pulled it off together as they made out like two lovers, rekindling after an extended time apart? Each painful thought made his dick pulse with newfound desire. He wasn't sure he'd ever been this hard before in his life.

Ashley's muffled moan brought Chris back to the present, as he watched Clayton start to fuck her face. Her makeup was smeared, but judging by the way her free hand was rubbing her glazed clit, she didn't seem to mind the forcefulness of it all.

Chris knew he could walk over there right now and bury himself inside her. With the noises coming from her fingers, he knew he could be completely sheathed in one thrust. But he couldn't bring himself to interrupt them. Instead, he walked back to the door and grabbed her discarded underwear before sitting back down in the chair.

Clayton saw Chris grab the underwear only to sit back down. He silently laughed at the poor broken bastard. He knew he had won. Chris was no longer going to be a problem. Now he just had to make Ashley see it too.

"Looks like Chris isn't interested in playing. He just wants to watch," Clayton growled at Ashley. "He wants to watch us together."

"Mmmmmfff," Ashley groaned as she pulled her mouth off Clayton's cock and looked over at her husband. Chris was still sitting there with his jaw hanging. Only this time he had her blue panties wrapped around his swollen dick.

Ashley started to apologize to Chris, but before she could finish, Clayton grabbed her head and guided her mouth onto his cock. At first, she placed a hand on his thigh in protest, but after a moment, she willingly began to suck him again.

"I told you she couldn't resist it," Clayton smirked, as he forcefully thrust himself into Ashley's mouth. His hand roamed freely over her body. His fingers pinched her erect nipples as the sloshing sounds of her own fingers digging into her pussy filled the room.

"You like to watch, don't you, Chris?" Clayton taunted, his voice dripping with amusement. "Watching your wife suck my big dick. You always knew she was a slut, didn't you? This was inevitable."

Chris sat there, staring at the scene unfolding in front of him. He had never seen Ashley like this, so uninhibited. Ashley was moaning and gagging as she struggled to take all of Clayton's massive length into her mouth, her hands frantically working his shaft as she did her best to please him. Chris felt like all the blood in his body had rushed to his groin as he stroked himself faster.

Ashley's fingers began to gently roll the nub of her clit. The manual stimulation was overdue; she was ready for another release regardless of how recent her last one had been.

Clayton leaned forward, his lips close to Ashley's ear as his fingers moved from her nipple down her toned stomach. His whisper was too quiet for Chris to hear, but the words were meant for Ashley alone:

"Your husband is on the verge of exploding. He loves seeing you like this, with your lips stretched around my cock. Imagine how he's going to react when he sees me fuck you."

The words were like electricity through her body. She moaned around the hard cock in her mouth as her fingers pushed inside her. The squelching sounds of her hunger echoing off the walls. He didn't say "if" he sees me fuck you. He said "when," as if it was just a matter of fact.

Ashley glanced over at her husband watching as he continued to pleasure himself. With a playful flash in her eye, she released Clayton's cock and purred.

"I'm sorry, baby. I tried waiting for you but then..." Her tongue circled Clayton's large head, the taste of his precum assaulting her taste buds. "It's so fucking big."

She kept her gaze locked on Chris. He didn't respond verbally, but she saw his excitement visibly increase as she spoke. With a mischievous smile, she leaned forward and extended her tongue to the base of Clayton's cock. She slowly licked up the entire underside of his shaft until she reached the head, then took him into her mouth for several seconds before backing off again, her eyes never leaving Chris's.

"Mmmmm, soooo fucking big," she cooed, her voice dripping with desire. "It tastes so good, Chris." She continued to tease her husband seeing the way his cock pulsed every time she said something to him.

Chris's eyes were drawn to a flash of light glinting off Ashley's hand. Her wedding ring, she was holding another man's cock in her left

hand. The same hand he held when he vowed to love and protect her was now slimy with spit and precum from a dick that wasn't his. Chris felt a lump form in his throat as he watched Ashley consumed by her task, her lips sliding up and down Clayton's massive shaft as she moaned and gasped for breath.

"Mmmmm," Ashley moaned as she took her mouth off it. She needed to catch her breath. She could feel an orgasm beginning to build inside of her. She desperately needed to let it out. Being on display like this was driving her crazy.

"You're such a good little cocksucker. Your husband should be proud," Clayton sneered. "Tell him how much you love my cock." His fingers began to pinch and massage her clit, working in tandem with hers.

As Ashley moaned around Clayton's cock, Chris felt a familiar pang of jealousy. But beneath it, a stronger current of excitement surged through him. He was shocked to realize how much he enjoyed watching Ashley like this as his cock threatened to explode.

Ashley's eyes snapped shut as Clayton found her clit. She was getting close to cumming. Just a few more seconds and she could get it. "Ohhhh," she barely registered Clayton's command as she felt Clayton's fingers on her clit bringing her orgasm closer. She half opened her eyes processing what he said. Her voice a mix of playfulness and growing arousal. "You want me to tell him?"

"Tell him," Clayton growled. Smearing his wet piece of flesh over her cheek. "Tell your husband how much you love my big cock."

"Oh, fuck," Ashley moaned as she felt Clayton's cock sliding up and down her face. Her tone shifted, becoming more urgent and filled with desire. "I love it. God, baby, his cock feels amazing. It's so thick, so hard... I... I can't get enough."

With a final, desperate moan, Ashley's body convulsed, her orgasm ripping through her as she came harder than she ever had before.

Chris could only watch in amazement as his wife writhed and moaned, her body shaking with pleasure as she submitted to Clayton's dominance.

"Oh, fuck, fuuuuuuck," Ashley moaned as her body was rocked by another orgasm. "Oh, uhhhh."

Chris gasped, shocked at Ashley's words and unbridled lust. Unable to hold out anymore, he let out a low groan, his cum splattering the inside of Ashley's blue boy shorts.

Clayton held her head tightly with his free hand as she came, pressing his cock into her face. She held the base with one hand as it stretched up and over her beautiful features.

As she came back down to Earth Clayton gave her no time to recover. He grabbed Ashley's head and forced himself deeper into her throat, his hips bucking as he fucked her mouth with reckless abandon.

But she didn't fight back; instead, she seemed to relish in the rough treatment, her body writhing with pleasure as she submitted to Clayton's dominance. Her lips encircled it delicately, and she took it as deep as she could, until Clayton's heavy testicles pressed against her chin.

Clayton glanced over at Chris with a smirk, pulling Ashley from his cock so she could look at her husband. "Looks like someone enjoyed the show a little too much. He must really love seeing you work my cock," he mocked as his fingers started moving along her clit again.

Ashley, her lips glistening and cheeks flushed, followed Clayton's gaze towards Chris. Her eyes widened slightly, taking in her husband's state, the evidence of his climax covering her blue boy shorts. A shiver of excitement ran through her realizing the effect their display had on him. She squirmed under Clayton's touch, her hips grinding against his hand as he expertly manipulated her clit. A soft, desperate moan escaped her lips, her eyes rolling back as she

turned away from Chris, burying her face back into Clayton's crotch, eagerly taking him into her mouth once more, her body betraying her heightened excitement.

"Mmmm, yeah, that's right, suck my cock, baby," Clayton beamed. "Suck my cock right in front of your husband. Tell him what you are," Clayton said boastfully.

Ashley's eyes shifted to Chris once more while she kept Clayton's cock in her mouth.

"Mmmmm," Ashley moaned as Clayton's cock slid out of her mouth. Her tongue still desperately searching for it. Her voice was breathy with desire as she turned to Chris. "I'm sorry, baby, I'm such a slut. It feels so good, Chris. I can't help myself."

Chris's mind raced, but his mouth refused to work. He wanted to speak, to join in on the banter, to do something. But he remained frozen, watching. His own cock already beginning to swell. He couldn't remember the last time he recovered so quickly.

Clayton moaned in pleasure. He wanted to keep her talking, to relish in this moment. He needed her to know that Chris could do nothing but sit idly by as Clayton took her. "Where do you want me to cum?"

Ashley didn't answer. She looked at Chris, assuming Clayton was talking to him. Clayton yanked her head back by her hair, making it clear it was her he was addressing.

From the chair, Chris was working himself into a frenzy. He couldn't believe how rough Clayton was being. Even worse, he couldn't believe how Ashley was responding to it. Did she really see herself as a slut, or was she just saying that to play into Clayton's fantasy?

Clayton's fantasy... the thought lingered in Chris's mind. Was this even about him and Ashley? Or were they just pawns being used by Clayton so he could get off?

"Ugh," Ashley moaned at the sudden pain. "My chest. Cum all over my chest again." She was panting now as Clayton continued to fuck her with his fingers. Stuffing two large digits into her cunt as his thumb circled her clit.

Clayton could tell by her ragged breaths that she was getting close again, close to cumming while she begged for him to cum.

"No, I've already done that before," Clayton said mockingly. "Besides, you've already admitted you're a slut, and there's only one place to cum on a slut."

"Mhmmmm," Ashley moaned, as her hips pushed down onto his fingers. She was teetering right at the edge again. Finally, she felt it rise inside of her and come crashing down on every nerve ending in her body.

"Fuuuuck, Clayton," Ashley's body was convulsing as she gasped for air. Another orgasm rocking her to her core. "Cum for me, please. Cum... oh fuck, cum on my face."

Clayton grasped Ashley's hair tightly, guiding her face closer to his throbbing member as she continued to pump his swollen shaft. With a thunderous growl, he erupted, causing Ashley to feel his cock twitch in her hand. The initial spurt struck her left cheek, its warmth eliciting a moan of delight from her. Stream after stream of scalding cum rained down on her face, coating it in a warm, slick layer that only served to heighten her arousal.

As the subsequent burst struck her lips, she instinctively parted them, allowing the next stream to shoot to the back of her throat. Ashley moaned in ecstasy, her lips once again enveloping the massive head of his cock as she sucked out the remaining droplets. Her hand tenderly massaged his heavy balls, ensuring that not a single drop was wasted.

Ashley's face was coated in Clayton's cum. Her eyes looked glued shut as gobs of cum dripped from her lashes. Even her wedding ring

was covered in wads of Clayton's cum. Chris felt a pang of jealousy as he took it all in.

The sight of Ashley, covered in another man's cum sent a wave of emotions crashing through Chris, all seeming to converge in his dick. Despite his earlier release, he found himself hardening again, unable to tear his eyes away from Ashley.

Chris's hand moved of its own accord, gripping his dick tightly. The fabric of Ashley's delicate underwear twisted in his grasp as he stroked faster, caught in a whirlwind of debauchery. Tension built rapidly, an unstoppable force racing towards release. With a muffled groan, he surrendered to it, his second orgasm tearing through him and leaving Ashley's panties sticky with his essence.

With a heavy sigh, Clayton slowly extracted his cock from Ashley's mouth as she fell back on her pillow. Below him, this once confident and defiant woman lay coated in his seed. As her breathing slowed, she licked her lips clean and looked up at him, her eyes wide with astonishment at the sheer volume of his release. Their gazes locked, and for a moment, they shared an intimate connection, a silent acknowledgment of the intense experience they had just shared.

Chris pulled Ashley's underwear away from his cock, the thin fabric now drenched in his emasculation, while his once again inflating cock told a different story. He had told Ashley that tonight he wanted her all to himself. She had even selected that lingerie set specifically for him. Instead, she was once again covered in Clayton's cum, and he didn't even participate. He just sat in the corner and jerked off while his wife had one orgasm after the next. He had never heard Ashley talk like that before, never seen her act so... primal. It was like Clayton had unlocked something inside her.

Chris watched as Clayton backed away from the bed, holding his deflated member in front of him. He was smiling from ear to ear. Ashley was still catching her breath, coming down from the intensity of her powerful orgasms.. She was staring at Clayton with the

bedroom eyes that Chris had seen so many times before, but mixed with a sense of disbelief.

Clayton strode towards Chris. It was only then that Ashley seemed to register he was still there. Her eyes quickly regained their focus as she tried to compose herself.

Clayton never broke eye contact with Chris as he invaded his personal space, his now-flaccid length slapping against his thighs as he walked. "See, I told you next time would be better," he said with a snort as he grabbed his clothes by the door and walked out of the room.

For several minutes, Ashley and Chris just stared at each other, no words spoken. It wasn't until they heard the front door close that Chris stood up and slowly walked over to his wife.

She looked up at Chris and smiled hesitantly, "How... how are you feeling after...that."

Chris stared into Ashley's eyes, trying to ignore the mess on her face. "I... don't know what to say. It was... Holy shit."

"Yeah, it was..." Ashley averted her eyes, suddenly ashamed. "Chris, I'm so sorry about the things I was saying. I was just trying to add to the experience for you. I got carried away."

Chris felt a wave of guilt wash over him. Had he pushed her too far? But beneath that guilt, a voice whispered that he'd never seen her so uninhibited, so raw. It was terrifying and exhilarating all at once.

"Amazing," Chris said softly as he shook his head. "You were amazing. I can't believe all that just happened." He looked over her ravaged body with a different eye. It was like discovering a whole new side of her, one that both thrilled and unnerved him.

"Neither can I," Ashley said as she rose from the bed, trying to clean herself up. Her eyes drifted to her discarded lingerie set. The light blue boy shorts now stained white. Her eyes grew soft as she looked

at Chris. "Oh, baby, I'm sorry you didn't get to see me in those. I picked them out just for you, and now they're ruined."

Chris placed his hand gently on her thigh. He could still feel her muscles contracting from the intensity of what she just experienced. A part of him felt possessive, proud even, that he'd been witness to her pleasure. Another part felt a twinge of jealousy mixed with an undeniable sense of arousal that Clayton had been the cause. "It's ok. I got to see you. And you were... you looked so sexy."

"Is it true?" Ashley asked softly. Her hand coming to rest on his, "Was it... better than last time?"

Chris's response was immediate, surprising even himself with its honesty. "It was the hottest thing I've ever seen in my life," he admitted, not only to Ashley but to himself. The realization hit him like a thunderbolt - he'd enjoyed it, truly enjoyed it. The shame he expected to feel was there, but it was overshadowed by a newfound excitement, a hunger for more.

"But Ashley, I need you to know, I love you so much." He felt tears start to sting the corner of his eyes. "You're not... what he called you. What you called yourself... you're not... a slut. You're my wife, and I love you."

Ashley smiled, both relieved and excited by Chris's response. "I love you too, Chris. But I still can't believe you showed Clayton that picture and had him come upstairs. I thought tonight was just going to be us. What changed?" Her body still tingled from the intensity of what had just transpired, and Chris's acceptance sent a new thrill through her.

Chris opened his mouth to protest, to say he didn't know how Clayton knew about the picture, or when he snuck upstairs, but he stopped himself. He worried that revealing this might suddenly make Ashley feel uncomfortable or vulnerable. He made a mental note to do some digging.

"It was just..." Chris hesitated, hating to lie, especially now when Ashley was being so vulnerable. But the truth was, he didn't know how Clayton knew about the photo. "Heat of the moment, I guess," he finally said.

Ashley smirked, "You're full of surprises, that's for sure. But we need to be careful. Your 'no sex rule' was almost broken today. If I hadn't stopped him... you need to be able to stop things when they go too far. We need to be careful."

Chris nodded. She was right; had she not stopped Clayton, Chris would have sat by and watched the entire thing happen. But, why did she call it "your rule"? It was "their rule," wasn't it?

As he pondered this, Ashley's body suddenly shifted. Positioning herself on her hands and knees as she wiggled her ass playfully at Chris. "You know," she purred, her voice low and inviting, "I'm still waiting for you come here and claim what's yours?"

As he moved towards her, Chris pushed these thoughts aside. For now, he decided, he would focus on the present - on Ashley, on their connection, on reaffirming their bond. The deeper questions could wait for another day. Right now, all that mattered was the two of them, finding their way back to each other after the intensity of the evening's events.

Chris woke up the next morning, feeling more refreshed than he had in days, months even. As the sun crept through a small crease between the curtains Chris turned toward Ashley nestled comfortably at his side. He pulled her closer, inhaling the familiar scent of her hair, and felt an unexpected sense of calm wash over him.

For months, he'd been wrestling with a tempest of emotions - desire, jealousy, fear. But here, in the gentle quiet of morning, clarity finally emerged. The fear that had been gnawing at him, the constant worry of losing Ashley, began to dissipate like mist in the morning sun. He had cum three times last night. He hadn't done that since high school. He knew the reason why, and now there was no more denying the truth.

He gazed at Ashley's sleeping body, running his fingertips along the curve of her back. He allowed his fingers to travel over her shoulder to the swell of her chest feeling her nipple stiffen to his touch. The events of last night replayed in his mind, but instead of the usual emotions, he felt a strange sense of... acceptance. Perhaps even excitement. For the first time, he didn't feel the crushing weight of shame or fear. Instead, a thrill of possibility coursed through him. Maybe embracing this could actually strengthen their bond.

"I love you," he whispered, planting a soft kiss on her forehead. Ashley stirred slightly but didn't wake.

As Chris carefully extricated himself from the bed, his mind was already racing with possibilities. Today was going to be a whole new beginning. He could embrace this fantasy, their fantasy, without the paralyzing fear of losing her. The realization was liberating, energizing. For the first time in months, he felt truly in control of his emotions, if not the situation.

He dressed quickly, his movements purposeful. Today would be different. Today, he was taking back control.

Traffic crawled as Chris's mind raced. He'd spent months fighting against these desires, but where had that gotten him? Always on the

back foot, always reacting. A new path forward began to crystallize - one where he could channel this energy into something productive. Clayton's desire for Ashley was his weak spot, but how could he exploit it? Chris mulled over the possibilities.

His mind raced with possibilities, strategies forming and crystallizing, until a blaring horn snapped him back to reality. He'd nearly missed his turn. Glancing in his rearview mirror, he swiftly changed lanes, and that's when he saw it. The dark sedan he'd noticed yesterday was there again, keeping a consistent distance behind him.

Chris's heart rate quickened. One time could be dismissed as coincidence, twice was starting to feel like a pattern. He considered calling Ashley or even the police, but what would he say? He'd seen the same car for two days now on a busy street?

As he pulled into the parking lot of Mabel's Diner, he watched the sedan continue past him without so much as tapping their brakes. "You're losing it," he said to himself as he got out of the car. The familiar scent of coffee and grease greeted him as he pushed through the door.

"Same as before, hon?" Mabel called from behind the counter, already reaching for a to-go cup.

"You know me too well," Chris replied with a grin, fishing out his wallet.

As he waited for his order, Chris's mind wandered back to his last visit here. The vivid, unexpected fantasy that had assaulted him then no longer filled him with shame or confusion. Instead, it felt like a piece of a puzzle finally falling into place.

"Here you go, sweetie," Mabel said, sliding a paper bag across the counter. "You look different today. Got a spring in your step."

Chris chuckled, accepting the bag. "Just feeling good, Mabel. Things are... looking up."

Back in his car, Chris took a deep breath, savoring the aroma of fresh coffee and bacon. He felt reinvigorated, ready to face Clayton at the office today. Chris remembered Ashley's face the first time Clayton touched her - the mix of shock and undeniable pleasure. He'd been terrified then, but now... now he understood the power in that moment.

Chris caught sight of himself in the rearview mirror. On impulse, he loosened his tie, then removed it completely. He reached into the glove compartment, retrieving a bold red tie he'd received as a gift but never dared to wear. As he knotted it with practiced fingers, he felt like he was donning armor, ready to face whatever challenges lay ahead.

As he pulled into the BitGuardian parking lot, the outline of a plan began to take shape in his mind. He'd been reactive for too long, always on the back foot, scrambling to keep up with Clayton's machinations. But not anymore.

Today, he would start putting his own plan into motion. A plan to regain control, to turn the tables on Clayton, to explore this new dynamic on his own terms. The thought sent a thrill of excitement through him.

Chris stepped out of his car, squaring his shoulders. He felt like a different man from the one who'd left this parking lot yesterday. Today, he wasn't just Chris the VP of sales, or Chris the conflicted husband. Today, he was Chris the strategist, ready to play the game on his own terms.

With a determined stride, he headed towards the office entrance. It was time to change the rules of engagement.

Clayton leaned back in his leather chair, a self-satisfied smirk playing across his lips. His eyes were fixed on the screen of his smartphone, thumb swiping through a series of intense photos and videos from the previous night. Each image showcased Ashley in various states of ecstasy, her face flushed, body arched in pleasure.

As he scrolled, Clayton's mind raced with possibilities. He had them exactly where he wanted them, but he wasn't done yet. There were still more boundaries to push, more control to exert. He began formulating his next move, anticipation building with each swipe of his thumb.

A sudden burst of laughter from the main office area snapped Clayton back to reality. He quickly locked his phone, composing himself as he heard familiar footsteps approaching. Pushing thoughts of Ashley aside, he turned his attention to the day's business matters.

Meanwhile, out in the main office area, a different scene was unfolding.

"Well, well, look who's back," Chris called out, a genuine smile spreading across his face as Katie rounded the corner.

Katie leaned against his desk, her posture radiating confidence. "Miss me?" she purred, her voice carrying that familiar seductive undertone. Her eyes traveled from his face down his body, a spark of interest igniting in her gaze.

Chris chuckled, leaning back in his chair. "How was the trip? Did you manage to seal the deal?"

A slow, triumphant smile spread across Katie's face. Her face beamed with pride. "Oh, I sealed it alright. Let's just say I can be very... persuasive when I need to be." She paused, studying him intently. "There's something different about you today, Chris. It's... alluring."

Chris felt a surge of confidence at her words. "Just embracing a new perspective," he replied, matching her tone. "Sometimes you've got to take control of the situation, you know?"

Katie's eyes sparkled with approval. "I like it," she said, her voice low and appreciative. "It suits you."

As Katie sauntered away, Chris took a deep breath, feeling energized by the exchange. He was ready to face Clayton, to put his plan into action. With purposeful strides, he made his way to Clayton's office, each step filled with newfound determination.

Meanwhile, Clayton had just settled back into reviewing his footage from last night when he heard a knock at his door. He looked up to see Chris standing there, an air of determination about him.

"Got a minute?" Chris asked, his voice steady.

Clayton's lips curled into a knowing smirk. "For you? Always. Come on in, close the door behind you."

As Chris settled into the chair across from Clayton, the atmosphere in the room shifted. The weight of unspoken tension between them hung in the air, neither of them acknowledging the events of last night directly.

Breaking the silence, Clayton leaned back in his chair and began, "So, I've been thinking about our upcoming visit to Larken Industries. I've got some ideas on how to deal with Tom."

Chris nodded, his mind racing. This was his moment, the opportunity he'd been waiting for. Before Clayton could continue, Chris cleared his throat, interrupting him mid-sentence.

"Actually, Clayton, I've got a better idea," Chris said, his voice steady and confident.

Clayton's eyebrows shot up, a mixture of surprise and intrigue crossing his features. "Oh? Do tell." His expression remained neutral,

but Chris could see the wheels turning behind his eyes.

Chris leaned forward, his heart racing but his voice steady. "Push the Larkin trip to mid-next week."

Clayton tilted his head, a flicker of confusion crossing his face. "Why would I do that? Tom is already on edge about us getting out there."

"Because," Chris paused, savoring the moment, "you'll need time to draw up the paperwork announcing my thirty-three percent stake in the company."

A bark of laughter escaped Clayton's lips, but his eyes narrowed slightly. "You lost that bet, remember? No reason to make it again."

Chris felt a surge of confidence. This was it, his moment to take control. "No more bets," he replied, his smile unwavering. "It's a simple deal. You give me thirty-three percent, and I give you what we both know you want."

Clayton leaned back in his chair, his fingers drumming on the armrest. He studied Chris with newfound intensity, trying to decipher this sudden shift. "Just so we are clear, you're saying..."

Chris thought he may falter, with the next sentence, but he surprised even himself. "I'm saying, give me 33 percent, and you can fuck my wife."

Despite his hardened resolve, as the words left his mouth, Chris felt a familiar knot in his stomach. He had prepared for this moment all morning. He knew Clayton would try to make him uncomfortable, to use his perverse fantasy against him. But Chris was determined to take back control in this situation.

Clayton inhaled sharply, his calculated composure faltering for the first time. He'd orchestrated their submission perfectly, yet this bold proposition blindsided him completely."

Chris's jaw tightened almost unnoticeably. "I don't, but she won't find out," he said firmly, his gaze locked on Clayton's. "Swear to that, or there's no deal." This wasn't just about indulging a fantasy anymore. This was about securing their future, about finally getting what he deserved. And if Ashley enjoyed herself in the process... well, wasn't that a win-win?

"And how exactly do you expect her to believe you got this deal? Out of the kindness of my heart?"

Clayton snickered, she'd never believe that.

Chris nodded slowly, his own grin never leaving his face. "No, she wouldn't. You're an asshole, we all know that." Chris replied with a slight smile as Clayton sat in shocked silence. He'd never seen this side of Chris. The Chris that was cool under pressure and knew how to close a deal had been paralyzed by fear and unknown arousal for too long.

"But what she would believe, is that I've busted my ass since working here. I've brought in five of the largest deals in the company and I've made selling machines out of most of those guys out there. No one has the skills I've brought to the table."

A tense silence filled the room. Clayton's mind raced, searching for a way to regain the upper hand. "How about twenty percent? That's still-"

"Thirty-three," Chris interrupted, his voice brooking no argument. His palms were sweating, but he kept his expression neutral. "Take it or leave it."

Clayton felt off-balance, unused to being on the defensive. He weighed his options, his eyes never leaving Chris's face. He knew he could play hardball and probably still fuck Ashley, but this side of Chris was a new wild card he hadn't expected. The wheels in Clayton's head turned rapidly, reassessing the situation. Sure, he could push back, but at what cost? This newfound assertiveness in

Chris could become a problem if not handled carefully. Besides, with Chris offering her up like this to him it opened the door to so many more possibilities. Finally, a slow smile spread across his lips.

"There's the man I hired to run my sales team. I was wondering when you'd show up."

Chris's heart nearly leapt from his chest, but he kept his voice level. "So, we have a deal?"

Clayton nodded, extending his hand. His mind was already plotting, trying to find an angle to exploit. "We do. Let's meet at your place tomorrow night to... celebrate with Ashley. I'm sure she's just as excited as I am."

As they shook hands, Chris forced himself to keep eye contact with Clayton. He hated the casual way Clayton spoke about her. Yet deep down, he knew Clayton was right: Ashley was going to be excited, and the thought of that made him giddy. He wouldn't let Clayton unnerve him, not now. This was his moment. It was about getting back control. He was taking back his fantasy.

CHAPTER EIGHT

CHRIS OPENED HIS eyes slowly as he saw the light pouring into his bedroom window. Turning his head toward the night stand he saw he still had another ten minutes before the alarm went off. Normally, he would fight like hell to fall back asleep for those extra ten minutes, but today he was already smiling and shifting out of bed. He had a new spring in his step as he made his way to the bathroom. He couldn't remember the last time he felt this good, and he didn't want to waste the mood by sleeping.

In the shower, Chris sang along gregariously to the chorus of "Don't Stop Believin'." His voice reverberating across the tiles while he took a very hot shower to scrub the last vestiges of doubt from his mind that had plagued him for such a long time. As he lathered up his body, his mind raced with the possibilities of what the day had in store for him. Today was going to be the day he let Ashley in on his plan. While his stomach was still somersaulting, he now felt that the butterflies were not from fear or doubt but an anticipation, an anxiety similar to his wedding night.

After shutting off the shower and quickly drying himself off, Chris shimmied toward the sink, his body wrapped in a towel. Catching his reflection in the mirror, he winked at himself before breaking into some sort of impromptu dance routine as he applied shaving cream. The razor glided effortlessly along his jaw, as he hummed every so often stopping to make some sort of dramatic gesture with the razor.

"What in the world?" Ashley's sleepy voice came from the doorway. She leaned against the frame, hair tousled, eyes still heavy with sleep but sparkling with amusement.

Chris spun around, razor held high like a microphone. "Good morning, beautiful!" he crooned, then resumed his little dance. His eyes waltzed over her naked body appreciatively. How in the world did he get this lucky?

Ashley's laughter filled the bathroom. "Okay, who are you and what have you done with my husband?" She crossed her arms, a bemused smile on her lips. "Seriously, what's got you in such a good mood?"

Chris rinsed his face, then turned to her with a grin that could outshine the sun. "Can't a man just be happy to start a new week?" He pulled her close, planting a playful kiss on her forehead.

"Sure," Ashley said, eyeing him suspiciously. "But this isn't just happy. This is... manic. Did you win the lottery or something?"

Chris chuckled, "well, if you must know," Chris kissed her nose. "You're looking at the new managing partner of Bitguardian, one third ownership." Chris could barely keep the excitement in as he kissed along Ashley's jaw line. This was something they had dreamed about for so long, and now it was all but a done deal.

"Oh my God, baby that's... incredible. How did you manage to get Clayton to come around?" Ashley loved seeing Chris so excited. His happiness has always been what mattered most to her. He'd spend so long chasing the dream of financial stability, and now it seemed like they had achieved it.

"What can I say, I can be pretty persuasive, when I need to be," Chris brought his hands to the sides of Ashley's face as he gently pressed his lips to hers. "Plus I'm sure it helps that I continue to bring in big clients and finally have the team working as a cohesive unit."

"I'm so proud of you baby, we should go out tonight and celebrate."

"That's the plan, Clayton wants the three of us to meet up after work. Some high end restaurant he's been raving about."

Ashley purred as Chris pushed into her and let his towel fall to the tiled floor. His kisses becoming more urgent. "Clayton huh? And would that have something to do with this?" Ashley asked teasingly as she wrapped her hand around Chris's hard cock.

"Mmm it just might," Chris mocked pushing her against the bathroom wall and pinning her hands over her head. "I've been thinking," he whispered his teeth clamping down on her neck as he grab her left leg and hooked it around his body.

"Oh, fuck," Ashley sighed her body melting into Chris's. She loved it when he was aggressive, it was like her kryptonite. "What have you been thinking?" She asked her hips swaying with his trying to make a connection.

Chris's fingers dug into her ass, he could already feel her wetness as his meat slipped over her smooth lips. He could feel her ragged breath in his ear as she struggled to get her hands free. He closed his eyes teasing her clit against as he felt the heat between them grow. "I was thinking about the other night, with Clayton." He heard her suck in her breath as his tongue slithered into her ear.

"It was so hot, baby," Ashley's eyes were closed too, no doubt reliving the night as her hips desperately searched for Chris's shaft. "He was so rough with me, but God his dick felt soooooo-", her thought was cut off as Chris shifted his hips driving the entire length of his dick inside her.

She undulated against Chris, ripping a hand free and pressing it against the wall behind her. "You feel incredible," he whispered savoring the way her walls were trying to suck her deeper. "You looked so sexy, so unconstrained and free. It was like you were a different person. I can't get the image out of my mind"

"I was nervous you'd be upset. I didn't know you were going to send him up, but once he got there-"

Ashley whimpered doing her best to urge Chris to go faster, but he kept the same slow pace. With each thrust his cock sparkled with her juices before slamming back into her. She wrapped her other hand around his neck holding herself on his shoulders, her toes barely touching the cool tile floor. "I kept thinking to myself, it couldn't get any hotter. You couldn't possibly look any sexier."

"Faster baby, please. Fuck me faster." Ashley's pleas were soft her moans growing louder with each frustrating thrust. Chris knew what she wanted, but he wasn't ready to give it to her, not yet. He felt her swivel her hips trying anything to force him deeper into her.

"I thought you were going to join, I kept waiting for you to... oh fuck right there." Ashley's tongue was sticking out of her mouth. She could feel her orgasm approaching, she just needed him to go faster.

Chris smiled to himself, he could feel his wife growing impatient, frantic even. "I almost did, but I didn't want to ruin the moment. You seemed to really be enjoying yourself," Chris's voice was teasing and gentle. He didn't want Ashley to think he was being harsh or judgmental.

"Oh baby..." As Ashley searched for her response, her fingers ran through his hair, pulling him into a passionate, sloppy kiss. "Did you enjoy it? Did you enjoy seeing me act so slutty for you? For him? His dick really is huge. I wasn't sure I could fit it in my mouth. There was no way it would fit in..." Ashley felt Chris swell inside her his member pushing a little deeper making her toes curl. "mmm you thought about it too, didn't you? If it would fit?" She could feel Chris twitch every time she mentioned it. She felt the heat inside her start to swell.

Just as Ashley's orgasm threatened to consume her Chris slowed down again, his lips finding her ear. "I... I want you to do it."

"Do what?" Ashley asked slightly confused as she tried to will Chris deeper so she could find her release.

He finally gave in, increasing his pace, driving into her with a force that made her cry out in pleasure. "I want you to fuck Clayton... tonight," he whispered through gritted teeth. He felt her tighten around him, unsure if it was from his words or his actions.

The words sent Ashley spiraling. Her orgasm hit her like a tidal wave, her body convulsing around Chris. "Mmmm, baby. Jesus don't stop. Don't fucking stop." He would never dream of stopping now. He felt her release, her walls clamping down on him, and it sent him over the edge as well. He thrust into her one last time, his own orgasm ripping through him as he filled her.

They stayed connected like that for several long seconds. Ashley's hands ran through his hair softly as he pressed his head to her chest. Her heart was racing in his ear, no doubt from the orgasm she just experienced, but perhaps also from what he said. He felt his cock soften, then slowly slip from inside her, both of them giving a soft sigh as it did.

Chris was confident she heard him, but as the silence continued to stretch he began to question if she did. Or perhaps she thought it was just more dirty talk in the spur of the moment. Finally after what felt like an eternity she whispered, "are you sure that's what you want? What if... what if it's a step too far."

Chris took a deep breath, this was it the moment of truth, he pulled back slightly from the wall so he could look Ashley in the eye. He smiled softly, his fingers brushing the hair from her face. "I've been thinking about it a lot, Ash. After what happened at the company party and then, the other night..."

He took her hand and guided her to the bed. He sat close to her, their knees touching as they stared into each other's eyes. For a long time, they just sat there searching each other's eyes for the right thing to say. "You know how you always tell me you're happy

when I'm happy?" Ashley nodded slowly her face blank not giving off any hint of what was going on in her head.

Chris pressed on, determined to get it all out, to make her understand exactly what he was feeling. "Well it's sort of like that. When you're turned on, so am I. Watching the way you were with him... the way someone else could..." he was struggling to finish the thought. His pulse suddenly quickening.

"You like seeing my naughty side. The side of me that's... slutty." Ashley said it almost in an embarrassing tone. Like she was afraid the neighbors would hear that she had a slutty side.

"Yes!" Chris blurted out almost too fast for his own good. "I mean, I love what we have, it's perfect. But that side of you... it's so sexy, Ash."

"Is there... is there another woman you want to be with? Is that what this is?" Her voice wasn't accusatory at all, she was just trying to understand what Chris got out of it. She knew how excited he got when she teased him about other men. She saw first hand what that excitement was like with Chris, but part of her was still worried at some point the other shoe would fall. That Chris would bring home a hot young thing from the office and she would have to be okay with it.

Chris shook his head emphatically. "No, baby. God no, you're all I ever need. This isn't about me being with someone else. It's about... us. About seeing you embrace that side of yourself."

Ashley nodded slowly, processing. "So you really want this? You want me to... fuck Clayton?"

Chris took a deep breath his cock suddenly filled with blood. "I do. i can't explain it, but I do."

Ashley bit her lip, her own arousal growing. "I'd be lying if I said I wasn't... curious. But Chris, what about our marriage? Our vows?"

Chris squeezed her hand. "Our marriage is stronger than ever. This isn't about replacing what we have. It's about exploring together."

"And you're sure you won't resent me? Or feel jealous?" Ashley asked, her voice tinged with concern.

Chris met her gaze steadily. "I can't promise I won't feel anything. But I know that what we have is unshakeable. And honestly, the thought of it... it excites me more than I can express."

Ashley's eyes widened slightly. "It really turns you on that much?"

Chris nodded, a flush creeping up his neck. "More than I ever thought possible."

"I'm sorry," Ashley said softly. Her fingers played with her ring. Chris felt the air go out of his lungs. Was she saying no? Was she about to end their fantasy?

"For what?"

She took a deep breath, her face searching for the right word.

"Because I shouldn't be as excited about this as I am. It's not who I am."

Chris thought about what she said, his voice calm and reassuring.

"But that's just it, right? It is who you are. Or at least, one aspect of it."

"I... you're right," she replied with a sigh. "And that really turns you on?"

"It really does."

Ashley was quiet for a moment, then a small smile played at her lips.

"But why stop with just Clayton? I mean, I have so many admirers these days." She lifted her eyebrow the playfulness back in her eyes as he hand snaked around Chris's hardened tool.

Chris drew a breath. "I fucking love you," he said with a laugh as he fell backward onto the bed. "And I can't wait to hear all about them too."

"I can't believe this is who we are now," she said with a laugh as she lowered her hips down onto his waiting cock.

Chris decided to take the BMW to work today, with Ashley having a much needed day off work she wouldn't be using it. She told him she was going to hang out at the house today and tidy up after their party. As Chris merged onto the interstate, he stepped on the gas, delighted as his car quickly gained speed and passed other drivers. He wasn't used to having this much power, and as he buzzed by another cautious driver he began to understand why people enjoyed it so much.

His grip on the steering wheel was loose, his fingers occasionally tapping to the beat as he hummed along to some top 40 song that was playing. His mind was still on this morning, on what Ashley had told him, and the promises they had made to each other. This was really going to happen, on his terms, by his rules. As he whipped around another driver his eyes glanced in the rearview mirror. The dark sedan that he was convinced was following him for days was nowhere to be seen. Just regular Monday morning traffic and the grim faces of people all going to a job they loathed.

As Chris pulled into the parking lot of BitGuardian, he caught a glance of himself in the window, he looked good. He looked confident, like he was on top of the world. He grabbed his red tie of the glovebox and smiled to himself in the mirror as he tied it. "Your terms, your rules," he said to himself as he turned off the car with the push of a button and headed toward the doors.

As he entered the office he felt like all eyes were on him. He did his usual head nod or wave to friendly faces as he made his way to his desk. As he rounded he saw a set of tanned, toned legs sitting on his desk. As he looked up the body, perhaps a little too slowly, he was greeted by the smiling face of Katie.

"Well, hello there, boss," she purred, her eyes scanning him appreciatively. "Someone's looking particularly... invigorated this morning."

Chris felt a familiar tingle at her tone. "Good eye, Katie. It was quite the weekend."

"Oh?" Katie leaned in, her perfume teasing his senses, her breath warm on his ear. "Do tell. It can be our little secret"

Chris chuckled, matching her playful tone. "A gentleman never kisses and tells."

"Pity," Katie replied, her lips curving into a smile. "I do love a good story, but I can appreciate a man with... discretion." Her eyes seemed to travel over Chris like she was sizing him up. He was equal parts aroused and afraid being on that end of it.

Chris felt his manhood start to stir from Katie's usual charm. But he pushed it down as he grabbed a file from his desk and began walking toward the conference room. She fell into step beside him, their shoulders nearly touching. "By the way, Clayton's been holed up in his office all morning. Door locked, blinds drawn. Whatever's going on, it's... intense."

Chris felt a jolt of excitement, wondering if he was preparing for the announcement of Chris's partnership, or his... other plans. "Thanks for the heads up," he said, fighting to keep his voice casual.

Katie's eyes narrowed slightly, catching the hint of something in his tone. "Anything I should know about, Chris?"

"Let's just say things are... evolving," he replied, enjoying the little dance of words.

"Evolving, hmm?" Katie echoed, her fingers brushing his arm as she reached for the file he was carrying. "Sounds intriguing. I do hope I'm not being left out of any... exciting developments."

Chris met her gaze, the air between them charged with unspoken possibilities. "Trust me, Katie, if things go the way I plan I want you right there with me. You're a crucial part to this team."

A slow smile spread across Katie's face. "I'll hold you to that, boss." She turned to leave, then paused, glancing back over her shoulder. "Oh, and Chris? Confidence is a good look on you."

Before he could think of anything clever to say, Clayton's office door suddenly swung open. "Chris," he said, his tone bearing a hint of breathlessness. "A word in my office? Now?"

Chris nodded, fighting to keep his expression straight. "Of course". He felt Katie's curious eyes on him as he made his way toward the office. He gave her a slight nod to indicate he would fill her in later, but disappearing behind the door.

Chris entered Clayton's office and took his usual seat in the sofa across from Clayton. His heart raced as he saw the paperwork sitting on the desk. The equity agreement sat between the two of them, physical evidence of his newly assertive stand. He fought to keep his expression neutral as Clayton rifled through the papers. His mind raced with memories of strained conversations between Ashley and him over bills.

"It's all here," Clayton said, sliding the document across. "Thirty-three percent stake, effective immediately." There was pain in Clayton's eyes. He didn't like feeling like he was getting bested and Chris knew he had done just that. He felt a sense of pride swell up at the feat. However, there was something else in Clayton's gaze. That cocky glare was back.

Chris reached for the documents, but Clayton was faster, snatching them back as if they were kids again.. "Not so fast," he said with a smirk. "We have a few... amendments to discuss."

A flicker of unease passed through Chris, but he pushed it aside. I can handle this. I'm in control. "What kind of amendments?"

Clayton relaxed back, a smile tugging on his lips. "Well, for starters, I want Ashley's number."

It caught Chris off guard, he hadn't expected such direct contact. A little voice in his head whispered caution, but another part of him was excited at the prospect. "Her number? Why?"

"Come on, Chris," Clayton chuckled. "You know why. I want to make sure she understands exactly how to dress tonight. I have big plans."

Heat climbed through Chris's cheeks, a potent mixture of arousal and residual doubt. This is what you wanted, he told himself. To see Ashley embrace that side of herself, isn't it? "I... I could relay any message-

"No," Clayton cut him off sternly. "I want to text her myself. Every. Little. Detail." His eyes danced as he spoke, he was back in control. He was the puppeteer and he was going to make these two dance.

Chris thought of the way she would react, would respond, when she received those messages. The way she would tease him as she prepared herself for him... for Clayton. The thought of it all was intoxicating. "Fine, whatever," he said failing to sound nonchalant about it.

After a moment of internal struggle, Chris relented. "Anything else?"

"During the meal, there will likely be... situations where you'll need to excuse yourself to the men's room"

Chris tilted his head. "Why? What does that even mean?"

"Does it matter? I'm confident you'll recognize the situation when it occurs." Clayton countered. "These are my terms."

Chris mulled it over. The amendment seemed oddly specific, but relatively tame compared to what he'd been anticipating. Plus, it wasn't like Ashley was going to let him have sex with her in public. "Alright," he agreed, though uncertainty gnawed at him. "Is that all?"

Clayton's smile extended, his flawless white teeth showing. "Perfect. And now, regarding our future meetings-

"Future meetings?" Chris echoed, for the second time, he was taken aback. He never considered the possibility of future meetings. How long did he expect this to go on? Still, despite the misgivings, he couldn't deny the thrill that ran through him at the prospect.

"Ah, come on," Clayton said, leaning forward on his elbows his stare burning a hole through Chris. "You really think Ashley's going to be satisfied with just one taste? After tonight, I wouldn't be surprised if she called me over every evening."

Chris's mind went haywire. He suddenly saw Ashley's face flushed, her body writhing in pleasure. He fidgeted on his seat, trying desperately to hide the tenting of his pants. "That's... that's not up to me," he managed. "Ashley is her own person. We're in this together. If she wants more, that's her decision."

"How evolved of you," Clayton laughed. "Trust me, after tonight there won't be any doubt that she'll want a repeat performance." Part of Chris wanted to protest, to re-assert control, but the thrum of excitement couldn't be denied. _This is what you've been fantasizing about, isn't it?_

"Do we have a deal?" Clayton asked while sliding a pen across his desk.

Chris stared at the pen, then at the equity agreement. Everything he'd worked for was right there. As he reached for the pen, a small voice of caution whispered in the back of his mind, but the thrill of anticipation drowned it out.

"On one account," Chris stammered, minding the steadiness in his voice, "Ashley gets the final say on everything. If she ever wants to stop, then it stops. No questions asked."

Clayton thought for a moment and nodded. "Fine. Now just sign the damn papers."

As Chris signed his name, a complex mix of emotions swirled within him. Excitement, anxiety, arousal, and still a hint of trepidation. But above all, a sense of exhilaration at the unknown territory they were about to explore. He stayed there for several minutes trying to keep those thoughts at bay as he shifted uncomfortably in his seat. If his arousal was any indication of where this was going to go then he was in for one hell of a ride.

"Make sure Ashley's phone is on," Clayton called as Chris finally stood up, adjusted himself, and reached the door. "I've got quite the evening planned."

Walking back to his office, Chris's mind whirled with possibilities. He'd entered that room feeling confident, and while Clayton had thrown him some curveballs, the underlying excitement remained. What would Clayton text Ashley? How would she react? The anticipation was almost unbearable.

Sinking into his chair, Chris took a deep breath. Yes, things had escalated quickly, but isn't that what made it so thrilling? He pulled out his phone, and dialed Ashley, he wanted to give her a heads up that Clayton now had her number.

Chris's heart hammered in his chest as he dialed Ashley's number. He listened to it ring as he quickly made his way outside, out of earshot of everyone else. He was convinced that everyone was watching him as he moved through the office, like they already knew this dirty little secret.

"Hey, babe," Ashley's voice came through, warm and familiar. "How's work going?"

"I just signed the paperwork, it's all official, babe." Despite Clayton making Chris feel a little off balance in their meeting he was able to bounce back pretty quickly. After all he had just out maneuvered him for a third of his company. If he wanted to play head games about little stuff like what Ashley wore that seemed like a pretty good trade to him.

"Congratulations again baby, I can't wait to show you how happy you make me." The suggestive tone in Ashley's voice told him all he needed to know. "It also gives me a reason to go shopping. Maybe buy another outfit in blue since you didn't get to see me in it last time," she responded with a giggle making Chris instantly hard.

Chris took a deep breath. "Yeah, about that..." He paused, pressing his body against the frame of the BMW. "Clayton asked for your number. He wants to text you... about what to wear tonight."

The silence on the other end stretched for what felt like an eternity. Chris's mind raced. Is this too much? Have I crossed a line?

Finally, Ashley spoke, her tone cautious but curious. "Really? That's... unexpected."

Chris could hear the hint of intrigue in her voice, and it sent a thrill through him. "Yeah, I know. It's a bit out there, but..." He trailed off, unsure how to express the excitement bubbling within him.

Ashley seemed to pick up on his tone. Her voice lowered, taking on a sultry edge. "Does that excite you, Chris? Is that part of this whole fantasy for you? The thought of Clayton telling me what to wear?"

Chris's breath caught in his throat. God, yes. "I... yeah. Yeah, it does."

"Mmm," Ashley purred. "Maybe I'll wear that little black dress you loved so much. Or perhaps I'll get something new... just for Clayton."

Images flashed through Chris's mind, Ashley in various states of undress, all for Clayton's hungry eyes. His arousal spiked, almost painfully. Was she doing this just for him now, because she knew how much it excited him? Or was she actually as excited as she sounded at the thought of dressing so provocatively for Clayton? "Jesus, Ash..."

"I can't believe we are doing this, baby." Ashley's voice was pure sin. Chris could tell by the joy in it that she was enjoying torturing him. "I can't stop thinking about how it's going to feel when he slides into my..."

"Fuck Ash, you're killing me," Chris interjected before she could finish the thought. His dick was now throbbing in his pants as he slid into the BMW for fear of being seen.

Ashley's soft laugh was both comforting and terrifying to Chris. Who was this sex goddess that was masquerading as his wife. "I can't go

back into the office like this."

There was another pause on the other end of the phone before Ashley spoke. "Are you hard, baby? Are you hard at work thinking about Clayton and me together?"

Chris heard himself gasp. He was actually afraid to touch himself at this moment for fear that he may cum in his pants. He didn't even realize he was panting until several long seconds later when Ashley again broke through the silence. "Why don't you send me a picture? Show me how excited you are."

"I..." Chris started and then stopped, he wasn't even sure what he was going to say. His eyes quickly scanned the parking lot to ensure no one was around. He fumbled with his phone, his hands shaking slightly as he unzipped his pants. Is this really happening? he thought as he snapped the photo his cock as hard as he'd ever seen it.

"Mmm, so sexy," Ashley cooed. "You really are excited by this." There was another pause and Chris wondered what she was doing. "You know, what's even hotter? Getting two pictures like this from different men in one day."

Chris thought with almost certainty he was going to cum in that moment. This had to be some type of lucid dream he was having and he would wake up at any moment. "Two? What do you mean? Has Clayton... did Clayton already texted you? Did he send a dick pic?" A mix of jealousy and arousal surged through him.

Ashley's laugh was low and teasing. "Mmm maybe, would that make you happy, or jealous? To know that your wife was such a slut that she was getting dick pics from other guys?" Before Chris could process what she said she was already moving on. "I should go babe. It looks like I have some shopping to do. Let's talk later."

"I... I love you Ashley, so much."

"I love you too baby, even if you have turned me into a freak." She gave a sexy laugh before hanging up.

The line went dead before Chris could respond. He sat there, phone in one hand, painfully aroused and head spinning. What just happened? The night hadn't even started, and already things were spiraling in unexpected directions. Yet despite the twinge of jealousy, Chris couldn't deny the overwhelming excitement coursing through him. Tonight was going to be unforgettable.

Ashley stared at her phone, pulse quickening as she reread Clayton's latest message. The screen illuminated her flushed face in the dim lighting of the boutique dressing room.

"You're at Elysian? Too formal. I have something else in mind."

How was it that after just a few short text messages he could leave her feeling so... powerless? What did he mean this place was too formal? Wasn't that what men wanted, women dressed to the nines for them? She knew he was just trying to get in her head, but she couldn't deny there was something exciting about it all.

"And what exactly did you have in mind?" She shot back, suddenly feeling stupid for being at the high-end shop.

"Oh, I have plenty in mind, don't worry. You're in for a night you won't soon forget. Tell me about your fantasies, Ashley."

Ashley shook her head. He was always so full of himself. She wasn't sure why she seemed to be drawn to him. She hated guys like that. She mustered a subtle laugh - that was a lie. She knew exactly why she was drawn to him, and it had nothing to do with his personality.

Ashley looked at the screen again, chewing on her lip, contemplating how to respond. After a moment, she typed back with cautious playfulness, "Wouldn't you like to know?"

"I would. And I will," came his swift reply. "You're at the wrong place. Go to this address." He sent a location pin.

Ashley considered her next move. She would be lying if she said she wasn't at least a little bit intrigued about where he was sending her. Just to be safe, she sent Chris a message.

"Hey, I came to Elysian for a new dress, but was quickly told by Clayton that was too formal. He sent me a new location. If I'm murdered, just remember this was all your idea." She added a smiley face emoji before pressing send.

Twenty minutes later, Ashley found herself standing outside a trendy boutique. It was clearly more modern and daring than Elysian. Taking a deep breath, she stepped inside.

A saleswoman approached her with a knowing smile. "You must be Ashley. Clayton called ahead. I'm Amber, and I'll be helping you today."

Ashley's eyes widened in surprise. "He did?" Her gaze swept across the store, taking in the racks of daring, provocative dresses.

"He had some very specific ideas in mind," Amber said, guiding Ashley towards a selection of short dresses. "Something that shows off your legs, and that magnificent chest." Ashley felt herself blush, was this woman flirting with her? As Ashley browsed, her phone buzzed. Another message from Clayton: "Enjoying yourself? Feeling a bit out of sorts, yet?"

Ashley licked her lips. Was he challenging her? His ability to read her was unsettling, but she was determined to hold her own. "I'm fine. Just not used to... this kind of shopping."

Another text from Clayton: "By the end of tonight, you'll be begging for more. Just like that night in the office. I guarantee it."

His arrogance both irritated and excited her. Ashley took a deep breath, remembering that night at the office. She felt her body start to warm. "Pretty sure of yourself, aren't you? You're really building this up. That usually means I'm bound to be disappointed."

Amber returned with a dress that made Ashley's eyes widen. It was far more revealing than anything she'd ever considered wearing in public. She nearly told Amber to take it back, but she didn't want to falter. She was determined not to lose this game of chicken with Clayton.

As Ashley tried on the dress, Clayton's text came through: "How about a preview? Give me something to look forward to."

Ashley smirked, a surge of defiance coursing through her. "Not a chance. You'll just have to control yourself until tonight."

Looking at herself in the mirror, Ashley felt transformed - vulnerable yet powerful, nervous yet exhilarated. The dress hugged her curves perfectly, the hem barely reaching mid-thigh. The plunging neckline left little to the imagination.

As Ashley left the boutique with her purchase, her mind whirled with conflicting emotions. Doubts crept in as she worried about Chris. Was she leaning too far into this? What if he changed his mind? Clayton's words echoed in her thoughts - what if he wasn't just being cocky? What if she did end up begging for more?

The clock on Chris's phone seemed to mock him as he looked at it for what felt like the tenth time in the past five minutes. The hours crawled by, each minute stretching into an eternity. His anxiety and arousal built steadily, leaving him feeling on edge and uncomfortably aware of every sensation. People at work were starting to worry, after he left Clayton's office several of them, Katie included, asked him what Clayton had needed. Chris couldn't even remember the lie he told, everything just melted away. His focus, along with his nerves were completely shot.

By the time he finally made it home, Chris thought he may vomit. He couldn't describe the emotions going on inside him even if he tried. The nervousness and jealousy was there, it was always there, but somehow it added even more fuel to this new twisted form of desire. There was a masochistic pleasure that came from the surrender.

Chris pushed the front door open, surprised by the silence inside the house. "Ashley?" he called out, his voice cracking.

Silence, for a moment he thought maybe Ashley was still out. Maybe she'd realized how crazy all of this was and went running for the hills. He wouldn't blame her, the fact that she let it go as far as it had already just proved how amazing his wife was. As he slowly made his way up the stairs the sound of running water, eased his mind. She was in the shower. She was in the shower... preparing for Clayton.

For a moment, Chris forgot to breathe. He pushed the bathroom door open slowly, steam fogged the mirror as Ashley stood looking away from him running her fingers through her shampooed hair. His eyes traveled down to her perfect heart-shaped ass. He never felt like he complimented her enough on just how great her butt looked.

"Do you need a hand in there?" Chris asked finally finding his voice, his hand already on his belt.

Ashley jumped and gave a nervous chuckle. "No, wait for me downstairs. I... I want to surprise you with my outfit."

Exhaling slowly, Chris gave a silent nod. He felt a twinge of disappointment, but he knew she was just trying to play the game with him. She was probably just as nervous, and excited as him. He slowly backed out of the bathroom and went back downstairs. Making his way to the living room he poured himself a generous measure of whiskey, the amber liquid sloshing against the sides of the glass as he lifted it to his lips. The burn of alcohol did little to calm his nerves.

Sinking into the plush sofa, Chris's mind was reeling as he replayed the events that had led to this moment. The company party, that night with Clayton, the deal he'd made... it all seemed surreal now.

"Is this really going to happen?" he whispered to himself, running a hand through his hair.

The faint scent of Ashley's perfume wafted down the stairs. Chris inhaled deeply, the familiar fragrance now carrying new implications that made his body respond in ways he couldn't ignore. He tried to distract himself by checking his phone, but found he was reading and re-reading the same words on the screen without absorbing any of it.

He tried to distract himself by scrolling through his phone, but found his attention constantly drawn back to the closed bedroom door upstairs. His imagination ran wild, conjuring images of Ashley preparing herself for what was to come. He wished he could see her face right now. Did she have the same hint of mischief in her eye she always got before the two of them went on a date, or did she have the scared doe eyed look she'd sometimes get when she didn't know what to expect? "She's excited," he told himself as he remembered their encounter this morning . "Nervous but excited."

She's up there right now, getting ready for him. To give herself to him. She's actually going to do it. She's going to let Clayton fuck her.

The thought sent a jolt through him, equal parts arousal and anxiety. He tried to picture what Ashley might look like, what Clayton had

chosen for her to wear. Each imagined scenario left him more worked up than the last.

Chris loosened his tie, feeling as though he couldn't quite catch his breath. He drained the last of his whiskey, contemplating pouring another. But before he could decide, Ashley's voice floated down from upstairs.

"Chris? You can come up now."

His heart pounding, Chris took a deep breath and started up the stairs. Each step felt monumental, carrying him closer to a moment that would undoubtedly change everything. He paused outside their bedroom door, hand hovering over the doorknob.

Chris crossed the threshold, his eyes widening at the vision before him. Ashley stood silhouetted against the fading daylight, her dress even more intoxicating than anything he had imagined.

The dress was a masterpiece of daring elegance. It hugged her curves perfectly, the hem barely reaching mid-thigh, showcasing her long legs. The plunging neckline left little to the imagination, yet somehow maintained an air of sophistication. The straps holding it on her were razor thin, leaving almost her entire shoulder and collarbone exposed.

Chris felt his mouth go dry, his head dizzy with excitement. "My God, Ashley, you look... wow," he breathed, his voice threatening to crack.

She offered a coy smile, a mix of confidence and vulnerability in her expression. "Too much?" she asked with a hint of self doubt. "It's not too late to call it off if..." Ashley's eyes traveled to Chris pants, noticing the strain in the front of them. Her eyes met Chris's both filled with excitement and desire. She bit her bottom lip seductively, and ran a palm agonizingly slow over the obvious bulge in his slacks. "I take it you approve, then? Clayton made the right choice?"

The mention of Clayton was enough to make his knees go weak. This wasn't for Chris at all. Ashley was dressed like this for another man, with Chris's encouragement but still, she had never dressed like this before for him. The jealousy only heightened his experience and his growing arousal.

Ashley gave him another slow stroke. Chris was worried if she didn't stop he would need to change. "It's not too late to back out, you know. Are you positive this is what you want?"

Chris's mind raced. Was he sure? The sight of Ashley in this outfit, knowing it was chosen by Clayton, knowing what was about to happen - it all felt surreal. A part of him wanted to call it off, to claim Ashley as his and his alone. But a stronger, more primal part of him burned with desire at the thought of what was to come.

"I'm positive," Chris affirmed, surprised by the conviction in his tone. "You're stunning, Ash."

Ashley's phone buzzed. "Oh, Clayton says he'll meet us at the restaurant," she said, reading the message.

Chris felt a twinge of something – jealousy? Excitement? "He's texting you updates now?"

Ashley looked up, a mischievous glint in her eye. "Does that make you jealous? Should I tell him to stop?" She paused, noting the state Chris was in – his flushed face, his quickened breathing, the obvious tent in his pants. Without waiting for an answer, she smirked.

"You're picturing it, aren't you? Me and him?" Ashley murmured, her arms draped around Chris's neck, her lips inches from his. Chris saw no point in denying it anymore. He nodded, his hands cupping her ass.

"If it becomes too intense, just say the word and we'll stop," Ashley whispered, her gaze locked with his, her eyes growing glassy. "This is about us, not him. Regardless of what happens you are the man

with my heart. He's just a tool, like a real life sex doll." Chris heard her snicker no doubt thinking of a sex doll that looked like Clayton.

She paused, a hint of mischief in her smile. "But try not to get too worked up during, okay? I want to make sure there's still time for us... after."

Chris grumbled into her neck. He wasn't sure he was going to be able to stop himself from getting worked up, but something told him he would have no trouble recovering. He pulled Ashley back into his arms, feeling the *thump thump* of her heart against his chest.

"You ready for me to make all your wildest fantasies come true?" Ashley teased, kissing his neck one last time before heading toward the stairs.

Chris followed, his mind racing with possibilities as he took in the sight of the back of her dress. He was sure that if she bent over he would be able to see her panties, and yet with each step his excitement only grew.

Chris fidgeted with his hands as they walked hand in hand into the restaurant. Despite the low lighting Chris couldn't help but feel like everyone was looking at them. He approached the maître d', his hand resting protectively on Ashley's lower back, hoping she didn't notice the sweat on his hand.

"Good evening. Reservation for three under the name Clayton," he said, trying to keep his voice steady.

The maître d' nodded, consulting his list. "Ah yes, the rest of your party has already arrived. Please, follow me." Chris couldn't help but notice the appreciative smile he seemed to give Ashley as his eyes flickered over her body.

As they wove through the main dining room, Chris still felt as if every eye in the restaurant was on them - or more specifically, on Ashley. He saw at least two men visibly turn their head as she walked by, ignoring the stunned looks of their partners. Even a few women seemed to give Ashley a wanting look as she slipped by. Despite his nervousness, Chris couldn't help but feel a surge of pride. His wife was undeniably stunning and everyone in the restaurant knew they were together.

Ashley leaned in close. "I feel so exposed," she whispered, as she clung to Chris's arm. She was doing her best to try to hide herself, yet as she pressed into Chris's body it only seemed to make her chest look even more pronounced.

Chris squeezed her hand. "You look incredible," he murmured back, feeling her relax slightly at his words. Her body felt warm against his and he wondered if it was his excitement or hers causing the shift in temperature. "Every man in here right now wishes they were in my shoes."

"Do you think they would still feel like that if they knew that Clayton was going to be the one to..." Ashley couldn't bring herself to say the actual words. Instead she allowed her hand to brush the top of Chris's thigh confirming her suspicion on the effect it would have.

She couldn't deny the sense of power she felt knowing how she was affecting so many people.

The maître d' led them to a small, secluded room just off the main dining area. Clayton stood as they entered, his eyes roaming over Ashley before meeting Chris's gaze with a knowing smirk. He almost felt sorry for the couple. They had no idea what they were walking into. Clayton spent the better part of the last 24 hours stewing over Chris's audacity. He thought he could call the shots? Clayton was going to show him just how powerless he truly was.

"Ashley, you look absolutely breathtaking," Clayton said, a hint of seduction in his voice. He leaned in, kissing her cheek, lingering just a moment too long. "I'm going to have so much fun with you tonight," he whisper low enough that Chris didn't notice.

"Thank you," Ashley replied, a light blush coloring her cheeks at his bold statement. Despite having done everything she had with Clayton over the last few weeks she couldn't help but feel a bit of nervousness tonight. All those other times were spontaneous heat of the moment type decisions. But this was deliberate. This dinner was premeditated, Clayton had set it all up. Right down to the very revealing dress she was wearing. It was even his... recommendation that she go braless tonight.

The table they sat at was rounded and in the corner of the room with booth style seating. Clayton insisted that Ashley sit between the two men, a suggestion that Chris seemed happy to agree too. Chris leaned close to Ashley. "I love you," he whispered, giving her leg a gentle squeeze under the table to reaffirm his comfort in this situation. She smiled back, some of the tension visibly leaving her shoulders. Clayton used this time to order the most expensive bottle of wine without consultation, a display of dominance that wasn't lost on Chris. It was a power move Chris had used numerous times in the sales world. But he was undeterred. Clayton was operating off old information. He thought he could use Ashley to unnerve Chris,

that he was still somehow unsure about where he wanted this relationship to go, but that couldn't be further from the truth.

As they waited for the wine, Clayton turned his attention to Chris. "So, how does it feel to finally be a partner?" he asked, his tone casual but his eyes sharp. Ashley turned her attention to Chris as well, a proud smile on her face as she ran her fingers through his hair.

Chris shifted in his seat. "It's exciting. I appreciate all the hard work finally paying off. I was starting to feel a little undervalued." Chris's eyes met Clayton's. He wanted him to know that he wasn't just going to back down and let him railroad him all night. He wasn't interested in being bullied or humiliated in front of his wife.

Clayton nodded, a sly smile playing on his lips. He saw the defiance in Chris's eyes. He always appreciated a good challenge. "Nonsense, your... contributions are much appreciated," his voice had a hint of sarcasm in it that only Chris seemed to pick up on. It also wasn't lost on him that Clayton was staring at Ashley as he said it. "You're lucky to have someone so supportive," he said, his eyes now fully on Ashley. "Someone willing to sacrifice so much."

Chris shot Clayton a warning look, but Ashley, oblivious to the subtext, nodded enthusiastically. "Oh, absolutely. Chris has been working such long hours. But it's worth it for this opportunity. We honestly can't thank you enough for all that you've done for us."

Clayton's smile widened. "I'm all too happy to help. A toast," he said, raising his newly arrived wine glass. "To new partnerships and... mutual benefits."

As they clinked glasses, Chris couldn't help but notice the way Clayton's fingers brushed against Ashley's hand. A jolt of electricity seemed to pass between them, and Chris felt himself squirm with nervous energy.

As the appetizers arrived, Clayton's eyes roamed appreciatively over Ashley once more. "I must say, that dress is absolutely stunning on you, Ashley. It accentuates your figure perfectly." He reached his hand out, running his fingers over the light fabric. The tips of his fingers brushed against Ashley's bare shoulder causing goosebumps to form.

Ashley smiled, a hint of mischief in her eyes. "Thank you, Clayton. I have to admit, your taste in clothing isn't entirely awful." She reached out, touching his arm lightly. "You have quite an eye for detail." Ashley turned to face her husband, hoping to keep him as a willing participant in this little game. "Chris, don't you think Clayton did a good job picking out my outfit?"

Chris felt a sudden spike of arousal at the casual contact between them. He shifted in his seat, trying to hide his reaction, but Clayton's keen gaze missed nothing. "I um... yes you look amazing. You should have seen the heads turned as she walked in."

Clayton laughed, imagining the scene. "Oh I'm sure I can imagine how they felt. I'm sure they were wishing they'd get the same view we are going to have later."

Chris opened his mouth to respond, but stopped. He saw the way Ashley was looking at him, she had the same hunger in her eyes that he did. Hearing Clayton say "we" had caused her pulse to race as well, he could sense it.

Clayton interrupted their brief moment, ensuring once again Ashley's attention was on him. He picked up a small lobster slider. "You have to try this," he said, pushing the small bite to Ashley's lips. As Ashley leaned forward to accept, Clayton's free hand found its way to her thigh, resting there with casual confidence.

Ashley's eyes widened slightly at the bold move, but she didn't pull away. Instead, she accepted the morsel, letting out a soft, appreciative moan as she savored the taste allowing just the tip of Clayton's fingers to slip past her lips. She was laying it on pretty

thick, but she didn't think Chris would mind. In fact, she was having a lot more fun than she thought she would. She expected the dinner to be awkward, given the dynamic but as they all shifted into their roles Ashley found herself enjoying it a lot more than she would admit.

"Mmmm," she hummed, her voice low and sultry. "Delicious. I do love having such exquisite... meat in my mouth." She turned to Chris, giving him a playful wink. Chris couldn't help but marvel at how well she seemed to adjust to entertaining two men.

Clayton's hand, emboldened by the playful atmosphere, began to slide further up Ashley's bare leg, his fingers tickling along her smooth skin. Without missing a beat, Ashley casually pushed his hand back down, maintaining eye contact with Chris as she did so. Undeterred, Clayton kept his fingers resting just at her knee, he knew time was on his side. If Chris noticed the exchange, he didn't react. Instead, he continued to stare into his wife's eyes, his arousal already in overdrive.

"Ah ah," she chided playfully as she turned her attention back to Clayton. "Your hand seems to be wandering. I'm sure they taught you better manner than that at prep school." Thinking she had regained control of the situation, Ashley took a sip of her wine, a self-satisfied smile forming on her lips.

Clayton leaned in, his voice low, and his eyes on Chris. "You know, Ashley, I was just thinking about how enthusiastic you were during our last encounter, and how unfortunate it was Chris wasn't there yet to witness it. The way you responded to my tongue, the sounds you made..." He trailed off, letting the memory hang in the air between them.

Ashley felt her face flush, her composure slipping as the vivid recollection flooded her mind. She had thought she got the upper hand on Clayton. That he was going to show some morsel of embarrassment for being called out, but suddenly found herself on

the back foot, a mixture of embarrassment and arousal coursing through her.

"I... that was different," she stammered, trying to regain her footing.

Clayton's smile widened his hand continuing its upward motion on her leg, knowing he had struck a nerve. "Was it? I seem to recall you being quite... vocal about your enjoyment." Ashley once again reached down and grabbed his wrist before it got too high, however this time she didn't push it away. Instead she just maintained steady pressure on it.

Chris watched the back and forth, his own agitation spiking as he saw Ashley's momentary loss of composure. The dynamic between the three of them was shifting, and he found himself both thrilled and anxious about where it might lead. Suddenly, he remembered Clayton's earlier request - that he excuse himself twice during dinner. The realization of why hit him like a punch to the gut.

"I um... I need to hit the men's room, excuse me one second," Chris said, rising from his chair. His heart pounded as he made his decision, knowing that leaving Ashley alone with Clayton was part of the agreement, yet given their current circumstances he couldn't help but agonize what he was going to miss. He cast one last glance at his wife before turning away, he could see the look in Ashley's eyes when he made the announcement. He wanted her to know, that he wasn't angry with her, that everything that was going to happen was ok with him. He gave her a loving smile and leaned down pressing his lips to hers. He was surprised when he felt her tongue press against his lips. He wasn't entirely sure what was going on underneath the table, but given Ashley's comment and now this he could imagine. "I'll be right back, I love you," he whispered before turning away.

As Chris disappeared from view, Ashley felt Clayton's long fingers make contact with the thin fabric of her panties. A soft gasp escaped her lips, her eyes widening in shock. Her hand remained on Clayton's

wrist, applying pressure but not pushing him away. "Clayton," she whispered, her voice stern despite the excitement in her eyes. "We shouldn't... not here. Anyone could see us, they know I'm here with Chris."

But even as she spoke, Ashley found herself unable to fully resist the electric sensation of his touch. She shifted slightly in her seat, seemingly to move away, but the movement only served to increase the pressure of his fingers against her folds. With Chris gone, Clayton leaned in closer, his breath hot against her ear. "Oh, but we should, Ashley. This is exactly what Chris wants. Why else would he leave us alone?"

Ashley's breath hitched as Clayton's fingers continued their exploration, pressing gently against the fabric, finding her heat and dampness beneath. Ashley's breath came in short gasps, her body responding despite her protests. She glanced around nervously, hyper-aware of their surroundings despite the relative privacy of their secluded room. She was nervous the waiter would appear at any minute catching them in the act. The soft clink of silverware and murmurs of distant conversations reminded her of their public setting, adding to the illicit thrill.

"But what if someone sees?" she muttered, even as her body betrayed her, responding to Clayton's skilled touch. Her grip on Clayton's wrist softened, her nails digging into his skin.

Ashley's chest was visibly rising and falling under the fabric of her thin dress. the outline of her nipples on display as her excitement grew. She bit her lip to stifle a moan, her thighs trembling slightly as Clayton's fingers pressed against her sensitive clit.

As the pleasure built, Ashley's resistance crumbled. Her hips began to move subtly, almost imperceptibly, grinding against Clayton's hand. She could feel herself getting close, the tension coiling tightly within her.

Just as she teetered on the edge of release, Clayton abruptly withdrew his hand. Ashley's eyes flew open, a mix of confusion and frustration clouding her features.

"Clayton, what-" she began, her voice husky with need. "I was so close... please."

He chuckled, allowing his teeth to brush against her exposed neck. "That's your punishment for making me wait, Ashley. You'll have to wait too."

Ashley squirmed in her seat, desperate for relief. "Please," she whispered, her hand reaching for his.

Clayton caught her wrist, his grip firm. "No, it will come when I'm ready for it to" he said, his voice low and commanding. "Instead, I want you to take off your panties and give them to Chris when he returns."

Ashley's eyes widened, her face grew white. "I can't do that, he'll-" she protested weakly, her hips still moving despite his fingers having already left.

"He will be thrilled, and you know it," Clayton replied, his tone leaving no room for argument. "Consider it a gesture of good faith, for things to come."

Flustered and aroused, Ashley realized she was trapped between her burning desire and Clayton's unyielding command. Ashley hesitated, her mind racing. How did she manage to always let Clayton get her so flustered? She knew it was a test, a challenge. And she knew that if she backed down now, she would be admitting defeat. She took a deep breath, her decision made.

Slowly, she reached under her dress, her fingers hooking into the waistband of her panties. She lifted her hips slightly, sliding the fabric down her legs and over her heels. She balled the fabric up in her fist, her heart pounding in her chest.

"Good girl," Clayton whispered causing her juices to slide down her thigh.

Chris returned to the table, immediately noticing Ashley's flushed face and slightly disheveled appearance. As he sat down, Ashley bit her lip, her gaze locked on his.

"Clayton told me to give these to you," she whispered. Simultaneously, she placed her hand on Chris's crotch and her panties in his hand, feeling his immediate physical reaction.

Chris's breath caught in his throat as Ashley pressed something small, silky, and damp into his palm. His eyes widened as realization dawned, his arousal spiking instantly. Ashley's hand on his growing erection told her everything she needed to know about his reaction.

"Are these your...?" Chris couldn't finish the sentence, his voice hoarse with desire.

Ashley nodded, her cheeks burning. "Yes," she breathed. "He... he made me take them off."

Chris swallowed hard, his mind racing with the implications. What the hell did he miss while he was in the bathroom? He glanced at Clayton, who wore a self-satisfied smirk, then back at Ashley, noting the way she shifted slightly in her seat.

"And you... you're okay with this?" Chris asked, his voice thick with desire.

Ashley's hand squeezed gently, eliciting a soft groan from Chris. "More than okay," she whispered, her eyes dark with desire. "Are you?"

Chris nodded, his throat dry. "Yes," he managed to whisper. He pocketed Ashley's panties, the silky material a constant reminder of the situation. His fingers stayed in his pocket rolling over the soaked material. He was gone for less than five minutes yet they felt like they were absolutely drenched.

Clayton cleared his throat, drawing their attention. "Well, now that we're all more comfortable, shall we order our main course?"

The rest of the dinner progressed in a haze of tension and desire. Clayton pushed boundaries subtly but persistently. His foot would "accidentally" brush against Ashley's bare leg, or he'd lean in close to whisper something, his breath hot on her ear. Each time he reached for his wine glass, his hand would graze Ashley's arm or shoulder.

Chris saw every touch, every glance, and heard every whisper. Each agonizing minute brought him closer to fulfilling his wildest fantasy. In an odd way he was thankful he was starting to feel like the third wheel. It gave him time to try to calm his nerves and quiet the doubt that was creeping into the back of his mind. The one asking him what would happen if Ashley suddenly thought he wasn't man enough, or big enough to make her happy after tonight.

As the main course was cleared away, Clayton's hand disappeared under the table. Ashley's eyes widened, and she bit her lip, clearly trying to maintain composure. Chris could see the subtle movement of Clayton's arm, and Ashley's barely perceptible squirm.

Clayton's eyes caught Chris's and for a moment neither of them blinked, then Clayton gestured toward door. "I... I think I need to use the restroom again," he said, standing up. He met Ashley's gaze, silently communicating his consent for whatever might transpire in his absence.

As Chris walked away, Clayton turned to Ashley. "Now that there's a bit more space, why don't you show me how much you've been enjoying our little game?" He smiled seductively at Ashley, as he adjusted his obvious erection.

Ashley attempted to play coy, averting her eyes. "I'm not sure what you mean," she said, biting her lip.

Clayton chuckled, his hand finding its way to her bare thigh under the tablecloth. "Oh, I think you do." His fingers inched higher, tracing a path of fire on her sensitive skin.

As Clayton's touch became more insistent, Ashley's breathing became more shallow. His fingers brushed against her already wet and exposed folds, eliciting a soft gasp from her. Almost instinctively, her hand moved to his leg, sliding upwards until she felt the obvious evidence of his arousal straining against his slacks.

"That's it," Clayton encouraged, his middle finger slowly circling her clit. "Show me how much you want this, how much you've been thinking about my cock."

Ashley's tongue slipped past her lips moistening them, she knew she was fighting a losing battle. Her body was already desperate for release after their previous episode. Her hand began to move, stroking Clayton's length through the fabric of his pants. She could feel it twitch under her touch, growing harder as she continued her ministrations.

Clayton's fingers dipped lower, teasing her entrance. Ashley barely hid the moan, her hips rocking against his hand. Her own movements became more urgent, her palm running along his shaft, her fingers tracing its outline.

"You're so wet," Clayton whispered allowing his lips to brush her ear. "I bet you're aching to be filled right now, aren't you?"

Ashley nodded, beyond words. Her thumb found the sensitive head of Clayton's cock through his pants, circling it as he had done to her clit moments before. She felt a surge of satisfaction as Clayton's breath caught, his composure slipping for a moment. She felt so powerful in that moment being able to get a reaction from him. She was slowly becoming undone, a part of her wanting to mount him right here.

As Ashley's hand continued to stroke Clayton, he leaned in closer. "You seem to really miss it, Ashley. Perhaps you should give it a proper hello."

Ashley hesitated for a moment, her eyes darting around the room nervously. But the desire moving through her veins was overwhelming, and she found herself reaching for his zipper, her hands trembling slightly. She could feel her heartbeat in her ears as she slowly unzipped him. Instinctively, she licked her lips as she felt his hard length against her fingers.

She leaned down, her heart pounding in her chest. Her tongue flicked out, swirling around the sensitive head, tasting the salty precum that had already beaded there. She heard Clayton's sharp intake of breath, felt his hand on the back of her head, encouraging her. Another small victory, she thought to herself. If she couldn't outwit him, perhaps she could out maneuver him in... other ways. She parted her lips, taking him slowly into her mouth, her tongue continuing its dance around the tip, sucking up every drop of his arousal.

Despite the awkward positioning, Clayton's fingers found their way back to the back of her dress, his fingers slipping lower until they reached her hot, wet center. He thought about telling her to kneel in front on him under the table, but that would have to come another day. This was a delicate dance he needed to make and in order for it to work he needed to get her worked back up. Instead he relished in the fact that anyone who walked by would get treated to the view of his fingers stuffed inside her exposed slit. He began to stroke her gently, his fingers circling her clit in time with the movements of her mouth on him. Ashley moaned softly, the vibration causing Clayton to groan in response.

She could feel her own arousal building as she continued to suck and lick, her hips moving subtly against Clayton's hand. His fingers dipped inside her, curling upwards to hit that sensitive spot, all while his thumb continued its relentless circles on her clit.

"Mmmm fuck, yes, don't stop," Ashley pleaded lost in the sensation, her body tensing as she approached the peak. But just as she was about to tumble over, Clayton gently pulled his fingers from her, leaving her feeling empty.

"Stop, Ashley," he murmured, his voice hoarse with desire. "You're getting too close, and I don't want you to cum... yet."

Ashley groaned in frustration around his cock. She took him deeper in her mouth, determined to defy him as her lips sunk closer to his root. He wrapped his hand in her hair and pulled her off his shaft with a loud pop. Ashley looked up at him, anger and desperation in her eyes. She was so close, her body aching for release. For a moment all they did was stare at one another. Eventually, she sat back in her chair, trying to catch her breath, her body still humming with unfulfilled desire.

Clayton smirked, tucking himself back into his pants. "We need to work on your obedience," he said disdain in his voice. "When Chris returns, I want you to give him a loving kiss. Show him how much you appreciate him allowing us to play this little game," he instructed, his eyes gleaming with mischief.

Ashley chewed on her lip, she was beyond turned on, but she hated how he was speaking to her. She wanted so badly to tell him to fuck off, but the wet spot on her seat denied her the satisfaction. "And why should I do that?" she asked trying her best to mask the desire in her voice.

"Because after you do we will leave her and I will give you the biggest orgasm of your life. And it will be magnified by the fact that your husband will be sitting back watching as it happens." Ashley could only nod, her body still tingling with need.

Chris returned to the table, immediately noticing Ashley's disheveled appearance. Her lipstick was smudged, and her mascara ran down her face. He opened his mouth to inquire, but Ashley pulled him into a fervent kiss before he could speak.

The unmistakable salty tang on her lips told Chris what must have happened while he was gone. As Ashley broke the kiss, she gazed at him with a mixture of guilt and excitement.

"I was bad," she whispered, her hand ghosting over the front of his trousers. "You're not mad are you?" She was stroking him faster, for a moment Chris thought she may actually let him fuck her right here. However, when Clayton cleared his throat she seemed to come out of whatever trance she was in.

Ashley's eyes darted between Chris and Clayton. "I think we should head out," she suggested, her voice husky.

Clayton's lips curled into a satisfied grin. "Excellent idea. I'll take care of the check." He paused, adding casually, "My driver dropped me off earlier, so I'll need to catch a ride with you two. Ashley can keep me company in the backseat."

Chris glanced at Ashley, seeking her reaction. She met his gaze, a mischievous glint in her eye. "I can't wait to get home and make your wildest dreams come true," she purred.

But as the words left her lips, Chris found himself wondering - was it really his fantasy she was eager to fulfill, or her own?

Chris gripped the steering wheel tightly as he pulled away from the restaurant, his hands shaking slightly with anticipation. In the rearview mirror, he caught glimpses of Ashley and Clayton in the backseat, their forms barely visible in the dim light. As his eyes adjusted to the darkness, he could see the silhouette of Clayton's hand resting on Ashley's knee, he was leaning close whispering in her ear. Her hand was on his leg as well. If anyone happened to look in the car they would mistake Chris for an Uber driver taking home a loving couple after dinner. He told himself he should be angry, or jealous, or something other than what he was, consumed with red hot lust.

As they merged onto the highway, Chris saw Clayton lean in, attempting to kiss Ashley. His heart raced, but to his surprise, Ashley turned her head, offering her neck instead. Clayton, undeterred, began trailing kisses along Ashley's neck, his hand now slowly inching up her thigh, pushing the hem of her dress higher. Chris noticed Ashley's sharp intake of breath and saw her hands gripping the seat, knuckles white. The distinct sound of Clayton's fingers sliding against wet flesh reached his ears, followed by Ashley's soft gasp. Chris forced his eyes back to the road, his foot pressing harder on the accelerator.

"Everything okay back there?" Chris asked, his voice strained.

"Just fine," Clayton replied, his tone low and suggestive. "Your wife is being quite... accommodating."

Chris swallowed hard, his mind racing. He'd agreed to this, hadn't he? So why did he feel this knot in his stomach?

"You're missing quite a show up there, Chris," Clayton said, his voice thick with desire. "Perhaps we should give you a better idea of what's happening." With that, he began to help Ashley out of her dress, leaving her completely naked in the backseat.

Chris's eyes darted to the mirror, but he couldn't see much in the darkness. However, his ears picked up the unmistakable sounds of

Clayton's fingers moving in and out of Ashley, the wet sounds of her arousal filling the car. He heard Ashley's soft moans, each one higher than the last.

Then, he heard a different sound. A rhythmic, slick sound that made his heart pound. He realized it was the sound of Ashley's hand working Clayton, her movements eager and desperate.

"Jesus, you feel so good. Fuck," Ashley was panting now. Chris tried to catch another glimpse of her in the mirror but a horn blew beside him and he realized he was veering into the other lane.

Chris's pulse raced as he heard Ashley's whimper of pleasure. He knew that sound intimately - she was enjoying herself, perhaps more than she ever had with him. The realization sent a confusing mix of jealousy and excitement coursing through him.

He was driving faster now, weaving through traffic with an urgency he'd never felt before. He needed to get home. He needed... What did he need? To stop this? To join in? To watch?

As they neared their exit, Chris heard Ashley cry out softly. He knew she was close. Very close. The sounds of their mutual pleasuring filled the car, Ashley's moans and Clayton's low grunts creating a symphony of desire.

"Wait," he heard himself say, his voice sounding foreign to his own ears. "We're almost home."

Clayton chuckled. "Poor Ashley, denied release for the third time tonight. This time, it's not even my doing."

Ashley whimpered in frustration, her desperation palpable. "Please," she whispered, though it wasn't clear who she was addressing.

Suddenly, Ashley leaned forward, her hands gripping the back of Chris's seat. She pressed her lips to his neck, her fingers fumbling with the buttons of his shirt. Chris inhaled sharply, struggling to keep his focus on the road as Ashley's touch sent shivers down his spine.

He could hear her breasts heaving against his back, her breath coming in ragged gasps.

"Ashley," Chris gasped, torn between desire and the need to drive safely. "We're almost home. Just... just wait for me."

But Ashley seemed beyond reason, her actions frantic as she continued to kiss and caress Chris. Her soft whimpers suggested that Clayton was still providing just enough stimulation to keep her on edge. Chris could hear the wet sounds of Clayton's fingers moving inside her, her hips moving in sync with his touch.

"I'm so horny, baby. I need it so bad. I was so bad at the restaurant, and now... of God," Ashley's tongue slid over Chris' ear. A quick look in the mirror showed why. Clayton had pushed two fingers into Ashley. He was fucking Ashley with a dizzying force. Her hands gripped at Chris's shirt. Her grunts sounded like screams in his ear.

Chris pressed harder on the accelerator, desperate to get them home. The mixture of Ashley's touch, her obvious need, and the knowledge of what was happening in the backseat left him in a daze of conflicting emotions.

The last few minutes of the drive were a blur. Chris navigated the familiar streets on autopilot, his mind consumed by the sensations and sounds surrounding him. Ashley's labored breathing, Clayton's low murmurs, the occasional creak of leather as they shifted, and the unmistakable sounds of their mutual pleasure.

As they finally pulled into the driveway, Chris let out a shaky breath. He turned off the engine, plunging the car into silence. For a moment, nobody moved. Then, slowly, Chris turned in his seat. Ashley's eyes were dark with desire, her lips swollen. Clayton wore a triumphant smirk, his hand still resting possessively on Ashley's thigh, his fingers glistening with her arousal.

"Shall we take this inside?" Clayton suggested, his tone casual despite the charged atmosphere.

"Ashley should put her dress back on first. What if the neighbors..."
But she was already out the door, her modesty long forgotten and her body on full display as she hurried up the path.

As they entered the house, time seemed to stand still. For an insane moment, Chris had thought Ashley really would take Clayton in the backseat of the car. Naked, Ashley strode confidently toward the stairs, her eyes dark with need. It didn't matter to her at this point who took her, as long as she could finally get the release she'd been chasing for hours.

Clayton, ever in command, broke the silence. "To the bedroom then." His broad palm cracked across Ashley's ass, resounding through the house. Chris gritted his teeth and nodded, his eyes wide as he watched Clayton splay a hand across the small of Ashley's back to urge her forward. He was expecting another swat, and was caught off guard when he saw the almost gentle way Clayton's hand landed on her skin. Ashley turned looking over her shoulder, back at Chris, her eyes filled with hunger. Chris was fairly certain that by this point she was beyond the point of no return, but he still offered her a warm smile a gentle nod letting her know he was still in this with her.

Each step up the stairs felt like it came with a new emotion for Chris. Excitement, step. Jealousy, step. Fear, step. Anxiety, step. And most of all, arousal. His eyes focused on the sway of Ashley's hips as she went upstairs, her lips protruding slightly as she walked glistening in the warm light. He had wanted this, hadn't he? The reality of it was both terrifying and intoxicating. He wasn't sure how he would react once they got to the bedroom, but he found himself already pulling at the belt of his pants.

When they stepped into the bedroom, Chris's heart was racing, a mix of anticipation and nervous energy running through him. His gaze moved around the room almost in slow motion. He had seen it a millions times before, but this time it was like he was seeing it for the first time. Ashley sat naked on the bed, her legs spread and inviting. Her nipples were hard, and her breasts heaved with every breath, a delicate pink hue coloring her skin to attest to her arousal. The sight of her like this, knowing what was about to happen, filled him with raw animalistic lust and a strange sort of pride.

Standing before her, Clayton admired every inch of her body appreciatively with his eyes. He was still fully clothed, but the bulge in his pants was unmistakable, a promise of what was to come. He took his time, his gaze lingering on her curves as a smirk formed on his lips. He knew the power he held in this room and he intended to enjoy it.

Chris was standing in the doorway, frozen in place. He could feel his cock pressing against his pants, as his hands shook with anticipation. He had wished for this moment, he had fantasized about it. Now that it was finally happening, he was terrified and thrilled in equal measure. He was suddenly, acutely aware of every sensation: the hiss of the AC as it tried to cool his ever rising body heat, the faint scent of Ashley's perfume mingling with the unmistakable scent of her arousal, the sound of his own ragged breathing.

Clayton turned to Chris, his smirk widened into a grin. "You just going to stand there, buddy?" He goaded. "Care to take up your usual spot in the chair?" Clayton's condescending tone wasn't missed by Chris, but his legs turned to lead as he took a tentative step forward, then another, until he was standing a few feet from the bed. He could see the wetness between Ashley's thighs, could see her body trembling slightly with anticipation. The mocking tone of Clayton had Chris turning slightly. "Ensuring you have a front row seat?" he taunted, his voice so full of the same arrogant superiority it seemed to always carry. Clayton turned his attention to Ashley, his hands reaching out to cup her breasts. She gasped arching into his touch, her eyes fluttering closed.

With his free hand Clayton slowly undid his belt. The swooshing sound it made as it quickly slide from the belt loops seems to vibrate in Chris's ears. Pinching Ashley's nipple between his fingers he pushed down his pants, and his boxers, revealing his cock. Chris's eyes widened at the sight. This was it, Clayton was going to slide that giant tool inside his wife. Chris could see the veins pulsing beneath the skin, could see the precum glistening at the tip. It was

an intimidating sight, one that sent a mix of fear and excitement coursing through him.

Clayton placed a knee on the edge of the bed and pushed Ashley lightly to her back. He took his time exploring every inch of her body. He continued to squeeze her breasts, causing her to gasp at the forcefulness but she didn't shy away from him. In fact, as his thumbs circled her nipples she arched her back into it, drawing out a moan from deep within her. His fingers glided over the curve of her hips, dipping into the hollows of her waist. He was slow, deliberate, his touch designed to tease and draw things out.

Ashley was putty in his hands, her body responded to his touch. She squirmed on the bed, her mouth opening in a silent scream. Her skin was already slick with sweat, Chris couldn't help but ogle her. Under the soft lighting of the bedroom she looked like a picture from a magazine. A rare piece of art that perfectly captured her raw unadulterated state.

Chris's hardness grew painful as it continued to try to expand. With trembling hands he released it from its confines tossing his pants into the corner. He wanted to touch himself, to relieve some of the pressure, but he was frozen in place, his eyes glued to the scene unfolding before him.

Clayton's hands went lower now, tracing a path down Ashley's belly, down to her pussy. Teasing for a moment, his fingers hovered over her clit. Ashley whimpered, her hips bucking in desperation for his touch. A chuckle rumbled from Clayton as his gaze flicked to Chris, a wicked gleam dancing in his eyes.

"Look at her, Chris," he purred, the emphasis taunting. "Look how wet she is. How much she wants this. How much she wants me."

Chris swallowed hard, eyes darting between Ashley's face, twisted in pleasure, and Clayton's hand hovering above her pussy. He could see the wetness, see how ready she was. It was a heady sight, one that sent a rush of want through his veins.

The muscles of Clayton's back rippled as he climbed further and further toward her. He planted kisses on her collarbone, her jawline. He moved for her lips, but she denied him, turning her head with a seductive smile and smiling weakly as Chris, small victories. His large member pressed against her thigh, angry and swollen as he worked his way back down to her chest. He sucked her nipple into his mouth, his teeth grazing against it causing Ashley to moan in pleasure as her hands ran through his hair.

Each gasp and moan seemed to elicit a response from Chris's body. He was a silent participant, a voyeur in this dance of lust, but he was as much a part of it as Ashley and Clayton. He could feel the tension building, could feel the anticipation coiling in his stomach. He could feel the precum oozing from the head of his shaft despite not yet touching himself as he fell back into the chair.

Clayton arched over Ashley. He grabbed his manhood and positioned it directly over Ashley's opening. He thwapped the tip of his dick on her swollen lips before using his hips to slide the entire length over the top of her opening.

"Please," she begged, her voice hoarse. "Please, don't stop."

Clayton chuckled, a sound that was both mocking and arousing. "You want it, don't you, Ashley?" he said, his voice a low growl. "You've wanted it since that day you watched me in the office haven't you?"

Ashley nodded her face red with embarrassment, "Yes," she whispered, her voice barely audible. She turned her head to Chris. A look of bewilderment on his face. She thought it was because of what was about to happen, but in reality he was trying to make sense of what Clayton had just said. Did something happen between them that he was unaware of?

"I want it." Ashley whispered licking her lips and bringing Chris out of his trance. He needed to focus on what was happening now. His

deepest, darkest, fantasy was playing out right in front of him, he wasn't going to let anything ruin it.

Clayton turned to Chris, a wicked gleam in his eyes. "Chris, grab that pillow," he commanded, pointing to the pillow on Chris's side of the bed. "Put it under Ashley's hips."

Chris hesitated for a moment before complying, his hands trembling slightly as he positioned the pillow under Ashley's hips, elevating her pelvis. He could see the wetness between her thighs, could see how ready she was.

"Did... did you remember to bring a condom like I asked?" Ashley whispered. With the way her hips were already searching for his meat Clayton wondered if it really mattered. He hated the way condoms felt, but it was a small concession to a much larger prize.

Clayton took a condom from his wallet, tearing open the packet with his teeth. He rolled it onto his cock, his eyes never leaving Ashley's. He positioned himself between her legs, his cock poised at her entrance.

Chris's mind was going in a million different directions and he found it increasingly difficult to stay in the moment. First it was what ever happened at the office and now the comment about the condom. What else had they texted to each other? He gave Clayton Ashley's number in the morning, were they texting all day?

"Tell me you want this dick," Clayton's continued taunts brought Chris back to the present.

She locked eyes with him. "I want your dick, Clayton." Chris sucked in air from his chair. The words a knife of betrayal that only seemed to make Chris's cock pulse with need.

With one swift thrust, Clayton entered her, pushing nearly half his cock into her before meeting any real resistance. Ashley cried out, her body convulsing as her first orgasm immediately washed over

her. The work of the earlier teasing clearly paying off in dividends. It was intense, her body shaking with the force of it. Clayton groaned, his eyes closing briefly as he savored the sensation of her tight, wet heat around him.

As Ashley rode out her pleasure, she reached up, her hand wrapping around Clayton's neck. She pulled him down, her lips meeting his in a deep, passionate kiss. After denying Clayton all night she was now the aggressor. Her tongue attacking Clayton's mouth with a zeal that Chris had never seen. Watching his wife kiss another man with such eagerness and hunger made his cock swell in his hand. For a moment he thought he may cum as well, but luckily the moment passed.

As Ashley's orgasm subsided Clayton began to make tiny thrusts, each one impaling him deeper into her warm depths. Breaking his mouth away from hers, his lips stroked her ear. "You like that, don't you, Ashley? You like feeling my cock inside you?"

Ashley nodded, her breathing coming in short jagged bursts. "Yes," she whimpered, her eyes still closed, her lips searching for his. "I love it. You feel so good."

Clayton chuckled, turning his head to look at Chris, who hadn't even blinked since Clayton entered her. "You're going to let me fuck you again, right?" he said, his voice taunting. "Whenever I want?"

Ashley looked up at him, her eyes glazed with pleasure, her body still trembling with the aftershocks of her orgasm. "Yes," she whispered, her voice shaking. "Whenever you want."

Clayton finally tilted his hips, burying the rest of his cock inside her, his balls pressed against her ass. Ashley arched her back in response, her tongue danced across his bottom lip as she desperately sought out his kiss. This time, Clayton was the one denying her, pulling his head away at the last possible second. She challenged him repeatedly, made him work so hard for this moment. He was going to make sure he got every ounce of satisfaction out of it while he could. "Tell your husband how deep it is."

"Oh fuck." Ashley moaned her eyes rolling to the back of her head as Clayton slammed back into her. "So deep. He's so fucking big." As the words left her lips Clayton finally gave her what she wanted and opened his mouth. Ashley's tongue disappeared inside of it her teeth crashing against his.

Chris's body responded to Ashley's words, a shrill throb in his hand as he stroked his cock. He couldn't believe she was talking like that, couldn't believe she was so eager, willing. He'd never heard her talk that way, or use such language. It was way too much for him. He pumped once more, eagerly, and finally found his release. His cock pulsed in his hand, his cum dripping from his hand and splattering his shirt.

It appeared that Clayton had finally satisfied himself and was concerning himself more with fucking Ashley than taunting either one of them. He raised Ashley's hips slightly adjusting the pillow under her for angle, as he continued to push his pole deeper into her.

"Ohhh, oh God," Ashley cried out as he seemed to drive even deeper with each thrust. She bit into her lip with such force, she could taste blood. "Nnnngghhh, yes, right there."

With every stab of power, Chris watched as Clayton's glutes would tense then relax, the rhythmic sound of his testicles slapping against Ashley's ass with each thrust filled the air. His thrusts were almost intentional in their motion, aimed at some spot. Ashley arched herself higher to accommodate him.

"Ooooh, ooh, fuck. Yes, yes, just like that, Clayton. Fuck, just like that." Clayton kept a steady rhythm, he couldn't get enough of the way Ashley's walls were squeezing him. He knew she was going to be a great fuck, but he had no idea she would be this tight or this vocal.

Chris could tell by her breathing and the way she was driving her hips up to meet Clayton's thrusts that she was close again. He began

slowly stroking himself again. Amazed at how quickly he had recovered.

"OOOOHHHH GOD, FUCK DON'T STOP, JESUS. FUCK CLAYTON, RIGHT THERE, YEESSSSSS," Ashley screamed. Chris had never heard her scream like that before. There were a few occasions where she would get loud, but never like that. For a moment he worried that the neighbors just heard her cry out for another man.

Clayton's movements slowed, and eventually stopped altogether as clear shockwaves of pleasure rippled through Ashley's body. Her fists clinched at the sheets her legs outstretched as she withered in pleasure, allowing another powerful climax to wash over her.

He flipped Ashley onto her stomach as she continued to experience the waves of pleasure from her orgasm. His touch firm and demanding now allowing Ashley a moment's rest. Her chest rose and fell as she caught her breath finally coming down from the massive wave only to have Clayton slam back into her from behind. Ashley gasped, her body trembling as she struggled to move. Clayton groaned, his eyes closing briefly as he savored the sensation of her tight, wet heat around him.

"You're such a bad girl," Clayton said. "You like it rough, don't you?" Ashley could only manage to nod with each thrust provoking a soft moan from her lips. Chris watched in awe as Clayton's cock glistened in the light of the room, still wet from Ashley's juices.

Clayton smirked, his eyes gleaming in triumph as he started going faster, his hips driving in with a force that shook Ashley's body. He was rough, his hands clinched tightly around her hips, his fingers sinking firmly into her meaty flesh, his cock filling her with every thrust.

Chris watched, eyes wide with wonder and excitement, he had never seen Ashley this way before, enjoying such rough treatment so thoroughly. It was a part of her he did not know existed, a part that turned him on and scared him at the same time.

"Has Chris ever made you cum this way, Ashley?" Clayton now asked, his ego evident. "Has he ever made you feel this good?"

Ashley shook her head, catching her lip between her teeth. She turned her head slightly, meeting Chris's gaze but at the same time giving Clayton a better angle. "No," she purred, she could feel the warmth building inside her again. "Never like this."

His laugh started low, then grew louder, almost villainous in nature. "That's what I thought," he said, his words oozing with hubris. He smacked her ass, as he felt her body start to lose some of its energy. The thunderous clap echoed off the walls as Ashley threw her head back. She climbed onto her forearms now and started playing with her chest.

Ashley whined louder, her body tensing as she approached her next climax. Clayton's strokes were relentless, his body moving in a hasty urgent rhythm. He reached up, his hand wrapping in Ashley's hair, his bicep flexing as he quickened his already relentless pace.

Flesh slapping against flesh rhythmically filled the room as Ashley's cries got louder and louder. "Ohhh Fuck. Fuck Clayton. Don't stop, don't fucking stop." He didn't. Ashley's body lurched forward, for a minute Chris thought Clayton may pull her hair out. Her hand went from her chest to her clit, her fingers at a blinding speed.

Chris watched, as his wife approached another orgasm. He couldn't remember if she'd ever had this many in one session with him before. His mouth was dry, he realized he'd been holding it open this entire time. He felt like he was going to cum again at any minute. It took all of his willpower to stop stroking himself, he had to be ready to reclaim Ashley. That was one thing he couldn't fuck up.

Ashley cried out, her body convulsing as final orgasm washed over her. It was an intensity like she'd never experienced before, her body shaking with the force of it. She collapsed onto the bed, her body slick with sweat.

As Ashley's climax subsided, Clayton prepared for his own release. With a sudden movement, he pulled out of her, ripping off the condom. Ashley whimpered at the sudden feeling of emptiness, her body trembling with the aftershocks of her orgasm.

Clayton let out a deep grunt "unnnngh FUUUUCK!" He stroked his cock and threw his head back in pleasure. "FUCKKKKKKK" ropes of thick seed shot from Clayton's tip as he continued stroking violently, coating Ashley's perfect ass. After what seemed like 5 or 6 ropes, he appeared to finish, his body, hanging limply over Ashley's.

Ashley gasped at the feeling of Clayton's hot cum on her skin, her body trembling with the sensation. She looked back at him, her eyes still glazed as she felt the warmth slide down her legs and onto the pillow below her.

Clayton looked down at her, a satisfied smirk on his face. "That was incredible" He looked over at Chris, his smirk widening. "You seemed to enjoy it almost as much as she did."

Chris just stared at him blankly. He couldn't put into words what he had just witnessed. He felt like he was in a trance. He had enjoyed it, even more than he thought he would. Seeing Ashley so uninhibited, so passionate, had stirred something primal within him. He had witnessed the most intense, most erotic encounter of his life, and he knew that this experience had changed something fundamental in their relationship. Yet, at the same time those fears of inadequacy came back with a vengeance. He had never gotten that kind of response from Ashley before, not even on his best night. He tried to shake the thoughts from his head.

As Clayton began to dress, Chris looked at Ashley, slowly getting to his feet. He wasn't sure what to say, what to do. He had wanted this, had fantasized about it, but the reality was so much more intense, so much more complicated. Ashley managed to turn to her side as he processed all of this.

Ashley looked back at Chris, her eyes soft with understanding. She reached out a hand, beckoning him to come to her. Chris slowly began to stroke himself, each step closer to Ashley felt like a new hot ember was being added to the fire. He lay down next to her, kissing her softly as she slowly came back to life for him.

They lay there in silence, their bodies entwined, their breaths syncing. There was so much to say, so much to process, but as Clayton slipped out the bedroom door Ashley slowly hooked her leg over Chris and slid down onto him. She felt different, he thought to himself, but that didn't stop him from driving his hips up to meet hers.

"Careful, baby. Go slow. I'm sore," she whispered as her lips touched his softly. Chris knew that this experience had changed something fundamental in their relationship, and he wasn't sure where they would go from here. But for now, he was content to make slow, sweet love to his wife. There was something almost therapeutic about it for him as he felt Ashley's walls close around him. Her body hung low against his, her smell calming his otherwise shattered nerves. He'd witnessed something primal, raw, and undeniably erotic. The image of Ashley, lost in ecstasy, crying out Clayton's name, was seared into his memory.

As Ashley's breathing steadied, Chris found himself wondering if things could ever go back to the way they were. He'd seen a side of his wife he never knew existed, a sexual hunger that both thrilled and terrified him. What if he could never satisfy her the same way again? But as Ashley nuzzled closer, murmuring "I love you" against his ear, Chris realized their relationship hadn't just changed - it had evolved. Every boundary they pushed, every secret they shared, had forged something deeper between them. Their marriage wasn't weaker for embracing these darker desires; it was stronger for facing them together, built on a foundation of trust that went beyond conventional limits.

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