

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, mmmm," 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.