

## [Supporter] Newlywed's New Desires Ch. 14

New

3 days ago

Hey friends! Hope everyone is having a great week. The day has finally come. The day Ashley goes to visit Clayton alone. This chapter ended up waaay longer than I had intended, but in all the best ways possible. I'm excited to hear what everyone thinks so far.

I'm currently working on the next chapter of Executive Privilege and should have that out to Insiders either later today or early tomorrow, then out to you all in the next week or so.

As always, thanks for the awesome support and feedback on everything. You are the best community a guy could ask for.

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"Wow, you weren't kidding about them having the best eggs," Ashley said, taking another bite while her bacon soaked up the yolk that was pooling around her toast. The breakfast rush at Mable's had mostly cleared, leaving behind a few stragglers and late risers. Chris was usually there before nine, but given how much energy they had exerted last night neither of them were out of bed today before ten. When they pulled into the parking lot, he was worried they would have to wait for a table, but Mable just greeted them with her usual half smile before leading them to a booth near the back that was faded from decades of sitting in the sun.

Chris was glad he had finally been able to bring her to his favorite breakfast spot. They were both big foodies and loved discovering new places together, but lately, they had been so consumed with everything else in their lives that he hadn't had the time.

"Told ya. This might be my new favorite breakfast spot," he laughed, watching Ashley take another bite of eggs. A drop of yolk slid down her chin, and her tongue darted out past her lips to capture it. A shiver ran up Chris's spine, he had seen her make a similar gesture just last night under much different circumstances.

"You should've brought me sooner," she said, swiping a piece of bacon from his plate and plopping it into her mouth.

"Worked up quite the appetite last night, huh?" Chris's voice was low enough Ashley barely heard him, but his eyes darted around the near empty diner to ensure no one was listening to the conversation.

Ashley bit her lip and giggled softly as she put the last of the bacon in her mouth. She wasn't sure what surprised her more. The fact that Chris was so eager to go again last night when they got in the shower, or the fact that her body seemed to already be primed to go this morning despite it. Still, she loved playing this game with her husband, loved the way she could make him squirm so effortlessly.

"Maybe I'm just storing my energy because I know how much I'll need it later." Coffee nearly shot out of Chris's nose having not expected such a sharp retort from his wife. The familiar cocktail of arousal and anxiety flooded his system making him far more energized than any cup of coffee. Ashley's cries of passion flooded his ears as images from last night flooded his mind. Would she be just as vocal with Clayton? Would she be even louder?

Ashley saw the way his expression shifted, how he suddenly couldn't keep his hands from fidgeting on the table. She reached across, taking his hands in hers and noting how clammy they felt. "That is, if you're still okay with me going." Before Chris could respond, Mable appeared at their table with a fresh pot of coffee. Her gaze went from Chris to Ashley then back to Chris. "She's a lot prettier than the last person who came in looking for you."

"I'm sorry?" Chris said confused, putting up his hand to stop her from adding too much coffee to his cup.

"Couple days ago. Older fella, gray hair and a beard. Asked if you'd been in recently."

Chris's mind raced, he had no idea what she was talking about, but judging by the look on her face it didn't seem like there was much to be worried about. He looked at Ashley who seemed to have the same confused look. "Did he say why?"

Mable gave a shrug, "nope that was it. Seemed like a nice enough fella." Then walked away having lost interest in the conversation.

"What was that all about?" Ashley asked.

Chris swallowed hard, debating how much to share. The last thing he wanted was to worry Ashley when she was already navigating so much. Thoughts of Katie crept into the corner of his brain, but he shoved them away. Yet another conversation with Ashley he was putting off until later. "Probably just someone looking to do business," he said finally, though the way his voice cracked left him wondering how convincing he was.

He made a mental note to check in with Katie when he was back at the office. Something told him this was connected to the car that was following him. That was, if he could even dare to look at Katie again. When did everything get so complicated?

"So, should I text Clayton and tell him I'll be over tonight?" Her tone was teasing, but her stare was looking for reassurance. She knew this was a big step for them, she didn't want Chris to agree to it unless he was sure.

Chris exhaled. She seemed to have moved on. A small victory, and yet a new anxiety filled the void. "You'll... you'll be home tonight, right?"

Ashley's eyes went wide. She hadn't even considered the possibility of an overnight. Was that something Clayton would want? Would she? For a moment, she allowed her mind to go there. To think about what a night with Clayton would feel like. She pictured Clayton's bedroom, imagining what it would be like to wake up there instead of beside Chris. Would she even get any sleep? Heat pooled in her core as she imagined all the ways he would take her. All the ways she would let him have her. She reached across the table, taking Chris's hands back in hers. "Of course, baby. I'll be home before morning. After all, you need a chance to reclaim me, right?"

Now it was Chris's turn to shift uncomfortably in his seat as he thought about Ashley coming home to him. He wasn't sure why, but this felt so much different than her and Clayton being together while he was there. Even though he knew he didn't have any real control, just being in the room with her made it feel so much safer. His cock began to swell as he thought about Ashley coming home. How late would it be? Would she be too tired for him? All the thoughts that would make a normal man burn with anger caused him to burst with anxiety.

"Then, yeah, you should text him," he said finally, squeezing her hand.

Ashley nodded, relief visible in her shoulders. She reached for her phone beside her plate, frowning at the blank screen.

"He's been unusually quiet," she said, tapping into her messages. "I actually haven't heard from him since I was..." Chris watched as she shifted in her seat. "Since your office. I usually have to put my phone on silent to ignore all his messages."

"You sound disappointed," Chris teased. Although he did wonder how often they were actually texting. He wasn't worried about Ashley crossing a line, but the way she said it made him realize it was way more frequent than he realized.

A flush crept up Ashley's neck, turning her cheeks pink. "I'm not—" She stopped herself, rolling her eyes. "It's just weird, that's all. When have you ever known Clayton to be the silent type?"

Chris nodded, she had a point. He watched as she typed out a message, her lower lip caught between her teeth in concentration. She showed him the message before pressing send: "Chris and I talked. I'll be at your place around 8. Do you have an outfit in mind for me?"

She set the phone down, taking a sip of coffee while trying not to stare at the screen. Chris noticed the shift in her posture; shoulders tense, eyes repeatedly darting to the phone despite her attempts to appear casual.

The phone screen lit up briefly. Ashley's hand shot out to grab it, then froze as she saw three typing dots appear and disappear, then appear again.

"You okay?" Chris asked, watching her brow furrow.

"He's typing... then stopping." She placed the phone face-up between them so Chris could see. "He's acting weird."

Chris felt a strange mix of emotions watching her fixation on Clayton's response. Jealousy tangled with excitement as he observed her anticipation. Part of him was excited that Ashley had embraced her role and got as much enjoyment from this as he did. But, as she continued to stare at the screen he worried if maybe this was starting to become more than just sex for Ashley. He felt a sickness in the pit of his stomach, not the usual anxiety that had become almost pleasurable, but something heavier. Dread. This arrangement had always hinged on the physical. The primal thrill of sharing and being shared. But what if Clayton was offering something Chris couldn't? What if Ashley was developing real feelings for Clayton? Chris wouldn't be able to live with himself if that happened. He opened his mouth to speak. To ask Ashley what she was feeling, but before he could get the words out her phone buzzed, a single word appearing on the screen: "ok".

"That's it?" Chris couldn't mask his surprise. "Just ok? Nothing about what to wear or some snarky comment?"

Ashley stared at the message, her expression a mixture of confusion and disappointment. She hated that she felt as disappointed as she did. She shouldn't care about attention from someone like Clayton. Still, after what had transpired in his office she couldn't deny the way she felt when she had pleased him.

"Maybe he's just busy." Chris wasn't sure why he was trying to cover for Clayton. If he couldn't see what a good thing he had going then that wasn't Chris's problem. "I mean, we do have the audit coming up in a few weeks. The company seems to be growing by the second. There's a lot going on right now."

"Yeah, maybe," Ashley's voice sounded distant like she was already planning her next move. "I guess that means I need to make sure that I make tonight

unforgettable for him." A smirk formed on her face, a plan forming right before Chris's eyes.

Chris raised an eyebrow. "And what exactly does that mean?"

Ashley's smile turned mischievous as she leaned across the table. "It means tonight just got more interesting." She reached over, stealing his last piece of toast. "And it means we need to go shopping."

Chris felt his pulse quicken at the gleam in her eye. This wasn't the reaction he'd expected. She seemed to switch from disappointment to competitive in the blink of an eye. Something about the whole situation didn't sit well with him, and it must have shown on his face.

"Would you rather I cancel?" Ashley asked, her voice louder as her confidence grew.

Chris looked up, meeting her gaze. Despite everything, there was that familiar spark between them, the one that had ignited long before Clayton entered their lives. He knew he was playing with fire, but he couldn't deny Ashley when she gave him that look. He wanted to see where all this was going to go.

"No," he said, surprising himself with the firmness in his voice. "I want this. I want —" he lowered his voice "—I want to hear every detail when you get home."

Ashley's smile returned, her teeth catching her bottom lip. "Careful what you wish for, mister."

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Shopping bags were littered across the king-sized bed, making it nearly impossible for Chris to find a spot to flop down. What he'd thought was going to be a quick trip to the store had turned into an all day adventure of racing around the mall buying enough lingerie to open a brothel.

"If I never have to walk again it will be too soon," he complained, slipping off his shoes by pulling at the heel with his toes. "When you said a few items, I didn't realize you meant from EVERY store."

Ashley tossed a smaller bag onto his stomach, laughing when he let out an exaggerated "oof."

"Are you really complaining that your wife bought enough lingerie to give you your own private show every day for the next year?" She couldn't see Chris's face, but judging by the lump in the front of his pants he was beginning to see her point. Had he looked up, he would have noticed that she was already eagerly slipping out of her pants excited to start trying everything on, and she knew exactly which outfit she wanted first.

"Well, that is certainly one perk to it, but don't pretend like you did it all for me. Clayton's silence really seemed to bring out your competitive streak." He tried to keep his voice airy and playful. He didn't want Ashley thinking he was having second thoughts. He just wanted her to recognize her behavior. When she didn't respond right away he sat up on his elbow to see what was going on.

"Still think I'm just doing this for Clayton?" She was standing between his legs, her hand on her hip and a flirty smile on her face. She had slipped on a light blue teddy while he was complaining. One that looked strikingly similar to the one she was wearing when Chris found her and Clayton in this exact bed. The lace half-cup bra lifted her breasts just enough to make it nearly impossible for Chris to focus on

anything else. But when he could tear his gaze away, his eyes traced the smooth curve of her toned stomach, leading down to the sheerest pair of boy shorts he'd ever seen. The near-transparent fabric clung to her like a veil, leaving just enough to the imagination; though his was already working overtime.

"Holy..." Chris blinked several times, like he couldn't decide if he was dreaming or not.

Ashley took a half step forward, her attention fully on him. She reached out gripping the waist of his jeans. "You're way too overdressed. How am I going to know if you really like something or not?" She tugged down his pants, giggling as his already hard cock snagged on his boxers before snapping free. "Mmm, much better," she teased, dropping to her knees in front of him, refusing to break eye contact. Her fingers circled his smooth shaft, her grip frustratingly light. "Now do you think this is something he'd like?"

Chris groaned, his hips rocking to maintain contact with her hand. She was close enough he could feel her hair tickling his thigh and her breath on his shaft. "You look so fucking perfect, Ash," he whispered breathlessly.

"You're so sweet," she giggled, sticking her tongue out to trace the vein that ran along the underside of his cock. He hissed in approval as it ran slowly from his base to his head, stopping just short of taking it into her mouth. "So you think I should wear it for Clayton?"

He held his breath, desperate for her to take his engorged head into her mouth. After nearly chewing a hole through his lip he released it. "N... no. Save that one for later. For when you get home and I make you mine again."

"Good answer," she teased before lowering her head and taking the dark mushroom head into her mouth. She placed her hands on his thighs, her tongue circling the sensitive tip, teasing him mercilessly. Chris tried to push deeper into her mouth, his excitement mounting. But she released him with a loud pop, her lips lingering teasingly against him. "But it's awful bold of you to assume I'll have any energy left when Clayton's done with me." She watched it swell and pulse angrily at her words, then placed another playful kiss on the tip before rising to her feet. "Guess I need to find another outfit then."

The statement hit Chris like an electric shock, his body was responding faster than his brain could process. Before he could even formulate a response to Ashley's teasing comment she had already grabbed another bag and disappeared into the bathroom. He tried to catch his breath, he knew she was just working him up. It just amazed him at how effortlessly she was able to slip into that persona these days. He sat up on the bed, his gaze drifting to the chair in the corner of the room. He could still see the discarded lingerie in the corner. His breath grew more shallow. He could feel the lace wrapped around his fingers, the coarseness of it against his cock. He closed his eyes hearing Ashley's cries of passion as Clayton devoured her taking her to heights Chris had never seen.

The creaking of the bathroom door opening broke Chris from his thought. He turned his body to see Ashley, this time she was wearing what appeared to be a school girl outfit. The plaid dress entirely too short, the white button down shirt tied off just below her chest showing off her midriff, and see-through enough to tell she wasn't wearing a bra. Her hair was fixed in two ponytails that came down just past her shoulders.

"What about this one?" Ashley purred, as she gave a little twirl in front of the mirror. Chris's mouth fell open as the skirt lifted just high enough to confirm his suspicion. She wasn't wearing any panties underneath it.

Ashley caught his eye in the mirror, her grip tightening on the edge of the vanity. God, she loved the way Chris looked at her. She knew he loved her and found her attractive, of course, but the look of pure need in his eyes was like a drug to her now. She wiggled her heart-shaped ass teasingly at him, stifling a laugh as he nearly tripped over himself leaping from the bed. "Do you think Clayton will want to teach me something tonight?"

Chris was on her in a flash, his hands sliding up her toned, bare legs and resting on her hips. His mouth pressed against her neck. "You've been a very bad girl, Mrs. Parker."

"Mmm. Yes sir, I think I need to be spanked." She hooked her arm around Chris's neck, the other keeping hold of the vanity for support as she craned her neck and pulled her husband into a deep kiss.

"You'd like that too much," he whispered breaking the kiss. "I don't think that would be much of a punishment do you?"

The sudden burst of control, surprised Ashley. She was used to Chris letting her drive the conversation. But she was hardly going to argue as he broke away from her grip and slid to his knees.

"I think it's time you got a taste of your own medicine." He pushed lightly on her back making her fall forward onto her forearms as he gripped her ass.

"Ohhh God," Ashley whined as Chris's tongue slid against her folds. She was already soaked, and the way his tongue slid into her core pressing against her walls made her push onto her toes. "Fuck baby."

Chris was in absolute heaven. He couldn't believe how wet Ashley was. He pushed his tongue deeper into her, sighing softly as Ashley's fingers tangled into his hair. His withdrew it from her slowly, snaking it around her body and circling her clit.

"You feel so good baby. So fucking good." Ashley was panting now, her eyes half-lidded as Chris lapped up her juices. She knew he was turned on, but she never expected this. This was something they were going to have to explore again in the very near future.

The sounds Ashley was making only encouraged Chris to go further. What had started as a playful tease was dissolving into abandonment. He licked across her clit, then traced along her lips teasing her opening once more before pulling past it. His grip on her ass tightened as he spread her cheeks allowing his tongue to push against her tight ring.

"Unnnnggh, God, Chris. Right there, baby. Don't stop."

He grinned against her backside, falling just short of pushing inside her perfect ass and instead sliding back down to her dripping pussy, driving his tongue deep into it. He could tell she was getting closer. She was rocking back and forth on the balls of her feet now, matching the rhythm of his tongue as it teased both of her sensitive holes.

He was ready to let her cum, to make her remember exactly what he was capable of. But instead, he pulled away at the last minute, not ready to let their little game end just yet.

"I think that outfit is a little too... cliché, don't you?" It took Ashley several seconds to open her eyes and realize her husband had stopped and was speaking to her.

When she finally caught his gaze in the mirror, he had a huge shit-eating grin on his face.

"You're going to pay for that," she said laughing, as she caught her breath and stood up straight.

"I'm looking forward to it," he replied as she sauntered away and back into the bathroom for a wardrobe change.

After what felt like forever, Ashley finally emerged from the bathroom again. This time, however, she hid behind the door, so that just her head was hanging out. "So um... this one may be a bit much." Her voice sounded more vulnerable than usual making Chris's stomach flip in anticipation.

"It must be really bad if you're nervous. I thought we were past that sta..." Before Chris could finish the thought she pulled the door the rest of the way open. He could practically feel the drool hanging from his mouth making Ashley blush with appreciation.

The outfit, if it could even be called that, consisted of thin leather straps that crisscrossed her body, framing her breasts without covering them at all. Her chest looked even larger than normal, her nipples a perfect shade of pink that stuck out like an eraser. Each strip of the "outfit" seemed to draw a path for his eye to follow, emphasizing the curves of her body while exposing everything. A matching collar circled her neck, connected by a small chain that ran between her chest and attached to a thin belt at her waist. Below that, she wore nothing but a tiny G-string and thigh-high boots that Chris hadn't even noticed her purchase.

"Holy fuck," he managed, his voice strangled.

Those two simple words seemed to give Ashley the confidence she needed to step deeper into the room. The boots made her nearly as tall as Chris and gave her a sense of authority she hadn't realized she needed. Each step seemed to echo off the walls as she held his gaze swaying her hips with each click of the platform. She circled him slowly, like a predator about to pounce on its prey.

Chris never let his eyes off of her, watching her reflection in the mirror as she walked. Her ass was framed just as perfectly as her chest. The tiny string not visible in the deep valley of her cheeks. His erection pressed against his belly button throbbing in anticipation.

"So you approve?" She paused in front of him, close enough that he could feel the warmth radiating from her exposed skin. "You think Clayton would like it?"

The question caused him to audibly gasp. His pupils dilated further, his breathing shallow. Ashley could see him struggling to process what he was seeing; his wife, essentially naked except for strategically placed bondage elements, preparing not just to present herself to another man, but to submit to him fully.

"I..." Chris swallowed hard, his eyes traveling over the leather straps, lingering where they crossed her nipples, which looked almost as hard as he was. "You can't be serious."

Ashley's smile grew devious, she pushed him onto his back on the bed, straddling him as the leather creaked from her movement. She lowered her face, her lips barely touching his as he placed his hands on her bare hips.

"What's wrong?" she whispered against his lips, feeling him push against the tiny string. "Mmm You're so fucking hard." She rolled her hips, coating his hardness with her arousal. Her fingers traced the tightness in his jaw, her eyes never leaving his. "Are you thinking about what this collar means? How it means I want to be the

perfect little slut for you?" She felt him pulse beneath her at the words, his breathing quickening. "Or are you picturing Clayton not even needing the collar because I'll give him exactly what he wants anyway?"

"Fuck, Ash." Chris's fingers dug into her hips, he was ready to explode and they hadn't even done much yet. He suddenly wished he was going with her tonight. Not because he was nervous to let her leave, but because he could tell by the way she was dripping all over his legs that she was more worked up than she'd ever been. Her body was so exposed, she wasn't even trying to pretend that she didn't want this anymore. And the most dizzying part of all, the part that made him shamefully blinded by lust... she was going to share all that pent up sexual energy with someone else. And fuck if that didn't make him harder than he'd ever been in his life.

"This is—" He struggled to find words that wouldn't betray too much of his reaction, which was simultaneously intense arousal and possessive panic. "You'd wear this... for him?"

Ashley smiled, and ran her fingers over her chest before sitting up straight, capturing his hardness between her thighs. She had soaked through the thin fabric of her g-string causing it to bunch up.

"You don't think he'd like it?" she mused, her fingers sliding over chest and abs while she continued to roll her hips.

"Fuck, baby." Chris tried to keep his breathing under control as Ashley continued to grind against him. "I think if you showed up like this you wouldn't even make it in the house before he was on you."

"Mmm, why haven't we ever fucked outside?" Ashley reached down placing her hand on the other side of Chris's cock pushing it harder into her soaked mound.

"Do you think his neighbors would hear me? Maybe they'd watch."

"Dressed like that, they'd probably join."

"Ohhhh fuuuuuck," they moaned in unison. Her soaked panties had given way pulling away just enough to let Chris slip into her inferno. "Don't... oh fuck, don't move."

The buzz of Ashley's phone from the dresser shifted Ashley's focus. Her eyes darted to her phone before she realized it was just a news alert. Nothing from Clayton. She was thankful Chris's eyes were closed otherwise he would have noticed her... what exactly? Disappointment? Anger? She pushed the thought away focusing instead on the way Chris felt inside her.

"I'm so close. I want you so fucking bad," Chris's fingers were white from he was clenching her so hard. It took every ounce of restraint he had, but he did as Ashley asked and didn't move. His dick was pulsing with pleasure, desperate for the release she was denying him. He knew she could feel it too. He could tell by the way she squeezed her eyes shut. The way she felt, like a vice grip covered in baby oil. He couldn't remember a time she felt so tight and so hot.

"You can't... we can't..." Her pussy was twitching. All Chris had to do was tilt his hips and he knew she'd come unglued. "Not until I get back. I want you this fucking hard, this worked up when I get back." Her eyes fluttered open as she got her body back under control.

"You feel so good, Ash." He released his death grip on her hips letting his fingers trace up her arms. "Better than our first night together. Like a virgin."

"Wait," she gasped, slowly rising off of Chris leaving herself feeling empty. "I just figured it out."

Chris blinked, confusion momentarily overriding arousal. "Figured what out?"

"What I'm going to wear." She pushed herself up on shaky legs, eyes bright with excitement despite her flushed cheeks and rapid breathing. "It's perfect."

"This is perfect," Chris argued, trying to figure out what was going on in his wife's head.

"Trust me," she insisted, turning away from him and giving him a view of her perfect ass. "I need to shower and get ready... alone." She caught his frustrated expression in the mirror and softened. "Don't look at me like that," she laughed. "If you stay, I'll never leave this room, and as much as I'd love that..." She trailed off, letting the implication hang between them.

Chris flopped back on the bed with an exaggerated groan. "You're killing me, Ash." She walked back over to the bed to plant a quick kiss on his lips, careful not to let it deepen. "Consider it motivation to be ready for when I get home."

As she turned to head to the bathroom, Chris called after her, "At least tell me what you figured out!"

Ashley paused at the doorway, looking back at him with a secret smile. "Sorry, love. He gets to see this one first."

With that cryptic statement, she disappeared behind the bathroom door, leaving Chris to process the conflicting emotions surging through his system. Frustration, certainly. Arousal, definitely. But beneath those, a current of anticipation that made his heart race in the best possible way.

Whatever Ashley had planned, he knew one thing for certain. It would be worth the wait.

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Chris paced the kitchen for what felt like the hundredth time in just as many minutes. Although, in reality, it was probably less than twenty. The bourbon he poured himself sat untouched on the counter, the soft glow of the kitchen light reflecting off a single ice cube that seemed to mock him with its slow melt. It had the decency not to immediately evaporate into a puddle of sweat, something Chris seemed to be failing at with every second that passed by.

The sound of heels clicking against the hardwood floor made him rush into the living room. He turned to see Ashley standing at the top of the stairs, wrapped in a long black trench coat tied at her waist. The only clue to what she might be wearing beneath it came from her white thigh-high boots. They were sleek, zippered on the side, with heels that had to be at least four inches tall. Her hair had been styled into loose waves that hung just past her shoulders, and her makeup was subtle, almost effortless. All except her lipstick. It was a bright red shade, a color that screamed seduction.

"Well?" she asked, walking toward him slowly and wrapping her arms around his neck. "Last chance to change your mind."

Chris's throat tightened. "Are you even wearing anything under that?"

Ashley's laugh filled the air, making the angst in Chris's gut subside at least for a moment. "You'll have to wait until later to find out." She pressed her forehead to

his, closing her eyes and taking a deep breath. "Or we can call the whole thing off and you can untie my coat right now."

Chris closed his eyes, feeling the weight of the moment. Ashley's perfume filled his nostrils. It was something new, something he hadn't bought her, which meant she bought it... for Clayton. The anxiety was back in his gut, and so was his erection.

"If you want to back out, you can," he said finally, opening his eyes to meet hers.

"But I'm okay with everything so far. I mean that."

Her lips found his, soft at first then deeper. When she pulled away, her fingers traced down his chest, grazing the front of his pants. She leaned in, lips brushing his ear.

"I want you exactly like this when I get home," she whispered. "No touching yourself until then."

The jingle of her keys broke the moment. "I'll text you when I'm on my way back." Then she was gone, the front door closing softly behind her.

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Ashley's heart thumped wildly against her ribs as she navigated through the quiet neighborhood. It was only 7:30 and yet, she couldn't help but feel like it was the middle of the night and a neighbor would spot her passing car and know her dirty little secret. Her hand trembled slightly as she changed the station on the radio.

The soft hum of a familiar song doing little to distract her mind from racing faster than her car.

Should she text Clayton that she was on her way? She glanced at her phone in the cup holder. He seemed almost uninterested that she was even coming. The shift from a constant stream of messages that would make her blush in public to now, near radio silence bothered her more than she knew it should, but she convinced herself it was just her competitive streak coming out, nothing more.

The GPS announced another turn. Twenty minutes to her destination.

She had given Chris an out. Given herself an out. She should have untied her coat as soon as she came down the stairs. There was no way Chris would have been able to resist her. She rubbed her thighs together, remembering just how little she had on. Heat bloomed through her body as she thought about just how exposed she was right now.

"What am I doing?" she whispered to the empty car.

Was this her being a good wife, expanding their horizons together? Or was it a step too far? Would she come home and hate herself? Worse, would Chris hate her? The word "whore" rang through her mind, Clayton's word, but in her own voice now. It didn't cause the same reaction in her like "slut" did, but it also didn't feel inflammatory anymore.

A stoplight bathed the car's interior in red. Ashley turned her head to the left, where a man in his late twenties sat idling beside her. Their eyes met. His smile was warm, friendly even.

Did he know? The thought slithered into her mind before she could stop it. Could he see it in her eyes? Could he see what she was about to do? What she had become? Heat rushed to her cheeks. But it wasn't embarrassment. It was arousal. She shifted in her seat feeling her dampness grow at the very thought of this stranger looking at her.

The light changed.

As she accelerated, she glanced into the rearview mirror, her eyes catching the man from the light. A smile spread across her face, fantasies of the stranger catching a glimpse of her flooded her mind. Would he follow her? Pull up beside her again just to see if she'd roll the window down? Would he ask her to show him what was underneath the coat, or would he simply reach into her car and tear it off of her? Would he call her a whore? A slut? Tell her she deserved it for dressing like that? And she did, didn't she?

Maybe he wouldn't do any of those things. Maybe he would just force himself on her. Would she even stop him?

Her breath hitched, afraid of answering the question. Jesus Christ, what was wrong with her?

The man's face shifted into Clayton's and the panic in her chest melted away making her feel... safe? Clayton's touch was just as demanding, just as forceful, but it wasn't unwanted. It was possessive. Controlling. Everything she wanted, needed in this moment. Her foot pressed down harder on the accelerator.

Ten minutes.

Fear. Excitement. Guilt. Desire. Each emotion crashed into the next like waves against rocks. The closer she got to Clayton's house, the more the anticipation built, drowning out everything else. She glanced at her phone again. Still no notifications, nothing from Clayton.

His neighborhood appeared ahead, modern homes, all with multiple stories. She wouldn't call them mansions, but even with all the upgrades she and Chris had made lately, their home paled in comparison to these. The calm voice of her GPS announced that her destination was on the right, causing Ashley to laugh. Calm. She certainly didn't feel calm. Maybe she should have changed the voice to something more appropriate. But then, what exactly was the appropriate voice for a woman dressed in next to nothing, on her way to visit... no, fuck, her husband's childhood friend with his knowing permission?

Two Minutes

Ashley adjusted her coat, feeling the delicate material beneath it brush against sensitive skin. Whatever happened tonight would change things. Not just between her and Clayton, but between her and Chris too. She'd crossed boundaries before, but always with Chris present. This was different. Deliberate. Her choice alone. And deep down, past the guilt, and the anxiety, all she felt was excitement and determination.

One Minute.

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Ashley sat in her car looking up at the imposing house in front of her. The engine clicked as it cooled down, transferring its heat straight to Ashley's body. She'd only been there once before, with Chris. She thought back on that night. She and Chris had drunk too much and slept on the pull out. Only they didn't do much sleeping. She remembered seeing Clayton come down the stairs, the way he looked at her, the hunger in his eyes, the size of his... She took a deep breath and opened the car door. She'd come this far already, she couldn't turn back now. The chimes of the doorbell rang through the house as Ashley tightened her coat, eagerly waiting for Clayton to answer so she could get inside. She glanced over

her shoulder, the other houses were far enough away that she couldn't see anyone outside, but she didn't want to take any chances.

She shifted her weight, the white boots creaking slightly against the polished stone of Clayton's front porch. Her foot bounced with nervous energy. Had he forgotten? The thought seemed impossible given what they'd arranged, yet his silence throughout the day made her wonder. She glanced back at her car, calculating the distance if she needed to make a quick retreat.

Just as her hand raised to knock, the door swung open.

Clayton stood in the doorway wearing dark jeans and an unbuttoned white shirt that revealed his toned chest and abs. His hair was slightly disheveled, as if he'd been running his fingers through it. The casual confidence of his stance made Ashley's mouth go dry.

His eyes flicked to his watch. "You're early."

Ashley raised her eyebrow, not the greeting she expected. "It's 7:57."

A smile formed at the corner of Clayton's mouth. "Eager, aren't we?"

Heat rushed to her cheeks as she realized she'd fallen into his trap. By defending herself, she'd admitted to monitoring the time, to caring about their arrangement. She hated how cocky he was... and how much it turned her on.

"Are you going to invite me in?" She glanced over her shoulder again. A light had come on in the house across the street.

"Not yet," Clayton smiled taking a step forward and placing his hands on the belt holding together Ashley's coat.

"Wha... what do you mean, not yet?" She tried to keep the panic from her voice, but the wide eyed expression on her face gave her away.

"I mean—" his voice dropped lower, not because he didn't want people to hear, but because he wanted her to know how serious he was. "First, I want to see exactly what you pictured when you were preparing to come over here."

So, that was his game then? The lack of contact wasn't because he was busy. It was because he wanted to see exactly what she would come up with? How far she would go. "Here? But, what if someone sees."

Clayton's eyes sparkled with mischief. "That's the point." He pulled at the belt of the coat allowing it to open. "Now, show me." His voice grew more urgent, more demanding.

"I'm not—" Ashley started, her eyes darting around the quiet street. "Clayton, this is crazy."

"Is it?" He tilted his head slightly. "Crazier than going to your husband's office and letting me cum all over your body knowing that anyone could have walked in?"

"Don't be an asshole," she hissed. "You know that was different." She balled her hands into a fist. This was a mistake. She should turn around and leave. Go back to her husband, the person who actually respected her not treated her like a... Her traitorous body warmed to the thought.

"What are you afraid of?" It wasn't a challenge as much as a genuine question.

"You've been dancing around this for too long. Just admit to yourself what this is. What you actually want." His hands were still on the belt of her coat, holding it open just enough to where if he wanted to he could see, but he didn't.

She opened her mouth to answer, ready to tell him to go to hell, but the words didn't come out. He was doing it again. Saying the exact things she knew but was

afraid to admit. Seeing through the carefully constructed walls she'd put up exposing her darkest desires.

"Fine," she whispered, anger and arousal battling within her. "But I swear to God, if someone sees—"

"Then they'll see a woman who is finally unafraid to admit what she wants." He lowered his hands, letting the belt dangle at her sides, and took a step back, giving her space.

With trembling fingers, Ashley took a deep breath and cupped the lapel of the oversized coat. The night wind brushed against her exposed flesh, causing goosebumps to pepper her skin as she pulled it off her shoulders. It fell effortlessly onto the stone porch, leaving her feeling even more exposed than she thought. As much as he wanted to, Clayton couldn't keep his composure as she let herself go. He sucked in air, the image in front of him better than anything he could have possibly imagined. His eyes traveled over her body with a slowness that made Ashley shift in place. He was making a show of looking at her, and it was having its desired effect on her.

She stood before him in a classic white angelic lingerie set that was anything except pure. The delicate floral lace barely contained her curves. The demi-cup bra sat provocatively low, its soft edges allowing the fullness of her breasts to spill slightly over the trim. The cups pushed upward, forming perfect crests that caught the porch light, the pale pink of her nipples just visible through the intricate pattern. A sheer garter belt hugged her slim waist, connecting to stockings that rose to mid-thigh. Nearly every inch of her was both exposed and decorated in a way to put her sexiness on full display.

Clayton's tongue slid from between his lips, wetting them as his eyes traced to the junction of her thighs. Ashley wore matching panties, a paper-thin fabric that revealed more than it concealed. A thin deliberate cutout sat at the center of them. A cutout that Clayton may have missed, if Ashley wasn't already so aroused. Her pale, pink lips blossomed slightly, a perfect compliment to the white fabric. The moisture gathering there caused the surrounding fabric to cling even more insistently to her contours, outlining every curve and fold with unflinching honesty. The most enticing piece of it all were the white lace cuffs that sat on each wrist. They had small silver rings attached to them that seemed like they were mostly decorative, but something told Clayton he could find a practical use for them. When Clayton's eyes finally met Ashley's again she was blushing, unwilling to meet his gaze.

"Tell me why you came here tonight." Clayton reached out grabbing her chin and forcing her eyes to meet his.

"You know why." She crossed her arms, accidentally pushing her breasts higher against the low-cut bra. "Chris and I talked and..."

"Bullshit." Clayton's interruption boomed down the street. "This," he waved his hand around her outfit, "has nothing to do with Chris anymore. This is about you. About what you want."

"That's not true." But she couldn't look him in the eye. "I'm doing this for him. For us."

"It may have started like that, but not now." He nodded at her outfit. "Was this for him?"

Ashley swallowed, the truth uncomfortably close to the surface. "Please, just let me in before someone sees me."

"Tell me why you're here."

"I told you. We had breakfast and Chris said..."

Clayton's hand shot out, gripping her chin with startling swiftness. Her eyes went wide, not from fear, but just the unexpectedness of it.

"Stop lying to yourself." His thumb brushed against her lower lip, the tenderness of it mixed with the sudden burst of aggressiveness caused Ashley to shiver. She tried to turn her head, to deny him, but his grip was too tight.

"Look at what you're wearing," he continued, his eyes traveling down her body before returning to her face. "Look at how wet you already are just standing here. And you want me to believe this is all for him? For his little fantasy?"

Heat flooded her cheeks, the evidence of her arousal impossible to hide in the sheer white fabric. She was quickly regretting her outfit choice.

"What do you want from me?" she whispered, her voice shaky.

"The truth." His grip softened, but the intensity in his eyes didn't waver. "Say it, Ashley. Say what you're really here for."

"I can't." The words were barely audible.

"I hate that word" His thumb pressed against her lower lip, parting her mouth slightly. "Can't implies you don't have a choice, and you do." He released her chin, but his hand hovered. "You can tell me the real reason, or you can pick up your coat and leave."

Ashley's breath quickened, her pulse thundering in her ears. The threat of being sent away created a surge of panic that surprised her with its intensity. She didn't want to leave, not after all of this.

"I..." she began, the words sticking in her throat as heat pooled in her core.

Clayton waited, he knew she wouldn't disappoint him, she never did. This part was critical. She had to get there on her own.

"I want you," she finally admitted, the words rushing out before she could stop them. "I want you to fuck me. Are you happy now?"

Clayton's expression shifted. A smile curved at the corner of his lips. One of both satisfaction, but also hunger. His eyes shifted and Ashley realized this was the look he had given her that first night she was here with Chris. The night everything changed. His hand slid to the back of her neck, fingers tangling in her hair.

"Again," he commanded softly. "Say it again."

Ashley swallowed, the last of her resistance crumbling under the weight of her own desire. "I want you to fuck me, Clayton. I came here because I want you to fuck me."

His grip tightened in her hair, pulling her head back slightly as he leaned closer. His lips hovered just above hers, not quite touching. She could feel his breath, warm against her mouth. She was panting now. She wasn't sure when she started but suddenly it felt like she couldn't get enough air.

"Good girl" he whispered, his voice a low rumble that she felt more than heard.

With that, she pulled away from his grip, crashing her mouth onto his in a kiss that obliterated any remaining pretense. In that moment she forgot about everything and let Clayton claim her in a way she never had. As her tongue danced against his she forgot all about how exposed she felt standing there. She wrapped her arms around his neck, the sound of their lips smacking together echoing through

the night. She forgot about Chris, about how he would react when she went home. Clayton was right. Right now, it wasn't about him at all. It was about this; the electricity that had sparked between them from the first moment, and recapturing it without regard for anyone or anything else.

When he finally broke the kiss, Ashley was breathless, her body humming with need. Clayton had the same cocky grin on his face that she hated. the same one that drove her to his doorstep wearing next to nothing.

"Now you can come inside," Clayton said with a devious grin, taking a step to the side and extending his arm to allow her to walk past him.

The confidence in her stride surprised her. with each click of her heel she felt electricity wash over her. She watched Clayton from the corner of her eye knowing he was waiting for the moment she passed him so he could see her from behind. A triumphant smile formed on her lips as the heel of her boots clicked onto the hardwood floor of his home. She hadn't even gotten completely past him before his eyes dipped lower breaking their stare, a small victory for her.

If Clayton thought the front of Ashley's outfit was provocative, the back was downright sinful. His gaze traced the length of her spine, lingering where the garter belt's thin straps disappeared into the valley between her shoulder blades, only to reappear lower, framing the curves of her ass like a sexy picture frame. He bit down on the inside of his mouth to keep from audibly gasping as he followed the thin, white string between the perfect swell of her ass before it disappeared completely between her cheeks in an obvious invitation.

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On instinct, Ashley ended up in the kitchen standing at the same island she stood almost a year ago as Chris and Clayton went shot for shot. She turned her head slowly toward the living room, the sofa where on that same night their game seemed to cross over from fantasy to reality. Her pulse quickened as her mind transported her back to that night with Chris, the way they'd started innocently enough on that couch before Clayton had appeared on the stairs. She rubbed her thighs together thinking about the way Clayton looked at her, the way Chris felt inside her as Clayton exposed himself to her.

The press of Clayton's body against her back pulled her abruptly into the present. His chest was warm against her shoulders, his breath stirring the hair near her ear as he reached around her, offering a drink. The simple act of being bracketed by his body sent a fresh wave of heat through her core.

"Still thinking about that night, I see," he murmured, his lips close enough to brush her earlobe.

Ashley took the glass, grateful for something to do with her hands. "Don't flatter yourself," she replied, but the attempt at nonchalance failed as her eyes remained fixed on the sofa. She took a large drink, the vodka burning a clean path down her throat.

Clayton's laugh confirmed he knew she was full of shit, but he didn't press the issue, he didn't need to. His fingers closed around her free hand, her left hand, as he pulled away from her and led her out of the kitchen.

"Where are we going?"

"Upstairs." The single word carried enough weight to make her pulse jump.

"Now who's eager?" Ashley teased with a laugh as they ascended the first step and her gaze finally broke from the sofa.

He didn't bother with a response. Instead, as they reached the top of the stairs he pulled her off to the right. The hallway wasn't very long, and after passing two other closed doors they arrived at the end of the hall.

The room wasn't actually much bigger than hers. She wasn't sure what she was expecting, but the hint of familiarity seemed to settle her a bit. Much like his office, it was clear a guy lived here, but it didn't really put off the alpha male vibe Clayton seemed to carry. The walls, an off grey color, were mainly bare of any pictures or personal belongings. A large dresser sat next to the closed window with light blue curtains. Across from it a bathroom similar to the one at home. In the middle of the room sat a four-poster king sized bed. Ashley's mouth went dry thinking about everything that's probably happened on that bed, and why someone like Clayton would have a four-poster bed with no canopy.

Next to the bed was a full length mirror positioned at an angle where everything that happened on the expensive looking mattress could be viewed from it. Heat climbed up Ashley's spine, she'd never done anything in front of a mirror before, it was both exciting and terrifying. She let go of Clayton's hand and walked toward it, almost as if she was drawn to the power it seemed to have. She stood in front of the mirror looking at herself, she barely even recognized the woman staring back at her anymore. She wanted to feel disgusted with the person in the mirror, she knew that was what she was supposed to feel.

Clayton appeared behind her, their gazes connected. "You enjoy all the attention you've been getting, don't you?" He placed his hands on her shoulders and watched as she bit down on her bottom lip. "All of those eyes on you. All of those men wishing they could see you like this. Wishing they could fuck you." He watched her eyes flutter closed in the mirror, the way her cheeks turned crimson. Ashley's body felt like it was going to combust it was so hot. She wished Clayton would stop talking to her and would just fuck her already. She could feel her desire leaking down her leg. She pressed her ass against the front of his jeans. He was hard. She whimpered softly, and for a moment considered begging, but she wanted to keep that small piece of dignity, at least for now. She whispered his name, but he didn't respond. He took a step back, breaking contact with her and she gasped opening her eyes.

"Touch yourself." It wasn't a question, it was a demand. Ashley caught his gaze in the mirror, her fingers trailing down her stomach. She'd never done this for Chris before, at least not like this.

"Don't look at me. Watch yourself." Her fingers paused on the top of her thigh, the soft fabric of the stocking making her touch feel foreign. She wanted to hide. What Clayton was asking was so... intimate. Not only had she never done anything like this for Chris, but she'd never watched herself while she did it. Her attention was always on him, his enjoyment. Clayton reached out touching her wrists. His touch was soft and caused her to shudder. Her movements continued, her fingers grazing her sex finding it drenched.

"Good girl," Clayton whispered against her ear. He fought the urge to press into her, to show her just how much he was enjoying the show. "Show me how you touch yourself when you're alone. When you're thinking about me."

A soft moan escaped her lips at his presumption, though she couldn't deny its accuracy. She circled her clit, thankful that it wasn't hidden underneath the fabric. She wanted the skin to skin contact, she just wished it was Clayton's skin. Her movements were tentative at first, then grew more assured as her body responded. Her eyes flickered closed, her sensitive nub hardening against her touch.

"Eyes open," Clayton commanded. He watched her fingers work, the cutout in her panties allowing him to watch unburdened as her lips parted, her fingers dragging against her pink flesh.

The cool air against her exposed flesh made her shiver, or perhaps it was the intensity of Clayton's gaze in the mirror as she played with herself. She massaged two fingers between her folds, her knees growing weak as her arousal grew. Her eyes flickered to his, and she pushed a finger deep inside her slit, whimpering with need. She watched him, watching her, but all he did was smirk. That stupid cocky smile driving her mad with lust.

She straightened her legs, fighting the urge to once again close her eyes. Standing in boots and stockings, the garter belt and crotchless panties framed her lewdness rather than concealing it. She felt more exposed than if she'd been completely naked.

Her reflection showed the evidence of her arousal glistening on her inner thighs. The sight should have embarrassed her; instead, it fed something primal within her. She saw the look in Clayton's eyes, the hungry look of a man consumed with lust. Ashley's right hand continued between her thighs, her fingers gliding through the wetness gathered there. Her left hand moved to her breast, fingers tracing the lace edge of her bra before dipping beneath it to find her hardened nipple. In the mirror, the sight was undeniably erotic, her flushed skin, her parted lips, Clayton watching over her shoulder with dark, hungry eyes.

"I want you so bad," Ashley whispered, the tension in her belly growing, the act of performing for Clayton seemed to heighten her arousal. "I want you to fuck me."

"Kneel," he ordered, and Ashley dropped to her knees so fast she was sure she'd be bruised in the morning.

She began to turn as he stepped to her side, their profiles visible in the mirror. She reached for his belt, but his hands caught her jaw between his thumb and pointer finger making her look into his eyes instead of the bulge in his pants.

"Your mouth would feel amazing right now, but that's not what I want."

A small tremor rocked Ashley's core from his words and she licked her lips.

Clayton let go of her jaw as he slowly shed the unbuttoned shirt he was wearing. Somewhere off to the side, Ashley could hear Clayton's phone buzzing, but they ignored it too caught up in the moment to care.

"Turn back around and face the mirror," he ordered walking behind her. She did as instructed, tracking him through the mirror as she did. She watched as he undid his belt, stepping out of his pants and removing a condom from his pocket. The bulge in the front of his boxers was huge and Ashley smiled to herself, a sense of accomplishment washing over her having known that was all due to her performance.

As he began to slide his boxers down his strong legs, he tossed the condom at her side. Once he was completely naked, he kneeled behind her.

The heat from Clayton's chest pressed against her back, making Ashley moan in delight. He pulled her closer, and Ashley's body responded — her hips already moving, desperate to find him. His lips dusted over the shell of her ear, and she trembled, her need nearly unbearable.

"Stop teasing me and just fuck me already." Ashley barely recognized the words coming from her mouth. She couldn't remember the last time she had been this desperate for sex.

"You're not in control here, Ashley. I am." His breath was like fire on her neck. She could feel his cock, pressed against the swell of her ass. It felt different through the fabric of her garter belt, more delicate and somehow more menacing at the same time. His hand slid between her shoulder blades, pushing her forward.

The soft buzzing on his phone had returned. Someone really wanted to get ahold of him. For a long second, Clayton's hands froze on her back, focusing on the buzz. Then they continued their descent over the curve of her ass.

"Spread your legs a little wider," he commanded, and Ashley leaned forward onto her arms more, shuffling her knees to the side. When she did, his entire hand slid between her thighs, dipping two fingers inside her.

"Ohhh, fuck," Ashley's arms nearly gave way. Her walls immediately gripping his digits and covering them in her juices.

"So fucking wet already, and we've only just begun." His voice is low, taunting. Yet, instead of making Ashley angry it just made her want more. She pushed her hips back, taking more of his meaty fingers inside her and sighing in pleasure.

With his fingers deep inside her sex, Ashley began to work her hips. It wasn't lost on her that Clayton wasn't moving at all — he was making her do all the work. But that was fine with her. She dropped her hips, grinding and wiggling them against him. "That feels sooooo fucking good," she cooed as she used his fingers like a toy.

When Ashley opened her eyes, she saw Clayton staring back at her. The scene in front of her was like nothing she'd ever experienced. She felt like a voyeur, watching as some pornstar worked herself into a frenzy on the fingers of her male co-star. Except the pornstar was her.

Each time she pushed her hips back, her eyes raked over a different part of her own body — her cheeks, red with flush and desire; her chest, half-hanging out of her bra, nipples hard and taut; her pussy, bald and glistening as it stretched around Clayton's thick fingers. She watched her own face contort in pleasure, and she could feel it building. "Please..." she whimpered, her hips picking up speed.

"Please fuck me."

She didn't look at him when she said it. She watched herself — the lips of a wife, a whore, a slut, begging another man to fuck her — and it made her quiver with need.

Clayton pulled his fingers out of her, slick with her arousal. He caught her stare in the mirror and, without breaking eye contact, sucked his fingers into his mouth, tasting just how much she wanted him. She watched him, her gaze never faltering. Not when he grabbed the condom and rolled it on. Not when he took his position behind her, his fingers digging into her hips. Not even when he rolled his hips forward and sank into her. Her mouth opened in a silent scream, her walls stretching around him, but her eyes never left his.

"Uungh you're so fucking tight," Clayton was the first to break eye contact, his cock bottoming out inside her warmth, begging him to push even further. He wrapped his arm around her pulling her hips to him as he gave her only a second to adjust.

"Fuck yes, yes. Fuck me." Ashley could already feel the orgasm approaching as Clayton touched places inside her only he could. She groaned in delight as Clayton teased her by pulling almost completely out, only to slam back into the dripping, molten heat of her slit. His teeth found her neck sinking into it and sucking hard.

"Mmmm uuungh." Ashley pressed her neck into his teeth. It was going to leave a mark, but she didn't care. All she needed right now was for him to keep fucking her.

Clayton adjusted his position slightly, propping his right leg up to give him more leverage. The results of the new position were instant.

"Ohhh God. Mmmm fuck. Don't stop. Fuck, Don't Stop." The new position allowed Clayton to drive a little deeper into Ashley, hitting that sweet spot inside of her that seemed to make her mind go haywire and her entire body go lax.

"I'm going to cum." she announced, her pussy squeezing Clayton with new force.

"Not yet. Your body looks too fucking perfect for this to end yet." Clayton slowed his pace down, keeping Ashley frustratingly close to the edge but not able to get there.

"Please... Fuck, please let me cum." Ashley was done pretending she was too good to beg. She was so close, her entire body hummed with need. She would have done anything Clayton asked of her in this moment.

Another buzz from the dresser broke her concentration and she groaned in frustration, her orgasm slipping further away. She saw Clayton's brows furrow in the mirror before turning toward the source of interruption.

"Don't answer it... please. Just let me..." She didn't even get to finish the thought before Clayton pulled out of her with a loud plop. Being derailed by something as mundane as a phone call felt almost cruel in her current state.

"It will be quick," Clayton said, his voice firm. "Don't you dare cum without me." The phone buzzed again. Clayton moved toward the dresser, unbothered, like he hadn't just been deep inside her seconds ago. Ashley's reflection stared back at her. Her skin was flushed, streaked with sweat. Spit dangled from her bottom lip, glistening under the light. Her left tit hung completely free, the nipple diamond-hard and desperate for attention. She looked like a whore. And God, it made her even wetter.

Clayton glanced at the screen, his expression darkening instantly. "Fucking Tom," he muttered, his thumb hovering over the screen.

Ashley's mind flashed to the man from the club. Tom's hungry eyes following her across the dance floor, Chris's unmistakable discomfort. What could Tom possibly want at this hour? And more importantly, what could be so urgent that Clayton would answer rather than finish what they'd started?

"I need to take this," Clayton said, grabbing his pants off the floor and peeling off the condom. "Don't move," he commanded as he opened the door.

With that, he accepted the call, stepping into the hallway. "This better be important," she heard him growl before the door closed behind him.

Ashley sat frozen, the abrupt shift leaving her disoriented. She'd bared herself completely only to be abandoned for a phone call from Tom. The same Tom who made Chris uncomfortable. Why was he calling Clayton so late? And why did the thought of him being off-limits send a jolt of electricity straight to her core? Her arousal intensified, combined with a new sense of curiosity.

Clayton's voice faded, his footsteps carrying it further down the hall. Ashley couldn't make out any words, but Clayton sounded angry. Curiosity piqued, Ashley looked away from the mirror and crept closer to the door. She stepped softly, determined not to let the heel of her boots give her away. One way or the other, she was determined to figure out what could possibly be more important than her giving in to Clayton's every demand.

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Clayton pressed the phone to his ear as he pushed into his office, pushing the door shut behind him, although it didn't close completely. He turned on the lights, as he walked over to his computer, all three monitors coming to life at the same time.

"It better be life or death, Tom." The edge in his voice would have intimidated most people. Tom wasn't most people.

"Why isn't Ashley coming on the trip to Seattle?" Tom's words were slurred. He'd been drinking. Tom was hard enough to deal with sober. Clayton didn't have the time or energy to deal with him if he was drunk.

Clayton rubbed his temples with his thumbs. He should have ignored the call. Pressing a few buttons on his computer, he transferred the call there, allowing him to go hands-free. If Tom was drunk, he would say something stupid, and Clayton wanted to record it, just in case he could use it for leverage later.

"I already told you, Tom. She's not going because your neanderthal approach with Chris spooked him. He doesn't want his wife anywhere near you." He dropped his phone back into his pants pocket, declining the on-screen dialogue that asked if he wanted to turn on video.

"But he doesn't care that you fuck her? That you are setting him up every ste—"

"Spare me the lecture. Why are you calling? I'm busy." Clayton was growing impatient. He needed to cut this call short and get back to Ashley before he lost all the headway he'd made today.

"Busy? What could you possibly... wait," Tom chuckled on the other end of the line. Not a normal humorous laugh, but something dark, sadistic. "She's there, isn't she?"

"You're drunk, Tom. And what I do on my personal time is no concern of yours."

"Personal time?" Tom cut in. "Son, there is no such thing as personal time. Not when you're missing deadlines. Not when the audit is weeks away and you're playing house with the wife of the very person who could bring everything crashing down around us."

"I told you, I have things handled. You want her ready for the board members, I'm getting her ready. When it's time, you'll have all of them under your thumb."

Clayton responded, settling into his chair and pulling up the encrypted files on his screen. This entire phone call would end up on the encrypted drive, just one more assurance that Tom wouldn't blow the entire thing up. "And Chris is exactly where I

want him. He's distracted, conflicted, and completely under my thumb. This method works better than your sledgehammer approach."

"Your method is taking too long," Tom hissed. "I'm tired of moving money around, covering tracks while you indulge your obsession with her. Hell, you can't even get them to agree to let me fuck her. You really think they will agree to passing her around the board?"

Clayton blew out a breath of frustration. "My method is taking exactly as long as it needs to take. And no one is passing anyone around. We agreed on a few compromising photos you can use as leverage. Stop pushing so hard or you'll destroy all the progress we've made."

"Don't lecture me about blowing things up when you can't keep your dick in your pants," Tom snarled. "she was ready months ago, we both know that, but you've grown attached and would rather fuck her than see this thing through."

Clayton slammed his fists down on the desk making his keyboard bounce. "You're so full of shit. I don't need this. I'm going. And tell your goons to stop following me and my people. You're making everyone nervous. "

"I can fucking end you, Clayton. Don't you ever forget that." The slur in his voice was gone. The intensity of the conversation having seemingly sobered Tom up.

"And I don't know what the hell you're talking about. Nobody is following you."

Clayton's eyes went wide. If Tom wasn't the one following them, then who? Before he could process the information, a soft creak from the doorway caught his attention. Clayton's head snapped up, his body tensing as he caught sight of Ashley. She looked every bit like a woman who had just been ravaged. Her eyes were wild, desperate and begging for more. He wasn't sure if she'd overheard any of the conversation or if she had simply stumbled down the hall, driven by her own lingering need. But as their eyes met, a dark thought crept into his mind. Perhaps he could make the best of a bad situation.

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"Didn't I tell you to wait for me in the bedroom?" Clayton's gaze pinned Ashley to the door. She had pressed too close, trying to hear their conversation more clearly. Instead, all she got was fragments. Someone was being followed, but it didn't sound like they were sent by Tom. She thought back to the diner earlier with Chris. Someone had been asking about him. But who? Chris had brushed it off like it was no big deal, should she be worried?

"I..." Ashley's heart was racing, she didn't know exactly what she'd walked into, but she knew whatever it was she wasn't supposed to hear it. "I was lonely. You were taking so long, and I was so horny." Her voice was seductive, the same tone she'd used with Chris when playing their game. She bit her bottom lip as Clayton's eyes roamed her body. It helped that she wasn't completely lying.

A muffled laugh came through the speaker on Clayton's computer. "Is that her?" Tom's voice slurred slightly. "Your little project?"

Heat rushed to Ashley's cheeks as she realized what she'd just done. Tom knew her voice, he knew she was there, knew what she was. A different type of exposure washed over her as she considered the ramifications.

"Always so eager." the amusement in Clayton's voice made her shift in place. His expression darkened as he rose from his chair causing Ashley to look back at the

door. "Don't move," he commanded as he took a step toward her. When he reached her, his lips brushed her ear. "Eavesdropping deserves punishment, wouldn't you agree?"

Ashley stood frozen, her nipples hard against the low cup of her bra. She wanted to be mortified, not just that Tom knew she was there, but now he heard the way Clayton was talking to her. Instead, her body was already anticipating what was coming.

"Have you gone mute?" Tom's impatient voice cut through the tension causing Ashley to look toward the screen thankful that at least the camera was off. "She's in there, isn't she?"

Clayton's hand pressed against the small of Ashley's back, the heat from his body encouraging her to respond. He guided her toward the desk, each step feeling like she was walking to her own firing squad. "Watch your tone, Tom. Don't forget who you're speaking to."

"We have bigger issues right now that you should—"

"Ashley needs a lesson in boundaries," Clayton interrupted, positioning her in front of the desk. He put his hands on her shoulders, applying just enough pressure to make her bend forward.

Her mind was screaming at her to run out of there. Whatever game Clayton was playing, it had gotten too risky. Chris had told her Tom was off-limits; he shouldn't even know she was there. But the taboo nature of it all seemed to propel her forward. Before she realized what was happening, her palms were resting on the cool surface of the desk, her exposed ass stuck in the air — framed as a perfect target by her garter belt and stockings — on full display for Clayton.

He took his time, admiring the view of Ashley's heart-shaped ass, and the juices that continued to leak down the inside of her thigh. She was getting off on this. Not just the submission, but being on display. Even Tom seemed to add an element of desire to the situation that made her body heat rise.

The first slap against her exposed butt wasn't painful. She knew it was coming, Clayton had actually slapped her harder than that before. It was more like a declaration, a hint of what was to come. However, it was when his digits slid down her cheek and the tip dipped between her wet folds that caught her by surprise and made her gasp.

The next slap was harder, firmer. It caused her to cry out something between a scream and a moan. Clayton's fingers again dipped lower, massaging the outer walls of her lips and making Ashley push her ass further back into his hand. She'd never experienced anything like tonight. Every cell in her body was like a sexual live wire. All of the anticipation coupled with the lack of control, the teasing, the unexpected phone call from Tom.

"Somebody talk to me, Goddamn it. What's happening?" Tom's voice sounded so close. Like he was in the room, right in front of her.

"Tell Tom what's happening," Clayton instructed, his voice calm despite the power behind his slap.

Ashley shook her head, the thought of acknowledging Tom's presence out loud was too mortifying to contemplate. Another strike landed, this one carrying more weight behind it. The sharp sound seemed to echo through her entire body.

"Ooohh," Ashley's head flew back as two of Clayton's fingers pushed inside her. The sound of her arousal dripping over his fingers filled the room. She could

already feel her orgasm building. She was so close earlier and now he was touching her again. Even his fingers felt like they were stretching her.

"He can hear how you moan," Clayton growled in her ear. "He can hear how fucking wet you are just from my fingers. Tell him what I'm doing."

"Ffffuck, Clayton..." It wasn't a protest. She wasn't sure what it was, really. Just an acknowledgment of the power he had over her. Her chest pressed further into the desk as Clayton pushed more of his fingers into her. She spread her legs giving him better access. Wanting him to push her over the top. She knew Tom was a line that shouldn't be crossed. But then, he wasn't actually in the room. He couldn't see her, couldn't touch her. It was just a little teasing.

He pulled his fingers out just as abruptly as they had entered her. His hand once again crashing down on her ass causing a ripple throughout her body. She gritted her teeth, dizzy with adrenaline and need.

"Christ," Tom muttered, his tone hovering between disgust and fascination. "This is how you spend your time instead of preparing for the audit? At least have the decency to include me."

Blood tinged Ashley's tongue and she realized she'd been biting down on her lip. Not from the pain, but from the desire to cry out. To tell Tom exactly what was happening. To give him every sexy detail shamelessly.

"Ummfff, please," Ashley's eyes rolled to the back of her head as Clayton's magical fingers found her clit. Her knees buckled, thankful for the support of the desk as her pants grew more desperate. He plunged his fingers back into her core, thrusting them deep until he hit her G-spot.

"Yes, yes, oh fuck," her toes curled inside her boots, she was so close. A desperate sigh left her lips as Clayton once again pulled his dripping fingers from her cunt. The emptiness she suddenly felt was the real punishment. Ashley whimpered in frustration tears stinging the back of her eyes.

"Tell him," Clayton demanded, his breath warm against her ear. "Give him what he wants and you'll get what you want." He left his hand on the inside of her thigh, burning his touch into her soul.

"Fuuuck," Ashley blinked her eyes in quick succession. "He's..." She tried to gather her thoughts.

"Louder!" Another swat landed on her ass causing her to jump. "He needs to hear you."

"He's spanking me," she cried out, each word sending another zap to her core and making her pussy drip with need. "He's disciplining me, for not staying in the bedroom."

Tom chuckled into the phone, but instead of making Ashley self conscious it seemed to fuel her desire. "And? What else is he doing? What's he doing to make you moan like a bitch in heat?"

The words burned Ashley's ears, but Clayton was already taking advantage. The heel of his hand pressed against her engorged nub making her head spin. His fingers were back inside of her, fucking her, hard and fast. Exactly what she needed.

"Fuuuck yes, oooohhhh God. He's..." She sucked in air thrashing her head from side to side. "He's fucking me... with his fingers."

His lips were on the back of her neck. Sucking and biting at her exposed skin as he pushed her closer to the orgasm he'd denied her since she arrived.

"Tell him how it feels," Clayton commanded, his rhythm never faltering. Ashley opened her mouth to speak, but she wasn't sure what came out was actually words. Instead it was a series of grunts and noises that seemed more animalistic than human-like. Clayton wrapped his arm around her waist pulling her closer as he worked her into a frenzy. Her hips bucked against him and shuddered as her eyes roll further back in her head.

The heat in her core had built to a boiling point, pressure mounting beyond what seemed physically possible. She'd never felt anything like this before, the sensation was too much. A tightness gathered low in her pelvis, different from her usual climax; more intense than she was used to.

At the last second, Clayton pulled his fingers away. Rather than stopping her release, the sudden absence of pressure triggered something explosive. It felt like a dam breaking inside her.

"Oooooohhhh God. Fuuuuck. Ugggh," Ashley cried out as her body convulsed. A sudden gush of warm liquid released from her, spraying across the floor in an arc that shocked her even through the haze of pleasure.

Her legs trembled violently, unable to support her weight as the sensation continued to pulse through her in waves. Confusion mingled with ecstasy. Had she just...?

"Whaaa—" she gasped, trying to make sense of what had just happened, embarrassment beginning to creep through the pleasure as she came down from the ultimate high.

Clayton's grip was the only thing keeping her from collapsing onto the desk completely as the aftershocks continued to ripple through her body. "Perfect," he murmured against her ear, he didn't sound judgmental, or even cocky at all. He sounded... proud. "Absolutely perfect."

"What the hell was that?" Tom demanded, his agitation growing from the lack of participation.

"It seems Ashley here is a squirter," Clayton chuckled against her skin kissing her still sensitive neck. He ran the tips of his fingers over her back, calming her as she started to regain her senses.

"I've never... How did you?"

"Not me. That was all you, Ashley." Clayton's kisses on the back of her neck grew in intensity making her lean into them. "That's what happens when you finally let go and stop caring about everything else around you." His hands moved to his belt, the metallic sound of the buckle releasing bringing her sharply back to the present moment.

"What are you doing?" she whispered already knowing the answer.

"Picking up where we left off earlier."

"But Tom..."

"Tom already knows you're here. He's already heard you cum." His pants fell to the floor with a thud as the belt crashed against the floor. "Do you really care if he listens to me fuck you?"

After everything that had just happened Ashley's body seemed to have a mind of its own. As soon as she felt Clayton's length press against the valley of her ass she pushed against it. Wanting it, needing it. "But Chris..."

"Isn't here." He dipped his hips letting Ashley's juices coat his shaft. "Tonight you're all mine. I make the rules."

"Ahhhh," Ashley's head was spinning. Her body responding not just to his actions, but his words. Everything Clayton did seemed to set her off. She couldn't control it even if she wanted to, and right now she didn't. Not after she just had the most mind blowing orgasm of her life.

"And my first rule," The crown of his large cock pressed against her clit making her cry out. Clayton's smile widened triumphantly, this was it. He drew his hips back one final time. "Is no more condom."

Before Ashley could process his words, he slammed into her. The sudden intrusion was intoxicating, stretching her to her limit. He felt even bigger than she remembered, wider, filling spaces inside her she didn't know existed. The raw sensation of skin against skin sent electric currents racing up her spine, her body betraying her mind's desperate attempt to understand the implications of what was happening.

"Ohhh fffuuuuuccck," Ashley's walls clenched Clayton's invading cock, not wanting to let it go. Her fingers clawed at the desk, desperate to find something to hold, to get leverage and drive him deeper. "We shouldn't... Oh God you feel so good." Clayton's fingers dug into her hips. "You're so fucking tight," he grunted through clenched teeth. "So much better without a condom."

"Uuungh," Ashley's walls spasmed at his words. He was right, of course. This felt so much better. Every nerve ending in Ashley's body was on fire, like her own personal brand of heroin. "This is... oh fuck... this is so wrong."

"Feels just right to me," he moaned pushing a little deeper into her and being rewarded with another moan. "Your cunt looks so fucking good wrapped around my cock."

Despite her climax just moments ago, Ashley could feel another one building. Clayton's words were having a bigger effect on her than she cared to admit. She pushed herself up slightly from the desk, wrapping her arm around his neck to allow him to get even deeper.

From the computer speaker, Tom's ragged breathing mingled with her own, a voyeuristic presence that should have horrified her but instead intensified everything. For a second she had forgotten about him, too lost in her own desire, her own discretions. "Turn on the camera. Let me watch." Ashley's breath hitched, praying Clayton didn't hear him, even though she knew it was impossible.

Clayton's left hand slid around her body, tugging the thin fabric of her bra and nearly ripping it off. He toyed with her sensitive nipples causing her to grip him tighter. "You hear that. He wants to watch. I know how much you love an audience."

Liquid fire leaked from her pussy, her words more accurate than she cared to admit. She shook her head silently, throwing her body backward onto his hard spear. "Please," she begged craning her neck desperate to find his lips. "Fuck me. God, just keep fucking me."

Clayton never broke his rhythm as his eyes darted around the room, searching. His gaze finding the chair he kicked away from his desk when he led Ashley over. His fingers dug deeper into Ashley's hips, his teeth brushing against her ear.

"You feel so fucking perfect," he whispered, his voice rough with desire. "So wet, so tight." He bit down harder just below her earlobe, making her shudder around him. "I want to feel you cum around my bare cock."

The word bare echoed in her mind, sending a rush of heat through her body. Her pussy pulsed in response, betraying her, as the reality of what was happening hit her all at once. Too much was happening too fast, and her mind couldn't keep up. Her mind raced with guilt and confusion, but her body, aching and needy, didn't care. She couldn't stop herself from responding to him, couldn't stop her hips from pushing back into him, craving more. Even while she tried to consider Chris, her walls clenched around Clayton's shaft, a primal, desperate urge that made her head spin. She didn't know how to feel, ashamed, aroused, both? Yet all she could focus on was the overwhelming sensation of him inside her, raw and real.

Without warning, he withdrew completely, leaving Ashley empty and whimpering at the sudden loss. Before she could protest, Clayton dropped into his chair, spinning it to face the computer. His cock stood proudly at attention, glistening with her arousal.

He grabbed her waist, forcing her to face away from him. To face the screen where Tom's voice was coming from and sheathing himself into her glistening slit.

"Unnngh," Ashley cried out in pleasure as her hips dropped into his lap. From this angle he felt even deeper, his cock curving just enough to smash against her g-spot.

"Tom has been so patient. Don't you want to give him a little show?" Ashley bounced freely on Clayton's lap, her eyes shooting open at his words. The monitor in front of her remained black, Tom's presence only there through sound, nothing else. Her back arched, pressing her chest closer to the monitor as her left hand cupped and played with her nipple.

"Show him what a good little slut you've become for my cock, Ashley." He let go of her hips, his hands sliding between her knees and slowly pulling her legs apart. When her legs were fully spread his hand left her legs inching closer to the computer.

"Fffuck, fuck," Ashley pleaded. She was grateful for the added height they gave her. It provided the leverage she needed to pull up Clayton's shaft before driving back down and impaling herself on his magnificent meat. Her mind barely registered his words as she worked toward her release.

"Just say the word and I'll stop," he whispered as Ashley drove herself closer to another mind shattering orgasm.

She should stop him. This had all gone too far already. She felt the fire in the pit of her stomach grow. She had already crossed so many lines tonight. Done so many things she shouldn't have. Things she would have to try to defend to Chris when she got home.

"Ohhh fuck, oh God," she rotated her hips as Clayton's bare cock pressed against her cervix. But then, what was one more line crossed after she had done so much?

"Oh fuck, I'm so close. Don't fucking stop. Don't you dare fucking stop."

Clayton took her words for what they were, permission. With the flick of his wrist a small green light appeared on the laptop and Tom's smiling face appeared on the monitor right in front of Ashley.

Her eyes locked with Tom's on the screen, her body freezing mid-motion as the shock of his sudden appearance registered. For one suspended moment, the only sound was her ragged breathing and the subtle creak of the office chair beneath them. Time seemed to crystallize around her; the warmth of Clayton still buried inside her, the cool air against her exposed skin, and now Tom's hungry gaze

drinking her in. This was so wrong, so fucked up, and yet, her body was responding in a way she'd never imagined.

"Well, hello there, Ashley," Tom's voice purred through the speakers, deeper and more resonant than when it had been disembodied. His eyes, cold and calculating, swept over her nakedness with predatory appreciation. "Aren't you just full of surprises?"

Shame and arousal collided within her, neither winning outright but instead merging into something altogether new. She should cover herself, protest, flee, anything. But instead she remained, sliding up and down on Clayton's magnificent cock, her legs spread wide for Tom's eyes to feast.

"Even better than the pictures," Tom joked, his hand disappearing below the frame momentarily before returning. Ashley's eyes widened, unsure of what that meant. Had Clayton shared pictures with him? Had Chris?

Before she had time to formulate a question Tom adjusted his camera, tilting it downward to reveal his excitement, thick and imposing in his grip. "Thought you may want to see exactly what your little show was doing to me."

Tom had a nice cock. It wasn't nearly as big as Clayton's, but it looked similar to her husband's in length. It was veinier than Chris's and had a slight bend to it. Instinctively Ashley licked her lips wondering what it would feel like.

Clayton's hands found her wrist, steadying her trembling form. His touch was grounding, almost tender compared to Tom's abrasive presence. "It's okay," he whispered against her shoulder, his breath warm and reassuring. "You're doing so well, Ashley. You feel incredible." He guided her hand to her clit. With her legs sprawled out like this Tom had a perfect view of it. He could see the exact shade of pink it was, how swollen and needy it was. It was almost as good as being in the room with her.

Almost involuntarily, her body responded, lifting slightly before sinking back down onto Clayton's length. Her fingers teasing her clit, lightly at first then with more force. The sensation sent sparks racing up her spine, momentarily eclipsing the reality of what was happening.

"That's it," Clayton murmured, his voice becoming raspy. "God, you feel so fucking good. Let yourself enjoy this."

"Look at you," Tom growled, from above the camera as Ashley watched wide eyed as he fisted his cock. "Clayton's perfect little whore. I bet your husband has no idea what you're really capable of." His words should have been like ice water, but instead, they stoked the fire building inside her.

Ashley's pace quickened, her body finding a rhythm that sent waves of pleasure coursing through her. She leaned back against Clayton's chest, changing the angle to take him even deeper. She turned her head, her tongue desperately searching for his.

"Don't you dare look away," Tom's voice boomed causing Ashley to startle just as her tongue swiped with Clayton's. She turned her attention back to Tom. On the screen his cock pulsed with pleasure. She licked her lips, wondering what it would taste like. What it would feel like.

"Fuck yes," Clayton hissed in her ear, his hands sliding up to cup her neck. "You're so perfect like this. I can feel how much this turns you on."

He was right, of course. She couldn't explain it, but it had felt like she had one mini orgasm after another. Each one building on the other, another massive one slowly building inside her.

"Play with your tits," Tom demanded, his breathing growing more labored. "I bet you wish I were there right now, don't you?"

"Yesss, oh fuck. Yes. I'm getting closer."

Ashley's fingers teased her nipples as she found herself arching forward, offering herself to Tom. She continued to tease the sensitive bundle of nerves between her legs. Her fingers extending and grazing Clayton's balls as he hammered against her.

"That's it," Tom's voice was rougher now. "Such a good little slut. Better than I imagined. You love to be fucked, don't you? You can't wait to be shared."

"She feels incredible," Clayton told him, his voice cracking as he felt his own orgasm nearing. "So tight, so responsive." His lips found the curve where her neck met her shoulder, teeth grazing the sensitive skin.

"Ahhh fuck." The dual sensations, Clayton's physical touch and Tom's virtual presence, created a perfect storm of stimulation. Ashley's movements grew more urgent, chasing the building pressure in her pussy. The wrongness of it all, letting Tom watch, letting Clayton fuck her bareback, heightened everything until she could barely distinguish pleasure from shame.

"Yessss, oh fuck." Ashley gasped, darkness starting to form at the edge of her vision. "Cum for me... fuck... cum... cum with me." Ashley's eyes were glued to the screen. She wasn't sure who she was talking to. It didn't really matter. All that mattered in that moment was the release she was climbing to, not as big as the one earlier but already more powerful than anything she'd experienced before.

"My pleasure," Tom answered, his hand working at a frenzied pace on the screen.

"I can't wait to cover your slutty little face with it."

Clayton's arms wrapped around her, supportive and possessive all at once. "I'm going to fill you," he whispered, it wasn't a question. "I'm going to pour my cum into your tight pussy."

Their words were the exact thing Ashley needed, not just to push past the ledge, but to rocket past it to glorious new heights. Her fingers worked frantically against her clit, her other hand braced against Clayton's thigh as she rode him.

"Yes, yes, oh fuck, I'm cumming," she cried out, her voice higher than normal, almost unrecognizable to her own ears. Her body surrendered completely, walls clenching around Clayton's bare cock as pleasure crashed through her in relentless waves. "Don't stop," she begged.

Tom's ragged breathing synchronized with her own as his hand moved frantically on screen. "Look at me," he commanded, his voice tight with approaching release.

"Watch my dick as I cum for you."

Ashley's gaze fixed on the screen, mesmerized by Tom's intensity as Clayton's hips bucked beneath her. The office filled with the sound of skin against skin, their collective breathing, and primal groans.

"Take it," Tom demanded, his hand slowing on screen as his release began. "Take it all, you greedy little—"

"Fuuuck," Clayton roared, cutting off Tom's words as he slammed Ashley down onto him one final time. She felt him pulse inside her, the warmth of his seed flooding her core as Tom's own climax played out on the screen before her.

"Ooooh Gooood. Ohhh fuuuuck," she cried as she rolled her hips and hung onto Clayton's neck. Her body quivering as it greedily sucked every ounce of cum from Clayton's cock.

The three of them remained connected in their shared moment, Ashley impaled on Clayton, both watching Tom's satisfied expression through half-lidded eyes. Time seemed suspended, the only sound their collective struggle to catch their breath. The spell broke when Tom chuckled, wiping his hand on something off-camera before adjusting himself back into frame. His composure returned with startling speed, the vulnerability of moments ago replaced by his usual calculating demeanor.

"Well," he said, with a smirk, "that was certainly more productive than our usual meetings." His eyes roamed over Ashley's flushed skin once more. "We'll have to arrange something in person next time I'm in town. I'll see you soon, Ashley." Ashley's mouth opened, but no words emerged. Before she could respond, Tom's expression shifted to something more business-like. "Clayton, we'll discuss the audit preparations tomorrow. I need to know you have this under control." With that, the connection ended, the screen returning to its default black glow.

The sudden absence of Tom left the room feeling larger and quieter. Ashley remained frozen in Clayton's lap, the evidence of their encounter cooling against her thighs as the magnitude of what she'd done began to settle over her. Clayton's arms wrapped around her, surprisingly gentle as he brushed damp hair from her face. "You were incredible," he murmured, his lips pressing softly against her shoulder. "And so incredibly sexy."

The tenderness in his voice created a strange contrast to the raw intensity of moments before. Ashley leaned back against his chest, uncertain whether to find comfort in his embrace or recoil from it.

"I can't believe that just happened," she whispered, more to herself than Clayton. "I got you something," he said finally, his lips brushing against her ear. "A gift, because I knew you'd do so well tonight."

Ashley turned slightly, confusion flickering across her face as she tried to study Clayton's face. This wasn't like him. He wasn't a gift giving kind of person. "A gift?" Her body felt boneless, mind still hazy from the intensity of her release. "It's in the bedroom." Clayton gently lifted her from his lap, both of them wincing slightly as their bodies separated. Their combined juices trickled down her inner thigh, and puddling around her stocking. "Can you walk?"

"I think so," she mumbled, legs trembling as she found her footing. She grabbed onto Clayton's arm for balance. The way it flexed against her touch made her wobble and he hooked his arm around her waist for added support.

"Sit," Clayton instructed, guiding her to the edge of the bed as they entered the room. Her eyes gravitated to the mirror. She looked every bit the slut she felt. The mattress dipped beneath her weight as he moved to the dresser, pulling open the top drawer.

Ashley watched him retrieve a small black box, her exhausted mind struggling to process what was happening. The dynamic between them had shifted again, Clayton's dominating presence replaced by something almost... tender. It seemed strange, this sudden softness after everything they'd done.

He returned to her, kneeling before her as he placed the box in her hands. "Open it."

"Are you about to propose?" she quipped as she lifted the lid.

"After that performance, I just might."

Nestled against dark velvet was a small silver anklet with links that sparkled in the light. In the center hung a small charm, a tiny key edged in black with a heart subtly worked into the design. The craftsmanship was exquisite. Ashley wasn't much of a jewelry person, especially anklets, but she could tell it was an expensive piece.

"It's beautiful," she whispered, running her finger along the cool silver. She had no idea why Clayton would give her jewelry, but her mind was still too fuzzy to question it.

Clayton took the anklet from the box, his fingers brushing against hers. "Left ankle," he instructed. "Let's see how it fits."

She complied without thinking, extending her left leg as Clayton fastened the cool metal around her ankle. The charm rested against the delicate bone, unfamiliar but not unwelcome. She admired it for a moment, the way it glistened against her skin.

"I should go," she said, looking back up into Clayton's eyes. "Chris is expecting me."

Clayton's smile never faded as he rose from his kneeling position. His hands found her shoulders, gently but firmly pressing her backward onto the mattress. "First we should make sure it doesn't chafe," he laughed, his weight settling between her thighs.

Ashley's playful giggle transformed into a gasp as Clayton sank into her again, her body molding around his.

"How are you still..." the question never made it past her lips as Clayton's tongue claimed her mouth.

The anklet glinted in the dim light as her legs wrapped around him, the charm dangling lightly off her ankle as her cries of pleasure began to fill the room.