It had been one of those days that told you that autumn was right in your face. September was a bitch of a month. Warm days, cooler evenings. But not this day. It was Friday, and Grace was happy to see the back of it. At least she had gotten the tire chains on her tractors fixed, even if it left her soaked.

Nothing a warm bath and a stew cooking itself on the stove wouldn't fix.

By the time Nolan came home, Grace was warm again, and felt like her regular self. Nolan, however, seemed distracted and had some sort of nervous energy surrounding him. First he seemed to not be able to kick off his shoes the way he usually did, then when went to put away some dishes on the counter, he didn't put them where they usually did. Grace studied him from the couch, seeing him trying to act normal, but suppressing a small smile of sorts. And glancing at her.

"What?" Grace said, smiling at her boyfriend acting all weird. Nolan looked over and smiled. A nervous but excited smile. He grabbed a glass and poured his OJ, and came over. Sitting down opposite of her, postponing whatever he had to say as long as he could.

"Nate said something weird today," he said finally.

Grace raised an eyebrow. What could Nate possibly say that made Nolan like this? He was usually being an asshole toward Nolan.

"He sort of implied that his answer might not be as final," Nolan continued. Now Grace understood. Nolan had thought his hope to see was hanging on a loose thread. Anticipation of it finally happening had probably built in his excited mind over the course of the day. She was surprised, though, that Nate changed his mind, and wondered what it meant. "I think he might actually agree."

"You seem awfully pleased about finally seeing another man fuck me," Grace teased, choosing to be as blunt as she could for the desired effect. And the desired effect it had, as Nolan shifted, his smile dropping... but not entirely in a bad way. "Of course he told you before me."

"He brought up that you had talked. You know, the way Nate does. He, eh, he tried to embarrass me, and it sort of worked. He brought up right at our cubicles, in fact," Nolan said. "I told my side of it, and then Nate said it. That his answer wasn't as final."

Grace could tell that it was indeed embarrassing. She could barely imagine how it was for Nolan to have the guy who was fucking his girl pry the real honest truths out of him right there at his own work place. To have Nolan admit it directly to Nate. But Nolan didn't seem to mind. He

seemed to relish it. Relish saying it or being confronted like that, or being embarrassed even, Grace couldn't tell.

"So if he agrees," Nolan began, barely able to hide his eagerness or how flustered he was, but Grace stopped him.

"Before we do anything," Grace said. "I need you to stop being so vague."

Nolan looked surprised. And genuinely confused. His excitement took a hit.

"Vague?" he said. "Grace, I literally told Nate I wanted to watch you two to his face."

"That isn't the vague part," Grace replied, and stood. Nolan remained seated, looking up at her with those adorable eyes, all confused-like. "You've told me what you want to feel. You say you want ambiguity, to know what your place or role is, but also that you don't want to dictate my choices."

Nolan didn't say anything.

"And that sounds wonderful. Until something goes wrong and I discover I was supposed to do something a bit different," she said. She wasn't angry, and Nolan knew that. She was being pragmatic, being direct.

Nolan remained silent because he was trying to be good. He wanted to hear and understand. He saw her point even if it made him uncomfortable.

"You can't hand me every decision and then hope I guess correctly."

"That's not what I'm doing," Nolan said.

"Then give me something to work with." Grace kept her voice warm and steady.

"I... I want to know... But I like ambiguity. But also don't want to dictate what you do and say," Nolan said, trying honestly to be more forth coming about what he wanted.

"I mean, perhaps that sounds clear to you, but honestly isn't. It gives me all the power, but also all the blame. And the guilt," Grace said. Nolan's eyes shifted toward sympathy. They were always that, but she saw that he understood. "Like, if I sleep with Nate while you watch; do I talk to you during? Do I ignore you? Do you need reassurance? Do you want to give directions?"

Nolan shifted uncomfortably. Every time she mentioned sex with Nate, he had a reaction.

"I mean... I just want to be there," Nolan said quietly.

"Nolan."

Nolan laughed nervously, realizing he was just saying the same thing over and over again, expecting it to do more work than it did.

"I mean, it should be natural. As natural as it can be, I guess. I want to be there and see what it's like. One thing is hearing about it, but having it done right in front of me... that's something I can barely think about without getting excited. I guess I'd like you to initially acknowledge me or whatever, to check in on me, maybe even come to me first," Nolan began. "But as it starts to, eh, get going, I don't want to be the center of your attention."

"You want me to ignore you."

"Yes. No, not ignore. But if you constantly check in on if I'm okay, then everything becomes about me. And that's what I don't want," Nolan said. "I want to see it genuinely happen rather than... continually managing me. I mean, it's not supposed to be about me."

Grace sat down again. "You want me to prioritize him." It wasn't a question. She was trying to put the correct words in the right direction. "Even if I stop paying attention to you?"

Nolan paused. "I think so. And I'll know that might happen. And I that's the part I want to find out. What that is like, right in front of me. I get all excited just thinking about... taking him..."

Nolan trailed off, making Grace smile. He seemed nervous but fascinated.

"And if it gets too much?" she asked, gentler, lying the teasing aside.

"I'll leave."

"We leave?" Grace asked.

"No," Nolan replied, surprising Grace. It must have shown, because he continued. "If I say stop, I mean, that's a stop... but if I simply decide that it's too intense to witness, I'll leave. I've been next door before. So this will be totally new and stuff. And... and, you can stay if you want."

"You're telling me I can stay next door, having some of the best sex of my life with our awful neighbor, while you leave?" Grace said, testing Nolan a bit. The words hung between them, casual enough on the surface, but heavy beneath. It sounded a bit easier said than done, and she watched him closely, waiting to see if he'd flinch. On the surface, it looked like Nolan was inviting the same problems as before, but again, what he said that he'd leave, well, that would be with a different context in this scenario. But the truth was, he was telling her he was okay with leaving her with Nate.

Nolan seemed a bit uncomfortable again, leaning from one side over to the other, delaying his answer. Grace knew what he wanted.

"As long as you come home," Nolan said. "That night, at least... I..." He hesitated. "I might need you."

A glint turned in Grace's eye. She heard the vulnerability, but also the lust. Nolan would need her indeed, but for more than just emotional support. He'd be amped to the thousands and millions, for sure. Before, he had strong reactions just from hearing her stories of teasing Nate, hearing how Nate's intensity had brought her to the edge of doing something stupid so many times. Now, seeing her really do those stupid things would drive him mad.

And truth be told, as much as she liked sex with Nate, she really, really looked forward to that part. That part where Nolan would be trembling as he pinned her down to the floor in their hallway, lusting for her so much that the monkey side of his brain was the only thing operating; how he'd just take her.

"For real?" Grace asked. "You sure?"

Nolan nodded. Then opted for a real answer, not wanting much left on the table. "Yes."

Grace leaned forward a bit. As much as she looked forward to the fantasy that she'd come back to a horny lunatic in Nolan, reality had a way of derailing your desired outcome.

His eyes remained steady, meeting hers. When they first met, he'd barely be able to maintain eye contact. Part of his awe of her, part because she wore skin-tight jeans that were a magnet for Nolan's eyes. To this day, really. He had been such a confident, caring, steady person then, and seeing him so flustered because of her had been amusing.

That steadiness was present now.

"And what about afterward? When I come back? What do I owe you for such a one-sided deal?"

Nolan sighed. He knew he had been too vague with his 'what you want me to know.' That was the core of this conversation.

"I don't need every physical detail. I'd like to, but yeah. I want you to tell me, but it's up to you how much of it you want to describe. Like, of course," Nolan said. "I want to know if something happens that changes something in our relationship, yours with Nate, boundaries, if, you expect to be gone for a while, anything that would change things."

Nolan was rambling a bit, but Grace knew what he was saying. Details and hook-ups and that stuff were in the playzone. She could be more ambiguous. But if something had consequences... that was different. They'd probably not go down a route where that would be relevant, but it was good to be clear about these things.

"Okay. So that's actually an answer. And in the future?"

"I want to know... before or after. Or both. And where you want me. Want me to lurk on the balcony? Done. Want me to follow you to a parking lot, but leave afterward? I'm your man."
Grace stifled a giggle at how straight to business Nolan was about this. It never ceased to amaze her how much he was into it. Especially when they both knew how much it could hurt. But that could be perhaps why it was such a rush for him.
"So you could one day come home to a freshly fucked girlfriend and be cool with it?" Grace asked.
Nolan swallowed and nodded, his movement a bit jagged from excitement. This conversation, while necessary, seemed to have warmed him up a bit.
"And you still want to? Watch me?" Grace asked. "I mean, you can't take it back. And every time I'll hook up with Nate in the future, you'll know what happens."
Nolan didn't hesitate.
"Very much," he said, smiling sheepishly.
Grace grinned as well.
"You're fucking strange."
Nolan grinned in full now. "You knew that."
The room fell into that electric silence that happens after everything has been said. Nolan was processing, turning the whole thing over in his mind the way he did, and Grace was watching him process. They'd taken a winding road to get here, but they'd arrived all the same. She would cuckold him. He'd watch. And if the whole thing got to be too much, he'd walk home alone while she stayed with Nate next door. Nolan loved her more than anything, and if he left, she could stay. The thought caught her for some reason, but Grace dismissed it.
Grace saw it settling on him. The weight of everything they'd just agreed to. He was already excited. She could see it in the slight tremble in his hands, the way his eyes kept darting to the bedroom door as if he could already see through it, but he was reining it in. That responsible act he put on, the one she knew was just that, an act. Talking about it always got to him like this, but the reality of it, the actual prospect of seeing it happen with his own eyes, was hitting him different now. It was unsettling in a way that talking could never be.
He looked at her, hoping for something perhaps. Grace smiled deviously at him.
"Not tonight," she said, playing him just a bit. He deflated, but in a good way. The kind of letdown that comes from anticipation. Grace stood, and went over to Nolan, straddled him, and

sat down in his lap, taking his head between her hands. "I'm tired and sweaty from work, and you need to calm down."

She leaned in to kiss him, and he met her halfway. His arms wrapped around her waist, pulling her closer to him, holding her as tightly as he could. His need was almost palpable, his desire to be close to her almost desperate. When they pulled apart, Grace could see he was fighting against the urge to drag her into the bedroom right then and there.

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The next morning continued the electric energy from the day before, and into the late afternoon. Nolan looked to be incredibly excited, anticipation glowing through him as he moved about the day. He showered early, seemed to take forever when he was choosing a shirt, and most of all, he pretended to not be affected at all. But being more talkative than usual, washing the counter-top for the third time since he put on the coffee machine, and most of all: looking at Grace with the expression of someone waiting for Christmas.

It was both funny and strangely flattering. It ultimately showed what exactly made him so excited. Her.

Nate might be the perfect means to an end, but it was Grace that enticed Nolan.

And the notion made her smile more than once, even if it was just to herself.

But Grace couldn't lie. She was excited too, and it wasn't solely due to indulging in Nolan's fetish. There was so much more about this that thrilled her. Nate, for one. It was a poorly kept secret, at least from herself, that she more than just enjoyed sex with Nate. She wasn't entirely sure if Nolan would be so enthusiastic if he knew how much she wanted Nate. Or perhaps it would make him even hornier.

But it was also the novelty, the challenge, of making it work. Grace had been apprehensive about doing it at all, and so had Nate, because she was worried that it would be too performative, that she'd worry too much, think about this and that, but now that it was here, she wanted it to be a great experience for all of the involved.

And that made her nervous. What if she couldn't relax? Not stop of Nolan sitting there, of his feelings? She was supposed to, but talk is cheap, and this would be one of the most intense moments of his life, probably. Especially if Nate started being a dick. What if Nolan's presence... ruined whatever she had with Nate? It wasn't a kind thought, but it was there regardless. It was dark and selfish... but Nolan constantly insisted that this was for her, so it perhaps had festered in

her mind a bit. Grace felt a slight pang of guilt. She dismissed it. It wasn't that she didn't want Nolan there; it was that she wanted to make sure that when she was with Nate, she was present. That's all.

So yes, there was something to prove as well. She wasn't just an object. She was a person with an active libido and a will. And a very selfish one, at that. She wanted what she wanted.

Grace had been so deep in thought that she barely registered the sounds from the kitchen. When she finally looked up from the table, Nolan was already placing a plate in front of her.

"Two sunny-side-ups, just how you like 'em," he chirped. "Toast and coffee. Anything for the queen?"

The two ate their late lunch in an excited mood. They exchanged some knowing glances. It was odd that it was over something so dark and taboo. Or maybe that was why it was so exciting.

"Alright," Nolan said after he had washed the dishes, which he always did, even when Grace insisted on helping. "So what are we doing today?"

Grace was flipping through a catalogue at an online shop to find some new seeds. And with perfect timing, Grace's phone buzzed on the table.

Both Nolan and Grace stopped what they were doing, and both looked at the phone.

'He can come. Tonight's fine.'

That was fast. Not just the response, but the timeline. Tonight. They had been excited, but it being so close suddenly made it more daunting. It wasn't negative excitement; it was a jolt of oh-shit-this-is-actually-happening. One part of her wanted to roll her eyes at Nate's assumption that they'd be available, but also his underlying entitlement. But it was also the sort of thing that made her skin tingle. The assumption. Nate took, he didn't ask, and that made him a good, but scary, lover.

"So, yeah, about that," Grace said, picking up her phone.

"What?"

"Well, we're not doing much... me and Nate, however," Grace said, looking at her boyfriend, offering a small smile. Nate had perhaps suggested it, but Grace was already in the motion of choosing. She had considered letting the agreement settle and grow a bit, but then... fuck it. Let's go.

She stood, and she saw Nolan's eyes grow wide as he turned away from the counter.

"So... you sure you really want to be cucked?" she asked, again choosing to be blunt rather than yielding a softer edge. Part of her wanted to warn Nolan what that entailed; another felt the anticipation and wanted to push him and see how far he'd go. This was their path now, after all. The way Nolan's breath hitched was answer enough. He looked like he'd just been offered tickets to the Super Bowl, with a sideline pass.

"Of course," Nolan said. "I mean, yes."

Grace smiled deviously at him, choosing to add some theatrics for the mood.

"You sure? Because if you say yes, it will happen. And at a certain point, there is no going back. You'll know for good what's happening on the other side of that wall when Nate has me over."

"And... fuck... at what point is that?" Nolan asked, deliberately choosing a question that would give an answer that would hurt on some level no matter what.

"When he's inside me," Grace said, her voice steady.

She saw Nolan twitch as he tried to imagine it. She could see him thinking about it.

"Yes," Nolan repeated. He didn't seem as taken aback this time. His eyes were wide with a mix of apprehension and overwhelming excitement. He looked like a man about to step off a cliff, trusting that the fall would be worth it.

"Alright then," Grace said, then texted back.

'6 pm tonight. Bring your A game, cowboy. We're coming over.'

Grace felt a knot of tension in her stomach as she hit send, a mixture of excitement and dread. It was real now. Tonight.

"And just like that," Grace began, looking at Nolan, "you're about to get a front-row seat to all the things that happen when I go to Nate's alone."

She put her phone down on the table and walked over to him, her movements slow and deliberate. She could feel his eyes on her, could practically hear the thoughts racing through his mind.

"This is what you wanted," she said, stopping in front of him. "So don't you dare chicken out on me now."

"I won't," Nolan said, his voice barely a whisper. "Are you excited?"

Grace reached out and cupped his cheek, her thumb stroking the light stubble that had started to grow back.

"Nervous, maybe. But yeah, I am," she said. "Are you?"

"Terrified and thrilled in equal measure."

Grace leaned in close, finding Nolan's ear, deliciously whispering, "You should be," and leaned back to watch the effect it had. It was immediate. That mix of fear and excitement that Nolan had been riding all morning now turned into full-blown anticipation. He was practically vibrating with it, like a live wire ready to spark.

Grace gave him a soft, reassuring kiss on the lips, her hand resting on his chest, feeling the rapid beat of his heart beneath her palm. His hands found their way to her hips, pulling her closer, his need for her almost palpable. For a moment, she considered taking him to bed right then and there, to relieve some of the tension that had been building between them all day. But she resisted. She wanted him hungry, wanted him on the edge, wanted him to experience the full intensity of what was to come.

"It's almost three," Grace said, pulling away. "We have a few hours to kill."

"What should we do?" Nolan asked, his hands still on her hips, reluctant to let her go.

"We could pretend it's a normal Saturday," Grace suggested, a playful smile on her lips. "Go for a walk, watch a movie, make dinner..."

Noran's lips turned downwards into a slight pout, and Grace couldn't help but laugh.

"Or," she said, her voice dropping to a seductive purr, "you could help me get ready."

Nolan's eyes lit up at that, a hungry glint replacing the apprehension that had been there just moments before. He looked like a child who'd just been offered the key to a candy store.

"Anything you want," he said, his voice thick with desire.

"Good," Grace said, taking his hand and leading him toward the bedroom. She could feel the excitement radiating off him, could see the way he was already getting lost in the fantasy. And she had to admit, she was getting lost in it too. The thought of Nolan watching her with Nate, of seeing the raw, unfiltered desire in his eyes as he witnessed her with another man... it was intoxicating.

Grace stopped at the foot of the bed, turning to face him. Her eyes, steel-blue in the afternoon light, searched his.

He moved closer and his hands went to her jeans, popping the button and sliding the zipper down with agonizing slowness. She could feel the heat of his touch through the denim, could see the way his hands trembled slightly as he peeled the fabric away from her skin. He knelt before her,

pulling her jeans down over her hips, her thighs, her calves, until they were pooled at her feet. She stepped out of them, leaving her in just a simple cotton t-shirt and her panties.

"You know," Grace said, her voice barely a whisper, "I could get used to this. A dedicated dressing assistant."

Nolan looked up at her from his knees, his eyes dark with desire, his hands resting on her ankles. His gaze was so intense, so full of adoration and lust, that it made her breath catch in her throat.

"I'm at your service," he said, his voice hoarse.

Grace smiled down at him, a slow, wicked smile that promised more than just help getting dressed. She reached out and ran her fingers through his hair, her nails scraping lightly against his scalp.

"Good," she said. "Now, open your mouth."

Nolan's eyes widened in surprise, but he obeyed, parting his lips in anticipation. Grace smiled, her own desire building at his willingness to please, so pliable, so eager. She leaned in and spat in his mouth, a small, deliberate act of dominance that made her heart race. He swallowed, his Adam's apple bobbing as he did, and she could see the effect it had on him, the way his breath hitched, the way his pupils dilated.

"There," she said, her voice husky. "That's a good start."

Nolan's hands tightened on her ankles, his knuckles white as he fought for control. Grace could see the conflict in his eyes, the war between his desire to please her and his desperate need for release. But he held back, waiting for her command.

"A very good start," she said, her voice softer now, more intimate. She lifted her one leg and draped it over his shoulder, her thigh pressing against his cheek. He closed his eyes, breathing in her scent, his lips brushing against her skin. She could feel the heat of his breath through her panties, could feel the tension in his body as he struggled to maintain his composure.

"Tell me what you're thinking," she said, her voice barely a whisper.

"I'm thinking..." Nolan began, his voice hoarse, "that I want you more than anything."

Grace smiled. "I know," she said. "But what else?"

Nolan opened his eyes and looked up at her, a raw vulnerability in his gaze that she rarely saw. "I'm thinking about tonight," he admitted. "About watching you with him. About what he'll do to you. What you'll let him do."

"Keep going," Grace said, her fingers tightening in his hair.

"I'm thinking about how it will feel to see you choose him. To see you give yourself to him, right in front of me. And I'm scared," he confessed, "but I'm so fucking turned on I can barely think straight."

Grace's breath hitched at his honesty. She had expected him to be excited, but hearing him articulate the full depth of his desire, the raw mix of fear and arousal, was something else entirely. It was intoxicating, a potent cocktail of power and intimacy that made her feel more alive than she had in weeks.

"Are you imagining me sucking his cock?" Grace asked, moving her hips in slow gyrations.

"Yes," Nolan choked out.

"Him bending me over and fuck me with his big cock?"

Nolan nodded, looking from her crotch to her face and back again.

"You won't have to imagine it," Grace said, seating her pussy right on his mouth. "You'll see and hear all the dirty things Nate does t o me. How he'll fuck me better than anyone. You'll watch me cum for him."

Nolan let out a strangled moan, his hands moving to grip her ass, pulling her closer. He buried his face in her pussy, his tongue seeking her through the thin fabric of her panties. The rough cotton against her sensitive flesh was a delicious tease, a promise of more to come. She ground against him, her movements slow and deliberate, savoring the way he surrendered to her, to the fantasy, to the reality of what they were about to do.

"Stop," she said, her voice firm.

Nolan froze, his tongue still pressed against her, a muffled protest escaping his lips. He looked up at her, his eyes wide with confusion and need. Grace smiled down at him, her expression a mixture of amusement and affection. She loved having this power over him, loved seeing him so completely at her mercy.

"That's enough for now," she said, gently pushing him away. "We have a long night ahead of us, and I want you to save some of that energy."

Nolan's shoulders slumped in disappointment, but he nodded, understanding. He rose to his feet, his hands moving to adjust himself through his jeans, a futile attempt to conceal his arousal. Grace watched him, a small smile playing on her lips. Again, she wanted so badly to throw him on the bed and ride him silly, but she was choosing Nate tonight.

She turned and went to her closet, leaving Nolan standing there, a look of longing on his face. She could feel his eyes on her as she rifled through her clothes, her mind racing with possibilities. She wanted to look good for Nate, but she also wanted to look good for Nolan, to give him something to feast on, something to remember long after the night was over.

Part of her wanted to just get a pair of baggy sweatpants that were easy to get in and, most importantly tonight, out of, but a woman's effort in trying to look good for an occasion didn't always mean something practical. She considered and then discarded the simple black dress she sometimes wore for their date nights. Too formal, too... safe. She wanted something that would make Nolan's heart race, that would make Nate's hands tremble as he undressed her.

Her fingers brushed past a few more items before landing on the perfect choice. A simple, white silk shirt, thin enough to be sheer in the right light. Without a bra, the fabric would do her perky breasts a few favors. Tight jeans were always a safe choice for her as well. She didn't have the biggest boobs, but she knew her ass was amazing, and the denim would hug it perfectly, showcasing the curves that both men seemed to crave.

She laid the outfit out on the bed, turning to face Nolan, who was watching her with rapt attention.

"What do you think?" she asked, her voice casual, as if she were simply asking for a second opinion on a new pair of shoes.

"I think I'm the luckiest man alive," Nolan said, his voice thick with emotion.

Grace smiled, walking over to him and wrapping her arms around his neck. "You're not so bad yourself," she said, pressing her knee against his crotch, feeling the hard length of him through their clothes. "But tonight, you're just a spectator. And I expect you to be on your best behavior."

"I will," Nolan promised, his hands moving to her waist, pulling her closer.

"Good," Grace said.

"Fuck. I'm dying over here," Nolan groaned. "We can't fool around a bit before you go?"

"Patience, my dear quarterback," Grace said. "Good things come to those who wait."

"I'm a great waiter," Nolan groaned.

Grace laughed again, a genuine, carefree sound that made Nolan's heart ache with love and longing. She could see the desire in his eyes, the desperate need for release, but she also saw the trust, the willingness.

"So. We're crossing the hallway together this time around. Isn't that something?" Grace asked, running a hand over his brow to cup his cheek again. It felt important to touch him.

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It was the path they had chosen, but that didn't make it less weird when they both stood to cross the hallway and into Nate's apartment. Grace had made the walk countless times before, but now Nolan would join her. Nolan made a small joke about holding hands, which earned him a snicker. At the door, Grace opted for knocking rather than using her key. Had she told Nolan of the key? It had been a detail she had not made peace with yet herself, but it had been practical. And that's all the significance that key should have. But with Nolan beside her, knocking felt right.

Nate noticed, of course. He would. He didn't say anything, or make any nod or other remark, but Grace saw that smug smile when he opened the door and just knew. Perhaps she knew him too well...

"Something to drink? Coffee, beer, wine?" Nate asked, his tone polite but with a hint of mockery. He had agreed, but he still found it amusing. The whole ordeal of... inviting Nolan into their dynamic. But it wasn't their dynamic. It was a dynamic that was, by all logic, a subset of her and Nolan's.

Nolan seemed a bit self-conscious about it, sitting down a bit too fast on Nate's couch. Whatever Grace thought of dynamics, Nate was at home, Nolan was visiting. And that was what that mocking tone was all about, and the offer of something to drink. Acting polite before he were to momentarily steal his girl.

"Wine for both of us. The house's red, please," Grace said, making a joke to lighten the mood a bit, to counterweight Nate. She almost had to laugh at the absurdity of it. Instead, she sat down next to Nolan on the couch. The couch where Nate and Grace had first initiated sex, but had to move it to the bedroom way back when. And where they later quite successfully had some wonderful, but cramped, doggy-style action that had Grace's head almost collide with the wall as Nate hammered into her from behind, if memory served her correctly.

Nate gave out drinks and took his seat opposite them in the recliner, looking at Nolan, then at Grace, resting his gaze on her.

"Nobody owns me," Grace began, opting for being direct again. "And this isn't something we do as a special 'treat' for Nolan. Nolan can leave whenever he wants, and isn't forced to be here or to do anything. And on the same line as this isn't something you," Grace looked at Nate, "are

granting Nolan, I don't want to hear any sort of mockery of him for merely wanting this. If anyone says stop, that means stop. On the same page, Nolan isn't here to direct anything. I'm not performing for anyone or for anyone to command."

The two men looked at her, paying attention with their own little motives in mind no doubt.

"Nobody owns anybody," Grace concluded.

Nate's glance went from her face to her hand, and a small smile appeared.

"Sure. I don't see a ring."

Grace gave him a stern look. "Don't."

"What? You literally just said nobody owns you."

Technically true. But Grace knew what he meant. Nolan too. The way Nate was grinning told them as much. It was a jab, but Grace didn't laugh. And more importantly, Nate backed off and didn't push it further.

She glanced over at Nolan and saw something surprising. He didn't like Nate's comment, but he also seemed to blush quite profusely. Was it embarrassment?

"You sure you want to be here?" Nate asked, now directed at Nolan. It was a similar question to what Grace had been asking him, but with an entirely different tone and intent.

Grace looked to him. Nolan seemed bothered, but not affected. The situation made him amped up, but Nate being direct seemed to fuel that more than make him more nervous.

"Yes," he said, steady as one might expect.

"Good enough for me."

Everyone agreed. Nobody moved. They all sat there sort of... waiting. The whole lead-up had been too clean, and there was no natural progression. The awkwardness could even be considered funny.

Nate was probably refusing to initiate anything in his opposition to "performing." Or some other reason, who knows. Nolan certainly wouldn't point to Grace and say "fuck Nate now."

It dawned on Grace that this was her moment. The power shift hung in the air between them, thick as the wine Nate had poured. If neither of the men would break this strange standoff, she'd have to. And honestly, she was itching to do it.

Grace turned in her seat and looked at Nolan. His gaze snapped towards, realizing what was about to happen. Grace offered him an almost apologetic smile, as if to say, 'well, this is it.' But it was an acknowledgement of his presence, that she was aware. Fully aware.

She pushed herself off the couch, feeling Nolan's eyes track her movement as she crossed to Nate's recliner. The slight widening of Nate's eyes told her he hadn't expected this. Good. She straddled him right there, knees sinking into the cushion on either side of his hips, her ass inches from Nolan's line of sight.

"You wanted this, Nolan," she said, her voice low but clear enough to carry across the room. She looked over her shoulder, meeting his gaze as she ground down against Nate. "Now watch."

Her hands came up to cup Nate's face, thumbs stroking the rough stubble along his jaw. His hands found her waist, fingers digging into her sides as he pulled her flush against him. He was already hard beneath her, and she rolled her hips again, slowly, deliberately, letting Nolan see exactly what she was doing to him.

"Right here?" Nate murmured against her ear, his breath hot on her skin. "Not even taking this to the bedroom?"

"Where's the fun in that?" Grace whispered back, then captured his mouth in a kiss that was all teeth and tongue and urgency. Nolan's sharp intake of breath was the soundtrack to their collision, a sweet, desperate sound that sent electricity racing through her veins. She could feel him there, watching, his presence a delicious weight in the room as Nate's hands slid under her silk shirt, fingers tracing the curve of her ribs, inching higher toward her breasts.

Every nerve ending was on fire, every touch magnified by the knowledge that Nolan was right there, seeing it all. This wasn't about performance anymore. This was about choice, and she was choosing this, choosing them, choosing to strip away every pretense and lay bare exactly what she wanted. When Nate's thumb brushed against her nipple, she gasped, a raw, uninhibited sound that she knew Nolan would hear, that she hoped would make him ache for her.

"Someone's eager," Nate chuckled, pulling back just enough to look at her, a smug satisfaction in his eyes. But Grace could see past the arrogance, could see the raw hunger that mirrored her own. She was getting under his skin, breaking through his carefully constructed control, and that knowledge was a potent aphrodisiac.

She shifted, leaning forward until her lips brushed against his ear, her words a whisper meant only for him. "I want you to make me scream." Then, louder, her eyes finding Nolan's across the room, she added, "I want you to make me forget everything else."

In Nolan's eyes she saw exactly what she'd been hoping for: that devastating mix of pain and desire, of jealousy and raw, unadulterated lust. He was no longer a passive spectator; he was an

active participant in their shared fantasy, and seeing the effect she had on him only made her want more.

With a fluid motion, Grace pulled her silk shirt over her head, discarding it on the floor beside them. The cool air caressed her bare skin, and she watched as Nolan's gaze drifted down, taking in the sight of her, his jaw tight with unspoken need. Nate's hands were on her again, tracing the curve of her spine, exploring every inch of her exposed skin with a reverence that was both surprising and intoxicating. He was worshipping her, and she was letting him, right in front of the man she loved.

She could feel the tension building in the room, a palpable current that connected the three of them, drawing them deeper into this shared, forbidden experience. It was dangerous, it was exhilarating, and it was exactly what she wanted.

Nate's hands moved to the button of her jeans, his fingers deftly undoing it with a practiced ease that made her breath catch. She rose up slightly, giving him room to work, and he slid the denim down over her hips, exposing her to Nolan's hungry gaze. She stole a glance and saw the astonishment written plainly on her boyfriend's face; it was as though he couldn't quite believe what he was witnessing, couldn't quite comprehend the reality of the woman he loved straddling another man, naked and willing.

This was working much more smoothly than she thought it would. Nolan was included, and loving it. Nate looked smug and content with being able to one-up Nolan in a sense. And Grace was the center of it all.

Nate actually looked a bit surprised at how well Nolan was taking this. He had a smile that wasn't cruel, but rather amused by the whole thing. What that smile meant, Grace couldn't figure out.

She stood from the chair to remove her jeans completely, her movements slow and deliberate. The air was thick with unspoken words, with the weight of their shared desire. She looked at Nolan, who was watching her with an intensity that made her skin tingle, a raw need in his eyes that mirrored her own. She wanted to go to him, to reassure him, to remind him that this was for them, but she resisted. Tonight was about what Nate and her did in front of Nolan. Not about him.

She turned back to Nate, her hands on her hips, a silent invitation in her eyes. He rose from the chair, his body a powerful presence in the room, and closed the distance between them in a single

stride. His hands found her waist, pulling her against him, and she could feel the hard length of him pressing against her, a promise of the pleasure to come. He leaned in and captured her mouth in a searing kiss, a claiming that left her breathless and wanting more.

Her words were ragged against his mouth, barely a whisper but carrying the weight of everything they were about to do. Grace's fingers fumbled with Nate's jeans button, the small metal disc refusing to cooperate. She felt Nate's chuckle against her lips, a deep rumble that vibrated through her chest.

"Let me," he murmured, his hands covering hers. But instead of helping her with the button, he slid his hands down to cup her ass, lifting her slightly as he guided her toward his bedroom. Every step took them farther from Nolan, but Grace knew her boyfriend's eyes were tracking their every move, burning with a mix of jealousy and desire that made her head spin.

The bedroom was dark, save for the moonlight filtering through the window. Nate lowered her onto his bed, the sheets cool against her bare skin. He stood above her for a moment, just looking, his eyes roaming over her body with an intensity that made her feel exposed and more alive than ever before. Then he was on top of her, his weight a delicious pressure that pinned her to the mattress, his mouth finding hers in a kiss that was hungry and demanding and everything she craved.

His jeans were gone now, she wasn't sure when, but suddenly they were skin to skin, his cock pressing against her thigh, hard and ready. She arched up against him, a silent plea for more, and he obliged, sliding into her with a single, deep thrust that stole her breath and made her cry out his name. It was a raw, primal sound that filled the room, and she knew Nolan could hear it, knew he was out there, listening, waiting, wanting.

Nate started to move, his rhythm steady and sure, each stroke hitting her in just the right way. She wrapped her legs around him, pulling him deeper, her nails digging into his back as she urged him on. The sounds of their coupling filled the room, a symphony of moans and gasps and the slap of skin against skin, and she lost herself in the sensation, in the raw, uninhibited pleasure of being taken by this man. And having her soulmate watch as it happened felt so dirty, so wrong and filthy, so raw and pure.

She looked over Nate's shoulder, toward the doorway where Nolan stood, a shadow in the dim light. His face was a mask of conflicting emotions, but the desire was unmistakable, a raw hunger that matched her own. He was watching, he was seeing everything, and instead of feeling

shame or guilt, Grace felt a surge of power, a fierce, unadulterated joy in the knowledge that she was the center of this intense, forbidden experience.

"You like that, don't you?" Nate's words were a hot whisper against her ear. "Being watched. Being wanted."

"Yes," she gasped, her hips bucking up to meet his thrusts. "God, yes."

"Tell him," Nate commanded, his teeth nipping at her earlobe. "Tell him how good it feels."

"Nolan," she cried out, her voice raw with emotion. "It feels so good. He feels so good."

Nolan's sharp intake of breath was music to her ears, a sweet, desperate sound that only fueled her desire. She could see him shifting uncomfortably, his hand moving to adjust himself through his jeans, a futile attempt to relieve the ache that she knew must be tormenting him.

"Tell him you want more," Nate urged, his thrusts becoming faster, more demanding.

"I want more," she moaned, her hands clutching at Nate's shoulders as she met him stroke for stroke. "Don't stop. Please, don't stop."

Nate obliged, driving into her with a ferocity that left her breathless and begging for release. Grace could tell that having her own boyfriend watch had an effect on Nate too. He seemed to maneuver her more, assert his will more; his aggression seemed amplified and more deliberate. And Grace responded to it enthusiastically, losing herself in the sheer, unadulterated pleasure of being taken by him. She wasn't performing for Nolan, but having him there, witnessing her surrender to Nate, made it all the more intense. Every thrust was a statement, a claim, and every time she cried out, she knew Nolan heard. She could feel Nate's hands on her hips, guiding her, molding her to his will, and she surrendered willingly, her body arching to meet his, her nails digging into his back.

She threw a glance at Nolan, catching the frozen astonishment on his face. He'd pictured this in his mind a hundred times, but seeing it unfold in front of him was different. His stare wasn't just awe; it was something else, something darker. He was seeing Nate's advantages in a way he could never have imagined. The raw size of him, yes, God, the way he didn't hesitate to bury his whole length inside her right in front of her boyfriend, but it was more than that. It was the confidence, the way Nate knew exactly how to make her body respond, how to find buttons Nolan had never even known existed. Each time Grace cried out, Nolan's eyes widened, his jaw tight as he watched Nate work her body with an expertise that came from years of taking what he wanted.

And there it was, the comparison she hadn't wanted to acknowledge but couldn't ignore now—Nolan's boyish enthusiasm against Nate's rough, practiced skill. The difference wasn't just in the size of their cocks or the rhythm of their thrusts. It was in the way Nate moved with a sureness that spoke of countless women, a predatory grace that Nolan simply didn't possess. When Nate angled his hips just so, drawing a strangled cry from Grace's throat, she saw Nolan flinch, his hands clenching into fists at his sides. He was seeing things tonight that would never be unseen, witnessing pleasures he could never give her, no matter how much he loved her.

The reality weighed on Nolan's expression.

"You okay?" Grace asked, gasping a bit from coming down from the incredible high Nate had delivered. She couldn't help but be concerned, but she also saw something else in Nolan's eyes.

Nate, thank god, slowed down.

"Yes," Nolan said, almost immediately. Grace lifted her head to get a better look at him. "I'm okay. Seriously. You, eh, don't have to keep checking on me. Don't let me ruin the mood."

The man was utterly captivated even though it seemed to torture him. He was being cuckolded in the most intense way possible, and he was loving it. This was everything he wanted, and yet, she could see how much it hurt him to see her like this with another man. But he had made a promise to stay, and she knew he would keep it. And that made her love him even more, even as she was surrendering herself to someone else. He wanted the difficult part.

It did something to her that she couldn't name. Perhaps she had expected him to... cling harder. It was nothing really, but it surprised her.

If he was sure, then fine. She could do that. And she was definitely in the mood to. The heat from Nolan's stare was a different kind of aphrodisiac than anything else.

Grace turned her attention back to Nate, who started to slowly move inside her again. Grace wrapped her legs around him as she met him thrust for thrust, moving her hips to match his rhythm, taking him deeper. He responded with a growl, his hands sliding up to grip her breasts, his thumbs teasing her nipples until she was moaning with pleasure.

"You're so fucking tight," Nate groaned, his voice thick with lust.

"And you're so fucking big," she replied, the words escaping her in a ragged gasp. Her instinct, her every impulse, screamed at her to look over at Nolan, to gauge his reaction to something so raw, so explicit. But she didn't. She remembered what he'd said, how he didn't want to be managed, how this wasn't supposed to be about him. So her focus remained with Nate, on the

feel of him stretching her, filling her in a way that was both painful and exquisite, on the way his hands roamed her body, claiming every inch of her as his own. "Fucking huge," she added in a whisper, kissing the side of his neck in appreciation.

Nate's rhythm grew more demanding, more insistent, and Grace could feel the orgasm building inside her, a slow, delicious wave that promised to sweep her away. She let herself go, let the pleasure take over, her body moving in perfect sync with Nate's, her cries growing louder, more desperate. She could hear Nolan's breathing, ragged and shallow, but she didn't turn to look at him. This was her moment, and she was going to enjoy every second of it.

When the orgasm hit, it was explosive, a shattering release that left her trembling and gasping for breath. Nate fucked her through it, easily making her feel so incredible and ecstatic. He knew just how to drag it out, making her feel like she was floating in a sea of pleasure, her mind completely blanked out from the intensity of it. And when he finally allowed her to come down, his lips were on hers, kissing her deeply as he continued to move inside her, changing the pace, down to something calmer, more explorative.

But he wasn't done. Not by a long shot.

Nate's hands tightened on her hips as he began to move again, slower this time, but no less intense. He withdrew almost completely before sliding back in, each stroke a deliberate, measured act that left her gasping for air.

"Turn over," Nate commanded, his voice low and rough with desire.

Grace didn't hesitate. She flipped over, her movements fluid and sure, positioning herself on her stomach. The cool sheets offered temporary relief against her flushed skin as her legs hung off the edge of the bed. She could feel Nate's gaze like a physical touch, hot and possessive as he took in the sight of her prone and waiting. Then his hands were on her again, rough and demanding, pulling her hips up until her ass was raised in the air, completely exposed to both men in the room. The position left her feeling vulnerable and powerful all at once, and she had to actively fight the urge to glance back at Nolan, to check his reaction to seeing her so completely surrendered to another man's desires.

"You have the best ass I've ever seen," Nate said, his hands kneading the firm flesh, his thumbs dipping into the crease where her thighs met her cheeks. She could feel the heat of his body behind her, the anticipation coiling in her stomach like a tightly wound spring.

Then, without warning, he brought his hand down on her ass, a sharp, stinging slap that made her cry out in surprise and pleasure. The sound echoed in the quiet room, followed immediately by Nolan's sharp intake of breath.

"Did you like that?" Nate asked, his fingers tracing the reddening imprint of his hand on her skin.

"Y-yes," she breathed, arching her hips up, silently begging for another. Nate obliged, bringing his palm down on her other cheek, making her moan in appreciation.

"Good girl," he growled, sliding his cock along the crack of her ass. For a moment, she worried he was about to take her ass, but she quickly realized he was just teasing her, building anticipation as he coated himself in her wetness.

He drove into her again from behind, the angle allowing him to go even deeper, to hit that spot inside her that made stars explode behind her eyes. His fingers dug into her hips as he set a punishing rhythm, each thrust powerful and demanding, pushing her closer and closer to the edge again. The sounds were obscene now, the wet slapping of their bodies mingling with her desperate cries and Nate's guttural grunts of pleasure.

Grace's fingers clutched at the sheets, twisting the fabric in her hands as Nate's rhythm became relentless. She could feel every thick inch of him stretching her, filling her completely, and then pulling back just enough to make her arch her hips in silent begging. The room spun in a haze of pleasure and sensation, her entire existence narrowed to the feel of him inside her, the rough texture of his hands on her skin, the sound of their bodies meeting again and again in a rhythm that was both primal and intoxicating.

"You like that, don't you?" Nate's voice was a low growl against her ear, his breath hot and ragged. "You like being fucked like this in front of him."

"God, yes," she gasped, pushing back against him, meeting his thrusts with equal fervor. "Don't stop. Please, don't stop."

The pressure built inside her, a slow, delicious wave that promised to sweep her away. It started as a low hum in the pit of her stomach, gradually building until it consumed her entirely. She could feel the muscles in her thighs begin to tremble, her breath coming in ragged gasps as the pleasure intensified, becoming almost unbearable.

And then, with a final, powerful thrust, Nate sent her over the edge.

The orgasm was explosive, a shattering release that left her trembling and gasping for breath. She screamed, the sound raw and uninhibited, filling the room as wave after wave of pleasure washed

over her. Her body convulsed, muscles spasming as Nate continued to move inside her, drawing out every last drop of sensation until she was completely spent, limp and breathless beneath him. But Nate wasn't done with her yet.

His stamina bordered on inhuman, a relentless force that seemed to draw energy from her very cries of pleasure. Nate's determination was palpable as he shifted their positions without ever breaking their connection. Strong hands guided her higher up the mattress, her body pliant beneath his touch as he maneuvered her onto her side. The sheets tangled around her legs as she settled into this new configuration, her back partially exposed to him while he remained upright behind her, his presence both towering and intimate.

He entered her again with one smooth, fluid motion that stole the air from her lungs. This angle was entirely different—a revelation of sensation that made her arch involuntarily. Each deliberate stroke seemed to map uncharted territories within her, pressing against walls that had never been stimulated quite like this before. Grace's body responded with an urgency that surprised even her, her hips canting backward to meet his movements, silently begging for more.

Nate's hands were everywhere at once. One firm on her hip, guiding their rhythm, while the other traced the curve of her spine, sending shivers cascading through her entire system. The new position allowed him to hit new spots, to explore her body in ways that made her gasp and moan with renewed desire. His thrusts were measured yet relentless, each one pressing deeper than the last, building upon the echoes of her previous orgasm until every nerve ending screamed with renewed sensitivity.

Grace's fingers twisted in the sheets, her knuckles white as she struggled to anchor herself against the overwhelming sensations flooding through her. The sounds she made were uninhibited now; raw cries of pleasure that mingled with the obscene wet slapping of their bodies meeting again and again.

"I need to rest my thighs," Nate grunted, pulling out before falling down onto the mattress, sitting on the edge.

Grace immediately got down on her knees between Nate's legs, taking him in her hands. He was so wet from her. Without a word, Grace leaned down to kiss the head, her tongue swirling around the sensitive ridge before taking him into her mouth. She could taste herself on him, a musky, intimate flavor that only fueled her desire. Her movements were slow at first, teasing, as she explored every inch of him with her tongue, her hands cupping his balls, gently massaging them.

She could feel his thighs trembling beneath her touch, could hear the ragged quality of his breathing as he fought for control.

She looked up at him through hooded eyes, her lips stretched around his girth, and saw Nate steal a glance over at Nolan. Grace looked over her shoulder and saw him too, waiting there, relief appearing on his face as she met his eyes. He was devastated. And he was excited. More importantly, he was okay still. So Grace turned back to Nate... And took him back into her mouth.

She started moving faster then, her head bobbing in a rhythm that matched the frantic beating of her own heart. Her hands worked in tandem with her mouth, stroking what she couldn't take, her movements growing more urgent, more desperate as she felt him begin to tense beneath her. She could feel the orgasm building within him, a coiling tension that promised release, and she wanted to taste him, to feel the weight of his load on her tongue.

"Enough," Nate growled, his fingers tangling in her hair, pulling her away. "I'm not cumming in your mouth."

Grace glanced up, her lips plump and slick, her gaze questioning. Nate's eyes, having darted to Nolan once more, returned to hers, his grin widening, his arrogance deepening. But before she could ask, Nate was moving again, pulling her up and onto the bed, positioning her on her hands and knees. She arched her back, her chin rested lightly on the backs of her folded hands, lips slightly parted, and her elbows wide on the mattress, presenting herself to him, a silent invitation that he accepted without hesitation.

And then he was entering her again, a slow, torturous thrust that had her panting with need. This was pure torture.

She cried out when she felt him press all the way to the hilt, his thickness filling her completely, the sensation edging just barely beyond the border of pleasure.

"Still good, Bickle?" Nate asked. Grace glanced up at him, then back at Nolan.

"Yeah," Nolan said, sounding almost out of breath. In pain, but in a good way. Did he enjoy having to say it out loud?

And then, Nate began moving. His movements were deliberate, almost languorous, as he took his time to fully appreciate the sensation of her tight pussy stretched around his length.

Grace tried her best to follow his rhythm, shifting her weight, tilting her hips, adjusting to accommodate his size. There was a hint of discomfort, and yet it was pure pleasure for her, his

girth stroking parts of her no other cock had ever reached before. And judging from the low, feral growl of desire emanating from Nate, he enjoyed the sensation too.

It was that slight discord, the mingling of pleasure and pain, that drove her wild, making her respond instinctively, her body moving on its own, arching and pressing against him in a way that urged him to increase his pace.

It was working, too.

Slowly, agonizingly, Nate was picking up speed, the tension in his muscles and the raw desperation in his grunts betraying the effort he put into holding himself back. This was a power struggle, the ultimate test of his control, and he was losing. Losing and loving it, letting the wildness of the moment take over, losing the restraint that normally bound him and giving into his animal needs instead.

Nate leaned forward, his chest brushing against her sweat-dampened back, sending shockwaves of sensation throughout her overwrought nervous system. He moved deeper now, his thrusts growing harder, less controlled. She could hear his breathing, harsh and ragged, a reflection of the primal urgency burning in her own lungs.

He moved a hand to push her face down into the mattress, smacking her ass with the other.

Grace lifted her head a fraction to look at Nolan, but Nate seemed determined to want her head where he had put it.

"He's fine," he grunted, slowly pushing in and out of her.

"I, guh, wasn't, ugh, asking you," she groaned.

"I'm fine," came from a corner where Nolan presumably stood. He had had every opportunity to say the opposite. He had witnessed the comparative physical differences, watched Grace not perform but genuinely get absorbed by Nate's intensity for god knows how long. Nate had taunted him. He had been visibly struggling.

Yet, he stayed. Nobody asked him to.

Perhaps he was brave, perhaps it was trust. Fascination. Affection. Maybe it was all of them.

Still, it left her wondering what exactly drove someone who cherished her to willingly share so much of her with another man, to keep opening doors that might lead them toward hurt.

Nate's tempo changed again, shifting to a hard, rhythmic thrusting that pushed Grace closer to the mattress. She gasped, feeling herself stretched, her body yielding to the powerful intrusion of

his cock. It was a rough, unapologetic rhythm that sent shivers through her body, that made her want to cry Nate's name.

But then, just as she was about to tip over the edge, Nate pulled out, leaving her gasping in surprise and frustration. The emptiness was a sudden, sharp ache, a void that seemed to echo through her entire being.

He rolled onto his back, pulling her with him, positioning her to straddle him in one fluid motion. The sudden shift left her momentarily disoriented, her body still humming with the aftershocks of their previous intensity.

"Ride me," he commanded, his hands gripping her hips, guiding her down onto his waiting cock.

Grace sank down onto him, her body accepting his thickness with a wet, welcoming ease that made her breath catch. The initial resistance was gone now, replaced by a deep, satisfying fullness that had her arching her back in pleasure. She began to move, her hips rolling in a slow, sensuous rhythm that had her grinding against him, her clit pressing against his pubic bone with each downward stroke.

It wasn't often she took someone this way, with her back toward them, but there was something about it tonight that felt right. The position gave her control over the pace, allowed her to set the tempo of their coupling in a way that felt both powerful and intimate. She could feel Nate's eyes on her, knew exactly what view he was getting. The tight muscles of her back flexing with each movement, the curve of her ass rising and falling as she rode him, his fat cock disappearing inside her over and over again.

Nate's hands were on her hips, his grip firm as he helped guide her movements, his fingers digging into her skin with a possessiveness that made her head spin. She could hear his breath catch, could feel the way his cock twitched inside her as she moved, a testament to the effect she was having on him.

"God, that ass," he groaned, his hands sliding up to cup her cheeks, his thumbs dipping into the crease between them. "All those ballet classes really paid off, didn't they?"

Grace laughed, a breathy sound that was half pleasure, half amusement. She knew exactly what he was referring to—the countless hours she'd spent in the studio, the grueling workouts that had sculpted her body into the form he so clearly admired. And honestly, she couldn't blame him. The view from where he was had to be spectacular, all tight muscle and smooth skin, the result of dedication to her craft.

The pleasure was immediate, a building wave that promised to crest and break at any moment. She could feel Nate's hands on her, exploring her body, teasing her nipples, tracing the curve of her spine. His touch was like fire, igniting a trail of sensation that made her arch and moan, her movements becoming more frantic, more desperate.

She glanced over toward Nolan again, rolling her hips, fucking Nate as well as she could. Nate must've noticed.

Nate's grip tightened on her hips, pulling her back against him as he drove deeper. His rhythm faltered for a moment as he turned his head, his eyes finding Nolan's shadow in the doorway. A slow, predatory grin spread across Nate's face, his voice a low, guttural growl that vibrated through Grace's entire body.

"See?" he grunted, punctuating the word with a particularly deep thrust that made Grace cry out. "She hasn't forgotten about you." He slowed his movements, deliberately drawing out the sensation as he continued, "She's just choosing me."

Grace's rhythm faltered, her movements stopping as Nate's words hung in the air between them. She twisted around on his cock, her steel-blue eyes blazing with fury.

"Shut the fuck up, Nate," she gasped, her voice sharp enough to cut through the haze of pleasure that had enveloped them moments before.

For once, Nate looked genuinely surprised, his cocky expression faltering as she pulled away from him slightly. He hadn't expected this pushback, not now, not when she'd been so lost in sensation.

"Fine," he said after a moment, his voice losing some of its arrogance. "Too far."

Grace watched as his expression settled, searching for any sign of remorse, of understanding. There was none, just an acceptance of her reprimand, as if he were merely acknowledging a rule he'd temporarily forgotten. But no regret.

She turned back to face Nolan, her expression softening as she met his gaze. There was something different there now, something that hadn't been there before. A quiet understanding, a shared knowledge that transcended the raw, physical pleasure of the moment. They were in this together, navigating this strange, uncharted territory, and she had just shown him, in no uncertain terms, that she wouldn't allow Nate to use him as a pawn in their game.

She knew he wasn't fragile. And true to that, he hadn't even flinched.

Nolan tried a nod, but seemed to realize that wouldn't do. "I'm still good," he said, his voice a bit lower than usual.

Even when taunted and when lines were crossed, Nolan wanted to continue.

Grace nodded.

She turned back to Nate, her movements fluid and deliberate as she repositioned herself, her body still aching for release. She straddled him again, her hands flat against his chest as she lowered herself onto his waiting cock. The initial stretch was delicious, a sharp, sweet ache that made her gasp. No matter how many times he stuffed that fat cock of his inside of her, it was always such an intense experience when he entered her. She was certain her muscles were going to be sore in the morning, and she was so, so fucking okay with that.

Nate's hands gripped her hips once more, his fingers digging into her skin, guiding her movements. He started to move beneath her, his cock driving up into her again and again, each thrust accompanied by a low, growling moan that reverberated through her entire body. Grace's head spun, her vision blurring as the pressure built within her once more. She could hear the sound of their bodies meeting, the obscene squelch of her pussy sucking him in, the sound mingling with her own gasps and cries.

"Fucking hell," Nate groaned, his words rough with lust. "You're so fucking tight."

"Don't stop," she gasped, her fingernails digging into the flesh of his chest. "Please, don't stop."

The orgasm, once again, ripped through her, and Grace threw her head back, her muscles spasming, her mind shattering. The force of it, the sheer power of it was like nothing she'd ever felt before. It was pure and intense and raw and real and she was floating, her body tingling from the waves crashing over her, his relentless fucking thrusts pushing her beyond her limits, further than she'd thought she could go.

Nate was really bringing his A game tonight, having stamina of another world, making her feel so good over and over. The overstimulation was phenomenal, bordering on too much. Grace felt her legs tremble as she tried to hold herself up, but her strength was gone, her body limp and pliant beneath Nate's relentless assault.

"Fuck," she cried, her voice breaking as she fell forward onto Nate, her body convulsing with the pleasure of the last hour. This was too much, too intense, too good. She couldn't take any more, but she didn't want it to stop, didn't want this feeling to end.

Slowly, carefully, Grace rolled off of him, her movements unsteady as she collapsed onto the bed, her chest heaving, her body slick with sweat. She looked up at the ceiling, her mind reeling, her body buzzing with the aftershocks of the multiple orgasms that had left her breathless and spent. She could feel the wetness between her thighs, the evidence of their passion, and it made her feel alive, more alive than she had since... well... last time Nate and she had sex. Though Nate was outperforming himself tonight. Grace had to think it was because he was doing it in front of Nolan. Nate wanted to prove a point, and Grace was the one reaping the rewards. As was Nolan, in a way.

"Fuck," she breathed, the word barely a whisper. "That was..."

"Yeah," he said, a lazy grin spreading across his face. "It was."

Nate was outperforming himself tonight. Grace had to think it was because he was doing it in front of Nolan. Nate wanted to prove a point, and Grace had to admit she was loving the outcome. He had taken her to heights of pleasure she hadn't thought possible, leaving her trembling and drenched with the aftermath.

She was just glad they were able to enjoy themselves, that it didn't become something it wasn't.

Nate didn't give her much time to recover. He was on her in a heartbeat, his body covering hers, his mouth finding hers in a hungry, demanding kiss that stole what little breath she had left. His cock found her entrance, and without even using his hands, he was back inside.

In the corner of her eyes, she saw Nolan move around a bit. He was glancing between her and the door as he approached.

"Grace," he said.

Again, Nate stopped. He even rolled off and sat up on the bed, giving them a bit of space.

"I'm heading home," he said. He sounded almost as tired as she did. It was perhaps a lot for him.

"Okay, I'll come," Grace said, getting an unsatisfied grunt from Nate. There had been a few pauses, and he certainly wouldn't like this one.

"No," Nolan said, a bit quicker than he had intended.

"No?" Grace asked.

"Don't worry. You can stay," he said, obviously a bit nervous. But clear.

"And you're sure about that?"

Nolan nodded.

He had just watched her with Nate. And it hurt. It had absolutely hurt him. He had stayed all through it... and was now leaving, probably because he needed space. And he wanted her to stay. There was a lot of trust going into that decision. And love. And Grace, in some sense, felt liberated, not being torn by guilt and pleasure. She could let go and continue enjoying whatever else Nate had in store.

But there was an underlying feeling of something else.

Why was he so willing to step away? Well, she knew why. Because this is what he wanted...

Nate was thrilled, though, to see Nolan gone. As much as he wanted to rub it in Nolan's face, he liked to have Grace all to himself. But he wisely kept his mouth shut. He simply grinned and said nothing.

Grace got up, but not to leave. She sauntered over to him with an almost sheepish grin when her legs buckled a bit. Nolan had to smile too.

"Careful now," he said.

"I love you," she said, leaning in to hug him tightly, as if clinging to more than just him. She found his ear. "I love you so much. I'll come home tonight. Don't worry."

"I love you too," he said, and Grace pulled away.

And just like that, he backed out of the room and presumably left Nate's apartment.

*

The door shut behind him with a heavy thud. Or at least that's what it felt like. Nolan stood in the hallway, the open corridor that led down to their own apartment, only a few steps away. Standing outside in the fresh air after spending hours in the heavy scent of intense fucking. It felt absurd that something so crisp and nice as the atmosphere out here existed in the same world where what happened behind their neighbor's door. Grace was less than feet away, and the contrast of what they were doing could hardly be any greater.

"Holy fucking shit," Nolan muttered after a long exhale.

He actually did it. He had watched them. Grace was there... to think she had been worried that it would become performative. That was not an issue at all from where he stood. It was vile, disgusting, and everything that was wrong. A woman should cheat so enthusiastically. But she did. And Nolan survived.

Part of him was exhilarated, ecstatic, and beyond. He even let out a shaky laugh, feeling like a slight lunatic, and leaned against the wall that separated the two apartments.

Then the other side of the coin arrived. Now that the spectacle wasn't in front of him, the individual images of individual instances started to return. Fresh and potent. Nate's endowment, for one, and how he was so much bigger than Nolan... how Grace responded to that. She seemed to enjoy that extra weight and length, that thickness. Nolan wasn't one to imagine another man's piece, but it was inevitable.

Nolan leaned against the wall, his head thumping softly against the plaster as images flooded his mind. Grace with Nate. How natural it had looked, how completely at ease she'd been. There was a rhythm to their movements, an unspoken understanding that spoke of countless encounters before this one. It hadn't been for show. That much was clear now, watching it unfold behind closed doors. This was raw, this was real, and this was something they'd done many times before. He could see it in the way Grace's body responded to Nate's touch, the way she moved with him like they were dancing to music only they could hear. There was no hesitation, no awkwardness, just a fluidity that came from familiarity. And that... that was what twisted in his gut now, what made his hands clench into fists as he stood there in the empty hallway.

It was painful.

Nate possessed something Nolan simply didn't have, and Grace had reveled in every fucking moment of it. The raw, undeniable truth hung in the air now, thick as the scent of sex that still clung to Nolan's clothes. It wasn't just about size—though God, that had been impossible to ignore—but about a certain predatory confidence, a way of moving that spoke of countless conquests. Grace hadn't just enjoyed it; she had responded to it with a desperation that had made Nolan's chest ache even as it made his cock throb. She'd shown him everything tonight, laid bare the stark reality of what she found in Nate's bed that she'd never found in his. Never would find in his. He simply... loved her too much.

This would be stuck with him forever. It couldn't be erased, couldn't be unseen.

'See? She hasn't forgotten about you. She's just choosing me.'

That's what Nate had said, trying to be cruel, specifically to hurt him. And Grace had immediately defended him. That made him smile. But it was the truth. Grace *had* looked at him, and she had returned her attention to Nate. Nolan may have asked for it, but that didn't stop the pain.

Despite that, the experience had worked. Grace had seemed enthused about Nolan being there. It wasn't performative, but he felt his presence added something for them. Especially Nate, how he continuously pummeled Grace into the mattress, showing his skill and stamina.

Nolan had known his role, what to do, and what motion to do when it became enough. Grace had even offered to follow. But no, Nolan didn't mind her staying. Or he did, but he wanted it regardless. As much as it hurt to have his girl sleep with another, and to leave them to it, it was the right call. It was something they had agreed upon beforehand might happen, and it was a thousand miles better than the hotel experience. This is what growth looks like, right?

Even if it hurt. And god, did it hurt. In that gut-wrenching, punch-to-the-stomach way that made his chest ache and his hands clench into fists. But it also hurt in that exhilarating, blood-rushing-through-your-veins way that made his cock throb and his heart race with a dangerous, addictive thrill. The two sensations warred inside him, twisting together until he couldn't tell where one ended and the other began. Pain and pleasure, jealousy and arousal, all tangled up in a knot so tight he felt like he might explode from the pressure of it all.

This was what he wanted, what he'd fantasized about in those dark, secret moments when he touched himself thinking about Grace with another man. But fantasy was one thing, reality another. And the reality of seeing her with Nate, of hearing her cries of pleasure that he knew he could never elicit from her, was a thousand times more intense than he'd ever imagined. It was the sweetest torture he'd ever known, and he wouldn't trade it for anything in the world.

Nolan pushed himself from the wall and was about to head home, but suddenly found himself slowly turning his head, then his upper body, until he was looking at the door again. He even took half a step toward it.

He wanted to return. Not because something was wrong, but because he was already wondering what he was missing out on. He had missed so much already.

It was almost comical. He had been outside for perhaps sixty seconds, and he was already regretting his exit.

But no.

His decision was final. He turned away and went straight home.

Nolan quickly went to jerk off, having so much pent-up tension he thought it would be dangerous not to let go of some of it. Afterwards, he tried to distract himself by drinking a glass

of water, sit down, watching some television, dicking around on his phone. Work. Anything. But nothing works.

Instead, his eyes found the wall. The wall separating him from her. His chest tightened as he swore he could hear the rhythmic thumping of a headboard, the faint sounds of moans seeping through the plaster. Maybe it was just his imagination, but he could almost see it—Nate's larger body driving forward again and again between those perfect thighs, each powerful thrust making the whole room vibrate. Grace, completely lost in it, her nails raking down Nate's back, her head thrown back in pleasure. The images were so vivid they felt seared into his mind with a clarity that made his cock ache all over again. His pulse quickened with a mix of anticipation and that hollow feeling of being left out, even though he'd been the one to walk away.

At some point, Nolan went out to take the trash. Perhaps it had been foolish and done without much deliberate thought, as it landed him outside Nate's door again. He was a few feet away from it when he realized where he was. But he put down the trash bag and went over to the door regardless. He stood there, staring at that door, wondering what they were doing without him. If they were going for a second round, showering together, or if Grace was working him back to full hardness again. If Nate had even cum at all.

Everything that had consumed their relationship for months was literally happening behind the neighbor's door.

Except this time, Nolan knew. He was staring at that door, and he knew what was going on, or at least a very accurate estimation. What was continuing to happen even after he had left, and perfectly without him. She was doing precisely what he had 'authorized', and now Grace didn't need Nolan there to continue enjoying Nate.

But that was the thrilling part, wasn't it? The twisted, gut-wrenching thrill that made his blood race even as it curdled in his veins. It wasn't a performance. It hadn't been before Nolan left, and it sure as hell wasn't going to be now. If this had all been some show for his benefit, Grace would have gathered her clothes and followed him out the door the second he announced his departure. She hadn't. And some part of Nolan was glad about that, a sick, voyeuristic part that wanted the experience to be as real, as raw as possible. But another part of him—the rational part, the part that loved her more than any fantasy—hated how easily she'd let him go. How quickly she'd chosen to stay. The way her eyes hadn't even wavered when he'd said he was leaving alone. It should have hurt more than it did, or at least hurt in a different way. Instead, the pain was all

mixed up with this dark, thrilling excitement, and Nolan couldn't untangle one from the other anymore.

Nolan chose not to interrupt. He retrieved the trash, deciding it could wait until tomorrow, and went back. She'd be home later anyway. He trusted that. Trusted her, the arrangement, and that he knew what would happen next.

*

Grace heard the door click from the hallway, and Nolan was gone. The click of the door seemed to echo through the apartment, leaving a sudden stillness in its wake. For a breathless moment, Grace strained her ears, listening to Nolan's footsteps recede down the hallway until they faded into nothing. She waited for the familiar sting of guilt, that familiar ache that had accompanied their previous encounter. But it didn't come.

Instead, a strange sense of relief washed over her, not because Nolan was gone, but because she no longer had to split her attention. Even as she'd lost herself in Nate's touch, a part of her had remained aware of Nolan's presence, a constant, humming awareness of his eyes on them. Now, with him gone, she could finally surrender completely to the man above her, to the sensations coursing through her body without reservation or distraction.

Nate seemed to sense the shift in her mood, and his lips curved into a knowing smile, the smug bastard.

"Don't," Grace said.

"I didn't say anything," Nate replied.

For a heartbeat, the urge to bolt after Nolan seized her. She could picture it perfectly—throwing on clothes, chasing him down the hallway, her bare feet slapping against the cool linoleum. But the impulse faded as quickly as it had come. The truth settled in her gut, heavy and undeniable: she didn't want to leave. Not yet. Not when this night still had so much to offer. Nolan's blessing echoed in her mind, his permission to stay if she wanted. And God, she wanted. Especially with Nate still hard and ready, his orgasm still pending. She couldn't go, not when there was more to be had, more to feel before this night was over.

Nate started to slowly move in and out of her again, deliberately drawing out the sensation. Grace's head lolled back, a soft moan escaping her lips as pleasure, sharp and exquisite, shot through her. This was what she'd stayed for. This unapologetic, selfish pleasure that Nate offered without hesitation or condition.

"Good decision," Nate murmured, his voice a low, rough rumble that vibrated through her entire body.

Grace didn't have to ask what he meant. He wasn't just talking about her staying; he was talking about everything—about the choice she'd made tonight, again and again, to choose him over Nolan, to choose this forbidden pleasure over the safe comfort of her relationship.

"Shut up," Grace moaned. "Don't get cocky."

"Too late," Nate grunted, picking up the pace, driving into her with a renewed urgency.

Each thrust was a delicious punishment, a sweet, painful reminder of the choice she'd made. Grace met him stroke for stroke, her body moving in perfect sync with his, her hips canting upward to take him deeper. The sounds of their coupling filled the room again, a symphony of moans and gasps and the wet, obscene slap of skin against skin, and Grace lost herself in it, in the raw, uninhibited pleasure of being taken by this man.

She arched her back, pushing her breasts up, inviting him to touch them. Nate obliged, his hands cupping the weight of them, his thumbs teasing her nipples until they were hard, tight pebbles of flesh that begged for more. His mouth followed, his teeth nipping at the sensitive skin, his tongue swirling around each peak until Grace was writhing beneath him, her body on fire.

"Please," she gasped, her hands fisting in the sheets as she struggled for purchase. "Please, Nate."

"Please what?" he growled, his rhythm never faltering.

"Make me cum," she cried. "Please, make me cum."

Nate's response was a deep, guttural groan as he drove into her harder, faster, each stroke a deliberate act of possession. Grace could feel the pressure building inside her again, a slow, delicious wave that promised to sweep her away. She wrapped her legs around his waist, pulling him deeper, her nails digging into his back as she urged him on.

The orgasm hit her like a freight train, shattering her into a million pieces, leaving her breathless and trembling in its wake. But Nate wasn't done with her yet. He continued to move inside her, drawing out every last ounce of pleasure until she was completely spent, limp and boneless beneath him.

Nate pulled out of Grace, moving up to straddle her head, one foot with a knee in mattress, his other foot planted firmly on the other side of her head. He gripped his cock, wet from her juices, and began to stroke himself, the head just inches from her face. Grace watched, her breath catching in her throat as she saw the raw, unadulterated desire in his eyes. Normally, having a

cock rubbed in her face, hovering above her like this, made her feel all kinds of dirty, but she was too exhausted for that now. But that didn't make the look of his angry, purplish head any less impressive.

"Open up," Nate commanded.

Grace hesitated for a heartbeat, her steel-blue eyes locking with his. There was a challenge in her gaze, a silent question of whether he really expected her to obey. But then, with a slow, deliberate movement, she parted her lips, her tongue darting out to wet them in anticipation.

He grunted, his movements growing faster, more erratic as he brought himself closer to the edge. She could see the tension in his thighs, the way his muscles bunched with each stroke, and she knew he was close. So close.

That's when he did it. Without warning, he angled his hips, and a thick, hot stream of cum shot from the tip of his cock, landing across her nose and cheek. Grace flinched, more from surprise than anything else, but she didn't pull away. Instead, she watched as he continued to stroke himself, more pulses of his seed painting her face, her lips, her chin. It was crude, it was primal, and it was the most intimate thing she'd ever experienced. It was hot and thick, painting her skin with evidence of his desire, messing up her face with warm, dirty evidence of how much he had enjoyed her.

"Fuck," Nate breathed, his body shuddering as he milked the last drops from himself. He looked down at her, at the mess he'd made, and a slow, satisfied smile spread across his face. "That's a good look for you."

Grace's fingers came up to her face, tentatively touching the evidence of Nate's release. It was slick and warm, and even though she preferred it when a man finished inside of her, a facial was the perfect end to a very dirty evening.

"You're an animal," she said, her voice husky with exhaustion and satisfaction.

Nate slumped down onto the bed beside her, a lazy grin on his face. "And you love it."

Grace didn't deny it. Instead, she rose from the bed, her movements slow and graceful despite the ache in her muscles. She padded to the bathroom, switching on the light and blinking against the sudden brightness. The mirror showed her a stranger—a woman with a flushed face, swollen lips, and a smear of another man's cum across her cheek, her facial features distorted by it. She looked debauched, thoroughly used.

After a quick shower, Grace found herself lying back on Nate's bed again. She was so damn tired; she just needed a breather. And that's when Nolan entered her mind again. Not through guilt, but through the fact that he had let her stay.

Grace wondered what he was doing next door. Was he asleep? Waiting? Regretting it?

She threw a glance toward her phone, wondering if she should text him some sort of sign of life. But Nolan had also told her not to manage him all the time, so Grace decided against it.

"You staying?" Nate asked.

"No," Grace said. She lay for a moment longer before kicking herself up into a seated position.

"Worth asking," Nate said with a shrug.

Ten minutes later, Grace stood outside Nate's apartment, the hallway feeling both familiar and foreign. The small space where she'd once planted herbs now held mostly dead plants in their pots, ghosts of earlier, simpler evenings when she'd talked with Nate here, long before she knew of Nolan's desires. Though he had already known and had already started to test the waters.

This was the same corridor she walked down from work, from ballet class, from every return home, but tonight felt different. As she stood there, a mere ten feet from her own door, it was as though she were crossing a border between two versions of herself, the woman who belonged to Nolan and the woman who had just spent hours in Nate's bed, marked by him in ways Nolan would never fully understand. The distance was nothing, but the space between those two lives felt vast, stretching across those few feet of hallway floor until it seemed like an entire world apart.