

## NEWLYWEDS NEW DESIRES CH. 01

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 may 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 away 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 love making. 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.

Ashley spent the next 8 hours at work thinking about what her husband had said to her. She knew he was just being funny, but the thought of her colleagues at work, or her patients for that matter, sexualing her as she walked past left her more excited than she cared to admit. As she walked down the long corridor to her next patient's room she smiled briefly at the maintenance man who held her gaze for longer than she felt was appropriate. She turned her head as she walked by and for a second thought she caught him checking out her ass, but as he continued to mop the floor she convinced herself it was all in her head. She quickly pulled out her phone and texted Chris. "Can't wait for date night tonight. Something about today has me very turned on." As she went to put her phone back in her pocket she was shocked to see it almost immediately go off. He must not have much going on. She thought to herself as she opened her phone and let out a gasp. It seemed this morning's events had also left him hot and bothered as he responded to her text with a picture of his very hard cock.

"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 43 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 asked, but I think we draw the line at cheating. Besides, he's more than enough for me." She said with a playful wink.

"Don't be silly. It's not cheating, if the both of you are ok 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, McDuffs? 1 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 10 minutes though a response finally came through.

“Sorry I was in the shower. You know exactly how to make me smile. A drink at McDuffs 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.

McDuffs was your regular run of the mill dive bar. It was built in the mid 90s by a man going through a divorce and it sort of became his sanctuary. Other than the bar, there were a half a dozen tables near the back, 2 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 hang out 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 looked up to see a face he hadn't seen in years. Clayton, his friend's older brother, approaches their table. Clayton was a few years older than Chris, and he had always been the life of the party. He was grinning from ear to ear, clearly excited to see Chris.

"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 new app." He said with a smirk as Clayton nodded in agreement. He made his way over to the redhead, striking up a conversation. Ashley watched from the table, amused by his newfound confidence.

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 love birds 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 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 his 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 roleplaying 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 his 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 cause 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 red head 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 affect 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 closed her eyes and Chris' face was immediately replaced with that of Clayton and as she imagined the largest cock she'd ever imagined driving into her. She had certainly planned on teasing her husband, but she hadn't intended to actually imagine having sex with Clayton. 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 may 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 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.

## NEWLYWEDS NEW DESIRES CH. 02

Chris woke up the next morning to his wife lying between his legs, her warm tongue bathing the underside of his flaccid shaft. "Good morning, lover," she purred as she felt her husband start to stir. "I thought the new head of sales deserved a special wakeup. I hope you don't mind." As she spoke, she wrapped her manicured hand around his shaft, bringing it to life as Chris wiped the sleep from his eyes.

"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. Being able to watch and feel her man's arousal grow filled her with some primal urge she couldn't explain. 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 would do anything she asked as long as she never stopped sucking his dick 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 his 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 asked with a smile as he turned on his side to face his wife.

"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.

"Yeah, last night was crazy. I mean, it was some of the best sex of my life. Did... did you mean any of it?" His eyes shifted; she could see a hint of sadness in them but also something else... 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.

As Ashley prepared for her shift at the hospital, she couldn't help but think about her conversation with Chris. She had always prided herself on being open-minded and adventurous, but the idea of exploring his fantasies with him excited her in ways she hadn't expected.

\*\*\*\*

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' wife was stunningly beautiful, and completely out of his league. Clayton smirked, reminiscing about the previous night and the way Chris' 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. This action reminded him of Katie's student debt, a burden she had taken on 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 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 3 small businesses to a trial of our product and I expect them to convert to paying customers by the end of the month.

Clayton sat calmly at the other end of the table, he knew he had her right where he wanted her, she just needed a little more pushing. "Unfortunately, trials don't generate revenue and I need results." Clayton softened his facial features and smiled gently at the wrong woman who was on the verge of tears. "I like to think of myself as a reasonable man. I know you still have a lot of outstanding student debt, so maybe it doesn't have to end like this. 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 lept 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 has no idea what she's just agreed to, he thought to himself as he dismissed her from his office.

Clayton spent the rest of the afternoon in his office going over emails and looking at sales numbers for his team. The popularity of his product was growing, but if they were going to start making serious money and catch the eye of investors, they needed larger companies with more lucrative deals. He sincerely hoped hiring Chris would help in that department. But even if it didn't he knew there were other 'incentives' to think about. While he was considering what those possibilities might be, he came across a potential sale that caught his eye. The Morgan Group was a local company of about 3000 employees who were currently demoing the product. He decided to give their CTO, Jack, a call and see how the trial was going.

As the secretary got Jack on the phone, Clayton put on his best smile and exhaled.

"Hey, Jack! It's Clayton calling, your friendly neighborhood software guru. How's our favorite customer doing today?" Clayton's voice was warm and friendly, with just a hint of playful charm as he laid it on thick.

"Oh, hi Clayton! I'm doing well, thanks. How about yourself?" Jack replied, sounding pleasantly surprised by the call.

"I'm fantastic, Jack, thanks for asking. I was just checking in to see how the trial for you. Any feedback so far?" Clayton asked, genuinely interested in Jack's experience.

Jack chuckled. "Well, I have to say, Clayton, I'm impressed. The software is really making a difference, and has already found 3 security vulnerabilities. It's saving us time for sure, but the price point is a real sticking point. I'm just not sure if I can get it approved."

Clayton grinned, pleased to hear such positive feedback, undeterred by the cost concern as he frantically scrolled the internet looking for something he could use to help hook him. "That's fantastic to hear, Jack. I'm so glad we could help improve your security." Clayton grinned as he found what he was looking for. "Sorry to hear about the price issue. You know, I had similar feedback from the people over at Our Lady Mary Day School, but it turned out after a couple of conversations with their headmaster and I was able to get them to see the benefit, and work in some cost savings to their advantage."

There was a long pause on the other end of the phone as Clayton's smile widened. "Oh, you do business with Our Lady? I've been trying to get our daughter on their waiting list for a while now. What a small world."

Clayton smiled, small world indeed. "Oh, well, I hope I'm not over stepping but I could certainly put in a good word for you. Regardless if you decide to go with us or not," he added even though they both knew it was a lie.

"That... that would be great. My wife will be thrilled. Tell you what, let me look over our budget again and see what adjustments we can make. I'll be in touch soon."

With that, the conversation ended, leaving Clayton feeling satisfied, as he began his research on Our Lady Mary Day School to see if he could get them to take a look at his product.

\*\*\*\*

As Ashley made her way to the hospital for her next shift, she couldn't shake off the intense memories of the previous night. Chris seemed back to his usual self, but she couldn't deny the lingering concern that their fantasy had gone too far. Their conversation that morning had helped, but she was still grappling with her own reactions. She knew she didn't find Clayton's cockiness attractive, yet something about the previous night troubled her, though she couldn't pinpoint what exactly. Despite these thoughts swirling in her mind, she pushed them aside as she entered the hospital.

Walking through the bustling corridors, Ashley felt the weight of the previous night's events and the curious eyes of her colleagues. Turning a corner, she collided with the janitor from yesterday, letting out a startled scream as she fell backward. The janitor, surprisingly quick for his size, caught her and steadied her, his hands pressing into the soft flesh of her ass. Before she could process what had happened, she was back on her feet, the janitor releasing her.

"It's my fault, I should really watch where I'm going," Ashley quickly apologized, flashing a warm smile as she hurried past him into the staff room, shutting the door behind her.

Heart racing, Ashley took a moment to compose herself before emerging from the staff room. Relieved to find the janitor gone, she began her rounds, trying to push the events of the last 24 hours out of her mind. However, her emotions were in turmoil, ranging from guilt to sadness to a strange thrill she couldn't deny.

As she struggled with these conflicting emotions, she entered Mrs. Johnson's room and nearly crashed into Dr. Stevens in the process.

"Well, somebody's head isn't straight today. What's going on, dear?" Mrs. Johnson eyed Dr. Stevens's backside as he left the room.

"Don't you ever behave?" Ashley said with a smirk as she took the old lady's vitals.

"With a hot piece of man meat like that walking around, no wonder you look so flustered."

"It's not him. I mean, it's not anyone here. I mean..." Ashley saw Mrs. Johnson's eyebrow raise and she knew she'd said too much. She was naive to think she'd be able to come in here and just do her job without the old lady knowing something was up. For someone as old as she was, she still had her wits about her.

"Go on, dear, spill it. I haven't got too much longer left."

Ashley sighed, filled out the chart on the computer next to Mrs. Johnson's bed, and then sat down, giving one last look around the room to ensure they had some privacy.

"I don't know." She paused, trying to gather her thoughts. "You said before that you and Mr. Johnson did a lot of role-playing, right? Well, did it ever go so far as to imagine he was someone else, you know, doing you? Not like a faceless stranger, but someone real, someone close you both knew?"

Mrs. Johnson's lips curled into a smile as she eyed Ashley. "We've done more than just role play about it, dear. Now, what's the matter? Are you worried he's thinking about other women?"

"No... not another woman." Ashley lowered her head, blushing a bit as she told the story of last night's events to her favorite patient. Mrs. Johnson listened intently, her eyes lighting up as Ashley told her about Clayton, the new job, and all the dirty talk of last night. When she finished she looked up at Mrs. Johnson who was smiling warmly, almost mother like as she grabbed the young nurse's hand.

"It sounds like you two had quite the night."

Ashley blushed, admitting to the intensity of her thoughts about Clayton. Mrs. Johnson's wise words and non-judgmental attitude offered Ashley some solace, but also stirred up more confusion and guilt. "It was all so intense. I didn't expect him to bring Clayton up, but once he did he was all I could think about." She admitted blushing slightly.

"Was it him you were thinking about or, perhaps just a certain part of him?" Mrs. Johnson said with a wink causing Ashley's red to turn a deeper shade of crimson. "It's nothing to get upset about, dear. It sounds like your husband enjoyed it as much, if not more than you did. You know, some people love watching their spouse with another person, it's quite the turn on for them."

"No, it's not like that. It was all just a fantasy, he would never want someone else to actually...touch me."

"Are you sure, have you asked him? And what about you dear? It sounds like you quite liked the idea. The thrill of having something so massive fill you. It really is an erotic expertise. Some girls say it's like a drug." Mrs. Johnson's eyes sparkled as she relives her past experiences and lovers. Ashley reminded her of her younger self in a lot of ways. Something told her the young wife would have many new experience to share with her in the future.

Ashley stood up abruptly, dismissing the idea, suddenly very agitated. Chris loved her, why would he possibly want to see her with someone else. Especially someone like Clayton.

As Ashley left Mrs. Johnson's room, her mind was in turmoil. Mrs. Johnson's words had stirred up a mix of emotions--guilt, desire, and a hint of curiosity. The idea of Chris wanting someone else to touch her seemed absurd, yet the thrill she had felt at the thought lingered. Walking down the hospital corridors, Ashley tried to push aside these thoughts. She couldn't understand why Mrs. Johnson's words had affected her so deeply. Chris loved her, she was sure of it. The idea of him wanting to see her with someone else was unthinkable.

Entering the break room, Ashley tried to focus on her surroundings. The room was empty, the quiet offering a welcome respite from the chaos of the hospital. Sitting down at the table, Ashley took a deep breath, trying to calm her racing thoughts. As she sat there, lost in her own thoughts, the door opened, and the janitor from earlier entered the room. Ashley's heart

skipped a beat as their eyes met and he gave her a smirk. She remembered the touch of his hands, the thrill she had felt. Was it possible that she was drawn to him in some way?

Shaking her head to clear her thoughts, Ashley stood up abruptly. She needed to get out of there, to clear her head. Without a word, she left the break room, the encounter with the janitor leaving her more confused than ever.

As she walked the hospital halls, Ashley couldn't shake the feeling of being watched. The events of the day had left her feeling vulnerable, unsure of herself. She needed to talk to Chris, to tell him everything, and to reassure herself that their love was strong enough to withstand any temptation.

Finding a quiet corner, Ashley pulled out her phone and dialed Chris's number. As the phone rang, she felt a sense of relief wash over her. No matter what had happened, she knew that Chris would always be there for her.

"How's the sexiest wife on the planet doing today?" Chris' voice said after the second ring, an immediate calm washed over her hearing her husband's voice.

"Hey babe, just wanted to check in with you. I've missed you like crazy today."

"I've missed you too much. You left before I could properly repay you for this morning."

Ashley bit her lip, between this morning, everything with the janitor and Mrs. Johnson, and now Chris her libido was in overdrive. She squeezed her thighs together trying to calm the sensation she was feeling between her legs. "You can make it up for me when I get home, lover. But just you, no fantasies, no talk of others, just me and you."

"Sounds perfect." Chris said, a little concerned about the tone in his wife's voice. "You know I love you, right?"

Ashley let out a sigh of relief. She was just over reacting. Their love for each other was as strong as ever. She just needed to get out of her own head as she explored her husband's new fantasies. "I love you too, baby. See you soon."

\*\*\*\*

Monday morning, Chris woke up early excited to start his new adventure. He wanted to get to the office early and make a good first impression. As he pulled up to the small office building he was impressed to see there were already several cars in the parking lot for 8am. As he entered the building he admired the modern day decor. The entire building was an open floor plan with large cubicles spread about. As he looked around he was impressed by the wall art, all of which seemed to be abstract in nature. The cubicles were all a soft gray color, complete with large standing desks and pops of color from the motivational posters splattered about. Along the side of the building were two large rooms that looked like it was used for conference calls. There was a large desk in the middle of the room with a dozen chairs positioned around it. The walls of each room were complete with whiteboards and digital screens for presentations. Toward the back of the building was a larger office, this one was windowless with a single door, as Chris looked around Clayton emerged from that back office with a smile as a nervous looking young woman excited behind him her head hung low, her small framed glasses hanging loosely off her nose as she hurried back to her desk.

"Chris! Glad you could make it. Welcome aboard to our little family." Clayton said as he walked over and extended his hand. "I've already briefed the team on your arrival and everyone is anxious to start working with you."

Chris returned the warm smile as he clasped Clayton's hand. Excitement pulsed through him at the prospect of the opportunity ahead. Prior to today, he had delved into online research and was genuinely impressed by Clayton's brainchild. Bitguarden, the company, had developed an app that not only facilitated enterprise-level management and monitoring of employee devices but also proactively scanned other network-connected devices for potential threats, blocking their communication with company devices. Although some online voices had raised privacy concerns regarding the technology's reach and data access, Chris couldn't help but see its revolutionary potential.

As Clayton introduced Chris to the small team they chatted briefly about the deals they had in the pipeline, some of the numbers, and the importance of landing a couple of "big fish". Chris learned about the potential deal with The Morgan Group and how Clayton had personally taken them as a client to try to earn their business. He made a mental note of the deal size and challenged himself to beat it in the coming months. As they completed their small tour they stopped in front of the girl with glasses he saw leaving Clayton's office. She smiled sweetly at her as she gave a nervous hello. Up close she looked even more mousey than before. Her deep green eyes looked sad, and her pear shaped face was covered in freckles and she barely looked old enough to drink.

"This is our star sales representative, Katie. She is a very quick learner and I suspect she'll go far in her career. I expect the two of you to work very closely together. You should be a bit of a mentor to her." Katie fidgeted anxiously in her chair as Clayton spoke. There seemed to be some underlying background there, but Chris was having a hard time placing it. Perhaps she was just nervous about meeting her new boss, Chris thought as he took the cube next to hers and began setting up his accounts.

The rest of the day was a blur of meetings and sales data as Chris did his best to get up to speed. Bitguardian had a lot of large companies showing interest in their product but not many of those companies ended up turning their trials into subscriptions. Chris did his best to start gathering a better understanding of why they weren't converting and hoped that by the end of the week he would have the data in place to be able to go to Clayton with a plan on how to convert more users. He quickly downloaded the app onto his own phone and started playing with some of the features so he could better understand the feedback he was seeing from customers. All in all, he felt like today was a very productive day and he was just starting to pack up when Clayton called him to his office.

When Chris walked into the office he couldn't help but be impressed with its setup. The walls were a calm blue color, a stark contrast from the gray in the main office. The desk looked to be made of red oak and was strong and sturdy. There were two chairs in front of the desk, both of which were plush and seemed comfortable. In the corner, there was a large leather sofa that looked big enough he wondered if Clayton slept on it working long nights on his code. Beside the sofa was, what looked like a large closet that could easily house another desk if needed. There was also a door in the back of the room with an exit sign over it giving Clayton the ability to come and go as he pleased throughout the day.

"I just wanted to touch base with you as we get near the end of the day and see how you feel the first day went." Clayton said getting straight to business as he kicked his feet up on the large desk.

"It was great. Everyone seems very professional, I looked over the sales list and I'm starting to compile a list of concerns people have so we can increase our conversation rate."

Clayton nodded his approval, his mind starting to wonder as he thought about Ashley. "And Bitguargian, did you download it? It's important we practice what we preach here and show our customers there is nothing to fear."

Chris held up his phone with a smile. "It was one of the first things I did. I've been using it most of the morning. I have to say, this is impressive tech."

"Thanks, I just wish the trolls out there would stop spreading fake news about it. The idea that we would somehow backdoor into an unsuspecting device on the same network and harvest information is just fear mongering and people afraid of change."

Chris nodded in agreement. He wasn't the most tech savvy person, but he didn't really understand what the concern was either. He didn't quite understand the control the app gave enterprises over their employee's devices but he was a firm believer that if they weren't doing anything wrong they shouldn't mind the invasion in the pursuit of security.

"Listen, the main reason I called you back here, I want to invite you and Ashley over for dinner tonight at my place. It's important that you both feel like family here."

"That's too much, man. I feel like you've already given so much to Ashley and me both, we couldn't possibly intrude."

Clayton put up a hand dismissing his argument. "Nonsense, I do this for every new employee, and I won't take no for an answer. I'll text you the address. You two come over around 7:30. We'll have some dinner, a little wine and talk about this new partnership."

Chris knew he wasn't going to be able to get out of it, and if he was being honest he didn't want to anyway. Ashley hated to cook so the idea of going somewhere else would certainly excite her. He also couldn't help but think about the amazing sex they had the last time they spent a night hanging out with Clayton. He certainly wouldn't mind a repeat performance. "I'll let her know. I'm sure she'll be excited for a night away from the kitchen." He thanked Clayton again for all that he had done for the young couple.

Chris adjusted his tie in the mirror, glancing over at Ashley, who was rifling through her wardrobe, trying to find the perfect outfit. 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 and 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 came to life against her ass as she chuckled. "Someone is having naughty thoughts." She teased as she gently rocked her hips 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, feeling her heart flutter 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 4 inch heels.

As they arrived at Clayton's house, Ashley couldn't help but feel a surge of nerves. 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.

The evening started off well, with polite conversation and delicious food. However, as the night progressed, Ashley couldn't shake the feeling that Clayton was staring at her every chance he got. Clayton was his normal charming and charismatic self, with a smile that could light up a room. But tonight, there was something in his eyes, a glint of mischief that made Ashley's heart race. As they ate he paid close attention to the way she would look to Chris when he would make a racy comment. Or the way her pulse would quicken and she'd turn red when she caught him looking down her neckline. He wasn't sure what it all meant just yet, but he knew there was more there than met the eye.

"Can I get you another drink, Ashley?" Clayton asked, his voice smooth as silk.

"Uh, no thank you, I'm fine," Ashley replied, trying to keep her composure.

Clayton leaned in closer, his breath tickling her ear. "Are you sure? It's a special blend, imported just for tonight's dinner."

Ashley felt a shiver run down her spine at his proximity. She could feel Chris's eyes on her, and she knew she should pull away, but there was something about Clayton's confidence that drew her in. She looked to Chris for guidance, who just smiled warmly and nodded.

"Maybe just a small glass," Ashley finally relented, feeling a blush creep up her cheeks.

As Clayton poured her a drink, their fingers brushed, sending a jolt of electricity through her.

She quickly pulled away, taking a sip of her drink to calm her nerves. "Thank you," Ashley said, trying to sound composed.

"My pleasure," Clayton replied, his smile widening. "I always aim to please." He added with a wink sending her into a coughing fit. "Care for another bet?" He asked, turning his attention back to Chris.

"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 12 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 was made the judge in case it was a photo finish. She nervously drank her wine as the two men got in position. 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. Ashley said "Go" and the two friends began throwing back their shots. Clayton started off strong but after the 3rd 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 8th 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 three 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 into her mouth running his hands up the side of her legs.

"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 loud as he started giggling for no apparent reason.

As Clayton disappeared to prepare the bed, Ashley kissed her husband again. "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 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 would have 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 grinded 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 of taking a step back and making 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 grinner 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.

As he made his way upstairs, the couple 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. And your boss seemed to really like these." She teased pressing her arms together to make her chest pop a bit.

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." He said with a laugh.

"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.

"What can I say, 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 caresses his dick through the fabric of his pants. "Mmmmm hmmm, good answer."

Her soft lips gently connected with his, their tongues slowly venturing out and exploring each other as the events of the evening raced through both of their heads.

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 moaned into his mouth and kissed him harder. She loved when he grabbed her ass and he pulled her harder onto his dick. 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.

Fumbling to get beneath his boxers, Ashley eventually found her prize when her hand made contact with the rigid hardness of Chris' cock. He broke their kiss and took a sharp intake of breath as she wrapped her fingers around it and slowly began to stroke. Chris leaned his head back in ecstasy. Her touch was electric. He had been so pent up all day that the sudden attention was sending him into overdrive. Ashley could see and feel his excitement and began licking and kissing his neck while she stroked his cock. After about a minute she got tired of the awkward angle and how difficult his waistband was making things. "Take these off."

"Clayton is right upstairs." Chris reminded her 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 that was 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 of his body and onto her knees in front of him.

Ashley enthusiastically began stroking his now rock hard cock with her hands and she kneeled between Chris' legs on the side of the makeshift bed. The lust and desire was practically pouring out of both of them as they locked eyes with each other 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 ever 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? Or would you punish me for being such a baaaad girl?" She pouted her lips when she said this to get her point across. She could see the lust in Chris' eyes and she could certainly feel it in her hand.

Chris was speechless. He always loved the dirty talk from his wife but this was on another level. What was she going to do next?

"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?" She teased bending down and circling the head of his cock with her tongue. "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 is 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 and she sucked his cock.

Ashley suddenly pushed herself up and stood next to the bed. Chris was surprised and sat up, he wasn't sure what was happening. She bent over and 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 they connected, his cock sliding deep into her wet pussy in one shot. She moaned loudly and gripped his cock, never intending to let go. Chris grabbed her hips in his hands and began to eagerly thrust up into her. Ashley forcefully pushed his shoulders down, to stop his thrusting. "You just watch right now. Watch as I ride this magnificent cock." At that moment he wasn't sure if she was talking about him, or fantasizing about Clayton, but he was too far gone to care. He stopped and sat there as Ashley rode his cock. He looked up at her beautiful face, eyes shut, contorted in pleasure as she slowly brought herself up and down on him. He watched as her breathing quickened and her bra-clad breasts began to rapidly rise and fall right in front of his face. He could feel her pussy strongly grabbing onto his cock, milking it for all it was worth.

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 and immediately locked eyes. He was staring up at her. His hands were 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. 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 with 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.

He looked up as she slowly began to ride him again. "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 naughty, 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. A figure was standing a few feet between the bed and the staircase. Clayton stood less than 10 feet away from them. Dressed in only a pair of boxers, his cock nearly visible as it bulge against the front of the fabric, his cocky smile brimming as he took in Ashley's body in front of him.

Chris's gaze darted away, but the image of Clayton's outline lingered in his mind, unshakable and stark, its size etched into his subconscious. He quickly refocused on Ashley, his breath hitching as their eyes locked again. Ashley hesitated, her attention flicking back for the briefest moment before returning to Chris, her expression unreadable but charged with unspoken tension. Neither of them moved, their connection electric, their bodies taut with anticipation, teetering on the edge of release.

"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's eyes locked, searching each other's faces for guidance. Their frozen moment shattered when Chris's cock pulsed inside her - a primal, involuntary response to Clayton's presence, to his hungry gaze fixed on Ashley's barely-covered breasts. Ashley's sharp gasp echoed through the room as electricity raced through her core. Her walls clenched around him, drawing a low moan from deep in his throat.

Ashley's eyes fluttered closed as reality crashed over her. This wasn't just another whispered fantasy in their darkened bedroom, not just playful words meant to spark desire. Their private world of shared secrets and intimate games had shattered, exposing their deepest desires to

the very man who haunted their fantasies. Clayton stood there, witness to their most vulnerable moment, watching her straddle her husband with predatory intensity.

Sobriety might have demanded dignity, might have sent her scrambling for clothes and excuses. The rational part of her mind screamed to stop, to maintain some semblance of propriety. But the heat coursing through her veins demanded more. Her hips rolled against Chris, taking him deeper, claiming him even as Clayton's presence threatened to claim them both.

Lost in primal rhythm, Ashley's body took control where her mind hesitated. Her hips found a desperate cadence, her walls gripping and releasing Chris with each roll of her body. Gone were the whispered possibilities, the teasing what-ifs.

Chris stared up at his wife in awe, barely breathing as she surrendered to sensation. The woman he'd shared countless intimate nights with now moved with newfound abandon, performing not just for him but for their silent observer. Ashley's fingers tangled in her hair, head thrown back as pleasure overtook propriety. Her breasts strained against delicate lace with each ragged breath, a visual testament to her arousal that made Chris's cock pulse inside her.

"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 said from behind Chris causing his heart to nearly leap from his chest.

Chris looked up and around but still couldn't see Clayton from his vantage point.

As the waves of her orgasm receded, Ashley's awareness expanded beyond the cocoon of pleasure she'd been lost in. Her eyes opened to find Clayton looming behind the sofa, his presence commanding attention even in silence. While Chris lay beneath her, lost in his own pleasure, she found herself transfixed by his boss's predatory stare.

The hunger in Clayton's eyes transcended anything she'd witnessed in Chris's gaze - rawer, more dangerous, speaking to something primitive within her. His arm moved rhythmically in the shadows, that simple motion sending electricity through her overwrought nerves. The knowledge that she had reduced this powerful man to basic animal need, that her display of intimacy had stripped away his careful control, sparked something primal in her core.

Though his actions remained partially hidden behind the sofa, the implications of his movements painted vivid pictures in her mind. Another man - not just any man, but one who held such power over their lives - touching himself while watching her come undone with Chris. The thought alone triggered fresh sparks of arousal, building toward another peak even as guilt and excitement warred within her.

Ashley sank deeper onto Chris, each deliberate roll of her hips seeking to take him further inside her. The slow, measured pace belied the storm of sensations threatening to overwhelm her. When their eyes met, silent understanding passed between them - she knew Clayton watched, and that knowledge only fueled her desire.

Her lips parted, breath coming in shallow gasps as she searched Chris's face for permission, for understanding. Even as her body burned for release, concern flickered in her eyes. This moment

balanced on a knife's edge - their private intimacy now had an audience, transforming their whispered fantasies into stark reality.

Chris's mind waged war with itself as he watched his wife move above him. Possessiveness clashed with pride, jealousy with arousal. Part of him yearned to shield her from Clayton's hungry gaze, to keep this sacred thing between them. Yet another part reveled in this display of ownership - letting Clayton witness what he could never have, showing him the depths of passion that existed between them.

Ashley's walls clenched around him with unprecedented intensity, her body betraying how deeply this situation affected her. Her chest heaved with each breath, skin flushed with need and uncertainty. The raw vulnerability in her expression, the way she trusted him with this moment of exposure, ignited something primal within him. Their relationship teetered on the brink of transformation, and Chris realized he wanted to see where this path might lead.

Chris's fingers traced Ashley's shoulder, deliberate yet tentative as they found her bra strap. Their eyes remained locked in silent communion as he eased the delicate fabric down, exposing more of her flesh to the charged atmosphere. Her breasts strained against the remaining fabric, the threat of exposure adding another layer to their shared transgression.

A soft gasp escaped Ashley's lips - not just from the physical sensation, but from the profound intimacy of this moment. In that shared breath, that meeting of eyes, they crossed an unspoken threshold together. No words needed, just complete trust in each other's desires.

Ashley surrendered to sensation, her world narrowing to the points where their bodies connected. Chris lifted his hips to meet her rhythm, their movements speaking a language older than words. Clayton's presence behind them amplified every touch, every breath, transforming their private dance into something more primal.

From his vantage point, Clayton drank in the tableau before him - the graceful arch of Ashley's back, the flush spreading across her exposed skin, the play of pleasure across her features. He remained motionless, understanding his role as witness to this intimate revelation. His stillness belied the hunger building within him, the desire to do more than watch. But for now, observation was its own form of possession.

"Mmmhmmm."

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

"Do you want to see it?" he mouthed. He wasn't sure how much Chris was involved in this little fantasy of theirs. The last thing he wanted to do was to say or do the wrong thing that would break them from the trance they were in.

Ashley felt her face grow flush. She knew what he was asking, she wondered if she should ask Chris first. She too wasn't sure how much of this was part of the fantasy or where the line should be drawn. However, before her brain could catch up to her she felt her orgasm start to grow. She curled her toes as she rode her husband faster, not daring to close her eyes. "Yes, fuck yes. Do it baby."

Clayton wasn't sure if he was talking to her 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' cock. Without breaking eye contact with Clayton, she liked 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 while 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.

Clayton grunted from somewhere behind Chris. "Oh yeah, baby I liked that. 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 of cum, drenching the inside of Ashley's pussy sending her into overdrive. She began grounding her hips harder into Chris, every nerve in his body felt 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. No touching." Chris said, as a sudden rush of clarity suddenly hit him. 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 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.

"Ohhhhh 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, baby. Come for Clayton, baby." Clayton growled while stroking his cock with abandon.

Mid-orgasm, Ashley looked up at him and noticed his balls tightening. In that moment, she reached behind her back and unclasped her bra, letting it fall to the side and fully exposing her breasts.

"Fuck." Stream after stream of Clayton's white-hot cum shot from his cock, hitting Ashley's chest and covering her bare breasts. His cum soaked into her skin and ran down her stomach. Overwhelmed by the intensity of the situation, Ashley finally broke eye contact and stopped moving, trying to catch her breath.

Chris sat there, unsure of how to react. What he did know was that his cock was still hard. Ashley's eyes opened and she looked at Chris. Both of them sat there for a moment, trying to

read the other's expression. This was the wildest thing the couple had ever done together, and both were terrified of how the other would react.

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 gave a half-smile, her body still trembling from her last orgasm. "I love you too, baby. I don't know how that happened. That was...crazy." She pleaded.

"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 at the same time 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 to leave them to deal with the aftermath of the situation alone.

### NEWLYWEDS NEW DESIRES CH. 03

Ashley snuggled into Chris' arm as they took their seats on the large 747 nonstop to Vegas. Neither one of them had ever flown first class before and were both completely shocked when Clayton handed them the tickets. In fact, they had only ever flown once before, and that was on their honeymoon to Miami. Ashley's father surprised them with it the night of the wedding. Neither family had much money and she knew he must have worked hundreds of hours in overtime to afford such a lavish gift.

Clayton had also booked them a suite at the Aria hotel right in the heart of the Vegas strip, telling them it was important they looked the part of a successful company. Chris tried to tell him it was unnecessary, but he waved his hand and dismissed the thought. Chris promised to land a couple of big fish while at the convention as a way to show his gratitude, but Clayton assured him that he and Ashley were already becoming an integral part of the team and he knew Chris would give it his all. He thought it was strange that Clayton would bring her up as part of the team, he wanted to question him about it but things were already moving a lot more quickly than he could keep up with.

"Hey spaceman. What's going on in that head of yours?" Ashley asked, bringing her husband back to the present as she handed him a glass of champagne. He couldn't help but notice the twinkle in her eye. She was made for this type of lifestyle, he thought to himself as he took the glass from her hand.

"Just thinking about how lucky I am to be going on this trip with you. And how much our life has changed in such a short amount of time."

"Cheers to that." She said clinking her glass to his. It had been just over a week since the events that took place at Clayton's house. Ashley had wanted to talk to Chris about it more than once, but he had been working so much she just couldn't find the right time. She wanted to know that everything was alright between them, and ensure he didn't have any regrets. He seemed to be acting fine, and their sex life was better than ever, but she wanted to get a handle on whatever this was before it spiraled out of control. She sipped her champagne slowly as she recounted the events of the previous week and promised herself she would find time to talk to Chris about it as soon as they checked in.

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 seemed as if it were 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 said, his voice low and husky. "Don't mind me. I'm just going to watch." Ashley gave him a confused look, unsure what it was he was coming to watch.

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 found herself 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. Ashley could feel 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 approached them slowly, his eyes never leaving Ashley's. 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. As she continued to bath more of Clayton's cock with her saliva 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 as his hands roamed over her body.

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 found herself being carried off to the bedroom. Her eyes met Chris' 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 flush 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 took a deep breath and exhaled slowly as he sat at his computer watching the cursor blink. This week was crucial for his company, and he needed to stay focused. The deal with The Morgan Group was set to close today, another large company was on the verge of signing, and Katie was managing an account that could add another 250 licenses. If they could pull it all off, they were looking at their first profitable quarter since he started the business.

However, despite the week's importance, his mind kept drifting back to that night at his house. Ashley looked stunning. Her dress showed off all of her best features. The entire night it felt like she was flirting with him, or at least not shying away from his advances. Then, he came down stairs and actually caught them fucking. For a moment he thought she would scream and tell her to get lost, or at least try to cover herself up. Instead, she looked at him with hunger. He could see the lust in her eyes as her eyes traveled down his body. If he didn't know any better, he would have thought she might have let him take her right then and there, if Chris hadn't intervened. Even so, despite Chris drawing a line, he still allowed everything to happen. He watched as Clayton stroked his cock in front of his wife. He urged her on when she started talking. He even told her how beautiful she looked covered in another man's cum. Maybe there was more to that than Clayton realized. He knew Chris had always been a bit of a pushover, but was it possible he would actually sit back and let Clayton take his wife right in front of him? What would he have actually done if Clayton pushed the boundaries and broke his no touch rule?

He shook those thoughts aside as he stepped out of his office and 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 handy work. "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.

As the team filed into the conference room, Clayton looked them all over one by one. Most of them were young, somewhat competent sales reps who came from a larger company as more junior members. Here, they were expected to stand on their own two feet without as much hand holding. He knew they lacked that killer instinct that was needed to close deals, but he was hopeful he could draw it out of some of them, while others would just have to get the ball to the goal line and let him come in and get things done.

As the sales team settled into their chairs he watched them with the intensity of a hawk stalking its prey, his jaw clenched. Beneath his expensive suit and cocky façade, doubts still gnawed at him. The voices of all those failed business partners echoing that he'd never make it without his father's money. His own father, chastising him for his reckless spending and failed business ventures. He squeezed his fists, determined to show them all. Wealth, sex, women, power, it would all be his. A cough from one of the other team members brought him back to reality.

"Sir, 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."

There was a murmur of agreement around the table 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."

There was a sense of determination in 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.

As the meeting drew to a close, Katie timidly raised her hand, her voice barely above a whisper. "Um, sir," she began, her eyes downcast. "My client, Creative Horizon, is having second thoughts. They seem to think the price is too high. We have another call at the end of the week to discuss."

Clayton's brow furrowed slightly as he processed the information. This was a crucial deal, and he knew Katie was feeling the pressure, she couldn't fuck this up. He turned to her, his expression reassuring as he recalled their conversation last week. "Let's talk strategy this afternoon in my office. I have some business to attend to but I should be free around 4:30. I need you to tell me everything that was said and how you are going to respond. I'll help guide you through the finer parts of the deal and get the close. It will be some good hands-on training." Clayton felt himself stir and saw Katie shift in her seat uncomfortable when he said that last part. He kept his eyes laser focused on hers until he saw her bite her lip and look back down at her lap, giving a small nod of an agreement.

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 and immediately got to work. He wanted to start working on the next batch of features for Bitguardian, knowing that coding would help keep his anxiety down as his team worked through their sales requirements. The first couple of hours seemed to go well. He was able to focus on the task at hand and got a decent chunk of code done. However, as the day continued, he found himself clicking refresh on his email more and more, hoping to see signed documents in his inbox. He fought the urge to go out where the sales team was sitting and start barking out orders, knowing it would only make matters worse. While most of these deals were still not completed, they were more or less slam dunks at this point. Even worse, when he wasn't thinking about the sales team, he was re-living last week's events and the way Ashley seemed to gravitate toward him. He knew that once she saw his dick she would be intrigued by it. He hadn't met a girl yet who wasn't at least curious. What fascinated him the most was how easily she seemed to fall under his spell. He understood he was still a long way from actually winning her over completely, but he still needed to figure out how big of a roadblock Chris would be in all of this. "Was it as big as you imagined?" That was what Chris had said when she told him Clayton had pulled out his dick. That seemed to suggest that not only had she already thought about it, probably after that night at the bar, but that they had openly discussed it. As Clayton pieced together the puzzle, the first signed contract came through his inbox. His smile beamed as he thought about his success. Then, to further test his fortune, he accessed his dashboard for Bitguardian and turned on a hidden feature within it. With just a couple clicks of his mouse he was now tapped into Chris' phone with access to everything he had stored on it. He could also start using it as a listening device.

\*\*\*\*

As they checked into their room at the Aria, Ashley couldn't help but be impressed. The buzz and pure energy of the city was like nothing she'd ever felt before, it was infectious. The hotel itself was immaculate. The front face of the building reflected the neon lights of the Strip, creating a dazzling display that nearly sent Ashley into 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.

Ashley knew she would love Vegas, but something about just being there made her body come to life. The anxiety she had just hours before seemed to melt away with the buzz of the city. She knew she still needed to talk to Chris about the events of last week, but now it felt less anxious and more sexy. She walked lazily around the reception area as Chris checked them in. She found herself gazing into a large indoor fountain. She watched in amazement as water zipped out of one spout to another. She was getting hypnotized by the water dancing in intricate patterns. While she watched she couldn't help but think about her future with Chris. In the past they had talked about kids, but always dismissed it due to money issues. Now, they seemed to be living the dream, and in just a couple of weeks have had more money thrown at them than they'd ever seen. Could she finally open up to Chris again and broach the conversation of her getting pregnant?

"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. As the door to their room opened, it triggered something in the blinds allowing them to open as well bringing in the lights from the city. 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 could not believe this was where they were staying for the week. It was like it was 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 lights of the strip dancing in her room as she turned toward the bed as she stared at her husband look aimlessly up at the ceiling. "I'd love that, but first, we should talk." She said with a playful edge in her voice as she lifted her shirt over her head. Her large chest concealed only by the thin white bra she wore. Chris was still lazily staring up at the ceiling and didn't see her remove her shirt. His mind was on the conference later and how he was going to win some business for his new company.

"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.

\*\*\*\*

Ashley ran his tongue slowly over the length of her husband's cock. Her tongue tracing at veins as she watched him squirm. "Be honest with me. It's important we communicate about these things."

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."

He started as Ashley wrapped her fingers gently around his shaft and began a slow pumping movement. 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?" Ashley teased as her grip tightened around Chris.

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 started talking about this that night at the bar, I never thought I would be into it. I was just doing it for you. Ashley swallowed hard, as tears started to flood her eyes, but you're right the whole scene was...is so erotic. I don't know if this will happen again, but if i did I don't think I would be against it. I felt so powerful when it was happening, so... alive" Her eyes met his again and they both smiled. Ashley felt warmth spread through her body as she realized just how deeply in love with this man she was. "There was this rush of excitement that came over me when I saw he was watching us. I never thought of myself as an exhibionist before, but I think I'm starting to see the appeal." She said with a laugh thankful the tension of the moment had left the room. She had just one more thing she needed to admit next.

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 in 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?" Chris meant to say it in a playful tone, but it came out too 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 as she recalled the dream. Her fingers sliding 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. As 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 a lot quicker 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.

As they both came down from their 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.

Clayton felt his own orgasm approaching as he listened to Chris and Ashley have one of their own. Just as she stood up and turned toward the shower, her perfect 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 near silent 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, she worried she may 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, sounding 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 am making you, yet instead of addressing it. Instead of standing up and slapping me in the face you bottle it up and take it." Katie felt Clayton remove his hands from her shoulders and heard the echo of his shoes as he slowly walked in front 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, everyday at this hour you will come to my office for training. By the time I'm done with you, you're going to 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. She knew this was wrong, but somewhere deep down she also wondered if she allowed him to torment her if she really would be a better salesperson. 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." He demanded, but never took a step back himself.

Before long the training session began to take shape. As minutes slowly ticked by the session became increasingly more physical in nature. Clayton would invade Katie's personal space, walking circles around her as he aggressively challenged her to role-play sales pitches. He'd shove her shoulders back, forcing her to stand up straight, or grip her jaw tightly with his fingers as he corrected her diction. This became their routine at the end of every day.

"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. He knew a lot was riding on this convention and he was determined to prove to Clayton that he was the right man for the job. To prove to everyone that ever doubted him that he belonged in this world. The sprawling space was packed with tech industry booths and professionals in suits 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, 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 Larken Industries, a manufacturing firm with around 2,000 employees across the southwest. This was exactly the kind of business that he needed to get onboard 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' 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 and

said, "we will definitely be in touch." Before slapping his shoulder and disappearing into the crowd.

\*\*\*\*

As the week continued on, 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, incrementally, Katie's defenses began to lower. The more aggressive Clayton became, the more it seemed to validate 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. And despite herself, she did begin to feel more self-assured after his hands-on coaching session. It was as if his bold dominance was gradually transferring to her through osmosis. This didn't go unnoticed to Clayton. He began to see the way she would look at him. Not just with the will to learn, but with a sudden desire. It wouldn't be long until she was eating out of the palm of his hand and doing his bidding for him.

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 dug 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, and 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 push her head down to 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. In her grog 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 thrust 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 any more 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 for a long time allowing her to recover, but teasing her at the same time. Then, as if on cue, he sucked hard again, boiling her over in another mind crushing orgasm. For Katie, it wasn't the first time she had multiple orgasms from oral sex but it was certainly the very best. The way he was going about it showed that not only was her pleasure his first priority, but he couldn't get enough of pleasing her. If this was his repayment to her for what had happened over the course of the week, she considered it paid in full.

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 and she was staring straight at that monster cock 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.

"Mmmmmmm," 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 clinch 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.

## NEWLYWEDS NEW DESIRES CH. 04

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.

Laughing, Ashley teased about the men at the convention ogling her nearly naked body, joking she should give them a show. After all, why be stingy - why should Clayton be the sole lucky spectator? Lustful nights blurred into a haze of roleplay. Sometimes, they invited imaginary strangers to watch hungrily while, other times, Chris played the onlooker observing a mystery lover pleasuring Ashley to trembling climaxes. But their sinful Vegas rendezvous couldn't last forever. When it inevitably ended, they bid the city's allure a reluctant farewell, promising to return one day.

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 earning 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 simple "She's great," attempting to steer the conversation back, but those two simple words were enough to set his pulse racing.

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. It was true, the nightly "training" sessions had worked wonders on transforming Katie into a formidable saleswoman, as well as an obedient little minx during their after hours sessions. 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. A smile tugged at her lips 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 on lookers. 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 let her know he'd overheard everything she'd just said. 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," she said in a quieter voice, still 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 quickly ended the call and looked nervously over her shoulder to see the janitor still standing there staring at her as she quickly turned the corner.

\*\*\*

Less than six hours later, Chris threw his bags into a town car and put on his tie, heading to 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. Clayton 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.

When Chris entered the room, he was a little taken aback that he and Tom were the last ones to arrive. He had expected the board members to come in after him, giving him a moment to prepare himself mentally. Instead, he stood in front of the seven-member panel and put on his best smile, running his fingers through his hair to calm his nerves as Tom settled into his chair.

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, occasionally jotting down notes or nodding 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 made its way down to her wet pussy. Teasing 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 so 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 to himself, running his fingers over the picture Ashley had just sent Chris. "Soon, you will be mine," he said under his breath running his fingers over his computer screen and her glistening lips as he dove 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. While she still felt a little uneasy about this new adventurous side of their relationship they were exploring, 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 jolt ran through Ashley, her breath catching 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 licked his lips as he stared at the message from his wife. His cock was rock hard as his town car made its way back to Larken Industries. He couldn't believe that his sweet innocent

wife was acting this way. Even more of a mystery to him than that was the effect it was having on him. He never thought of himself as “one of those people” but he couldn’t deny the effect it was having on his body, not to mention their sex life. He just had to be sure to make sure it didn’t spiral out of control. Trust and open communication, that’s what they agreed to in Vegas.

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 ringer 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 cursed himself under his breath. He hadn't even considered how uncomfortable this could be for her. He was so lost in the moment he forgot all about that night at Clayton's house. His cock started to swell as he replayed the events in his head. "Fuck, I didn't even...he'll be at the office so you won't be alone." Chris tried to sound reassuring but he knew he was failing.

"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 unimpeded 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 was lucky. Just as she knew she couldn't hold it back any longer, all attention turned to Katie. Ashley 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 sagged back against the closet wall, her entire body tingling with fading tremors. What had she just done? The twisted scenario that had unfolded mere feet away - had she really allowed herself to participate in that depraved display? Shame and desire knotted together until she could scarcely tell one from the other. She pressed trembling fingers to her forehead, struggling to make sense of the tangled mess of emotions. Part of her felt powerful, dangerously liberated, while another part felt lost, cast into the shadowy depths of her own psyche.

"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.

The drive home was pure torture for Ashley. Her hands clenched the steering wheel so tight her knuckles turned pale white. Memories and images whirled through her head like a hurricane - 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 resolve crumbled. Could she really hide all this from Chris, let it rot between them like an untreated wound? But the thought of exposing the full extent of her deviant cravings terrified her just as much. 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.

## NEWLYWED'S NEW DESIRES CH. 05

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 whose 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. "...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. "...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. "... 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.

## Newlywed's New Desires Ch. 06

Sunlight filtered through the curtains, casting a soft glow over the hotel room. Chris stirred, his eyes slowly opening as the events of the previous night came flooding back. He turned his head, finding Ashley still sleeping peacefully on her back. He watched her for a moment, her chest rising and falling gently with each breath. Images of last night flashed in his head: that same perfect chest, covered in Clayton's cum as Ashley moaned uncontrollably. Chris felt his cock start to stir. At the same time, he felt acid in his throat threatening to come up.

As Chris struggled with these two conflicting emotions, Ashley slowly opened her eyes. A warm smile crept across her face as she looked at Chris watching her sleep. Then, like a splash of cold water, the events of last night raced back into her head, and she was suddenly hit with a wave of emotions.

For a long moment, neither spoke, the air heavy with unspoken thoughts and emotions.

Chris cleared his throat. "Morning," he said softly, his voice sounding foreign to his own ears.

Ashley smiled at him, emotions flickering across her features. "Hi," she replied, her tone equally uncertain.

Chris's mind raced, replaying fragments of last night. The heated glances, wandering hands, crossed boundaries. A mix of exhilaration and guilt continued to churn in his stomach. Had they gone too far? Is this what he truly wants?

Ashley bit her lip, her own thoughts a whirlwind. She felt simultaneously empowered and vulnerable, struggling to reconcile her actions with her self-image. The silence stretched between them until Chris finally spoke.

"So..." Chris began, trailing off as he searched for the right words.

Ashley's eyes met his, a flicker of understanding passing between them. "Yeah," she breathed. "Last night was..."

"Intense," Chris finished for her.

A beat of silence followed, both gathering the courage to broach the subject that loomed large in both their minds.

"You drank a lot. Were you drunk when... I mean do you even remember..." Chris saw Ashley's face turn sour. He knew he was approaching this all wrong. He had meant to offer the alcohol as a lifeline, an excuse she could use to say it would never happen again.

"I wasn't drunk." Her voice was soft but stern. "Clayton said you told him he could break the no-touch rule. When you didn't stop him, I assumed it was what you wanted." Her voice was more accusatory than she meant it to be. However, she wasn't going to let Chris act like this was her fault. As if she were some drunk slut who just happened to blow his friend and boss.

The image of Clayton from last night flashed through her mind - his commanding voice, his imposing presence. How she struggled to fit his cock into her mouth. The cock of the same man who'd been teasing her for months. She'd been naive to think she could outmaneuver him.

Ashley marveled at their transformation. What began as Chris's perverse fantasy had become their shared reality. As heat spread between her legs, she realized she was now just as invested in this as Chris.

Chris watched Ashley carefully as she assured him she wasn't drunk. He took a deep breath, steadying himself. He couldn't admit the truth about why they broke the no-touch rule - that he had allowed her to become a prop in his game of bets with Clayton. "... we did talk about it. The no-touch rule, I mean." Images of Clayton pressed against Ashley's backside while they danced flashed in his head, along with the look of pure lust in Ashley's eyes when she heard it was okay. "You looked so sexy, Ash. I mean, I hated the thought of sharing you, but you looked so sexy."

Ashley's smile widened, relief washing over her. She had been afraid Chris would wake up full of remorse and regret. The thought of actually being shared crossed her mind, and she bit her lip, imagining how it might feel.

"I... I'm glad you thought I looked sexy," she said softly, her cheeks flushing. "But Chris, are you really okay with what happened?"

Chris swallowed hard, his mind racing. He wanted to reassure Ashley, to avoid conflict, but he also felt deeply conflicted. "I mean, it was... intense. Seeing you like that..." He trailed off, unsure how to express his complicated feelings.

Ashley misinterpreted his hesitation as approval. "So you enjoyed it?" she asked, her voice tinged with hope and uncertainty.

Chris nodded reflexively, not wanting to upset her. "Yeah, it was... something else," he said, his tone more enthusiastic than he truly felt. Inwardly, he wrestled with guilt and jealousy.

Ashley's heart raced, both thrilled and apprehensive about the implications. "So you want to..." she began, leaving the sentence open-ended.

Chris, feeling trapped and desperate to avoid conflict, quickly finished her thought. "...make you happy," he said, his voice strained with an emotion he couldn't quite identify.

The moment those words left his lips, Chris realized he'd made a critical error. He'd meant to express his desire for Ashley's happiness in general, but in the context of their conversation, it sounded like an endorsement of further exploration.

Ashley's eyes widened, a mix of excitement and trepidation flooding her. "Really? You'd be open to that?" she asked, her voice trembling slightly.

Chris's head was spinning. He needed to reel this conversation in. But as each sentence was spoken, it felt like more and more blood was going to his cock and not his brain. "We... we need some ground rules. Real ones this time, that we both stand up to unless we have a serious conversation."

Ashley nodded her head slowly, her own arousal taking control as the images from last night danced through her head. She couldn't believe Chris was okay with it. But then again, this was inevitably where it was all leading, wasn't it?

"Absolutely no sex," Chris started strong, wanting to be sure there was no more confusion or misunderstood interpretations. That was a line they couldn't uncross. But even as he said it, he felt a twinge of doubt. Were they already too far down this path?

Ashley nodded, a mix of relief and disappointment flickering across her face. "I agree. There's still a lot here I... I don't understand. Things are moving fast enough. I don't want us to do something on impulse we'll both regret."

Chris nodded, feeling a knot form in his stomach. He wanted to voice his reservations, to tell Ashley about the conflict raging inside him. At least they were on the same page about no sex. But as he opened his mouth to speak, he saw the fire burning in her eyes, and the words died on his lips.

"What... what did you like best?" Ashley's voice was soft, but the passion was there. The same passion he saw last night..

Chris held his breath. He hadn't considered that until now. His cock twitched as he replayed the events in his head. Ashley's moans, her words - it was all too much. "I... I don't know. When he came on you, the look on your face..." Chris felt his face turn red, suddenly embarrassed to have admitted such a thing.

Ashley ran her eyes over Chris's body. For a moment, she thought he was just telling her what he thought she wanted to hear. She considered calling the entire thing off. However, when she saw how hard he was, she knew he was being honest with her. She rubbed her legs together, trying to calm the same fire that was building inside of her.

Her hand slid across his stomach, causing his muscles to tense. She eyed him, a mischievous glint in her eyes as her fingers wrapped around his swollen dick. "Did you really think I looked hot? I felt like such a slut."

Chris moaned softly, sounding more like a growl coming from the back of his throat. 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 hotel room door behind him, the click of the latch echoing in the empty hallway. The morning sun streaming through the windows felt too bright, too cheerful for the storm of emotions brewing inside him. As he made his way to his car, Ashley's words and the events of the past 24 hours replayed in his mind on an endless loop.

Pulling out of the hotel parking lot, his mind still reeling, Chris barely registered the sound of screeching tires and blaring horns behind him. Glancing in his rearview mirror, he caught a glimpse of a dark sedan running a red light, seemingly in a rush behind him.

"Idiot," Chris muttered, shaking his head. He turned his attention back to the road, the incident quickly fading from his thoughts as he navigated the familiar streets on autopilot, his knuckles white on the steering wheel.

The drive felt like a blur. Chris needed coffee, needed food, needed something normal to ground him before heading into work. Spotting Mabel's Diner just off the road, he decided to pull in. But even as he guided his car into the parking lot, he couldn't shake the feeling 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.

With a deep breath, Chris pushed through the smudged glass door of Mabel's Diner, the overhead bell announcing his arrival as friendly chit-chat filled the air. The familiar aroma of fresh coffee, sizzling bacon, and decades-old grease enveloped him as he slid into the booth, the cracked vinyl seat squeaking in protest.

"What will it be today, hon?" the waitress asked as she reached his table, her graying hair escaping from a messy bun.

"Two eggs over-easy, bacon, and toast," Chris replied, forcing a smile that didn't reach his eyes. Mabel, as her name tag identified her, smelled of stale cigarettes and cheap perfume. He rubbed his temples, trying to erase the images of last night's... revelations, still playing on a loop.

As he waited for his food, Chris's mind drifted back to the hotel room. Ashley's voice, her words, it seemed like she was eager for the rendezvous to happen again. He wished he could go back and rephrase some of the things he said, let her know that he did in fact still have some reservations. His own damning admission echoing in his ears: he'd wanted it to happen again. As much as he told himself it wasn't true, it was getting harder to deny. 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.

"What kind of man gets turned on by watching his wife with another man?" he thought, disgust and arousal warring within him. He closed his eyes, trying to block out the vivid images, but they only seemed to grow stronger.

A small voice in his head whispered, "But you liked it. You wanted it to happen."

Chris's eyes snapped open, his heart racing. He couldn't deny the truth in those words, and that realization terrified him. He'd crossed a line, and now he wasn't sure if he could - or even wanted to - step back.

"What does this mean for us? For our marriage?" he wondered, a knot forming in his stomach. The thought of losing Ashley, of irreparably damaging their relationship, filled him with dread.

Overwhelmed by the intensity of his thoughts and the excitement coursing through his veins, Chris knew he needed to clear his head. He signaled for the check, his mind racing. Tossing a twenty on the table as a tip, he stood on wobbly legs and headed for the door, ensuring no one was watching him.

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 disposable income. 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 eerily quiet even for a weekend, with most of the team hard at work. Chris made his way to his desk, stealing glances at Clayton's office. Through the open door, he could see Clayton pacing back and forth, phone pressed to his ear, talking with his hands animatedly.

Chris struggled to concentrate on his work. He found himself secretly observing Clayton, searching for any hint of regret or discomfort, knowing full well he'd find none. Clayton seemed very much in control, both last night and 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 delicate bra hugged her curves perfectly, while the near see-through boyshort panties accentuated her shapely hips and thighs. She stood with her back to the mirror, looking over her shoulder seductively, her lips pursed as if blowing a kiss. Her long hair cascaded down her back, and the playful glint in her eyes added to the allure. The way she was positioned allowed a tantalizing view of both her front and back, showcasing the smoothness of her skin and the intricate details of the lingerie. The soft lighting of the room highlighted every curve, leaving Chris breathless as he admired the captivating image of his stunning 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.

Chris's resolve wavered. The conflict he'd grappled with at the diner resurged, but this time, excitement outweighed his guilt. He found himself curious about what Clayton might say, what plans he might have. He lowered himself back into his chair. Deciding it was best to wait to have the conversation until he fully understood what he wanted.

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.

"Sorry, got sidetracked. Look, Tom, I know you're eager, but we need to tread carefully here," 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 voice raising more than he cared for. "Let's not throw around threats, Tom. I've got this under control. In fact... here comes Chris now. Watch and learn."

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, perfect timing. We've got a situation brewing," 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."

At the mention of Ashley's name, Chris felt a familiar tension ripple through his body. But this time, it was different. The apprehension that had plagued him was still there, a faint echo in the background. Yet it was overshadowed by an unexpected surge of excitement.

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.

"Yeah, I guess you're right," 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. No reason to rush out there without a plan."

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, realizing he hadn't set any boundaries. In fact, he'd opened the door to new possibilities. A growing excitement for what might come next stirred in Chris as he realized his inaction would be interpreted as acceptance.

\*\*\*\*

Ashley stepped out of her car and, with the push of a button, locked the door of her new BMW. Her mind was still buzzing from the events of the previous night and her conversation with Chris that morning.

Last night had certainly taken an unexpected turn, but Ashley couldn't deny the thrill she'd experienced. The attention from both Chris and Clayton had awakened something in her she didn't realize she'd been missing. It wasn't just about the physical aspect; it was the feeling of being desired, admired, and at the center of their focus.

She closed her eyes for a moment, remembering the electric feeling of standing between them. 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.

Ashley opened her eyes, catching her reflection through the mirrored window as she walked toward the hospital entrance. She was surprised by the confident woman staring back at her. She adjusted her posture, standing a little taller as she entered the hospital.

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. 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 nurse's 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. She frowned slightly, 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 meeting. 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.

As her shift neared its end, Ashley made her way to Mrs. Johnson's room. She knocked softly before entering, a warm smile spreading across her face as she saw the elderly woman.

"Mrs. Johnson, it's so good to see you again," Ashley said, genuinely happy to see her favorite patient.

Mrs. Johnson's wrinkled face lit up. "Ashley, dear! I was hoping you'd be here."

As Ashley checked Mrs. Johnson's vitals and made small talk, she felt a sense of normalcy wash over her. This routine, this connection with a patient she'd known for years, grounded her in a way 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 felt a blush creep up her cheeks. "Oh, you know," she said, trying to keep her voice casual. "It's been... eventful".

Mrs. Johnson swatted Ashley's hand. "Oh, don't give me that horse shit. 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..." As Ashley delved into the events of last night and what transpired Mrs. Johnson listened with a gentle eagerness and ease. Once Ashley started confiding 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.

However, that Mrs. Johnson wasn't the only one listening. The janitor happened to be cleaning the room next door when he heard the two women giggling. As he moved closer to the thin wall to listen better, the shared air vent above provided even clearer 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 exactly how to proceed.

"My my, it sounds like you've had quite the adventure, dear. Isn't it liberating to explore your sexuality in new ways? 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 he reassured me this morning that everything's fine and he enjoyed it too."

Mrs. Johnson patted her hand gently. "That guilt is natural at first, but remember, you're not doing anything wrong. And it seems like it's brought some spark back to your relationship," she added with a knowing wink, her eyes twinkling with memories.

"Thank you, Mrs. Johnson. I knew you'd understand," Ashley said, giving the older woman's hand a gentle squeeze as she stood to leave.

"Any time, dear. Now, be a good girl and find me that handsome orderly - you know, the one with the nice arms," Mrs. Johnson called out with a mischievous grin.

Ashley laughed, shaking her head as she waved goodbye. As she walked away, she felt a sense of relief wash over her, the lingering doubts about last night fading with each step.

As Ashley prepared to leave for the day, she leaned against the row of lockers, her mind replaying the events of the past 24 hours. The fear and guilt that had initially plagued her were fading, replaced by a growing sense of excitement and possibility. She thought about the way both Chris and Clayton had looked at her, the power she'd felt in that moment. It was an exhilarating feeling, one she found herself wanting to experience again.

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.

With a deep breath, Ashley pushed herself off the wall and smoothed her scrubs. She and Chris were in a good place now, better than ever. As she headed down the hallway, there was a new spring in her step, a quiet confidence that hadn't been there before.

\*\*\*\*

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 across the street, Henry and his wife, 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 tone, 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 I came pleasuring both of you?" Ashley closed her eyes, pushing back into Chris's steel erection.

In response, Chris spun her around and crashed his lips against hers in a searing kiss. His hands roamed her body, pulling her close as if trying to erase any thoughts of Clayton from her mind.

“Mmm, Clayton... and you too, Mr. Janitor. So many hands...”

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 on the couch, his body pressing against hers. She could feel his hard cock pressing against her thigh, and she 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. No longer able to 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's hair as he kissed her stomach. She knew that she was pushing his boundaries, but she couldn't help herself. She loved the way he responded to her, the way he lost control when he thought about her with other men.

"Mmm, I love it when you get so possessive," Ashley whispered, her voice filled with desire. "Do you want to 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, seductively. "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.

Chris 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 felt herself edging closer, her body trembling with pleasure as she imagined being manhandled by the two men.

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 let out a loud moan, his hips bucking against her as he felt her suck on his fingers. He could feel himself his orgasm building, 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."

With one final thrust Chris pushed deep inside her, making her cry out in pleasure. He could feel her body clenching around him as she came, her body shaking from the force of her orgasm.

Ashley's mouth shot open, releasing Chris's fingers. "Oh fuuuck yes," she cried out. A mind-blowing orgasm exploded and sent waves of pleasure coursing through her body. Every muscle in her body tightening up as her body fell forward onto the sofa.

Chris followed soon after, his body trembling as he released inside her. He collapsed on top of her, his breath coming out in ragged gasps as he tried to catch his breath.

As their breathing steadied, Chris and Ashley lay intertwined on the couch, the heat of their encounter slowly dissipating. Chris slid his fingers over Ashley's back, his mind still reeling from their passionate roleplay.

"I don't think I've ever seen you so turned on before," Chris murmured, a mix of awe and unease in his voice.

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.

## Newlywed's New Desires Ch. 07

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 breathtaken 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 quickly filled 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 perceive 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 we 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 held 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. The muffled sounds of Chris's voice drifted up from the backyard, providing a surreal backdrop to the moment.

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 said, his voice smooth and controlled despite the mental exercise he was doing in his head. "We have some time."

Clayton's eyes roamed over Ashley's form, a predatory smile playing at his lips. "Why don't you lay back and give me a little show?" he suggested, his voice low and smooth. "Get yourself nice and warmed up for when Chris gets up here."

Ashley's mind raced, a whirlwind of emotions coursing through her. "Wait, Clayton," she began, her voice trembling slightly. "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 warred within 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 mobile 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.

\*\*\*\*

As Chris climbed the stairs, he heard a soft moan come from the bedroom. At first, he thought his mind was just playing tricks on him. But then he heard another, followed by a louder "uhhhhh". It suddenly felt like the world began to spin faster. He clung to the guardrail for support as his vision blurred.

"Fuuuck, that feels good. Just like that. Fuck yes, don't stop." Ashley 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... oohh fuuu. Jesus." Ashley collapsed onto her back as the orgasm washed over her. Her eyes fluttering 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.

Chris suddenly felt embarrassed, self-conscious even, like he was somehow intruding on their intimate moment. "This is wrong", Chris thought, his heart racing. "I should stop this." But as he

looked to Ashley her face was flush with pleasure, another voice whispered, "But 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 clinched 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."

"Mmmffff," 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 began to apologize to Chris, but Clayton abruptly pulled her head towards him, inserting his cock into her mouth. Although Ashley initially placed a hand on his thigh in objection, she eventually resumed sucking Clayton's cock willingly.

"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, as she realized 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 trying to catch her breath as she came down from the powerful set of 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 ravished 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 now, in the quiet of the morning, a sudden clarity descended upon him. 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 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.

As Chris began to put a plan in place, he realized he was about to miss 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 sucked in air, his head reeling. He knew he had them on the ropes, but he never expected this. "I thought you didn't like involving Ashley in our deals."

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.

## Newlywed's New Desires Ch. 08

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 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. He 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 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 outmaneuver 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 of 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 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 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. "Nnnggghhh, 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, YEESSSSS," 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 knew that all he did was make their relationship stronger.

## Newlywed's New Desires Ch. 09

Chris's pulse skyrocketed as he sat in the chair in the corner of the bedroom. His eyes were glued to Ashley, who laid sprawled on the bed, her hair fanned out behind her, her body glistening with sweat, her chest heaving with each ragged breath. He had never seen her this worked up. She was so loud, so vocal as her body was rocked with what must have been her fifth orgasm. She wasn't even looking at Chris anymore, her full attention was on Clayton and the massive cock that brought her to dizzying new heights.

"You're going to let me fuck you again, right?" Clayton's voice reverberated through the room, seeming to come from everywhere at once. "Whenever I want?" His blond hair was matted to his forehead as sweat dripped down his face.

Chris's heart thundered against his ribs, each beat a war drum of conflicting emotions - desire and dread intertwining like serpents in his chest as he waited for Ashley's response. Sweat beaded on his forehead, the room suddenly too warm, too close. He knew what was coming, yet it felt fresh, like it was the first time he was hearing it.

Ashley's eyes glazed with pleasure, as she looked to Clayton like he was the only person in the world. The look was different than before, it was a look Chris has only seen her give him. It was a look of love. "Yes," she whispered, her voice trembling as her hips lifted off the sweat stained sheet to meet his thrust. "Whenever you want. Don't ever stop fucking me."

The words hit Chris like a train, even as he felt a surge of unwanted excitement. He wanted to run over to them, to tell this this was too much. But when he looked down at his naked body he realized he was tied to the chair. He didn't remember getting tied up. He certainly couldn't remember ever wanting to be, so when did it happen, and why? Tied up and helpless all he could do was watch, his cock aching for release, as Clayton claimed his wife again and again. Her cries of pleasure as she climaxed playing on a loop in his head.

The scene shifted, blurring and reforming. Colors bled into each other before solidifying into a new nightmare. The room seemed to breathe around him, walls pulsing with each hammering beat of his heart. Chris felt off balance. He blinked and Ashley was on top, riding Clayton like her life depended on it. Her head was thrown back in ecstasy as she rolled her hips urging Clayton deeper into her. Deeper than Chris could ever possibly go. He could see every detail - the way her breasts bounced with each movement, the look of pure bliss on her face, the way Clayton's hands gripped her hips with possessive force threatening to leave a bruise. Clayton's cock glistened with Ashley's juices and his own cum as he hammered into the once-innocent wife. Chris felt his chest tighten as he did a double take. Clayton wasn't wearing a condom.

"Oh God, Chris," Ashley moaned, her eyes opening momentarily and finding his. "He's so fucking big. I've never felt so full. You'll never be able to make me feel like this." As if to punctuate the remark Ashley bent down forcing her tongue into her lover's mouth as her cries of ecstasy rang in Chris's ears.

Chris felt a confusing mix of humiliation and arousal wash over him. He wanted to be angry, to feel betrayed, but instead, he found himself achingly hard, unable to look away from the erotic tableau before him. He could see Clayton laughing at him now. A full belly laugh even while Ashley rode him like a wild stallion.

"This is what you wanted, isn't it?" Clayton's voice cut through the haze, a smug grin on his face. "To see your wife completely satisfied? To know that she'll never be the same after this? That you'll never be enough for her now."

Chris tried to speak, to protest, but no sound came out. He was paralyzed, forced to watch as Ashley came undone, crying out Clayton's name as wave after wave of pleasure washed over her.

Chris awoke abruptly in a tangle of sheets and a racing heartbeat, bolting upright in bed. He blinked in confusion before the comforting normality of his bedroom swam into view. His eyes flicked around the room as if to double-check he was indeed alone. Beside him, Ashley stirred, her eyes flickered open.

"Chris?" she murmured, her voice innocent and sleepy. "Are you okay?" She placed a reassuring hand on his back, running her nails softly along his skin. Her touch had a calming effect on him as he let out a soft sigh.

He swallowed hard, trying to shake off the lingering effects of the dream. "Yeah," he managed, his voice hoarse. "Just a... an intense dream." He let out another slow, controlled breath before laying back down, placing his head on Ashley's exposed chest. She let her hand slide up his back and through his hair, her manicured nails grazed his scalp. With each pass of her hand his anxiety slowly melted away.

"Must have been some dream," Ashley said with a giggle as she felt Chris's hard cock against her hip. "Do you want to talk about it?"

Chris stayed silent for several minutes, enjoying the feeling of his wife's fingers in his hair and the slow steady sound of her heartbeat in his ear. He had so much he wanted to talk about after last night. After Clayton left Chris was inside his wife almost instantly. Their love making was a mix of intense jealousy and passionate embracing. But when it was over they both drifted off to sleep without so much as a word between them. They never got the chance to discuss everything that happened.

"Last night..." he started but stopped unsure of where to actually begin. He tried to push the dream to the back of his mind but it was hard to separate the real from the dream. "Was it... I mean, did you..." he trailed off again, unable to focus on just one question in his mind. His eyes drifted past Ashley's rising chest to the clock on the table. 6:52AM still plenty of time to talk through everything before he went to work. The smug look and villainous laugh of Clayton from his dream filled his ears. Maybe he could call in sick.

"Did I what, Chris?" Ashley's voice was soft, loving. She was just as confused and in need of a talk as Chris was. Why was he making this more difficult than necessary? They had already been through so much together what was he afraid of? The dream ran through his head again spiking his anxiety.

Chris took a deep breath kissing Ashley's soft skin tenderly. "Was Clayton... better?" The words came out in a rush, tinged with vulnerability.

"Oh, baby," Ashley whispered as she wrapped her arms around him and pulled him further up on her body so she could kiss his lips. The kiss was gentle and lingering. Her soft lips parting slightly as she took his lower lip into her mouth. Opening her eyes she placed his hand on Chris' cheek. "Look at me," she whispered her forehead pressed against his. "The sex was good," she

paused for a moment thinking, her eyes never leaving his. "Honestly, it was probably way better than I expected."

Chris let out a groan and tried to turn his head but Ashley didn't let him. Her fingers dug into the stubble on his cheek. "But... he isn't you, baby." He gave her a soft smile not enough to convince either of them he believed her. To emphasize her point, she reached her free hand between them and curled her fingers around his hard shaft. "I'm serious. It was good, but it didn't come close to this," she tugged on his cock slowly her lips lingering on his. "What we have, it's so much better, baby. So much deeper." She felt Chris's tongue press against her closed lips and she smiled accepting it into her mouth. It wasn't a sloppy, wet kiss. It was slow and tentative. His tongue pressing against hers as if it was the first time.

The kiss lasted for several long seconds the intensity of it never changing. When Chris finally pulled his lips away she continued. "Last night, with him, it was just sex. It was great sex..." she said with a laugh, "but it was just sex. It was shallow and empty. It doesn't hold a candle to what we have."

Chris watched her face, measuring her responses. He believed her, of course, she had no reason to lie, but his own insecurities continued to rear their head. "So, you're saying I'm better?" He asked with a grin.

Ashley rolled her eyes. "you men are so predictable. Not everything is so black and white. It wasn't about better it was... different."

Chris nodded trying to following along with what she was saying. He wasn't sure if she was just telling him what she thought he wanted to hear, but her face seemed genuine. "He was so rough with you, Ash. So... demanding. Do you like that stuff?"

Twisting her hips, Ashley flopped onto her back, pulling Chris on top of her with a grin. She felt Chris shudder in her hand as she continued to slowly stroke him. "With him I did. That version of me, the carefree version enjoyed feeling..."

"Like a slut?" Chris asked feeling like he was starting to understand.

"yeah, like a slut." Ashley responded guiding his manhood to her warm opening. "But with you, this version of me. I love this version." she murmured as Chris slid into her. "Careful baby, still sore," she said as he flexed her hips pushing deeper into her.

"Sorry."

She shook her head. "Never be sorry. Just... be gentle."

Chris shook his head, relishing the feeling of her warmth pulling his cock as he moved at a slower pace. "You said so many things last night. Things I never thought I'd hear you say."

Wrapping her legs around him, Ashley smiled. "You said you wanted to see me let loose. That you didn't want me to hold back. Did I go too far?"

Chris's cock twitched inside her as she spoke. His body reacting to her words even before his mind could settle on an answer. "So it was all just a show then? an act?"

"Not an act," Ashley responded her eyes drifting shut as she slowly rocked her hips into her husband. Her body was starting to heat back up. She was never a sexual person when she was younger. She enjoyed sex and had a few boyfriends who she would fool around with. But, she

couldn't remember a time when it felt like every day she was chasing a new release. This last few months had seemed to awaken things not just in Chris, but her as well. "Some of it may have been more exaggerated to help play up your... enjoyment. But it was real."

Chris continued to drive into her watching her face as he made love to her. Her eyes were still closed, her tongue sitting just past her teeth as she clamped down on him. Chris couldn't help but wonder if she was reliving that moment right now. If behind her closed eyes she was picturing Clayton. Her eyes fluttered back open and she smiled up at him. "You came... a lot. Harder than you've ever with me."

She saw the hurt in her husband's eyes and she brought her hand around his ahead pulling him into a passionate kiss. She moaned softly into his mouth as she felt her orgasm building then one coming on slower and stronger than ones before. "Harder because of you, because you were there," she corrected driving her hips into him.

This seemed to please Chris as he smiled down at her. He felt closer to her now than ever before. He wanted to finish and then lay back down on her chest and bask in her love. But something else was still eating at him. He didn't want to ruin the moment though. Instead he focused the feeling of her body under his. The soft gasps she made with each stroke. The warmth of her breath on his neck as her hands ran through her hair. "Are you close?" He whispered feeling his own orgasm building.

"Yes." She ran her hands from his hair to his ass pulling him into her. Encouraging him to push deeper. With each thrust she pulled him closer, deeper into her depths. Her soft moans filled his ears fueling the images from his dream to return.

"Fuck Ash, I'm going to..." he gave one final grunt as she felt his cheeks flex and he exploded inside of her. She gave a high pitched squeal as her walls contracted around him. Her own orgasm timed perfectly as she felt it wash over her.

As Chris collapsed on top of her she purred in his ear her hands running over his back feeling the droplets of sweat that had formed on his body. "It will never feel like that with Clayton," she whispered snuggling into his neck.

Neither of them spoke for several minutes. The intensity of their love making evaporating all the tension that was in the room. "You um... you said other things too," Chris said breaking the silence. "Like how Clayton could fuck you again. Whenever he wanted."

Ashley's body tensed she had forgotten all about that. "That was one of the exaggerated parts. I did that for you."

"Do you... do you want to do it again?"

"Only if you want me to." She replied, her voice laced with suggestiveness.

"I... I love seeing this side of you. It's all just so... intense."

"And I love sharing this side of me with you. Knowing that I'm not going to get judged or hurt," Ashley said feeling her pulse quicken at the thought of another night with Clayton.

"So, no regrets then?" Chris asked planting a kiss on her neck.

"Not unless you have some."

"None, but there is one thing that's been bothering me," Chris propped himself up on his knees to look into Ashley's eyes. She cocked her eyebrow unsure what he was going to say next. "Clayton said something about you watching him in the office. What was that about?"

Ashley sucked in air, she had forgotten about that, too wrapped up in everything that was happening. she chewed on her bottom lip cursing herself for not telling Chris sooner.

"I... I should have told you," Ashley's eyes suddenly filled with tears taking Chris by surprise.

"Told me what?"

"The day I went to the office while you were in Seattle for the Larkin deal. You told me to take some files to Clayton."

Chris nodded. "I remember," he said never breaking eye contact with Ashley, his soft cock sliding free from inside her.

"When I got there Clayton came on to me," Ashley saw the rage in Chris's eyes. "It wasn't anything serious, I shut him down immediately. But then.."

Chris was holding his breath. He still wasn't sure where this was going. "Then?"

"I was about to leave and there was a knock on the door. Clayton told me to hide in the closet. That people would get the wrong idea about me being there. I didn't want to cause any issues for you at your new job so I did."

Ashley continued her story sparing no details about the scene she had seen while she was in the closet. Chris listened intently his mouth hanging slightly open by the revelation.

"Holy shit. Clayton and Katie? I had no idea." The more Chris thought about it however, the more it began to make sense. Before he went on that trip Katie seemed like a meek self-conscious woman who wasn't built for the sales world. But now... his dick twitched at the thought of her.

"I'm sorry I didn't tell you sooner," Ashley said squeezing his hand.

"It's okay. I understand why you did it. But no more secrets, okay?"

Ashley nodded relieved to have gotten that off her chest. Chris laid back down on her chest closing his eyes. His own lies playing in his head, while he rationalized that they were somehow different. As Ashley's breathing evened out, signaling she had drifted back to sleep, Chris found himself wide awake, his mind racing. He thought about the upcoming day, about facing Clayton at work, about the Larkin deal, and about the future of his relationship with Ashley. With a soft sigh, he pulled Ashley closer, taking comfort in her warmth as he tried to will himself back to sleep.

\*\*\*\*

When Chris woke up an hour later he was relieved that there weren't any more dreams causing him distress. He looked beside him to Ashley still curled up peacefully a slight smile on her face. He watched her for a moment, he couldn't believe what happened last night actually happened. He thought he would chicken out, or the Ashley would call him a sick pervert. Instead, they'd actually gone through with it - he'd watched as Ashley fucked another man. The craziest part of all, was that he wanted to watch it again. He smiled, a big goofy smile, as he watched Ashley

sleeping. What the hell was wrong with him? With a final deep breath he climbed out of bed heading toward the shower to start his day.

After his shower, Chris was surprised to see Ashley still asleep. Usually, Ashley was up before him on workdays. Of course, she didn't usually have marathon sex sessions on those days either, so perhaps her sleeping in was completely justified. Laughing to himself he made his way to the dresser only to stumble on the pile of dirty clothes next to the bed. They needed to do laundry. Especially those sheets and pillowcases.

Dressed and out the door, he still had enough time to swing by Mable's Diner and get his usual. He opted to eat breakfast in the car today hoping to get to the office a little earlier than normal. As much as he enjoyed last night, he wasn't in a hurry to see Clayton. He took a sip of his coffee, the warmth filling his chest as he thought about everything Ashley had said. Clayton and Katie. The revelation stunned him. Not only was it unprofessional on so many levels, it also meant Clayton wasn't just sleeping with Ashley. He replayed what Ashley told him about what she saw, he couldn't help but picture Katie in the same position as Ashley, making the same noises. He felt his dress pants start to strain and immediately tried thinking about anything else.

Chris pulled into the BitGuardian parking lot, his mind still swirling with the morning's conversation. He killed the engine, sitting for a moment in the silence. A deep breath. Then another. Time to face the day.

The office was quieter than usual as Chris opened the doors. Only a handful of people were there, mostly the guys in IT. He was happy that he decided to come in a little earlier, he needed a minute to adjust. He nodded to a few of the guys on the other side of the room, forcing a smile. His heart rate slowly started to decrease. It was just another normal day, as he approached his desk, a muffled voice caught his attention. Clayton's office door wasn't shut all the way, a sliver of light spilling into the main room. Chris slowed his pace, ears straining.

"Make the sale now, the news will break later," Clayton's urgent whisper carried through the gap. A pause. Then: "Move the money to his account."

Chris froze, his hand hovering over his chair. What the hell did he just hear? He leaned closer, trying to catch more.

"Chris?"

He jumped, every hair on his body standing up as he whirled around to find Katie standing behind him, a stack of papers in her arms. She tilted her head in confusion as she waited for his response.

"Jesus, Katie. You scared me." He tried to maintain eye contact, but the low cut blouse Katie wore begged him to catch a quick peek.

She cocked an eyebrow. "Jumpy this morning, aren't we? Something going on?"

Images from last night flashed through Chris's mind only this time it wasn't Ashley. It was Katie. Katie on her knees. Clayton's hands in her hair. He swallowed hard. "Just didn't realize anyone else on our team was here."

Katie's lips quirked into a knowing smile. "Well, when you're done eavesdropping, I need a favor." Katie's big brown eyes locked with his. Her lower lip puffed out giving her best "puppy dog" impression.

Chris smiled at her awful attempt at humor. "What do you need?" He gave one more quick glance at Clayton's office door, his curiosity still piqued. Then dismissed it focusing instead of Katie's task.

A toothy smile formed on Katie's face. "You're such a sucker," she teased. "When you get a minute, can you look over these sales numbers for the Heilman account? They wanted a pretty big discount and even after my best negotiating tactics I couldn't get them down much."

"Sounds like someone needs more training," Chris joked, then winced at his own words.

Katie's eyes gleamed. "Oh yeah?" She took a step closer to Chris, an alluring look in her eyes. "Offering some one-on-one time, boss?" The way Katie emphasized the word boss caused Chris to shift his stance hoping to hide his arousal.

He could feel the heat warming his neck, praying his face wasn't as red as he imagined it to be. "I um.. I'll take a look and let you know."

Katie chuckled softly before looking Chris over one last time and turning on her heel. As Katie walked away, Chris couldn't help but notice the sway of her hips, the confidence in her stride. Was that really all because of Clayton?

He shook his head, forcing himself to focus on the documents. But the words swam before his eyes, meaningless. All he could think about was Ashley's voice, describing what she'd seen in that closet.

"You look more distracted than usual. Still thinking about last night?" Chris didn't have to turn around to know who the voice belonged to. His eyes darted around the office to make sure no one else was within earshot.

When Chris did turn around he Clayton leaning casually against the frame of his door. His foot was low on the wall, his arms crossed over his chest, and that infuriating smirk plastered on his face.

"You can't say shit like that here," Chris complained gritting his teeth.

"Relax, no one's here yet," Clayton said with a chuckle rolling his eyes. "What do you got there?"

Chris chewed on the inside of his cheek, trying to let his agitation pass. "Just... reviewing these documents for Katie."

Clayton's smirk widened. "Ah, yes. Katie's been quite the asset lately, hasn't she? Really coming into her own."

Chris nodded, unsure how to respond. The tension between them was thick. Chris wondered how Clayton would react if he called him out about Katie, but he thought better of it. He wanted to keep that one in his back pocket, just in case.

"Listen," Clayton continued, his tone shifting to business. More people were starting to file in now. It was time to shift into work mode. "We need to finalize the preparations for the Larkin trip. Got a minute?" Clayton motioned to his office, kicking off the wall and waiting for Chris to follow.

Chris followed Clayton into his office, hyperaware of every movement, every glance. As they went over the details - flight schedules, meeting agendas, key talking points, - Chris found it

increasingly difficult to concentrate. His mind kept drifting between last night's events, this morning's revelations, and that muffled conversation he'd overheard. Focus seemed impossible.

"Chris? You paying attention?" Clayton's voice cut through his thoughts. "We need to be on the same page for this trip. You've got equity now, it's time you acted like it."

Chris opened his mouth to object. He wasn't sure where this was coming from, but for Clayton to act like he didn't always have his shit together was a slap in the face. Before he could formulate a response however, Clayton had already moved on.

"Tom wants to meet up for drinks when we land before the meeting the next day. I'm heading out for the rest of the day. Need to prepare for the trip. I trust you can handle things here?"

Chris nodded stiffly. "... of course." Chris's head was spinning. He felt blindsided not just by Clayton's baseless allegations, but now he was just leaving in the middle of the day. He never did that.

As Clayton reached the door, he paused, Chris thought he was going to say something, probably another snarky comment. However, he seemed to have lost the thought and instead shut the office door behind him.

The click of the door behind him seemed to bring Chris out of his trance. He glanced around the empty office for a minute, his eyes resting on the open closet door. That's where Ashley... he broke free from the thought a smile forming on his lips. Ashley, that's why Clayton's leaving early. The poor bastard was exhausted after last night. A wave of emotions washed over him in that moment. the usual jealousy and arousal were there of course, but also a sense of pride. Clayton had to leave work early after one night with Ashley, while Chris spent every night with her and didn't use it as an excuse to leave early.

\*\*\*\*

Ashley groaned as her eyes fluttered open. Her body still sore from the last 24 hours. As she looked at the clock on the nightstand she inhaled sharply, jolting to her feet. "Shit" she hissed. It was already after nine. How had she slept so late?

Dragging herself out of bed, she took a moment to look over her naked body. There were bruises on her hips and chest. Teeth marks around her nipples. She bit her bottom lip as her fingers traced the marks. She had never had such rough sex before. She had no idea she would... like it as much as she did. She wondered if Chris had noticed the marks this morning or if he was too focused on last night. Images flashed through her head, sending a jolt of excitement to her core. Ashley tried to cast them aside as she made her way to the closet, desperate to find a clean pair of scrubs so she could still make it to work on time. The way Clayton made her feel, the things she had said. She felt her heart start to race as she considered calling in sick. But then Chris's vulnerable expression from this morning flashed before her eyes, was he really okay with all of this?

"Get it together," she muttered to herself, shaking her head. If Chris was feeling insecure, he would have said something. He said there were no regrets. So why did she feel like she did something wrong? Their relationship had to come first, no matter how tempting other... distractions might be.

Ashley opened the closet, her eyes scanning the contents. "No, no, no," she muttered, opening and slamming drawers as she dug through piles of clothes. Everything was dirty. They'd been so caught up in everything else lately that stuff like laundry seemed to slip their minds.

With a frustrated sigh, she reached for the back of her underwear drawer. Her hand brushed against something silky. Ashley paused, her breath catching as she pulled out a set of blue lingerie. It was more risqué than her usual fare - all delicate lace and strategic cutouts. Was this really all that she had clean?

She'd bought it months ago, intending to surprise Chris. In a lot of ways it was similar to the one she wore when... Ashley bit her lip. The night Clayton came upstairs unexpectedly. The night everything changed.

She closed her eyes, remembering how she'd felt that evening. Excited. Nervous. Full of anticipation. How she planned on putting on a show for Chris when he came upstairs. And then Clayton had appeared, and suddenly those feelings were directed at someone else entirely.

She shook her head, forcing those thoughts away. This was all she had clean. It didn't mean anything. It was just underwear.

As soon as she put it on, she felt a shiver run through her. The blue lace barely hiding the teeth marks on her body. The blue demi-cup barely contained her full breasts, and the matching panties were equally as skimpy, gauzy in the front and tapered to a narrow thong in the back.

She checked herself out in the mirror. Very sexy. Also very unprofessional. She wondered what Chris would think if he knew what she was wearing. She considered sending him a quick picture, but she was already running late and after their conversation this morning she probably shouldn't tease him. She reminded herself to ask him about his dream, and what had him so shaken up when he woke up.

Scrubs on, hair pulled back, Ashley gave herself a final once-over in the mirror. Everything looked normal on the outside. No one would know what lay beneath. With a deep breath, she grabbed her keys and headed out the door.

The drive to work was as if she were on auto-pilot. She barely registered any of the passing cars, or turns. She replayed her conversation with Chris, wrestling with a blur of conflicting emotions. Every stoplight became an opportunity for her mind to wander. First to Clayton's heated gaze, and lingering touches, then to Chris's softer touch this morning. She gripped the steering wheel tighter, willing herself to focus on the road.

"Chris said there were no regrets," she said aloud more than once, needing to hear the words. "He enjoys seeing me like that. He enjoys watching. I'm freaking myself out for no reason." She rubbed her thighs together, the softness of her choice of underwear not helping her curb her unwanted desires. Was he really ok with what happened?

Ashley pushed those thoughts aside as she pulled into the hospital parking lot. The usual lot in front was full, forcing her up to the third floor of the larger parking structure. As she navigated the dimly lit, nearly empty parking level, the echoes of her car engine and screeching tires failed to drown out the haunting memory of her own words from the night before.

A familiar voice froze her in place as she stepped from her car.

"Well well, fancy meeting you here."

Ashley whirled around to see Clayton walking toward her, a slow smile spreading across his face as the sound of his footsteps danced off the walls.

"Clayton?" Ashley gasped. "What are you—" She glanced around the empty parking garage, heart racing.

He closed the distance between them his eyes looking over her with a hunger as he sauntered towards her with casual confidence. "Had a meeting with an old friend. Pure coincidence running into you, though I can't say I'm disappointed."

Ashley took an involuntary step back, her spine pressing against the cool metal of her car. "What are... I mean, I have to get to work." She tried to calm herself down, realizing how panicked her words sounded. She hated giving him the satisfaction that he had the upper hand.

Clayton's smile widened as he placed his hand on the top of her car leaning his body into hers. "Come on, Ashley. I haven't been able to take my mind off you all morning. Besides, when was the last time you did something truly spontaneous?"

Before she could think of a response, his hands, possessive as always, were on her hips. She winced slightly as his fingers pressed into a bruise. His lips were suddenly on her neck, sending sparks of electricity through her body.

"Clayton, we can't," Ashley gasped, her hands automatically pressing against his solid chest. Despite her protest her body arched into his touch. "Not here."

But her objections fell on deaf ears as Clayton's hand slipped beneath her scrub top leaving a path of molten lava as it snaked up her ribs. His fingers brushed against the lace of her bra, and he pulled back with a wolfish grin.

"What do we have here?" He teased licking his lips. His eyes gleamed with approval. "Don't tell me you wore this just for me."

Ashley's face burned with embarrassment, unable to ignore the warmth spreading between her legs. She should have told him to go to hell, but she suddenly felt like she needed to defend herself. "Of course not. It was just... all I had clean."

Clayton chuckled, his hand continuing its exploration as he slid down the cup of the bra pinching her nipple between his fingers. "Keep telling yourself that. I think you secretly wanted me to be here."

A soft moan escaped Ashley's lips as her nipple stiffened against his touch. Was he right? Did some part of her subconscious hope something like this would happen? She didn't think so, but as her body responded to his touch she found it harder to concentrate on anything else.

"I... I need to get to work," Ashley protested weakly, pushing against Clayton's chest. She let out another moan, her resolve crumbling as he manipulated her sensitive nipples. For a split second, she imagined giving in right there in the parking garage.

"Did you wear the matching set?" Clayton asked planting kisses along her jawline as his free hand crept past the waistband of her scrubs. His fingers brushed the front of her lace panties, her desire already soaking through them.

"Fuuuuck..." Ashley moaned turning her head at the last minute as Clayton's kisses worked their way toward her mouth. Her knees buckled slightly as she felt him dip the fabric into her pussy. Her hands clinching at his shirt as her hips pushed forward wanting to feel his finger deeper.

Clayton's voice cut through the haze of her desire. "Have you ever fucked Chris at the office?" He asked as he pulled her panties to the side.

The mention of Chris's name snapped Ashley out of her sex-induced fog. It was like a bucket of cold water. Her eyes snapped open, the reality of where she was crashing over her.

"No," she said firmly, pushing Clayton away making him stagger backward. "I can't... we can't do this. I... I need to get to work." Without waiting for a response, Ashley grabbed her bag and bolted for the elevator. Her heart pounded in her chest as the doors slid closed, separating her from temptation. She didn't even bother looking back. She could feel his eyes on her. The stupid smile plastered on his face knowing that he almost had her.

As she rode down to her floor, Ashley tried to calm her racing heart. What had she been thinking? How had she almost...? She shook her head, forcing those thoughts away. She pulled out her phone and thought about calling Chris, but before she could the elevator door opened. She took a deep breath and put her phone back in her purse. She needed to focus. She couldn't let this affect her work. She would talk to Chris later once she had a chance to calm down.

Before stepping onto the ward, Ashley ducked into a nearby restroom. She leaned against the sink, taking deep breaths to calm her nerves. When she finally looked up, her reflection stared back accusingly.

"What the hell were you thinking?" she whispered to herself, gripping the cold porcelain.

She had almost cheated. It wasn't part of her game with Chris, or something to drive him crazy. This was different - selfish, dangerous. She'd nearly crossed a line she could never uncross.

Ashley's stomach churned as she imagined Chris's reaction. Sure, she'd had similar run-ins with the janitor before, but this... this felt worlds apart. Less spontaneous, more calculated. More intimate.

"Intimate," she scoffed, disgusted with herself as soon as the word left her mouth.

But it was true, wasn't it? This thing with Clayton felt intentional, like she'd been nurturing it, feeding it bit by bit. And that scared her more than anything.

She peered at herself harder, ensuring nothing was out of place when she made it to the nurse's station. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes bright with residual excitement. Her hands shook as she readjusted her scrubs, making sure every trace of the blue lace was hidden from view. Her skin still burned from Clayton's touch as smoothed out her clothes.

"Get it together," she muttered to her reflection. "You're better than this." But even as she spoke the words, doubt crept in. Was she really? Or was she just fooling herself?

With a final deep breath, Ashley squared her shoulders and headed out for her shift. Whatever internal battle she was fighting would have to wait. Right now, she had patients who needed her full attention.

The familiar bustle of the nurse's station helped ground Ashley as she threw herself into her tasks. But beneath her professional exterior, turmoil raged. Every quiet moment brought with it a

flood of memories and what-ifs. The heat of Clayton's body pressed against hers in the parking garage. The tender way Chris had held her this morning, vulnerable and trusting.

"Girl, are you okay? I've been talking to you for like five minutes!" A hand waved in front of her face, snapping her out of her daze. Nurse Jen, her closest work friend, stood before her with a concerned expression. "You okay? You seem very distracted today."

Ashley forced a smile. "Yeah sorry, lots on my mind."

Jen raised an eyebrow. "Anything you want to talk about?"

For a moment, Ashley considered confiding in her friend. But where would she even begin? How could she explain the complexities of her situation without judgment? She scrolled through her list of admits, hopefully Mrs. Johnson was here. She already knew the situation and wouldn't judge her. Ashley chewed on her bottom lip, Mrs. Johnson wasn't here, which meant she had no one to confide in.

Jen was still staring at Ashley waiting for an answer. She didn't want to get into it. Instead, she deflected. "Just thinking about this upcoming trip to Seattle. It's a big deal for Chris's work."

"Ooh, exciting!" Jen's eyes lit up. "I've always wanted to visit Seattle. You'll have to tell me all about it when you get back. I wish Dave's job was as exciting as Chris's. All he does is work from home all day."

As they chatted about travel plans and tourist attractions, Ashley felt some of the tension leave her body. She and Jen didn't work many shifts together. Jen typically worked overnight. But when they did share a shift the two were always close. This was what she needed right now, a sliver of normalcy in her otherwise chaotic life.

The rest of the afternoon passed in a blur of patient check-ins and routine procedures. Ashley secretly hoped Mrs. Johnson would be a late admission. She immediately hated herself for having such a thought, realizing what that would mean. She did her best to focus on work, thankful for some type of distraction. Still, every so often, her mind would drift back to the parking garage. To Clayton's hands, his lips, his intoxicating presence. Each time, she'd force those thoughts away, burying them beneath layers of professionalism and duty only to have them crop up again when the lace of her bra would brush against her skin just right.

As Ashley headed down the hallway for her next patient visit, a familiar figure caught her eye. The janitor, usually so friendly and flirtatious, barely glanced her way as he mopped the floor. His jaw was set, his movements brusque and angry.

"Hey stranger," Ashley called out, happy to see another familiar face even if it was one that brought up unwanted feeling.

The janitor looked up, his expression unreadable. For a moment, something flashed in his eyes - hurt? Betrayal? Ashley cast him a confused look wondering what she did to cause such a stare.

"Hey," he grunted, returning to his work without another word and disappearing around the corner without so much as brushing against her.

Ashley stood there, puzzled by his behavior. She'd grown accustomed to their playful banter, the not so subtle flirtations that added a spark of excitement to her day, not that she needed anymore right now. Regardless, she couldn't help but feel somewhat disappointed by their exchange. Was he angry at her for what happened the last time they were together? Or maybe

he was angry that they hadn't seen each other since? "Maybe he's just having a bad day," she thought to herself as she pushed him from her mind and entered another patient room.

The rest of Ashley's shift passed in the same way as it started. She had done her best to calm her nerves about what happened with Clayton. But she was glad the day was ending. She wanted to get home, to be close to Chris. To hear about his day and tell him about hers.

As she gathered her things, Ashley's mind wandered to the upcoming trip to Seattle. Just a few days ago, she'd been excited about the prospect of a getaway with Chris. Now, the thought filled her with a mix of anticipation and dread. Hopefully work would keep both Chris and Clayton occupied and she wouldn't have anything to worry about, but something told her that wasn't going to happen. She also wasn't sure what to make of Tom. He seemed sweet and easy-going, but Chris seemed to think he was bad news. "No sense in dwelling on things I can't control," she told herself as she exited the elevator relieved to see the parking garage empty.

\*\*\*\*

Across town, Chris leaned back in his chair, rubbing his eyes. He stared blankly at his computer screen. He hadn't gotten nearly enough done. The day had been a whirlwind of meetings and phone calls, but his mind kept drifting back to this morning's conversation with Ashley.

He'd spent his lunch break discreetly poking around, trying to make sense of the snippets of conversation he'd overheard from Clayton. But so far, he'd come up empty-handed. He decided not to spend any more time on it. He already had more than enough on his plate and from the looks of things that conversation was nothing.

A soft knock on the desk, drew his attention. Katie stood a few feet away from him, her hip tilted to the side as she leaned against the wall. "Still here? It's usually just me working late."

Chris managed a tired smile. "Lost track of time, I guess. You heading out?"

Katie hesitated, glancing towards Clayton's office. "Is he coming back tonight?"

"Clayton?" Chris shifted in his chair. "No, he left early. I think he had a long night." A slight smile tugged at his lips. "Did you need something?" He asked as he reached across his desk. "I looked over the Heilman file, and I think we can make the discount work."

Katie's eyes lit up. "Really? That's great news." She stepped closer, perching on the edge of his desk. "I was worried we'd lose them." Her eyes seemed to stay locked on Clayton's office.

Chris leaned back, creating space between them as he felt his neck start to heat. "It'll be tight," he murmured, focusing on the papers before him rather than Katie's proximity. "But I think it's doable. We can go over the details tomorrow if you'd like."

"Sounds perfect," Katie smiled, then tilted her head. "So, how does it feel? Having a stake in the company, I mean?"

Chris blinked, caught off guard by the sudden change in topic. "Oh, uh, it's still sinking in, to be honest."

Katie leaned in slightly, her blouse hanging loosely off her chest. Chris could feel her breath on his neck and it caused the hairs on his arm to stand "I bet. Must come with some nice perks, huh?"

There was something in her tone that made Chris's collar feel suddenly tight. He looked up at her, determined not to stare at her exposed chest. Her eyes however, seemed to still be on Clayton's office. "I, uh, If there are I haven't seen them. Just more paperwork while he plays hooky."

Katie's smile widened, her eyes finally meeting Chris's. He couldn't help but wonder if she was hanging around, waiting for him for another closed-door session. Was that why she was eyeing his office? "Oh, come on," she teased. "It can't be all that bad."

Chris swallowed hard, his mind racing. All he could think about right now was Clayton and Katie together. "It, uh, it has its moments."

Katie laughed, placing her hand on Chris's arm. He had to bite his lip to keep from making a sound. "You're cute when you're flustered. Has anyone ever told you that?"

Before Chris could formulate a response, Katie stood up. "I should get going. Doesn't look like Clayton's coming back tonight."

Chris busied himself with straightening papers on his desk, trying to appear casual despite his racing pulse. "Right, yeah. Have a good night, Katie."

Katie's heels click-clacking toward the exit was the only sound either of them made until she swung open the door and disappeared into the fading sunlight. Chris let out a long sigh as the door slammed shut behind her. What was that all about?

As he drove, Chris's mind raced. Between the dream this morning, Clayton's suspicious behavior, and now Katie's suggestive comments, he felt like he was juggling flaming torches. One wrong move and everything could come crashing down.

He pulled into the driveway, hoping that Ashley wouldn't be too late getting home. He wanted her close. He needed to hold her, to tell her how much he loved her. He wasn't sure why, but he felt guilty after his run-in with Katie and he knew seeing Ashley's smiling face would make it all better.

\*\*\*\*

Ashley pulled into the driveway, killing the engine. Her racing thoughts had finally begun to settle. She replayed the conversation with Chris earlier in the day in her head. They just needed to be honest with each other. She hadn't done anything wrong in the parking garage, Clayton came on to her and she pushed him away. She might have let him go further than she should have done, but then again, it was no different from earlier tussles. She was overreacting. With a smile to herself, she gave one final check to her reflection in the rearview mirror, the engine softly ticking from under the hood.

When she opened the front door, the rich aroma of simmering garlic and fresh herbs enveloped her, mingling with the homey scent of bubbling tomato sauce. Chris's voice called out from the kitchen, "Perfect timing! Dinner's almost ready. How was your day?"

She smiled, he sounded happy. Her eyes locked on a small picture frame of their wedding on the end table by the sofa. She really did have a great life. "Busy," she replied rounding the corner and wrapping her arms around him, pressing her face to his back. "You didn't have to cook."

Chris shrugged, stirring the pasta sauce. "I wanted to. Thought you could use a nice meal after a long day." He spun around in her arms, kissing her cheek softly. "Why don't you go change? This'll be ready in a few minutes."

Ashley nodded, holding the hug a little longer before letting go, pressing her palms to his chest. "I really am lucky to have you. You know that?"

"I know," Chris said with a smile kissing her forehead. "Now, get changed. This is almost ready."

In their bedroom, she changed out of her scrubs and grabbed a pair of old sweats. She considered taking off the lingerie to avoid the conversation with Chris, but it felt too dishonest. In the mirror, her tanned skin glowed beneath the delicate blue lace. It really did make her feel sexy, naughty in a way that she wasn't used to. Smiling at herself in the mirror, she put the old sweats on over the lingerie and headed back downstairs.

Returning to the kitchen she saw steam was already rising off two plates Chris had laid out on the table. "I thought we could eat in the living room tonight," he said. "More comfortable."

They settled onto the couch, plates balanced on their laps. Chris twirled pasta around his fork, looking at Ashley expectantly. "So, tell me about your day."

Ashley took a deep breath, recounting her day with a mix of truth and careful omission. She was going to tell Chris about Clayton she just wanted to wait at least until after dinner. Instead, she focused on the demanding patients, and the usual workplace drama. "Jen was on shift today," she said with a smile slurping up the rest of her pasta. "She said she wants a full account of our trip to Seattle. I guess she's always wanted to go."

"Sounds like quite a day," Chris commented between bites. "Hopefully we have some time to do some sightseeing together while we are there. I still don't understand why Clayton needs me there, but I'm learning that once he makes up his mind about something there's no changing it."

Ashley smiled, Chris had no idea how right he was. "Well I plan to make the most of it. New adventures and whatnot," she replied meeting Chris's eyes. A silent acknowledgement briefly passing between them. "How about you? How was your day?"

Chris launched into a recap of his workday, detailing meetings and project updates. Ashley listened attentively, thrilled that the day was ending on such a normal note. As Chris spoke, she found herself admiring his face – the earnest enthusiasm in his eyes, the slight furrow of concentration between his brows. A warm feeling of affection washed over her. She really couldn't believe he was so okay with... everything.

"Oh," Chris added, almost as an afterthought, "Clayton left early today. Said he had some personal business to take care of."

Ashley nearly choked on her pasta as she broke into a coughing fit. "Really?" she said between coughs. "Did he say why?"

Chris shrugged eyeing his wife curiously. "No, but," He paused, a mischievous smirk on his face. "After last night, I'm not surprised he needed some recovery time."

Ashley laughed, the sound genuine this time. "You might be right about that," she said, a hint of pride in her voice. She set her empty plate on the coffee table. "I'm pretty beat myself. Early night?" She let her hand slide over Chris's leg ensuring he knew she wasn't planning on sleeping.

Chris couldn't agree fast enough, as he carried their plates to the kitchen. Once they settled into bed, Ashley snuggled into the side of him kissing his neck softly. He let his hand slowly travel under her shirt, his breath catching when he felt the soft fabric of her bra.

"I thought you'd enjoy it," she said with a shrug.

Chris's eyes darkened as they swept over her, lingering on the curve of her hips. His mind buzzed with a thousand unspoken questions, his breath catching in his throat. "Did you... did you go to work like that?" he asked, his voice thick with disbelief and desire.

Ashley laughed and considered the question. His response was so much different than Clayton's. For a long moment, she just let Chris's mind wander. After a few seconds he seemed to think this was another one of their games.

"Fuck," Chris murmured, his breath warm against her neck, "I bet your favorite janitor loved seeing you like this."

Ashley tensed slightly, guilt surging through her, as an idea took shape. One that was dangerous and thrilling all at once. "No, he didn't get a chance to see it" she replied, her voice low and seductive. "But... I did run into Clayton."

She felt Chris perk up beside her, his lips suddenly pressed hard against her neck. "Oh? What happened?"

A pulse of guilt thrummed through Ashley's chest as she hesitated, her mind racing with possibilities. Should she confess to the moment in the parking garage? The memory still burned against her skin. But the truth felt heavy, impossible to utter in the electric moment they were in. Instead, she let her lips curve into a smile, the words she chose dipped in seduction, as she measured Chris's reaction.

"I was just getting to work," she began, her voice low and seductive. "He was there in the parking garage. Said he had a meeting nearby."

Chris's hand slid higher up, pushing the cup of her bra and grabbing her bare breast. "Go on," he encouraged.

Ashley closed her eyes, letting the fabricated story flow. She bit her lip both aroused by Chris's reaction as well as the memory of that day. "He pressed me against the car, pinning me against the hood and his strong body."

Chris tugged her sweatshirt upward, his fingers trembling with urgency. The soft fabric raced across her skin before landing forgotten in the shadows beyond their bed. The anxiety he felt earlier was still there, it would always be there. That was part of what made it so exciting.

Emboldened by his reaction, Ashley continued. "Before I knew what was happening his hand was under my top tweaking my nipples the way I like... ahh just like that," Ashley moaned as Chris mimicked the movement. Any guilt she felt earlier had long been forgotten. Her body blazed with a new desire as she wondered what was going through Chris's mind.

"Did he... did he kiss you?" Chris asked, his mouth inches from hers. Ashley moaned against his lips. She could feel the heat of his breath against her face, the moisture of his lips so close to hers. Chris's fingers squeezed her entire breast the roughness of his palm pressing against her nipple.

"He... he tried, but I turned my head at the last second."

Chris kissed her jaw line, "what else?" he whispered.

Ashley hesitated again, swallowing hard, her heart starting to race from both the arousal of the moment and the guilt of the story. She was back in the parking lot. Back to the exact moment she considered letting Clayton take her. Only this time, she didn't have to push him away. She imagined exactly what he would have done to her, what she wanted him to do to her.

Ashley rolled her body to the side, wanting better access to Chris. She felt his cock, hard and pulsing against her leg. "He... he told me that he wanted to see if my panties matched," it wasn't really a lie. She was doing her best to keep the story as close to reality as possible. But, she knew where the night was heading and that the truth wouldn't be enough to satisfy their hunger. "He slid his hand down the inside of my pants." As she spoke, Ashley spread her legs slightly. Chris didn't need any more of an invitation as he slipped his hand down the front of her sweatpants.

"Fuck Ash, you're soaked." Ashley blushed, she didn't know why she was so turned on. But she knew Chris was right. The minute they started playing this game she felt her juices start to leak. "Were you this wet for him?"

"Wetter," Ashley teased pushed her hips toward his fingers. She wanted to feel them push the fabric of her thin panties into her, the same way Clayton did. She wanted him to pull them to the side, just like Clayton did. Then to tell her that he loved her despite the fact that he thought she had fucked someone else.

"That's so fucking hot," Chris said pushing against the thin lace. It was enough to get her to wrap her arms around his neck and force her tongue into his mouth. They stayed like that for awhile with Chris teasing her entrance as they made out.

"What else happened?" Chris asked panting to catch his breath. "What did you do?"

"I was so naughty, baby. So... slutty" She started pulling at Chris's pants, stroking his cock as she fumbled with the button. "I started rubbing him, just like this. He was so hard, lover, and so fucking big." The truth about today's encounter could wait; right now, she was too lost in their shared passion to think about consequences.

She heard Chris suck in air with those last words and felt his cock twitch. She knew he loved this part, although she still wasn't completely sure why. He pulled her panties to the side, nearly ripping them as he continued to tease her lips.

"Oh fuck. What... what happened next?" Chris was in heaven listening to Ashley's story. It was so vivid, and for a moment he had to remind himself that it was just a story. He knew his wife would never do something so reckless at work. But that didn't stop him from imagining it was true.

"I'm sorry baby, I couldn't help myself." Ashley had his pants down to his ankles now and she slowly stroked his cock as she spoke.

"What happened!" Chris's voice rose slightly his fingers finally pushing deep into it.

"Oh, Fuck, yes," she moaned feeling his digits push deeper inside her. Her eyes were closed, reliving the moment with Clayton. "He... he turned me around and... he pushed me across the hood of the car."

Chris's fingers picked up steam and Ashley bucked her hips trying to push him even deeper inside her. "Then he yanked down my scrubs to my ankles." As she spoke Ashley tightened her hold on his shaft, running her hand up and down its length.

"Did he.... oh fuck, that feels so good."

"I was so worked up by that point. All I could do was think about how great he fucked me last night." Ashley let out a yelp as Chris pushed her sweats and panties to her ankles and spun her around on the bed. His movements were more aggressive, more possessive and it only made Ashley even more turned on. With each touch from Chris, Ashley felt her reservations slowly melting away. The warmth of his skin, the familiar scent of him. She needed this.

"I can't believe you let him..." Chris groaned, almost as if he were in pain as he grabbed her hips. Ashley barely flinched as his fingers sank into her already bruised skin. She wanted it to hurt. She deserved to be punished. "Did you let him....?"

"Fuck me?" Ashley finished his sentence as she pushed her hips back searching for his hard cock. She felt it nudge her lips as she let out a soft moan. She tossed her pillow onto the floor, she had no plans on being muffled. Her fingers curling around the white sheet.

"Yes.... did he.... did he fuck you?"

"Mmm, would you be upset if he did? I told you, I was acting so slut-"

She didn't get a chance to finish her sentence as Chris thrust into her, his hard meat splitting her tight pussy with a single firm stroke making her gasp as his length filled her.

"Oh god yes.... yes, yes." Ashley cried out when he bottomed out inside of her, his rigid tool buried to the hilt in her warm wet depths, "Fuck me baby, reclaim me." Through closed eyes she reimagined the parking garage. This time she didn't run away from Clayton. This time she stayed and she let him fuck her. For now, she would let herself get lost in this moment with Chris. The truth could wait.

Chris couldn't believe how turned on he was. His dick felt like it was made of diamond as he pushed into Ashley like a man possessed. Ashley was already causing a puddle to form under her legs. She seemed to be extra into this fantasy tonight, and Chris loved it. He thought about grabbing her hair and ripping her head back. It felt like something Clayton would do, and he wondered if she would like it. He decided against it at the last second. Instead, he just focused on how her body was responding to him. Her juices were dripping down her thigh with each hard thrust. The bed creaked under them as the headboard thumped against the wall.

Chris's hips slammed into hers with a punishing rhythm, her slick heat enveloping him as their bodies moved in sync. Each thrust sent shockwaves through Ashley, her skin alive with sensation, the raw force of their connection overwhelming her senses. The bed groaned beneath them, the headboard hammering the wall with every powerful stroke, but it was the sound of their bodies colliding that echoed in the room, filling the air with an intoxicating mix of lust and need.

"Yes, baby... fuck me Chris, fuck meeeeeee." Ashley's cries of passion only got louder. This was what she needed. Not just sex, but to know that Chris still loved her. That he wasn't just telling her what she wanted to hear this morning. She drove her hips back with each thrust. Her ass jiggling with the hard impact of each stab as she did her best to clench her walls around him.

All thoughts of the story she had been telling her husband were gone now as Ashley raced towards her climax, bucking up against him, her pussy clenching on his hard cock.

Behind her, Chris was trying to hold himself in check, his balls churning as they ached to release their contents deep inside her.

"Oh... fuck baby... fuck, fuck I'm so close... I'm gonna...."

Arching her back and pushing herself up onto her fists Ashley shuddered violently, writhing in pleasure as the sensations he was creating inside her exploded into a flood of ecstasy that radiated out through every pore in her body.

"Fuuuck. I'm cumming baby. Fuck, don't stop."

Her shriek of pleasure sent him over the edge and with a grunt of triumph he came, releasing a flood of his seed into her womb, jerking several times as he pumped the final drops inside her.

"Wow." He said breathlessly as he collapsed next to her trying to catch his breath.

She sighed into his ear as she rolled onto her back. "That was incredible."

As Chris drifted off to sleep, Ashley lay awake, lost in thought. She looked up at the ceiling, her mind racing as she thought back to the day – the actual incident that occurred with Clayton, the one she'd just made up as she spoke to Chris. The lines blurred between truth and fiction, and how to feel about it remained uncertain.

Chris's enthusiastic response to her story left her wondering – was he really okay with something happening between her and Clayton when he wasn't there? Was it not considered cheating as long as she shared it with him afterward? The thought excited her more than she thought it should have. She glanced at Chris, now peacefully asleep beside her. His light snores filling her ears.

She thought about the upcoming trip to Seattle. Would there be more opportunities for such encounters? Did she want there to be? And more importantly, did Chris want there to be? These questions swirled in her mind, as she drifted off to sleep.

## Newlywed's New Desires Ch. 10

The Seattle skyline emerged through scattered clouds as their plane began its descent. The flight was a lot shorter than Ashley had anticipated. She was a nervous flyer and was happy to see they didn't hit any turbulence. Her mind raced with thoughts of yesterday's parking garage encounter with Clayton. She'd spun that moment into a seductive story for Chris, watching his reaction carefully, still uncertain if she should reveal the truth. His enthusiasm both thrilled and confused her. Could she really be the person he wanted her to be? Would he really not be upset?

Clayton's demeanor was equally confusing. She was sure he was going to ensure he got the seat next to her and she would be fighting him off the entire plane ride. Instead, he was seated in the row behind them and barely said two words to her. He seemed to be in work mode and not paying any attention to her. Something stirred inside her that felt a lot like jealousy, but she pushed it aside as she took Chris's hand.

Chris squeezed her hand, mistaking her thoughtful expression for anxiety about flying. He was glad she was coming on this trip with him. He knew Clayton was going to try something, and that same delirious cocktail of shame, jealousy and arousal blended in his gut. He kept playing Ashley's story back in his head asking himself if there was any way it could have actually happened. She hadn't mentioned anything before Chris told her that Clayton left the office early, so it seemed to all be part of her game; however, that didn't stop all of the blood in his body from rushing to his groin every time.

"I can't believe we're finally here," Ashley whispered, her head pressed against the window of the plane watching the ground inch closer. She'd spent the better part of the morning studying tourist guides, mapping out spots she wanted to explore with Chris. She knew Clayton had said they had a full day ahead of them, but she had spent the plane ride coming up with a plan around that.

The plane touched down with a gentle bump just after noon, with Clayton immediately taking charge. "The car's waiting," he said as they made their way off the plane. "Meeting starts at two. I'll get the driver to drop us first and then take Ashley back to the hotel." He shepherded them through the terminal barely looking up from his phone to see where he was going.

Ashley set her plan into action squeezing Chris's hand one more time as they waited at the baggage claim for their items. "Will the two of you be coming back to the hotel after the meeting? I'd hate to think you brought me all this way just to leave me behind in the room." Her eyes met Clayton's and for a slightest second she thought she saw him fluster, but he was back in business mode before she could know for sure.

"We have a busy day. Tom wants to get drinks after dinner. I'm sure he wouldn't mind if you joined us."

Ashley glanced at Chris then took the three steps toward Clayton so she was pressed against his arm, her hands holding his wrist. From this angle she was pretty sure he could see down the front of her loose-fitting t-shirt. The thought sent butterflies to her stomach. "But I'll be so lonely," she whispered biting her bottom lip seductively. "Couldn't Chris come back after the board meeting? I was really hoping we'd get to see the city a little before going back."

Clayton couldn't help but smirk. He knew exactly what she was doing, and while this meeting may have been more important than anything he had planned for her, even though the entire

thing was brought together by false pretenses, he couldn't help but admire the beauty in front of him. He cut his eyes away from her two lumps of soft flesh to Chris. He was watching all of this unfold without saying a word, however the way he shifted back and forth on the balls of his feet spoke volumes.

"I don't know, Ashley. We have a pretty full day planned already. After the board meeting, Tom wants to sit down to discuss some new feature requests by his team and we have to go over the cost analysis of trying to get those in. It's going to take some time."

Ashley nodded like she understood. Her tongue slid across the front of her top teeth as she considered her next move. "I know, but... it's just that Chris and I would really be appreciative if you gave us some time to explore the city. You know, reconnect." As she spoke, she let her hands move from Clayton's wrist to his chest. Her pulse quickened as she realized how hard his body was. That was a detail she'd forgotten since their last encounter.

Clayton felt his own arousal spike when Ashley placed her hands on his chest. Where exactly was this going to go? "You would, huh? And how... appreciative are we talking?"

Ashley smiled, looking back at Chris again and raising her eyebrow as if to ask if he was ok with where this was going. The strain in the front of his pants told her he was fine with it. "Oh, I think we'd be very, very appreciative. Right, baby?" Her hands slowly slid down Clayton's chest, across his abs, feeling them contract against her touch as she inched closer to his waistline.

Chris couldn't think straight. He couldn't believe Ashley was doing this in the middle of a busy airport. His mouth felt like he'd swallow sand as he desperately tried to form words. "I... um.. y... yeah, we would be. Very... a... appreciative."

Clayton's laugh turned into a groan as Ashley's fingers slid over his length with tantalizing delicacy. He held her gaze as he chewed on the side of his cheek. "I could probably handle the feature request meeting with Tom by myself. But..." He reached down, grabbing her wrist forcing her to apply more pressure to his hardening cock. "You're going to owe me, and I take my debts very seriously."

Ashley did her best to suppress a moan as she felt Clayton's racing heartbeat through the swell of his shaft. "I'm sure you won't be disappointed," she said, never breaking eye contact.

"Very well, I'll let Tom know. Perhaps, he'd like to see how appreciative you are."

This time Ashley couldn't stifle the gasp as she felt her core ignite.

"N... no," Chris injected a bit louder than he intended. "No Tom. I don't trust him."

Clayton turned his attention to Chris, releasing Ashley's hand in the process. He studied Chris for a long moment, his usual smirk gone, replaced by something darker. "Fine, but he's not going to be happy that you're blowing him off."

"I have a feeling he'll get over it," Chris said with a sudden burst of confidence.

Ashley stepped back to Chris, buzzing from both successfully manipulating Clayton and Chris's protective response.

After collecting their bags, they made their way through the bustling terminal to the waiting black SUV. The driver hurried to load their luggage while Clayton finished his calls, coordinating the day's revised schedule.

Ashley slid into the plush leather seat first, Chris settling in beside her. Clayton joined them in the rear-facing seat, his earlier businesslike demeanor softening into something more playful.

"So," Clayton started, eyes dancing with amusement, "It wasn't easy but Tom agreed it should just be the two of us going over the new requests. He did however insist that the four of us checkout some new club downtown."

Ashley's eyes lit up. "Oh, I haven't been dancing in forever. That sounds like so much fun." She nestled against Chris's side hoping he would agree with her. The earlier nervousness from the flight had completely dissipated, replaced by a familiar warmth of excitement.

"Um, yeah. Dancing could be fun," Chris said with as much enthusiasm as he could muster. His mind flashed back to the company party, the way Tom's predatory eyes had followed Ashley all night, how his hands had lingered just a bit too long during their dance. Sure, Tom had respected boundaries then, but something about him didn't sit right with Chris. Yet that familiar fire stirred in his gut as he imagined Ashley on the dance floor, all eyes on her. He pulled her closer, his grip slightly possessive.

When they pulled up to Larkin's headquarters, Chris turned to Ashley. "I'll see you in a few hours," he murmured, pulling her into a deep, lingering kiss. Ashley responded eagerly, her fingers threading through his hair.

"Good luck in there," she whispered against his lips.

As Chris stepped out, Clayton paused at the door. "Hey, what about my kiss? I did rearrange my whole schedule for you."

Ashley laughed, her eyes roaming Clayton's body. "Nice try. But I think you'll have to wait until you've earned it."

"Promises, promises," Clayton chuckled, following Chris into the building.

Ashley watched them disappear through the entrance, a smile on her lips. The day was already shaping up to be more interesting than she'd anticipated and she wondered if she could maintain this new sense of control she had over both men.

\*\*\*\*

The marble lobby of Larkin Industries felt larger than he remembered as Chris spotted Tom's towering figure by the security desk. His throat tightened, something about Tom's presence always set him on edge, though he couldn't pinpoint why.

"Thought we were spending the day together," Tom said, his handshake slightly crushing Chris's fingers. "I was disappointed to hear you were bailing early."

"Change of plans," Clayton cut in smoothly. "But we'll make it up to you tonight."

Chris's mind wandered as they rode the elevator, the presentation notes blurring before him. Instead of rehearsing key points, he kept seeing Ashley's fingers trailing down Clayton's chest, hearing her promises of appreciation. The memory of her boldness at the airport sent blood rushing away from his brain.

"BitGuardian's integration has been seamless," Chris began, his voice cracking. He shuffled his papers, losing his place. Sweat beaded on his forehead as board members exchanged glances.

Every time he tried to focus all he could think about was Ashley and how comfortable she seemed with Clayton earlier, making the story from the hospital all the more believable.

Clayton stepped forward. "What Chris means to demonstrate is our unique network infiltration capabilities. Once a single device is registered, our software can silently deploy across your entire infrastructure."

"Creating an impenetrable security web," Chris added, pushing the thoughts of Ashley aside and finding his footing. The familiar sales rhythm started flowing. "Any device connecting to your network automatically receives our protection protocols."

"And that's precisely our concern," a board member interjected, sliding forward several printed articles. "These reports suggest your 'silent deployment' provides unauthorized access to private data. One even goes as far to say you're stealing data."

Chris's heart raced. He'd seen the news articles, and heard all the rumors. But, no one ever took any of that seriously before. Why now did these executives seem so challenged about it?

"If I may," Clayton smiled disarmingly, "these allegations are purely theoretical. Our track record speaks for itself - since implementing BitGuardian, Larkin's security breaches have dropped to zero. Bad actor reports are practically non-existent."

"But the potential for abuse—" a board member began, hesitation in his voice.

"Is nonexistent," Chris interjected, surprising even himself with the firmness in his tone. "Our encryption protocols are ironclad. Unauthorized access simply isn't possible. I know what the media is reporting but our team wouldn't be able to access your data even if they wanted to. We have white papers that talk about our zero-knowledge policy."

"Written by your own people," the board member interjected not liking Chris's tone. "If there's nothing to worry about, why not make it open source, or have a third party come in and audit it?"

Chris felt his pulse quicken. He had a point. They could have a third party audit done and put all the allegations to bed, but Clayton kept pushing it back, why? "Have we not acted in good faith since forming this partnership? We have every intention on getting the code audited there have just been scheduling conflicts, such as flying out to our customers and putting their minds at ease." The jab was harder than Chris intended, and he plastered on a warm smile to try to soften the blow. "These articles? They're nothing more than competitor propaganda. If there were even a hint of impropriety, the authorities would be all over it. Right, Clayton?"

The lie tasted bitter, but Chris kept his gaze steady mirroring Clayton's unshakable confidence. Together, they painted an image of impregnable security that made even the skeptics pause.

Clayton's smile widened as he watched the board members exchange uneasy glances. They looked embarrassed, as though they'd just asked someone's salary at a dinner party. "Not a peep. But we'll work a little harder to get an audit scheduled to set your mind at ease," he confirmed with a smirk.

Reluctantly, the board members nodded. "All right," one of them finally said, "we appreciate you both coming in today. Thank you for putting our minds at ease."

Once outside the boardroom, Chris's sense of triumph evaporated as he overheard Tom's low, angry whisper to Clayton. "This wasn't the plan. Find a way to get rid of him and—"

"Later," Clayton cut him off, turning to Chris with an appraising look. "You really pulled through in there. After that rocky start, I wasn't sure..." He clasped Chris's shoulder, his grip firm. "But we made quite the team once you found your footing. I was impressed."

Chris couldn't tell if Clayton was complimenting or criticizing him, but before he could decide, Clayton continued.

"Head back to Ashley. We've got this covered. Looking forward to... seeing the two of you later."

Tom's scowl transformed into something that could almost pass as a smile. "Good job in there. It's always a pleasure getting to see you work." He shook Chris's hand before adding, "Tell Ashley I'm looking forward to dancing later."

Chris's stomach churned as he watched them disappear into a conference room. What plan had changed? And why did Tom's interest in Ashley feel so threatening even after everything with Clayton? But as he ordered his ride back to the hotel, thoughts of Ashley pushed aside his concerns. She was waiting for him, and they had an afternoon of exploration ahead - perhaps in more ways than one.

\*\*\*\*

Chris's key card clicked softly as he entered the hotel room, his mind still churning with questions about the board meeting. The sound of running water and Ashley's humming drifted from the bathroom, drawing an involuntary smile from him.

"How'd it go?" Ashley called out hearing him enter the room, her voice echoing off tile.

"Better than expected," he replied, loosening his tie and sinking onto the edge of the bed.

"Though something felt off with Tom and Clayton."

The water shut off, and Ashley emerged wrapped in a fluffy hotel robe, her hair damp around her shoulders. "Off how?" She busied herself with her makeup bag, but Chris caught her watching him in the mirror's reflection.

"Just... tense. Like they had other plans." He watched her apply mascara with practiced strokes, struck by how effortlessly beautiful she looked. "I don't know, maybe Tom just rubbed me the wrong way."

"You really don't like him, do you?" Ashley asked, turning to look at her husband.

"There's just something about him I don't trust. I can't explain it."

"And you're sure it's not just because of how he looks at me?" Ashley's lips curved into a knowing smile as she noted Chris's physical response to her question.

Chris shifted uncomfortably. "That's... part of it. The way he always asks about you. The way he watched you at the company party..." He trailed off, his mind replaying those moments.

"Unlike how Clayton watches me?" Ashley teased, but her voice held a note of genuine curiosity as she watched the front of Chris's slacks strain against his arousal.

"That's different," Chris said quickly, then paused. "With Clayton, it's... controlled. Tom feels dangerous."

"Nothing about Clayton is controlled, but I get what you mean." Ashley grinned, giving Chris one last knowing look before turning back to finish her makeup.

Chris watched Ashley as she effortlessly applied the last of her mascara giving her eyes a smoky look. "About earlier, at the airport..."

Ashley's hand paused mid-motion, her eyes meeting his in the mirror. "Was it too much?" A hint of vulnerability crept into her voice, betraying the confidence she'd displayed earlier.

"No," Chris said quickly, then amended, "Maybe. I don't know. You just... surprised me. You seemed... familiar with him."

Ashley turned to face him, chewing her lower lip. "I surprised myself," she admitted. "I just... I wanted to feel in control for once. After everything that's happened, it was such a rush feeling like I finally outsmarted him."

Chris watched her closer as she pulled on a tight pair of blue jeans, wiggling and jumping up and down to get them over her hips. "You were amazing," he said softly. "Watching you take charge like that..."

"But?" she prompted, hearing the hesitation in his voice as she pulled on a tight t-shirt that showed just a hint of her ample cleavage.

"But nothing. I just want to make sure you're not pushing yourself too much for me. We can stop if you get uncomfortable."

Ashley walked over to him and leaned her head against his shoulder as their fingers interlaced. "Did I look uncomfortable?" she asked with a smile. Before he could answer, she went ahead. "How about we table the heavy stuff for now? Take me somewhere touristy and remind me why we fell in love in the first place?"

An hour later, they joined the line for the Space Needle. Ashley practically bounced in her shoes as the afternoon sun began to set across Seattle's skyline, carrying a cool breeze of fresh coffee and ocean air. The observation deck glowed amber in the fading light, promising a spectacular view of the city below.

"I just can't believe we're really here," Ashley beamed, snapping photos with her phone. Her finger paused over the camera as a text from Clayton lit up her screen: "Looking forward to tonight. Wear something that moves." She quickly dismissed it, but not before Chris caught the flash of color in her cheeks.

"Everything okay?" he asked, wrapping his arms around her from behind, noticing her studying her phone screen.

Ashley turned in his arms, holding up her phone. "Clayton just texted. Says to wear something that moves tonight." She watched Chris's expression carefully, noting how his breath caught. "Should I tell him I already picked something out?"

Chris's mind raced. When had they started texting regularly? Had they been messaging since that night at their house? His stomach churned with familiar conflicting emotions, the angst threatening to consume him. "What... what else does he text you about?"

"Wouldn't you like to know?" Ashley teased, but seeing uncertainty flicker across Chris's face, she softened. "Usually just stuff like this, outfit suggestions. Nothing too exciting." She pressed

closer, her lips brushing his ear. "Though sometimes he does try to get... creative." She continued to watch him, afraid she'd crossed a line. "I can tell him to stop, if you want."

The line moved forward, forcing them to break apart. In the crowded elevator, Chris pulled Ashley against him, his voice dropping to a whisper. "That rush you felt at the airport. That's part of how it feels for me. When I watch you with him." He paused, swallowing hard. "When I imagine you texting him."

Ashley studied his face as the elevator climbed, noting the mix of desire and vulnerability in his eyes. Her hands fell to his hips as she pressed closer. "You're a complicated man, Christopher." Her fingers sliding seductively against his belt. "But I think I'm starting to understand the appeal. Even if I think you are crazy for starting us down this path."

The elevator doors opened to the observation deck, where the setting sun cast streaks of gold in the sky. Ashley moved to the railing, feeling Chris's presence behind her.

"The parking garage," he started, his breath warm against her neck. "Did that really happen?"

Ashley bit her lip, considering the question. Below them, cars crawled like ants through the streets, each carrying people living their own ordinary lives. How many of them had secrets like this, she wondered? How many felt like they were living a secret life? "Did you want it to be real?" she countered feeling the wind whipping against her hair.

Chris's mouth went dry as he tried to figure out how to answer. Ashley ground her butt into him. "See, I think you don't really want to know," she said, slowly circling her hips despite the looks she was starting to get. "I think part of the rush we were talking about is the unknown. Do you really care if it was real or not as long as you get to hear every sexy detail?"

Chris closed his eyes, the sensation of Ashley grinding against his growing erection spurring thoughts both real and fantasy about Ashley and Clayton together.

"It's the thrill of pushing boundaries isn't it? About seeing me, or hearing about me acting out things I wouldn't normally do? Isn't that what you said? It's about me just letting go?" Ashley heard Chris moan softly behind her as her hips rolled faster. "You're thinking about it now, aren't you? Me and Clayton? Or maybe, you're thinking of me and the janitor?"

"Fuck, Ash. You need to stop."

"Or maybe..." Ashley bit her lip closing her eyes letting her imagination run wild. "Maybe it's Tom?"

Chris's grip on her hips tightened as his breathing grew ragged. She felt his cock flinch and if she didn't know any better she would have thought he came. "We need to go. Now." His voice was strained, urgent.

Ashley turned in his arms, noting his flushed face and darkened eyes. "Already?" she teased, though she could feel how affected he was. "But the view is so nice."

"Ashley..." The plea in his tone made her shiver.

She laughed softly, taking his hand. "Alright, but let's at least stop in somewhere for a drink first. All this... excitement really has me parched." She pressed a quick kiss to his lips before leading him to the elevator.

In the descending elevator, Ashley nestled against Chris, her cheeks still flushed with excitement. His heart thundered beneath his shirt as his mind raced, replaying what had just happened. He'd always known Ashley could read him like a book, but the way she'd dissected him just a few minutes ago while surrounded by tourists... it left him feeling simultaneously exposed and exhilarated. She was not only embracing this new adventurous streak, but she was finding new layers to it he didn't even know existed. As the doors opened to the ground floor, he pulled her closer, inhaling her familiar scent. He couldn't wait to see what other tricks she had in store for him.

\*\*\*\*

The bar down the street from the Space Needle was cozy, a few locals sitting outside on the patio in the cool air. Ashley ushered Chris inside, sliding into a corner booth while Chris ordered their drinks.

"I'm glad we got to spend some time together," Chris said, returning with two local craft beers. "As much as I love this new adventurous side of us, it's nice to still have these moments too."

A warmth fell over Ashley as she smiled and took a sip. "I couldn't agree more. This feels like the first chance we've gotten to really spend quality time together since your job took off." She traced the rim of her glass lost in thought. "Can I tell you something?"

"Of course, anything."

"I feel a bit out of my depth today. I'm not used to being this... forward. Every time I do something, I worry I'm going to go too far and you'll be serving me divorce papers."

Chris reached across the table, taking her hand. "That would never happen. Everything that has happened so far has been nothing short of sexy. I love getting to experience this side of you." He took a long drink from his glass studying Ashley's reaction. She didn't seem to be buying what he was selling. "Maybe we should have a safe word?"

"Oh?" Ashley's eyebrows shot up, a playful smirk forming. "Planning on tying me up and spanking me?"

Chris's mind briefly wandered to that possibility. Would that be something she was into? Focusing on the conversation, he cleared his throat. "No, I mean... just something to ensure we're both always comfortable. If either of us says it, everything stops. No more Clayton, no more stories. The nuclear option."

Ashley nodded slowly, considering. "That's... actually really smart." She squeezed his hand. "What should it be?"

They bounced around ideas until Ashley's face lit up. "Bayberry."

"What?"

"The street name from our first apartment," she explained, grinning. "Remember that awful place?"

"With the leaky faucet?" Chris chuckled. "And that stray cat that kept breaking in?"

"Hey, Socks was not a stray. He chose us," Ashley defended. "Best decision we ever made, adopting him."

"You mean best decision you ever made for us," Chris corrected, earning a playful kick under the table. "I need to use the restroom," he said, laughing. He squeezed her hand as he stood up. "Order us another round before we head out?"

Ashley nodded and headed to the bar. A few minutes later, Chris emerged and stopped short. A tall stranger in a well-cut suit had taken his place beside Ashley. Chris's pulse quickened as he watched her throw her head back laughing, her hand resting on the man's forearm.

She caught Chris's eye across the room, a mischievous grin on her face. Instead of pulling away, she leaned closer to the stranger, her fingers tightening on his bicep. The man exuded confidence in his stance, in the way he smiled down at Ashley.

Chris found himself rooted to the spot, that familiar cocktail of jealousy and arousal brewing in his gut. Ashley's hand moved to the stranger's chest then his abs, and Chris could see her lips moving near his ear. Whatever she said made the man's eyes go wide before he hurried toward the restroom.

"I can't leave you alone for a minute, can I. Where's my drink?" Chris said, sliding back beside her.

Ashley's eyes danced with amusement. "Sorry, got... distracted." She bit her lower lip as she looked Chris in the eyes. "He wanted me to go up to his room." Her hand found Chris's chest, feeling his thundering heartbeat. "My my, someone's excited. Does it turn you on? The thought of me going to a stranger's room?"

Chris swallowed hard, shame coloring his cheeks. "It... yes," he admitted. "But it also makes me want to punch something."

"Interesting," Ashley purred, clearly filing that information away. "Want to know why he ran off so quickly?"

"Do I?"

Ashley leaned in close, her breath tickling his ear as she ran her fingers through his hair. "I told him if he really wanted me, he should go to the bathroom and bring me his underwear as proof."

Chris barked out a surprised laugh, tension breaking. "You didn't."

"I did." Ashley grabbed her purse, standing quickly. "Now let's get out of here before he comes back with them!"

As they made their way to the door Chris stopped and turned to look at her. "Why didn't you take him up on his offer? Were you worried about how I would act?"

Ashley laughed, running her hand playfully along the front of Chris's pants. "Oh, I'm pretty sure I know exactly how you would act." She kissed his cheek gently looking him in the eyes. "Because I'm not going to sleep with every random guy who shows interest, just because my husband developed a freaky side." She leaned in closer, pulling Chris into her. "They still need to work for it." Chris sucked in air, his mouth hanging open as he wrestled with the implications of her response.

They hurried out into the cooling evening air, Ashley's laughter fading into the sounds of the busy city street. Chris caught her around the waist, pulling her close.

"You're the love of my life, you know that?" he murmured against her hair.

"I better be," she countered, then checked her phone. "Speaking of, we need to hurry back to the room to change. It's almost time to meet up with Clayton and Tom."

Chris's grip tightened slightly. "I'm serious about Tom. I don't like him."

"I know." Ashley turned in his arms. "But yet..." She pressed her palm against his steel erection. "You're full of contradictions. Now let's get changed." She kissed him softly before flagging down a cab.

\*\*\*\*

Chris watched Ashley fidget with the hem of her short dress as the Uber pulled up to the club, the pulsing bass making the car shake as they pulled up to the curb. The text from Clayton replayed in his head as he watched her put on the short black dress that hung a little higher above her knees than usual. He couldn't help but wonder if she was wearing it because of that text.

Chris felt underdressed as he fixed the collar of his navy blue polo while trying not to stare too hard at the low neckline of Ashley's dress. As they stepped out of the car a cool breeze swept over them leaving Chris feeling chilled. He almost asked Ashley if she just wanted to head back to the hotel as he eyed the never-ending line to get into the club.

"Chris! Ashley!" Clayton's voice cut through the ambient chatter. Chris saw him standing near the entrance with Tom, both impeccably dressed in tailored suits as the soft red glow of the club lights seemed to pulsate around them. Clayton's confident wave caught the bouncer's attention as they approached.

Tom's eyes lingered on Ashley as they drew closer, tracking the way her dress moved with each step. "You look stunning," he said, his voice carrying that hint of suggestion that made Chris clench his jaw. The street lights caught the silver at Tom's temples, lending him an air of distinguished authority that Ashley seemed to like. Her cheeks flushed at the compliment, her eyes briefly meeting Chris's with that knowing look they'd perfected throughout the day - part excitement, part permission-seeking.

Clayton's eyes swept over Chris's clothes, a smirk forming on his lips. "Going for a more... relaxed look tonight, I see." The comment drew a small giggle from Ashley before she caught herself, running a reassuring hand through Chris's hair.

"I think he looks sexy," she said, her fingers trailing down his neck. "Besides, not everyone needs a fancy suit to command attention." The double meaning in her words wasn't lost on any of them.

"The VIP section's this way," Tom announced, guiding them past the waiting crowd. His hand found the small of Ashley's back as they entered, the gesture casual but deliberate. The heat of his palm seemed to burn through the silk of her dress.

The bass pulsed through the club as Ashley commanded attention on the dance floor, her flowing black dress catching light with each movement. Chris watched from the VIP booth as he nursed his second whiskey, pride tinged with possessiveness washing over him as men

gravitated toward her. She'd cast glances his way between partners, maintaining their connection even as she teased and flirted. Her newfound confidence both thrilled and unnerved him - a complexity he was still learning to embrace.

The buzzing of Tom's phone caused Chris to shift his focus. He had hung back at the table with Chris talking about the Seahawks chances this year and other forced conversations while Clayton was in the men's room. Tom's jaw tightened as he answered the vibrating phone, stepping away from their table. Chris strained to hear clipped pieces of the conversation through the music. "I told you, the bullying needs to stop." The next few words were lost to the pounding of the bass, followed by, "We'll talk about next week when I get home, son." His voice carried an aggressiveness that made Chris uncomfortable. "If I hear about you picking on him again this week, there will be severe consequences. No, we'll discuss your punishment when I get home."

Chris watched Tom's retreating form, noting how his entire demeanor shifted during the call. Gone was the smooth businessman, replaced by something harder, colder. The threat in his voice when he said "consequences" made Chris's skin crawl. *Who the hell talks to their kid like that?*

Chris's phone lit up - Katie's name flashing on the screen. "I need to take this," he said even though he doubted Tom could hear him. He caught Ashley's eye and held up his phone. She nodded, already swaying to the beat.

He made his way toward the exit. He needed to get outside so he could actually hear her. As he navigated the crowd he spotted Clayton returning from the restroom. His confident stride carried him straight back to Ashley, his hands finding her hips with a familiarity that made Chris's stomach churn. Tom appeared moments later standing in front of Ashley, completing their triangle on the dance floor before Chris lost sight of them in the crowd.

"Katie? Everything okay?" Chris stepped into the cool night air, his mind already drifting back inside. What were they doing? Would Tom take liberties now with Chris out of the way? The questions tormented him as Katie's voice became distant background noise.

"...and the encryption protocols seem to be..." Katie's words blurred together as Chris imagined Clayton's hands on Ashley's hips, Tom pressed against her thigh. His grip tightened on the phone.

"Chris? Are you even listening?" Katie's voice cut through his thoughts.

"Sorry, what was that about the protocols?" He forced himself to focus, though his pulse raced with scenarios playing out in his head.

"I'm trying to help Steve write up his contract, but there are questions about our encryption protocols I've never seen before. Can you just... never mind, I'll figure it out myself."

After ending the call, panic seized him as he reentered the club. The dance floor was a sea of moving bodies, but Ashley, Clayton, and Tom were nowhere in sight. His eyes frantically scanned the crowd until he spotted them in a dark corner booth.

Tom sat impossibly close to Ashley, his lips grazing her ear or neck - Chris couldn't tell which from this distance. Clayton leaned in from her other side, equally intimate. Both men seemed to have their hand under the table, but from his vantage point Chris couldn't be sure. Ashley's eyes were closed, her chest rising and falling rapidly, her face flushed even in the dim light.

Chris rushed over to them, nearly tripping over the bouncer who stood just outside the roped off area. As he approached the table, his emotions a storm of jealousy, arousal and concern. Both men straightened up as he neared, though neither moved away completely.

"Everything alright?" Clayton asked smoothly, as if nothing was amiss.

"Just Katie calling with some security protocol questions," Chris managed, his eyes fixed on Ashley's disheveled appearance. "It's getting late though. I'm beat. Are you ready to head out?" Ashley saw the look of concern in his eyes but also the lust burning even deeper behind them. She bit her lip as she started to stand.

Tom stood as well and before Ashley had a chance to respond he grabbed her hand. "Mind if I steal another dance?"

"Actually-" Chris started, but Ashley was already following Tom to the dance floor, casting a seductive glance over her shoulder.

Clayton stood up from his spot beside Chris, leaning close to speak in his ear over the music. "Tom seems to be enjoying himself." His voice carried that familiar mocking tone as they watched Tom's hands settle on Ashley's hips, his fingers sliding over the front of her thighs.

Ashley's eyes found Chris across the dance floor, she smiled as she pressed back against Tom, her dress riding dangerously high as his fingers splayed across her thighs. Tom's lips found her neck, and Chris watched her eyes flutter closed, her lips parting slightly.

The bass pulsed through Chris's body as he watched them move together, Tom's hands growing bolder with each beat. Ashley's fingers tangled in Tom's hair as he whispered something in her ear, making her laugh and grind harder against him.

"During our meeting today," Clayton's voice cut through Chris's trance, "Tom mentioned pushing the board to approve BitGuardian's European expansion." He paused, watching Tom's hands slide just inside Ashley's thigh. "He thinks Ashley could be quite... persuasive in helping that along. He suggested bringing her along."

Something in Clayton's words sliced through the fog of arousal. The implication turned Chris's stomach.

"No." Chris's voice was firm, surprising even himself. "I told you before, Ashley isn't a bargaining chip. I don't trust Tom and I don't want her spending any more time with him." He turned to lock eyes with Clayton, noting the surprised look on his face. "Unless you're planning to buy me out, all this stuff with Tom and Ashley stops now." He turned to leave before considering something and turning back to Clayton. "It sure as hell just sounded like you were trying to pimp my wife out for this deal. If you ever try that shit again you won't be seeing any more of her either."

Clayton stepped back slightly, genuine surprise flickering across his features at Chris's sudden backbone. For once, his usual smirk faltered. "It isn't like that. I just meant..."

Chris shook his head and turned his back to Clayton, walking onto the dance floor to Ashley. His heart was racing, his fingers clutched into tight fists ready to punch Tom if needed. He inserted himself between Ashley and Tom, his hand finding her waist possessively. "We're leaving." The conviction in his voice brooked no argument.

Ashley's teasing expression shifted as she registered his serious tone. She nodded, allowing Chris to guide her away from Tom's reach.

"Looking forward to our next meeting," Tom called after them, but Chris didn't turn around.

\*\*\*\*

Ashley giggled drunkenly as she fell into the back of the car. She knew Chris was upset, but he had told her jealousy was part of what made all of this fun for him, so she had a feeling he would calm down once they started driving. The Uber driver, a college kid with a Mariners cap sitting low on his head, gave them a soft hello as they slammed the door of the Corolla. His eyes never seemed to leave the rearview mirror as the sound of the club faded in the background, his gaze locked on Ashley's low-cut dress.

"I had fun tonight," Ashley whispered laying her head on Chris's shoulder and her hand on his thigh.

Chris took a couple of deep breaths, closing his eyes and trying to lower his heart rate. He was thankful to no longer have to deal Clayton or Tom. He just wanted to get back to his room, to get out of these clothes and to make love to his wife. Ashley's soft kisses on his neck made him stir and despite wanting to be upset, the anger was melting away with each soft press of her lips.

"You know, seeing how possessive you when he pulled me from the dance floor was so fucking hot." She let her tongue roll over his neck biting softly on it causing Chris to hiss. "I've never had anyone fighting over me before." She gave his thigh a soft squeeze her fingers already registering how taut his pants were. The sudden slamming of the brakes made both Ashley and Chris fly forward in their seat, their seatbelts the only thing keeping them from flying into the front.

"Shit, sorry," the driver murmured his front bumper inches from the car in front of him. Ashley and Chris locked eyes with each other in the rearview mirror, as Ashley raised an eyebrow. Sitting back in her seat Ashley saw the driver's eyes again fall to her chest as she slid her hand from Chris's thigh to pulsing erection.

"Ash..."

"Don't you want to hear about what happened while you were outside on the phone?" Ashley's voice was dripping with desire as she slowly worked down the zipper of Chris's pants snaking her fingers inside them.

Chris wanted to tell her to stop, remind her that Tom was off limits, but as her hand wrapped around his bare cock the words got lost in his throat.

"Mmm already so hard, baby. What are you thinking about?" She gave his shaft a slow deliberate pump as her tongue slid across his ear. "Do you think he was this hard? This big?" Her strokes got faster as Chris bit down on his bottom lip his hips gently raising off the seat with each stroke.

"You were gone for so long, and I was getting so horny. It didn't take much encouragement for what happened next." Ashley pulled Chris's dick free from his pants her eyes catching the driver's in the rearview mirror before she lowered her head to Chris's lap.

"Fuuuuck. I told you, not Tom," Chris choked out as he felt Ashley's warm breath on his shaft.

"Mmm, I don't know if I've ever seen you this hard," she teased as her tongue slowly circled his engorged crown.

"Aaaahhh," Chris brought his hands to her head. He had meant to pull her away, but as the soft walls of her mouth closed around him he found himself gripping her hair, forcing her deeper onto his cock.

"He... hey, I don't want a mess in my car," the driver's voice rang from the front of the car and Chris felt Ashley slowly pull off his spear with a loud pop, replacing it with her hand. He groaned in frustration realizing how badly he needed a release.

Ashley locked eyes with the driver through the mirror, running her tongue across her lips as if to savor the taste of Chris. "Don't worry there won't be a mess. I plan to swallow every last drop." She felt Chris pulse in her hand as she said the words.

"I... still, it's against company policy," the driver stuttered intimidated by the woman in the back seat.

Ashley smirked, a look that looked to close to the one Clayton often gave, as she continued to lock eyes with the driver. "Aren't rules made to be broken?" She asked with a smile.

Chris wasn't sure if she was talking to him or the driver. Before he could work it out, she continued. "It can be our little secret. You won't tell anyone, right?" As she spoke as slowly pulled the straps of her dress down her arms. She had to suppress a laugh as the driver's eyes nearly popped out of his head as her large chest bounced free.

"Holy shit" the driver and Chris seemed to say in unison causing a rush of confidence to wash over Ashley.

Having the driver seemingly subdued she focused back on Chris, lowering her head back to his lap. "Now where was I... Oh yeah, Tom's big cock. Mmmm," She moaned taking half of Chris's length back in her mouth.

The anger Chris felt earlier was back as he imagined Ashley wrapping her lips around his dick. He wrapped his fists in her hair thrusting with a forcefulness he'd never used before with her as his dick hit the back of her throat making her gag. Ashley tried to come up for air, but Chris wouldn't allow it he continued to hammer into her, all his frustrations from the night being taken out on her. He felt her palms pressing against his thighs, heard the gurgling noises coming from her mouth, and in his mind, saw Tom and Clayton using her like a cheap whore.

"Holy shit, dude," the driver's voice caused him to open his eyes, breaking the spell he was under and releasing his grip on Ashley's head.

She shot up spitting and gasping for her. Her mascara was running down her face, mixing with tears. "Fuck, you really don't like him, do you?" That same seductive glint was still in her eyes despite the tears. Chris was ready to apologize, to say he didn't mean to get so rough and out of hand, but the look in her eye told him she loved every second of it.

"Do you mind holding this for me," Ashley said locking eyes with the driver once more as she reached behind her back and unclasped her bra. She made a show of lowering it from her shoulders, slowly easing the cups away from her chest. Her quarter-sized areolas, flushed and taut with anticipation, framed her hardened nipples that stood proudly against her soft, bare skin, rising and falling with each shallow breath. A shiver of excitement ran through her as she let the fabric fall away, fully aware of how his gaze lingered, drinking in every inch of her as she passed it up to him.

Ashley pushed away from the seat, using the headrest of the passenger seat to balance as she squeezed her body between Chris's legs and seat in front of him.

"How long do you think you were outside on that call?" Ashley asked slipping back into character as she ran her fingers over her chest smashing her breasts together. "Do you think it was long enough for Tom to have me like this?" She held eye contact with Chris as she flattened her tongue and ran it over the underside of his shaft. Her tongue swirled around each ball sucking it gently into her mouth before making her way back up. She heard him moan and watched as his eyes fell shut. Then with a wicked smile, she pinned his sloppy meat between her breasts, fucking him with her chest and taking his head into her mouth. She felt the car swerve, probably from the driver straining to see the action in the back seat.

Chris moaned in delight as he felt the soft flesh of Ashley's chest against his cock. They'd never done this before and he was amazed at just how good it felt. With each thrust he would lift his hips further off the seat determined to get more of his cock past her chest and into her waiting mouth.

Ashley mauled her chest as she felt Chris drive into her face. She felt so powerful, so in control. Between the way Chris was acting and the taboo nature of the driver watching her she wondered if she would be able to make herself cum with just touching her chest. Her fingers rolled over her nipples as Chris pushed more of his meat into eager mouth, her tongue swirling it as he did. She barely registered the car pulling over. The thought of it completely forgotten as she felt Chris begin to twitch.

"Fuck, Ash. Don't stop. I'm so close." Chris's hips began to pump at a fevered pace as his mouth hung open. Not even the dome light coming on overhead or the soft sound of the door opening could break him from the moment. With one final thrust he tilted his hips toward Ashley's waiting mouth and exploded with a huff.

Ashley moaned in delight as she felt Chris's cock expand in her throat. His warm seed coated her throat as she did her best to keep her word and swallow every drop of it. Once she felt Chris's hips drop and a long satisfied sigh leave his mouth, she took one final lick before slowly slipping his deflating member from her mouth.

Momentary confusion ran through Ashley as she opened her eyes and saw light filling the car. Even more so as she felt the cool air race across her exposed skin. Turning her head she saw the rear driver side door open, their driver halfway into the back seat before she noticed him. She raised her eyebrow as him as he stood with one leg in the car and one out.

"I... um... we're here. I just thought..."

Pushing herself up using Chris's thigh for support, Ashley pulled the straps of her dress back up over her shoulders. "Sorry, big boy. The show's over, but you can keep that as a tip," Ashley said with a grin as she nodded toward her bra in the front seat. She then reached up with her left hand and opened Chris's door, crawling out into the night as Chris zipped himself back up.

\*\*\*\*

Ashley danced into their hotel room, still buzzed from both alcohol and adrenaline. "That was incredible," she laughed, kicking off her heels. "That poor Uber driver is going to remember this night for the rest of his life..." She reached behind her neck for her dress zipper, but Chris's serious expression made her pause.

"What really happened while I was outside?" His voice was low, controlled. Now that his head was clear and his release over, all he felt was the jealousy and the anger.

"Oh, you want to hear more details?" Ashley teased, but as she spun around and saw Chris's expression she knew this was serious. The playful energy drained from her face as she recognized his genuine concern. "Chris?"

"At the table," he said, his jaw tight as his hands fidgeted at his sides. "Their hands were under the table. I saw how flushed you were."

Ashley crossed the room to him, placing her hands on his chest. "Nothing happened," she said calmly, pressing a reassuring kiss on his cheek. "We were dancing, maybe a bit more suggestively than you'd like, but that's all."

"But at the table-"

Ashley pressed her fingers to his cheek, forcing him to meet her eyes. "They were being handsy, yes. But nothing inappropriate happened. I wouldn't let it." She kissed him softly. "I promise."

The tension in Chris's shoulders eased slightly. "I just... when I saw Tom with you..."

"I know," Ashley said quietly. "You don't like him." She wrapped her arms around his neck. "But there's a part of it, that makes it all even hotter right? The forbidden fruit."

Chris chewed on his lip, he didn't want to admit that she was right. Ashley saw the hesitation in his eyes and pulled him closer. "This only works if we trust each other completely. I understand Tom is off limits, but unless you say something, the thrill of the forbidden nature of it is too tempting."

Chris wrapped his arms around her, burying his face in her hair. The familiar scent of her shampoo calmed him, reminding him of all their years together, all the trust they'd built.

"I trust you," he whispered. "It's them I don't trust."

She kissed her neck softly. "Then trust that I understand the boundaries, and that sometimes I press those boundaries to get more of a rise out of you. But I know they are there."

Chris let out a long sigh, the tension in his shoulders evaporating as he kissed Ashley softly. "I love you."

"I love you too. Now, help me out of this dress. I need you inside me," she whispered seductively as she rubbed against Chris's body.

Chris's hands found the zipper of her dress, slowly pulling it down as their lips met. The kiss deepened, with Ashley as the aggressor still worked up from the dancing and the car ride back. She shivered as the dress fell to the floor leaving her in just her black silk panties.

"You're so fucking sexy," Chris murmured against her neck, his hands sliding across her skin as if he was trying to carve it into memory. "I can't believe you did that in that car. The look in that kid's eyes..." They stumbled toward the bed, wrapped in each other's embrace.

Ashley moaned into his mouth as she mounted him, her knees pinned against his sides as she sat up straight. "I wonder what he would have done if you would have lasted just a little longer. I mean, he was practically in the backseat by the time I noticed him."

Chris sucked in air as his cock started to come back to life. "I'm not sure, but he certainly couldn't take his eyes off these," he said with a laugh as he reached up and cupped Ashley's chest. She let out a soft moan her hips rocking into him.

A sharp knock at the door made them freeze.

"Ignore it," Chris whispered, leaning up and taking her nipple into his mouth. Ashley moaned in delight rotating her hips as she ground against his growing member as a second louder knock beat against the door.

"They are going to wake up everyone on this floor," Ashley whispered between moans, though her hands continued roaming Chris's chest.

The third knock was more like a pound, impossible to ignore. Ashley pulled away with a frustrated sigh. "I'll get it."

"Like that?" Chris gestured to her state of undress.

Ashley glanced down at herself and shrugged, grabbing a hotel robe. "Nothing a few others haven't already seen today," she teased, barely tying the belt.

She padded to the door, expecting room service or a confused guest. Instead, her gasp cut through the quiet room as she cracked the door open and saw Clayton staring back at her.

Clayton stood in the doorway, his suit from the club replaced with pajama pants and a t-shirt. That familiar smirk playing on his lips. "I trust you had a nice afternoon?" His voice carried that smooth confidence that always seemed to unsettle them both. He entered without waiting for invitation.

"We thought you were done for the night," Ashley said, trying to maintain her earlier confidence. But something in Clayton's eyes made her voice waver.

"Did you?" Clayton circled her slowly, like a predator sizing up prey. "After everything you promised at the airport?" His fingers traced her shoulder, barely touching. "After that little show at the club?"

Ashley's earlier confidence wavered as Clayton's carefully chosen words brought back flashes of the day - his quiet observation at the airport, his calculated advances at the club.

"I was just..." Her voice trailed off as his hands found the tie of her robe. She glanced at Chris, seeing her own uncertainty reflected in his eyes.

The robe hung open, slipping lower off her shoulders as Clayton moved closer, his presence overwhelming her senses. Her earlier boldness felt like a distant memory, a game he'd allowed her to play.

Ashley turned fully toward Chris, her body trembling slightly as she sought his reassurance. "Chris, what do you think..." The words caught in her throat as Clayton's lips found her neck, sending electricity down her spine. Her eyes stayed locked on Chris, trying to gauge his reaction.

"Don't ask him," Clayton murmured against her skin, his hands sliding the robe from her shoulders. "You didn't seem concerned about Chris's permission when you were teasing me at the airport." The fabric pooled at her feet as his words hit their mark. "Or during your little

performance in the club." His hands slid around her exposed waist, his fingers pressing into her tight skin as he pulled her against his manhood. Each point landed like a calculated blow to her confidence. "Why start asking now?"

Chris sat frozen on the bed, watching Ashley's expression shift from uncertainty to desire. Her earlier displays of control now felt like moves in a game she hadn't even known she was playing. The woman who had boldly manipulated situations all day seemed to fade away with each of Clayton's carefully chosen words and expert touches.

"And you," Clayton directed at Chris, his lips never leaving Ashley's neck. "Your little outburst at the club was very disrespectful." His hands slid up Ashley's ribs slowly, drawing soft gasps from her lips. "You seem to forget who you're talking to."

Ashley's eyes fluttered between open and closed, her body betraying her as Clayton's experienced touch played her like an instrument. Each caress seemed calculated not just for her pleasure, but for Chris's torment. Her body was on fire, and despite wanting to come to Chris's aid all she could do was melt into Clayton's touch.

"Did you think," Clayton continued, his voice carrying that dangerous edge, "your newfound confidence as it pertains to work changed anything?" His fingers ghosted along Ashley's curves, drawing goosebumps across her skin. "We might be closer to equals in the office now, but here..." He punctuated his point by running his fingers back down Ashley's body, pressing his fingers against the wet fabric of Ashley's thong. She arched back against him with a deep moan. "Here, you know exactly where you stand."

Chris's jaw clenched as he watched Ashley respond, her body betraying how deeply Clayton's touch affected her. He hated the way Clayton was talking to him, how Ashley was responding to him, how his cock was so hard it hurt.

"I take my debts very seriously, Ashley," Clayton's voice dropped lower, his free hand tangling in her hair as the other continued to rub her soaked panties. "And I always collect what I'm owed." With subtle pressure, he guided her downward.

Ashley sank to her knees, her earlier confidence completely shattered. She turned her body so she was once again facing him her hands already reaching for his waistline without being told.

"There we go," Clayton smirked, his eyes finding Chris's. "This is more appropriate, isn't it? A reminder of how things really work between us." His fingers traced Ashley's jaw as he spoke, applying just enough pressure to cause her to part her lips and let his thumb slide across her tongue.

Chris felt his body respond traitorously to the scene before him. Despite his earlier show of strength at the club, he knew deep down this was inevitable. Clayton had always been in control, and some part of Chris had always wanted this - needed this. His growing arousal, and Ashley's growing submission, betrayed how right Clayton was.

Ashley's fingers worked quickly, tugging his pants down just enough to free his already hard cock. She looked up at him, biting her lip as the giant piece of meat sprung free.

Clayton smirked, gripping her hair tighter, guiding her mouth to him. "You missed it didn't you? You've been thinking about my cock all day." He controlled her head as her tongue snaked across his shaft. He made a show of it, pressing the heavy piece of flesh against her cheeks and around her nose before tilting his hips and sinking between her lips.

Chris watched, his heart pounding in his chest as Ashley took Clayton into her mouth. He saw the way she wrapped around him, her cheeks hollowing out as she began to suck. A mix of jealousy and arousal surged through him, his own cock throbbing at the sight. He hated how much this turned him on, how much he wanted to see Ashley pleasing Clayton. With trembling fingers he began to work on the button of his own pants desperate to free his painful erection.

"Good girl," Clayton murmured, his grip on her hair tightening as he controlled her pace. His eyes never left Chris's, the smirk on his face a clear sign of his victory. "See, Chris? This is how she should be. Obedient. Eager to please. She may think she wants to be in control, but in reality she just wants to be treated like a slut." He pushed his hips forward as Ashley tried her best to accommodate more of him. "Isn't that right, Ashley? You enjoy being my cock sucking whore, don't you?"

"Mmmpfh " was the only sound to come from Ashley's mouth as she placed her hands on Clayton's thighs and continued to coat his cock with her saliva. With each thrust of his hips, each word that he spoke, she found her body aching with a need for release.

Chris couldn't take his eyes off them as he shed the last of his clothes. He saw how Ashley's body responded, her nipples hardening, her hips squirming as she knelt before Clayton. He knew she was turned on, that she wanted this. And despite his jealousy, he wanted it too. He wanted to see her submit, to see her taken.

Clayton pulled Ashley off his cock, his breath coming in ragged gasps. "On the bed," he commanded, his voice leaving no room for argument. Ashley complied, licking his lips as his cock sprung from from her lips. She crawled onto the bed, her ass wiggling in the air, her eyes on Chris. The first thing she noticed as she crawled between his legs, was just how hard he was. Despite having cum less than an hour ago, his erection was already at full strength. The second thing she noticed, was the look of pure lust in his eyes. She didn't need to worry about going too far. He wanted this just as bad as she did.

Clayton took his position behind her, his hands gripping her hips possessively. He looked at Chris, his eyes filled with a dark intensity and lingering anger. "I know how much you love to watch," he said, his voice a low growl. "Now you get to watch up close."

Ashley leaned forward, her hands sliding up Chris's thighs as she held his gaze. She wanted to taste him, to feel him in her mouth. She licked her lips with anticipation as Clayton's fingers burned fire down her legs as he removed her last piece of clothing.

Chris watched Ashley's face, his cock throbbing in his hand as she leaned in, her breath hot on his skin. He could see the desire in her eyes, the need to please him even as she submitted to Clayton. He nodded slightly, giving her the reassurance she sought as Clayton slid on a condom behind her.

Ashley placed a soft kiss on Chris's hand as he slid it away from his already throbbing dick. She could feel Clayton's spear pressing against her, could feel his desire and his anger as she coated him with her juices.

"You know what I like most about you, Chris?" Clayton sneered as he applied pressure to Ashley's hips getting her in just the right position. "You're not afraid to share the things you love." Before Chris had time to respond, Clayton drove his hips forward impaling Ashley on his dick.

"Oooohhhh, fuuuuck" Ashley moaned throwing her head back, her eyes widening as he filled her completely. He was somehow bigger than she remembered, and the sudden intrusion sent a shockwave of sensation through her.

Chris watched, mouth agape as Ashley's body adjusted to the sudden intrusion. Once the initial shock wore off, she leaned down, her tongue licking the tip of Chris's cock causing him to let out his own moan.

She tried to focus on Chris, her mouth wrapping around his cock as she began to suck. But Clayton's thrusts were hard and fast, pushing her forward with each movement. She choked slightly, her hands gripping Chris's thighs for support as his cock pushed into the back of her throat.

Chris watched, his breathing shallow and uneven, as Ashley struggled to take him in her mouth. He could see the effect Clayton's rough thrusts were having on her, could see her body shaking with each impact. He reached down, his hands gently stroking her hair, trying to offer some comfort.

Clayton smirked, seeing Chris's attempt at tenderness. He gripped Ashley's hips tighter, slapping her ass as his thrusts becoming even more forceful. "This is what she needs," he growled. "She wants it hard. She needs to be punished." As if to demonstrate his point, Clayton stopped thrusting and let Chris watch as Ashley threw her hips back with such force that Clayton nearly lost his balance. She was fucking herself on Clayton's dick with an intensity Chris couldn't understand. All the while her moans grew louder as they reverberated off his cock, disappearing down her throat.

"You missed it didn't you? You missed fucking me," his eyes locked on Chris's as he spoke. His hips thrust harder into Ashley. He yanked on Ashley's hair, like reins on a horse causing Chris's dick to fall from her mouth.

"Oh... fuck! Yes, yes, fuck ME!" Ashley bellowed as Clayton's words seemed to drive her on like a rancher would a herd.

Clayton swatted her ass again, harder than before as he pushed his hips forward at the exact time she was pulling back. Her velvet grip sank down to the root of his cock causing Clayton to groan in pleasure. He slapped her other cheek, the red handprint dark and angry against the soft glow of her ass.

Ashley took Chris back into her mouth, her tongue swirling around his head as Clayton seemed to pick up steam. She felt like she was about to come undone. She couldn't believe how quickly her orgasm snuck up on her.

"How are you so fucking tight?" Clayton gasped feeling Ashley's walls cave in around him. He pulled on her hair again using it as leverage to push deeper into her core.

Chris's cock sprung from Ashley's mouth. "Fuuuck, Oh my god, don't stop," she pleaded her hands falling from Chris's legs and clutching the sheets as she rested her head against his thigh.

Chris could see Ashley's struggle, could see her attention shifting away from him. He felt a pang of jealousy, but also a surge of arousal. Watching her taken like this, watching her overwhelmed with so much pleasure, was intoxicating.

Clayton leaned forward, his body covering Ashley's back as he fucked her with a renewed vigor. His hands found her breasts, squeezing them roughly as he pounded into her. He rolled and pinched her nipples between his fingers as Ashley cried out lifting from Chris's lap and arching her back.

Chris watched Ashley's face as she rose up, his cock aching as Ashley's attention turned fully to Clayton. Her eyes were squeezed shut, her mouth slightly open as her tongue slid across her bottom teeth. He knew that look well. She was close to coming. He reached down, his hand gripping his cock as he began to stroke himself, his eyes never leaving her face.

Ashley was lost in sensation, her body on fire as Clayton took her. She felt her orgasm approaching fast. She arches her back higher, trying desperately to somehow get Clayton even deeper than he already was. She could feel his anger, his desire, his need to dominate her. And she loved it. She felt his hand leave her hip, his thrust more urgent. She gasped as she felt it wrap around her throat, pulling her even harder into his pistoning shaft. "Cum for me. Show Chris what a slut you truly are." His breath was hot on her cheek, and with a final thrust she began to see stars.

"Ohhh fuck. Jesus, don't stop. Fuck, oh fuck," she pleaded through choked gasps. Clayton released her throat causing her to fall forward on the bed. Through dreamy eyes, she looked up at Chris and saw him stroking himself. A sliver of regret washed over her as she realized she had stopped sucking him. She wanted to give him pleasure, but her body was too tired to move. She lazily reached out, replacing his hand with her as she stroked his cock.

Clayton smirked, looking at Chris as he waited for Ashley's orgasm to subside before picking back up the pace. "This is what she wants, Chris. She wants to be taken, to be used. She doesn't want gentle lovemaking. She wants to be fucked. Her pussy is practically begging, clamping down on me like it can't get enough." As if on cue, Ashley let out another moan. Her fingers tightened on Chris's shaft as Clayton's pace picked back up.

Chris nodded, as if in a trance. He was close, so close. Watching Ashley submit to Clayton, watching her taken so roughly, was the most erotic thing he'd ever seen. Ashley's hand however was barely moving, it was slow and agonizing. Chris began rocking his hips in time with Clayton's thrust in fear that his orgasm would subside.

Ashley's moans grew louder, her body tensing as Clayton picked back up steam. She couldn't believe he was still going so hard. she expected him to finish at the same time as her, but as her moans grew louder and the smell of sex filled the air she knew he was far from done.

Clayton's fingers found Ashley's clit causing her body to come back to life. "Ohhh, fuck. How do you do that?" She moaned, amazed at how Clayton seemed to always know exactly how and where to touch her. Her panting became louder as she opened her eyes and looked at Chris. Her grip on him strengthened as she jerked his cock faster.

"Ahhh, Ashley, you gotta stop or I'm going to..." Chris pleaded feeling his balls constrict. This only seemed to spur Ashley on as she tightened her grip.

"Mmm fuck. In my mouth, baby. Let me take you in my mouth." Ashley felt bad that she wasn't giving Chris more attention. She tried to move her body forward to at least allow him to finish in her mouth.

However, Clayton had other plans. As soon as Ashley tried to move her mouth over Chris's cock his grip on her hips tightened and he picked up his pace, hammering into her with a fury that couldn't be contained.

"Ohhh. Ohhh fuck, Oh God," Ashley wailed as she squeezed Chris's shaft her head falling back down to the mattress in front of him.

"Uuuugh, fuck," Chris roared as he erupted all over Ashley's hand, a few spurts even landing in her hair. Clayton watched with a sinister grin on his face as the last of Chris's seed seeped down Ashley's fingers.

"Ahh that's too bad. I guess you're going to miss all the real fun," Clayton taunted as he slowed his strokes and allowed Ashley to catch her breath. She looked up at Chris, a flash of sadness in her eyes as she released his twitching cock.

"Go and get cleaned up. We could use more space, anyway," Clayton laughed sliding his cock out of Ashley causing her to sigh. For a brief moment, Chris held his ground. This was his room, his wife, Clayton had no right. Ashley's finger slid across his causing him to lose his focus.

"I love you," she whispered, and just like that the jealousy was gone. He cut his eyes to Clayton one last time, then slid off the bed.

The moment Chris was off the bed, Clayton was pushing Ashley onto her back. "Are you ready to feel what it really means to be fucked?"

"Yessss," she hissed spreading her legs in acceptance.

Clayton grinned, looking smugly at Chris who stood watching from the bathroom door. He licked his lips, admiring Ashley's naked body spread on the bed, her full surrender complete. He leaned down taking her tit between his teeth causing her to moan and buck her hips. His fingers traced up her legs as he released her nipple from her mouth and kissed her neck.

"Mmmm, please," Ashley whispered.

"Please what?"

"Please, fuck me," Ashley whined opening her eyes to see Clayton smiling down at her. Instinctively she wet her lips as she felt his large head press against her clit. He leaned closer, his mouth inches from hers. She tilted her hips, desperate to find his manhood, but it slipped over her clit causing her to shudder. She turned her head at the last minute, denying him the kiss he seemed to crave.

"Just, fuck me," she said again this time with more conviction. She turned her head back looking into Clayton's eyes. She could see the anger, the lust. She didn't know why, but that was the look she craved.

He grabbed her ankles, placing them on his shoulders one by one using a little more force than necessary, folding her nearly in half. Ashley gasped at the sudden change in position, her body now completely at his mercy.

Hold onto the headboard," Clayton commanded, his voice ripe with anger. Ashley complied, clasping the wooden bars behind her head. Clayton leaned forward, his hips meeting the back of her thighs, his cock at her entrance.

"Please," Ashley begged, her eyes locked onto his. She tried to push her hips up, to impale herself on his cock, but Clayton held her firmly in place.

"Begging won't help you, Ashley," he said, a cruel smile playing on his lips. "You like to play games? Well, so do I."

With a sudden, powerful thrust, Clayton buried himself inside her. Ashley cried out, her back arching as much as her position allowed. Clayton gave her no time to adjust, pulling out almost completely before slamming back into her.

"Uhmhmmmm, Uh fuck," Ashley grunted. "Oh my God, your cock. It's, it's so fucking, fuuuuck."

Clayton set a brutal pace, causing Ashley's grasp on the headboard to tighten. His hips moved piston-like, driving into her with heavy, rhythmic strokes each one filling the room with the sound of flesh meeting flesh and Ashley's sharp gasps and moans.

"Are you ready to admit you love my cock?"

"Uh, fuck, sooo fucking deep." Ashley felt herself on the verge of another crushing orgasm. The intensity of the way Clayton was fucking her was like nothing she'd ever experienced.

"Say it, say you love my cock."

"Yesssss. Fuck. Yes, I love it. It feels so fucking good."

"Then fucking, prove it!"

At first, Ashley wasn't sure what he meant. Then Clayton leaned down, his body folding Ashley even further. His lips brushed against hers and this time she didn't dare turn away. His tongue found hers in a harsh, demanding kiss. He bit her lower lip, tugging on it as he pulled away, leaving Ashley gasping for breath.

"You feel that, Ashley?" he growled, his hips never stopping their relentless pace. "That's what being fucked feels like. That's what you want, isn't it?"

Ashley could only moan, her words lost amidst the overwhelming sensations coursing through her body. Her head lifted from the bed, in search for Clayton's tongue as she sucked it into her mouth like a common whore. Her legs ached from the strain of her position, but the pleasure of Clayton's cock filling her, the pain of his teeth on her lips, the sheer intensity of it all, pushed her towards the edge of another orgasm.

Clayton could feel her contracting around him, could see the signs of her impending climax. He slowed his pace, his strokes becoming deeper, more deliberate. He reached between their bodies, his fingers finding her clit.

"Cum for me, Ashley," he demanded, his fingers drawing tight circles around her sensitive nub. "Show me how much you love being fucked."

Ashley's body tensed as her orgasm crashed over her like a tidal wave. She glanced briefly at Chris, a soft smile forming on her lips as she fought to keep her eyes open, wanting to hold onto that connection with him. It was a small gesture, but for Chris, it was everything. Clayton might believe he was in control, and maybe, in many ways, he was. But in that fleeting smile, Ashley confirmed that, no matter the intensity of the moment, this was still about her and Chris.

"Yes, ohhh fuck, Clayton. Oh, fuck, don't stop, baby," she cried, her body convulsing beneath him as her eyes snapped shut. Her inner walls tightened around his cock, pulling him over the edge with her.

"Ugggh fuck, take it!" Clayton roared throwing his head back as he came. His cock pulsed inside her, filling the condom with his release. He continued to thrust, drawing out both their orgasms until they were nothing more than trembling, sweaty messes.

Exhausted, Clayton released Ashley's legs, allowing them to fall to the bed. He collapsed on top of her, his body slick with sweat. Ashley wrapped her arms around him, her tongue once again finding his mouth. They stayed like that for several seconds, the sound of this passionate kissing filling the otherwise quite room.

Chris cleared his throat from the doorway. The gesture seemed to break Ashley from her spell, as she broke the kiss and turned her head to Chris.

Clayton glanced between them, a smirk tugging at the corner of his mouth. "Well," he drawled, letting the silence stretch just a bit too long, "my work here is done. I'll see myself out." His tone was laced with something between a challenge and a jest, lingering in the air like a taunt. Without waiting for a response, he turned and collected his clothes. Once dressed he strode to the door, giving one last amused glance over his shoulder before disappearing down the hall.

The click of the door was loud in the sudden quiet. Ashley exhaled, her gaze trailing after him before she turned back to Chris, worry flickering in her eyes. "Are you okay?" she asked softly, searching his face. "I'm sorry," she said, almost to herself.

"For what?"

"I wanted to please you. I wanted you in my mouth and then..."

"It's not your fault," Chris replied trying to sound comforting. "Clayton knew what he was doing. He wanted to prove that he was in control."

Ashley chewed nervously on her bottom lip, considering what he said. "I... I completely lost it there at the end."

Chris smiled as he walked toward her. "That's what makes it so intense," he replied, sliding onto the bed beside her. "Seeing you like that... watching you completely surrender..." He let out a shaky breath. "It's the thing I love most about this. And hate most about it too."

Ashley lifted her head, studying him. "Really?" A hint of their earlier playfulness returned to her voice. "Even after everything that's happened today?"

"Especially after today." Chris pulled her closer, his fingers trailing along her skin. "Watching you go from being so in control at the airport, to this..." He smiled against her hair. "You're incredible, you know that?"

"God, what is wrong with us?" Ashley laughed softly against his chest. "Normal couples don't do this."

"Since when have we ever been normal?" Chris murmured, kissing her forehead.

They settled into each other's arms, trading soft, lazy kisses. Ashley's entire body felt heavy with exhaustion, her muscles aching pleasantly as she melted against Chris's familiar warmth. Her

mind was littered with questions, but she would let them sit for another night. Right now, all she wanted was this tender moment with her husband, the steady rhythm of his heartbeat against her cheek slowly lulling her toward sleep, before getting on a plane in the morning and heading back to reality.

## Newlywed's New Desires Ch. 11

Steam rose from the sink as Chris placed the last plate into the strainer and turned off the water, the distant chatter of reality TV drifting in from the living room. The three weeks since Seattle had brought an unexpected shift in their dynamic, a comfort settling over their relationship that hadn't been there in months. At work, Clayton had become oddly professional, sequestering himself in his office to handle client requests, particularly those from Tom who seemed to have lost all interest in engaging with Chris directly. This suited Chris fine; his client portfolio was expanding, with several promising deals on the horizon that made Tom's silence feel more like a blessing than a slight.

Home life had blossomed in ways Chris hadn't anticipated. Their sex lives continued to thrive with renewed energy, their emotional connection deeper than ever, even without any repeat performances since that night in Seattle. The teasing remained constant though, evolving into something more sophisticated. Ashley had begun openly texting with Clayton, a development that initially raised Chris's eyebrows but quickly became part of their new normal. She'd shared the first few messages with him, relatively tame exchanges where Clayton expressed wanting to see her again or inquired about what she was wearing. Chris noticed how Ashley seemed to flourish under the attention, their own passionate encounters were always more intense on days when Clayton's name lit up her phone.

Ashley curled into the corner of their leather sofa, an impulse buy that still made her smile, knowing they could finally afford such luxuries now that Chris was making real money. Her light blue silk cami clung to her damp skin, the thin fabric leaving little to the imagination as she tucked her bare legs beneath her. She had rushed down, straight from the shower in time to watch her favorite TV show. Her favorite cast member stood frozen, designer dress now drenched in champagne, while Ashley absently chewed her thumbnail, completely absorbed in the unfolding scene.

"How can you watch this crap?" Chris settled beside her, his laugh cut short by her ice-cold feet sliding under his shirt. He jerked away with a yelp, but Ashley dug her toes in not letting him get away.

"That's what you get, mister." A commercial popped up on the screen, something about male pattern baldness as Ashley grabbed her phone and began to scroll.

"Talking to your boy toy?" Chris's attempt to sound casual failed miserably. Ashley raised her eyebrow at his question, mischief dancing in her expression.

"Wouldn't you like to know," she teased letting her foot slide from his stomach down to his thigh. On-screen, the host of the show was back and telling viewers that in just a few minutes votes would be cast to see who went home. Ashley put her phone back in her lap, the playful moment seemed to pass as she focused back on her show.

Biting the inside of his cheek, Chris let out a silent, frustrated sigh. The memories of Seattle lingered, the heart-racing thrill of Ashley being more daring, more... Her giggle broke his thought and he looked over to see she was back on her phone.

"ADD kicking in? You back to watching bloopers on the internet?"

"No sorry, just Clayton being..." She paused, her delicate toes trailing to the inside of Chris's thigh, unsurprised to find his growing arousal.

"Clayton being what?"

Glancing at her screen again, Ashley quickly shot off another message, unable to hide the grin on her face. Her gaze found Chris's, her arch now firmly against the swell of his loose-fitting basketball shorts. "Are you sure you want to know? It looks like your imagination is doing a pretty good job of filling in the blank."

"I..." Chris's response faltered as he thought about Ashley's response. Her foot casually traveled the length of his arousal, as he tried to work out just how right she was. He hadn't felt this type of anxiety-laced stimulation in weeks. He studied her face, noticing the way her tongue barely poked out past her teeth and her eyes shimmered as she slid her foot inside her shorts pressing it against his growing erection.

The ding of Ashley's phone felt deafening. Her foot flexed, toes curling around his shaft, lifting the screen to her face. Chris was finding it hard to breathe the pressure of her touch intensifying. A laugh escaped her lips as she read the text.

"He asked if I missed him," she paused her movements growing more urgent. "Well, not him exactly. He asked if I missed this." Her tongue darted across her teeth, her foot stroking faster as she turned her phone and he saw Clayton's imposing member on the screen.

Warmth crept up Chris's neck as he struggled to maintain his composure, his judgment clouded under Ashley's unexpected touch. Her movements grew bolder with each passing second, experimenting with pressure and rhythm in ways that made his head spin. "He... he sent you a dick pic?" The words came out strained, barely audible over the blood rushing in his ears.

Ashley watched his reactions chewing on her bottom lip, relishing the way Chris melted under her touch. These moments of control had become intoxicating, more potent than she'd ever expected when they first started this dance with Clayton. With Chris, every gasp, every tremor revealed how completely she could unravel him. It was different with Clayton though; her attempts at being in control with him always seemed to backfire, leaving her breathless and yielding to his dominance. Not that she minded, there was something deliciously freeing about submitting to him, letting go of all control. But this... watching Chris struggle to maintain his composure, knowing she held all the power... this thrill was becoming addictive. Another chime from her phone sent butterflies dancing in her stomach as she wondered what Clayton would say next, how he might try to reclaim control even from a distance. The thought made her pulse quicken, she was caught between two forms of power now, and finding she craved them both.

"He asked what I'm wearing," Ashley said casually. Chris barely registered her words, his pulse thundering in his ears while her toes curled around his length. The soft friction of skin against skin drawing him deeper into a pleasure-hazed trance. He wanted to reach down and remove his shorts but he didn't want to ruin the moment. Each stroke of her foot sent electric shivers up his spine. His hips moved instinctively now, chasing her touch. When her foot suddenly stopped, he let out a frustrated groan.

"Whaaa..."

"The show's back on," she teased, tossing her phone aside with a smirk and turning her attention back to the TV. The loss of contact left him aching, his skin hypersensitive where her foot had been as she turned her attention back to the TV as if nothing had happened.

Chris's gaze fell to her abandoned phone, his stomach clenching with that familiar mix of jealousy and desire. The unlocked screen displayed yet another picture of Clayton's swollen cock, his hand wrapped firmly at its base, the tip glistening with need.

"You're just going to leave him hanging?"

On the screen, the host's voice droned on, stretching each syllable with manufactured suspense. "Interesting," Ashley whispered leaning forward, her breath hitching as the drama unfolded.

"What is?"

Her attention fixed on the TV, anticipation stretching the silence. Finally, she replied, "That you're more worried about me leaving *him* hanging than you." Her smirk deepened as she let the statement linger, punctuated by a sharp intake of breath when her favorite contestant narrowly escaped eviction.

"That's not what I..."

"No?" Ashley cut him off, a playful edge in her voice. "So you don't think I should show him what I'm wearing?"

She licked her lips, her foot, now warm from her own rising desire, resuming its torturing pace on his member. "How about now?" she asked, slipping the straps of her cami off her shoulders. She gave her torso a teasing bounce, the thin fabric barely clinging to her breasts. Her nipples, hard and pronounced, pressed visibly against the smooth material, the sight enough to steal the air from Chris's lungs.

Chris's fingers dug into the leather, fighting the urge to reach for her. Her foot continued its maddening rhythm as she pulled her phone back into view. There was something intoxicating watching her lips curl into a sneer as she worked him closer to the edge.

"Maybe I should send him a picture," Ashley mused, her voice suggestive. She slid from the couch, the movement causing her cami to slip further down her chest. Chris sucked in air as she crawled seductively between his legs, the silk fabric finally losing its battle with gravity to pool at her waist.

"I mean, if he really wants to see what I'm wearing we should make it special, right?" Her hands slid up his thighs as she lowered his shorts, his pulsing member pushed between her bare breasts making his head spin. She reached for her phone, angling it carefully. "Actually... not yet. I think I should be wearing, something else. Don't you?"

Warmth engulfed Chris's cock as Ashley took his entire length in her mouth.

"Ohhh fuck, Ash..." Chris lifted his hips from the sofa his vision blurring at the sudden explosion of pleasure.

Ashley pulled back slowly, her tongue teasing his tip as she looked up at him with lust in her eyes. "Come on, baby," she purred, her fingers gently stroking his shaft. "Give me something proper to wear."

Chris's hands, still gripping the sofa, reached for her head. He fisted her hair as he felt his balls begin to tingle with desire. The sight of her, naked except for her blue boy shorts kneeling between his legs was the sexiest sight he could imagine.

She wrapped her hand around his base, stroking slowly, deliberately, as if savoring the effect she had on him. Her other hand slid down her own body, fingertips disappearing between her own legs. "Are you going to cum for me, baby? Do you think Clayton will like my picture?" she teased, her lips ghosting over his length before taking him back into her mouth.

Chris groaned, his head falling back against the sofa as she worked him expertly, her rhythm perfectly in sync with the torturous pressure building inside him. Every flick of her tongue, every swirl, sent jolts of pleasure up his spine. His words were like gasoline on a fire as she urged his orgasm forward.

"Fuck, Ashley," he rasped, his voice cracking with desperation. His hand forced her further down on his shaft, her warm breath tickling his testicles.

Ashley hummed around him, the vibrations sending shockwaves through his body. She felt his cock begin to throb as his moans grew higher. She shook her head free of his grasp, wrapping her chest around his member.

"Come on baby, cum for me," she urged pressing her chest tighter around him as his hips lifted at a rapid pace.

"Uuuggggh fuck," Chris roared as a final thrust caused him to collapse back against the sofa, his body trembling uncontrollably as the orgasm ripped through him. Hot, sticky warmth coated Ashley's chest and face as Chris gasped for air, his head spinning from the sheer intensity of his climax.

Ashley smirked, wiping a finger through the mess before meeting his heated gaze. "Mmm, Good boy," she teased, leaning forward and sucking his deflating head into her mouth one more time before letting it drop with a 'pop'.

The camera clicked, capturing Ashley in all her teasing glory. She was topless, her dark lashes framing a mischievous gaze as her lips hovered inches from Chris's softening member. Her face and chest glistened with his release, while her nipples, barely visible beneath the streaks coating her skin, seemed almost as if they were adorned with white pasties, but the truth was unmistakable.

"You're evil," Chris managed, though his body betrayed how much the idea thrilled him.

Ashley couldn't help but laugh as she pressed the send button. "Maybe," she admitted, the possibility of Clayton's reaction sending a delicious shiver down her spine. "But you seem to enjoy it."

The soft ding of Ashley's phone made her playfulness falter briefly. She knew sending a picture like that to Clayton was playing with fire, that's what made it so thrilling to begin with. As she read his response a gasp escaped her, a subtle shiver running through her body despite it being on fire.

"What did he say?" Chris asked, noticing the shift in her expression.

Desire eclipsed Ashley's eyes as she read the message again, her tongue darting out to wet her lips. The heat building between her legs intensified before slipping back into character for her husband. "Wouldn't you like to know," she purred, her voice carrying that hint of knowing that drove Chris crazy.

Rising gracefully to her feet, she collected her discarded cami from the floor but didn't put it on. "You know," she mused, stretching languidly like a cat in the TV's flickering light, "You seem to be the only one who has gotten some relief tonight." She backed toward the stairs, her hips swaying hypnotically. "Coming?"

Chris watched her retreat, mesmerized by the mix of confidence and desire in her movements. Just before she disappeared up the stairs, she paused, glancing at her phone one more time. The slight catch in her breath, the way her thighs pressed together, whatever Clayton had written was clearly affecting her.

"Last chance," she called down, her voice carrying both invitation and challenge.

Chris didn't need to be told again. As he followed her up the stairs, his cock had already begun to swell at the thought of what was in those messages. But for now, he was going to make sure Ashley got just as much enjoyment out of the night as he did.

\*\*\*\*

The parking lot was empty when Chris pulled in, the sun barely peeking out from the hills in the distance. He took a slow sip of coffee from Mable's, two creams no sugar, letting the warmth chase away the lingering fatigue. He'd skipped his usual sit down breakfast there to get an early start. The Reynolds account needed attention, especially with their new CEO taking over. His colleague had handed it off surprisingly quickly after Jennifer Reynolds replaced her father. She'd closed the initial deal effortlessly with the former CEO, but apparently his daughter preferred a "different approach."

An odd sense of peace washed over Chris as he spread the Reynolds files across his desk, an old-school habit he couldn't shake. While others juggled multiple monitors, he preferred the tactile sensation of paper, the way information seemed to cement itself in his mind when he could physically touch it. His focus kept wavering though, thoughts drifting to Ashley's photo from last night. She'd been insatiable afterward, their lovemaking reaching new heights, but he couldn't forget the string of ignored messages from Clayton lighting up her phone. These past weeks, Clayton had maintained an almost clinical professionalism at work, all business meetings and client calls. He'd barely mentioned Ashley to him at all. Chris couldn't decide if this separation was comforting or concerning. Last night's provocative exchange left him doubting Clayton could maintain his facade.

Chris quickly fell into a rhythm. The click of his keyboard filled the silence as he reviewed quarterly security events, all down since switching to BitGuardian. The numbers were solid, but like his other clients, there were still concerns about the ethics behind the software. Morning sunlight streamed through the window, forcing him to turn away to avoid being blinded by the glare. He was deep in concentration when the office door burst open, startling him from his analysis.

Katie rushed in, her usual polished appearance notably disheveled. Her mascara was smudged slightly, as she looked over her shoulder more than once. She clutched her bag close, making a beeline for her desk without her typical morning greeting.

Chris watched as she fumbled with her laptop, hands shaking slightly as she tried to log in. Something was clearly wrong. Katie was always composed, always put together, seeing her like this sent up immediate red flags. Her eyes were rimmed red, and she kept glancing at the door expecting someone to follow her in.

"Katie?" Chris called softly, not wanting to startle her further. She startled at his voice, having failed to see him at his desk. "Everything okay?"

She closed her eyes, shoulders sagging as the tension drained from her body. Having another person in the office seemed to calm her. "Hey, boss." Her voice wavered slightly, but he could see her rebuilding her walls, piece by piece. She smoothed her skirt, adjusted her blouse, small gestures of normalcy that seemed to help her. "I need coffee," she announced, more to herself than Chris.

Chris watched her make her way to the coffee machine, noting how she kept close to the walls, her usual confident stride gave way to hesitation. Gone was the typical sway of her hips that turned heads whenever she crossed the office. She returned with coffee clutched in both hands hoping the warmth could stop their trembling.

"You um..." she glanced at the door again, her voice dropping. "You ever feel like you're being followed?"

"Followed?"

"I know, it sounds crazy, right?" She gave a nervous laugh, her gaze darting to the door for the dozenth time. Her coffee sloshed dangerously close to the rim as she leaned forward. "This car... black or maybe blue. It was a dark color. I swear I've seen it everywhere this week. Every turn I made, every light I stopped at." Her voice cracked slightly. "I tried to tell myself I was imagining it, but then today it followed me all the way to the parking lot entrance before speeding off."

The hair on the back of Chris's neck stood up as memories flooded back, his sudden jolt of realization causing him to knock the neatly stacked papers from his desk. The same thing happened to him before Seattle, the way it would appear and disappear like a ghost. He'd convinced himself he was being paranoid, but now...

"Chris?" Katie's voice snapped him back to the present. "You look like you've seen a ghost." She studied his face, understanding flickered across her features. "What's going on?"

Chris ran his hand through his hair, letting out a slow breath. "The same thing happened to me before Seattle. A dark sedan showed up everywhere I went. I thought I was going crazy. I even almost said something about it to Clayton, but then they stopped and I convinced myself I was crazy."

A worried beat passed between the two, both of them unsure what to do or say next. The sudden burst of voices and laughter from the front entrance made them both jump to their feet, the morning crew arriving all at once. Katie pressed her hand to her chest, letting out a shaky laugh as their nerves calmed.

"God, we're both so jumpy." The familiar spark returned to Katie, warming her entire face. "Thanks though. For listening. For making me feel less crazy."

She stepped forward, wrapping her arms around him. Chris froze as her warmth pressed against him, the subtle scent of her perfume filling his senses. He tried to focus on anything else: the hum of the fluorescent lights, the voices from the lobby. Despite his efforts, his body betrayed him, feeling her soft curves molding against him.

"Mmm," she purred, her breath warm against his ear. "I guess fear really is a natural aphrodisiac."

"I... uh... that's not..." Chris stammered, his face burning as he tried to step back. The movement only seemed to make things worse as Katie let out a playful laugh, clearly back to her old self.

Clayton chose that exact moment to emerge from his office, leaning against his doorframe with that familiar predatory smirk as he watched them spring apart. Katie smoothed her skirt, while Chris took a deliberate step back.

"I... didn't realize you were in already," Chris managed, hating how defensive he sounded.

"Clearly, although I'm not sure why that matters." Without waiting for a response, he disappeared back into his office, the door clicking shut behind him.

Chris knelt down, gathering the scattered Reynolds documents. His hands froze as he reached for one particular page - an executive summary of security concerns. The words seemed to leap off the page: "BitGuardian's autonomous installation capabilities across unknown devices presents significant security concerns. Potential for unauthorized data collection and distribution. Full code audit is requested before continued implementation."

\*\*\*\*

Chris's car was the only one in the parking lot when Clayton arrived at the office. The temptation to turn around and go to see Ashley gnawed at him. His fingers drummed against the leather steering wheel. Thoughts of showing up at their house unannounced danced in his head. Ashley's startled expression, that flicker of desire she could never quite hide. The engine idled as he pulled up last night's photo, his jaw clenching at the sight of Chris marring what could have been a perfect addition to his collection. Still, the way Ashley stared into the camera with that knowing smile, covered in his cum so shamelessly... She'd evolved far beyond that nervous, married woman he'd first met that night at McDuffs. His smile grew wider as he considered all the boundaries left to break, all the ways she'd eventually beg him to cross them. She just needed the right motivation.

Taking a measured breath, Clayton swallowed the desire to act on impulse. The parking garage encounter still burned fresh in his memory - Ashley's initial submission followed by that infuriating flash of defiance before he could claim his prize. No, showing up unannounced would be... untimely. She needed to come to him willingly, to crave the things she knew only he could give her. Appreciation flickered across his face as he studied her perfect chest one last time before shoving the phone back in his pocket. The private entrance at the rear of the building called to him. It would offer the solitude he needed to orchestrate his next move.

Clayton wasted no time settling into his sanctum. The glow of multiple monitors was the only light in the room as he pulled up the live feed for the security cameras. Through the monitor, Chris hunched over the Reynolds files, scribbling notes with the desperate focus of someone drowning in responsibility. He was happy to dump that account into Chris's lap. Not only did it get in the way of his "meetings" with Katie, although those seemed to happen less frequently these days, he knew the stress of the account would be another thing Chris would try to juggle all on his own. Eventually, he would drop the ball and when he did that's when Clayton would strike.

On another monitor, Clayton pulled up his private collection of pictures he'd collected over the months. He nodded in approval as he pulled up some of the first images of Ashley he'd gotten. It was during their trip to Las Vegas. Ashley sent Chris lots of pictures during that trip, none of them intended for Clayton's eyes, but BitGuardian was truly in a league of its own when it came to security and it made short work of their privacy. This one in particular had her posing in the doorframe wearing only the tiniest of lingerie, still innocent to the game she'd eventually learn to play. The images flicked past, each one a trophy. He paused on one he'd actually taken himself, though he wasn't sure if Ashley was even aware of it. In it, she lay in her bed, her light blue teddy pulled to the side as she pleased herself. Adding the latest photo to his collection, Clayton took one more minute to admire her teasing smile. His eyes narrowed at Chris's intrusion in the frame. "Next time," he murmured, fingertips ghosting across her image, "we'll give you something more... worthy to display yourself with."

His phone buzzed, Tom's name flashing across the screen. The amusement fell from his face, picking up the call with contained irritation. "This is the third call in a week. I'm starting to think you're obsessed with me."

"Save the wisecracks. It's been almost a month and you still haven't told me how you plan to fix this." Tom's voice crackled through the speaker, tension evident. "Seattle was a waste. I expected results by now."

Clayton leaned back, attention lingering on Ashley's photo. "Patience. These things take finesse."

"Finesse?" Tom scoffed. "The SEC filing is coming up, they are going to start asking questions if we dump more shares before the call." Something crashed in the background and Clayton heard a muffled cry. A woman, whether the cry was pain or pleasure was hard to tell, but it was clear Tom was finding creative ways to deal with his frustrations. "Your father assured me you could handle the delicate aspects of our arrangement."

"My methods work," Clayton lashed out, sitting up in his chair. "Push too hard and -"

"And what? She's ready. Chris is the only obstacle, and I have people who can handle obstacles."

Clayton's fingers stilled on his mouse. "That won't be necessary." He clicked through his feeds until he found the current office view, zooming in on Chris comforting Katie. "I have something else in mind."

"We don't have time for your games," Tom growled. "The European expansion meeting is in four months. There are a few board members who don't believe I'm the man for the job. I need proper leverage before then." His breath grew heavier. "Ashley has everything we need - the looks, the charm. A few private meetings with them, some compromising photos... But I need to experience her myself first. Make sure she can... handle the role."

Tension radiated through Clayton's body. He didn't like to share, but he needed Tom just as much as Tom needed him. "And the transfers?"

"Everything's bouncing through the accounts like planned. No trace." Tom paused. "Speaking of which..."

"It's handled," Clayton cut him off with practiced calm. "He's too distracted by his new lifestyle to ask questions, and the details are on my encrypted hard drive at home. No one is looking there."

"And what about the audit the board requested when you were here?" The tension in Tom's voice seemed to melt, a tender moan in the background suggested why. "They were serious about pausing the rollout until they get that. The media coverage has them scared."

"The auditors are scheduled for next week. They won't find anything." Clayton leaned back, his smile growing, confident in his deception. "The remote access module compiles during runtime - completely untraceable. To them, it'll look like what we've always claimed: client-controlled admin access only."

"It better... be," Tom's voice jumped an octave followed by a long pause. "My ass is on the line here, and I've already exposed myself too much for you. If this falls apart..." The threat hung unfinished as a loud slap followed by another cry echoed in the background.

"I've got this handled. You, however, seem... preoccupied. Let me handle this and I'll call you soon with an update."

"This needs to play out." The edge in his voice was back. "If you don't figure it out soon we're doing it my way." Tom's threat hung in the air. "I've invested too much and haven't gotten anything but some lousy photos for my efforts. Get it done, or I'll handle it myself."

The line went dead. Clayton stared at his phone for a long moment before turning back to his monitors. On-screen, Katie pressed herself against Chris, her body language unmistakable. "It's almost too easy," he said to himself. Satisfaction coursed through him while he watched Chris's weak attempt to maintain professional distance even as his hands settled on Katie's waist. It was time to remind them both of their place in his carefully orchestrated dance.

Rising from his chair, Clayton straightened his tie and checked his reflection in the darkened monitor. The private entrance had served its purpose. Now it was time for a more public appearance. He'd let them see him, let Chris wrestle with the knowledge that Clayton had witnessed this intimate moment. After all, true control wasn't about force. It was about making them think it was their idea all along. And by the time he was done, they'd all be dancing to his tune, believing every step was their own choice.

\*\*\*\*

Ashley yanked her scrub top from the dresser with an exaggerated sigh, drawing Chris's attention from his phone. "I hate night shifts." She made a show of pulling off her t-shirt slowly, tossing it at her husband before pulling the uniform over her head.

"Could call out sick." Chris propped himself up on his elbows, watching her through the mirror as she changed. "Maybe send them that picture you took last night. I'm sure they'd understand."

"Something tells me Sarah won't like the picture as much as your boss did." She met his reflected gaze. Her cheeks flushed from the memory of last night's photos.

"He told you he liked the picture?" Chris's attempt at sounding casual failed as he felt his heart rate spike.

Biting her lower lip, Ashley ran her hands over her top seductively. "Oh he told me lots of things," she teased as she walked over to the bed where Chris was lounging.

"What kind of things?" Chris felt the blood rush to his groin as Ashley gave him her bedroom eyes.

"Sorry, lover. I can't be late, and you can't be quick." She gave him a playful squeeze reassuring her thoughts about Chris's current state as she pressed her lips to his.

She pushed Chris onto his back, deepening the kiss for a moment before resting her head on his chest. "I hate being away from you at night. Especially lately..."

"Lately?" His voice was playful, his fingers running through her hair. He tugged on it softly, drawing out a moan from her.

"Don't play innocent. You know exactly what I mean." Her fingers ran through his hair mimicking his movements. "Everything feels so... intense right now. Electric. Like, I can barely keep my hands off you."

"So don't." He let his fingers slide from her hair and into the waistband of her bottoms.

"I'm already running late," she protested weakly. She picked her head off his chest and stared into his eyes kissing his lips again. "As much as I'd love that, my friendly janitor friend already seems upset with me. I'd hate to disappoint him again."

Chris's hardness pressed into her thigh and she gave a faint giggle. "I'll call you later, baby. I love you."

"I love you too," he whispered watching Ashley rise from the bed with a sense of disappointment.

Navigating the hospital's empty halls, Ashley felt her earlier reluctance melt away. Night shifts may not be her favorite, but at least she'd get to work with Jen. They hadn't properly caught up since before Seattle, their schedules rarely aligning these days. The soft glow of monitors greeted her as she rounded the corner to the nurse's station.

"There she is!" Jen's cheerful voice carried across the quiet station. "The world traveler returns to grace us mere mortals with her presence." She spun in her chair, eyes sparkling with curiosity. "So, how was Seattle? Did you bring me back a souvenir?"

Sinking into her chair with a laugh, Ashley typed in her password to take a quick look at her patient files. "It was amazing," she began, relishing the chance to relive those moments. She'd never felt more alive. Seattle gave her a chance to step outside her comfort zone in a way that she never thought possible without needing to worry about ever running into those people again. "The views were incredible, and Chris and I found this perfect little bar near Pike Place Market..."

"Girl, I don't care about the view," Jen interrupted, studying her face. "How was the nightlife? I hear the club scene there is otherworldly. Did you guys get a chance to go out?"

Warmth flooded her neck, memories of that night rushing back. The interaction at the bar, the club with both Clayton and Tom and then everything that happened after.

"Oh my God, you're blushing!" Jen teased slapping her arm playfully. "You little slut, what did you do?"

"Oh my God, stop," Ashley laughed burying her face in her hands. "We did find a club. One of Chris's clients got us VIP access. It was..."

"Hot?" Jen interrupted. "Judging by the look on your face it was hot, or maybe it was the client?"

"It wasn't anything like that," Ashley lied unable to hide the smile on her face. "But yeah, it was hot. You know how easy it is to get lost in the music with the drinks flowing and all those bodies everywhere." Ashley looked at Jen's expression. She was on the edge of her seat, clearly hoping Ashley wouldn't spare a single detail. "And yes, his client was hot. He has this older dangerous vibe to him. It was driving Chris nuts that I was dancing with him."

"I knew it! God, I miss those days."

"Things with Chris have been really good lately," she admitted, moving on from the club scene but unable to completely hide her smile. "It's like... remember when you first start dating someone? That excitement, that spark? Somehow we've found that again. We can't keep our hands off each other."

Jen's expression softened, a hint of wistfulness crossing her features. "You're lucky, whatever you're doing keep doing it." The serious tone in Jen's voice caused Ashley to reach for her friend's hand, giving it a reassuring squeeze. "Dave barely looks up from his computer these days. Work from home sounds great until you realize he's working even more and refuses to ever leave the house or put on real clothes."

"We should get together soon," Ashley suggested, recognizing the loneliness in her friend's voice. "I never see you outside of this place anymore. Let's plan a double date and drag the guys along."

"Yeah?" Jen perked up slightly. "That could be fun. I need to figure out a way to get him out of the house."

The next few hours passed in comfortable routine. Ashley checked on her patients, administered medications, and updated charts while trading occasional gossip with Jen. Around 2 AM, the quiet of deep night settled over the ward like a heavy blanket. Even the usual beeping of monitors seemed muted, as if the machines themselves were drowsy.

Ashley's phone buzzed against the desk, sending a jolt of excitement through her body. Her mind immediately went to Clayton, what kind of ridiculous request would he cook up this time? She bit her lip, trying to focus on finishing her charting before checking it.

Finally, finishing her last entry, Ashley reached for her phone, that familiar flutter of anticipation in her stomach. Her excitement deflated slightly seeing Chris's name instead of Clayton's. "Just laying down for bed. Wish you were here." Such a sweet message, she was happy to hear from her husband. Excited to know their marriage was still fun and wild and not flaming out like Jen's, yet she couldn't deny the prick of disappointment she felt alongside it.

"I need to stretch my legs," Ashley announced, stretching her arms over her head, her scrub top exposing the slightest bit of skin as she forced back a yawn. Her muscles ached from sitting, and she felt like she was going stir-crazy. "These chairs are torture devices."

"Don't get lost," Jen called after her, already absorbed back in her work.

The memory of their last late-night chat made Ashley smile as she headed for the door. Her steps echoed in the empty hallway as she walked, mind drifting between memories of Seattle

and whatever the rest of this shift might bring. Despite her earlier reluctance, there was something almost freeing about these quiet hospital nights - time to think, to process, to plan. She scrolled through her text messages pausing on Clayton's name, a warm tingling sensation fired in her core as she considered texting him. That would certainly make the night more interesting.

\*\*\*\*

The stairwell door closed behind her with a heavy thud. Night air crept through the concrete space, raising goosebumps on Ashley's skin. Her footsteps bounced off the concrete walls during her descent, seeking a quiet space between floors where she could collect her thoughts. She pulled back out her phone. Her fingers found Clayton's name while descending another flight. A thrill ran through her body and she sucked in air stealing another glance at the picture she sent him last night. The Ashley from just a few short months ago would have never considered sending something so risqué, not even to her husband. However, this version of herself felt the heat building low in her gut. The words burning into her mind Clayton's response for the third time: *Poor Chris, he barely covered any of that perfect canvas. I'll make sure you see how it's truly done next time. When I'm finished with you there won't be an inch of skin that isn't marked. Let's see whose picture turns out better.*

Heat bloomed across her skin while rereading his message. Every inch of her tingling with anticipation even as guilt gnawed at her conscience. The competitive edge in his words, the way he casually dismissed Chris's efforts while promising his own dominance, like there was no doubt there would be a next time. She rubbed her thighs together, electricity racing through her veins. She shouldn't be behaving like this, shouldn't feel this surge of excitement at the thought of Clayton having her in such a way. She focused on the picture once more, imagining what it would look like if it was Clayton's cock there next to her face, would he really be able to cover as much of her as he claimed? Her nipples pressed against the fabric of her bra, the rough sensation causing her to shift her weight to the other leg.

The concrete walls seemed to close in around her as she finally paused between floors, leaning against the cold wall in hopes of cooling down her ever-rising body temperature. Her thumb hovered over the picture as if stroking the shaft on screen. The old Ashley would have ignored such a brazen message, would have deleted it immediately, and pretended it never happened. But this Ashley, the one who'd emerged since Seattle, craved more. She used it as fodder to tease Chris last night. Even now, she couldn't help but think about how to respond to Clayton in a way that would get both him and Chris worked up.

"Nice picture."

Ashley's head snapped up, her heart leaping into her throat. The janitor stood mere feet away, his eyes fixed on her phone screen. She'd been so lost in Clayton's message, in her own building desires, that she hadn't heard him approach. She didn't expect anyone to be down here. This was her safe haven, a place to go when she needed a break from all the chaos. Was it just dumb luck he was there now?

Instead of hiding the screen or scrambling to explain, Ashley felt that familiar surge of defiance rise within her. "So you're talking to me now?" Her voice was more angry than she expected, perhaps his cold shoulder last time affected her more than she realized. "Done pretending I don't exist?"

His eyes never left the screen, studying the image with an intensity that made the hairs on her nape stand. "Funny thing about existence," he said, his voice suddenly lower than she remembered. "Sometimes people aren't who you think they are." He took a step closer, forcing Ashley to tilt her head back to maintain eye contact. "And sometimes they end up being exactly what you expect." He was close enough now that she could feel his thigh pressed against hers. His fingers circled her hips possessively.

Heat flooded Ashley's cheeks, but she stood her ground. "What the hell does that mean?"

"It means, I saw you." His laugh was harsh, bitter. "Security cameras catch a lot these days. Including things that happen in dark corners of parking structures." He nodded toward her phone. "Though I guess things have escalated since then."

The word "cameras" hit her like a bucket of ice water. "That was... my husband and I just got carried away." The lie felt clumsy on her tongue. She jammed the phone deep in her pocket, needing to do something with her trembling hands.

His fingers dug into her hips, stealing her breath. This wasn't like Clayton's calculated dominance or Chris's loving surrender. This was raw, uninvited - a reminder that for all her games with Clayton, she was still just a nurse in an empty stairwell with a man who could overpower her. "Nice try. But I know what your husband looks like." His voice dropped lower. "That wasn't him."

Her palm stung before she even realized she'd moved. The crack of skin against skin echoed through the stairwell, a sound that seemed to go on forever. Horror crept in as she realized what she'd done - not just the slap, but everything that had led to this moment. She was getting careless. All the teasing and games, she should have known, just like with Clayton, eventually a line would get crossed.

His laugh made her blood turn cold as her mind raced through options. She briefly considered making a run for it, but the upper door would take too long to reach. Maybe if she screamed... but discovery meant explaining herself, meant admitting how she'd ended up in this position to begin with. Before she could decide, he caught her wrist in an iron grip, spinning her to face the wall. The rough concrete pressed against her cheek as he leaned close, his breath hot against her ear.

"See, I know more about you than you realize." His words carried a hint of amusement that made her stomach clench. Each exit strategy dissolved as his body pressed closer, her thoughts fragmenting between fear and an unwanted heat building low in her belly. "Like how you and your husband like to play games with his boss. How your husband likes to watch..."

"That's... that's not..." Ashley's voice trembled, her earlier defiance crumbling. She tried to twist away but his grip held firm. She could kick back, maybe catch him off guard. But rational thought escaped her, responding to his touch just as she did with Clayton.

"No? So you didn't bring him back to your room after a dinner party?" His free hand slid under her top, his fingers tracing her spine, making her shiver. "You didn't say how alive it made you feel knowing you had that kind of effect on two men?"

"Please," Ashley pleaded, though she wasn't sure if she was begging him to stop or continue. His arousal pressed into the cleft of her ass. His fingers traveled up her spine applying just enough

pressure to keep her pinned to the wall while simultaneously, making the fire in her core spread like an inferno.

"See, I think your husband gets off on other people enjoying his sexy little wife." His lips brushed her ear before his teeth sank into her neck.

"Ahhh, fuuuuck," she whined although she pressed into his body. Her head was spinning, trying to think of a way to get out of this situation while at the same time wanting to give into the carnal nature of it all.

"Chris..." Ashley's voice wavered as she pressed herself harder against the wall, trying to create distance. "We... we have rules. He wouldn't like not being able to be here."

"Your husband?" His fingers slid across her ribs cupping her chest, making her bite her lip to suppress a moan. "The same husband who watches his boss touch you? Who gets excited seeing you with other men?"

"That's... that's different. He needs to be here, I can't..." Even to her own ears, the protest sounded weak. His fingers pulled down the cup of her bra roughly, his fat digits pinching her nipples causing another moan to escape her lips. His touch was different than Clayton's - there was no careful manipulation, no orchestrated power play. The janitor's movements were primal, aggressive in a way that made her want to submit. Where Clayton seemed to want control, this was pure animalistic hunger. A lump formed in her throat as she realized how much she wanted this different kind of surrender. Clayton made her feel like a prize being claimed, but this... this made her feel like prey being devoured.

"Let's find out." His breath was hot against her wet neck. "Call him. Right now. Tell him exactly what's happening, and if he says stop..." He tweaked her nipple, causing her knees to buckle her panting growing in volume. "Well, we both know what he'll really say, don't we?"

Ashley's hands trembled as she pulled out her phone. She should feel relieved at the opportunity to end this, but instead, her pulse raced with a different kind of anticipation. The janitor pulled back slightly, giving her space, his warm mouth now on her exposed back as he seemed to kiss his way down her trembling body.

"Speakerphone," he commanded as she pulled up Chris's number. "I want to hear everything."

"Fuuu..." Ashley's whines grew as the janitor continued to maul her overly sensitive chest, his lips sliding to the swell of her ass as his free hand began to aggressively pull at the waist of her pants.

The phone rang twice before Chris's sleep-heavy voice answered. "Hey babe. Everything ok?"

"Chris, I..." Words failed her as rough hands slid beneath her scrubs. Her voice dropped to a whisper, "The janitor's here and he's..." A sharp twist of her nipple made her gasp, the phone nearly slipping from her trembling fingers.

"Mmm?" The sound of rustling sheets carried through the speaker. "The janitor?" Interest crept into his drowsy tone assuming this was just another game Ashley was playing.

"He's here." Her words came out breathless as fingers ghosted over her thong-covered ass. "And he... he's touching me."

A sharp intake of breath from Chris. "What's happening?" The sleep was gone from his voice now, replaced by that familiar mix of concern and arousal she'd grown to recognize.

"Tell him," the janitor commanded against her neck. "Tell him everything."

Realization that this was really happening caused Chris to shoot up in his bed. His throat was dry, his vision blurry. "Are you okay, baby? Is he hurting you?"

"N... no. I'm fine," Ashley's strained breathing caused Chris's hand to instinctively reach for his now growing erection. He knew that he should stop this before it got out of hand, but between the sleep and his blood now moving south of his brain, he wasn't thinking straight.

"Ahhhh," Ashley cried out as a hard slap landed on her ass. The janitor took a step back admiring her compromised state, a toothy smile lightening his dark features before another hard slap landed on her ass.

"You're wasting time. Tell him!"

"H... He wanted to call you and tell you what's happening and ask if it should s... stop." Ashley was finding it hard to focus. Between the arousal sliding down her leg and the sharp pain of her ass she was struggling to form complete sentences.

A tremor ran through her as the janitor's hands gripped her hips firmly, his fingers digging into her delicate flesh. She could feel his hot breath on the back of her thighs, his lips brushing against her skin as he slowly made his way down. She should stop this. Why wasn't Chris stopping this? But his fingers dug into her hips and coherent thought scattered like ashes in the wind.

"Wha... what's he doing?" Chris felt like he'd swallowed sand as he closed his eyes trying to visualize what his wife was doing. His cock ached as he slid down his pants with shaking hands. Chris gripped the phone tighter, his anxiety spiking and causing his heart to hammer against his chest. With Clayton, he could watch, could see every expression that crossed Ashley's face. He knew exactly how she looked when pleasure overtook her. But now, forced to rely only on sounds and imagination, everything felt more intense yet somehow incomplete. Each gasp, every moan painted vivid pictures in his mind but left him aching to verify, to witness. The distance twisted his usual excitement into something sharper, more urgent. He wanted to be there, needed to see her eyes, to know she was safe even as she surrendered to another man's touch.

"I... I can't think straight." Ashley's voice trembled as the janitor's hands slid down her thighs, his thumbs hooking into the waistband of her thong. She felt a tug, and then the cool air of the stairwell hit her exposed skin.

"Tell him what I'm doing, Ashley." The janitor commanded. "Tell him how I'm touching you."

A faint gasp pierced the silence as she felt the janitor's tongue trace a line up her inner thigh.

"He... he's pulling down my thong. Chris. He's... oh God, he's kissing my thighs. should, should we stop this, baby? Do you want me to tell him to stop?"

Another moan echoed in Chris's ear making his hand wrap around his shaft. His grip tightened on the phone, shame, and desire blending in his gut. He'd never even seen the janitor's face, yet here he was, rock-hard at the thought of this stranger touching his wife. What kind of husband did that make him?

"Nnnngh, oh fuck," Ashley's words fueled Chris's fantasy. Was he older, maybe mid-fifties? He was probably dirty with a gut, not making enough money to eat healthy or get to the gym. Was he black? Had Ashley ever been with someone of another race, did she want to be? The picture in Chris's mind began to take shape his own breathing growing more ragged.

Each detail he imagined made his cock throb harder, even as a voice in his head whispered that he should be there, should be protecting her. But that was the intoxicating paradox, his physical absence made everything more intense, more dangerous. He was simultaneously powerless and completely in control, letting this stranger touch his wife but not before getting Chris's permission. The thought made him dizzy with desire.

The janitor's tongue reached the apex of her thighs, his hot breath sending shivers up her spine as she bent forward giving him better access to her soaked lips. Ashley's grip on the phone tightened, nearly crushing it. "He's... he's kissing me, Chris. He's kissing my mmmm."

Chris's own moan echoed through the speaker, his voice strained. "Where, Ashley? Tell me where he's kissing you."

Ashley's eyes fluttered closed as the janitor's tongue slid over her sensitive folds, his movements slow and deliberate. The guilt she initially felt subsided briefly when she heard Chris's moan. She knew that sound well these days, he was touching himself. Playing with himself while she gave a play-by-play of being eaten by another man. The thought made her core spasm. "He's... he's kissing my pussy, Chris. He's... oh God, he's licking me. Ugggh God, it feels so good, baby."

"You're so sexy, baby. I wish I was there. I wish I could see the look in your eye right now." Chris was working himself faster, the soft smacking sound of Ashley's juices meeting with the janitor's tongue, and probably his fingers echoed in his ears.

Hearing Chris's encouraging words caused Ashley to not just stop fighting it, but become a more active participant. She pushed her hips back into the janitor, his tongue sinking into her folds, fucking her, as his fingers found her clit. His head nodded up and down, side to side, as he lapped at Ashley's slit. Faster and deeper, he pushed his fingers in and out of her, ensuring to stimulate her G-spot. Her walls were clamping down on him, telling him exactly what her body needed.

"Ah, mhmm," Ashley's fingers slipped from her phone, sending it clattering to the ground, forgotten in an instant. Her palms pressed firmly against the wall, arching her body and allowing the janitor's fingers to delve even deeper inside her. "God, Chris, Jesus," she panted, her breath hitching as waves of pleasure coursed through her. "Baby, I'm close. It feels so, so, fucking good."

Ashley's moans began to sound more distant to Chris, her voice breathy and lost in ecstasy. Yet, the wet, sloshing sounds of her arousal were intimate and close, driving her closer to the edge. He could feel his cock throbbing in his hand, his own sighs escaping his lips and mingling with Ashley's as his orgasm built.

Pushing his tongue deep inside her over-saturated pussy the janitor captured her clit between his fingers pinching and pulling at the swollen nub. He felt her walls clench, her knees buckle as the orgasm washed over her.

“Oh, shit, mhmmmmm, fuuuuck,” Ashley grunted as she felt the rush of heat wash over her body. Her slender legs buckled and she fell to her knees, her fingers sliding down the cool texture of the wall. She held her breath as an orgasm racked her body, “UGGGH. OHHHHH! OHHHH! OH SHIT!”

Her vision blurred as a wave of pleasure seemed to shoot out from the janitor's tongue. Her muscles tensed, and her jaw hung open as a primal groan escaped her lips. Pleasure wracked through her as the janitor continued his assault working her body with the efficiency of an experienced lover.

Chris, hearing the intensity of Ashley's orgasm, felt his own release surge through him. His cock pulsed in his hand, ropes of hot cum shooting onto his stomach as he grunted, his body tensing with each wave of pleasure. "Fuck, Ashley," he gasped, his voice ragged. "That sounded... fuck."

Ashley, still panting, her body trembling with the aftershocks of her orgasm, felt the janitor slow down his movements. His tongue gently lapped at her folds, drawing out the last remnants of her pleasure. She took a deep breath, her body relaxing slightly when suddenly, she felt his large hands press against her ass spreading it slowly.

Her eyes widened in surprise. "Oh, God," she breathed, her body tensing again as his tongue slid across the tight hole of her ass. This was a new sensation, something she had never experienced or even considered before.

"Ashley?" Chris's voice was raw with desire. "Is... is he about to...?"

Ashley whined in desire as the janitor's tongue circled her tight entrance, his hands spreading her cheeks further apart. "N... no, Chris. He's... he's licking me," she admitted, her voice shaky.

"Again?"

"N... no, baby. He's... he's licking my ass." Another faint whimper escaped her lips as his tongue danced around her virgin hole.

"He's... what? Oh God," They'd drawn lines, discussed fantasies, but this... this was uncharted territory. His body betrayed him, hardening again at the thought of someone else claiming this virgin space before him. He should feel jealous, angry even. Instead, each of Ashley's whimpers sent fire through his veins.

It felt like sex for the first time, a completely new experience for Ashley. She thrust her ass back towards him, wanting more of what he was doing, no longer caring about how obscene it was. The janitor smiled to himself, this was going even better than he'd hoped. He never missed a beat and continued running his thick tongue around the rim of her asshole, back across it, increasing and decreasing pressure to see how she responded to each. His hand was on her inner thigh, clutching onto her so that his pointer finger was mashed up against her soaked lips.

Ashley was in heaven, she could already feel another orgasm building. “He's, he's tonguing my ass, Chris. Fuck baby, it's so gross. But it feels so good. Soooo fucking good”

Ashley rocked her hips backward, desperately trying to make his fingers push inside her. In doing so, his slimy tongue pushed forward and parted her tight asshole. “Ohhh fucck,” She moaned deeply into the empty stairwell. She had never felt anything like it before. She reached clawing at the concrete wall, unnerved by just how good it felt. He held her by her thighs as his

tongue continued to push into her virgin asshole, making circles as it did, stimulating the pleasure centers Ashley never knew her own body had.

"Tell me," Chris urged, his voice thick with need. "Tell me everything."

She turned, her words dissolving into a moan as nimble fingers found tender flesh. Every touch felt new like discovering her body could sing notes she never knew existed. She couldn't focus enough to describe the sensations - the wet heat of his tongue, the stretch of muscle, the way pleasure built like a gathering storm.

Time seemed to crawl as his tongue ventured deeper, exploring the tight ring of her asshole with deliberate, probing motions. Ashley let out a guttural groan, her body instinctively adjusting to the slow stretch of his intrusion. When it felt like there was nothing more of him to take, the warm brush of his breath caressed her sensitive skin, his hot hand trailing down to press into her swollen, tender labia.

His breaths came heavy as he began to thrust his tongue into her ass, each motion driving her higher. Slowly, he withdrew, only to push back in, swirling his tongue inside her. The rough scrape of his stubbly lips against her sensitive skin sent shivers through her, every sensation amplifying her pleasure. Overwhelmed by the raw intimacy, she rocked her hips backward, a quiet sigh escaping her lips as his fingers slid effortlessly into her slick, eager folds.

Ashley was fully propped on her forearms now, arching her back and offering herself with shameless abandon, her head tilted as her eyes rolled back in ecstasy. The overwhelming mix of sensations coursing through her body was unlike anything she'd ever experienced, as the janitor's tongue worked relentlessly on her ass while his fingers expertly teased her dripping folds. She had never given much thought to exploring anything involving her backdoor, and Chris had always been in agreement with her disinterest. But now, in this moment, she couldn't help but realize how naive she might have been.

"Mhmmmm goood, I'm going to cum again," Ashley announced. She heard Chris's sharp intake of breath on the other end of the phone indicating that he too was once again close. Tremors raced through her as the janitor's tongue delved deeper into her ass, his fingers working magic on her pussy. She could feel the orgasm building, her body tensing, her breath coming in short, sharp gasps.

Chris, hearing her words, felt his own orgasm building again, his cock throbbing in his hand. "Fuck, Ashley," he groaned, his voice ragged. "Cum for me, baby. Cum for me again."

The janitor's fingers rubbed her clit in fast circles, his tongue fucking her ass with increasing speed. Ashley's body convulsed, her orgasm crashing over her like a tidal wave. She cried out, her body shaking, her breath coming in short, sharp gasps. "Fuuuck! I'm cumming! Oh God, Chris, I'm cumming! Oh FUUUCK!"

Ashley's body shook as the janitor's tongue and fingers slowed down, drawing out the last remnants of her pleasure. She felt his tongue slide out of her ass, his fingers gently caressing her pussy, soothing her as she came down from her high.

"My turn," the voice was even deeper than Chris envisioned, he sounded older for sure, maybe from the south. The weak moan of Ashley's post-orgasmic state made alarm bells go off in Chris's head. This was it, the janitor was going to fuck her. He strained to hear what was

happening on the other end of the line. The shuffling of feet, the rustling of clothes. Was that a zipper?

"Ashley, you down there!" Jenn's voice echoed from somewhere above making her stiffen. She threw her hand back pressing against the janitor's chest, the spell broken. She shuffled away reaching to her ankles to pull up her pants.

"Ashley!" Jen's voice grew closer, footsteps echoing down the stairwell.

Ashley's hands trembled as she yanked up her scrubs, her heart thundering against her ribs. "J-just a minute!" she called back, voice cracking. Her phone lay forgotten on the floor, Chris's concerned voice barely audible.

"Saved by the bell." The janitor's laugh wormed in her ear, teeth grazing skin still slick with sweat. She felt his smile against her pulse. "We'll finish this later." Not a question. Not even a threat. Just certainty in his touch as his fingers dug into her hip one last time before he melted into the shadows of the stairwell.

The phone was still lying on the ground, near forgotten. Chris's voice crackled through, tight with worry. "Baby?"

"I have to go" Her voice caught. "Jen's looking for me. Love you." She ended the call before guilt could strangle the words in her throat.

"There you are!" Jen's voice caused her heart to drop. "Everything okay? You look..."

"Just needed a minute." Ashley tugged at her scrubs, wondering if there were any visible marks. "Been one of those nights."

"Mrs. Johnson's just got admitted." Jen's eyes lingered a moment too long. "She was asking about you."

Of course, she was. Ashley followed Jen up the stairs on wobbly legs, each step echoing with fresh memories. Mrs. Johnson had guided her through every step of this transformation, from the fantasy with Chris all the way up to the party with Clayton. But this? This raw, unplanned surrender to a man whose name she didn't even know? Some things were better left unconfessed. Even to the woman who seemed to read her sins like scripture.

