

The cold water running down his face did little to cool the burn of shame he felt. Ashley was getting bolder, sexier. He stared at his reflection in the bathroom mirror listening to the beat of his heart, ringing deafeningly in his ears. He was supposed to be angry, wasn't he? After all, not only had Ashley met up with Clayton without even talking to him first, she'd done it in his office. Anyone could have seen them, heard them. Hell, Katie did. She thought it was some slut that... His erection throbbed, a painful reminder of what just happened. Was it the line he suddenly thought Ashley crossed that had his stomach twisted in knots? Or had it been what just happened with Katie? The hypocrisy of the situation made him laugh at himself as he snatched a handful of paper towels and wiped off his face. He needed to get back out there and... and what? Knock on Clayton's office door and ask for permission to talk to his wife? Tell Katie what they just did was a mistake he had just too-worked-up hearing his wife act like a complete slut for Clayton? He chewed on the inside of his cheek, staring at his reflection, afraid to blink knowing the images he would see the moment he closed his eyes. The images he desperately wanted to see again.

When he finally emerged from the bathroom, the office felt different. It all seemed darker and quieter, now. Chris's palms grew sweaty the closer he came to Clayton's office. The door was still shut, and it seemed the light underneath was off. He felt panic start to well up in his chest, his footsteps echoing off the walls. Were they still in there? He hadn't heard anything else since he had left the bathroom. Had they gone to Clayton's house? To Chris'?

"I think they left. I heard his private door shut just after you... disappeared." Katie's voice pierced through his stupor. He made eye contact with her; she actually sounded insecure - the confidence she usually had replaced by vulnerability and shyness. The scent of her perfume was the same, he drew closer to her, bringing him right back to here just moments ago. Her breath on his neck, the feel of her chest against his back while her fingers slid across his...

"We probably should discuss what just happened." She wasn't wrong, but not now. He needed to get home. He needed to see if Ashley was there, and if she was alone.

"I... need to go," Chris said, snatching up his keys and almost pushing his papers off his desk in the process. "I'll see you Monday."

The parking lot was deserted by the time Chris got outside. The only car in the lot, other than his was Katie's. *Did they leave together?* He thought to himself as he pulled out his phone. He stared at the image of Ashley again, his chest tightening with angst while his cock begged for release against the confines of his pants. Her smile was genuine, almost as if there wasn't a ridiculous amount of cum covering her face. Her mascara had run down her cheeks, her eyes puffy. Had she been crying, or was that the face of a woman who'd experienced real sexual satisfaction? Was she seeking out Clayton because Chris wasn't pleasing her the way he thought? He was spiraling, he knew that. He just needed to get home and talk to her, and then it would all make sense. It always made sense after they talked, that's why this worked so well.

The drive home wasn't much better. Chris couldn't stop thinking about the picture, about Katie and their upcoming trip to Seattle. Maybe he could get out of it, but how? The thought of leaving Ashley alone for any period of time with Clayton felt dangerous especially given recent events. But now, could he trust himself to be

alone with Katie? He glanced at the picture on his phone again, Clayton's erect member was in the frame. He tried not to make it a habit of looking at other men's junk, but he couldn't help be impressed by it. There was no wonder why Ashley went seeking it out, why she came so hard every time they were together. His foot hit the brake with a sudden jerk as traffic stopped abruptly, and the car behind him laid on the horn, narrowly avoiding the collision. He waved a cursory apology into his rearview mirror, powering off his phone to devote his attention to the road. His mind was already filled with images, even without the aid of the pictures. Ashley on her knees in Clayton's office, Katie's small fingers wrapped around his shaft. He rolled down the window for some fresh air and turned up the AC. If this was what a couple of hours felt like, how would he ever make it through an entire day, or two in another city? His groin pulsed with excitement while his heart raced hard enough he wondered if he was having a heart attack. Ten minutes later, he was pulling into the driveway. Ashley's car sat in front of him, no other cars to be seen.

Relief coursed through him at the sight of her car right where it usually was. She must have come straight home. The knot in his chest released, loosening. At least she hadn't gone anywhere else with Clayton afterwards. His hands shook as he turned off the car. The engine hummed to a stop while his heart quickened. Jerry was waving at him from the lawn next door. The cut-grass scent came to partly calm his nerves as he got out of his car and returned the greeting in an overly chipper manner, like he hadn't just received one of the most salacious but hottest messages less than an hour ago. He took a deep breath, reaching to open the front door, having no idea what he might find inside.

The house was silent as Chris opened the door. He did a quick mental check on everything. Nothing seemed disturbed. It was all as he had left it just a few hours earlier. So, why did that make him disappointed? Their wedding photo still sat on the entry table, Ashley's smile frozen in time. Back when it had all been easier. Before he'd awakened something in both of them that could not be put back to sleep. He took the stairs, two at a time. The sound of running water caused a slight drop in tension in Chris's shoulders as he made his way into their bedroom. Steam from the shower formed sweat beads on his face. Or maybe they were there already?

He pondered undressing and joining her in the shower. He had forgotten the last time they had shower sex. The thought was short lived, however, because the water shut off. Chris was nervous. He was suddenly unsure as to what to say when he was face to face with her. He, for some odd reason, felt like he was trespassing. He clawed at the sheets as nervous energy filled his chest.

"You're home early," Ashley said, one hip leaning on the door frame. She was wrapped in a white, cotton towel. Her hair was still dripping down her back, her eyes sparkling when she looked at him, her smile perhaps wider than he'd ever seen. She was perfection. Chris studied her face for any hint of Clayton, but there was none. The sins were washed away before he made it home. In their place with this Goddess of a woman he got to call his wife.

"See something you like, big boy?" Ashley teased, biting her lip as she tugged at the hem of the towel, letting it fall in a soft pool around her feet.

Chris's mouth went dry, and an audible gasp escaped him as Ashley sauntered across the room toward the bed where he sat. His gaze swept over her, drinking in every inch of her body. Her full chest sat perfectly on her frame, her nipples a soft pink, hardened into peaks that begged for attention. He swallowed hard, his Adam's apple bobbing as he leaned back on his forearms, unable to look away. Ashley closed the gap between them, climbing onto the bed and straddling his lap. Her bare slit, freshly shaved, glistened with unmistakable desire.

"Did you like the picture I sent you?" Her voice was low and hungry, dripping with need; like she wanted him even more than he wanted her. Her hand slid between their bodies, her fingers brushing against his painfully hard member. "Mmm, I take that as a yes?"

Chris's breath caught. How was it possible to want someone this much? To feel simultaneously desperate to consume every part of them while terrified of the flames that threatened to burn them both? They were Icarus, flying dangerously close to the sun, neither able nor willing to turn back. "You looked..." Chris struggled to find the words as Ashley's tongue slid over his neck, her fingers threading through his hair. Her hips rolled against his manhood, her warmth evident even through his pants.

"God, I was so bad, baby." She reached for the button of his pants. "I couldn't stop thinking of you. About how much you'd love it." She stroked him through his boxers. Her fingers desperate to find his bare flesh.

The admission should have sent him ablaze. He should be pinning Ashley against the wall and reclaiming her. He knew that's what she wanted. Instead, it felt more like a punch to the gut. Like the air was being sucked out of the room causing the walls to close in around him. "You... you went there for him? You planned the whole thing?"

Ashley couldn't see the hurt on his face. She was too consumed with fishing out his cock and biting his neck. "Mmm, is that what you want to hear, baby? That I went to your office desperate for Clayton to fuck me?" Her teeth captured his ear causing him to shudder. "That I barely even made it in the door before I started to undress?"

Chris's shaft sprung free, hard as iron. The room was spinning, everything was happening too fast. He grabbed her hips as she lifted them off his lap, aiming his steel pole at her dripping core. "Fuck, wait. Wait a minute Ash!" He pushed backward on the bed causing her to stumble. "Jesus, we need to talk about what happened."

Color painted Ashley's face as she finally looked up and saw the pain in Chris's gaze. She felt foolish, like nothing but a common whore. Tears welled in her eyes as her lip began to tremble.

"Did you go there for him?" Chris asked again, his voice cracking. "Did you plan this whole thing?"

Ashley wiped the tears off her cheek, sitting back on her heels. The fire that was blooming out of control just seconds ago evaporated in an instant, making her feel more exposed than ever. "Of course not." There was more hurt in her voice than anger. "How could you even think that?"

She rose to her feet, reaching for the discarded towel. "I came because you forgot your lunch and I wanted to surprise you." She twisted the fabric around her body wishing she had more to cover herself with. "He cornered me and started saying all this stuff about you and Katie."

Chris's heart skipped a beat at the mention of Katie. The guilt pressed on his chest like a weight. Here he was angry that she went to the office to see Clayton, all the while he was getting a hand job from his subordinate. He needed to come clean.

"What kind of stuff?" He hoped Ashley didn't hear the panic in his voice.

"Just dumb stuff to get under my skin. You know Clayton," she said rolling her eyes. "He said you two were at lunch and was talking about the way you were looking at her." She ran her entire hand across her cheek as her breathing started to return to normal. "I knew it was BS but then he started..." She closed her eyes and took a breath, she needed another shower. "I started thinking about the picture I sent him and your reaction to it. I just thought it would be fun if you got one too. I didn't mean to... For this..." She started crying again.

Guilt tore through Chris. Of course she came there for him. How could he be so stupid to think it was anything other than that? "He... he wants me to go back to Seattle. After the audit." Ashley wiped her eyes again, sniffing. "He wants me to take Katie this time."

He watched her for a reaction, as he wondered why it was so hot in the room. A smile formed on one side of her face and she managed a chuckle. "Well, I guess that explains why he was trying to get under my skin." She smiled up at him, her eyes puffy and red. "It didn't work, Chris. I trust you completely."

That was a dagger through his heart. He didn't think he actually winced, although he wouldn't have been surprised if he did. How could he sit and and accuse her of so much, meanwhile he just told her he was going out of town with another woman and she didn't even flinch. A woman who threw herself at him, who had her lips on his neck and her hand around his... He couldn't tell her now, could he? She would be the same anxious mess while he was gone that he'd been all day. The only difference was it wouldn't have the same erotic blend like it does with him. It would break her. It would break them.

"I can't believe you'd think I'd..." she shook her head, moving to the dresser to find real clothes. "This was your fantasy, Chris. Not mine. And while I admit I'd discovered some things about myself along the way, it's always been about you. About us." She opened the dresser drawer, but Chris reached out grabbing her hand and spinning her around.

"I'm sorry. I overreacted." He squeezed her hand relief flooding him when she didn't pull away. "Don't get dressed, please." He pulled her to him trying to decipher the look on her face. "I just... Seeing you like that and then knowing that you did it without any input from me." He trailed off, searching for words to explain the tornado of emotions he'd experienced.

"I'm sorry too." Her fingers locked around his sending sparks through both of their bodies. "I got carried away. I thought you'd enjoy it. I thought I finally had this figured out." She swallowed hard, her eyebrows pinching together as she thought of what to say. "Maybe we should call it off. Just say Bay-"

His kiss silenced her, before she could get the word out. She wasn't sure if she was happy he did or worried, but as his tongue pushed past her lips she allowed it. "Don't," he whispered pressing his forehead to hers and taking in her familiar scent

of coconut shampoo and lavender bodywash. "We just need to communicate better. To trust one another." *Fuck, I really need to tell her about Katie.*

She pulled back slightly, pressing her hand to his face. "Clayton wants me to come over tomorrow." She paused biting her lip. "Alone."

Chris watched emotions play across her features - desire, uncertainty, hope. He could tell she wanted him to say yes, even if she didn't want to admit it. His own feelings warred within him - arousal battling with anxiety. The past hour had been simultaneously the most erotic and most stressful of his life. Could he handle more? Would saying no push her away?

"I told him I needed to talk to you first," she added quickly, her fingers tensing against his cheek. "I wouldn't... not without..."

"I don't think it's a good idea." The words felt heavy between them. He saw the disappointment flash in her eyes before she could hide it with a smile. Something inside her seemed to dim, like a candle being slowly smothered. She nodded, more to herself than him, while her hand dropped from his chest to fidget with the edge of her towel.

Chris pulled her down beside him, her leg sliding over his as they faced each other. His hand found her hip, his fingers dancing at the hem. "Tell me about the office," he whispered, trying to recapture their earlier heat. "What happened?"

Ashley's hand covered his, stilling his movement. "Maybe later," she murmured, kissing his forehead. "Just... hold me?"

She was grateful he couldn't see her expression when she laid her damp hair onto his chest. She knew Chris was right, going to Clayton's alone was a step too far, this was supposed to be about them, Clayton was trying to cut Chris out of it. Despite that however, she felt the disappointment crash over like a cold wave forcing her to confront an uncomfortable truth. She was a wife, for God's sake, devoted and loving. Not some... Her pulse quickened at the thought, shame and excitement colliding inside her. Slut. Clayton's word echoed in her mind, making her body tingle with excitement even while her mind told her she should recoil. When had that word stopped being an insult and started feeling like permission? Like... freedom? When had it become a trigger for desires she never knew she had?

Chris drifted off with Ashley tucked against him, his breathing evening out into soft snores. But sleep didn't come as easily for her. Her mind raced with images of Clayton early at the office. The way he managed to not just manipulate her, but make her completely surrender. The way it was so easy for him to bring out a side of her she never even knew existed. Chris's hand slipped off her hip as he drifted into a deeper sleep. She rolled onto her back, berating herself for thinking that going to Clayton's house alone would be a good idea, trying to ignore the heat building inside her at thoughts of tomorrow's possibilities. The things he would say to her, what he would do to her. Her body tingled with disappointment, with anticipation. What would he have done to her? Would he tie her up? Would he spank her with more than just his hand? Her breathing grew shallow as her fingers slipped under the towel. The possibilities were endless.

Katie fell back onto the pillow-top mattress, her bare chest rising and falling as she tried to catch her breath. Teeth marks covered her nipples, and down her flat stomach. "Wow, someone was extra aggressive today." Her hair was matted on her face as she sat up, looking around the room for her panties. "It's been so long since we had our little sessions. I thought maybe you moved on."

The sun was just starting to set beyond his bedroom window. Clayton had to shield his eyes as he sat up, a cocky smirk already visible on his face. "What can I say, I didn't want you to forget me."

She rolled her eyes, giving up her hunt for her panties as she grabbed her skirt and slid her leg through it. "I think we both know you're... hard to forget." Katie's eyes darted between his legs. Even under the blanket she could make out the size of it, causing heat to bloom through her body. Part of her wanted to stay, to take it for another ride. But that wasn't really their MO. She knew what this was, and she was ok with that.

"Judging by the sounds coming from your office, I'm pretty sure I know the real reason you called." Katie spotted her bra draped across the mirror on the other side of the room. Her bare feet padded against the cool wood floor as she went to retrieve it.

She caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror and froze. Fresh marks bloomed across her shoulders and neck, vivid against her skin. She was definitely going to need more concealer. Her lip was swollen and purple, and dried cum clung to strands of her hair. The walk of shame was beginning to take on a whole new meaning.

Clayton's smirk widened showing a glimmer of his teeth. "Oh, you heard that? I thought maybe you and Chris were too... preoccupied with each other to come back so soon." He was baiting her, she could sense it. "I've seen how close the two of you have gotten lately."

"Chris is a gentleman," Katie shot back, smoothing her skirt while she scanned the room for her blouse. She wasn't sure how she always seemed to lose so many articles of clothing when they were together but it was starting to get expensive. "Unlike you, he doesn't take advantage of his employees." She meant it to sting, but Clayton just laughed. She spotted her blouse under the chair in the corner, amazed that her clothes seemed to end up in every corner of the room.

"Didn't hear you complaining about me taking advantage of you ten minutes ago." He stretched his arms, entirely comfortable in his nakedness as the blanket slipped lower on his body. "In fact, I distinctly remember you begging me to-"

"We both heard what was happening in your office," she cut him off, refusing to let him derail her, even if she did manage to steal another glance of his naked form.

"You're lucky the building next door didn't hear you." She sat on the corner of the bed putting on her heels.

"Careful, you almost sound jealous," Clayton retorted feeling his cock start to stir, but not because of Katie.

"Please," she scoffed walking to the door. "I heard her begging you to fuck her." She paused at the door looking over her shoulder seductively. "I didn't need to beg."

"Oh, I distinctly remember you doing plenty of begging." He ripped the covers from his body and stood up causing Katie's heart to thump a little faster in her chest as she watched his powerful member swing between his legs.

She clicked her tongue and drew her eyes away. "I just like to know what I'm getting myself into. I don't need to get tested do I?"

"I'm clean." He sounded more playful than annoyed. "But if you're that eager to know what you're getting into, maybe I should introduce you two properly." He planted a palm against the wall beside her head, daring her to look away. "Tell me, do you eat pussy as well as you suck dick?"

The crassness of his words should have offended her, but instead, she let her gaze drift down his body. Slow, deliberate the way he'd done to her so many times. When she met his eyes again she stepped closer, her nose nuzzling the stubble on his jaw. "I went to an all-girls high school. And let's just say... I graduated with honors."

There weren't many times when Katie could say that she surprised Clayton, but this was one of them. She felt him twitch against her thigh, the smirk on his face disappearing for just a second. "Goodnight, Clayton," she said with a giggle as she left him speechless. Her hips swaying to either side as her heels clicked down the steps. If that didn't make him call her again soon then nothing would.

Clayton watched her go down the stairs, still just as impressed as ever by her transformation. Speaking of transformations, he walked back to his bed as he heard the front door shut from downstairs. Images of Ashley earlier in the day flashing through his mind. Her submission had been his best work yet, and the fact that Chris was actually just outside the door witnessing it was the icing on the cake.

Tomorrow would be the real test, however. He knew that if she came to his house alone she was truly his. There would be no more half-steps or hesitations. She would be admitting to herself that he owned her. The question wasn't whether she'd show up, he'd seen it in her eyes today that she'd already made up her mind. No, the real question was how much she would embrace it once she was here. The way she'd responded to his touch today, how eagerly she'd followed his commands... His body stirred at the memory.

Chris was the only real wildcard in all of this. Sometimes he played his role perfectly, today was one of those times. But other times, like Seattle, he had to be reminded of his place. The Katie situation could help on that front. She may deny there was something going on there, but he had the tapes that suggested otherwise, even if they were slightly altered.

By this time tomorrow all of his plans would fall into place. There was nothing Chris, or Katie could do. He knew Ashley wouldn't disappoint him. He just needed to figure out what to do to keep Tom at bay.

Chris watched from the bathroom doorway, fixing his tie while Ashley put on her earrings. They were small diamonds, less than a carat. He'd gotten them for her on their second anniversary and had to save most of the year in order to afford them. Now he could buy a pair twice the size without checking their account balance. The irony wasn't lost on him. Not even a year ago, their biggest concern had been making ends meet, their marriage a steady anchor despite the financial pressures. Now, money flowed more freely, but their relationship sailed through uncharted

waters, each new wave bringing thrills and uncertainties that left them breathless with anticipation and anxiety.

"I'm glad we're doing this," Ashley said, catching his gaze in the mirror.

"Everything's been so complicated lately. It's nice to get away and just be... us." She had that same sparkle in her eye when she looked at him. The one that reassured him when he didn't know how they were going to cover their mortgage, that told him they were in this together even while Clayton was buried inside her. It was even there in the photo she sent. It had always been the constant, so why did he keep questioning it?

"I really am sorry," Chris said, walking toward her while she applied a bright red lipstick. "I know the picture was supposed to get me excited. I just... got in my head." He laid his chin on her shoulder, letting her run her fingers through his thick locks.

"Regardless of how it may look or sound at times. I promise it's always about you, love. About us." She turned her head kissing his cheek, giggling as her lips stained his skin. "Besides, if the result is you taking me to the most expensive French restaurant in the city then who am I to complain?"

"You are certainly spoiled." He laughed, breathing in her scent before standing back up straight to wipe away the mark on his cheek while Ashley fastened the straps on her heels.

"Please, we both know you have ulterior motives." She stood in front of him and ran her palm over the front of his slacks. Of course he was already hard. "Now, how do I look?"

Beautiful didn't feel near adequate enough to describe her. The heels she was wearing made her stand almost as tall as Chris. Her black dress clung to her chest and had a slit up one side. The sleeveless design and high neck lent a sense of modesty, but what made Chris's temperature spike was the keyhole front. In this dress, with Ashley's full chest, her cleavage was devastating.

"You're staring," Ashley said, her laugh carrying none of the self-consciousness it might have held even just a few months ago.

"Wow. You look... wow."

"Alright, Shakespeare. Let's head out before traffic gets too bad." She grabbed her clutch off the dresser, her heels tapping down the hall. Chris watched her walk away, admiring the sway of her hips while she did. She radiated a sexual confidence that left him feeling both underdressed and underprepared, already anticipating the eyes that would follow her all evening, his arousal tightened against his pants in anticipation.

At the restaurant, Chris laughed to himself as the waiter stumbled over his words every time his eyes would drift toward the front of Ashley's dress. Maison de Lumière was known for a lot of things, but the subtlety of the waitstaff didn't seem to be one of them. "I think someone has an admirer," Chris teased taking a sip of wine.

Ashley's smile carried that newfound confidence he still wasn't quite used to. She adjusted her neckline, allowing more of her chest to show. "Think he'll like that better?"

"The Ashley from a year ago would have died of embarrassment just thinking about that." He shook his head, in awe of the woman in front of him.

"Mmm." Her foot found his leg under the table, sliding upward with evil intent.

"There's a lot the Ashley from a year ago would never do that she does now." Her eyes remained locked on his, her lip curling into a smile as she enjoyed her wine, and the tortured look on her husband's face.

"Like sending her husband pictures of her covered in another man's cum?" Chris expected to see her flinch, but her confidence surprised him. Instead, she leaned back in her booth, allowing the tip of her exposed toes to slide up the front of his stretched pants. He sucked in air, squinting his eyes as he chewed at the corner of his lip.

Ashley opened her mouth to retort, Chris could tell by the look on her face it was something that would send his heart racing even more, but her face changed at the last second. A grimace that came and went so far he thought he imagined it. She sat back up in her booth, her foot breaking contact, a smile still painted on her lips. "Let's not go there right now." She didn't sound hurt, or angry. She kept her tone light, playful. "Tonight is about us - no Clayton, no janitor. Just you and me." The waiter returned with their Hors d'oeuvres and neither Ashley nor Chris could stifle their giggle as they watched his eyes nearly bulge from his head. Chris had to clear his throat to regain the waiter's attention as he refilled their wine, nearly overflowing the glass.

"I should speak to the manager. They'll probably comp our meal after that."

"Don't you dare," Ashley laughed as she eyed the food. "He's no worse than you. At least he has the excuse of not getting to see them on a regular basis."

"What can I say, I'm a lucky man." Chris reached for a piece of bread smiling in a way he hadn't for a long time.

"Speaking of lucky," Chris cocked his eyebrow and smirked at Ashley amused by her segue. "Not like that, you perv." She tossed her napkin at him laughing.

"I was telling Jen about our trip to Seattle last time we worked together." She bit into her food, dropping a little of the topping that she quickly caught with her hand.

"She and Dave want to get together for dinner soon. I told her I'd run it by you."

"Remind me what Dave does again?" They'd hung out a handful of times in the past, but they were more Ashley's friends than his. Dave seemed like a nice enough guy, a bit of an introvert, but Chris liked him well enough.

"Something with computers. Coding, I think?" Ashley took another bite. "Why?"

"Just curious. Maybe next weekend?" His mind was racing. If Dave was a developer, then maybe he could get him to look at the code before the audit. But he needed an excuse. Before he could come up with anything though their waiter was back at the table taking their dinner order. To his credit, he did a better job hiding his gaze, though when Ashley bent down to scratch her leg it was obvious to everyone in the restaurant what he was looking at.

"They're trying for a baby," Ashley said as the waiter took their menus and disappeared into the kitchen.

"Oh." Chris's voice was higher than he meant it to be. He locked eyes with her, a million unspoken thoughts passing between them.

"We could, you know," he said carefully. He felt like he was talking slower, did she notice? Could she hear how fast his heart was beating? "Try, I mean. I make enough now that you wouldn't have to work. That was always the main thing holding us back."

Neither of them spoke for what felt like an eternity. The air was heavy with implications, of what trying for a baby would mean for their... game. Their glasses of wine sat forgotten as the usual restaurant bustle faded away. Ashley's fingers slipped over her earrings, a reminder of simpler times. Where she would have jumped at the opportunity to be a mother. "We'll see," she finally offered, unsure of what she really wanted.

The playful banter and wine continued through the course of the meal, leaving both of them feeling a comfortable sense of normal they hadn't felt in a long time. Chris watched Ashley savor her coq au vin, stealing playful glances down her shirt whenever he got a chance. She'd give him a teasing smirk whenever she caught him, but she made no real effort to stop him.

"Oh," Ashley dabbed her mouth with a napkin. "Mr. Edwards stopped by yesterday. His beagle got out again. I caught him digging holes in the backyard."

"That's the second time this week," Chris said finishing the last of his wine. The warmth of the alcohol settled pleasantly in his chest, and judging by the slight flush of Ashley's cheeks, she was feeling equally relaxed.

"You really should go over and offer to help with his fence. You know he's too stubborn to ask."

Chris nodded, tossing his napkin onto his empty plate. "The man is a Vietnam vet. He'd probably rather wrestle that beagle himself than accept help."

"Maybe," Ashley let her fork fall to her plate indicating she too was finished. "But it doesn't hurt to ask. Plus the thought of watching you get all sweaty while working with your hands is pretty hot."

"There it is. I'm just some piece of meat you can flaunt around, you know."

"Says the man who hasn't looked at my face once during this conversation."

Ashley's laugh rang out, genuine and uninhibited, drawing appreciative glances from nearby tables. The sound reminded Chris of their first date, when she'd laughed so hard wine came out her nose. Some things, thankfully, never changed. Once they finally got their laughter under control, Chris signaled to the waiter for the bill. "So, Clayton wants you to come over alone?" He tried to keep his voice light, despite the adrenaline running through his veins. "Any idea why?"

Ashley chewed on her lip, her foot gently rubbing Chris's ankle under the table. "I think we both know why." For a moment they held each other's gaze daring each other with possibilities. "But I already told you, we're not discussing him right now." She reached for her wine, finishing it with a deliberate slowness. The sight of her throat working, combined with her foot teasing his leg brought him back to today's photo. The way she looked, the sparkle in her eyes, Katie's... He gritted his teeth. Tonight had been perfect. He needed to come clean about what happened with Katie. He needed to clear the air.

"Ashley, I-" The words died in his throat as her foot slid higher up his leg. He could see the mischievous smile behind the wine glass, the sparkle in her eye.

"Take me home," she whispered, leaning forward just enough to remind him why the waiter had been so distracted all evening. "I want to show you just how much I appreciate the effort you put into this."

The guilt retreated, overwhelmed by desire and the need to preserve this moment between them. Katie could wait. Clayton could wait. Right now, watching his wife with that newfound confidence that drove him wild, Chris couldn't think of anything but getting her home and seeing what exactly she had up her sleeve this time.

The front door had barely shut before Ashley pushed herself against him, her teeth clipping at his neck while her hands explored his chest. Chris closed his eyes, enjoying the sensation of his wife's soft features pressed against him, her perfume mixing with the sweet smell of wine to help overload his senses and make his head swim.

"I haven't seen you this eager since..." He let the words die, not wanting to risk upsetting her by bringing up Clayton again, but he was pretty certain by the way her tongue slid across his ear she knew exactly what he was referencing. His hands slid behind her back in search of the zipper for her dress.

"You've been staring down the front of my dress all night," she teased, sliding her hand through her hair and tilting her neck to help give him better access. "Time for you to get to see what's underneath."

Ashley took a step backward, a mischievous grin on her face as she let her dress fall to the floor and crumble. When it did, Chris's jaw nearly went with it. Standing in front of him Ashley was now completely naked. When had his shy wife become this confident seductress? The transformation still caught him off guard sometimes, in the best possible way.

"You mean..." His voice roughened as realization dawned. "All night? At the restaurant?"

Her laugh was prideful, sexy. In that moment she almost looked like... Katie. Just like that, the guilt he'd been fighting all evening surged back, even as his cock throbbed so hard it hurt. "Took you long enough to notice," she bit her bottom lip seductively eyeing her husband. A look that further blurred the line between his wife and the woman whose touch caused him to run to the bathroom like a scared child. "I bet the waiter noticed." The playfulness in her voice threatened to drown him in fresh waves of guilt, but Chris pushed the thought aside. He'd already ruined this moment once today, he wasn't going to let it happen a second time.

"You look overdressed. Allow me," she teased as she locked eyes with Chris while sinking to her knees in front of him. Her nails ran over his thighs, tracing the outline of his already hard manhood. "What was that you said about being eager?" Her giggle filled the air like surround sound, and when her lips pressed against him through his slacks, he felt the last of his guilt evaporate. Even through the layers of clothing, he could feel the warmth of her mouth making him shudder. His fingers trembled with anticipation as he helped Ashley with his belt, her red lipstick staining his pants.

The sound of his zipper seemed deafening in the stillness of their empty house, but Chris couldn't focus on anything except Ashley's teasing smile as she freed him from his constraints. She never broke eye contact, even while her lipstick left a trail of crimson kisses up his length. This wasn't the desperate hunger from the pictures he saw earlier, this was something else entirely, something deeper that only the two of them shared. When she finally took him into her mouth, the warmth of her tongue made his knees buckle.

"God, Ashley," he groaned, one hand tangling in her hair while the other braced against the wall for support. Her mouth felt like a vacuum, her enthusiasm making it clear this wasn't performance, this was pure desire. She hummed in response,

the vibration sending shivers through his entire body. His hips jerked involuntarily when her fingers joined her mouth, working in perfect harmony to drive him wild. The taste of his precum seemed to spur her on even more. She slid her tongue across his head, pressing it into his hole as the salty taste assaulted her tastebuds. She wanted more. Needed more. She tightened her grip around his shaft, pumping him slowly as her soft tongue flicked at the hole awaiting its surprise.

When she finally pulled back, she left her hand on his cock, her strokes growing more urgent. "I want you so bad, baby," she moaned, leaning forward and taking his sensitive sac between her lips. Her gaze never wavered from his. The connection felt more intimate than the actual physical touch. Chris's fingers trembled against his shirt buttons, each one seeming to take an eternity as Ashley's ministrations threatened to overwhelm his concentration.

"You taste so good," she teased, taking the other large orb into her mouth. Her stroke grew more urgent, she could feel Chris withering in her hand as he frantically tried to undress. She didn't just want to suck him, she wanted to worship him. She needed him to know, or perhaps she was trying to convince herself, that whatever happened with Clayton didn't hold a candle to what they had. Her tongue lapped from his base up to his tip before slipping her lips around his cock and swallowing it until her lips gripped around the rim of his mushroom head.

"Fuck, you're so good at that." Chris closed his eyes allowing the sensation of her lips to consume him.

Ashley released his cock with a loud pop, grinning mischievously at him. "What can I say. I've had lots of practice." She felt his dick swell in her hand at her words before giggling and taking half of it into her throat.

"Uuuuh fuck." When he finally shrugged the shirt from his shoulders, Ashley released him again with a soft pop that echoed in the quiet house. Her lips glistened in the dim light, her smeared lipstick making him pulse with a deeper hunger. "I need to feel you inside me," she breathed, getting back to her feet and pressing her mouth to his. The kiss was loud and sloppy - lips smacking, teeth colliding, tongues wrestling. When they finally broke the kiss, Ashley pressed her forehead to his, staring into his eyes. "I need you to fuck me, Chris."

They stumbled up the stairs, unwilling to break contact even for a moment.

Ashley's bare skin pressed against Chris's chest, making each step a delicious torture of friction and need. Her hands seemed to be everywhere at once - in his hair, on his chest, teasing the tip of his cock. His own hands, slid over her back, her chest. He teased her nipple making her gasp as they crashed into the bedroom door with enough force he worried it may break from the hinges.

When they finally got inside their room, they were met with total darkness. Neither of them made a move for the light switch, instead, they moved with the urgency of high-school lovers, falling into bed together with a laugh. Chris pulled Ashley back against him, his lips immediately finding her shoulder, making her squirm against him. Her arm hooked his head, pulling his kiss deeper into her skin while his hand pressed against her stomach.

"I love you so much, Chris," she purred, pressing her body into his. Her sex was practically dripping. The heat from it calling out to his length as she felt it pulse between her thighs. His teeth found her ear, drawing another whimper from her as she melted into his touch. The darkness made every sensation feel heightened and

more intense. Her fingers found his cock as she felt his palm press against her clit. She lifted her top leg, wrapping it around his to give him better access.

She was soaked, her body coating Chris's digits as he pushed them inside her.

"Yessss," she hissed at the invasion, guiding his thick shaft to her entrance.

"You feel so good." He pushed his digits deeper into her causing Ashley to arch her back and lose her grip on him. He slipped across her core, craning her neck to allow himself access to her mouth. "You're so fucking wet."

"I've been this way all day," she panted, surrendering to his exploring tongue.

"Ever since... Ugggggh." Her words dissolved into a moan as Chris pushed a third finger inside her. His length throbbed between her cheeks as unbidden images of her and Clayton flashed behind his eyes, making him grip her tighter, need her more.

"Ever since..." he felt Ashley line him up, the heat of her core beckoning him forward. His fingers pressed into her clit, anticipating what was coming.

"You let Clayton cum all over you?" He thrust forward, punctuating the question by burying himself to the hilt. They gasped in unison - Ashley at the sudden fullness, Chris at the way her body gripped him like a vice.

"Yes, oh fuck, yes," she moaned, grinding back against him. The admission seemed to ignite something in them both. Their familiar game forcing its way back into their intimacy. "God, I was so turned on. I couldn't wait to get back to you." Her words dissolved into a cry as Chris withdrew almost completely before driving back in.

"I heard you in there," he growled against her neck, his fingers circling her clit with increasing urgency. Ashley gasped at his admission, her walls clenching around him as realization hit. "Heard every gasp, every moan." His hips slammed forward, punctuating each revelation. "Heard you beg him to fuck you." The words should have sparked jealousy, but instead fed their shared hunger. His breathing grew ragged as her perfect ass met each thrust, their shared fantasy driving them both wild, the darkness making it easier to lose themselves in the moment.

"I was such a slut for him," she gasped, meeting his increasingly urgent pace.

"Part of me loved how it made me feel," she gasped, turning to seek his mouth in the darkness. Her tongue found his, desperate and hungry. "But mostly because I knew what it would do to you."

"You love it too, don't you baby?" Ashley panted between moans. The slap of skin on skin echoed through the house. Their bodies were covered in sweat as they urged each other on. "Having your wife act like such a slut." Chris's fingers worked faster, her admission spurring him on. Her hips rocked between his thrusting cock and circling digits. "Letting other men look at her." She grabbed his wrist. "Letting them touch her." Her nails dug into his flesh, biting at his flesh the same way her words bit into his ears. "Oh God... Oh fuck, baby don't stop." He could feel blood start to rise from her nails. "Letting them... Oh, oh God. Fuck me."

He wasn't sure if the last part was a command or her finishing her thought, but as he felt her walls pulse around him and her body tremble he knew it didn't matter. She came with the force of a freight train. Her cries spilling from her lips causing a dog somewhere in the distance to start barking. Chris slowed his thrusts, giving Ashley time to recover.

As she floated back to earth, Chris's gentle kisses peppered her shoulder, his hardness still throbbing inside her. She reached back, threading fingers through his

hair as their breathing slowly steadied. "I want more," she whispered, voice thick with renewed desire. "I want you..." she slid forward dislodging herself from him causing them both to sigh. Chris opened his mouth to protest when he heard the bedside table open and then close. "I want you to fuck my ass." She pressed a container into his hand. He didn't need to be able to see in the dark to know what it was.

Chris's mouth fell open. This wasn't happening. It was a dream. It had to be. And yet, his fingers seemed to work on their own. He smeared lube along his length, gasping at the chilled sensation. He felt Ashley press her body back into him and his lips met hers. The kiss was gentle, tender. "Are you sure?" He asked silently pleading that she didn't change her mind.

"Put your dick in my ass, Mr. Parker." The formal use of his surname caught Chris off guard, sending an unexpected surge of heat through his core. There was something deliciously taboo about hearing Ashley say it like that - like they were strangers playing roles instead of husband and wife of five years. Yet somehow it made the moment more intimate, more theirs. The contradiction spurred him forward, his hand landing a playful swat against her ass that made her whine in delight.

"Mmm yes, take it, baby. Take me." The way she shifted from formal to intimate in an instant, from Mrs. Parker to Ashley, nearly overwhelmed him. Each version of her was equally authentic, equally his.

Chris put another glob of lube on his hand, this time rubbing it into Ashley's asshole. She wiggled at the invasion, but otherwise didn't protest. His teeth found her ear as he guided himself to her puckered opening. "I love you, Ash," he whispered, slowly inching his hips forward.

Whatever Chris expected next, paled in comparison to reality. The grip he felt when he slipped past her ring was instant and unlike anything he'd ever felt before. Ashley's moans bordered on wails as he pushed deeper into where no man had ever been. "Slower... go... slower."

"You feel so good, baby. So fucking good." Chris ran his fingers over her cheek, combing away the matted hair. He slowed his movement the best he could without completely stopping, trying to lessen the pain with soft kisses to her cheek and neck. At last, he slid home, balls-deep in Ashley's ass. He paused there for a moment, letting her get used to the intrusion and catch her breath.

"How do you feel, baby?" he asked.

"Oh, my... so... fuck. So full."

A wave of pride washed over Chris hearing those words. He drew back slowly, the friction of the movement drawing a scream from Ashley. It took a moment to realize it wasn't one of pain, or if it was pain it was a hell of a lot of pleasure, too.

"My dick is in your ass, Ashley. Does it feel good?"

"Ngh, huh..." she moaned, twisting her body like a pig on a split.

Chris slowly accelerated into a rhythm. Ashley's cries grew louder, more primal. She seemed to be right on the edge of too much. As Chris's pace began to pick up, his eyes adjusted just enough to the darkness to allow himself a quick glimpse of Ashley's face. He wanted to remember that expression for the rest of his life- it was pure, unadulterated lust.

Ashley squeezed his hand, pulling it between her legs. "Make me cum again, baby," she whispered, causing Chris to nearly lose it. His hand sought out her

vacant pussy, thrusting his fingers deep inside it trying to match the tempo of his hips.

"I'm not going to last much longer, Ash. You feel so good. too-fucking-good." This seemed to spur her on and she slammed her ass into his hips, her fingers working in tandem with his.

"Oh God. Do it baby, cum for me." Ashley pushed herself into him harder. She could feel him swelling inside her. "Cum for me, Chris. Cum in my ass." Ashley's fingers worked faster against her clit as Chris's efforts seemed to focus on pushing as deep inside her as he could. "Yes, yes... oh god, Chris! Oh fuuuuck" Her body seized as pleasure crashed through her, her climax triggering his own. Chris drove deep one final time. She could feel his warmth filling her in a way she'd never felt. Their cries grew into one unified sigh as she felt him soften and slip out of her. Chris wrapped his arms around her, pulling her as close to him as he could. He inhaled her scent his body slick with sweat. Ashley could feel his heart racing through her back. The intensity of their shared release was like something neither of them had ever experienced. They stayed like that for several minutes. Neither of them speaking as their hearts slowed down into back into their natural rhythm.

"You should do it," Chris whispered against her neck, he surprised himself with how calm he sounded. The words emerged from somewhere deeper than conscious thought. The way she had given herself to him, the trust she had in him. He kissed her shoulder blade.

"Mmm, do what, baby?" Ashley's voice was drowsy with satisfaction, her fingers reaching back to gently caress his leg. Even spent and satisfied, her touch sent goosebumps up her leg.

"Go to Clayton's tomorrow." He felt her body tense slightly against his, then relax - a microcosm of their entire journey together. His heart began to race, unsure of what she would say. Unsure of what he wanted her to say. He knew the anxiety he would feel tomorrow would be unlike anything he'd ever felt before. But if it led to even a fraction of what happened tonight then wouldn't it be worth it?

Ashley shifted in his arms, turning to face him though the darkness masked her expression. Her hand found his cheek, thumb brushing against his stubble. "You don't have to say that." She paused feeling his smile even through the darkness. "That wasn't what this was about."

"I know," Chris whispered, catching her hand and pressing a kiss to her palm. The doubts he had earlier seemed to fade in the face of their connection. He was still worried about all the stuff with Katie. He needed to find a way to tell her about that before he left for Seattle. But the fear of her choosing Clayton over him was gone. It should have never been there in the first place, he realized that now. It just took a night of reconnecting with his wife to remind him of it. "I trust you," he murmured against her skin. "More importantly, I trust us. What we have... it's bigger than any game we play."

Ashley was quiet for a long moment, her breath warm against his chest. When she spoke, her voice trembled slightly. "I love you so much." Her lips found his in the darkness, the kiss deep and searching, carrying promises words couldn't express. When they broke apart, Chris felt her smile against his mouth. "You need a shower," she whispered, her tone shifting from tender to playful, though an undercurrent of desire remained.

"Right now?"

"Right now." She was already sitting up, tugging at his hand. "That is, if you expect to have me again tonight." Her lips brushed his ear. "You don't want me going to see Clayton with too much energy, do you?"

Her words were a shot of espresso for Chris who jolted out of bed. Every day Chris wondered what new adventure would be in store for him. And every day Ashley found a way to completely surprise him.