

Ashley's moans filled their bedroom as sunlight began to creep in through the window. Nearly a week had passed since her late shift at the hospital, and every day since had started or ended the same way, with Chris eagerly teasing her ass, using his tongue, his fingers, anything to draw a reaction from Ashley. He was drunk with lust, and Ashley was enjoying every second of the attention.

"Tell me again how it happened." Chris had Ashley on her hands and knees facing the headboard. Her body, already slick with sweat, trembled as his tongue pushed into her tight ring.

"Mmm, oh fuck, baby. He just. Mmm God." Chris withdrew his tongue slowly causing her to sigh. This was his new favorite game. He would have her relive the moment with him. Tease her until she thought she was going to explode then back off while she told more of the story.

Desperate to find some type of leverage, Ashley gripped the sheets tighter and pushed her hips backward in search of his tongue. "He... he just started licking me. I thought he was aiming for my clit again, but he kept sliding further back until..." She rolled her neck. An airplane passed by overhead drowning out her cries of passion. "God, baby, please don't stop."

Chris rewarded her words by pressing his tongue back into her, his hands spreading her wider. He had never been much of an ass man before. He certainly never seen himself doing something like this. The past week had awakened something in him. Every detail Ashley shared about that night, fueled his desire to claim her in new ways. He wasn't sure if it was the jealousy that someone else got to experience it before he did. Perhaps it was the arousal of knowing Ashley had let it happen even when he wasn't there. Whatever it was though, had him feeling like a teenager again.

"What do you think would have happened if you weren't interrupted?" Chris pulled back just enough to ask, his breath hot against her sensitive flesh. His thumb replaced his tongue, teasing her rim as he waited for her response. He loved how honest she became in these moments, how the pleasure stripped away any pretense. He pressed the tip in gently, then nearly bit a hole through his lip as Ashley pushed her ass back plunging, his thumb into her tight opening.

"I..." Ashley hesitated, her voice strained at the intrusion. "I don't know. Probably anything he wanted."

"Anything?" Chris's teeth scraped her hip. He didn't sound mad, just aggressive. Threatening almost. "Would you have let him fuck you?"

She gasped as Chris pushed his finger deeper, overwhelmed by the dual sensation of penetration and confession. "Yesss... ohhhh fuck."

Chris worked his finger slowly and carefully, just as he had all week. He pushed a little further each day as they explored new boundaries together. Ashley's trust in him, her willingness to share every detail of that night, made him want to worship her body even as his possessive urges grew stronger. The way her ass gripped his finger made him shudder. What would it feel like around his dick?

"Play with yourself," he urged, adding more pressure. The thought of fucking her in the ass consumed him. He needed a release. "Play with yourself while you think about him fucking you."

Ashley's thighs trembled as pleasure built inside her. She felt Chris's thumb slip from her ass just as her own fingers found her clit. She felt Chris's weight shift on the bed. The head of his cock momentarily pressed against her virgin hole as she let out a desperate whimper before feeling him shift his body and push into her warmth.

"Your body is on fire." Chris bit down on her neck. His new aggression sent waves of bliss through Ashley as he sheathed himself completely. He pressed his thumb against her tight ring, feeling the small amount of pressure against his cock. The image of the janitor claiming Ashley's ass sent conflicting waves of jealousy and arousal through him. "Would you have let this?"

Ashley's fingers worked faster against her clit as she pushed back against him. Her orgasm began to build inside her. All she could think about now was her own release. She didn't care if she sounded like a slut or even how it made him feel. "Yes, yes," she moaned, sliding her nails along Chris's shaft while he fucked her. "I... I wanted him to," she admitted, her confession making Chris's cock pulse inside her. "When his tongue was inside me, I wanted more. I wanted him to just take me."

Chris's grip tightened on her hip, his control slipping. The image in his head played again. Ashley moaning into the phone while the janitor pushed his large cock into her ass for the first time. "You never told me you liked it." His pace picked up with each word. His aggression was building with each confession. "Never even mentioned it was an option."

"That's... oh fuck... I didn't know. I never thought..." Ashley gasped, her walls clenching around him as pleasure built. "But the janitor... Baby, he was insatiable, like he couldn't get enough." Her words dissolved into a moan as Chris's thumb pressed deeper.

"And that's what you wanted?" Chris's thrusts grew harder, matching the intensity of their conversation. "To be taken like that? Used?" He didn't mean for the words to sound so harsh, so crude, but Ashley's response told him everything he needed to know. Her body trembled, her fingers moving faster.

"Yessss." The shame in her voice was gone. All that was left now was hunger and need. "I wanted him to fuck my ass, to make me his whore while you listened." She felt Chris's cock pulse again. She could tell her words, her confession were having the same effect on him. Her

orgasm neared, drawing another moan from her. "But... fuck don't stop. Oh God... I'm glad he didn't. I want you to be my first."

Hearing her say that did the trick. Chris's orgasm ripped through him without warning. "Ohhhh, fuck, fill me, baby... just like that, just like that! Ahh!" Wave after wave of electricity coursed through her. Her ass clenching around Chris's thumb as he filled her greedy pussy. They collapsed onto the bed a sweaty mess, both giggling from the intensity of their shared experience.

Chris pulled Ashley close, their bodies still trembling from release. "Were you serious?" He kissed her neck gently. "About wanting me to be your first?"

Ashley turned in his arms and smiled weakly at him. The past week had awakened so many new desires between them, but this felt different. More intimate somehow. "Of course," she whispered, running her fingers through his hair. "That's what makes all of this so special. Even when we're playing these games, exploring these fantasies... we're in this together. Finding new ways to connect."

His heart thundered beneath her touch as he processed her words. Even after everything they'd done, all of the games, Clayton, the janitor, she still found ways to make him fall deeper in love with her and to assure him that this was about the two of them.

"You know what I've been wondering?" Chris's fingers slid across her leg to her thigh. "We always talk about what happened after you called me that night, but never about how it started. What were you even doing in that stairwell? Was it planned? Did you go looking for him hoping to give me a show?"

Guilt clouded her afterglow, and Ashley felt her throat tighten. The memory of Clayton in the parking garage flashed through her head, his hands on her body, the way she'd nearly given in. How the janitor had seen all of it and used it to push her buttons. How she had been looking at her message to Clayton when he found her. The truth hovered on her lips, but fear held it back. What if telling Chris about the day changed everything? What if it ruined this beautiful thing they'd built? When she tried to tell him before it came out like another one of her stories. Had too much time passed to tell him the truth?

"Next time, baby," she managed, forcing playfulness into her voice as she pressed a kiss to his chest. "I'm too sore and too tired to go again right now." She rolled away from him, ignoring the hungry way his eyes followed her. "I need a shower."

Chris watched her disappear into the bathroom, his body still tingling with desire. The thought of claiming her ass, of being her first, sent fresh heat through his veins. His softening cock twitched with renewed interest, but reality intruded as his eyes caught the clock. Even when he wasn't anywhere around, Clayton's influence seemed to hover at the edges of their world.

Clayton's request for a weekend meeting nagged at him. These Saturday sessions had become rare as the company flourished, which made today's summons feel heavier. He requested both Chris and Katie be there, but didn't explain why. He thought back to Katie and her worried look. Did this have something to do with that? Was the question of who was following them going to be answered? Chris knew something bigger was going on, he just wasn't sure if he should bring it up to Clayton.

The sound of running water barely masked his growing unease. As he pulled on his jeans he noticed Ashley's cellphone on the nightstand. A flicker of jealousy washed over him. She'd been messaging Clayton a lot more lately. Using it to tease Chris. He considered going through the messages, but dismissed it just as quickly. He trusted her; she was doing this because she knew the angst only made it more exciting for him. With a soft chuckle he pulled on a shirt and rushed downstairs.

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The sound of Chris's stomach growling echoed through his car as he pulled into the empty parking lot. After this morning's fun with Ashley, he hadn't had time to stop at Mable's for his usual breakfast. Even worse, he'd forgotten his lunch on the counter. Ashley's chicken and dumplings, his favorite comfort food that she'd made specially for him last night, now sat abandoned next to their coffee maker. He checked his watch as he slammed the BMW door shut. He was already 10 minutes late, not even enough time to grab a coffee.

Clayton's office door was open when Chris arrived. Katie was already there, though from his angle, it seemed like she was on Clayton's side of the desk. Blaming the oddity on his lack of coffee, Chris rounded the corner and saw her clearly seated on the edge of the sofa, although she did look slightly flushed. The sight triggered a memory of his conversation with Ashley. Unsolicited images flashed in his mind of Katie, naked and sprawled across the sofa, while Clayton ravaged her. His throat tightened, along with the front of his jeans, as he struggled to push the image away.

"Nice of you to finally join us." Clayton leaned back in his chair, his calculated confidence radiating from him in waves. "The code audit starts in three weeks. They'll be going through everything. Deployment logs, security protocols, client access records, and of course the entire code base."

Chris studied Clayton's face, searching for any tell that might betray concern. But Clayton's expression remained carefully neutral, reinforcing every troubling headline Chris had read about BitGuardian this week. The software was cutting-edge. Yet beneath its polished surface, experts whispered about backdoor access and unseen vulnerabilities, much like the man sitting before him. Until an audit was done, companies should be mindful of its access. One article even went

so far as to say they suspected insider trading with some of BitGuardian's current clients, but failed to give specifics.

Chris considered some of the oddities in his own life. Clayton's perfect timing in certain situations. The way he always seemed to know information Chris couldn't remember giving him. The pictures of Ashley he claimed Chris showed him. While the evidence wasn't substantial, it was enough to make Chris start to question some things. He looked to Katie who seemed to have questions of her own, although her tactics were a bit more direct.

"Who exactly is conducting the audit?" Katie's voice sounded neutral, but Chris caught the slight edge underneath. "Are other companies raising similar concerns?"

Clayton's fingers curled into a fist, then just as quickly flattened on the table. His lips curved into a smirk as he weighed his response. "Just standard procedure. Though Larkin is particularly interested in the results." His eyes flickered to Chris for just a moment, his smile growing bigger. "They want us back in Seattle some time afterward to present our findings to the board."

"And the board's primary concerns?" Katie pressed, shifting in her seat. "Should we be prepared for any particular line of questioning?" Her hands twisted in her lap, drawing the hem of her dress up slightly making Chris bite the inside of his cheek.

"They're interested in our remote deployment capabilities. Specifically our spiderweb technology." Clayton pulled out a folder thick with white papers and client testimonials. "I need you both prepared for any security questions. Chris, you'll take point on the client-facing discussions. Focus on our zero-knowledge architecture, emphasize how client data remains completely siloed."

He slid a document across his desk. "I've prepared responses to the most common concerns. Study these. When potential clients ask about unauthorized access, and they will, redirect the conversation to our track record. Zero breaches, zero data leaks." Clayton's voice carried that smooth assurance that always made Chris uneasy. "Katie, you'll handle the technical presentations. Stick to the white paper. Don't deviate from the approved talking points."

"And if they ask about the media coverage?" There was a flicker in Clayton's eyes. One that suggested he anticipated the question, or maybe that he resented her for asking it.

"Our message remains the same. Those claims are all fabricated. Lies from our competition to undermine our success. Remember, we're not defending our technology. We're showcasing its success." He tapped the folder meaningfully. "Every question about security is an opportunity to close a bigger deal."

"Are they?" Chris cursed himself silently. Why couldn't he keep his mouth shut? He didn't want to ask the question, but there'd been so many unexplained coincidences that he couldn't get past. "Fabricated, I mean."

Clayton's expression shifted subtly, like a predator assessing potential prey. The silence stretched between them as Katie's pen stopped scratching against her notepad. Chris felt sweat bead at the base of his neck, remembering snippets of overheard conversations, that dark car following him, Tom's cryptic comments in Seattle, the way Clayton knew things about him and Ashley that he didn't remember sharing.

"Careful, Chris." Clayton's stare bore into him, his tone bordering on threatening. His eyes darkened slightly, or maybe it was just the light in the room. "I'm not sure what you're implying." His eyes flickered deliberately to Katie before returning to Chris, the gesture itself a reminder of how many secrets filled this room. "But as a part owner of this company, you're liable for any... misconceptions. I suggest you reassess your loyalties carefully."

The threat lingered in the air between them, wrapped in corporate pleasantries but unmistakable in its intent. Chris felt the weight of everything he stood to lose. His career, his newfound wealth, possibly even Ashley, pressing down on him like a physical force.

Heat crept up Chris's spine, flooding his face. "... I didn't mean to insinuate. I just..." The words died in his throat as he watched Clayton's glare transform into that familiar smirk, the same one he wore when orchestrating their more private moments.

"Just stick to the script," Clayton's voice softened but maintained its edge. "We have nothing to hide here, and anyone who suggests otherwise is... misguided." The pause before that last word felt deliberately weighted, like everything else in Clayton's carefully constructed world.

Chris studied Clayton's face, searching for any crack in the perfect facade. But like always, Clayton's expression revealed only what he wanted seen, his responses feeling rehearsed like pieces in a larger game Chris couldn't quite grasp.

"Is there anything specific we should review?" Chris found himself asking, retreating to safer territory. "Any particular clients or implementations they're concerned about?"

Clayton's smile grew wider. He was happy to see Chris fall into place. He needed to learn that here, just like in the bedroom, his role was to submit to Clayton. He was growing tired of needing to remind him of that. "Just make sure everything's documented properly. We wouldn't want any misunderstandings about our capabilities."

Rising from his chair, Clayton effectively ended that line of questioning. "Katie, would you mind getting those deployment logs organized? I need to discuss the Seattle logistics with Chris."

Katie gave Chris a worried look, then gathered her things. Her perfume lingered as she passed. Chris couldn't keep himself from watching her walk by, noting that Clayton did the same. The office felt smaller somehow as the door clicked shut behind her. He turned to face Clayton, who was already pulling something up on his computer that Chris couldn't see.

"About Seattle," Chris started, his earlier confrontation making him choose his words carefully. "I already told you Ashley won't be-

"Relax," Clayton cut him off, waving his hand dismissively. "I wasn't going to suggest it. I know how you feel about Tom." He leaned back in his chair, finally looking away from the computer screen. "Though I have to say, all this hostility is surprising." Clayton's eyes grew brighter, more intense. "I thought we had an understanding."

Chris's fingers dug into his thighs beneath the desk. Images of Seattle flashed through his mind - Ashley writhing beneath Clayton while he watched, encouraged, participated.

"Actually," Clayton continued, his tone deceptively light, "I have some business to handle here that week. You should take Katie instead." His eyes met Chris's, daring him to blink. "She can be quite the ally when you let her in."

Chris's head spun as the implications hit him: Clayton here with Ashley while he was hours away with Katie. The arithmetic of it made his pulse race. He found himself torn between jealousy and arousal. Every time he thought he had a handle on things, a new wrinkle would form and make him rethink it all. He opened his mouth to protest, to draw a line, but Clayton's earlier warning about loyalties still hung heavily in the air. Or maybe it was that he didn't know how to respond. Did part of him want to see how things would escalate? Would he be able to bear it? He could just tell Ashley to pause the game while he was gone, but was that really what he wanted? His growing hardness made him unsure.

"Something else on your mind?" Clayton's question carried an edge of triumph, as if he could read every conflicting emotion crossing Chris's face.

Chris swallowed hard, tasting the protests that died in his throat. One confrontation per day felt like enough, especially when he was already on shaky ground. The conversation about boundaries could wait, even as his mind raced with possibilities of what might happen in his absence.

"No," he managed, hating how his voice betrayed his uncertainty. "That's all."

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"So... what do you think?" Katie's voice caught Chris off guard as he exited Clayton's office. She leaned against the wall, arms crossed, waiting.

"Not here," Chris murmured, glancing back at Clayton's door. He guided them toward their desks finding it hard to focus on any one part of the meeting. "About the audit, or..."

"All of it." Katie sat on the edge of her desk causing her skirt to ride up past her knee. Her foot bounced touching Chris's leg. "Could they be connected? The audit, the car following us?"

"I'm not sure." Chris's stomach growled loudly, interrupting his response. Katie's laugh echoed in the empty office.

"When's the last time you ate?" She kicked his leg playfully.

"Left my lunch on the counter," he admitted, rising from his chair. "Want to grab a bite? We can talk more."

"Sounds like someone was distracted this morning." Katie gave a knowing wink. The office suddenly felt much too warm.

"I'll drive," Katie said, smoothing out her skirt as she stood. "There's a great little cafe just down the road. They serve the best chicken caesar salads." Her heels clicked against the floor as she fell in line next to Chris. "Perfect way to replenish your energy after a morning... workout."

Chris felt heat flood his face as he held the door, watching Katie glide past him. His eyes rested on the back of her leg where her skirt seemed to ride higher with each step she took. The short walk to her car gave him time to collect himself, though the confined space during the drive did little to ease his growing discomfort.

The lunch crowd's chatter provided perfect cover for private conversation as they settled into their booth. While Chris attacked his salad with obvious hunger, Katie stirred her iced tea, giggling as he practically inhaled his food.

"Clayton wants you to come to Seattle with me," Chris said between bites. "For the board meeting after the audit."

The straw fell from Katie's mouth, clearly not expecting that curveball. "Really? Do you think it's because he's worried about the audit?"

The question made Chris's stomach tighten. He hadn't really considered that possibility. He was too focused on his personal life. His mind wandered to Ashley, home alone while he was across the country. Clayton's earlier smirk replayed in his head, along with images of Ashley stretched out on their bed moaning for more. Was this just about the audit, or was Clayton just looking for an excuse to get Ashley alone?

Chris pushed the thoughts aside, focusing on the woman across from him. "I'm not sure," he admitted. "But it made me realize there's something else I need to talk to you about."

"Why so serious, boss man?" Katie gave her usual playful smile as she leaned in, her chest nearly visible under her low-cut top. "Am I in trouble? Have I been a bad girl?"

A restless tension coiled in Chris's body, his pulse quickening as he willed himself not to lower his gaze. Katie always had this playful thing about her. He told himself it was harmless. She just knew how to push his button. It was part of what made her such a great saleswoman. She had

the ability to keep people completely at ease while making them wonder if she was actually flirting or just trying to make the sale.

"Not at all," his voice sounded much calmer than he felt. "Actually, with my ownership stake in the company, I've been looking to offload some responsibilities. We need someone to step up as VP of Sales so I can focus more on the business side."

Katie's playfulness melted into genuine surprise. "Are you saying...?"

"The Seattle trip would be a perfect opportunity to prove yourself," Chris continued, watching her expression shift from shock to excitement. "Clayton already knows your numbers are solid, and you know I think you're great. Prove you can handle a client like Larken and you're all set."

"Oh my God, Chris." Her hand reached across the table, squeezing his forearm. The touch felt like electricity shooting through his body. He shifted in his seat, hoping she couldn't see his discomfort under the table. "I mean, thank you for considering me. This would be... life-changing."

"You know," Katie said, still smiling as she removed her hand. "Maybe I was just being paranoid about the whole being followed thing." She shrugged, but something in her expression suggested she was trying to convince herself as much as him. "I haven't noticed anything since I mentioned it to you."

Chris wanted to believe her, to write it off as stress-induced paranoia. But the same instinct that warned him about BitGuardian's too-rapid success kept that nagging doubt alive.

"Let's talk about something else," Katie suggested, noting his troubled expression. "All this conspiracy stuff is exhausting." She took a long sip of tea, studying him. "Tell me something that doesn't involve work."

"Like what?"

"Like... how'd you end up in sales? You don't strike me as the typical sales bro."

Chris laughed, grateful for the shift. "Actually, I wanted to be a teacher. High school English, if you can believe that."

"What happened? Worried that such a hot teacher would attract the jailbait?"

Chris chuckled nervously, his eyes catching the way she laughed, her lips curling just enough to reveal the faintest hint of a bite. It made his pulse skip, but he forced himself to focus. "Student loans mainly." He cleared his throat. "Needed something that paid better." He shrugged, the memory of those lean early years tugging at him. "Ashley was still in nursing school..."

"God, student loans," Katie groaned. "They nearly ruined me. I was drowning until Clayton..." She trailed off, her expression clouding briefly before she forced a smile. "Well, anyway. Here we are."

"Here we are," Chris echoed, noting how quickly she'd changed the subject. "What about you? How'd you end up in tech sales?"

Their conversation flowed easier after that, trading stories about horrible first jobs and embarrassing interviews. Chris found himself genuinely enjoying Katie's company, her quick wit and easy laugh making the heavy questions about BitGuardian seem distant.

The drive back to the office was comfortable, filled with casual chatter about weekend plans and Netflix recommendations. It felt good, normal, like coming up for air after being underwater too long.

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The light floral print sundress hovered just above her knees as Ashley looked herself over in the mirror one last time. Her still damp hair curled softly around her shoulders, and she'd kept her makeup minimal, just mascara and a hint of gloss. The dress's thin straps showed off just enough of her shoulders to be sexy. The fitted bodice hugged her chest tight before flowing into a playful skirt. For a moment she considered changing into something less... noticeable. But it was just errands. Grocery shopping, her nail appointment, nothing that required overthinking her outfit.

Her bare feet padded down the stairs, a mental checklist running through her head. She spotted Chris's lunch forgotten on the kitchen counter. Her chicken and dumplings, his absolute favorite. Picking it up from the counter to toss it in the trash, she paused. Had he not been so... attentive to her needs earlier, he wouldn't have been running late and wouldn't have forgotten his lunch.

"I should swing by and drop it off," she murmured to herself, already reaching for her purse. The nail salon could wait a few minutes. Besides, surprising Chris at work always brightened his day. She pulled out her phone to let him know she was on the way when she saw a text from Clayton:

*what are you wearing?*

She rolled her eyes, but couldn't deny the butterflies that fluttered in her stomach. She looked at herself in the mirror one last time, before tossing her phone back into her purse, deciding both men deserved the surprise of seeing her in person.

"When did I become this person?" she whispered to her reflection, both thrilled and unnerved by the woman staring back at her. That question followed her out the door and into her car,

where the coolness of the steering wheel beneath her trembling fingers seemed to seep into her very bones.

The drive to Chris's office was a blur of familiar streets giving her time to reflect on recent changes in her life. Mrs. Johnson's delighted laughter from earlier in the week echoed in her mind, drowning out whatever pop tune was playing on the radio. Her favorite patient, always able to read her like a book. It was like she could see straight through her and read her most intimate thoughts.

"Something happened," Mrs. Johnson had declared the moment Ashley walked into her room after Jen grabbed her from the stairwell. "I know that look. Come on, spill it." Her eager expression reminded Ashley of a teenager at a sleepover, ready for the juiciest gossip.

A red light caught her at Jefferson, giving her mind space to replay their conversation. She'd told Mrs. Johnson everything: the text messages with Clayton, the stairwell with the janitor. She even told her how it started with her getting caught looking at the picture, and that Chris listened in while the janitor... The older woman's enthusiasm had been infectious, though her wisdom came wrapped in playful warnings.

"Oh honey, that's delicious," Mrs. Johnson had fanned herself dramatically. "Robert and I had so many adventures like that. The thrill of getting caught, the excitement of new adventures..." Her expression softened then, growing more serious. "Just remember why you started this journey together. The minute it stops being about the two of you, about making each other happy - that's when you need to hit the brakes."

The light turned green, but Mrs. Johnson's words lingered. Ashley shifted in her seat, the thin fabric of her dress sliding against her skin. The thought of Chris's reaction made her pulse quicken. How his breath would catch when she walked in, the way he'd struggle to maintain composure when Clayton saw her. She loved watching him come undone, the way their shared secrets made even innocent moments like this crackle with electricity. But lately, she'd found herself craving more than just Chris's reaction. The power she felt when Clayton's eyes followed her, the thrill of knowing she could affect them both, it was intoxicating. Mrs. Johnson's warning about keeping it about each other echoed in her mind, making her wonder if she was still playing their game or starting a new one entirely.

Another stoplight. Her fingers drummed against the wheel as she caught her reflection in the rearview mirror. The woman staring back barely resembled the shy nurse who'd first started this journey. That Ashley would have never sent Clayton such an indecent photo. Would have never let the janitor...

"The tricky part," Mrs. Johnson had said, adjusting her blanket, "is you never know you've gone too far until you're already there. That's why you two need to keep talking, keep checking in. Robert and I learned that lesson the hard way once or twice."

She stole one last glance in the rearview mirror, studying herself with new eyes. The woman who stared back wasn't just Chris's wife playing a role anymore. She was something else, someone else. The question was, could she stop this game if she wanted? Or was she too far gone? Was she too addicted to the thrill of power and surrender to know when to stop?

BitGuardian's parking lot was near empty as she pulled into it. Chris's BMW was parked in front of the building, and Clayton's was off to the side. She eyed his private entrance, and for the slightest second considered entering through his office first. How would Chris react if she appeared from Clayton's office? She rubbed her thighs together laughing at herself as she made her way to the main entrance. She was here for Chris, for them, not Clayton.

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The BitGuardian office felt eerily quiet when she arrived. No familiar faces greeted her, no sounds of keyboards clicking or phones ringing. Just silence and the soft hum of fluorescent lights. She almost turned around and walked out, assuming they had already wrapped up for the day.

"Ashley?" Clayton's voice startled her as she turned back toward his office. When he came out of the office to greet her, the first thing that caught her attention was his perfectly pressed white dress shirt. The top two buttons were undone, revealing a glimpse of his muscular chest. His sleeves were rolled up to his forearms, giving him the look of a man who had been deeply focused on something important. Ashley felt a flicker of warmth deep in her core, hating how her body reacted to his devilishly handsome appearance.

He stepped closer, his presence filling the space between them as though he'd been expecting her all along, even though she hadn't told anyone she was coming. "What a delightful surprise."

Before she could respond, his hand brushed her lower back, the touch casual but undeniably firm, almost possessive. It sent a wave of unwanted shivers racing up her spine, making her head spin.

"I just wanted to drop off Chris's lunch." She held up the container like a flimsy barrier between them. Mrs. Johnson's words echoed in her mind: *The minute it stops being about the two of you...* She studied Clayton's expression, shifting her weight to her other foot while his confident smile bore into her. She asked herself if she was still doing this for them or if the exhilarating power of Clayton's attention had become its own reward.

"Ah." Clayton's smile widened. "You just missed him. He and Katie went to lunch together." His thumb pressed against her spine causing her to step forward. "They've been spending quite a bit of time together lately. Getting... pretty close actually."

Ashley's stomach clenched, though she refused to acknowledge why. She knew Chris, knew their relationship was stronger than Clayton's insinuations. Yet something about the way he said it, the casual certainty in his tone, planted a seed she couldn't quite shake.

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, probably nothing," he said, waving his hand dismissively.

Ashley raised her eyebrow. She knew what he was trying to do, and she was determined not to let him see how his words affected her.

"Is that supposed to make me jealous?" She kept her voice steady, playful, despite how hard her heart was beating against her chest. After all they'd done together, all the boundaries they'd pushed, she had no right to jealousy. Still, the image of Katie that night in Clayton's office lingered uncomfortably in her mind.

He pulled her body into his, ignoring her question. "You can leave that on his desk. But since you're here..." His lips brushed her ear. "I've been thinking about that picture you sent."

"Picture?" She aimed for innocence, but the sharp intake of breath gave her away instantly. "I don't know what you're talking about." She'd spent hours fantasizing about this moment, imagining Chris's reaction when she recreated that photo, giving him new material for their shared fantasies. But now, facing Clayton's hungry gaze, she wondered if she had once again underestimated him.

"Oh, I see. Playing hard to get, are we?" His tone was condescending, every bit the asshole she knew him to be. Yet something about him not hiding it made it almost endearing. His hand slid down her back slightly to the swell of her hips. Without realizing how she got there, she found herself standing in his office.

"Perhaps I can refresh your memory." His fingertips brushed her hair back and his lips found her neck. Despite herself, she tilted her head giving him better access. "See, I got this picture a few nights ago with this sexy little blonde on her knees smiling from ear to ear..."

Ashley giggled, closing her eyes and enjoying their little game for just a moment. "Sounds like you got me confused with someone else. I'm a married woman. I would never send such a photo."

Clayton's kisses grew hungrier, nipping at her neck. "Oh I could never confuse you with someone else. The way you moan my name when I slide inside you." His fingers slide under the hem of her dress. "The way your tongue slips just past your lips when you're getting close." He gripped the edge of her panties pulling them aside. "The way your pussy clings to my dick when you cum."

"Clayton, stop," she protested weakly, even as her body sought after his touch. She placed her hands on his forearm, pushing it gently to break the contact. "I shouldn't..."

"Shouldn't what?" She managed to push him back slightly. His fingers were still on her side though, bunching the thin fabric of her dress. "Shouldn't be here? Or shouldn't be thinking about what I promised to do to you?" His teeth grazed her pulse point. "Didn't I warn you what was going to happen the next time I got a chance?"

"Yes." She wasn't sure which question she was responding to. Her hands went to his chest, her fingers curling inside his shirt feeling the heat of his skin.

"And now here you are. All alone in my office while your husband is out with Katie, probably admiring how her skirt rides up when she crosses her legs..."

Jealousy twisted in Ashley's gut while an inferno raged in her core. The image of Chris with Katie made her blood boil, even as Clayton's touch made her skin burn. She knew she was being hypocritical feeling this way. But he had insisted this wasn't about him wanting permission to be with someone else, and Clayton's words painted a picture she couldn't ignore.

"Remember what I promised?" His voice dropped lower, his grip tightening. "How I'd mark every inch of you?" His fingers slid back up her body brushing against the front of her dress. Her nipples hardening in response. "Show you what it really means to be claimed?" He pressed against her, pinning her to the door. The hard evidence of his desire made her breath catch.

"Seems like you've been thinking about that picture a lot." Ashley gave a confident smirk, but her body was already humming. She needed to regain some control over this situation, over herself.

"And you haven't?" His fingers hooked the thin strap of her sundress, slowly sliding it down her shoulder as he planted soft kisses in their wake. A shiver of energy ran straight through her body at that tiny point of contact. Her heart lurched in surprise when she didn't pull away from him.

"I've sent so many pictures to so many guys lately," she lied, reaching up to stop the strap at her elbow, but not breaking the contact. "It's hard to keep track." The words were meant to unsettle him, to push back against his dominance. Instead, his knowing smile made her stomach flip.

The scent of mint lingered in the air as Clayton loomed over her, and she couldn't help but wonder if the door behind her would hold. "Don't pretend." He moved his hand away from the strap on her dress, instead sliding it up inside of her leg. "Like you didn't know exactly what you were getting yourself into. Like you weren't hoping this exact moment would happen so I can give you what even your husband can't."

Ashley's defiance wavered, her knees growing weak. "You seem awfully sure of yourself."

The room felt like it was closing in on her as Clayton's hand slid all the way up her dress to her hip. He pressed his forehead to hers, and for a moment, she thought he may try to kiss her. Instinctively she turned her head. "Do you still think about that night?" His thumb slid across her inner thigh, making her bite back a moan. "When you sat in that closet right there and made yourself cum watching me fuck someone else. You were wishing it was you even then."

She realized she was holding her breath, her body betraying her with each calculated touch. The memory of that night in the closet flooded back - the forbidden thrill of watching, of letting herself get lost in the fantasy. Now here she was, back where it all started. "I should go," she whispered, but her arm was already hooking around his neck, her body arching into his touch.

"First, I believe you have a picture to send." The sudden loss of his touch left her aching and empty. His hands settled on her shoulders, applying firm pressure. Ashley's mind raced with conflicting emotions as the carpet's coarse texture pressed against her knees.

She should leave. Every rational thought screamed it. But images of Katie in this very office, of Chris at lunch with her right now, made her pulse quicken. Chris... she needed to talk to Chris, to make sure this was okay.

"I... Let me call Chris first." Her mouth felt like she'd swallowed sand. Each second she was in here she felt more and more of her walls slip away.

"You will... but only after you send him a picture of your pretty face covered in my cum." His words should have made her storm out angry, but instead, it left her acutely aware of the dampness pooling between her legs.

"We have rules," she protested weakly, her need growing with each passing second. "If you just let me call first..."

"Rules?" Clayton's fingers traced down her neck, making her shiver. "Like the rules you followed in the parking garage?" His touch was deliberate, calculated. His hands glided over her shoulders and down her arm taking the straps of her dress with him. A moan escaped Ashley's lips as he slid them over her exposed chest and pinched her nipple, causing her dress to fall free in the process. "He still doesn't know about that, does he? How close you came to surrendering. How wet you were after just a few short minutes with me."

"That was..." Ashley's resistance wavered as his hand traveled back up her body. His thumb brushing her bottom lip. "That was different. I stopped..."

"Did you stop because of these arbitrary rules?" His fingers curved around her neck like he owned her. "Or because you were scared that once you let yourself go you couldn't go back? Be honest, Ashley. You've thought about that moment every day since. Wondered what would have happened if you'd just let go."

"You're wrong." She sucked on her bottom lip, her gaze lingering on the growing bulge in the front of his pants. The Seattle trip rushed to the front of her mind. Clayton's aggression, the way he commanded the room. Her resolve continued to crumble as she gave into her body's desires.

"Besides," his fingers worked at his belt, the sound making her pulse race, "we wouldn't want to interrupt his lunch date, would we?" The implication stung but she told herself it was just Clayton trying to get a rise from her. "Do you think it's going this well?" Ashley caught herself biting her bottom lip, the metallic taste of blood shocking her back to reality. But it wasn't enough to break whatever spell Clayton had woven. His swollen head hovered at eye level, taunting her.

"Let go, Ashley," he commanded softly. "Stop fighting what we both know you want."

Time seemed to stop for Ashley in that moment. She'd come here to bring Chris lunch, such an innocent gesture. But as the carpet brushed against her knees, she wondered if this was what she really wanted all along. A chance to recreate the photo she'd sent to Clayton. But now, even that "plan" was going completely wrong. When did she stop being in control? She thought she could tease Clayton, the same way she did Chris, but he wasn't Chris. Clayton commanded rather than coaxed. Her body responded to his dominance. This wasn't the playful submission she shared with Chris. This was more raw, darker, and somehow more dangerous. Her heartbeat thundered in her chest as her traitorous body overpowered her rational thought.

"Stop," she whispered, but the word held no conviction. Her eyes fixed on him as he freed himself, her mouth going dry at the sight. Whatever resistance she had left crumbled as she reached forward taking him in her right hand.

"Other hand," he said, fisting her hair, causing her to yelp in response while she switched hands. The moment her fingers wrapped around his shaft she heard him groan. A surge of pride shot through her, even as her ring glimmered in the light. She licked her lips instinctively, her thumb sliding over the tip of his head, smearing the droplet of pre-cum across his impressive length.

The hand in Ashley's hair tightened as her hand worked at a torturously slow pace. She tightened her grip slightly, using Clayton's juices as lubrication as she marveled at the thick piece of meat in her hand. "I think it needs a bit more, don't you?" Clayton pushed on her head sending her face into his cock. He laughed as he smeared it across her cheek, her strokes never stopping.

"Is this how you did it with your husband? So slow and intimate? I think we both know that's not really what you want, is it?" With a chuckle he held her head still by her hair, cupping her chin to open her mouth.

Ashley's breath caught, it was like her body was on autopilot as Clayton pushed his cock into her warm mouth. Her jaw ached at the sudden intrusion causing her to open wider to take his

girth. Her tongue pushed against the bottom of his shaft. She could feel the pulsing of a vein as she yielded to his demanding touch. This was already so much different than with Chris. Like every other encounter she had with Clayton, he was in control, and he was determined to ensure she knew it.

"Chris is going to be so disappointed he didn't get a front row seat to this." Clayton's hands were on the back of her head, more than a quarter of his cock now between her lips. "But at least he'll have the pictures to look back on. Do you think he'll play with his dick while he looks at the picture of you covered in my cum?" Each word stripped away another layer of her resistance. She couldn't help wonder if Clayton was right. What would Chris do with the photo? The thought caused her to close her lips around his member. Her moan vibrating against his sensitive skin.

Her hand trembled slightly as she held the base of it, her eyes starting to water. "Such a good girl," Clayton purred, his grip in her hair maintaining control. "But we both know you can do better. Put your hands behind your back." Ashley's mind raced with conflicting emotions - shame at her eagerness, pride at Clayton's approval, guilt about Chris. Yet somehow the guilt only heightened her arousal.

Spit slid down her chin as she felt Clayton push into her throat. She hollowed out her cheeks pushing her head back against Clayton's hand. She knew she was fighting a losing battle, but she didn't want to give in to his demands yet. She wanted to prove she could still play his game, and set her own rules. She doubled her efforts, determined to make Clayton lose his carefully maintained control. His grip tightened in response, and she knew she was succeeding. She pulled off his cock with a loud pop as she gasped for air.

"I thought you wanted this to be similar to how it was with Chris?" She sucked in air as her hand pumped his shaft faster. She heard him let out a small moan and through tear-filled eyes saw his eyes were half-lidded. She was winning. "I let Chris fuck my chest first, you know. Is that what you want, big boy? You want to fuck my chest?"

Clayton's eyes had drifted shut, his grip loosening in her hair as Ashley worked him with growing confidence. His breathing grew ragged, as he rocked his hips in rhythm with her hand.

"You seemed so sure of yourself earlier," she teased, relishing his momentary weakness. Her free hand slid up his thigh as her chest engulfed his length. "What's wrong, big boy? Cat got your tongue... or maybe it has something else?"

A low groan escaped his lips Ashley pushed her exposed chest over his manhood. For once, she had him on the defensive. Her newfound power was liberating. Her tongue slid from between her lips, teasing his head with each upward movement.

"I thought you were going to show me how much better you were at this than Chris." She squeezed harder, setting her own pace now. "Or maybe you can't handle me the way he does."

That was her mistake. Clayton's eyes snapped open, dark with renewed purpose. Before Ashley could react, his hand fisted in her hair again, this time with bruising force.

"Cute," he growled. The momentary loss of control was gone, replaced by something far more intoxicating. "Hand me your phone."

Her brief triumph evaporated as he yanked her head back, forcing her to meet his gaze. Without breaking eye contact, she fished the phone from her purse and punched in the password before handing it to Clayton. "Hands behind your back," he commanded. "Now."

Something in his tone made Ashley shiver. She'd pushed too far, challenged his dominance, and now Clayton would remind her exactly who was in charge. Her arms trembled as she slowly complied, the inferno blazing in her core intensifying.

"That's better." His thumb swiped away a tear on her cheek, the gentle gesture at odds with his iron grip. "Now, let's show Chris what you really are. What you really need."

Clayton's grip on Ashley's hair tightened as he positioned her head exactly where he wanted it. With his other hand, he held her phone, ready to capture the moment. "Open wider," he commanded, his voice leaving no room for argument.

Ashley's lips parted, her eyes wide with fear and anticipation as she breathed through her nose. Clayton didn't hesitate, pushing his thick cock into her mouth, forcing her to take him deep. She gagged almost immediately, her eyes watering as he hit the back of her throat.

"That's it," he growled, his hips beginning to move, fucking her face with deliberate, brutal thrusts. "Show me what a little slut you are. We both know this is what you wanted."

Ashley's nails bit into her palms as she fought to breathe. Saliva dripped from her mouth, coating his shaft, making it easier for him to slide deeper. Her mascara ran in dark streaks down her cheeks.

"Hold still," Clayton commanded, the phone's camera clicking repeatedly. "I want to capture that look in your eyes - the one you're afraid to admit to yourself. The one that shows how desperately you need this." Somewhere in the back of her mind, Ashley knew exactly what he was talking about.

She knew when she sent the picture to Clayton something would happen. That had been part of the thrill, imagining his reaction, picturing how Chris's eyes would darken with that familiar hunger when she told him about it later. She'd seen that look in Chris's eyes when she showed him the photo before sending it, felt his arousal at the thought of what Clayton might do. But

with each click of the camera, as Clayton documented her submission, she felt herself tumbling past boundaries she didn't even know she had.

This wasn't just about giving Chris fodder for his fantasies anymore. She couldn't hide behind that excuse. Just hours ago, she'd sat in her car, confidently telling herself she was in control, that this was all just a game she was playing. Now, on her knees with mascara-stained tears rolling down her cheeks, she realized how naive that confidence had been.

Each degrading command from Clayton, each demanding touch, sent waves of arousal through her. She told herself she was doing this for Chris. That her surrender to Clayton was just another gift for her husband. But the desperate way her body responded to Clayton's touch, how eagerly she craved his approval while simultaneously hating herself for wanting it, this was becoming something else entirely. The thought of showing Chris how far she'd gone, of confessing every degrading detail while he touched her... She moaned around Clayton's length, transforming her submission into an active choice rather than mere surrender. She pictured Chris's desire as she retold the story. She could almost feel him inside her, twitching with need as she laid out this exact moment in agonizing detail.

Every photo would show Chris exactly how she'd lost herself, yet somehow that only heightened her arousal. The rational part of her mind screamed to remember her boundaries, to maintain some illusion of control. But each time she thought she'd found a line she wouldn't cross, Clayton's words would slice through her resistance, and she'd find herself stumbling eagerly into new depths of submission - not just because Clayton demanded it, but because she desperately wanted to see that familiar hunger in Chris's eyes when she told him about it later.

"Look how much you love this." He pulled his cock from her mouth, a string of saliva connecting them. Ashley gasped for breath, her chest heaving, her lungs burning. Clayton's control was absolute now, his earlier moment of weakness forgotten. Clayton gave her no respite, slapping his cock against her cheek, her lips, her tongue.

"Lick it," he commanded, his voice dripping with malice. "Lick it like a good little slut."

Ashley's tongue darted out, licking his shaft, her puffy eyes never leaving his. She could see the hunger in his gaze, the raw desire that mirrored her own conflicting feelings. The same look Chris would give her later. Perhaps in a way this was her own form of control.

"That's right," he taunted, his hand reaching down to squeeze her breast roughly. "You love this, don't you? You love being treated like a whore."

"I don't..." she started, but her actions contradicted her words as she leaned forward, seeking him out. She was too far gone to pretend anymore, having crossed lines she never thought she would. The war between desire and dignity played across her face as Clayton documented every moment of her submission.

"You can't get enough of it can you? You love the way my cock makes you feel." He didn't wait for a response, instead he grabbed the back of her head and forced her down on his length until her nose was pressed against his skin. She spluttered, her eyes watering as he pushed deeper, hitting the back of her throat with a relentless rhythm.

"There you go," he grunted, his hips moving steadily, fucking her face with harsh, unyielding strokes. "Show me how much you can take."

Ashley's body revolted, her mouth aching to accommodate him. Her gagging sounds filled the room, wet, choking "glug, glug, glug" that echoed with every thrust. Saliva spilled from her mouth, dribbling down to her heavy chest. Her eyes looked up at him with both a hint of defiance and one of resignation.

Clayton's grin was cold, calculating. "You're a mess, Ashley," he sneered, his free hand closing around her jaw, forcing her to look at him. "But you love it, don't you? You love being used like this."

He pulled his cock out for a brief moment, allowing her a gasping breath before he slammed back in, resuming his punishing pace. Ashley's moans were muffled, her body trembling with arousal.

"Look at you, gagging on my cock," Clayton growled. A cruel amusement threaded through his tone. "You should see yourself, tears streaming, makeup ruined. This is what you've been craving, isn't it?"

Ashley's response was a garbled mess, her words incoherent as he continued to fuck her face. Her body convulsed with each thrust, the primal sounds coming from her throat filling the room.

Clayton pulled her off his cock, as spit rolled down her chin. Ashley gasped, her lungs burning as she sucked in air. Her chest heaved, her breath coming in ragged gasps. Clayton gave her a moment to recover, his cock twitching in anticipation.

"Good girl," he murmured, his thumb brushing her cheek. The words sent shivers down Ashley's spine. "Now, it's time for your reward."

Ashley looked up at him, her eyes wide with eagerness. She knew what was coming, and despite the brutal treatment, she couldn't deny the thrill coursing through her veins, her body humming with anticipation.

Clayton's lips curved into a smirk. "Play with yourself." He watched the wheels turning in her head as she comprehended the command. "Play with that needy little pussy while I fuck your tits."

She complied without hesitation, her hands trembling not from fear but from desperate arousal. She'd never been treated this way. Had never been talked to this way, but she couldn't deny the way her body felt. Her fingers slid beneath her dress. She was soaked, her pussy slick with arousal. She began to rub her clit, her eyes locked on Clayton's as he positioned his cock between her breasts.

"That's it," he grunted, his hips beginning to move, his cock sliding up and down between her tits.

Ashley moaned, her fingers moving faster as she watched Clayton's cock thrust between her breasts. The sight of his thick shaft, glistening with her saliva and his pre-cum, sent waves of pleasure through her.

The physical sensations blurred together as Ashley lost herself in the moment, her mind clouded with a fog of pleasure and submission, conscious thought giving way to primal need. Clayton's words of degradation should have offended her, should have made her stop. Instead, they pushed her closer to the edge.

Clayton's movements grew more urgent, his control slipping. "Fuck, Ashley," he groaned, his body tensing. "I'm going to cum. I'm going to cover you in my seed."

Ashley's fingers worked faster, her own release building. She was so close, teetering on the edge of ecstasy. But Clayton had other plans. His hand shot down, grabbing her wrist and pulling it away just as her pleasure peaked.

"Not yet," he commanded, his voice thick with cruel amusement. "Not until I tell you that you can."

"Please," the word escaped before Ashley could stop it, need overwhelming her pride. "I'm so close." She bit her lip, her face was red. Her body was overstimulated and in need of release.

Clayton's smile grew darker. "Close to what, Ashley? Tell me exactly what you want." His hips continued to rock, his own release imminent.

A moan escaped Ashley's lips as Clayton's cock slid over her nipple. "Let me finish," she managed, trying to maintain some semblance of control even in her begging. "Please, I need..."

"Need what?" His free hand gripped her chin. "My cock inside you? Is that what you're trying to say? You want me to fuck you?"

"Yes," she said weakly, and her fingers found her clit again. "Fuck me... Please... Please fuck me, Clayton."

"No." Clayton's breathing grew ragged as he felt his own pleasure build. "Put your hands behind your back." His commanding tone left no room for argument. "Now stick out your tongue like a

good girl. Show me how badly you want it."

Ashley complied hesitantly, yielding the last shred of her dignity as she assumed the position he demanded. Her tongue extended past her lips as she looked up at him through her lashes with desperate need.

Clayton erupted with a roar, the first hot burst landing across Ashley's extended tongue before painting thick stripes across her flushed cheeks. Wave after wave followed as he continued to thrust, each pulse marking new territory - dripping from her chin, coating her neck, pooling in the hollow of her throat. She gasped at the sheer volume, overwhelmed by how thoroughly he was claiming her. True to his earlier promise, not an inch of her chest remained untouched as his release seemed endless, glazing her breasts and running down between them in rivulets. Through it all, she maintained her pose, hands clasped behind her back, tongue extended, accepting each burst as both punishment and reward. The warmth of his dominance covered her completely, transforming her from the confident woman who'd entered his office into exactly what he'd promised to make her... his slut.

Ashley knelt there as time seemed to stop, his release cooling on her skin. She hadn't even realized she was still holding the pose until Clayton raised her phone. "Perfect," he murmured, capturing her in this moment of complete surrender. "Don't move." The camera clicked several times, documenting her submission from different angles. Only then did his voice soften with approval. "Good girl. Now swallow my cum and send these to Chris. Let's show him I do everything better than him."

Ashley trembled as she obeyed, her own denied pleasure making her hyper-aware of every sensation. His cum glistened on her skin, evidence of her complete submission. Her carefully applied makeup was ruined, mascara-stained tears mixed with his seed, her dress stained beyond salvaging. The command sent a shiver through her. She'd yielded completely to his will, following his demands without conscious thought.

Her hands shook as she stared at the images. Her submission captured perfectly in pixels, each photo showing a different angle of her degradation. Her heart thundered against her ribs as she pressed send, knowing this moment would replay endlessly in both their bedrooms.

"If you want me to fuck you," Clayton's words cut through her daze like a knife, "then you'll have to wait." He paused, letting the implications sink in. "Tomorrow night, come to my house. Alone."

Her mouth fell open as Mrs. Johnson's warnings crashing back into her consciousness.. "You never know you've gone too far until you're already there." Was that what this was? Had she already gone too far? Was she about to? This was different than their previous encounters. No pretending she wasn't going to let something happen, no Chris there to tell herself she was

doing it for him. Just her and Clayton, alone in his home. The thought sent equal waves of terror and desire through her body.

How would Chris react? He'd always been adamant about his comfort with their game, but this felt different. More intimate. Until now, Chris had always been present, maintaining some illusion of control over their shared fantasy. But going to Clayton's alone would shatter that pretense completely. Would Chris be excited by such a bold escalation? Or would this be the step too far that Mrs. Johnson had warned about - the moment they couldn't come back from?

The scariest part wasn't the invitation itself. It was how quickly her body had responded, how desperately she wanted to say yes despite every warning bell in her mind. Worse still, she knew that whatever Chris's reaction, part of her would be disappointed if he said no. Earlier that day, she'd wondered if she could stop this game if she wanted to. Now, covered in Clayton's cum and aching with denied pleasure, she had her answer. She was in too deep, too addicted to the thrill of submission to walk away. The woman who'd confidently driven to surprise her husband at work was gone, replaced by someone who craved things she'd never dared admit before.

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Laughter echoed from the empty parking lot as Chris held the front door for Katie. The afternoon had flown by, pushing thoughts of audits and mysterious cars temporarily aside.

"I swear," Katie said as they rounded the corner to their desks, "if he sends one more email about..." Her voice died as sounds filtered through Clayton's closed door. Wet, desperate gagging followed by muffled praise.

Chris hadn't realized he'd stopped breathing until Katie's warm exhale tickled his neck. His feet refused to move as more sounds filtered through. The unmistakable rhythm of passion punctuated by choked gasps and Clayton's commanding tone.

The sounds from Clayton's office made his throat tighten, his collar suddenly constricting. His mind struggled to process what he was hearing. Was Ashley here? He didn't see her car in the parking lot, but then he'd been talking and not really paying attention. Did she come here for Clayton? Jealousy raced through his body, even while his cock throbbed against his jeans.

"Such a good girl," Clayton's voice carried through the door. "Now it's time for your reward." Each word sent electricity down Chris's spine as his imagination painted vivid pictures of what was happening mere feet away.

"Oh my God," Katie whispered. "I wonder what's going on in there." Chris didn't even register the playfulness in her voice until he felt her soft curves press against his back. He was suddenly very aware of her presence. "Sounds like someone is really enjoying lunch." Her breath was like fire on his neck. Her fingers traced up his arm, leaving trails of fire in their wake while the sound

of gagging echoed from just beyond the door. "Did he go out and buy a hooker while we were gone? God, she sounds like such a slut."

Chris's mouth opened but produced no sound, his weight shifting nervously as his heart thundered in his ears.

Another loud gag followed by desperate gasping filtered through the door. "Please," a woman's voice begged. A voice Chris knew all too well. "I need you to fuck me." The raw desperation in the plea made Chris's hands curl into fists, his cock straining painfully against his slacks.

"Mmm, that's so fucking hot." Katie's lips pressed against Chris's neck, causing him to bite back a moan of his own. "Do you want to know a secret, boss?" Her hands were on him now, pulling him back into her. Her fingers slid down his chest and across his abs. Chris closed his eyes, trying to picture what exactly was happening behind the door.

"I know exactly how she feels right now." Katie's words were pulling him deeper into the image in his mind. He knew he should pull away, that he should stop whatever this was, but as her fingers slid across the front of his thighs he saw Ashley sprawled out on the couch in Clayton's office. Begging him to fuck her. He could see the desire in her eyes, the way her juices flowed down her leg.

"I've let him fuck me. Felt the way he feels inside me." Katie's confession ripped through Chris and his closed fingers pressed against the bare skin of her legs. It was accidental, but the contact seemed to ignite something in Katie. Heat radiated between them as she pressed closer, her nipples hard points against his back.

"Mmm, you're almost as big as him... almost." Katie's fingers ghosted over the front of his jeans. The tips of her fingers sliding across his painfully hard length.

Chris knew he should step away, should create distance between them, but his body betrayed him. Every moan from behind the door, every brush of Katie's exploring fingers, pulled him deeper into a fog of desire. His breath caught as her hand cupped him fully through his slacks.

"Mmm, it's incredible the way he's able to hit spots most men can't even dream of. Are you enjoying the show as much as I am?" she teased, her stroke becoming faster and more urgent. "Or is that all for me?" She pulled down his zipper as the sounds from behind the door seemed to stop. "God, you're so hard..."

His phone buzzed in his pocket, the vibration making him jerk away from Katie's dangerous touch. Reality crashed back, as he stumbled forward, knowing exactly what message awaited him. The spell broken, he turned to Katie trying to catch his breath.

"I need... I'll be right back," he managed, already retreating from Katie's flushed cheeks.

The bathroom door clicked shut behind him as Chris fumbled with his phone, his hands trembling so badly he had to enter his passcode twice. When the image finally loaded, his breath caught in his throat. Ashley knelt before Clayton, hands clasped behind her back, tongue extended and glazed with his release. More of it dripped from her chin, painted thick stripes across her cheeks, and pooled at her throat. His heart hammered against his ribs, remembering how different she'd looked this morning - playful and flawless as he explored her body with his tongue. But now, she looked... Katie's words echoed in his ears, "she sounds like such a slut". Chris licked his lips, his pulse racing as he tried to tear his eyes away from the screen, only to find himself drinking in every detail. She did look like a slut, but he also couldn't remember a time she looked sexier. Her eyes, though half-lidded, sparkled a look in her eye that Chris was certain was meant only for him, that same mischievous gleam she'd given him this morning before making him late for work.

The angst in his chest grew, his mind flashing back to Katie's touch just moments ago. His fingers shook against the phone screen as he couldn't help but wonder what she would look like in a photo like this. The guilt twisted in his gut, even as his arousal grew, not because of what Ashley had done, but because of how much they both clearly enjoyed this dangerous game they were playing. His cock throbbed painfully as he studied the photos again, wanting to look away but unable to stop himself from imagining every moment that led to this. He couldn't wait to get home to hear all about it.