

Room For More?

Her man had it all.
Their new roommate had MORE.



By Kacey Loveington

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Chapter 1

Shannon adjusted the hem of her top for the third time in as many minutes, glancing down the quiet hallway of the high-rise.

“You look perfect,” Craig murmured, leaning in to kiss her temple.

She exhaled a laugh, half-nervous, half-buzzed from the energy of the city. “I know. I just want this to go well.”

“It will. This is exactly what we talked about — smart location, flexible setup, good price.”

He said it like a checklist, but she heard the excitement underneath. He was trying to play it cool, but Shannon had watched him scroll through listings every night for weeks. This place was the first that felt real. That felt like a future.

They were three weeks into their relocation — boxes still half-unpacked, IKEA tools scattered across the floor of their temporary sublet. Craig’s new job in finance had kicked off fast, all early mornings and late commutes, but he was already buzzing with ideas and ambition. She admired that about him — how he carried himself with purpose but never took himself too seriously.

When he’d suggested getting a flat share to save for a future home, Shannon had hesitated. She liked their privacy. Their rhythm. But she also liked the idea of building something together. Not just coasting, but *planning*.

Besides, they were solid. Better than solid. Even now, waiting outside a stranger’s apartment door, she felt the low hum of comfort in her chest — that certainty you get when you’re exactly where you’re supposed to be, with exactly who you’re meant to be with.

Craig looked down at her and smiled, and that was it — that little smile that made her stomach flip even after three years. He’d been her first real partner. The first man who *saw* her — not just her body or her beauty, but her softness, her fire, her flaws. He listened. He touched like he meant it. He made her cum with his mouth *and* made her tea after. Who the hell was that lucky?

Her eyes drifted to his jaw, to the light stubble he’d meant to shave this morning. He smelled like sandalwood and fresh laundry. Her fingers curled instinctively around his.

The hallway was quiet, all clean lines and gentle lighting — modern but softened by age. Shannon liked the way their footsteps echoed, how the stillness made everything feel slightly more important. She could hear Craig rehearsing his charm in his head, even if he was playing it cool on the surface.

She glanced down at her reflection in the blackened glass of the window. Not fixing anything this time. Just seeing herself.

A cropped sweater over a lean waist, jeans that hugged hips she’d finally stopped criticising. Her body was a quiet contradiction — soft in places, strong in others. Years of yoga gave her a long, supple silhouette, but she wasn’t delicate. Her ass was full, thighs firm, belly gently curved. She

carried herself with that particular kind of confidence that didn't come from approval, but from use — like she *knew* her body, not just how it looked, but what it could do.

Her face was open, expressive — dark hazel eyes that tilted upward slightly at the corners, a full mouth, and a kind of sun-warmed complexion that made her look permanently kissed by summer. Her hair was a cascade of thick, dark curls — usually wild, tonight tamed into a loose bun she'd twisted without thinking.

Pretty, people told her. But Shannon never quite believed it until she saw the way Craig looked at her.

She didn't feel nervous. Just... *aware*. Aware of her skin, her breath, the little hum of excitement that came with new beginnings.

Craig reached out and knocked. A low, confident rhythm. Three beats.

“Stop checking your reflection in the window,” he teased.

“I'm not!”

“You are. And again — perfect.”

Before she could argue, a sound stirred behind the door — footsteps. Slow, heavy, deliberate. Not the scuff of sneakers or slippers feet. These landed with intention. Shannon's chest lifted as she inhaled.

The door opened.

At first, it was just space — the tall, open frame of the entryway, the dark interior behind it. Then he stepped into view.

Ronald.

Shannon registered it all at once, like a heatwave — his sheer size, the effortless coil of muscle beneath a black fitted tee, the slope of shoulders so wide they seemed to block the light behind him. His skin was deep, smooth, the kind of darkness that made you think of strength and stillness in equal measure. There was no smile at first, just calm — a steady, centred presence that felt like gravity.

Then his mouth curved, slow and polite. “You must be Craig and Shannon.”

His voice was lower than expected. Not loud, but *grounded* — like it came from his chest, not his throat.

Craig stepped forward to shake hands, already turning on the charm. Shannon stayed back a beat longer than necessary, her gaze drifting across the frame of him. Not leering. Not *that*. Just... noting. How his forearms looked carved, veins rising under skin like subtle topography. How the fabric of his shirt hugged his chest in a way that suggested not vanity, but inevitability.

His body wasn't the only thing large.

Even the way he stood — not puffed up, not dominant in the cliché sense — just *there*. Quietly owning the space. Not demanding attention. Simply built for it.

When his eyes landed on her, it wasn't a stare. It was a glance. But it held, just a second longer than expected. His gaze didn't rake her. It acknowledged her. Saw her, fully, and then moved on without a word.

Shannon felt the breath rise in her chest again.

"Yeah," Craig was saying, grinning as he shook Ron's hand. "Thanks for having us."

Ron nodded, stepping back to let them in. "Of course. Come in, take a look. No pressure."

His voice didn't smile the way his mouth did. It was smooth. Measured. Assured. The kind of voice that didn't *need* to sell anything.

The moment they stepped inside, Shannon felt it — the subtle hush of a space built with intention. The kind of quiet that didn't come from emptiness, but from design. Light poured in from wall-length windows, catching the soft sheen of polished floors and clean architectural lines. Everything about it felt... composed.

Ron walked ahead of them, barefoot, comfortable, his pace steady. "Place is fully furnished," he said, glancing over his shoulder. "But if you've got your own things, feel free to swap stuff out, decorate your room however you like. Make it yours."

Shannon appreciated that. She hated feeling like a guest in her own space.

He moved through the open-plan kitchen and living room, pointing casually as he went. "That's the main common area. I *often* work from home, but I tend to keep it low-volume during the day."

The kitchen made her stop in her tracks.

A massive marble island ran the length of the space, veined in gold and stormy grey, matte and cool beneath the fingers she couldn't resist brushing along the edge. Industrial light fixtures hung overhead — matte black and brass — and below them, a wide breakfast bar with sleek, high stools. Everything gleamed. Clean lines. Hidden appliances. Thoughtful touches.

The espresso machine caught her eye. Built-in. Real. Not the kind you impulse-buy and regret.

Ron led them into the hallway, gesturing to a room as they passed. "I converted that one into a bit of a gym-slash-office. Mostly mornings and evenings in there. You're welcome to use the equipment if you're into that kind of thing."

Shannon nodded, already picturing her yoga mat unrolled, her body moving through sun salutations with soft music playing while someone else — someone quiet — typed away at a nearby desk.

They reached the bedroom. Ron opened the door and stepped back.

"This would be yours."

Craig blinked. "Wait, this is the master suite?"

"One of them," Ron said with a small smile. "There are two. I've got the other."

Shannon glanced at Craig. His eyebrows had lifted. She stepped inside and felt the temperature shift — not physically, but emotionally. It was so open. Airy. Not just space, but *light*. A king-sized bed, already dressed in crisp white linens, anchored the room. Across from it: a broad window spilling

golden afternoon sun across hardwood floors. To the left, a walk-in closet. And beside it, a private en-suite that looked lifted from a spa — slate tile, rainfall shower, warm backlit mirror.

She let out a soft sound in her throat. Not quite a laugh. Just... wonder.

Back in the living room, Ron motioned toward the entertainment setup. A sleek, wall-mounted TV glowed black above a built-in electric fireplace, its ember display flickering quietly like a slow heartbeat.

Craig let out a low whistle. “That’s an OLED, right? I’ve always wanted one. Never seen one that big outside a showroom.”

“Eighty-inch,” Ron confirmed. “But yeah, it’s a good screen. I use it mostly for movies.”

“You’ve got the whole theatre vibe going,” Craig added, visibly impressed.

Shannon barely registered the specs. Her attention was pulled elsewhere — the fireplace below, the velvet reading chair angled just right beside it. She imagined herself curled up there with a blanket, a book, maybe tea. The thought wrapped around her like warmth.

Then the balcony.

Sliding glass doors opened onto a curved terrace that wrapped with the line of the building, opening into the skyline like a stage. The sun was dipping low, casting everything in copper and rose. The city stretched for miles, glass towers glowing, windows blinking on one by one.

At the far end of the balcony: the hot tub. Steam drifted lazily from the surface, even now in the daylight. It wasn’t ostentatious. It looked... inviting.

“Evenings out here are my favourite part,” Ron said softly. “The light, the breeze, the quiet. Sitting in the tub with a drink — it’s a good way to end the day.”

Shannon stepped closer to the glass. The view was unreal. The kind of view people fought for. She could see herself out there. Book in hand. Steam curling in the air. A blanket draped over her legs. Her whole body at ease.

She looked at Craig again.

He smiled, wide-eyed and glowing.

This didn’t feel like something they were applying for.

It felt like something they were already falling into.

Ron excused himself briefly, disappearing down the hallway toward the kitchen. “I’ll grab us something to drink,” he said easily. “Sparkling water okay?”

Shannon nodded, and the moment he turned the corner, Craig let out a low exhale, eyes wide with that same disbelieving smile he’d worn since they stepped through the door.

“Is this real life?” he muttered.

Shannon laughed, still standing at the edge of the balcony. The breeze brushed her skin, just enough to lift the fine hairs on her arms. The city stretched out like a living thing below them — glass and steel and infinite movement, all quieted by distance.

“It’s ridiculous,” she said. “I mean... the kitchen? That tub?”

“And the fact that he’s not charging double?” Craig added, turning to her with that playful incredulity he wore so well. “That’s the part I don’t get.”

They drifted back into the living room, fingers brushing. Everything felt suspended — too good to question, but almost unreal in its precision. Shannon looked around again, trying to picture it with their things layered in. Her books on the shelf. Craig’s half-worn sneakers by the door. Her mug on the counter next to the espresso machine. It was easy to see. *Too easy.*

Ron returned, placing three glasses on the coffee table — simple, crystal-cut tumblers, the water inside fizzing softly.

“This place is incredible,” Craig said, settling onto the couch. “Honestly? You could charge double for it. Easy.”

Ron shrugged, sinking into the opposite end of the couch with quiet ease. “It’s not about squeezing someone for rent,” he said. “It’s about sharing space with the right people. Makes life a lot simpler when the energy’s good.”

Shannon found herself watching him again — the way he sat, relaxed but alert, his long frame folded neatly into the plush cushion, one ankle resting on the opposite knee. There was something about how he took up space. Not aggressively. Just naturally. Like he belonged in every room he entered, and didn’t need to prove it.

Craig nodded. “That’s a good way to look at it. I’m guessing this place is yours, then?”

“Yeah. Bought it five years ago.”

“What do you do, if you don’t mind me asking?”

Ron took a sip, then set the glass down. “Private investments. A lot of it’s remote now — consulting, equity plays, that sort of thing.”

Craig perked up. “No way — I’m in finance too. Way lower down the ladder, obviously. Just started at a firm here in the city. But I’ve always been fascinated by that side of it — private markets, building long-term wealth.”

There it was — the spark. Not fanboy awe, not obsequious. Just genuine admiration. The kind of connection Shannon recognised in Craig’s voice when he found someone who could talk shop at a level he aspired to reach.

Ron didn’t gloat. He just nodded, interested. “It’s a good time to be getting in. You’ll pick it up fast.”

Shannon leaned back in her chair, watching the two of them. She liked this, actually. The ease of it. No weird tension. No awkward power dynamic. Just... chemistry. Not the kind you had to name. The kind that *settled*.

Craig turned to her. “Tell him what you do.”

Shannon smiled. “I work from home too. Mostly yoga classes over livestream, a bit of freelance design work, and I paint when I can afford to.”

Ron’s eyes lit slightly. “Painting? Oils or watercolour?”

“Mostly acrylic. A bit of mixed media.”

“I’d love to see some of it sometime,” he said simply. “I’ve got a few pieces from local artists. I think art keeps a space alive.”

It was such a quiet thing to say, but Shannon felt it land. Not as a flirtation — just a thought she didn’t expect to hear from a man like him. That kind of contrast stuck in the mind.

Ron stood, collecting the glasses. “Well,” he said, “if you two want the place, it’s yours.”

Craig blinked. “Just like that?”

“You’re the right fit. I trust my gut.”

Shannon looked at Craig, then back to Ron. Her chest lifted with something soft and warm — like stepping into hot water. Like falling into luck.

“We’d love to,” she said.

Craig squeezed her hand.

Ron smiled.

And deep in her belly — low and silent — something fluttered.

— — — —

The heat was different on the twenty-eighth floor.

Not the sweltering kind — the building was air-conditioned, the windows triple-glazed — but the kind that came from motion. From lifted boxes, from sweat on forearms, from men breathing through effort and smiling through it.

Craig hauled the final box through the front door, grunting as he shifted the weight to one side.

“You sure this one doesn’t have your book collection in it?” he teased.

Shannon smirked. “It’s yoga equipment. You’ll thank me when your back gives out from lifting like that.”

Ron, already inside, took the box from Craig with one smooth motion. No showboating. No flexing. Just strength that didn’t ask for attention. He carried it into the master suite like it weighed nothing.

Craig blinked, still catching his breath. “Jesus,” he muttered, wiping sweat from his brow. “You ever slow down?”

Ron reappeared, relaxed, barely glistening. “Years of practice.”

He wasn’t even winded.

Shannon watched the two of them — both shirtless now, both damp with sweat. Craig was lean, defined, his body shaped by years of running and weekend gym sessions. Ron was something else. Broader. Denser. Built like he could tear open the world if he wanted, but chose not to.

She pulled her eyes back to Craig and smiled. He was a catch. A real one. No doubt in her mind.

That evening, once the last box had been shoved into a corner and the cardboard grease-stained from empty pizza slices, the city began to glow beyond the tall apartment windows—rows of lights blinking into dusk like quiet applause. Craig reached for her without a word, his touch warm and certain, a gravity she didn't resist.

She climbed onto his lap atop the still-unfamiliar mattress, the sheets beneath them stiff and crinkling, holding the faint scent of plastic wrap and factory starch. Her knees bracketed his hips, and she leaned in, letting her weight settle, her palms against his chest as their mouths met. He kissed her the way he always did when exhaustion blurred into arousal—slowly, like he had all night, like she was something to savour. There was heat behind it, but something tender too—grateful, almost reverent.

Their bodies moved with the ease of well-learned rhythm, a quiet confidence forged in dim bedrooms and hurried mornings. His hands gripped her hips just firmly enough to make her feel claimed. And when he pressed into her—thick and hot and heavy—she gasped, the familiar stretch drawing her open in one slow, deliberate slide.

Seven inches, maybe a touch more—she'd measured him once, playfully, breathless between kisses—and every bit of him felt designed to fill her, to reach exactly where she needed. He moved with patience, with purpose, each roll of his hips drawing a little more sound from her throat, a little more tremble into her limbs. He watched her with that focused heat he always had, like her pleasure was something sacred. Her body responded without hesitation—arching, clenching, giving in—until her fingers curled around the headboard and her cries broke free, sharp and breathless, his name barely forming around them like a whispered prayer.

She came in a quake of sensation, her body fluttering around him as she pulsed through it, the aftershocks delicate but consuming. He didn't let up—not until he followed with a groan low and raw against her neck, his release slow and deep and drawn from somewhere wordless.

They collapsed into the silence that followed, the heat between their bodies mingling with the faint electric hum of their new space. Skin on skin. Breath on breath. The city pulsing quietly beyond the glass.

“You happy?” he murmured eventually, not bothering to open his eyes.

She smiled against his chest, fingers tracing lazy circles against his skin. “Completely.”

And she meant it.

Her hand rested on his chest. His heartbeat was steady, warm. The air in the room smelled like skin and clean sheets and the faint spice of their new lives unfolding.

She let her eyes wander — to the window, to the skyline, to the dark outline of the hot tub out on the balcony. The city was bigger than she'd imagined. But it didn't feel overwhelming. It felt... open.

She had Craig. He was everything she'd hoped for in a partner — kind, sexy, solid, smart. He made her laugh. Made her come. Made her feel seen. What more could a woman ask for?

And the place... the place was perfect. Modern, soft, generous. And Ron — well. They'd gotten lucky there too. A roommate who kept to himself, helped them move, didn't blink at heavy lifting or sweat. Someone easy to be around. Respectful.

She smiled to herself, curling deeper into Craig's side.

They were lucky.

She wasn't sure what she'd done to deserve all this, but she felt it settle in her bones like sunlight warming stone.

From the hallway, the faint sound of water running. A door shutting. Soft, even footsteps. Ron, probably heading to bed.

She closed her eyes again.

Happy.

Content.

But far from still.

Shannon hadn't meant to cook anything complicated. It was just going to be pasta — quick, mindless. Something to fill the space while Craig worked late and she unwound after her final class. But something about the silence of the apartment, the glow of the evening light spilling across the marble countertops, the crisp comfort of her bare feet on hardwood... it pulled her into rhythm. Onion, garlic, olive oil. A glass of red wine. Music low on her phone. By the time she was slicing basil and simmering sauce, she was cooking, not just making food.

She liked this part of the day — when the building quieted, when the city softened just a little, when the sky outside went golden and the light inside turned gentle. It was the first time since moving in that she felt like she could truly exhale.

The sound of a door opening pulled her gently out of her focus. Ron stepped into the kitchen, barefoot, towel still draped casually over his shoulder. His shirt clung a little to his chest — clearly fresh from a shower — and there was a damp curl to the ends of his short hair. Not styled. Not performed. Just real.

He moved toward the fridge with that same unbothered grace he always seemed to carry. She noticed it more now — how he didn't rush anything. Not even a glass of water.

"Smells incredible," he said, glancing at her, then the pot.

She looked up, tucked a strand of hair behind her ear. "Thanks. I may have... overdone it."

"You expecting company?"

"Just Craig. And I guess now you, if you're interested."

He smiled at that. Not flirtatious. Just appreciative. "You sure?"

“Of course. You helped us haul half our lives up the elevator last weekend. Consider this repayment.”

Ron stepped a little closer, peeking into the pot with a quiet hum of approval. He leaned back against the counter, his forearms resting along the edge. Everything about him seemed loose — not sleepy, just relaxed in a way most men didn’t allow themselves to be. She liked that. It made the space feel calm without effort.

“Need help?” he asked.

“If you’re offering.”

They fell into a quiet, easy rhythm — he set the table without needing to ask where anything was, while she stirred and plated. When she turned to pass him the salad bowl, their hands brushed, warm from proximity. She didn’t flinch. Neither did he. The contact was casual. Natural. But it stayed in her mind longer than it should have.

He was taller than she usually noticed. Close like this, she could see the texture of his skin — smooth, dark as polished mahogany, a faint line of stubble shadowing his jaw. His smile, when it came, was rare but deeply felt, like something blooming slow and wide across his face. And his eyes — deep brown with a fleck of gold near the centre — always seemed to land gently, never lingering longer than they should. He was handsome, obviously. But more than that, he was *at ease* in his own body, and somehow that made her relax too.

It struck her then — how comfortable she was in his presence. Without thinking about it. Without shrinking or posturing. It was... easy.

When they sat down to eat, the conversation drifted easily. He asked about her work, not in the way people asked to be polite, but with a kind of focused curiosity. She told him about the online yoga classes, about the live painting she streamed now and then when her mood allowed for it. He listened, fully, and it made her want to share more. Not perform, just speak.

“I like the way you talk about movement,” he said, somewhere between bites. “Like it’s a language.”

She tilted her head. “It kind of is.”

He nodded once. “That makes sense.”

No elaboration. Just space. Room for her to exist.

When the food was cleared, she poured him a second glass of wine, and they lingered by the window. The sky was starting to darken now, the city beginning to shimmer in layered light. He pointed out a tower on the far end of the skyline, and they talked briefly about design, about lines and structure and silence.

It was the kind of talk that didn’t feel like anything, until later — when she’d find herself replaying it. Wondering why it stuck.

The front door opened just before eight. Craig stepped in, tie loosened, the edge of fatigue across his shoulders. He smelled like the train — the city, his day, the hours he’d been out in the world grinding.

“Whoa,” he said, eyebrows lifting. “Full dinner?”

“I had help,” Shannon said, smiling as she moved to meet him. She kissed his cheek, tasted stress and salt. “You okay?”

He exhaled slowly. “Long one. But this... this smells amazing.”

Ron passed him a plate without ceremony. “Glad you’re here.”

Craig looked between them, amused. “You two make a good team.”

Shannon felt something catch in her throat — not guilt. Not even tension. Just the awareness of what Craig had said. The *truth* of it.

They sat down again, all three of them, and the rest of the evening unfolded in warm, overlapping conversation. No raised voices. No hard edges. Just a kind of hush beneath everything, as if the space had learned how to breathe around them.

Saturday unfolded like something out of a film — warm light on bare skin, soft music in the kitchen, the apartment breathing slowly around them. Craig had slept in, his body heavy against hers beneath the sheets, the rare kind of stillness that only came when his stress finally cracked and let rest pour in. Shannon painted in the early hours, half-dressed and barefoot, brush in one hand, coffee in the other, city light curling in through the glass. She watched him from across the room at one point — hair messy, eyes lazy with sleep — and thought, not for the first time, *I love this man*.

She saw how tired he’d been. The way he clenched his jaw when he thought she wasn’t looking, the weight in his shoulders when he scrolled through unread emails. So she decided: tonight was for them. No work talk. No distractions. Just softness. Pleasure. Their own quiet world.

She picked the red dress. The one Craig never let her leave the bedroom in without stopping her. His look when she walked out of the bathroom in it was everything she’d wanted — part hunger, part reverence, like the sight of her still knocked the wind from him.

They were just slipping on jackets when Ron appeared at the end of the hallway, towel slung casually around his waist, fresh from a shower. His voice was relaxed, smooth as always.

“Hope you two don’t mind — I’ve got someone coming over later.”

Craig smiled, already halfway through buttoning his coat. “Of course not. It’s your place.”

Shannon added, “We’ll be out for date night anyway. You’ve got the place to yourself.”

Ron nodded once, a quiet smile tugging at his mouth. “Enjoy.”

They did.

The city felt warm around them that night — slow jazz in a candlelit bar, the clink of glasses, the glow of street lamps as they walked side by side through narrow streets. Craig made her laugh more than once, his hand always somewhere on her: her hip, her back, the dip of her neck when he leaned in to tell her she was the most dangerous thing in the room. It felt like the early days. Effortless. Intimate.

By the time they got home, Shannon’s skin was warm from wine and touch, her body already leaning toward his before the door had even closed. They kissed like they meant it — no rush, no script, just mouths meeting with the kind of hunger that only comes from comfort. Her dress hit the

floor, his shirt followed, the bedroom door clicked shut behind them, and she climbed into his lap, straddling him like the last three years had never dulled her want.

They were halfway there when the sound came.

A moan.

High. Sharp. Feminine.

They both froze, just briefly.

Craig laughed softly under his breath, brushing a loose strand of her hair behind her ear. “Guess he’s getting lucky.”

But the sounds that filtered through the thin apartment wall weren’t playful. They weren’t giggles muffled by pillows or the squeak of bedsprings caught in a careless rhythm.

No.

This was different.

Deliberate.

A measured, relentless cadence. Heavy. Grounded. The unmistakable sound of skin meeting skin— not the frantic slap of casual sex, but something slower. Hungrier. A rhythm that spoke of pressure and surrender, of someone being taken apart piece by piece.

Then a voice — feminine, breathless, wrecked. “Oh my *God— *yes—yes—please—”

Shannon’s breath caught. Not from embarrassment. Not quite from arousal, either. But something bloomed beneath her ribs. A tension. A flicker of something unnamed.

Craig kissed her neck, trying to pull her focus back. His cock, hard and hot, pressed insistently against her thigh. She shifted, guiding him in with a practiced ease. That first stretch still made her catch her breath — the thick length of him sliding home, deep and full, hitting that sweet ache she’d come to crave. Seven inches. Maybe more. Enough to make her gasp the first time. Enough that she’d had to learn him.

Her ex had been smaller — pleasant, forgettable. Craig had been different. Bigger. Slower. More patient. He didn’t just fuck. He filled. He split her open in a way that lingered, left her walking sore and satisfied for days.

Her moan was soft, instinctive. Her thighs wrapped around him, hips lifting into his thrusts.

But the noises next door grew louder.

Not playful.

Not performative.

Raw.

The woman was sobbing now, but not from pain. Her voice broke in those high, trembling tones that didn't sound like acting. "I can't—I can't take it—it's too much—*fuck—*yes—don't stop—don't stop—"

Craig faltered. His rhythm slowed. He let out a breathless chuckle. "Jesus."

Shannon didn't laugh.

Her body kept moving, but her mind was somewhere else — not drifting away from Craig, but pulsing with something deeper. A second heartbeat. Her thighs clenched tighter. Her breath shortened. She felt herself teetering, caught between the intimacy she was in and the mystery unfolding just beyond the wall.

The sounds didn't stop. They built — desperate, carnal. The creak of the bed. The low thud of the headboard. Guttural, feral groans that felt too real to ignore.

She came almost silently. A slow, shivering unraveling. Her fingers clutched Craig's arms as her hips trembled through it. He followed close behind, groaning softly into her neck as he pulsed deep inside her.

They collapsed together, slick and spent, limbs tangled. His body grew heavy with sleep, breaths evening out as he drifted.

But the wall didn't go quiet.

The rhythm started again — slower now. Methodical. The bed tapping against drywall in a relentless cadence. Then came the voice, lower this time. Thick with lust, soaked in awe.

"You're so fucking big... God... I can't believe it—*I love your cock—*how are you even real—"

Shannon's breath hitched, nearly imperceptible.

She remembered the first time Craig had stretched her. That sweet ache. The way her body had needed time to take him. How she'd thought that was the limit — the edge of what was possible.

She'd believed that was the deepest she could be filled.

Now, staring up at the ceiling, she wasn't so sure.

She didn't feel jealous. Not exactly. Not even turned on — not in a way she could claim. Just... disoriented. Like stepping into a familiar room and realising there's a staircase you never saw before. A hollow space beneath the floorboards that had started to hum.

She shifted closer to Craig, letting his warmth wrap around her. He murmured something sleep-slurred, an arm tightening around her waist.

Shannon exhaled slowly, eyes drifting closed.

But the sounds lingered.

Long after the moans faded, long after the wall fell quiet — they stayed with her.

Morning came slowly. The kind of slow that followed too many hours of shallow sleep. The apartment was quiet again, the city still wrapped in that pale early haze that made everything feel gentle and undone. Craig was still asleep, sprawled across the bed in his usual way — one arm over his face, legs tangled in the sheet. His body was warm, familiar, beautiful. She'd curled herself around him for most of the night.

But she hadn't really slept.

The sounds had stopped sometime before dawn. She wasn't sure when. The woman's final moans had been hoarse, near incoherent. Then the silence had come, thick and sudden, like a weight dropped into still water.

Shannon slid out of bed, careful not to wake him. She pulled on a robe, barefoot, hair loose, and padded quietly down the hallway toward the kitchen. She didn't hear anything at first — no footsteps, no doors — just the soft hum of city morning outside the windows.

As she passed Ron's room, the door was half-closed. Not shut. Just ajar.

She hadn't meant to look.

But she saw.

The light in the hallway was soft, early — filtered through blinds not yet opened. The door to Ron's room was ajar, just enough. He stood side-on to it, towel in hand, fresh from the shower, dragging the cloth slowly across the back of his neck. Water still clung to his skin, catching in the dips and planes of muscle — wide shoulders tapering to a lean waist, the sculpted grooves of his back cut in clean shadow. His obliques sloped inward, disappearing into the shadowed grooves above his groin, where muscle gave way to something heavier, darker, impossibly male. Her breath caught before she realised it.

She hadn't intended to stop. But her gaze was already moving — tracing the natural descent of his form, from the strength of his torso to the subtle definition of his abdomen... and then farther. Lower.

And then she saw it.

Heavy. Hanging. Full.

Even soft, it looked obscene. Not in the way of exaggeration or grotesquery — but in its sheer, quiet *truth*. Long. Thick. Uncut. It wasn't aroused. Not even close. And still, it looked... impossible. As if evolution had made one reckless exception.

Her first reaction wasn't lust. It was a kind of stunned, cellular disbelief — the stillness that overtakes you when something doesn't quite fit the rules you thought governed the world. He wasn't erect, and yet he already surpassed Craig. Easily. In length, in girth, in sheer physical presence. It didn't seem like something a body could take without being remade.

As he moved, she caught the sway — that weight — the unhurried shift of mass with every step. There was no vanity in it. No performance. It was just there. Inescapable. A quiet fact of his anatomy. Not a showpiece. A burden.

She stood frozen in the hallway. Not gawking. Not leering. Just... still. Trapped by the moment. Caught in the realisation of what she was seeing — and all that it meant.

And then, with a kind of forced grace, she turned.

She walked away. Calm. Controlled. Every muscle in her body pulling toward composure. Past the doorway, past the long shadowed hall, into the kitchen like nothing had happened.

But it had.

At the window, she stood with a glass of water pressed to her lips, the coolness grounding her, chasing the heat from her cheeks. She drank not out of thirst, but necessity — to focus, to steady, to remind herself of her body.

But the image wouldn't leave.

Not just the *sight* of him, but the *understanding*.

The why behind those sounds last night — those moans that hadn't been pretty, hadn't been sweet. They'd been torn from the gut. Desperate. Shattered. *Real*.

Shannon thought of her own first time with Craig. How he'd filled her. How her legs had shaken from the stretch, the ache blooming with pleasure. He was seven inches, maybe more. Thick. Attentive. He made her cum deep, made her feel *claimed*. It was the best sex she'd ever had.

But this?

This was something else entirely.

Not just bigger. *Beyond*.

Her thighs shifted, pressed together on instinct. Not arousal, not exactly — not yet — but a hum beneath her skin. Her mouth was dry again. Her pulse tight and low. There was a shift in her now, subtle but certain. A quiet cracking of scale. A realignment of what she thought was possible.

Footsteps approached behind her.

Ron's voice was quiet. "Morning."

She turned. He was fully dressed now — dark joggers, plain black T-shirt. Nothing unusual. His face calm, unreadable. Just like always.

"Morning," she replied, surprised by how steady her voice sounded.

He stepped past her to the fridge, opened it. "Did you and Craig have a good night?"

She nodded. "Yeah. We went to that jazz place near the canal. It was nice. Needed the reset."

He smiled faintly, still looking into the fridge. "Sounds perfect."

She hesitated. The words left her mouth before she could stop them. "And... you? Your friend—?"

He didn't look up. "Nothing serious."

He closed the fridge and leaned against the counter, arms folded loosely. "She's sweet. But I'm still looking for something real."

The words weren't suggestive. Just honest.

Shannon nodded again, the glass cool in her hands. She couldn't meet his eyes.

"I've got a few calls this morning," he said, stepping back into the hallway. "Let me know if you two want to do anything for dinner later. I'll stay out of the way."

And then he was gone.

The apartment swallowed him again.

Shannon stood alone.

Not shaken.

But *altered*.

— — — —

She liked using the office in the mornings.

It was technically Ron's space — half gym, half workstation, glass desk and weight rack divided by a wall of mirrors — but he'd always told her she was welcome. He wasn't territorial about it, and she liked the feel of it in the early light. The whole apartment had a hush at that hour, like it hadn't quite decided what kind of day it would be. And the room itself had that subtle, masculine warmth she never quite put her finger on — leather, cedar, the faint trace of iron from the dumbbells that lined the wall.

Her mat was already down, her body warm and humming as she flowed from warrior into low lunge, holding the stretch, eyes soft. She liked this version of herself — not performing, not teaching, just *present*. No one watching. No one asking.

The door opened behind her mid-pose.

She didn't startle. Just breathed in deeper.

Ron's voice was low and casual. "Don't move on my account. I just need to make a quick call."

She turned slightly, hand still planted on the mat. He was shirtless again — joggers low on his hips, hair damp. A towel slung around his neck. He moved across the room with that same unhurried weight she was starting to associate with him, dropped into the chair at his desk, tapped a few keys, and leaned back.

"Won't be long," he added, slipping in earbuds.

She nodded. "I don't mind."

But she wasn't fully in her breath anymore.

She tried to stay present — grounding herself in the breath, sinking into pigeon pose, her hips opening slowly as her cheek met the mat. Her belly rose and fell in rhythm, but her focus was already splintering.

His voice had shifted.

Not louder. Not showy. Just... different.

“...two partners, plus legal counsel... Yes, Thursday works — but we’ll do it here. Let them see the skyline.”

That quiet authority. Calm, controlled, entirely unforced. It wasn’t the tone he used in casual conversation — it was the voice of a man who didn’t need to prove anything. He simply *was* the room.

She stayed folded, arms outstretched, body still—but her mind slipped sideways. A slow, creeping awareness curled around her as she wondered if his eyes had flicked from his screen. If, even for a moment, they’d landed on the arch of her back, the slow draw of her breath. The way her leggings clung to every curve — soft fabric stretched over the shape of her ass, high and tight and unavoidably there.

She didn’t *know* if he was watching.

But she *felt* watched.

And the sensation lived just under her skin, like heat, like static, like the trace of a hand not yet placed.

She breathed into it, not pushing it away. Let it simmer.

The call ended cleanly. Just a clipped “Confirmed,” followed by silence and the click of the mute button.

She rose slowly, uncoiling like smoke, knees under her, palms smoothing over her thighs in a gesture more graceful than necessary. When she glanced up, he’d already turned in the chair, elbows on his knees, watching her with a gaze that was quiet... but direct.

“You’re good,” he said, voice lower now. Less business. More something else.

She smiled, pulse beating a little too fast in her throat. “Been doing it a while.”

“Flexibility like that’s dangerous.”

She laughed — too lightly — trying to soften the weight of his words. “You should join me sometime. I offer private lessons.”

His eyes didn’t move. Didn’t blink. Just held hers, a flicker of warmth under the surface, unreadable.

“I might take you up on that.”

He stood then, stretched his back, rolled out his shoulders. As he reached the door, he paused. Just for a second.

“Oh — that meeting I scheduled for Thursday... I was thinking Craig might benefit from coming. It’s a low-pressure thing, but I’ll be hosting a few major clients. Thought it might be a good intro to how I handle client-facing stuff. Might open some doors.”

Shannon blinked, surprised. “That’s... that’s really thoughtful.”

Ron just shrugged, casual again. “He’s sharp. He just needs to be in rooms where people see it.”

Then he was gone.

She sat there on her mat for a long moment, her body cooling beneath her clothes, the aftertaste of his voice still lingering in the air.

It was a generous offer. A professional gesture. Nothing more.

But something inside her stirred — not jealousy, not attraction, just... a knowing.

— — — —

The apartment looked like it had been prepped for a magazine spread — every surface clean, every object placed. The skyline framed perfectly behind the bar where Ron stood, sleeves rolled, glass in hand. The clients arrived just past five, laughter in the hallway before the door even opened. They were well-groomed, sharp-eyed, expensive without being flashy. Men who were used to being offered things. Men who could tell when someone understood *leverage*.

Ron didn't pitch. He just *talked*. His voice low and smooth, his cadence patient. He offered nothing up front, let them reach for the value themselves. Craig, sitting slightly off to the side at first, seemed unsure of when to enter — but Ron pulled him in without breaking rhythm. Asked his opinion on something niche. Gave him space. Made him visible.

Shannon watched from the hallway, out of sight, wine in hand. She didn't want to distract. But she couldn't look away. Craig held his own — sharp, prepared, respectful. He smiled when he meant it. Listened when it mattered.

And Ron... *Ron guided the entire room like a conductor in silk.*

After the clients left, Craig sat at the edge of the couch, wide-eyed and still glowing.

"Man..." he exhaled. "I don't even know what to say."

Ron handed him a drink. "You did well."

"I just watched you *work*," Craig said. "You didn't sell. You just let them come to you."

Ron sat opposite, relaxed. "No one wants to be sold. They want to feel known. You learn what they like. Remember it. Not just in business — in *life*."

Craig nodded slowly.

Ron sipped his scotch, then added, "You give them an experience, not a transaction. Take this bathhouse thing. Do they need it? No. But they like it. They unwind. They feel seen. We talk casually. And later this week, when the offer's on the table? It doesn't feel like a pitch. It feels like a continuation of a relationship."

Craig tilted his head. "So it's not about this deal."

Ron smiled faintly. "It's about the next ten."

—

They left for the bathhouse just after dusk.

It wasn't some garish club or overbuilt spa — it was elegant, quiet, exclusive. Stone walls, low lighting, steam hissing gently through copper vents. Craig changed quickly in the locker room, unsure how much to wear. He wrapped a towel around his waist and stepped into the heat.

Ron was already inside — barefoot, body bare, seated in the largest corner of the sauna like he *belonged* to it. The clients were across from him, lounging in silence. Craig hesitated for a moment before stepping in.

It wasn't strange. Not exactly. Just unfamiliar.

Conversation flowed easily — politics, real estate, emerging markets. Steam curled lazily around them, muffling the world into something soft and slow. At one point, Ron leaned forward, resting his elbows on his knees, and as he shifted to adjust his seat, he didn't bother covering himself.

He didn't need to. No one did. That was the point of a place like this — full exposure, no pretences.

But Craig saw it.

All of it.

Not hard. Just *there*.

Thick. Heavy. Long. Uncut. It hung downward with a natural curve, the skin smooth over its mass, as if even gravity took it seriously. It rested against one thigh like something the body had learned to carry, not flaunt — a third limb, quiet in its weight.

Craig blinked. Looked away. Looked back. Tried not to react. No one else did. But something inside him tensed — a tightness in the chest, a dryness in his mouth he couldn't quite swallow down.

He wasn't insecure. He'd never needed to be. Shannon praised him. Past lovers had, too. He knew what he had. What he could do.

But this?

This wasn't just bigger.

It was *other*.

The way Ron sat — easy, unbothered, unaware — like that kind of size was simply part of the everyday furniture of his life... it hit Craig in a place he hadn't known was sensitive.

He didn't speak much after that. Just nodded when appropriate. Let the conversation drift. Let the steam blur his vision and the image burn itself into the backs of his eyes.

Ron didn't look at him.

Didn't need to.

Later, at home, Shannon lay curled on the bed in one of Craig's hoodies, legs tucked beneath her, scrolling her phone as she waited for the sound of the door.

When it finally opened, she looked up — and the expression on Craig's face wasn't quite what she expected. Like he'd just come back from something holy. Or unholy.

“Well?” she asked, grinning.

He tugged off his shirt and tossed it aside, dropping onto the bed like his limbs were heavier than usual. “It was incredible. Ron was incredible. Honestly... I get it now.”

She arched a brow. “Did the homoerotic spa seduce you?”

He huffed a laugh, eyes still on the ceiling. “You joke, but—” He hesitated. “Shan. I *saw* it.”

She blinked. “Saw what?”

His voice dropped a register. “*It*.”

She laughed too fast. “Come on.”

“I’m serious,” he said, turning toward her, his face open, vulnerable in a way she rarely saw. “I don’t know how he lives like that. I don’t know how women *take* it. It’s not... it’s not normal.”

She gave a low whistle, shaking her head, feigning disbelief. “You’re exaggerating.”

“I’m *not*. I’m a big guy. You’ve told me that. But next to *that*? I felt like a... sample size.”

Shannon laughed again, but it came a beat too late. Her heart fluttered unexpectedly. Her skin prickled. “Maybe the steam got to your head.”

“No,” he said. “No, this was—God. It was just *there*. Hanging. Like it had *gravity*.”

She straddled him, cutting off the spiral with her body. Her thighs bracketed his hips, and she leaned in, letting her weight sink into him, grounding both of them. His hands slid up to grip her waist, instinctive, anchoring.

“Well, *I* haven’t seen it,” she lied, voice low, mouth brushing his jaw, “and until proven otherwise, *you’re* still my big man.”

He exhaled hard as she eased down onto him, the heat of her body swallowing him whole.

“Yeah?” he breathed.

“Yeah,” she murmured, lips at his throat.

Their hips began to move — slow, practiced. Familiar.

But under the rhythm, something had shifted.

Shannon clung to his heat, to the sound of his breath and the tension in his thighs. She kissed him harder than she meant to. Rode him like she could overwrite her thoughts with his body.

But her mind wouldn’t still.

Her body had already *seen* the difference.

And no matter how deep Craig went... something inside her had started to ache for more.

— — — —

She didn't usually teach in person anymore. After moving into the city, she'd taken to the comfort of live streamed classes — soft lighting, curated playlists, no commute, no awkward postures to correct. But something about this particular Tuesday had made her want to be around people. She'd accepted a guest slot at a yoga studio just a few blocks from the apartment, a warm little space with linen curtains and cork floors. It felt good to teach. Her body moved like memory. Her voice found its rhythm again.

But halfway through the class, she noticed him.

A man near the back. Mid-forties, paunch under his shirt, eyes that stuck to her like sweat. He didn't follow the movements. Didn't seem interested in the poses. He just watched — not openly, but constantly. His gaze was too still. Too exact. The kind of quiet that made the air shift, even when nothing was said.

She didn't let it show. She finished the session, bowed, thanked the group. But when she left the studio, her skin was tight and hot under her clothes. She took out her earbuds, instinctively alert to the sound of footsteps behind her. Her senses were too tuned. Her walk too sharp. Every shop window became a mirror she checked.

He was behind her.

A half block back, maybe less. Not close enough to confront. But too close to ignore.

She didn't run — not yet. She just turned left, down a quiet side street, toward a cafe she knew had an alley that ran behind it. A shortcut. A hiding spot. Somewhere off the main road.

The alley was tight and shadowed, flanked by old brick and bins. She stepped into it quickly, her breath starting to come faster, her heart clawing at her chest. She crouched low behind a dumpster, pressed her back to the wall, and pulled out her phone. Her fingers trembled as she unlocked it.

Craig answered on the second ring. "Hey, babe—"

"There's someone following me," she whispered.

His voice sharpened instantly. "What? Where?"

She told him, quickly, eyes darting to the mouth of the alley.

"I'm too far," he said, already dialling on a second phone. "But Ron's close. He'll get there faster. Stay hidden. Don't move."

She nodded into silence. The call ended.

The footsteps came a moment later.

Slower now. Cautious. Like he was looking.

She flattened herself against the wall, breath tight in her chest. She could see him now — the man from the class, pausing at the entrance of the alley, scanning. Her body felt frozen, ready to run but nowhere to go.

And then — another shape.

Ron.

He didn't say a word. He just moved.

She heard it before she understood it — the dull, shuddering thud of a body hitting metal. She peeked out from behind the bin and saw the man crumpled to the ground, back against the brick, wheezing. Ron stood over him, eyes unreadable, fists still loose at his sides. He didn't shout. Didn't threaten. He just watched the man with a silence that made the air feel heavier than before.

Shannon stood slowly, legs shaky.

Ron turned, eyes softening only when they found hers.

She didn't think. She just walked to him. Into him. Pressed herself against his chest, arms wrapped tight around his ribs. Her forehead against his collarbone.

He didn't squeeze her. Just held her. One hand low on her back, the other hovering near her shoulder, firm and still. His body was warm. His breath steady. She didn't cry — not because she wasn't scared, but because something in her had gone very, very quiet. The adrenaline receded. And in its place came a calm that wrapped around her like water.

They walked home side by side. No words. He didn't ask if she was okay. He just stayed one step ahead, blocking the wind.

Craig was waiting at the door, breathless, eyes wide. "Shan—thank God." He pulled her into his arms, kissed her cheek. "Are you okay? What happened?"

"She's fine," Ron said simply. "He won't bother her again."

Craig turned to him, full of sincerity. "You didn't have to do that, man. I can't thank you enough."

"You don't need to," Ron said, calm as ever. "She's part of the household. That makes her mine to protect."

Neither of them questioned the wording. But Shannon felt something settle in her stomach — something *solid*. It wasn't flirtation. It wasn't seduction. It was possession. Not the kind that cages. The kind that *claims*.

That night, after the shower, after the tea, after the shaking had stopped, Shannon curled into bed beside Craig and let his warmth hold her. His arms were familiar. His voice soothing. She loved him.

Craig kissed her shoulder. "Hey."

She hummed. "Yeah?"

"We should do something for Ron."

She turned her head slightly. "Do something?"

"Yeah," he said. "He's done so much for us. Helping with the move. Talking me through that client pitch. And then today... I mean—*today*. He didn't even hesitate."

She nodded, her cheek against his chest.

Craig rubbed slow circles into her back. “Let’s take him out. Dinner. Drinks. Let him know we see it.”

“That sounds perfect,” she whispered.

It was supposed to be casual. A thank-you dinner, nothing fancy — just the three of them out together, letting the air shift a little after the weight of what had happened. But even before the first round of drinks arrived, Shannon could feel something different between them. Not tension. Not awkwardness. Just... a kind of gravity. Like they'd all stopped pretending that Ron was just a landlord.

They'd chosen a place not far from the apartment — warm lighting, black leather booths, just loud enough that no one needed to whisper. Shannon wore something soft and clingy, not for Ron, not even for Craig, but for herself. A reminder that her body still belonged to her, even if lately it had been waking up in ways she hadn't expected.

Ron looked good. Of course he did. Dark shirt, sleeves rolled, that quiet confidence radiating from every slow movement. He didn't dominate the conversation, but he anchored it. Craig, to his credit, held his own. He was looser than she'd seen him in weeks — more relaxed. He laughed easily. He ordered bourbon like he meant it. And when the food came, and the plates clinked between them, he raised his glass.

“To Ron,” he said. “For being a better roommate than I thought we deserved.”

Ron just tilted his glass in return, eyes flicking toward Shannon, warm and unreadable. “You two are easy to live with. That’s rare.”

She smiled, felt her heart tug in her chest.

After the second drink, they were all glowing — tipsy without being drunk, warm without melting. The walk back was full of soft teasing, Craig joking about how the meal had ruined his macros, Ron throwing it back by saying good whiskey counted as a wellness supplement.

As they stepped inside the apartment, the air cooled against Shannon's skin. She slipped off her heels at the door and stretched her toes on the hardwood, already picturing bed when Ron turned slightly over his shoulder.

“Still a perfect night for the hot tub,” Ron said, leaning against the balcony rail, drink in hand. “You’re both welcome to join me. Just be warned — I’ve got a strict no-clothes policy when it comes to hydrotherapy.”

Craig snorted into his glass. “That a medical recommendation?”

“Philosophical,” Ron replied, already turning toward his room. “Water moves best when nothing gets in the way.”

Shannon laughed, heading down the hall. “You two can have your naked bonding session. I’m not planting my bare ass on shared acrylic.”

In the bedroom, she opened a drawer, rifling through the folded options with a flicker of indecision. Her fingers paused on the dark green one — the one with the thin straps, the open back, the high cut over her hips. Minimal coverage. Maximum effect. She told herself it was for the feel of the water. For herself. Not for them.

Still... she smoothed a hand down her side before walking out.

When she stepped onto the balcony, Craig let out a low, appreciative whistle.

“Jesus, babe. I’m gonna need an ice bath just to recover from *looking* at you.”

She smirked, cheeks flushed, pretending it was from the night air.

Ron, already half-submerged in the hot tub, turned his head just enough to glance — a slow, subtle take. No lingering. Just a flick of the eyes, a shift in his mouth.

“You clean up well,” he said, voice low.

Shannon lifted an eyebrow. “This *is* me messy.”

Craig laughed from behind her. “And somehow, that’s more dangerous.”

Ron’s mouth curved into something unreadable — half smile, half something else — before he sank deeper into the water, steam rising to blur the edge of his jaw.

“Come on in,” he said. “Plenty of room.”

She slid in carefully, the heat a shock at first, then a balm. The bubbles started with a low hum, the night wrapped around them like velvet.

Conversation drifted like the steam — easy, unhurried. Music played low from the speaker, something lo-fi and unobtrusive. They talked about nothing and everything: favourite films, bad takeout, half-forgotten sports injuries. Ron lounged against the stone wall of the tub, arms stretched wide along the edge, his body relaxed in that quiet, powerful way some men seem born into. He didn’t posture. He didn’t need to. Every stretch, every shift of muscle, seemed to subtly claim more space.

At one point, he rose — unhurried, unbothered — reaching for the bottle of wine balanced on the ledge behind him.

And there it was.

Bared. Uncovered. Entirely unselfconscious.

The water slicked off his skin in rivulets, steam curling at his waist. For a few suspended seconds, the full length of him was visible — clear, heavy, un-ignorable beneath the haze. Long. Thick. Dense. It didn’t jut or boast. It *hung*, like something lived with rather than shown off. Less a body part than a presence. Carried, not worn.

Shannon’s breath stilled. Her fingers tensed slightly around her wine glass.

Craig let out a soft, stunned laugh. “Jesus, Ron. I mean—damn.”

Ron poured without looking down, the motion smooth. “I did warn you.”

Craig shook his head slowly, still grinning. “You ever think about donating that thing to science?”

Ron took a slow sip, the corner of his mouth curling. “Considered it,” he said. Then, with a glance over his shoulder — just enough to land — “But I’m still getting some use out of it.”

Shannon laughed. She had to. But it caught, somewhere in her throat. A little too tight. A little too late. Under the water, her thighs pressed together without thought. Not obviously. Not enough to draw notice. Just... reflex. Quiet. Urgent.

She smiled like it was nothing. Like she was only playing along. But the ache had already begun — low in her belly, insistent, intimate. That familiar pull she hadn't expected to feel again tonight.

Craig turned toward her, nudging her knee beneath the bubbles. "Bet you're glad you kept the bikini on."

She lifted her glass, her voice steady. "Honestly? Starting to regret it."

They all laughed.

The bubbles rose. The music played. The steam wrapped around them like a curtain slowly drawing shut.

And beneath it all, a new kind of silence settled.

Not awkward.

Not innocent.

Just understood.

— — — —

The apartment was quiet, heavy with that late-evening stillness that always came after a long day spent inside. The city's glow pressed faintly through the glass, casting soft reflections across the bedroom wall. Shannon and Craig had eaten dinner in their pyjamas, curled up with a bottle of red and an old movie neither of them finished. She liked nights like this. Domestic. Safe. He'd brushed her hair out of her face when she laughed. He'd kissed her shoulder as he passed behind her to grab more wine. There was no pressure in it. No expectation. Just closeness.

They slipped into bed sometime after eleven. Her skin was still warm from the bath. Craig was already half-asleep, chest bare, one arm flung across the pillow like he was inviting her in without knowing it. She curled into him. Let herself exhale.

They kissed slowly. No rush. The kind of touch that came from memory, not hunger. But as his hand slid along her hip and between her thighs, something in her body responded before her mind did. Heat. Not just warmth, but *need*. Deeper than usual. Wetter.

He noticed it. Smiled against her mouth.

"I love when you're like this," Craig murmured, kissing along her jaw, his voice warm, affectionate, unaware.

She hummed in response, eyes slipping closed as her fingers tangled in his hair, pulling him closer. She needed the contact. Needed the pressure. His body moved over hers with a rhythm they knew by heart — deep, patient strokes that filled her completely. He was strong, steady. He held her like he always did: with care, with confidence, with love.

And for a moment, she let herself feel it.

Her arms wrapped around his shoulders. Her lips brushed his throat. Her hips met his in slow, measured sync — the kind of sex that’s meant to last. To say *we’re here. We’re still here.*

But then her legs tightened.

Not gently. Not lovingly.

They locked around his waist, thighs drawing him in harder, deeper. She tilted her pelvis to meet him with more force, her breath catching in sharp little bursts. The hunger came fast — too fast — and it didn’t feel like hers. Not just hers.

Craig moaned softly, lips brushing her ear. “You want it rougher?”

She didn’t answer.

Because just as the words left his mouth, a cry rang out from the room next door — sharp and raw, unmistakably female.

“*Oh—fuck—yes—Ron—don’t stop—*”

Craig paused for half a breath. Then kept going, thrusting into her with a little more force, trying to meet the moment.

But Shannon was already gone.

Her eyes fluttered shut, her mouth parting in something between a gasp and a prayer. Her body arched beneath Craig, hips moving faster now — not in rhythm, but in *need*. And in her head, it wasn’t Craig’s cock inside her anymore. It wasn’t his voice in her ear.

It was *Ron*.

That image she couldn’t shake — the heavy, impossible length of him, slick with steam, swaying between those carved thighs like something out of another world. The way it must stretch. Fill. *Change* you.

Her cunt clenched hard, instinctively, and her moan broke free before she could bite it back.

“*Oh fuck—*”

And as if summoned by it, the woman next door screamed again — louder this time, voice wrecked with pleasure.

“*Oh GOD—RON—*”

Shannon came.

Violently. Without warning.

Her back arched clear off the bed, legs trembling, thighs clutching Craig’s hips like a vice. The orgasm tore through her with a force she couldn’t name — too much, too deep, too sudden. Her mouth opened in silence, breathless, like something holy had cracked inside her. Her nails scored Craig’s back. Her whole body trembled.

Craig groaned her name, breath hitching as he buried himself deep and came with a soft, shuddering release.

They collapsed together, sweaty and tangled, the air thick with heat and fading breath.

But Shannon's legs were still shaking.

Her eyes stayed open.

And from the other side of the wall, the echoes hadn't stopped. That voice — *her* voice — kept breaking open the night. Louder now. Un-contained. Pleading.

“*Yes—Ron—yes—*I can't take it—*please don't stop—*”

Craig kissed her shoulder, murmured something against her skin, and let his breath slow sleepily.

But Shannon stayed awake.

Staring at the ceiling.

Listening.

She'd cum — with Craig inside her.

But she wasn't thinking of Craig.

She was thinking of *him*.

And for the first time in their perfect relationship, Shannon wondered—

Was there room for more?

Chapter 2

The apartment held the kind of hush that wasn't just quiet, but *charged* — the low, dense silence of a late morning that knew too much had happened the night before. Sunlight slipped through half-drawn curtains, softening the edges of sleek furniture and polished surfaces, but even that light seemed subdued, like it was tiptoeing across the hardwood. Shannon stood barefoot at the kitchen island, wrapped in one of Craig's old T-shirts — the fabric thin and worn to transparency in places, brushing the tops of her thighs, slipping wide across one shoulder like it had forgotten what it meant to fit. Her hair was half-wound, half-wild, a soft mess of curls that had loosened through the night, undone by sleep and sweat and something else entirely. Her hand curled around a coffee mug, but she wasn't drinking — just holding it, letting the heat seep into her palm, her eyes fixed somewhere past the window, somewhere beyond what she was willing to name. There was a hum in her still, low and constant, in places her breath hadn't reached since before sunrise. It wasn't arousal, not exactly. It was *afterglow*, yes — but not her own.

Across from her, Craig leaned against the counter with his own mug, the air between them as quiet as it was crowded. Neither had said much since waking. No lazy banter. No soft kisses or murmured plans. Just the mechanical ritual of espresso grinding and toast popping, the choreography of

avoidance performed with silent precision. But they both felt it — the hangover of sound, of something primal that had passed through their walls like heat through plaster. Not sex, not as they knew it. What they'd heard last night had been beyond category. It had been *devastation* in rhythm — the kind of fucking that didn't ask for consent, only surrender. Skin slapping with brutal consistency, as if the tempo had been chosen by instinct, not intention. And the woman — God, the *woman* — her voice hadn't cried out so much as collapsed. Sobbed, pleaded, *shattered*, until her moans stopped sounding like pleasure and started sounding like release.

Craig had tried to keep his focus on Shannon. Tried to lose himself in the familiar stretch of her thighs, the warmth of her cunt wrapped around him like home. But even as he pushed into her, even as she arched and clung and cried out, something in him knew — the tremble in her breath, the sudden tightness of her grip, the way she *took* him — none of it was about *him*. Not entirely. There was something else in her body last night. Something she couldn't name. Something she didn't fight.

The sound of the door broke the stillness. Soft footsteps padded across the wood, the echo of high heels dangling from fingers rather than clacking on the floor. Shannon turned, slow and composed, just in time to see *her* — the woman from the night before. She moved with that unmistakable looseness that only came after complete submission — not just well-fucked, but *awakened* in the most flattering way. Her cheeks were flushed, mouth soft, limbs languid like every muscle had been rewritten. Her eyes didn't scan the room. She didn't need to. Her smile said everything. She'd been changed. *Opened*.

And then Ron appeared behind her — barefoot, shirtless, his presence as effortless as ever, but *heavy* now in its implication. His body looked untouched by effort, muscles fluid beneath skin still warm from exertion. He murmured something — low, private — and she leaned in, kissed his cheek like it was second nature, like gratitude and reverence could be distilled into that one silent gesture. Then she slipped out the door.

Craig let out a breath he hadn't realised he'd been holding. “Jesus.”

Shannon didn't respond. She just stared into her coffee like it might offer a map out of the moment, steam curling into the stillness between them. Her body was still, but something in her seemed in motion — like her thoughts were pacing inside her skin.

“She looked like she barely survived,” he said eventually, his voice quieter now, coloured by something that wasn't quite awe... but wasn't far from it either.

“She looked satisfied,” Shannon said, her voice even, not defensive, just observant. She didn't look up.

Craig huffed a breath. “She looked like she'd been worshipped and wrecked in equal measure.”

The silence that followed wasn't uncomfortable. It was electric. A pause thick with everything they weren't saying. Then, almost as if testing the shape of the thought aloud: “Do you ever wonder how a body even takes that?”

Shannon turned her head slightly, her hair shifting where it had fallen loose. “What?”

He didn't meet her eyes. Just studied his mug, like it might offer some safer answer than the one forming in his chest. “I mean, last night... that wasn't normal. That wasn't just good sex. That was something else.” He looked up, voice dipping lower, threading into something raw. “That was... violent.”

And even as the word left his mouth, her body reacted. Her legs shifted slightly, a subtle clench she hadn't meant to make — thighs drawn in, pressed together in instinctive memory of a sound that had crawled through the drywall and embedded itself somewhere under her skin. It hadn't been noise. It had been *calling*.

“You saw it,” Craig said, his voice finding her now, more certainty in it. “In the hot tub. Right?”

She hesitated — not long, just enough. Then: “Only for a second.”

“But long enough, though.”

Her nod was small. Barely there. “It's not the kind of thing you forget.”

Craig moved closer, his body subtly aligned with hers across the counter, though he still held his distance. His voice was quieter now, something almost reverent laced into the question. “Do you think you could take it?”

She didn't speak immediately. Instead, she rolled her bottom lip between her teeth, eyes unreadable, then shrugged — a gesture too casual for the current beneath it. “I think it would hurt.”

“But would you want to try?”

This time her eyes met his. Unflinching. Present. Not flirtatious, not cruel — just honest, unguarded, the kind of look that came from deep within a woman no longer afraid of asking herself dangerous questions. “You tell me.”

Craig's throat moved with a swallow. His mouth parted like he had something to offer, but no sound came. The question hung between them, suspended by its own weight.

She brushed past him then — not abrupt, not dismissive, just fluid. Like she had somewhere to be and had already decided to take herself there. Her arm grazed his lightly, skin on skin, but the contact wasn't the statement. *She* was. At the sink, she placed her mug down gently, precisely, and turned toward the hallway. Her feet were bare. Her shoulders loose. She didn't glance back. Just dropped the line over her shoulder with the cool precision of someone who already knew how it would land.

“You're the one who can't stop thinking about his huge cock.”

And then she was gone.

Craig stood in the silence that followed, mug in hand, coffee cooling. He didn't move. Didn't blink. Didn't breathe for a second too long. He didn't know what rattled him more — that she'd said it so easily.

Or the idea that she might be right.

Craig didn't expect much when Ron stepped into the kitchen. Maybe a nod. Maybe some smooth, offhand acknowledgment of the moans and mattress-thudding symphony that had all but shaken the drywall the night before — though Ron didn't seem like the type to apologise for his appetite. Or for being witnessed. Still, as the man approached — fresh from the shower, black fitted T-shirt clinging to his chest and arms with casual precision, not vanity — Craig braced for some kind of comment. A wry look. A quip. Something to confirm that yes, it had happened — and that Ron knew exactly how unforgettable it had been.

Instead, Ron's voice came low, even, like the beginning of something already decided. "Craig — got a minute?"

And for a split second, Craig thought *this is it*. The nod. The unspoken dare. A maybe-masked smirk and a "hope we didn't keep you up." Something to puncture the tension between what they'd heard and what they hadn't said. He followed him down the hallway, muscles tight, pulse bumping a little harder behind his ribs. The silence between them wasn't awkward. It was *structured* — like everything Ron did. Contained, weighty, humming with the sense that whatever came next wasn't small talk.

Inside the office, Ron moved ahead with unhurried confidence, crossing to the sleek bar cart near the windows. He turned — just that slight pivot to face him — and Craig's eyes dropped without permission. A reflex. Not desire. Not curiosity. Just *response*. And there it was. Even clothed, even soft, it registered like a presence. Not shown. Not flaunted. Just *there* — a shape and mass that seemed too grounded to be ignored. His throat went dry. He looked away fast. Shame blooming before he could even form the thought: *Jesus. What the fuck is wrong with me?*

Ron poured without asking, his movements precise. A short pour of something dark and expensive — no label offered, no explanation. Just handed to Craig like a ritual, like an invitation into something old and private.

"I took a call this morning," Ron said, as if continuing a conversation already halfway through. "Westlake and Barber."

Craig stiffened, trying not to show it. Glass in hand, trying to stand still in a body that suddenly felt too warm.

"They couldn't stop talking about you," Ron continued, tone still flat, measured. "Said you carried yourself like a senior partner. Waited. Spoke with intent. Didn't oversell. They liked you. A lot."

Craig took a sip, slow and cautious, as if the drink might steady the thrum in his chest. He'd spent the whole night second-guessing every word he'd said in that meeting — the way his tie felt too tight, the sweat he'd tried to hide with a sleeve swipe, the moment he'd stumbled through a technical point he should've nailed. But now... hearing *this*...

Ron leaned against the desk, glass in hand, posture loose in that way powerful men never had to explain. "I've been thinking about expanding," he said. "Quietly. No teams. No red tape. I like lean. Smart. One or two people I trust. People who can handle pressure without noise."

He looked at Craig then — not admiring, not sizing him up. Just *seeing* him. "And then you and Shannon landed in my world. I don't believe in fate. But I do believe in recognising value when it knocks on your door."

The silence that followed wasn't a pause. It was a test. Craig held his breath without knowing it.

"I want to bring you in," Ron said. "Properly. As my number two."

It hit harder than expected. Not just because of what it meant — but how little Ron needed to sell it. The words landed like a done deal, already formed.

"Wait — you're serious?" Craig blinked.

“I don’t waste breath,” Ron said, cool and steady. “You’d take over west coast accounts. Manage the existing accounts. Build new ones. I won’t micromanage. You bring me the big swings. The rest? Yours.”

Craig nodded, heartbeat climbing, heat pooling in his chest and down his spine. “That’s... incredible. More than I ever—”

“You’ll be paid accordingly,” Ron added, interrupting gently. “More than your current package. Equity down the line. Growth is the real money. But you’ll be taken care of.”

Craig’s voice caught somewhere between awe and disbelief. “I want to talk it over with Shannon. We’re heading out to dinner tonight. But... yes. I’m interested. More than interested.”

Ron’s smile was small. Nothing showy. Just a quiet flicker of approval. “Think on it,” he said. “We’ll talk terms tomorrow.”

Craig turned to leave, drink half-finished, but the heat of it still burning in his throat. He reached the door before Ron’s voice came again — softer now, but sharp enough to cut through everything else.

“And Craig—”

He turned.

Ron didn’t move. Just held his gaze with calm authority. “You deserve this. Believe in yourself. I already do.”

The words didn’t flatter. They *anchored*.

Craig stepped into the hallway like he’d been shifted on some fundamental level. Like the ground beneath him had changed orientation. It wasn’t just a job offer. Not really. It was something larger. A current. A gravity. A pull toward a world where men like Ron didn’t just lead — they *absorbed*. They made space for others to rise, but only after they’d been reshaped.

And somewhere deep in his gut, beneath the career excitement, beneath the fire of ambition and pride... Craig knew the truth.

He was already saying yes.

The restaurant wasn’t extravagant — not the kind with white linens and hushed conversations over piano keys — but it had that curated warmth Craig associated with just enough affluence to feel seductive. Everything glowed in amber: the low-hung lights, the gold-threaded upholstery, the honeyed tone of wood polished to a soft sheen. It was the kind of place where cocktails arrived in weighty glassware and the waitstaff knew how to walk without interrupting a moment. The kind of place where people closed deals, started affairs, whispered secrets under candlelight. Craig liked it immediately.

Across the table, Shannon was a vision wrapped in understatement — a simple black dress, sleeveless and fluid, cut close to her body in a way that whispered rather than shouted. The fabric clung with intelligence, sculpting the gentle slope of her waist, tracing the arc of her hips, drawing the eye toward the deep, smooth line of her collarbone where skin met shadow. Her hair fell in soft, dark waves around her shoulders, loose and glossy, the kind of effortless that took effort. Her makeup was subtle — just a hint of shimmer at the eyes, a soft flush at the lips — but the overall effect was devastating. Not because she was trying to be looked at. But because she *knew* she would be. And Craig wasn’t the only one noticing.

“You’re staring,” she said, lifting her wine glass with a small smile, eyes still cast downward.

“Can you blame me?” Craig replied, gaze still anchored to her like gravity.

She laughed softly, that private laugh she gave only him, the one that came from deep in her chest. “You’re the one who made us late. I barely had time to get ready.”

He tilted his head, lips tugging into a smirk. “If *this* is rushed... I’m afraid of what you’d do with a full hour and a lighting crew.”

Their server arrived with small plates, all fragrant steam and careful arrangement, but neither of them reached for their forks. The energy at the table felt like it lived above the food — some shared elevation neither had named. Not quite nerves. Not just the wine. A lift beneath the skin, like something had cracked open and was still unfolding.

Craig took a sip from his glass — something smoky, herbal — and set it down with measured care. “So,” he began, trying not to sound like he’d practiced it in his head half a dozen times, “Ron pulled me aside this morning.”

Shannon’s face didn’t tense — but it changed. That soft attentiveness sharpened, her posture lifting a little as her brows drew together in interest.

“And?”

“He offered me a job.”

She blinked, visibly thrown. “Wait — what?”

“Like, *a real* offer. Partner-track. Not just in name — in scope. He wants me handling the west coast clients. Full control. My own portfolio. No babysitting, no junior bullshit. Just... ownership.”

Shannon sat back, processing. Her lips parted, and for a second she didn’t speak — just let it roll through her before her face broke into something deeper than surprise. Pride. Genuine, warm, bone-deep pride.

“Craig...” she breathed.

He shrugged, trying to downplay the way his pulse was still catching from the whole thing. “Told him I needed to talk it over with you, obviously. But yeah. It’s real. It’s a hell of a step up.”

Without thinking, her hand reached across the table, closing over his like it belonged there. Her fingers slid between his, warm and sure.

“I’m so proud of you,” she said, her voice low and filled with something that went beyond support. It was belief. And love. And something else she hadn’t put into words yet — that low, growing hum she hadn’t shaken since the moment Ron first looked at her like he *saw* her.

Craig exhaled. Not just from tension — but from something deeper. A pressure he hadn’t noticed until her words released it. It wasn’t just about the job. Or the money. It was about being chosen. About being *seen* by a man who didn’t waste words, didn’t flatter, didn’t offer things unless they were already his to give.

“He said the guys from the meeting were blown away. That I handled myself like someone with a decade of experience.”

“Because you did,” Shannon said, voice soft but sure, no hesitation.

Craig looked down at their joined hands, then back at her — eyes lingering. “I keep waiting to feel like a fraud. Like at any moment, someone’s going to notice I’m just good at faking it. But hearing it from you... I don’t know. It helps.”

Her fingers squeezed his. “Craig,” she said, leaning in just enough that her voice dropped into something lower, something close, “you’re not a fraud. You’re a man who finally landed in the right place. That’s not luck. That’s alignment.”

He smiled at that. A real smile, the kind that felt like something unlocking in his chest. The wine buzzed gently in his veins now — not heavy, just enough to make everything feel a little warmer.

“He said something like that,” Craig added. “That he doesn’t believe in fate, but he knows how to recognise opportunity when it shows up. Said you and I landing in his lap — he couldn’t ignore it.”

Shannon’s eyes glinted, lips curling. “Me? Maybe he’s going to offer *me* a job too.”

Craig chuckled, shaking his head. “Doing what, exactly?”

She lifted her glass — not wine anymore, but champagne, pale and sparkling — and let the rim rest just at her mouth as she spoke. “I don’t know,” she said slowly, her tongue tracing the edge before she sipped. “Taking care of something... *much* bigger.”

Craig laughed — reflexively, almost defensively — but the sound stuck just a little in his throat. It was a joke. Of course it was a joke.

And yet... something twisted behind his ribs. A flicker of heat. Or was it ice?

He smiled anyway. “If he’s smart, he’ll double my offer just to keep you around.”

Shannon leaned forward, her expression unreadable but amused. “So now I’m part of the negotiating package?”

“Always,” he said — but the words landed heavier than he meant them to. He felt them echo after.

He caught the waiter’s eye a moment later and raised two fingers, quiet but clear. “Let’s do champagne. Something good.”

The waiter nodded, already moving. And when the bottle arrived — perfectly chilled, label discreet — Craig took the cork himself, easing it free with that small, satisfying pop. Shannon watched him as he poured, head tilted, eyes unreadable but soft.

“To new beginnings,” she said, lifting her glass.

He clinked hers gently. “To *us*,” he added.

They drank. And for a moment, it felt like the whole world shrank to the space between them — golden light, low music, bubbles rising in silence.

“So what does this mean?” Shannon asked, after a beat. “Long hours? Late nights? Fancy suits?”

Craig shrugged, leaning back. “Some of that, yeah. But more freedom too. And better money. We could start thinking about a real place. Something permanent.”

“Oh?” Her voice lifted, eyes glinting with that familiar mischief. “And leave *all this* behind?”

He grinned. “Come on. You’d trade this place for a dishwasher and in-unit laundry in a second.”

She tilted her head, her tone sliding into something silkier. “And take you away from that big cock you’re so obsessed with?”

He nearly choked on the champagne, then burst out laughing. Loud, open, unguarded.

“I’m serious,” she said, half-laughing herself, but not backing off — her voice lower now, more intimate. “You bring him up more than I do.”

Craig leaned in, playful but tense beneath it. “Only because you *won’t* stop teasing me about it.”

Shannon took another slow sip, her smile lazy and confident, the kind that curled rather than spread. “It’s not teasing if *you’re* the one getting hard over it.”

The flush hit fast, crawling up Craig’s neck. “You’re evil.”

“I’m observant,” she murmured.

And then, beneath the table, her foot found his calf. Just a touch. A brush. Bare skin on bare skin. Subtle, but unmissable. The reminder that she could touch him with nothing but her presence and still leave a mark.

They lingered there a while longer — hands close, wine low, bubbles fading in their glasses — letting the buzz of the night soak into their skin. It was romantic. Real. Beautiful, even.

And yet, under the laughter... under the sweetness...

Something deeper simmered.

The apartment was dark when they stepped inside — not just dim, but *settled* into its darkness, like the space had exhaled while they were gone and chosen not to stir. The kind of darkness that wasn’t empty, but inhabited. The main room stretched open before them in hushed silhouette: the low-slung couches lounging in soft shadow, the kitchen’s matte surfaces catching faint traces of streetlight, the dining table gleaming faintly with the reflected pulse of the city beyond. It all felt paused — a scene left mid-breath.

Except for the balcony.

That far corner of the apartment held light. Not from lamps, but from something *lower*, more elemental — a dull, pulsing glow flickering across the hardwood, gold and molten. It lapped against the floor like heat, casting soft waves of illumination across chair legs and cabinetry. The sliding doors stood cracked open, just enough to let the scent of steam drift in — chlorinated and warm, cut with something *else*. Something rich. Human. Wet.

Shannon stepped forward first, drawn as if by scent or sound or some silent gravity. Craig followed, breath held without realising. The closer they moved, the quieter everything became — the room pressing inward around them, the only sound their own footsteps disappearing into velvet. When they reached the glass, the full scene unfolded. And stopped them both.

Ron was perched at the edge of the hot tub — relaxed, powerful, bare in a way that wasn’t performance but presence. His body glistened in the flickering half-light, carved and coiled, muscle

relaxed but unmistakably capable. The water shimmered around his calves, the steam curling against his skin like worship. But it wasn't his torso that drew Craig's eyes — it was *lower*. What rose from between Ron's thighs didn't look real, not at first. It *stood*, thick and rigid, like something summoned rather than grown — towering from a trimmed nest of dark hair, veins raised, glistening with heat and wet. It wasn't just large. It was overwhelming. A piece of anatomy that bent the rules of what bodies were meant to carry.

And her — the same girl from that morning — was in the tub, water lapping just below her shoulders, her hands gripping Ron's thighs like lifelines. Her mouth was wrapped around the head of him, lips stretched to their limit, face flushed from effort. She moved in slow, desperate motions — trying, failing, trying again. Every thrust ended in a choke, a gag, a soft retreat. But she didn't stop. Couldn't. Her mouth returned again and again, tears lining her lashes, devotion etched into every gasp.

Shannon exhaled before she even realised it. “She's choking on it...”

Her voice was a whisper, but it carried — hushed and reverent, not in fear but *awe*. Craig's hand instinctively found her waist, fingers pressing into the curve of her side like he needed the feel of her to stay tethered. But she didn't pull away. She leaned back into him, hips rolling once — slow, deliberate — against the hard line already growing in his pants. The silk of her dress clung to her every curve, every motion of breath and want. Her head tilted. Her eyes never left the scene.

“That is so fucking hot,” she breathed, voice lower now, richer, thick with something she didn't bother naming. “Look at her... *devouring* that massive cock.”

Craig felt his cock jerk hard in his pants — painful, sudden, real. His mouth was dry. His heart pounded. But he couldn't look away.

“She's *trying* to take it,” Shannon murmured, lips barely parting. “Stretching her throat for it... God, she *wants* it.”

“She can't,” Craig said, the words forced from him like a confession. “She can't even get halfway... it's just... *fuck*.”

And still, the girl didn't stop. Ron's hand moved gently to the back of her head — not guiding, not forcing — just resting there. A quiet claim. His face remained calm, eyes half-closed, lips parted only slightly, as if this act wasn't a performance or indulgence.

It was simply what he was used to.

And behind the glass, in the safety of shadow, Shannon pressed herself tighter into Craig, her breath hot on his neck, her body answering to something neither of them could name yet — but both of them felt. Heavy. Low. Inevitable.

Shannon groaned softly, her hips grinding back harder into Craig, the curve of her ass pressing perfectly into the throb of his cock. Her voice was low, syrup-thick with desire. “I always love taking all of you down my throat,” she murmured. “It's so hot. So fucking slutty.”

Craig gave a hoarse laugh — tight, uneasy. “You've got those special throat skills.”

She smirked — he could feel it in the curve of her body. “And *you* are big, baby. Don't think I don't love it. I do.” Her voice dipped darker. “But Ron... Ron would be a *whole* different kind of challenge.”

Her hand slid down, no hesitation. She unzipped him with one smooth motion, her fingers closing around his cock — already hard, already slick at the tip — and began to stroke him slow, measured, while her eyes stayed fixed on the scene beyond the glass. “Do you think I could take him?”

The question struck Craig like a fist to the sternum. Not a taunt. Not a betrayal. Just raw, sincere hunger. It didn’t ask for permission. It simply *was*.

His lips parted, but the words wouldn’t come. His mind reeled. His cock throbbed. Finally, through a tight breath: “If anyone could... maybe.”

She smiled, pleased. Her strokes didn’t stop. “Look at her,” she whispered. “Look how much she *wants* it.”

As if summoned, Ron’s voice rolled out into the night — low, smooth, total. “You’ve got more to give, baby. Don’t stop now. I want your throat open when I cum. That’s it. Work for it.”

Shannon shivered. Her grip on Craig tightened. “He’s so in control,” she whispered. “So calm. Like he knows she’ll take it eventually. Like her body doesn’t have a choice.”

Craig groaned, his hips jerking forward. The breath from their mouths fogged the glass in front of them. And then — Ron looked up.

His eyes found them.

Through the dark. Through the steam. Through the space between.

He didn’t flinch. Didn’t stop. Didn’t *blink*. He just looked — at Craig, at Shannon — and smiled. A small, quiet smile. Not cruel. Not smug.

Just *certain*.

“He sees us,” Shannon breathed, her voice trembling with awe. “He wants us to watch.”

Ron’s hand slid around the girl’s head, fingers threading through damp strands. He began to guide her, not with force but with firm, unwavering control. His hips rolled forward, feeding his cock into her mouth in slow, powerful thrusts. She choked, gagged, strained — but she didn’t stop. Her head moved with him now, her effort rhythmic, her surrender complete. And he never looked away.

“Look at that,” Shannon whispered. “Look at her gag on that massive cock, Craig...”

Her hand was moving faster now — precise, wet, unrelenting. He throbbed in her palm, his body trembling against hers.

“Imagine it’s me instead of her. Imagine it’s *my* throat he’s using. That big black cock stretching me open, fucking my face like he *owns* it.”

Craig stiffened. His whole body locked down. The pressure crested, and he tried to resist it — but it was already gone.

With a guttural, broken gasp, his release hit — harder than anything he’d felt before. His cock jerked violently in Shannon’s hand, ropes of cum streaking across the balcony glass, thick and hot, sliding in heavy trails down the cold surface. His knees buckled. One hand grabbed the frame to stay upright, the other clutching at her dress like she was the only thing keeping him from unraveling completely.

And still she stroked — softer now, milking the last pulses from him with the kind of care that bordered on cruel. Her breath ghosted across his ear.

“God... look how much you came.” A soft, dark laugh. “That *really* did it for you, huh?”

He couldn't answer. Could barely think. Still panting. Still hard. Still vibrating.

And outside, on the other side of the glass, Ron didn't stop.

His cock gleamed in the flickering light — soaked, glorious, buried deep in the mouth of a woman who hadn't once stopped trying.

They didn't speak when they left the balcony. There was no need to. Craig's legs were weak beneath him, every step made heavier by the pulse still thrumming through his cock, the twitch of aftershocks rolling through him like echoes. The glass behind them wore the streaks of his orgasm like a signature, and the air still smelled faintly of chlorine and sex. Shannon led the way in silence, her hand wrapped around his wrist — not dragging, not pulling, but claiming. Like a leash made of heat. In the darkened hallway, she seemed taller somehow. Sharper. The woman who'd giggled over cocktails, teased him between bites of food, had been replaced by something far more dangerous. Her body moved with a purpose that didn't ask for permission. Already, her dress was slipping from her shoulders, falling in one fluid motion to the hardwood floor without ceremony. No underwear. No pause. Just bare skin — flushed, wet, glowing with sweat and want.

Craig dropped onto the edge of the bed, his breath still coming too fast, his heart pounding in that dazed rhythm that comes after surrender. He was still hard. Inexplicably, relentlessly hard, despite the release that had just torn through him only minutes ago. His thoughts were scrambled — a mess of jealousy, lust, wonder — but his body didn't need clarity. It knew what it wanted. Shannon didn't speak. She didn't ask.

She hadn't planned to take control. Not exactly. But something inside her had clicked the moment they left the balcony — the moment she saw what Craig looked like after watching Ron. He was unmoored. Wrung out. Still hard. Still trembling from release like it hadn't been enough. And she knew, in that instant, that whatever line they had crossed, there was no going back. Not really. Not for her. Because it wasn't just lust in her blood — it was *ownership*. Power. The kind that didn't ask. The kind that *knew*. And maybe that power had started with Ron — but it ended here, in her hands, in her body. She wasn't just going to fuck Craig. She was going to remind him who had permission to make him fall apart.

She climbed into his lap with the same certainty that had carried her across the apartment, her thighs spreading around him as she straddled him, heat radiating off her skin in waves. Her breath was on his neck, warm and fast, and when her hand slid into his hair and pulled him back to look at her, her eyes gleamed like she was holding a secret she had no intention of keeping.

“I'm not done,” she whispered. “*You're* not done.”

He didn't answer. He couldn't. His mouth had gone dry, his cock throbbed against her. She shifted higher, slow and controlled, and moved up his body until her knees bracketed his shoulders. One hand slipped between her thighs, fingers parting her lips, and the light caught the shine of her wetness in a way that made his breath hitch. She was soaked. Not a little. *Drenched* — with arousal, with heat, with memory.

“Eat me,” she said. Soft voice. Hard command. “Now.”

He obeyed. He leaned in, his mouth finding her without hesitation, tongue sliding deep between her folds as he groaned into the taste of her — sweet and salt and wild. She gasped at the contact, and instead of pulling back, she pressed *down*, grinding against his tongue like she'd been waiting all night to sit on his mouth. There was no gentleness. No testing the waters. She *rode* him, hips rolling in slow, precise motion as she fucked his face with purpose, with hunger, with ownership.

“Can you see how wet I am?” she panted, her voice shaking with breath. “You *feel* that?”

Her fingers tangled tighter in his hair, dragging his face up harder into her, smothering him in slick heat. He groaned back, tongue working faster now, harder, desperate for more.

“You know why I'm so wet, don't you?”

He hesitated — not because he didn't know, but because saying it out loud might break him. Might make it *too* real. That hesitation made her hips slam down with more force, her thighs tightening like a vice around his ears.

“You know,” she whispered, voice like silk on a blade. “Same reason you came harder than I've *ever* seen you cum. Same reason you made a mess of the glass. Same reason your cock hasn't gone soft since.”

Her rhythm picked up, breath catching. Her grip in his hair turned savage, almost shaking as she rode the edge. Craig's hands clutched her thighs now, fingers digging into the soft skin as he tried to keep up, to *give* her what she was demanding. He could barely breathe, his face soaked in her scent, his jaw aching — but none of that mattered. Only *she* did.

“Yes, baby,” she gasped, head tipping back, voice rising. “Just like that... fuck, yes. Eat my pussy.”

Her hips rolled harder, faster, grinding into his mouth with frantic precision. “I'm so close,” she groaned, her breath ragged. “Don't you *fucking* stop—ohhh *fuck*—I'm cumming—”

It broke over her like a tidal wave, violent and full. Her whole body seized with it — shuddering, shaking, grinding her soaked cunt against his mouth as the orgasm tore through her. She panted, gasped, her cries sharp and high as she ground down onto his face, forcing him to take all of her, to *feel* every pulse, every throb, every drop of her release.

Her thighs clamped tight around his head, her back arching, one hand clawing into his hair, the other braced against the headboard as she rode the aftershocks out in slow, trembling waves. Her moans dissolved into broken breath, her body twitching with each fading jolt until finally — finally — she collapsed forward, panting, lips parted, skin glowing.

And Craig, dizzy and drenched and aching, held her there with both hands still wrapped around her thighs, his face buried in the heat of her, like he never wanted to come up for air.

But she didn't stop. She didn't dismount. She stayed exactly where she was — straddling his chest, thighs still trembling from release, her breath slowly evening out in warm, open gasps. Her fingers stroked his cheek in slow, absent-minded passes, tender in contrast to the rawness of what had just happened. Her pussy still pulsed against his skin, slick and aching.

“You eat pussy so well, babe...” she murmured, her voice husky, laced with satisfaction and something more dangerous. Her fingers slid down, tracing his jaw, his throat, his sternum. “But now I need more,” she whispered. “I need to be *fucked*.”

She shifted lower with purpose — not teasing, not easing — just *taking*. Her hand wrapped around the base of his cock, now fully hard again, glistening with her arousal and the faint, sticky remnants of his last release. She guided him to her entrance with no hesitation, no hesitation, and with one slow, greedy roll of her hips, she sank down onto him. Her moan spilled out low and guttural, a sound caught between hunger and relief, like her body had needed this all along.

The moment he was fully seated inside her, she started to move — not lazily, not seductively, but with intent. Sharp, grinding circles that pulled groans from deep in his chest, that made his hands fly to her hips as if he needed something to hold onto just to stay grounded. Her pussy gripped him tight, soaked and hot, drawing him in deeper with every thrust. She rode him hard, deliberately, chasing something deeper, darker.

“Oh god... you feel so fucking *big* tonight,” she gasped, voice jagged, her rhythm relentless as the bed began to creak and shift beneath them.

Craig moaned, thrusting up to meet her, already drowning in the slick wet heat, the drag of her walls, the rhythm of her body. But then her mouth found his neck, and her words found something even deeper.

“But I know someone...” she panted, breath hot against his ear, “who’d feel even *bigger*.”

His entire body jolted beneath her. Eyes wide. Breath gone.

“Someone who’d *stretch* this pussy out *proper*...”

His grip tightened, his hips stuttering. She didn’t stop.

“Really open me up,” she moaned, grinding harder, her voice honeyed filth. “Is that what you want to see? Is that what’s got you so worked up tonight? You want to see what it looks like when someone *even bigger* takes what you love?”

That was it. That *broke* him.

Craig lost every shred of control. He surged upward, driving himself deeper into her with desperate force, his hands locking around her hips as if trying to hold back a tide. His climax hit hard, violent, unstoppable.

“Fuck — fuck, I’m cumming — Jesus —”

He gasped, broken and wild, as his orgasm tore through him — full-body, explosive, his cock pulsing in thick, deep waves as he emptied inside her. His arms wrapped around her tight, clinging to her like letting go would mean falling apart completely. His face pressed into her shoulder, breath stuttering, skin burning.

Shannon held him, let him shake beneath her, her hips still rolling in slow, coaxing circles to draw every last drop from his cock. She threaded her fingers through his damp hair, anchoring him to the moment, her body calm now — dominant even in her stillness. When she leaned in, her lips brushed the shell of his ear, her voice low and warm, sweet and sharp.

“That did it, didn’t it?” she whispered. “Just the thought of me... and *him*.”

Craig shuddered beneath her, helpless.

She kissed his jaw, soft and slow, her smile brushing over his skin like silk. “You came so hard for me, baby. Just from imagining it.”

He couldn't speak. Could barely breathe. He felt her words land in his chest like a brand — hot, indelible, *true*. She wasn't wrong. God, she wasn't wrong. But as the heat faded and his breath began to return, something inside him didn't settle. It twisted. Quietly. Like a rope pulling taut beneath still water. He should've felt relief, pride, satisfaction — but what rose instead was something closer to disorientation. Not because he'd come hard. But because he'd wanted to. Needed to. Because her voice — Shannon's voice — had pulled that orgasm from him not with her body, but with her words. With the image she painted: *Ron inside her*. And the worst part was, it hadn't repelled him. It hadn't repulsed him. It had *broken* him — in the most shamefully satisfying way.

He had never come like that. Not in his life. It had been too much. *Too much*. Not just because of the way she moved or the way she moaned, but because of what had been in his head while it all happened.

The image of her. The fantasy of him. Together.

The truth of it left him dizzy.

And uncertain.

The apartment was quiet in the way morning sometimes is after something irreversible has happened — not heavy, not uncomfortable, but stretched thin at the edges. A kind of silence that didn't press, but waited. Pale sunlight spilled across the bed in soft ribbons, painting faint gold across crumpled white sheets, the curved edge of Shannon's thigh, the slow, steady rise of Craig's chest. It was the kind of stillness that felt earned — like the world was pausing just long enough to let them figure out how to speak again.

Shannon was already awake. Lying on her side, one arm tucked beneath the pillow, the other drifting slowly across her own stomach, her fingers tracing shapes without pattern. Her body was still, but not asleep — her eyes open, her mind clearly elsewhere. Craig turned toward her, his body heavy with the weight of sleep, but his thoughts anything but. He watched her for a while, longer than he meant to. Reading the lines of her face, the subtle curve of her lips, the way her chest lifted and fell without urgency. He couldn't tell if she was just resting... or waiting.

His voice came low, hoarse from sleep. “That was... some night, huh?”

She let out a soft hum, a note in the back of her throat that could've meant anything. “Mmm. Yeah. The dinner was lovely, honey.”

Craig raised a brow. “You know I'm not talking about the dinner.”

Her smile curled slowly, still facing the ceiling, her expression just shy of wicked. She didn't correct herself. Her fingers shifted lower on her skin, slow and absent, as if her body remembered more than her words admitted.

There was a pause — not heavy, but full. Then, finally, Craig asked, voice softer now, like he wasn't sure how deep the question would land. “What do you think about it all?”

That made her turn her head. Her eyes found his, and they were clear — not guilty, not guarded, just *there*. Present. “I think...” she said slowly, “we had some of the best sex we've ever had. And *you*,

especially..." her voice lowered with something that danced between tenderness and tease, "had the biggest orgasms of your life."

He didn't respond right away. She let it sit. Her tone turned quieter, more pointed. "And I think we both know why."

Craig's gaze shifted to the window, to the pale morning sky bleeding through the blinds. His jaw tensed, then relaxed. He breathed in, then said it — not like a revelation, but like a confession. "Yeah. That's what's scaring me."

Shannon didn't flinch. Didn't follow up with a lecture or reassurance. She just stayed close, quiet. When he spoke again, it was even softer, barely a thread of voice. "Is this... I don't know. Is this just role play? Fantasy?" His eyes came back to hers. "Or do you want more?"

There was no pause in her answer.

"Only if you do."

The words were simple. Gentle. Not bait. Not a push. Just... truth.

And somehow that made it harder. Or maybe easier. Craig couldn't tell which. He didn't respond with words. Just nodded, slow and vague, like maybe movement could make the storm inside him settle into something he could understand. But it didn't. Because the truth was — he didn't know what scared him more.

The fact he was even thinking about this. Or the fact that he had already opened the door.

Shannon reached beneath the sheets and found his hand — warm, loose, fingers threading into his without pressure. No agenda. Just presence.

He held on tighter than he meant to.

And she let him.

The kitchen was wrapped in the soft hush of early light — that rare kind of quiet that settles over a space not in discomfort, but in recovery. Sunlight stretched across the marble counters like water, golden and cool, catching gently on chrome handles and the edge of a glass tumbler left from the night before. Craig stepped into the room barefoot, hair still damp from the shower, his skin tingling with the memory of heat — not from the water, but from everything the apartment had witnessed just hours ago. Nothing in the space had changed. And yet... *everything* had. The air carried it. Something unspoken, but heavy.

Ron was already there, leaning casually against the island with a coffee mug in hand, his posture loose, unguarded. Fitted joggers and a clean black tee hugged his frame, but there was nothing performative about the way he wore them — just ease. He looked rested. Present. A man entirely at home in his skin. When he saw Craig, he gave a small smile — not just polite, but warm. Familiar. The kind of smile that reached the eyes.

"Morning," Ron said, his voice still soft with sleep, but friendly. *Inviting*.

Craig nodded as he crossed the room. "Morning."

The coffee pot was still warm. Craig poured a cup slowly, grateful for something to hold, something solid. The quiet around them wasn't awkward — it just felt like the apartment had taken a long,

deep breath and was still exhaling. He didn't look at Ron, not at first. Because looking at him — really *seeing* him — still brought back the memory: that impossible body, that impossible cock, the sight of it disappearing into a woman's throat as Shannon whispered how much she wanted it for herself. And her hand. Her voice. The way Craig had come harder than he ever had in his life. Right there, watching.

Ron didn't mention it. Not even in the way he stood. There was no hint of smugness, no edge. He sipped his coffee, then tilted his head slightly, a quiet gesture of curiosity.

"You think more about the offer?"

Craig blinked, pulled back to the moment. "Yeah. I did."

Ron gave a small nod and didn't rush him, just waited, clearly open. There was no push. Just... interest. *Genuine*.

"I talked it through with Shannon," Craig said, turning toward him. "And I'd love to accept. It's... a hell of an opportunity."

Ron's smile deepened — not big, but sincere. "That's great to hear. I'm really glad." His voice was calm, but Craig could feel the weight behind it — not just a business move, not a checkbox, but something closer to belief. "You've got sharp instincts," Ron added. "You don't need to posture. You listen. You read the room. That's rare. It means something to me."

Craig met his eyes then, and what he saw wasn't superiority or distance. It was connection. Ron didn't say things he didn't mean — Craig knew that already. But now, in the warm spill of morning light, the words felt more like a gesture of trust than a test.

"I like working with people I *respect*," Ron said. "People who carry weight without noise. You've got that."

Craig felt it hit in his chest — that quiet kind of affirmation that settles in deep. "Thanks," he said, his voice a little lower. "I won't let you down."

Ron chuckled, not mocking but soft, like it amused him that Craig still felt the need to say it. "I'm not worried about that." He clinked his mug lightly against the counter and added, "You're exactly the kind of person I want next to me."

And this time, when the silence stretched between them, it wasn't heavy or expectant. It was comfortable. Solid. The kind of pause between men who didn't need to fill the space with noise to know something important had just shifted.

"We'll sit down later this week," Ron said, finishing his coffee. "Go over numbers. Get everything in place. You'll have freedom, backing — real room to grow."

Craig nodded, the words ringing true. "Yeah. Sounds good."

And it did. Not just on paper. Not just in potential. It felt like the start of something real.

That might have been the end of it — a professional agreement between two men, sealed in mutual respect and morning quiet — but then the soft shuffle of bare feet across tile broke the stillness. Shannon stepped into the room.

She moved like warmth poured into form, like sunlight had taken on skin. One of Craig's oversized T-shirts hung from her frame, the neckline wide, slipping off one shoulder, the hem brushing high across the curve of her thighs. Her hair was loose, wild from sleep and sex, and she carried herself with the lazy confidence of a woman who had been thoroughly touched and hadn't felt the need to mask it. She didn't pause in the doorway. She just moved to Craig's side and stole his coffee with a small grin, lifting it to her lips before he could protest.

"Morning," she said, her voice a little hoarse, a little smug.

Ron turned toward her with the same quiet grace he'd given Craig — calm, composed, but attentive. His eyes scanned her, quick and clean, not invasive, not claiming — just... *seeing*. And when he smiled, it was soft. Genuine. The kind of smile that didn't need layers.

"Morning," he said, and something in his tone shifted — a shade warmer than before, still respectful, but touched with subtle recognition.

Craig felt her hand slip to his waist, her fingers pressing gently at the curve of his hip. A small, grounding gesture. But it didn't go unnoticed.

Ron's gaze moved between them then. Just once. A flicker of understanding passed behind his eyes — not judgment, not assumption. Just awareness. Something deeper. Something earned.

"So," he said, lifting his mug slightly. "How was your night?"

Craig opened his mouth to answer, but Shannon beat him to it, her voice light and deceptively easy. "Eventful," she said, that familiar spark of amusement curling at the corner of her lips.

Craig let out a short laugh — too quiet, too fast. "Yeah. That's... one word for it."

Ron chuckled too, but his didn't carry the same nerves. His was low, smooth. Certain. "Well," he said, tone casual, "next time, you don't have to watch from inside."

Craig stiffened slightly, caught between breath and thought. Shannon's eyes narrowed just slightly — not from offence, but from intrigue.

"You're welcome to join us," Ron added, sipping his coffee again like the invitation cost him nothing. "No need to be shy."

Ron turned away then, not lingering for a reaction, his stride calm, unhurried — the movement of a man who didn't wonder if his words would land. But just before disappearing down the hall, he glanced back over his shoulder, not with challenge, but with ease.

"She's coming over again tomorrow," he said. "BBQ. Drinks. Sunset."

He paused.

"You two should come out. Bring suits."

Another pause — lighter this time, almost amused.

"Or don't."

He smiled faintly, the weight of it casual.

“We don’t.”

And then he was gone, the sound of his footsteps soft against the hallway tile, leaving his words hanging like steam from cooling water — something faint, but clinging.

Craig stood frozen for a beat, the full meaning wrapping around him like heat. He didn’t know if it was invitation, provocation, or prophecy — but it felt like all three. The offer. The openness. The challenge built into the ease.

Shannon stepped closer. Her hand slid up his back, warm and steady, anchoring him.

“I will,” she murmured, voice low, intimate. “If you will.”

Craig met her eyes, his pulse thick in his throat. She was calm. Collected. But behind that small, crooked smile was a truth they both knew — she’d already made up her mind.

She wanted it.

And she knew he did too.

He just hadn’t said it yet.

Not out loud.

Chapter 3

The robe she wore was short. Not overtly sexual — not lace or silk, not something sold to be removed — but there was something quietly devastating about how it clung to her. Soft grey cotton, worn thin at the seams, brushing the tops of her thighs as she sat cross-legged on the bed. One leg tucked under the other, her bare knee slightly raised, the curve of her calf illuminated by the flicker of light through the glass. In her hand, the last inch of white wine swirled lazily in a stemless glass, her wrist rotating with an idle rhythm that said her mind was somewhere else entirely. The TV muttered in the background, its volume so low it felt more like a memory than a presence — but no one in the room was listening. The real gravity lived beyond the sliding doors. Out on the balcony, where that same molten glow danced across the floorboards. The lights were on. Which meant *they* were out there.

Craig stood at the threshold, one shoulder leaning against the doorframe, arms crossed in a pose that looked relaxed but felt anything but. There was a kind of charged silence between them — not uncomfortable, not confrontational, but taut. Waiting. Like the room had paused itself to see who would break first. His eyes rested on her as she brought the glass to her lips, the slow flick of her tongue tracing the inside of the rim before she sipped. The movement was small, thoughtless. But it lodged deep. Something inside him tensed — low, warm, pulsing.

“What do you want to do tonight?” he asked, the words spoken too casually, like a line rehearsed for a scene he wasn’t sure he was brave enough to enter.

Shannon didn’t answer immediately. Her eyes flicked to him, calm and unreadable, then back to her wine. “We’re doing it,” she murmured, raising the glass slightly in his direction. “Wine. You. Me. Quiet night in.”

He nodded slowly and took a step further into the room. Closer now. The light hit her differently from this angle — caught the rise of her thigh where the robe parted, the exposed skin luminous in that dusky amber spill from outside.

“You know that’s not what I meant.”

She set the glass down on the table beside the bed, uncrossing her legs. One knee slid forward, and the robe shifted with it — climbing higher. Not an invitation. Not quite. But not an accident either.

“Then say what you mean,” she said softly.

Craig exhaled through his nose. This wasn’t the language he was fluent in. Give him pitch decks, analyst calls, earnings reports — he could navigate all that blindfolded. But this? This tension laced with arousal, this ambiguity drawn tight between curiosity and fear? It scrambled him.

“They’re out there again,” he said. “Ron. And... Joy.”

The name fell from his lips like something half-forbidden. Shannon didn’t flinch.

“I know,” she said, voice calm. “I heard the jets kick on ten minutes ago.”

“You think they’re expecting us?”

“I think we were invited.”

He dropped down onto the edge of the bed beside her, his posture caught between retreat and advance. “We don’t have to go. I mean... we could stay in. Order something. Watch a movie.”

“Sure,” she said lightly. “Skip the sausages.”

That pulled a laugh from him — but it faded quickly. “I’m not saying I want to avoid it,” he said. “I just... don’t know if I want to *want* it.”

Shannon looked at him then, and the softness in her eyes wasn’t pity. It was presence. She saw him. The conflict. The ache. The fascination he hadn’t admitted out loud yet.

“You want to see what happens,” she said.

He didn’t respond. Not with words. His jaw flexed. His hands tightened against his thighs. And that was enough.

“I don’t know what I want,” he murmured finally.

She stood.

Unhurried. Graceful. Her robe skimmed her hips as she moved, catching against the shape of her curves like a whisper of fabric trying to remember where her skin ended. She stepped in front of him and placed a hand on his shoulder — grounding. Real.

“We go out,” she said. “We have drinks. We talk. We watch the skyline. We laugh. We can come back inside at any moment. Even if we get in the water... nothing has to happen. We’re in control.”

His gaze lifted, searching hers. “You think they’ll behave?”

Shannon’s smile was slow, knowing, but never cruel. “I think they’ll wait and see what *we* want.”

Craig's breath caught, and for a moment, the air between them was so still it felt sacred.

"And if we're the ones who push it too far?"

She leaned down then, not for drama, but with purpose. Her lips touched his forehead — not rushed, not performative — just warm and steady.

"Then we deal with that," she whispered, "together."

And in that quiet promise, something tilted.

Not toward safety.

But toward surrender.

The balcony glowed with that low, golden warmth that made everything feel a little more cinematic — like the city itself had dimmed in reverence to whatever was about to unfold. Overhead, string lights swayed in the breeze, casting a honeyed shimmer across polished stone and the long silhouette of the grill. The air was thick with the scent of flame and flesh — seared meat, curling woodsmoke, and something sweeter clinging just beneath it. Cinnamon, maybe. Or maybe just the residue of summer sweat and sin.

Ron stood at the grill, a dark figure haloed in flickering amber, one hand steady on the tongs as he turned the sausages with slow, practiced ease. He wasn't talking much, but when he did, everyone laughed — not out of politeness, but because the cadence of his voice made laughter feel inevitable. He didn't demand attention. He just made space bend toward him. Shirtless, barefoot, drink in hand, Ron looked every inch the man built to dominate a room without needing to conquer it. He didn't take up space. He *defined* it.

Joy lounged nearby on one of the sleek barstools, barefoot, knees tucked up, her whole body coiled in that lazy, charged kind of comfort that came after you stopped pretending to behave. She wore a slouchy graphic tee, oversized and hanging just long enough to feign modesty — the curve of her ass more suggestion than secret, the bikini bottom beneath it barely pretending to help. Her legs were long and sun-kissed, hair pulled into a messy topknot that made her neck look obscene. She sipped something pink and frosted, her toes tapping the metal stool rail with a rhythm that felt like foreplay.

The sliding door whispered open behind her.

Craig and Shannon stepped out together, and the shift in the air was immediate — warmer, thicker, denser with heat that wasn't just from the grill. Shannon had changed. Black shorts now, high on her thighs, frayed at the hem. A white tank top knotted high on her waist, no bra beneath — just the ghost of shape beneath thin fabric, nipples faintly visible in the light. She looked casual, effortless. Dangerous. The kind of woman who didn't need to show skin to make men forget how to speak. Craig followed, linen shirt unbuttoned halfway, chest catching the light, beer in hand. They looked good. Like a matched set. Or a couple walking into a scene they already knew would change them.

Joy lit up when she saw them. "You *finally* joined the party," she sang out, raising her glass like a salute.

Ron turned slightly, lifting his own. "About time."

Craig offered a quiet smile, lifting his drink. Shannon said nothing — just smiled, slow and knowing, like she already saw where the night might go.

They drifted toward the makeshift bar tucked into the corner — bottles, mixers, fresh-cut citrus glinting in the light. The air hummed. Not loud. Not overt. But *aware*.

“Help yourselves,” Ron said, flipping something on the grill with a flick of his wrist. “I’ve got more than enough.”

Shannon poured herself something clean — clear liquor over ice, a wedge of lime, the glass sweating in her hand. Craig cracked a beer with a flick of the wrist, the opener mounted discreetly to the wall. The hiss of carbonation cut the air like punctuation.

Joy leaned over, eyes sliding over both of them with open curiosity. No embarrassment. No apology. Just appreciation, unfiltered. She smiled around her straw.

“You guys look *really* good tonight.”

Shannon laughed, low and lazy, tipping her glass. “Speak for yourself.”

Joy winked. “I try.” Then she turned her gaze back to Craig, head tilted slightly. “But I *meant* what I said. That linen shirt? It’s doing things.”

Craig flushed — a soft wash of pink at his throat, his smile uncertain but not displeased. Shannon moved behind him, fingers brushing lightly over his back, possessive but not possessive. Like she was reminding them both she’d already mapped that terrain. Or maybe giving Joy permission to start her own exploration.

Joy leaned in, chin resting on her palm, legs swaying slowly beneath her. “You don’t talk much, huh?” she teased, voice lilting. “Strong, silent type? Or just trying to behave?”

Craig laughed, sheepish. “Just... listening.”

“Adorable,” Joy murmured. “That deer-in-the-headlights thing? Such a heartbreaker vibe.”

Then — without warning — she turned to Shannon, her smile still sweet, but her eyes sharper now. Not disrespectful. Not challenging. Just *real*. “You don’t mind if I flirt with him, do you?”

Shannon didn’t flinch. Didn’t hesitate. She sipped slowly, eyes glinting above the rim. “Joy, honey,” she said, voice smooth as silk, “don’t let that shy smile fool you. He plays innocent. But once he’s got his hands on you...” Her smile widened, teeth flashing faintly. “You’ll be the one gasping.”

Joy gave a delighted gasp of her own. “Oh my *god* — I *knew* it.”

Ron chuckled without looking up. Just the sound of someone who’d seen this scene before and knew exactly how it would unfold. The food hissed behind him, the smell turning richer, deeper — heat and salt and dark, smoked promise.

Joy turned back to Craig, her voice a touch lower now. “Alright, mystery man. I’m officially intrigued.”

Craig looked at Shannon — and the way she watched him back, calm and indulgent, told him everything he needed to know. So he smiled. Not shy. Not cocky. Just present.

Ron turned from the grill, tongs still in hand. “Just make sure you leave room for the main event.”

Joy snorted. “If you mean the food, we all know *that’s* not the biggest thing getting grilled tonight.”

Shannon laughed. Craig blinked. Ron just raised an eyebrow, not taking the bait — but the smirk tugging at his mouth made the implication feel twice as real.

Conversation spun again — travel, music, sex, stories dipped in just enough heat to leave the edges curling. Everyone was laughing too easily, sipping too fast, leaning just a little closer. The jokes weren't inappropriate. But they were *loaded*. The kind that carried weight in the silences that followed.

And behind it all, the city blinked quietly in the distance — glittering, oblivious.

Craig's pulse was a drum again. Slow. Relentless.

Something was coming.

He didn't know what shape it would take.

But he knew — they weren't just guests anymore.

They were *participants*.

The plates had been cleared. Glasses refilled. The city was quieter now — settled into that post-dinner hush where everything softened, where conversation gave way to glances, where the buzz in the air wasn't from alcohol anymore, but proximity. Something unnamed floated between the four of them — thick and unspoken, the kind of energy that hums beneath skin when everyone knows the rules are changing, even if no one's said it aloud.

Then came the low rumble — the jets kicking on behind them. The hot tub stirred like something breathing. Blue light shimmered from beneath the surface, casting soft waves across the balcony walls. Steam curled upward, slow and constant, catching the night air and folding into it like smoke from a quiet fire.

Ron stood, stretching with the easy grace of someone who didn't move to be seen, but was watched anyway. His body long, loose, unapologetic — the kind of male confidence that didn't need to flex.

“Hot tub's ready,” he said, glancing toward the group. “Perfect night for it.”

Joy didn't hesitate. She was already rising, drink still in hand, eyes alight. “Finally,” she exhaled, and in a single motion, she pulled her tee overhead and let it fall. No drama. No seduction. Just bare skin catching firelight — golden, smooth, utterly unselfconscious. Her bikini bottoms slipped off next, dropped with the casualness of a woman shedding a second skin. Then she was stepping into the water, hips swaying, the blue light catching the curve of her back as she sank in with a low, satisfied sigh.

Ron didn't follow her right away. He just stood, drink in hand, looking at Craig and Shannon. Not urging. Not waiting. Just offering.

Craig's heart thumped once, hard. He didn't move. Not yet. This was the moment — the border between suggestion and decision. Shannon stood beside him, still, unreadable.

Joy tilted her head back, eyes glittering. “What, you two need suits?” she teased. “We're not wearing any.”

Craig blinked. Shannon raised an eyebrow.

“We noticed,” she murmured.

“You can borrow mine,” Joy added with a wink. “Oh wait.”

Ron chuckled, that low, velvet laugh that always seemed to settle into the spine. “Join us. However you’re comfortable.”

Craig looked at Shannon — and she looked right back. There was no hesitation in her eyes. No fear. Just something clear. Something steady.

“Let’s go get changed,” she said.

—

The bedroom felt cooler. Closer. As if the walls themselves had drawn in, waiting to see who they’d be when they came back out. Craig shut the door behind them and stood still for a beat, the echo of Joy’s laugh still buzzing in his ears.

Shannon moved easily through the space, already in motion. She pulled two towels from the wardrobe, tossed one onto the bed, then slid open the drawer where their robes waited — folded, untouched, like they’d always been meant for this night.

“If we’re going,” she said, not glancing at him, “we might as well do it properly.”

Craig hesitated, watching her. “No suits?”

“They’re naked,” she said simply, peeling her tank top off in one smooth movement. “Why pretend otherwise?”

Her bra followed — dropped without ceremony — and then her shorts, kicked aside with quiet finality. She crossed the room to the robe, nude, casual, unaffected. Her body glowed in the low light — not posed, not framed for attention. Just real. Just *hers*.

Craig tried to swallow, but his throat felt tight. “So this is happening.”

Shannon didn’t pause. “We’ll go out. Have a drink. Sit in the water. Talk. If it gets weird, we leave.” She slipped her arms into the robe. “If anything doesn’t feel right, we call it. Easy.”

He nodded, slower than her, trying to match her steadiness. “And Joy?”

She looked at him then — not defensively, not possessively. Just *seeing* him.

“She’s into you,” Shannon said. “You didn’t notice?”

“I wasn’t sure.”

“Oh, she was ready to crawl into your lap.”

That made him laugh, soft and uneasy. “Are you... okay with that?”

Shannon considered him for a moment, then nodded once. “She’s cute. A little wild. Definitely your type. Not forever. But for tonight?” Her smile curled. “I could see it.”

Craig’s chest tightened, but not from fear. From something deeper. Need. Wonder. Arousal wrapped in awe.

“And you?” he asked. “How far do *you* want to go with this?”

Shannon stepped toward him, robe loose in her hand. She didn't answer with a speech. Just placed the terry cloth against his chest and held his gaze.

“As far as it feels good,” she said. “And not a step further.”

She kissed him then — not hungry, but firm. Anchoring. A reminder that no matter what they were walking toward, they were still walking it together.

“You ready?” she murmured.

He breathed in, then out. “As I'll ever be.”

They slipped the robes on. Bare beneath. No armour. Just skin.

And as they stepped out into the hallway again — toward the heat, the light, the blur of steam and limbs and possibility — Craig felt something real and irreversible shift beneath his skin.

The kind of shift you don't feel until it's already changed you.

They stepped from the hallway into the night without a word, robes tied but useless — thin layers of cloth that did nothing to quiet the heat beneath. Their bare feet met warm stone as the sliding door whispered open, and the balcony welcomed them back like a scene held on pause, now resumed. The music played low, all velvet rhythm and bass that made everything feel slower, heavier. Steam curled upward from the bubbling water, cloaking the air in heat and hush, thick with the scent of chlorine, sweet alcohol, and something darker just beneath — like the breath of sex before it starts.

Ron was already in the water, leaned back into the jets like a man born for it, arms spread along the rim, the powerful line of his chest catching light where the steam broke. Joy was half-submerged, stretched across one side of the tub like a sun-drunk siren, her arms lazily hooked behind her on the ledge, legs extended along the bench seat, body gleaming with moisture. The tops of her breasts broke the surface, kissed by the glow of the submerged lights, offered up like an invitation no one dared name.

They saw Craig and Shannon immediately — four sets of eyes locking across the haze. And just like that, the air changed. Not with shock or surprise. But with knowing. The quiet kind. The kind that doesn't need to be said.

Shannon didn't hesitate. Her hands moved to her waist, loosening the tie of her robe with deliberate slowness. The fabric parted down her front, soft grey spilling away like a curtain. She let it fall from her shoulders, bare beneath, and stood there in the half-light like something painted — her body full and luminous, breasts high and proud, nipples drawn tight in the air. She wasn't performing. She wasn't asking. She was simply *there* — unafraid, unapologetic, owned entirely by herself. Craig followed suit, less graceful, but no less present. His robe slipped down his arms and fell to the ground, leaving him exposed under the city's quiet gaze. The muscles across his chest caught in the light. The thick weight of his cock hung heavy between his thighs, already half-swollen — not from exhibition, but from the slow, electric pull of everything that had been building. He was not Ron, but he was clearly bigger than average.

For a moment, Ron said nothing. He didn't smirk. Didn't gloat. He just looked. Quiet. Present. His eyes moved over both of them with that same stillness he always carried — not consuming, not coy. Just seeing.

And then Joy grinned, her voice slicing through the tension like a blade dipped in honey. “I *knew* you’d have a nice cock, Craig.”

He blinked, thrown. “What?”

She leaned forward, water spilling down her chest, her smile wicked. “Oh come on. That mess you made on the balcony door last night? Kinda hard to miss. Honestly, I was impressed.”

Laughter broke the silence — sharp and sudden, cracking the moment open. Even Shannon laughed, biting her lip, head tilted down as if to hide the flush blooming on her cheeks. Craig laughed too, a little too late, a little too breathless.

Ron shook his head, eyes gleaming. “And here I thought I kept things discreet.”

Joy winked without shame. “Please. You were two thrusts away from offering me a squeegee.”

Shannon stepped closer to the tub, her voice light but edged with something real. “We didn’t think we’d come back.”

Craig nodded. “We told ourselves — just one more drink.”

Joy’s smile curled. “And maybe a taste...?”

Ron raised his glass, the motion smooth and quiet. “Well then,” he said. “Let’s make it a good one.”

His eyes moved around the space — three bare bodies and a fourth about to be folded in — all of them caught in the hush of steam and suggestion. “To Joy,” he said, “and fresh beginnings.”

They raised glasses — the toast soft against the night, against the water — and Craig caught Shannon’s eyes over the rim of his drink. There was something in her expression now, not playfulness, not nerves. Something steadier. Something resigned and curious and lit with a kind of hunger she hadn’t named yet.

“What does that mean?” he asked. “Fresh beginnings?”

Joy answered first, tipping her head back toward the stars, her wet skin glowing. “Barcelona,” she said. “Tomorrow. One year. Art. Wine. Life. Everything I haven’t let myself feel yet.”

“Studying abroad?” Shannon asked, voice curious but quiet.

Joy’s smile turned wistful. “Studying life.”

Ron’s voice came from beneath the steam — deep and smooth. “It’s her last night here.”

Shannon’s smile faltered, just slightly. “Oh.”

Joy turned to Ron, her tone bright again, her attention deliberately pointed. “I’m just worried about him, honestly.”

He raised a brow.

“You’ve got needs,” she said — and now every syllable was dipped in sugar and heat. “And I won’t be here to handle them.”

Then her gaze moved.

To Shannon.

Not a glance. Not a flick.

But a *look*.

Open. Direct. Unapologetic.

Craig felt something shift in his chest — a drop, like the first plunge on a roller coaster.

Shannon didn't blink. "I'm sure he won't have trouble finding someone."

No one laughed. The air buzzed too thick for that now. The jets whispered behind them. The city lights blinked like silent witnesses. Four bodies, suspended in water and implication, balanced on the edge of something vast.

Joy rose.

She didn't rush. She didn't pose.

She simply stood, naked and glistening, every inch of her body offered without shame. Water slid down her skin in long, silver trails, highlighting every smooth curve, every muscle flex, every glint of intention in her eyes. Joy moved like she was part of the water and crossed the space with the kind of naked confidence that turned every inch of her body into suggestion. Her hips swayed through the steam, and then she stood in front of Craig, droplets clinging to the lines of her stomach. She didn't wait.

"Can I sit with your man for a bit?" she asked Shannon — but even as the question landed, her body was already folding into Craig's lap.

Shannon didn't flinch. Didn't move. But she felt it — that seismic shift beneath the surface, the silent ripple that started where Joy's hips met Craig's lap and echoed low and deep inside her. There was no sound but water and breath, yet something had changed. Something had *tipped*. Joy straddled Craig with the ease of someone who had always known how to take what she wanted, her arms sliding around his neck, breasts pressing wet and soft to his chest. She moved with slow, almost innocent grace — but Craig's sharp inhale betrayed the impact. He hadn't expected it. But he didn't stop her. Couldn't.

The silence between the four of them stretched. Not awkward — but heavy. Charged. Until Shannon broke it.

"Well," she murmured, eyes dropping to the swirling water like she'd just remembered she was standing, "I guess I need to find a new seat."

There was no bitterness in her voice. No jealousy. Just acknowledgment. A quiet line drawn, not from resistance, but inevitability.

Ron looked up at her, his voice low, rich with heat. "You can sit beside me," he offered, then added — slower, darker — "but why should they have all the fun?"

His arm lifted, draping across the edge of the tub behind him. An invitation dressed as suggestion. "Come here," he said, "sit on my lap."

Their eyes met. Shannon didn't speak. Didn't smile. Just moved. She crossed the tub slowly, water curling around her thighs, her body lit by soft steam and city-light. She turned before lowering herself — not to face Ron, but to face Craig. She sat down carefully, deliberately, her bare back meeting Ron's chest, her body settling against his, her hips just grazing the hardness rising beneath her. His arms stayed where they were — not gripping, not guiding. Just bracketing her like parentheses around a sentence still being written.

Craig's eyes were locked on hers the moment her skin touched Ron's. He didn't blink. Couldn't. Joy was still curled in his lap, her breasts brushing his chest, but all his focus was across the tub — on Shannon. On the quiet power in her stillness. On the tension wrapped around her shoulders. On what her silence was saying louder than words.

And Joy knew it.

She leaned in again, mouth near Craig's ear, her voice all velvet and razor. "You're so hard right now," she whispered, wriggling just slightly. "Is it from her? Watching her sit on him like that? Feeling her body press into someone else's cock?" Her lips brushed his jaw as her hips rolled. "Or is it from imagining what she's feeling... the way he's filling that space... thick and hot beneath her... and she hasn't even moved yet."

Craig didn't answer. Couldn't. Shannon hadn't broken eye contact — not for a second. And in that look, there was no permission. No shame. Only presence. Only truth.

Because even though her body was in Ron's lap, her soul was still with Craig.

Ron shifted slightly beneath her, and she felt it — the adjustment, the *accommodation*. The subtle change in pressure that told her just how much was beneath her. His cock pressed firm and thick against the heat between her thighs, a slow, steady pulse that spoke of patience and promise. She didn't grind. She didn't rock. She simply... settled. A stillness so exacting it became its own kind of control.

And then she leaned back. Not far — just enough for her bare shoulders to brush his chest, for her head to tip against the side of his neck. Her lips hovered there, not touching, not kissing — just breathing. Just trembling.

His cock throbbed beneath her, bold and undeniable, and she knew — if she shifted just slightly, if she arched just once, the tip would slide between her folds. But she didn't. The possibility was enough. The pressure was exquisite.

Craig could see everything. Not in detail. But in suggestion. The angles. The breath. The way her mouth stayed slightly parted. And he felt the knowledge lodge itself deep in his chest, tight and hot and terrifyingly *good*.

And then — Ron's hand moved.

Not roughly. Not commandingly. Just with intention. His fingers slid beneath the surface, water parting silently around them, until they found her thigh. He rested there a moment. Anchoring. And then he shifted forward, his breath warm against her ear.

She inhaled sharply — not startled, but undone. Her head tilted. Her lips parted wider. She nodded.

Ron's hand found hers under the water, and with a slow, deliberate pull, he guided it downward. Across her belly. Over her thigh. Beneath the surface — where heat met weight and impossible size. Her fingers closed around it — tentative, testing — and then her body jolted.

“Oh my *God*...” she whispered. It wasn't performative. It was real. Pure. Awed.

“It's so fucking huge.”

Craig felt the words hit his chest like impact. His cock throbbed beneath Joy — a sharp, involuntary response that sent a flicker of pleasure and shame through his gut. He watched as Shannon's hand, barely visible beneath the water's shimmer, began to move.

“I can't even get my hand halfway around it...”

Her voice was breathless. Not for effect. Because it *took* her breath. Her grip moved slowly, reverently, stroking the thickness in her palm like something sacred and obscene. Her eyes — wide, stunned, hungry — never left Craig's.

And across the tub, Joy smiled.

She leaned in, her lips brushing Craig's ear now, her voice a soft, slow blade. “She's touching it,” she whispered. “She knows how big he is. How hard. How deep he could go.”

Her hand slid down his stomach, fingers slipping beneath the water until they found him — rigid, hot, pulsing with denial. She began to stroke him in long, slow motions, her thumb circling the head with every pass, her hips still working in lazy, grinding rhythm.

“She's felt it now,” Joy breathed. “The size. The weight. It's in her hand. It's in her mind. It's *part* of her now.”

Craig's head tipped back slightly, hips twitching forward into her touch, but his eyes stayed locked on Shannon. Watching her. Imagining the heat of her palm wrapped around something *so much more*. He felt dizzy. Feral. Completely cracked open.

“You hate it,” Joy whispered. “But you love it.”

Her breath scalded his neck. Her voice was cruel and kind and devastating.

“You want it to happen. You want to see it.”

Her hand tightened slightly, her pace increasing just enough to make him shake.

“And so does she.”

He couldn't answer. He didn't need to.

Because his head was already nodding.

The water felt hotter now — not from the jets, but from the bodies within it, limbs sliding closer, breath turning ragged, hands abandoning all pretence. Joy's strokes on Craig had grown more assured, more deliberate, her thumb circling the swollen crown of his cock with the kind of practiced reverence that said she knew exactly what she was doing... and exactly how much he was holding back. Her mouth hovered near his ear, feeding him twisted little truths like silk-wrapped poison.

“You’re leaking for me,” she murmured, a voice made of smoke and sin. “Feel it? That slick little pulse every time she moves her hand on his cock?” Her breath caught his skin. “Every stroke she gives him makes your tip weep harder.”

Across the tub, Shannon had lost the shape of hesitation. Her hand moved with steady intent now, her wrist rolling beneath the surface, water shimmering as she worked the impossible girth of Ron’s cock. Her body leaned into his like it belonged there, her chest rising in shallow, rapid breaths, lips parted in disbelief at how turned on she was — not by fantasy anymore, but by *fact*. Her eyes weren’t on Craig now. They were closed. Her lip caught between her teeth. Her head tilted back, her neck arched in offering.

Ron kissed her there — slow, deliberate, just beneath her ear.

“Good girl,” he murmured, and that was all it took.

Craig nearly came.

Joy’s hand tightened, her rhythm slow and merciless, pulling sensation from him in long, dragging confessions. “She *loves* it,” she whispered. “You *see* it. You *feel* it. And you’re not stopping her.”

“I…” Craig’s voice was barely air. “I know.”

“You’ve opened that door a little,” Joy breathed, her mouth brushing his lips. “So now, let’s open it all the way.”

Before he could speak, before his mind could protest what his body had already accepted, she leaned in closer, her words a dare painted in velvet. “Sit up there. Let her see you leak for her… while she strokes someone else. Someone *bigger*. Someone *better*.”

His breath stopped. Then surged.

The water rocked around them as he moved, heart thudding with the force of revelation. He gripped the edge of the tub, muscles tensing, and rose — not with certainty, but with need. With surrender. The night air hit him like a kiss to his chest, his thighs gleaming, his cock flushed and glistening — thick and erect, an offering presented to the dark. He perched on the edge, wide-eyed, trembling, exposed under stars and steam and the gaze of the woman he loved.

Joy followed him, fingers still wrapped around his shaft like it was hers to tend, her lips grazing his hip like a whispered promise.

“There we go,” she purred, stroking him with slow grace. “Now she can see exactly what she does to you.”

And Shannon did.

Her eyes opened — hazy, hungry — and what she saw stopped her breath cold. Craig, sitting on the edge of the tub, cock stiff and twitching, skin flushed, chest heaving like he’d run through fire. Vulnerable. Desperate. *Watching*.

But her hand didn’t stop.

Ron shifted beneath her, and Shannon instinctively adjusted, her grip tightening around the base of his shaft, the weight of it too heavy to forget for even a second. It pulsed against her palm — thick

and hot and demanding. He said something low in her ear, a growl more than words, and then — he moved.

He stood.

And in that moment, the world recalibrated.

He rose from the water with calm, undeniable intent — not rushed, not cautious. As he stood, Shannon's hand came with him, still wrapped around the base of his cock, unable to let go. And what emerged from the water didn't *belong* to this world.

It didn't just rise.

It *claimed*.

His cock lifted like a living thing, a declaration of purpose, water cascading off its length in shimmering rivulets. It didn't hang low between his thighs like something to be carried — it *jutted* forward, full and proud and *unignorable*. Thick like a forearm. Veins raised and twisting like roots under skin. The head was flared and swollen, a deep, angry plum that looked almost too wide to enter *anything* without first demanding a kind of surrender Shannon had never even contemplated. Not clinical. Not cartoonish. Just *real*. And devastating. A weapon of biology. A piece of anatomy that made every other cock — even Craig's — look like something from another species.

And she was still holding it.

Still *stroking* it.

Her fingers couldn't meet. Not even close. She could barely wrap *halfway* around the shaft — her thumb floating helpless above the curve as she worked him in slow, reverent motions, mouth open in silent disbelief. Her breath shook. Her thighs clenched.

And then she looked up.

At Craig.

He was trembling now, hands braced on the edge behind him, lips parted. He didn't blink. Couldn't. His eyes were wide with something raw and brutal and beautiful — not jealousy. Not ownership.

Just *truth*.

And then Shannon looked down again.

Her hand moved slower, tighter.

Shannon's lips hovered, parted and trembling, just above the glistening crown of Ron's cock. She didn't rush. She didn't flinch. Her breath ghosted over the head, hot and uneven, her eyes flicking upward — past the thick shaft pulsing in her hand — to Craig. Perched and exposed. Chest rising in short, hungry bursts. His cock jerking helplessly under Joy's possessive grip. Their eyes locked, and for a single, charged moment, Shannon held him there — bound by the unthinkable — before she looked back down at the impossible thing in her grasp.

She hovered there, her breath catching in her throat, the steam curling around her cheeks as if trying to veil the moment — but nothing could hide what she was feeling now. She was still. Silent. Not from fear, but from magnitude. Her hand gripped him, and yet she hadn't moved. Not yet. Because

something was happening inside her. A quiet shift. A knowing. Her eyes didn't lift to Craig this time. They stayed where they were — fixed on the obscene, perfect thing in her palm. And she asked herself, not with words but with ache: *How does it taste? Will it fit? Will I cry? Moan? Break? Who will I be after this? Will I belong to him?* She swallowed hard. Her thighs pressed together. And then the truth rose unspoken: *I want this. I need this. I need to know.* Her lips parted — not to ask. But to *answer*. Her thumb moved without thinking, circling the head slowly, smearing that slickness into shine. Her breath caught. Her thighs pressed together. And then she leaned in — not with hesitation, but *worship*.

Her tongue slipped out, tentative but hungry, and traced the underside of the head in one slow, trembling lick. From ridge to slit. She moaned at the taste — soft and guttural, as if the flavour itself had unlocked something deeper than arousal. Her lips pressed against the shaft next — gentle kisses at first, wet and reverent, each one a confession. She kissed down the side, then licked again, slower, flatter, her spit slicking the surface in trembling ribbons of shine.

Ron didn't speak. He didn't move. He just stood — still and composed, muscles tight with restraint, his abs twitching every time her mouth made contact. A monument to control. But Craig? Craig couldn't breathe.

Joy leaned in again, her lips a breath from his ear. "There it is," she whispered, her voice molten. "Her first taste. Look at her, Craig. Look how careful she is. How much she *needs* it."

And then Shannon's lips parted wider.

Wider.

Her jaw strained as she opened to fit him — but it was never going to fit. Not all of it. Not yet. Maybe not *ever*. The head alone filled her mouth to its limits, stretching her lips taut, her cheeks hollowing as she tried to breathe through her nose. Inch by trembling inch, she pushed forward, her hand working the base, spit collecting fast and hot around the seal of her lips.

Craig made a strangled noise — half moan, half sob — his fists clenching on his thighs, the tendons in his arms taut with tension. He couldn't look away.

"She's never had anything like that," Joy breathed, stroking him slow, cruel, *expertly*. "Not even close. Not even *you*. And look at her — look how hard she's trying. Just to take it. Just to *feel* it."

Shannon gagged softly — not dramatic, not staged. Just the real, involuntary response of a throat pushed too far. She pulled back, gasping around him, spit stringing between her mouth and the base of the shaft, then swallowed and pushed forward again. Her hands stroked in rhythm, her knuckles bumping her lips, her body beginning to rock with the effort.

Ron hadn't said a word.

Until now.

"That's it," he said, low and smooth, voice steady as stone. "Take your time, baby. You're doing so fucking good."

And Shannon *bloomed* under it.

Her eyes fluttered closed. Her fingers dug deeper into his flesh. She pushed forward again, slower, deeper, fighting the urge to pull away, choosing instead to *conquer*. Her throat tightened. Her chest

trembled. But she *wanted* it. Not for him. Not for Craig. For *her*. To prove she could take something that no one else had. To feel it reshape her from the inside out.

Craig was shaking now.

Joy's grip on his cock had turned relentless, her strokes slow and savage. "You've never seen her like this, have you?" she purred. "Look at her jaw. That stretch. That sound. Look at her tears. *She's crying...* from the size of it."

Shannon pulled off with a gasp, strings of spit connecting her lips to Ron's cock like silk. Her mouth stayed open, wet and red and trembling. She looked up at him — dazed, glassy, flushed.

"*Fuck,*" she whispered, voice raw. "It's so big. It's... *god...* it's so *much.*"

Ron just looked down at her — not gloating, not smug. Just calm. Proud.

"You're perfect," he said again. "Just like that."

Her breath caught. She smiled — barely. A flicker. Then wiped her mouth with the back of her hand, gripped him tighter...

And dove back in.

Shannon didn't ease back in this time.

She *descended*.

The head of Ron's cock vanished past her lips in one hungry, desperate surge, then more — *so much more* — her jaw stretching obscenely wide, her throat already flexing around the impossible girth before she'd taken even half of him. Her body convulsed as the tip slid past the back of her tongue and pressed deeper, triggering a gag that echoed in the steam-thick air, wet and ragged and *real*. Spit poured down her chin in glistening ropes as she pushed harder, her palm slapping against his thigh for balance, the other hand wrapped around the base — stroking, twisting, *offering* — in perfect, messy rhythm with the wet suck of her mouth.

Ron groaned above her — a raw, broken sound, *the first crack* in his composure — and it hit like thunder. His abs clenched. His hands clenched. His voice wasn't performance. It was *possession*.

Across the tub, Craig flinched — visibly. Like the sound had struck his chest.

Because Shannon was *unrecognisable* now.

This wasn't the sweet, sensual lover he'd undressed a hundred times before. This was something *new*. Something *undone*. Her hair clung to her cheeks in wet tangles. Her eyes streamed. Her jaw was stretched to its limit and still she pushed deeper, further, *fucking* her mouth down onto him like it was the only thing she'd ever needed. She was moaning around it now, the low vibration of her throat rolling up Ron's shaft, making his body jerk. Every time she pulled back, she came back with more violence, more mess — slurping, choking, slamming him into the wet heat of her throat again and again, each sound louder, more carnal, more *helpless*.

"Oh my *God...*" Craig breathed. "She's—"

"She's *made* for him," Joy whispered, stroking Craig's cock in perfect, devastating counterpoint to every bob of Shannon's head. "That's not your mouth anymore, baby. That's his. Look at her. Look

at that throat stretch. That spit. That worship. You gave her permission — and she *found a new God.*”

Craig whimpered — a sound he didn’t know he could make. His whole body trembled. His cock jerked violently in Joy’s hand, dripping, desperate, ready to break.

Shannon was gagging now — not from panic, but *devotion*. Her eyes were wild, unfocused, glassy with lust and tears. Her nails dug hard into Ron’s thigh as she *forced* herself further, swallowing with reckless determination, taking as much as her body could handle and then pushing *past* it. Her mouth made those feral, wet sounds that had nothing to do with performance and everything to do with need.

Ron looked down at her then — his control *shattered*, his breath uneven — and for the first time, he touched her. One broad hand slid to the back of her head, not to force, but to anchor. To *claim*. To let her know: *I feel this. All of it.*

“Fuck... Shannon...” His voice was low, reverent, dangerous. “You’re fucking *incredible.*”

The words hit her like a lightning strike.

She moaned louder. Her pace doubled. Her mouth became a blur of motion — the sounds wetter, nastier, *endless*. Her jaw ached. Her throat burned. But she didn’t stop. She *wouldn’t*. This wasn’t just about Ron anymore. This was about *her*. What she could take. What she could *own*. What no one — *not even Craig* — had ever touched in her.

Craig was unraveling.

Joy’s voice curled like silk through the heat. “You’ve never seen her like this, have you?” she whispered. “Look at her fucking *face*, baby. The tears. The lips. The stretch. That’s not acting. That’s her becoming someone new. And you *can’t* stop it.”

Shannon pulled off with a wet *gasp*, a thick strand of spit stretching from her lips to the fat, shining head of Ron’s cock. Her chin dripped. Her mouth was red and raw, her eyes blown wide, lips trembling.

She looked up at him, panting, flushed, completely wrecked — and smiling.

“Give it to me,” she begged, voice shredded, soaked in lust. “I want to taste you. Please, Ron. I want to *swallow every drop.*”

Joy gasped behind Craig. “Oh, she *wants* it,” she moaned. “She’s *ready*. He’s going to *mark her*, baby. Right in front of you. Watch her *choose him.*”

Ron *growled* — low, primal — and his hands gripped the edge of the tub behind him, knuckles white, body drawn tight. His face tipped toward the stars as his cock throbbed in Shannon’s throat, her mouth sealed around him like it was made for this. She dove again, faster, hungrier, her cheeks hollowing, her throat stretching wide and deeper. Her hands gripped his thighs, anchoring herself as she devoured him, spit bubbling from the corners of her mouth as she worked him toward the edge.

And then he snapped.

His hips jerked once, uncontrollable. His cock pulsed violently between her lips.

“*FUCK — Shannon — *fucking *hell!*”

He *roared* as he came, the sound wild and unrestrained, his release firing in thick, savage bursts down her throat. She moaned around it, swallowing frantically, gulping to keep up, messy and devoted and *desperate*. It spilled from her lips, slicking her chin, her fingers, but she didn't let go. She held him inside her, milking him, owning every twitch.

And behind Craig — *Joy pounced*.

Her voice was suddenly sharp, hot, right at his ear — no longer sweet. *Commanding*.

“That’s it, baby. Stop holding on.”

Her hand moved faster — *harder*. Wet and merciless.

“Look at them,” she hissed. “Look at the love of your life *milking* that huge cock.”

Craig choked — a breath, a moan — his hips twitching violently.

Joy’s mouth pressed to his temple, her words venomous and perfect. “*Watch her drain those big fucking balls like it’s the only thing that matters to her.*”

Craig’s whole body tensed — every muscle drawn tight, cock pulsing, his moan torn straight from his chest. *He couldn’t stop it*.

“Yes,” Joy breathed, voice gleaming with satisfaction. “That’s it. *Cum for them.*”

Her grip tightened. *Relentless*.

“As she submits to him...” she growled, “*you’re submitting to them.*”

And that *broke* him.

Craig came with a violent, shuddering groan, thick jets of cum exploding across his stomach, his cock jerking uncontrollably in her hand. His thighs locked. His spine bowed. His whole body trembled as the orgasm tore through him like lightning — hot, hard, *devastating* — leaving him breathless and undone.

And across the water — Shannon finally pulled back.

Her lips ruined. Her chin slick. Her eyes dazed and radiant. A strand of cum hung from her mouth to the tip of Ron’s cock, trembling in the air.

She wiped her mouth with the back of her hand.

Then turned her head — and smiled.

Not at Ron.

At Craig.

And everything inside him shattered... and yet he couldn't tell if it felt wrong — or if it had never felt more right.

Silence hung in the steam like the aftermath of something sacred and savage.

Craig's cum streaked his chest in thick, cooling lines. Shannon's lips still shimmered with Ron's release, the taste of him drying on her tongue. Her chest rose in ragged waves. Her jaw trembled, open as if the air itself had weight. Ron stood above her, breath slowing, eyes unreadable — the calm eye of a storm that had just finished claiming a coastline. Joy's hand lingered on Craig's thigh, still casual, still warm, her grin blooming wider as the silence stretched longer than it should have.

Then — with a wicked little giggle, sharp as a spark — Joy broke it.

“*Holy shit,*” she breathed, exhaling like she'd just come out of a trance. “That was so fucking hot.”

No one replied. Craig was frozen. Eyes glazed, cock softening, but his chest still heaving. Shannon blinked slowly, like she was surfacing from deep water. Joy just laughed again — not cruelly, but with genuine awe — and reclined against the edge of the tub like a woman who'd just watched history happen.

“You guys,” she murmured, smiling from Shannon to Craig and back again. “You're fucking incredible. That was... next-level.”

Still, no one spoke. The air was too thick. The lines had been redrawn. Their bodies weren't their own anymore — not fully. Not after *that*.

Joy stood, water cascading off her in silver ribbons, her body glistening under the balcony lights. She stretched like a cat, shameless and aching.

“Well,” she sighed, “I don't know about you three, but I really, really need to get *fucked*. Craig, Ron — I don't even care who at this point...”

The invitation hung in the air like a blade — glinting, sharp, *dangerous*. A single word could've tipped the night into another spiral. But it didn't come.

Instead, Ron stepped forward. Calm. Certain.

He placed a firm, warm hand on Joy's hip.

“I think,” he said, voice low, almost gentle, “we should give them some space.”

Joy looked at him, then at Shannon. For a moment her mouth opened like she might argue — and then she smiled. Wide. Understanding. She leaned in between them, reached down, and wrapped her fingers around the base of Ron's still-thick cock.

“Fine by me,” she purred, stroking once, possessively. “As long as I get another round with *this*.”

They turned. Walked inside. The sliding door whispered shut behind them. The steam reclaimed the silence.

Shannon stared after them — her face unreadable. Then she turned to Craig.

Her voice came low, hoarse, *undeniable*.

“I need to be fucked. *Right now.*”

Craig didn't even speak. There was no room for words. She grabbed his wrist, pulled him off the edge with force, her fingers trembling. Her body led, hips swaying with an urgency that was half-dazed, half-feral, already slick with need. They didn't pause at the door. They didn't glance back.

She dragged him across the deck and through the threshold like her orgasm was somewhere in the walls and she was hunting it down.

The bedroom door slammed shut.

And then — she was *on* him.

Her mouth crashed into his with fire and teeth, her tongue demanding, relentless. He tasted salt and spit and Ron. Her breath burned. Her body shook. She climbed him like he was a structure to conquer, clawing at his chest, his arms, his back, her nails biting in.

When their lips broke, Craig gasped — and didn't care that the taste still on her tongue wasn't his.

“*Fuck me,*” she panted. “*Please, Craig. Don't hold back. I'm so wet I can't even think. Just fuck me.*”

She spun, dropped onto the mattress with a thud, legs spread, hips up, cunt *glistening*. Her fingers pulled herself open. Her thighs trembled. Her body *begged*.

Craig crawled over her, cock thick and twitching again before he even touched her, the image of her choking on Ron's cock still seared behind his eyes.

“*Take me,*” she gasped. “*Hard. Now.*”

He did.

He drove into her in one long, brutal thrust that made them both cry out — her back arching, his breath catching. Her walls clenched around him like they were trying to *forget* the stretch that had just ruined her. His hips snapped, fast and erratic, pounding into her like the bed owed them something. No rhythm. No romance. Just the wild sound of wet skin and feral need.

And then — from the room next door:

Ron's *grunt*. Deep. Commanding. *Claiming*.

And Joy's scream — high and raw, wrecked with pleasure.

Craig faltered for a heartbeat. Then his thrusts *surged*.

Shannon's head flew back, eyes wide. “*Don't stop,*” she gasped. “*Fuck me to it. Match him. Fuck me to their rhythm.*”

And he did.

They fucked to the soundtrack of someone else's power. To the weight of another man's cock echoing through the walls. To the sound of Joy being split apart — and loving it. To the sound of *everything that had changed*.

Craig's thrusts matched Ron's. Matched the rhythm of moans and flesh. Matched the memory of Shannon on her knees, tears running down her cheeks, lips stretched around something bigger than him.

They came like animals.

Loud. Messy. Unforgivable.

Shannon's cry was strangled, torn from her lungs as she came around him, back arched, thighs shaking. Craig followed instantly — his orgasm erupting inside her, thick and relentless, his groan broken and raw as his body collapsed over hers.

They lay there, tangled in sweat and cum and silence.

And through the wall — one last cry from Joy.

It faded slowly.

Shannon's breath slowed. Craig's chest heaved. The sheets cooled around them.

They didn't speak. They didn't need to.

They both lay there, hearts still racing, sweat cooling on their skin.

They both knew it would be the last night of hearing Joy screaming.

The only question was... whose screams would replace them.

And deep down... they both already knew the answer.

Room For More? Chapter 4

The light in the apartment was soft and clean, filtered through half-closed blinds in quiet stripes across the floor. It had that late-morning stillness that felt like recovery — the kind of silence that follows something seismic, where breath moves easier but nothing feels the same. Craig stood at the kitchen island, turning a spoon absently in his coffee mug. It wasn't about stirring — it was about motion. Something to keep his hands from trembling. Something to do while memory bloomed behind his eyes like heat.

He heard her before he saw her. The soft tread of bare feet, the hush of skin against polished wood.

Shannon padded in slowly, hair twisted up, skin still glowing with that impossible, unmistakable after-light. She wore one of his old shirts — soft, threadbare, just long enough to make the line of her thighs seem obscene — and moved with that lazy, sated grace that made something inside him twist. She looked like she'd just been thoroughly, relentlessly fucked. And she had.

But not by him.

She didn't speak until she reached for a mug, her body brushing the edge of his.

“How do we talk about last night?” she asked softly, her voice scratchy with sleep and something else — vulnerability, maybe. Or want, still warm beneath the surface.

Craig let out a breath, the corner of his mouth tugging upward in something like a smile, but thinner. “I wondered if we even would. Isn't that how these things usually go for most couples?”

“We're not most couples.” She poured the coffee, the sound impossibly loud in the stillness. “That's what makes us special.”

He glanced over at her, brow furrowing faintly. “It's not that I don't want to talk about it,” he said, careful. “I'm just... still processing. Seeing you like that. With him. What you did...”

Her look was calm, but not unkind. “You had your fun too.”

“I know. I know.” He lifted a hand, dropped it again. “I'm not blaming. It's not about right or wrong. Everything just kind of... unfolded. It's more this feeling of—” he stopped, swallowed. Met her gaze. “Why does it hurt and still...”

“Feel good?” she said. “So good it scares you?”

He nodded, slow.

They sat across from each other at the island, the coffee cooling between them, elbows on stone. The silence that followed wasn't empty — it was dense. Heavy with everything that hadn't been named.

Shannon leaned forward, brushing a strand of hair from her cheek. “It was a lot.”

“It was,” Craig said quietly.

“But it was also...” She hesitated, voice dipping lower. “It was good. Better than good.” She held his eyes now — a look both clear and trembling. “And afterward?”

He laughed softly — breathless, rough. “Afterward was...”

“The best sex we’ve ever had?” she offered, lips curving, something honest and hungry behind it.

He didn’t argue. “You were on fire.”

“I felt...” Her hand moved unconsciously across the rim of her mug, tracing. “Awake. Not like before wasn’t real, but...” She looked down, then back up again, voice dropping. “It was like my body remembered something it had never learned. Like you seeing me — like that — made me see myself too.”

Her words landed between them with the soft force of truth, and Craig felt the slow ache bloom in his chest again — not jealousy. Not even fear.

Just the unbearable weight of change.

He didn’t flinch. But something deep inside him pulsed — something raw and unguarded. A flicker of shame, maybe. Or grief. Or awe. He couldn’t name it. He only knew that part of him — the part that had watched her on her knees, lips stretched around Ron’s cock, her throat working, her eyes full of hunger — that part was still throbbing. Still stunned. Still hard.

And still wanting.

“I’m not saying we do it again,” Shannon said quickly, her voice a touch too fast, like she felt the weight of what hung in the air and wanted to ease it. “If that was a one-time thing, I can live with that. I can be okay.”

Craig looked at her then — not with judgment, but with something quieter. Something that shook him more than it should.

“But?” he asked, softly.

She didn’t smile. Didn’t deflect. Just looked at him across the space between them. Eyes open. Dark. Honest.

“But I’d be lying if I said I didn’t want more.”

She let it sit there — naked and real.

“Not just with him,” she added, and her voice broke just slightly on the words. “With us. With whatever that was that got unleashed. That... need.”

Craig’s throat worked around a swallow. He didn’t speak. Didn’t breathe for a beat too long. He wasn’t angry. Wasn’t scared. But something inside him was trembling — not from weakness, but from recognition. She was saying it out loud. And somehow, that made it more dangerous than anything they’d done with their hands or mouths.

“I’m not asking for permission,” she continued, softer now. Not defiant — just sincere. “And I’m not making any decisions without you. But I need to know where your head is, Craig. I need to know if that changed things for you. If it opened something you want to keep open. Or if it broke something we can’t fix.”

The silence that followed stretched out like skin pulled too tight. Craig stared into his mug like it might offer answers. Then, slowly, he looked up.

His voice, when it came, was low and steady, but threaded with something close to awe.

“I don’t know,” he said. “I know I liked watching you.”

He hesitated. Not from shame. But from the weight of the truth behind it.

“I know it made me feel... insane. Turned on in a way I’ve never felt before. Like I wanted to crawl out of my own skin. Like I was losing you. Like I was part of you. All of it. At once.”

He exhaled, breath catching.

“Jealous. Proud. Small. Devastated. So fucking hard I thought I was going to explode just from watching your mouth on him.”

Shannon’s breath hitched — not from shock, but from recognition.

“That sounds about right,” she whispered.

Craig’s eyes stayed on hers. “I don’t know what it means,” he repeated. “But I can’t pretend it didn’t do something to me. Something I can’t take back.”

For a second, neither of them moved.

Then Shannon reached across the island, her fingers brushing his hand — just once. No squeeze. No plea. Just contact. Real and quiet and grounding.

Craig didn’t pull away.

They stayed like that — tethered by skin and memory and something deeper than logic. The coffee between them had gone cold. The sunlight had shifted on the floor. But the air around them was alive. Raw and full of breath.

They didn’t need to name what came next.

They just knew — the path forward wasn’t clear.

But it wasn’t separate.

Not anymore.

And that was enough.

For now.

Ron’s home office was deceptively minimalist — the kind of space that whispered wealth instead of announcing it. The walls were textured concrete, cool and raw, absorbing the light that filtered through slatted shades. The flooring underfoot was smooth, warm-toned wood, softened by a low runner of charcoal linen. It was quiet in here — not just in sound, but in tone. The kind of stillness that didn’t come from emptiness, but intention.

At the center of the room sat a broad matte desk — not glass, not chrome, just a wide slab of pale oak that seemed to absorb light rather than reflect it. Its surface was spotless, but not staged. Everything on it had purpose: a closed laptop, a minimalist lamp, a glass of water already collecting condensation, and a thin black folder resting at a clean diagonal like Ron had just set it down with unconscious precision.

Behind him, a single black-and-white photo hung on the wall. Not of a face or a skyline. Just a blurred landscape in motion — violent wind, or fire, or something unnameable sweeping through a field of tall grass. Craig couldn't tell what it was. Only that it made him uneasy. It looked like something beautiful being devoured.

Ron didn't stand when Craig entered. He didn't need to. He was already settled, sleeves rolled to the forearm, body relaxed but upright, fingers tapping lightly against the side of his glass like he was keeping time only he could hear.

He glanced up. "You settled?"

Craig nodded, stepping inside. "More or less."

"Good." Ron reached toward the folder. "Had a call with your old boss this morning. He owed me a favour."

He didn't elaborate.

"Said he'd release you immediately if I wanted you that bad."

Ron slid the folder across the desk with two fingers — slow, deliberate.

"And I do."

Craig blinked. "Wait—seriously? I thought I'd have to finish out the month."

"You're free as of this morning," Ron said, voice calm. "You can start now. I sent you an email with the access codes for all the West Coast files. Full client archive. Passwords. Notes. Active deal sheets."

Craig let out a breath, a low, relieved sound he hadn't meant to release. "Jesus. That's..."

He caught himself. Smiled faintly. "Yeah. That's good."

Ron studied him — not appraising, not calculating. Just watching.

"You're in now," he said. "Real work. Real exposure. You'll be managing direct clients by next week. I'm not holding your hand."

"I wouldn't expect you to," Craig said, trying to hold his tone steady — even as something in his chest pulsed at the weight of it all. "I'm ready."

Ron gave a small nod — something close to approval, though he never said the word. He let the silence settle for just long enough to be felt, then leaned back in his chair, the leather sighing faintly beneath him.

"Good," he said again, slower this time. Then added:

"But before we jump into work..."

He shifted forward, elbows resting lightly on the desk, hands steeped — not aggressive, not paternal. Just real.

"I think we need to talk about last night."

Craig's body stiffened before he could control it — a breath held too long, shoulders tensing by instinct alone. But across the desk, Ron didn't move. He didn't lean forward or sharpen his voice. He just lifted one hand — calm, steady — as if to say *this isn't a threat. Not yet.*

"I value you, Craig," Ron said quietly. "As a man. As a business partner. And I value Shannon too — the way she moves through a room, the way she looks at you, the way the air changes when she walks into it. What the three of us have right now? It works. But only if we're honest about what it is."

Craig didn't answer. His mouth felt too dry. The silence stretched, heavy, but Ron didn't fill it with noise. He waited — not for permission, just for attention.

"I've seen this before," Ron said eventually, his tone dipping lower now. Not cold. Just true. "Couples touch the edge of something because it turns them on. Because it's exciting. One night. One thrill. One glimpse into the dark."

He let that linger. Then:

"But once that door opens... it doesn't close. Not really. Not the way you think."

Craig's fingers curled slightly around the edge of the chair. Not enough to show tension. But enough to feel it.

"I'm not saying this to make a move," Ron said. "And I'm not trying to claim something that doesn't belong to me. I'm saying this because I know how this goes. Because I've seen what it does to men who think they're in control of the leash — until the leash is around their own throat."

Craig's eyes flicked up, something like heat stirring behind them. But Ron didn't flinch. His voice stayed steady — smooth, firm, inexorable.

"I don't do casual, Craig. You need to hear that. I don't taste something real and pretend it was a party trick. If I take her again — and I mean *really* take her — it won't be something you get to supervise. I won't ask you. And she won't ask either."

Ron stood slowly, circling the desk, not aggressive but deliberate, each movement controlled like gravity worked slightly differently for him. He came to rest on the edge of the desk, close now — not looming, but present in that way Ron always was: impossible to ignore.

"She's not like the others," he said, voice lower now. "She's open. Hungry. Not just for sex. For experience. For something that strips her down and shows her who she really is. And you saw it last night — that wasn't performance. That wasn't a one-time thing. That was her stepping through a threshold she didn't even know she'd been walking toward."

He paused. Let the silence breathe.

"If you open that door again, it won't be a kink. It won't be a favour. It won't be safe. I'll take her. Fully. Without apology. Without giving her back. And not because I want to own her. But because *she* will want to be taken."

Craig's jaw tensed, but he still said nothing.

Ron's tone softened, but the power beneath it only sharpened.

“She’ll still love you,” he said. “That won’t change. But it won’t be the same. Not after she knows what it’s like to surrender like that. Not after I show her what it means to be undone without shame.”

He stood fully now, no longer between Craig and the desk, but beside him — the intimacy of proximity without any false gentleness.

“My advice?” he said, almost like a friend, almost like a priest. “Don’t open the door again. You got your thrill. You’re still standing. So is she. It worked. No shame in walking away from the edge before it gives out.”

His eyes found Craig’s. Held them.

“But if you do open it...” he paused, voice dropping to something quieter, more final, “I’ll take everything you give me. And more.”

Not a threat.

Not a promise.

Just the truth.

And then he stepped away, as if the weight of what he said had already settled — like he didn’t need to watch it land.

Because he already knew it would.

The apartment was dim but warm, the kind of low-lit hush that wrapped around the body like a blanket pulled up to the chin — comfort soaked in heat, not just from touch, but from memory. The bedroom flickered with the low glow of a half-watched movie, its sound a distant murmur that had long ago faded into background hum. Craig lay stretched across the bed, legs tangled in the blanket, one arm folded under his head, the other drifting lazy circles on the bare skin of Shannon’s thigh. She was curled against him, her body soft, pliant — still humming faintly from everything they hadn’t said since last night.

She wore nothing but a pale grey camisole, thin cotton clinging to the slight curve of her breasts, and lace-trimmed panties that seemed less like clothing and more like permission. She hadn’t bothered with modesty.

They hadn’t spoken in a few minutes, just shared the glow of the screen and the soft hum of contentment.

“I’m going to grab snacks,” she murmured, voice low and thick from the weight of sex and sleep. She slid out from the warmth of Craig’s arm with the quiet grace of someone who didn’t want to be missed, but knew she would be. “Want anything?”

“Just you,” Craig said sleepily, not opening his eyes — but smiling, as if the imprint of her was still there in his hand.

She padded down the hall, the apartment cool on her skin, her bare feet making no sound against the wood. The quiet hum of the refrigerator was the only noise until the soft click of the overhead kitchen light — golden, diffuse, enough to see but not enough to chase the night away.

And then she froze.

Ron was already there.

He stood with one hand braced casually against the counter, the other holding a glass heavy with amber liquor, a single square of ice clinking softly against the cut crystal as he lifted it. He wasn't dressed for anything — loose charcoal joggers slung low on his hips, a fitted white T-shirt that did nothing to hide the carved lines beneath. He didn't speak right away. Didn't shift.

He didn't need to.

His presence didn't fill the room. It *defined* it.

"Oh," Shannon breathed, her voice too light, too quick. "I didn't think you were home."

Ron turned his head slowly, that steady, devastating calm in his gaze settling on her like pressure. He didn't look surprised to see her — just focused. Like she was the only thing that had ever made sense in this light.

"I came in about twenty minutes ago," he said. His voice was low, even, smooth enough to slide under skin. "Didn't want to interrupt your night."

But he was interrupting it now.

His eyes dropped — not lecherous, not rushed. Just slow. Heavy. Seeing. They lingered on the line of her bare thighs, the high, delicate edge of lace, the soft dip of her waist where the camisole met skin. His gaze didn't scan. It *traced*. And it landed like weight.

"I see you're comfortable," he said. Not as a joke. Not as a challenge.

Just as truth.

Shannon's breath caught, barely audible — but she felt it everywhere. Her pulse fluttered in her neck, between her thighs, in the hollow behind her knees. She moved toward the pantry like it was normal, like she wasn't suddenly aware of every shift in her body — the way her nipples pressed against cotton, the slight dampness still clinging between her legs.

"I was just getting snacks," she said, light, casual — too casual — as she reached for a granola bar she no longer had the slightest interest in.

Ron leaned his hips back against the counter, lifting his glass slightly, the liquid catching the light like heat trapped in amber. "How's the movie?"

"Dumb," she said, laughing softly, the sound breathier than she intended. "But cosy."

He nodded once. Slow. His eyes didn't leave her.

There was nothing performative in the way he looked at her — no leer, no smirk. Just presence. Full, unflinching presence. Like he was studying her body not for what it showed, but for what it remembered. For how it had changed since the last time she'd knelt in front of him and opened her mouth like a question she already knew the answer to.

His voice came quieter now. "You look good like this."

Shannon didn't turn. Couldn't. Her hand lingered on the edge of the pantry door, her throat tightening as she tried to remember how breathing worked.

“I didn’t mean to... run into you,” she murmured, her voice steadier than she felt.

“I’m glad you did,” he said simply.

And when she turned to look at him, finally — really look — she saw it in his eyes:

They both remembered everything.

And they both wanted more.

Shannon turned, half-lit by the kitchen’s low glow now, one hip still in shadow, the other caught in soft amber light. The faintest sheen of sweat shimmered at her collarbone, a delicate glint where heat hadn’t quite left her body. She moved slowly — not with seduction, but with the kind of confidence that no longer needed to pretend it wasn’t being watched.

“Joy make it to Barcelona okay?” she asked, voice easy, though her throat felt dry.

Ron smirked faintly over the rim of his glass, eyes still on her, sipping like he had all the time in the world. “She did,” he said. “Sent a picture from the airport bar. Still drinking like she’s got something to prove.”

Shannon laughed softly, tucking a strand of hair behind her ear. “She was fun. Chaotic as hell, but fun.”

There was a flicker of something warm — wistful, maybe — behind the words. But when Ron looked at her again, it was like he hadn’t heard that part at all.

“Not as much fun as you.”

The words landed clean and unadorned, spoken without flirtation. Without heat. Which somehow made them hit even harder. They didn’t try to seduce. They just *were*. A fact. A statement. A brand.

A reminder.

Of what they’d done the night before. Of the way her mouth had opened for him, hungry and unashamed, desperate to prove she could take him — all of him. The stretch, the weight, the taste. She hadn’t just wanted his cock; she’d wanted to *own* what no one else could. To swallow it. To swallow *him*. To show him she wasn’t delicate. That she could choke, gag, moan, and still beg for more. That she wasn’t afraid to be ruined — and maybe, just maybe, she wanted to *wreck* him back.

Shannon’s breath caught, but she didn’t let it show. She turned back toward the pantry, letting the motion hide the tightness in her jaw, the way her nipples peaked again beneath thin cotton like the air had changed. Her thighs clenched reflexively, not from modesty — but memory.

Ron didn’t say anything else.

He drained the last of his drink and set the glass down with a soft clink. Then pushed off the counter in one smooth, unhurried movement. As he passed her — close, closer than he needed to be — the heat of his body slid past hers like smoke curling up skin. No contact. But her body felt it all the same.

He paused just behind her, the scent of him cutting through the air — sandalwood, citrus, something warm and male and utterly familiar now.

His voice was a low murmur, intimate in the worst possible way.

“Goodnight, Shannon.”

Her breath stuttered, caught on the syllables of her own name.

And then he was gone.

The kitchen felt colder without him. Wider. Emptier.

She stood there for several long seconds, her hand still resting on the pantry handle, pulse drumming in her wrists like it was trying to shake something loose. The air in her lungs felt sharper. Her skin buzzed along the curve of her neck, her shoulder, the inside of her thighs — like she’d been marked without a touch.

When she returned to the bedroom, the screen still flickered softly across Craig’s face. He looked up when she stepped in, blinking back into the present.

“You were gone a while.”

Shannon dropped onto the bed beside him, tossing a packet of almonds onto the nightstand like it had been her mission all along.

“Well,” she said casually, tugging the blanket up over her legs, breath not quite as even as she wanted it to be, “now Ron knows what kind of cosy-wear I like.”

Craig looked over at her, blinking. “Wait — he was home?”

She gave a soft, knowing laugh — not cruel, just honest. The kind of laugh women let slip when the answer is obvious and they’re choosing not to explain it.

“Saw me?” she said. “He practically eye-fucked me.”

And the way she said it — light, flippant, but still a little breathless — made it clear:

She hadn’t minded.

Not one bit.

Craig didn’t answer right away. Instead, he reached behind him and clicked off the TV. The screen went black, and the silence that followed wasn’t empty — it was loaded, thick as velvet, humming with everything neither of them had dared to say.

“I spoke to him,” he said at last, his voice quiet. Gravelled.

Shannon turned beside him, the shift of her body subtle but alert. Her head tilted slightly. “Ron?”

He nodded once, jaw tight. “Earlier. Before anything else. He wanted to talk about... last night. What it meant. What it *would* mean.”

Shannon stilled — not from fear, but from focus. Her eyes searched his face, open, vulnerable. “What did he say?” she asked softly.

Craig hesitated, then looked down at his hands. “He warned me.”

“Warned you?”

“He said we shouldn’t keep going. That *I* shouldn’t,” Craig murmured, each word dropping like stones.

Her brow furrowed — not confusion, but something deeper. A flicker of vulnerability cracked behind her eyes, swift and raw. “He said that?” she asked, barely audible. “He doesn’t want me?”

Craig’s eyes snapped to hers. “No,” he said quickly. “God, no. The opposite, Shan.” Her breath caught.

“He said you’re... different. Special. That once he’s had you — *really* had you — he won’t stop. That it won’t be a one-time thing. Not for him. And not for you.”

Shannon’s lips parted, the smallest sound escaping — a breath, a moan, a denial that never quite formed.

“He told me that if I open that door...” Craig’s voice dropped, his throat tightening. “Even just a crack... he won’t close it again.”

There was a long, fragile silence. Then Shannon blinked, eyes gleaming, breath shaky. “Wow,” she whispered. “He told you that?”

Craig nodded once, slow and grave. “Said if he takes you... you’ll be *his*. Just as much as mine. Maybe more. And next time...” He swallowed hard. “He won’t ask.”

For a moment, she said nothing. But her legs shifted beneath the blanket — not in retreat. Not in discomfort. There was a heat to it. A friction. Her thighs pressed together, instinctive and slow. Her pulse throbbed visibly at the base of her throat.

“And what did you say?” she asked, voice husky, roughened by breath she couldn’t quite regulate.

“I didn’t,” Craig admitted. “I just... let it hang there.”

Shannon didn’t move. Then she rose — slowly, deliberately — onto her knees, the blanket falling back from her bare thighs, revealing the heat still pulsing between them. She straddled him with unspoken command, legs folding around his hips, her weight settling into his lap with the aching precision of hunger barely held at bay. Her palms pressed to his chest, fingers curling in against the hard plane of muscle like she was grounding herself.

Her voice came low — a murmur wrapped in fire. “Him saying I’d be his... that he wouldn’t ask permission...” She leaned closer, lips grazing the corner of Craig’s mouth, eyes blazing. “That’s so fucking hot,” she whispered. “*Don’t you think?*”

Craig opened his mouth, but whatever he was about to say dissolved under the press of her kiss — sudden, desperate, all tongue and teeth and breathless need. Her mouth crashed into his like she was trying to silence her own thoughts — or brand them onto him. Her hips rolled forward, a slow grind over the bulge beneath his boxers, and he felt the wet heat of her, damp cotton dragging across sensitive skin.

She pulled back just enough to speak, her voice trembling with arousal. “Do you have any *idea*,” she breathed, “how fucking wet that makes me?”

Craig’s fingers clenched at her waist, groaning low in his throat. “Shan—”

“I saw how he looked at me tonight,” she said, her voice dark silk now, brushing his ear. “He didn’t need to touch me. He already knew I’d *let* him.”

Her hips rolled again — slower this time, more pressure, more precision — dragging the soaked fabric of her panties across the length of him, grinding against the outline of his cock like she was already deciding where to take him next.

“If he ever gets the chance...” she whispered, breath hitching, “he’s going to *ruin* me. And I’m going to *let* him.”

Craig groaned — not a protest. A surrender.

“But tonight,” she murmured, lips brushing his jaw, her voice a blade drawn slowly across his skin, “I want you to.”

She reached down between them, fingers slipping into his waistband, tugging his boxers down in one hungry motion. Her own panties followed, soaked and discarded in silence. The air between their bodies was electric, charged with heat and confession and the promise of something already breaking open. She took him in her hand, guided him to her entrance — no hesitation now, just need.

When she sank down, it was slow and devastating. The stretch was instant. The pressure perfect. Her body gripped him like it *remembered* what this was — and *knew* it wouldn’t last.

“Jesus—fuck,” Craig gasped, his head falling back as she seated herself fully.

They froze in that moment — the unbearable closeness, the wet, pulsing clutch of her wrapped around him. They didn’t move.

And then they did.

Shannon rode him like she was trying to make a memory — hips grinding in deep, sinful circles, her breath hot and ragged against his skin. She kissed him hard, then leaned back to ride him harder, her breasts bouncing with every thrust, her hair wild and damp against her flushed skin. Craig thrust up into her, gripping her hips, watching her come apart.

“Are you thinking about him?” he rasped.

She nodded, eyes half-lidded, face glazed with heat. “Mmm... yeah.”

“Tell me.”

She moaned, the sound breaking in her throat. “Just imagine it, baby... him behind me, splitting me open while you watch... *watching me take him...*”

Craig shuddered, cock twitching inside her.

“And once I’ve had him?” Her voice cracked, broken and breathless. “I won’t want to stop...”

He didn’t make it another breath.

His orgasm ripped through him, sudden and violent, his hands fisting in the sheets, his body jerking beneath hers. Shannon felt it — the swell, the pulse, the release — and it sent her over the edge. Her

climax broke her, loud and trembling, her body collapsing forward with a cry that wasn't sweet or soft. It was *need*. It was *surrender*.

She came hard — walls pulsing around him, muscles clenching like her body wasn't just fucking him. It was claiming him. One last time.

They fell together, slick and tangled and panting, the sheets twisted beneath them.

And in the silence that followed, with her cheek resting against his chest and the taste of her still on his tongue, Craig realised something that made his blood go cold.

He wasn't sure if she was still his.

But he *knew* — deep in the hollow behind his ribs — that he wasn't hers anymore.

The day started fast — not chaotic, not careless. Just precise.

By 8:58, Craig stood at Ron's office door, coffee in one hand, laptop tucked under his arm, pulse high but held steady. First full day. First real test. No safety net. No excuses. He wasn't here to play catch-up. He was here to *belong*.

Ron waved him in with a nod — nothing performative, just a flick of the fingers that carried the weight of command. He was already behind his desk, sleeves rolled to the forearm, skin still faintly sheened from whatever punishing workout he'd finished minutes before. The collar of his shirt was damp near the throat, and the fabric clung just enough to make the sharp, carved lines of his chest impossible to ignore. Not showy. Just real.

There were no drawn-out welcomes. No unnecessary pleasantries. Just the immediate click of strategy, figures, and fire.

Craig kept up. No — *he led*. When Ron passed him a spreadsheet and asked for a projected return window, Craig countered with two timeline-dependent overlays and a third-market volatility hedge. When Ron asked for a risk profile, Craig offered something better: a behavioural model layered against historic yield outcomes and political forecasting curves.

At 11:10, Ron leaned back in his chair — one elbow on the armrest, fingers tapping a slow rhythm against the desk, like he was considering not just what had been said, but *how* it had been delivered.

“You're good at this,” he said.

Craig glanced up, not hiding the pulse at his temple, but holding his gaze.

Ron's mouth curved — not quite a smile. Something quieter. “Better-than-expected good.”

Craig exhaled slowly, letting himself breathe for the first time in hours. “Thanks.”

Ron turned back toward his monitor. “Take a break,” he said. “You've earned it. Grab the kitchen island if you want the light. I'll loop back after noon.”

Craig didn't argue. He slipped out without fanfare, settling into the clean stretch of marble counter with his laptop, headphones in. The apartment was quiet, sun spilling in long golden lines through the glass. He worked in rhythm — numbers, filings, projections. No wasted motion. No missteps. And somewhere between the silence and the confidence beginning to bloom in his chest, he began sketching something out. Not quite a pitch. Not yet. But something close.

At 2:04, he was back.

He stepped into the office with a different kind of weight behind his steps — laptop in hand, eyes clear. “I’ve got something I want to run by you.”

Ron looked up, gaze sharp again — that calm, piercing attention that always made Craig feel like every word had to count.

Craig opened the file. “Stratmore Emerson Capital. Family-owned equity firm out west. Legacy operators, historically insular. But I think they’re about to pivot.”

Ron didn’t interrupt. He just waited.

Craig tapped to the next slide. “Their last three portfolio moves were early-stage. High risk, low visibility. And they just liquidated two mid-cap holdings at a slight loss — which tells me they’re clearing room. My read is they’re preparing for a vertical integration play.”

Ron tilted his head slightly. “Which vertical?”

“Green-tech,” Craig said. “Specifically storage. There’s a solar storage startup in Phoenix — lean team, proprietary architecture, underexposed. The tech’s good. The patents are better. If we get in early and position it as a strategic partnership — not acquisition — we structure the whole thing without absorbing the backend volatility.”

Ron’s fingers paused on the keyboard. “You’ve talked to them?”

“Feelers only,” Craig said. “Nothing formal. Quiet, respectful. Just enough to gauge appetite. What-if language.”

Ron scanned the summary, eyes narrowing slightly as he read. “And?”

“They asked for a call.”

Now Ron looked up.

Craig smiled. “Fifteen minutes.”

There was a beat — just long enough for weight — then Ron rose from his chair, slow and steady, pushing up with that quiet, almost unbothered grace.

His eyebrow arched — just once.

“Alright,” he said. “Let’s hear what they want.”

The call connected precisely at 2:22.

The voice on the other end belonged to a man who didn’t waste breath. Deep, calm, self-assured in that particular way executives learn over decades — the kind of voice that made boardrooms lean in without knowing they had. Dean Harrington. One of three senior partners at Stratmore Emerson. And he got to the point fast.

Ron matched his tone effortlessly — composed, measured, assertive without ever overreaching. No posturing. Just weight. Craig stayed quiet, not out of deference, but strategy. He listened. Scribbled

notes. Watched the exchange unfold with the fascinated stillness of someone observing two predators test the water between them — all confidence and courtship, tension masked as civility.

Then Harrington pivoted.

“I like what I’m hearing,” he said. “And I’m not much for back-and-forths. I’d rather meet a man, shake his hand, and know exactly who I’m dealing with.”

Ron’s mouth curved, just slightly. “I feel the same.”

“Let’s keep it simple. Come west this weekend. I’ll host you personally. A bit of business, a bit of pleasure. My estate’s a few hours outside LA — private, quiet, no cameras. You’ll see how we operate.”

Ron gave a slow nod. “Appreciate the offer.”

Then came the curveball.

“Bring your fiancée,” Harrington added, casual as anything. “Always good to meet the woman behind the man.”

Craig’s pen froze. His posture didn’t.

There was a pause — clean, controlled — but noticeable.

“Excuse me?” Ron asked, his voice still smooth, still unbothered. But his tone had gone razor-sharp.

Harrington chuckled. “You’re not the only one who does his research, Ron. Before this call, I rang Clive James — Arcadian Capital. Big family guy. Said you’re engaged. Said you couldn’t stop talking about her. Said you were ready to settle down. House, wedding, maybe a kid or two.”

Craig kept his expression neutral — just another man listening to a business call. But his mind was already working.

Ron didn’t flinch. “Ah,” he said mildly. “Right. Clive. I remember.”

“Well, bring her,” Harrington went on. “My wife’s got a few things lined up — spa, pool, shopping, whatever they feel like. We’ll handle the deal points in the afternoons. Nights, we’ll eat, drink, maybe open up a few cigars. You’ll see it’s not just business with us. It’s legacy.”

Ron nodded again, recovering with almost surgical speed. “I’ll speak to her. Thank you for the invite.”

The call wrapped quickly after that — timelines, hotel options, flight confirmations. The kind of logistics that sounded routine, but lived in the space where deals live or die.

When the screen blinked black again, Ron leaned back in his chair. His expression didn’t change, but something behind his eyes had narrowed — not with panic, but with calculation.

Craig glanced over, finally breaking the silence. “Fiancée?”

Ron chuckled, running a hand back through his still-damp hair. “Clive’s old school. Fundamentalist values. He sees an unattached man in his late thirties and assumes chaos, unpredictability. So I gave him a clean narrative. Engaged. Settled. Trustworthy.”

Craig raised an eyebrow. “You were going to use Joy?”

Ron nodded once. “If it ever came up. It didn’t. Until now.”

Craig leaned back in his chair, slow and thoughtful. “So... what’s the move?”

Ron exhaled through his nose. Not frustrated — just assessing. “We could say she’s unavailable. Previous commitments. But it’ll read cold. Defensive. Or worse — like I was full of shit.”

Craig was already seeing it. The optics. The psychology. The politics of presence and the weight a woman’s hand on your arm could still carry in certain rooms. Especially ones built like Harrington’s.

He hesitated. Just for a beat.

Then Ron turned his head — not commanding, but direct.

“Think Shannon would be up for a little roleplay?”

The question hung between them — soft, sharp, laced with implication. And though the room itself had gone still, the *air* had not. It pulsed with the undercurrent of something shifting. Something waking up.

Craig didn’t answer right away.

But they both knew he was already considering it.

The apartment smelled like citrus and smoke — a clean, quiet mix of lime peel and the smooth burn of expensive bourbon that hung just faintly in the air. The late-afternoon sun stretched long across the floors, painting everything in streaks of gold. From the kitchen came the soft murmur of voices, clinking glass, and something rarer: shared laughter.

Shannon stepped through the door, heels in hand, her blouse half-unbuttoned, hair tugged loose from the day’s grip. She paused just inside the entryway, one brow arching as she took in the scene. Ron and Craig were at the island, drinks in hand, both smiling. Not polite, professional smiles — not the kind exchanged between coworkers. These were real. Easy. Bright in a way that said something had shifted. That a line had been crossed... and neither man regretted it. A flicker of heat curled through her.

She took a slow step forward, voice light. “Well, this is new.”

Craig turned, still grinning. Ron lifted his glass in greeting, his posture relaxed, shirt sleeves rolled to the forearm, the edge of muscle catching the light. Something in the way they stood — not competing, not posturing — stirred something low and undeniable in her chest.

“What’s the occasion?” she asked, setting her bag down, padding barefoot across the cool floor.

“Your fiancé here crushed his first day,” Ron said, that familiar glint in his eyes, just shy of smug.

She turned to Craig, who was practically glowing. “Did he?”

Ron nodded, slow and approving. “Found us a whale. And got us an invitation out west this weekend. Stratmore Emerson. Full access. Big money.”

Shannon blinked. “Wait — seriously?”

“Seriously,” Craig echoed, dazed like he still hadn’t processed it. “We leave Friday.”

Her smile broke wide across her face as she stepped into Craig’s space, arms sliding around his neck. “That’s amazing. God, I’m so proud of you.” He kissed her — warm and grateful and familiar — and for a moment the apartment felt small, wrapped in the soft hush of shared victory.

But when she pulled back, her attention slid toward Ron. “And you’re going with him?”

Ron raised his glass slightly, the ice catching the light. “Wouldn’t miss it.”

Shannon nodded, still smiling as she stepped back, fingers trailing down Craig’s arm. “Well... I guess that means I get the place to myself for the weekend.”

She caught the glance. Craig’s quick look toward Ron. Ron’s slower, unreadable look back. And just like that, something changed.

She narrowed her eyes, voice teasing. “What?”

Craig cleared his throat, his posture suddenly a little too careful. “Actually... you’re invited too.”

Shannon blinked. “I am?”

Ron set his glass down. “There’s one condition.”

Her eyes narrowed further, arms crossing beneath her chest, one hip cocking. “Okay...”

“You’d have to play a part,” Ron said. His voice was calm, measured — like this wasn’t the first time he’d made an unusual offer and waited to see who could keep up. “Nothing complicated. Just show up, smile, be your charming self.”

Shannon tilted her head. “And who, exactly, would I be playing?”

There was a pause. Craig exhaled, softly. “Ron’s fiancée.”

The silence that followed wasn’t awkward. It was charged. Crackling.

Shannon looked at Craig. Then at Ron. Her pulse kicked, unexpected and delicious, the air between them tightening like string drawn through her ribs. Then she laughed — low and surprised, the sound curling from her throat like heat off bare skin.

“You’re kidding.”

Ron’s mouth twitched. “Wish I were.”

“Why?”

“Old client,” Craig said. “Conservative. One of those legacy men. Thinks Ron’s engaged. Wants to meet the woman behind the man.”

She raised a brow. “So I’d be what? His arm candy?”

Ron's gaze didn't waver. "You'd be yourself. Just... on my arm."

Something fluttered behind her ribs. She looked at Craig, whose throat bobbed visibly. Then back at Ron. And in that moment — standing in their shared space, the two men in her life watching her with heat and expectation — she felt it flicker inside her. That sharp little thrill. The unspoken acknowledgment of what last night had been. Of what it still was. Of what she *might* be stepping into.

They're both okay with this? And one of them wants to hand me over — even if just for a weekend?
The idea wasn't terrifying. It was intoxicating.

Shannon stepped forward slowly, the hem of her dress brushing high against her thighs. "You want me to pretend I'm yours for a weekend?" she asked, voice lower now, the edges softer. A dare, veiled in silk.

Ron didn't blink. "Would you?"

Her eyes danced — mischief rising like heat. But underneath it was something else. Something darker. A curiosity she couldn't name. A flicker of what it might feel like to belong to someone like Ron. To wear that label. To be his. *His fiancée*. God, just the sound of it made her thighs press together.

She turned to Craig. "You okay with that?"

He hesitated. Not long. But long enough to feel the weight of what he was giving.

"Yeah," he said quietly. "If you want to."

Shannon's smile came slow — wide, wicked, blooming with promise. She turned back to Ron, eyes gleaming.

"Well then," she murmured. "I guess you'd better show me the ring."

Shannon stepped back from the living room with a smirk curling at the edge of her lips, her eyes catching the light — that unmistakable glint, somewhere between mischief and something darker. Hunger, maybe. Or a challenge waiting to be answered. "So tonight we're celebrating?" she asked, her tone light but laced with something warmer, heavier. Her fingers were already at the clasp of her necklace, undoing it with that effortless, feminine grace that always felt intentional. "Then I better go shower and change. Can't miss the fun."

She disappeared down the hall, hips swaying with just a little more exaggeration than usual — not performative, but aware. Very aware. Behind her, the apartment settled into low, masculine quiet: the murmur of voices, the clink of glass, the occasional laugh. Craig and Ron trading thoughts and drinks by candlelight, that odd, undeniable comfort growing between them — a bond forged in tension, tested in fire, and now... holding.

Twenty minutes later, the mood cracked open like a live wire.

She returned — not overdressed. Not even close. But stunning in the kind of way that shifted gravity in the room. A silky black wrap dress hugged her body like it had been stitched for no one else. The fabric slid along her hips, caught slightly at the swell of her breasts, dipped at the neckline just enough to show the elegant slope of her collarbone and the tease of cleavage. The hem flirted with mid-thigh. Bare legs. Heels that lengthened and defined her calves. Her skin still held the glow of the shower, a faint sheen of moisture where heat still lingered, but it was her eyes that hit hardest

— clear, sharp, dangerous. She looked like a woman who knew exactly the effect she had, and had no interest in apologising for it.

Ron let out a low, appreciative whistle, the sound more instinct than commentary. Craig just stared, lips parted, unable — or unwilling — to hide the way his breath caught in his throat.

“You boys are going to make me blush,” she teased, walking toward them with the slow, predatory grace of someone fully in control of the room. Her voice was playful, but her gaze held an edge — a gleam that said *watch me work*. “Well? Aren’t you going to pour me a drink, dear?”

Craig had already half-risen from his seat, eager, ready. But Shannon held up a finger, redirecting, then turned — slowly, deliberately — toward Ron.

“Excuse me,” she said, mock-stern, her tone dipped in silk and challenge. “Where do you think you’re going? I was talking to my fiancé. Wouldn’t want him getting jealous and having other men bringing me drinks now, would we?”

It was a tease, yes. A game. But beneath the surface, something shifted. That single word — *fiancé* — landed in the air like heat. Intentional. Possessive. Delicious.

All three of them laughed, but it was thinner now. Sharper. The laughter had teeth.

Ron moved to the bar without a word, poured her a gin and tonic with a twist of lime — smooth, practiced hands, no hesitation. He carried it back to her like he’d done it a thousand times, and when Shannon took the glass, she offered a soft, sweet smile and leaned in to kiss his cheek — just a brush of lips, barely there.

“Thank you, babe,” she murmured, voice syrupy and amused.

Craig felt his stomach twist and flutter all at once — a surge of heat, possessiveness, and something he couldn’t name pulsing through his chest. He didn’t know if it was jealousy or pride. He only knew it was *real*.

And just like that, the performance had begun.
And none of them were pretending — not really.

The night slipped into a rhythm — slow and golden, like bourbon poured over ice. Music low and sultry, laughter blooming easy now with the loosened edges of the third drink. Candlelight softened the corners of the apartment, and the air had taken on a different texture: warm, intimate, charged with something that didn’t have a name yet, but lived just beneath the skin.

Shannon curled herself onto the sofa, tucking her bare legs beneath her, the hem of her dress sliding high along her thighs. She nudged Ron’s leg with her knee, playful, suggestive. “Let’s see if we look natural,” she said, scooting closer. “You know — cuddled up. Like a real couple.”

She leaned in, letting her shoulder rest against his chest, head tilted slightly, her hand drifting lazily onto his thigh. Ron didn’t flinch. Didn’t tense. He simply lifted one arm and draped it along the back of the sofa, casual as anything, his fingers close enough to brush her shoulder — but not quite. The space between them shimmered.

Craig watched. Tried not to stare. Tried to ignore the flicker in his chest — the ache, the want, the low and growing burn.

“What do you think, Craig?” Shannon asked, glancing at him through her lashes, her voice light and edged with velvet. “Do we look convincing?”

Craig cleared his throat and forced a smile. “Very.”

Shannon giggled — that soft, knowing sound — and turned to Ron like they’d been playing this game for years. “So, babe,” she said, nuzzling closer, lips brushing his jaw, “how did you seduce me?”

“Airport bar,” Ron said, eyes on her mouth. “You were halfway through a gin and tonic and wearing a dress that didn’t believe in underwear.”

She burst out laughing, the sound full and delighted. “God, that’s hot.”

“We argued about bond yields,” Ron added, eyes flicking toward her. “Then we had filthy, desperate elevator sex — you still had your boarding pass stuck to your thigh.”

“Twice,” Shannon grinned, sipping her drink. “Once on the way up. Once when it got stuck.”

Laughter echoed again, but it had changed. It was thicker now, low and dark, like something had slipped loose. A tone you couldn’t un-hear once you’d heard it.

Shannon tilted her head, lips still curved. “So,” she asked, swirling her drink, “how many times are you planning to knock me up? A Football team of kids?”

Ron arched a brow, just the slightest smirk tugging at his mouth. “You want me summing in you that often?”

She turned her head slowly, taking him in like she was tasting the idea. “With genes like that?” she murmured. “Are you kidding?”

Craig coughed, trying to push down the sharp flutter behind his ribs. Shannon looked over, eyes dancing, and winked. “We’ll name the first one Craig,” she winked. “As a thank you for letting me practice on you first, before I was ready to take everything Ron has to offer...”

He tried to laugh. It caught halfway in his throat.

They kept going. The stories spun further — flirtier, filthier. Their imaginary life bloomed like a fever dream. Matching watches. Sex on the beach. A spontaneous wedding in Greece. Shannon played the part effortlessly, lounging beside Ron like she’d always belonged there. Her touch was never obscene, never too much — but always present. Her tone was playful, but beneath it ran something slicker. More dangerous. And Craig saw it, all of it, and couldn’t look away.

By the time they were debating honeymoon destinations, her hand was resting on Ron’s thigh. Not just resting — moulded there, her fingers gently curling with every sip of her drink, like she was reminding herself of his shape. There was nothing overt. Nothing explicit.

But it was there. That *claiming*.

And Craig felt the pressure of it like a weight across his chest.

He knew this had started as a performance. A way to win a deal. A game. But sitting there, watching her curl into Ron like he was hers — listening to her laugh, watching her glow — something twisted inside him. Something hot. And aching. And entirely out of his control.

Because Shannon wasn't acting. Not entirely. And Ron? He hadn't once looked like he was pretending.

And Craig...

Craig was no longer sure if he was still the man being watched.

Or the one being *shown* what came next.

As the last note of the song dissolved into silence, Shannon didn't move. If anything, she pushed in deeper. Her hips rolled with slow, exquisite pressure, grinding her ass more firmly into Ron's cock. The hard line of him pressed against her was impossible to ignore — and she didn't try. She welcomed it. She leaned into it like her body already knew it belonged there. Her breath stuttered in her chest, her lashes fluttered closed for the briefest moment, and when she spoke, her voice was low and sultry — but clear enough to carry across the room.

"I think there's someone at the door."

Craig blinked, confused, breath shallow. "What?"

Shannon moved again — deeper, slower, the motion pure sin. Her thighs flexed, her back arched just slightly into Ron's chest, and her lips parted as her breath caught in a soft moan that made Craig's skin prickle.

"If you don't step in now..." she whispered, ragged and trembling with need, "...that door's going to open."

She paused, her hand slipping behind her to drag her nails down Ron's thigh.

"And it'll never close again."

The silence that followed roared like thunder.

No one moved. No one breathed. The air was molten. Charged. Electric with possibility and the crackling sound of something sacred — and fragile — breaking.

Craig's pulse pounded behind his eyes. His cock throbbed painfully against the zipper of his pants, fully hard and aching, humiliating in how easily it betrayed him. His throat closed around the swell of emotion rising too fast to contain — grief, lust, wonder, helpless fucking arousal. He wanted to scream. He wanted to run to her, rip her away, pull her into his arms and remind her of who they'd been. And he wanted to *watch*. To see her taken. To see the moment she stopped being his and became something else entirely.

She turned her head then, still in Ron's arms, and her eyes found him.

Her smile was soft. Not cruel. Not mocking. Just... knowing.

"I love you," she said.

And then she turned away.

Into Ron.

The kiss that followed was not tentative. It was not the kiss of a woman seeking permission, or a man offering caution. It was full, open, *devouring*. The kiss of lovers who already knew what the

other tasted like. Who already knew how to break each other apart. Ron's arms wrapped around her body with brutal certainty, his hands firm, hungry. Possessive. Shannon melted into him — not meekly, but *deliberately* — her body pressing flush to his as if sealing something that had already been decided.

She moaned into his mouth — loud, breathy, unfiltered — the sound making Craig flinch with something that felt like pain and arousal twisted together. Her fingers fisted the fabric of Ron's shirt, knuckles white. She rocked against him, shameless now, needing more, claiming more.

She didn't look back.

And Craig didn't move.

He couldn't.

He sat frozen in the armchair, his cock a painful ache beneath his pants, his heart pounding like it was trying to tear its way out of his chest. He watched the woman he loved kiss another man — not just kiss him, *choose* him — and felt the ground shift under everything he thought he could still hold onto.

And he knew.

The door wasn't just open.

It had been *blown off its fucking hinges*.

Room For More? Chapter 5

They didn't break the kiss.

Shannon stayed pressed against Ron like her body had always known how to mould to his. There was no hesitation now — no second-guessing, no glances for permission. Only the unshakable truth of her hips grinding into the thick swell beneath Ron's waistband, the weight of her need poured into every motion. Her breath came in short, desperate bursts between mouthfuls of him, each one trembling between a whimper and a moan. Her hands gripped the fabric of his shirt like it anchored her, her fingers curled tight, as if afraid he might vanish if she let go.

Across the room, Craig stood in stillness. Just a few feet away — close enough to touch, too far to breathe. He didn't move. Not because he didn't want to, but because he *couldn't*. His body was locked, overwhelmed by the raw force of what he was watching. This wasn't performance. It wasn't betrayal.

It was worship.

It was Shannon, undone and radiant, *giving* herself. Freely. Wildly.

She moaned again, higher now — a sound that lived somewhere between pleasure and pleading — and Craig's knees nearly buckled from the sound. It was the same moan he'd once lived for. Now it was aimed at someone else. It should've broken him.

But it only made him harder.

Her hand slid lower, slowly, deliberately, until her palm cupped Ron's cock through his pants. The way her fingers moved over him — reverent, almost awed — sent a fresh pulse of heat down Craig's spine. She rubbed him gently at first, then with growing hunger, her breath catching again as she ground herself into his thigh. Her kiss deepened, messier now, all tongue and need, her body trembling as her hips rocked in time with the pressure of her hand.

Then she pulled back, lips swollen, chest heaving, eyes wild. She turned her head, slowly, her gaze settling on Craig. And when she spoke, her voice was soft — but it held no question.

“Come here,” she said. “You're part of this.”

The words didn't soothe. They *ignited*. They hit him like fire poured down his spine — an invitation, yes, but also a command. She hadn't forgotten him. This wasn't her leaving him behind.

This was her *bringing* him with her.

Craig moved toward her, slow at first, like his body was struggling to keep pace with the burn in his chest. Every step was weighted with desire, dread, need. He was afraid — not of her, not of Ron — but of how much he *wanted* this. How much of himself he'd already given over without realising it.

Shannon dropped onto the couch, still gripping Ron's hand, and tugged him down beside her with a look that could've bent iron. Then she reached for Craig, her fingers brushing his wrist, and pulled him down too. Now she was between them — barefoot, breathless, hair loose around her face like a halo made of sin, lips kissed red, eyes gleaming with something primal.

But she only turned toward one of them.

Her mouth found Ron's again, hungrier this time. Filthy. Desperate. Her fingers were already at his belt, working the buckle with practiced speed, the soft clink of metal and hiss of the zipper making Craig's pulse slam against his throat. She broke the kiss just long enough to glance sideways, and the look she gave Craig stopped his breath in his lungs.

Wicked. Loving. Possessive. Free.

“Take your clothes off, baby,” she whispered. “I want you naked too.”

There was no question in her voice. No apology. She wanted *this* — both of them — and she wasn't pretending anymore.

Craig stripped quickly, skin burning, cock already thick and aching with confusion and craving. He didn't feel powerful. He felt raw. He felt *offered*. And it didn't scare him.

It thrilled him.

He sat beside her, naked, waiting, hard. Watching her work Ron's pants open like she'd already done it a dozen times in her mind. Her fingers dipped beneath the waistband — and whatever she found there made her breath gasp again, and a second later, she pulled him free.

The cock that sprang into her hand was as monstrous as she remembered — even harder now, angrier, throbbing with anticipation. Long and thick and beautiful. It stood there, proud and undeniable, as Shannon drew in a sharp breath.

“Oh *God*,” she whispered. “You're even bigger than I remembered.”

Then she bit her lip. And smiled.

Her hand curled around it, fingers spreading wide as she tried — and failed — to circle the base. It was too thick. Too heavy. Too much. She let her grip slide upward slowly, reverently, like she was learning him inch by impossible inch. Then she turned her head, her eyes flicking from one cock to the other — from Ron's monstrous length to Craig's achingly familiar one. Her expression shifted as she looked between them, caught between memory and revelation, between love and hunger.

"You were always the biggest I ever had," she said softly, looking at Craig. Her voice was thick with emotion, trembling and tender. "Always filled me so perfectly..."

Craig's chest tightened, his jaw clenching against the rush of conflicting feeling. But Shannon's gaze had already returned to Ron's cock, her hand moving again — slower now, with something that bordered on awe. Her lips parted, a breath catching in her throat like she couldn't quite speak around the shock of what she was holding.

"But this..." she whispered, her eyes wide as she stroked him again, the motion smooth, wet, and full of a reverence that felt almost spiritual. "Fuck..."

Her voice cracked around the word.

"It's so much bigger..."

She leaned forward, mesmerised now. Her hand slid with fluid care down the full length of him, then back up, peeling back the foreskin to reveal the swollen, gleaming crown beneath. It flared wide, glistening with precum, so thick it looked like her lips might struggle to even *kiss* it. The shaft was a thing of power — bold, veined, slick with arousal. A weapon. A promise. A *threat*. Craig had never seen it like this. Not up close. Not in the light. Not while it pulsed with her attention, her affection, her *hunger*.

And Shannon was gone to it. Gone to *him*. Her breath was shallow, her mouth half-open, her eyes dark with heat. She stroked him again — firmer now, like her hand needed to *prove* something to the rest of her — and the motion made the whole monstrous length jerk in her grip. Another droplet of precum beaded at the tip, thick and wet, and her thumb swept across it in a lazy, circular motion, smearing it like gloss.

Craig watched. Naked. Hard. Helpless.

His own cock twitched in response to her voice, her touch, her *worship*. It didn't matter that she wasn't touching him. It didn't matter that she hadn't looked at him in minutes. What mattered was the raw honesty of what was unfolding in front of him. What mattered was the way her body trembled from need. The way her mouth hung open like she was one exhale away from putting it in her mouth. The way she seemed to have forgotten everything else — *except* the man in her hands.

And despite the knife carving slow through the centre of his chest, despite the thunder of humiliation and arousal warring in his gut, Craig couldn't deny what he was seeing.

It was a *monster*.

A masterpiece.

Thick as her wrist, veined like something carved from dark marble, the shaft twitching with blood and readiness. Even soft, it had intimidated. But now — now, hard and slick and thudding with pulse under her fingertips — it looked unreal. Mythic. Like something summoned, not born.

Craig wasn't gay. He wasn't curious. He didn't *want* Ron.

But even in the haze of disbelief, he could feel it: the truth of how *worthy* it was of this moment. Of this attention. Of Shannon's gasp, her touch, the reverence in her voice. There was no part of him that could claim it didn't deserve to be worshipped.

And that's exactly what Shannon was doing.

Worshipping.

And part of him — the part that loved her beyond pride, beyond logic, beyond what was comfortable or survivable — felt grateful. Grateful that she was getting to experience something that made her *glow* like this. Even if it left him aching. Even if it made him feel small.

She was happy.

She was radiant.

And no matter how much it burned, no matter how much it stripped him bare, Craig knew — he hadn't asked for this.

Not out loud.

But he hadn't stopped it either.

And in that silence — in every breath he *didn't* take, in every word he *could've* said but didn't — he'd given his answer.

And now, it was happening.

Shannon leaned forward, lips parted, breath shaky against the shaft still throbbing in her hand. Her grip remained firm at the base, barely able to circle it, her palm slick with saliva and precum. The heat coming off him was unreal — almost alive — and the pulse beneath her fingers thudded like a warning. Her chest rose and fell with shallow rhythm, her body trembling not from hesitation, but from the sheer weight of what she was about to take. She wasn't easing into this. She wasn't building up to it.

She was surrendering.

Her tongue slid out — slow, reverent — and traced the underside of Ron's cock in one long, worshipful stroke, from the base to the tip. The skin was hot, taut, veined like marble beneath her mouth. When she reached the swollen head, flushed a violent shade of red and glistening with precum, she circled it once with her tongue — slow, almost dazed — tasting him like she was learning him cell by cell.

Then she opened her mouth and took him.

It wasn't gentle. It wasn't careful. Her lips stretched wide, jaw working as she fed him into her mouth with a hunger that bordered on frenzied. Her cheeks hollowed on the first pull, and the room filled instantly with wet, obscene music — the thick drag of spit, the gulping rhythm of her throat adjusting to each inch, the muffled gags that came when she lost control and refused to stop. She twisted her wrist at the base, her hand and mouth moving in tandem, each stroke coordinated like she'd been dreaming of this exact moment for weeks.

Ron's breath shuddered through his nose, his hand resting lightly on the back of her head, his fingers threading through her damp hair. His voice came low, hoarse — laced with disbelief and arousal. "Jesus Christ... look at you. Look at that fucking mouth."

Shannon moaned around him — a low, desperate hum that vibrated through his cock like electricity. Not in response to praise. It wasn't performative. It was pure need. Her eyes fluttered open and locked onto his, glassy with tears, wide with something close to delirium.

Then she pushed deeper.

The head of his cock breached the midpoint of her throat, and her body flinched — gagging, choking — but she held him there, jaw clenched around the girth, saliva spilling in thick strands from the corners of her mouth. Her nose pressed against the base, and the moment stretched — obscene, beautiful, devastating. She pulled back with a gasp, a wet string of spit connecting her lips to the tip, then dove again with more force, less restraint. Her desperation grew wilder — more raw with each messy, reckless stroke.

Craig sat still. Naked. Hard. And utterly transfixed.

He had never seen her like this. Never imagined her like this. Gone was the soft, quiet lover who whispered into his ear and giggled through foreplay. This woman — the one on her knees, drooling around another man's cock, trembling and red-faced and glistening — was something else. Something feral. Her mascara had already begun to smudge. Her hands clutched at Ron's hips now for leverage. Her body rocked as her throat fought and failed to handle the girth, and still she came back for more.

And somehow, impossibly, Craig had never found her more beautiful.

Not in the glow of a honeymoon sunrise. Not in their first apartment, barefoot in one of his T-shirts. Not even in the wild shudder of her orgasm when she'd come gasping his name in bed. This — *this* — was something deeper. Something unfiltered. Elemental.

She came up for air gasping, strands of spit still clinging to her chin, her lips swollen and slick. Her whole mouth looked wrecked — red, glistening, wide open like she hadn't taken a breath in minutes. She turned toward Craig with tear-streaked cheeks, her eyes glassy and wild, and gave him a breathless, euphoric smile that nearly broke him.

"I'm so wet," she panted, a soft laugh tumbling out in disbelief, her chest rising and falling in shallow waves. "I love you so much, honey."

The words landed like a knife — and a gift. Craig swallowed hard, emotions crashing against each other behind his ribs. Her smile shifted then, softening around the edges, heat giving way to something raw and fragile beneath. Her voice dipped low, almost tender, but still trembling with desire.

"How do I look?" she asked.

Her lips were still parted — still glistening — the flush on her skin spreading from her cheeks to her throat. She looked wild. Beautiful. *Ruined*. And she was offering that image to him, not asking for reassurance, but needing him to *see* her. Needing to know that this woman — the one with spit-slicked lips and another man's cock still pulsing inches away — was still his. Still *seen*.

“Seeing me like this... with him... sucking this big cock...” Her voice faltered, breath hitching. “Tell me, baby — do I look beautiful?”

Craig blinked hard, his voice cracking under the weight of it all. “You look...” He shook his head, overwhelmed. “You look incredible, Shan. You’ve never — never looked like this. You’re glowing.”

She shivered at that — just the smallest tremor in her shoulders, like his words had landed in some hidden, vulnerable place. Then she leaned in and kissed him — deep, open-mouthed, soaked with arousal. There was no filter. No hesitation. Her tongue slid past his lips, wet and heavy, still thick with Ron’s taste. She didn’t flinch. Didn’t apologise. She kissed Craig like he *deserved* to taste it. Like he *needed* to know exactly what it meant to kneel in front of something that size.

And he did.

The flavour hit instantly — musky, male, unmistakable. Ron was still fresh on her tongue, and now he was in Craig’s mouth too. Bitter. Salted. Unavoidable. It flooded him like heat, and he didn’t pull away. He didn’t *want* to.

“Hold my hair?” she asked, her voice breathless but sweet — like this was a favour she trusted him with.

His hands moved before he could think, fingers trembling as he gathered her hair gently into a makeshift ponytail. His palm brushed the side of her head, the heat of her scalp, the damp silk of her strands. His other hand still rested against the couch for balance, but with each movement, his knuckles grazed Ron’s thigh — solid, hot, unmoving.

Shannon smiled up at him, eyes gleaming with gratitude and something darker.

“Thank you, baby.”

And then she went back down.

But this time, there was no warm-up. No easing in. She *devoured* him. Her lips spread wide and her throat opened as she took him all the way down in one smooth, punishing stroke — burying her nose in Ron’s groin, swallowing him whole. Her body flinched. She gagged loudly — an awful, involuntary sound — but she didn’t stop. She held him there, her throat visibly bulging, spit bubbling at the corners of her mouth. Craig could *see* it — the thick outline of the shaft pulsing inside her neck, stretching her in ways that didn’t seem physically possible.

And then she pulled back with a gasp so violent it sounded like drowning — spit spraying from her lips, her mouth open wide in a desperate drag for air — only to lunge forward again with more hunger, more *need*.

Craig held her hair as she moved, his hands shaking, his cock aching, his eyes burning. He watched every brutal, beautiful second of it — the way she fought to take more, the way Ron’s body tensed and his breath hitched, the way her moans vibrated through both of them like a shared current. And he realised — through the haze of awe and arousal, through the ache and devastation and overwhelming *love* — that this wasn’t just about what she was doing.

It was about what it *meant*.

That she could be this undone in front of him. That she trusted him enough to be this raw. That she *wanted* him here — present, witnessing, participating — not as a consolation, but as part of her fire.

She wanted him to *see* her, unfiltered and consumed, in the arms of another man. And more than that...

She wanted him to *know* it made her feel alive.

Shannon lowered herself to her knees between Ron's legs, the soft creak of the floor underscoring the weight of the moment. Her dress rode up high around her hips, the hem bunched messily above her ass, exposing the creamy curve of bare skin beneath. She didn't fix it. Didn't try to adjust. It wasn't about appearances anymore. Her hunger had no patience for modesty, and her body had given up asking for permission.

She buried her face between his thighs like a woman worshiping at an altar — all tongue, lips, breath. Her mouth moved with slow, reverent focus across his balls, cradling them gently in one hand while her other stroked him from base to head, tight and slick, her fingers gliding through the spit she'd left behind. Her moans were quiet, barely-there vibrations breathed directly into his skin, and they carried with them an erotic weight that seemed to thrum in the air around them.

Ron leaned back into the cushions, legs spreading wider, wordless. He didn't need to instruct. His silence was authority. His breathing deepened — heavier now, no longer composed, no longer amused. This was no longer novelty. This was heat. This was *need*. And Shannon had him unraveling.

Behind her, Craig knelt on the floor — stunned and aching. Hands limp at his sides. He didn't know where to rest his eyes. Her ass, barely covered and rising like a gift in front of him. Her mouth, stretched around Ron's cock moments earlier, now kissing and sucking his balls with tender greed. The saliva. The soft, slick sounds of her mouth. His vision blurred, his cock throbbed, but he remained still, caught in the gravity of it all.

Until she spoke.

"Baby," she murmured without turning, her voice muffled against Ron's skin, sweetened by submission. "Take off my panties."

Craig froze — his breath caught mid-throat. Something in her tone cracked him wide open. It wasn't a command. It was a gift. An invitation.

"Please," she added, softer now, breathier. "Get under my dress. I want to feel you."

He moved like a man possessed — crawling forward as though the floor itself were drawing him in. The rumpled fabric of her dress had already revealed so much, but now, up close, her body was impossible not to worship. The backs of her thighs were trembling. Her skin flushed. Her scent thick and sweet, already hanging in the air between them.

Craig slipped his hands beneath the hem, fingers sliding along the soft warmth of her inner thighs, and found the waistband of her panties — lace, soaked, clinging to her with a desperate kind of wetness. He drew them down slowly, reverently, dragging the fabric over the soaked lips of her pussy, feeling the heat of her through his palms. They peeled away like they didn't want to leave her. He tossed them aside, forgotten, his fingers trembling.

She moaned — louder now, guttural — her mouth still wrapped around Ron's balls, lavishing them with long, slow kisses, her hands never stopping.

“See how wet I am?” she whispered, her voice frayed, breathless. “He’s made a mess of my pussy... and he hasn’t even touched it yet.”

Then, finally, she turned her head and looked at Craig.

Her eyes were wet, glassy. Her cheeks flushed. Her lips glistened with spit and worship. But her expression wasn’t cruel. It wasn’t mocking. It was honest. Open. Vulnerable in a way that felt like trust being handed to him, shaking in her palm.

“Come taste it,” she whispered. “I want you to feel what he’s done to me.”

Craig didn’t need to speak. His body answered for him. He knelt fully behind her and leaned in, his face pressing between her thighs as he breathed her in. His tongue slid into her folds with trembling reverence, tasting her arousal in deep, slow strokes — rich and slick and soaked in a lust that didn’t belong to him. And that made it more intoxicating.

She was *drenched*.

And Shannon didn’t stop.

She returned her mouth to Ron’s cock like she was starving, like the pleasure being licked into her only deepened her own need to give more. Her hands moved in rhythm, her lips sealed around the head and dragged down again as her moans poured out directly onto Ron’s shaft. The vibrations made him grunt — low and deep — as if her body had finally tuned itself to serve both men at once.

And for Craig, tasting her like this, watching her submit so fully... it didn’t feel like loss.

It felt like devotion.

“Oh fuck... that’s it, baby,” Shannon gasped, hips trembling against Craig’s mouth, her words tumbling out in a high, breathless rush. “God, you eat pussy so *good*...”

Craig moaned into her — not for praise, but from the sheer heat of her words, the filthy power of what she was allowing him to hear while her mouth was still *full* of another man’s cock.

“Such a good boyfriend,” she panted, laughing softly, deliriously. “Eating me so well... *preparing* me for Ron’s big cock...”

The words landed like a lightning strike.

That shattered something inside him — split it open — and remade something else entirely. His tongue worked faster, firmer, driven now by more than love or lust. This was worship. This was *purpose*. He devoured her like a man who knew he was being used, but also understood that this was where he belonged — beneath her, behind her, tasting the aftermath of a hunger that had never truly been his to satisfy.

Her hips jerked against his face, slick and shaking, every stroke of his tongue drawing a louder gasp, a sharper moan. He felt every tremor in her thighs, every twitch when he flicked just right, every subtle flex of her body that told him she was *close* — not to release, but to surrender. To giving herself fully to someone else.

And all the while, Shannon never stopped moving. Her head bobbed rhythmically in Ron’s lap, her lips sealed wetly around his shaft, spit dripping from her chin and pooling where Craig’s hair met her thighs. She moaned into his cock, the vibrations shooting down to Craig’s bones. Her hand

worked what her throat couldn't take, and Ron's groans grew darker, rougher, threaded with the heat of *ownership*.

Then she gasped — broke contact for a second, panting between strokes, her voice ragged.

"I want you to fuck me," she choked out, voice cracking under the weight of how badly she needed it. "Please, Ron. I need it. I've needed it since the moment I saw you. Since the first time I imagined what it would feel like... to be yours."

Ron's hand wrapped in her hair, pulling her mouth off his cock with a slick, wet pop. Her breath caught.

His voice came low. Steady. Unflinching.

"You think I'm gonna be gentle with you now?" he asked, eyes locked on hers. "You've been sucking my cock like a good little whore while your man eats your pussy from behind... and now you want to *beg* me for more?"

Shannon whimpered.

"You're not asking," he said, his thumb gliding along her jaw before pressing inside. "You're surrendering. And I'm going to ruin you."

And then he said it — the promise, the prophecy, the line Craig would never forget:

"You're never going to be the same after this, Shan... Your hot little body will be mine."

Ron stood in one smooth motion, towering over them both. He didn't hesitate. Didn't offer a look, a nod, not even a word to Craig — still kneeling behind Shannon, his face slick with her arousal, his breath ragged, heart thudding in his ears. Ron just took Shannon by the wrist — *claimed* her — and pulled her up to her feet like she was weightless.

And she followed.

Without a word.

Without a backward glance.

Her thighs were still wet. Her mouth was still ruined. Her body trembled, but she didn't resist. She didn't even *pause*. She followed him out of the room, naked beneath her hiked-up dress, every inch of her alive and aching to be *taken*.

Craig didn't move. He couldn't. He stayed where he was — on his knees, naked, forgotten — the taste of her still thick on his tongue, and the image of her mouth wrapped around Ron's cock burned so deeply into his skull it might never leave.

She didn't look back.

But just before she vanished down the hall, she turned her head slightly. Her voice came soft — not apologetic, not cruel. Just full of something tender. Something *real*.

"Craig..."

No instruction. No order.

Just his name.

An invitation.

And in the silence that followed, in the hollow space her absence left behind, he realised something he couldn't say aloud:

That was all he needed.

And everything had already changed.

The bedroom pulsed with a thick, liquid silence as Craig stepped through the doorway. Not an absence of sound, but the kind of hush that carried weight — the kind that didn't invite words, only reverence. The air was warm, clinging to his skin like breath held too long. Something was already happening here. Not just about to happen, not waiting to begin — but already in motion. Already sacred. Already sealed.

Shannon was on the bed, and it was like nothing he'd ever seen.

Her dress was bunched high above her hips, pooled around her waist like a forgotten offering. Her thighs were parted, wide and unashamed, her pussy glistening in the amber glow of the bedside light — wet, flushed, swollen from mouth and hunger and expectation. Her skin shimmered with a fine sheen of sweat, her chest rising in shallow, trembling waves. Her hair clung to her temples, her lips were parted, and her eyes... her eyes were locked on his.

Not with shame. Not even with apology.

But with *invitation*.

"I want you here," she said, her voice soft — not weak, but *bare*. "I want you to see me."

And Craig did. God help him, he did.

She was glowing.

Her body wasn't just aroused — it was *transformed*. Her need had redefined her, undone the last edges of inhibition, and what was left wasn't just lust. It was liberation. She looked like a woman on the edge of something final. Something holy.

Ron stood between her legs — fully nude, statuesque in his stillness, his presence a gravitational force all its own. The low light dragged across the lines of his body, all cut muscle and deep shadow, but it was his cock that demanded all attention. Massive. Dark. Veined. Wet with Shannon's spit, pulsing with readiness. It jutted forward like a weapon, like a prophecy.

Still, somehow, it didn't look *possible*. Even after everything. Even after watching her take it in her mouth, even after hearing her choke on it, gag for it — even now, seeing it aimed at the place he used to think of as *his*... it looked *unreal*. As if it weren't attached to a man at all, but to some otherworldly force that had been summoned for one purpose: to claim her completely.

Craig sat on the edge of the bed, his pulse a hammer behind his ribs. He didn't know how to prepare. There was no mental shape he could hold onto, no framework that made sense of what this was. All he could do — all he'd *ever* been able to do in her presence — was stay open. Stay willing. Stay *hers*.

Ron stepped forward, cock in hand, and dragged the thick, slick head through the soaked lips of Shannon's pussy. Her body *jerked* — a sharp, involuntary flinch — and a breathless cry escaped her throat. Not pain. Not fear. *Overwhelm*. She was already trembling, already stretched by the *threat* of him.

But instead of clenching, instead of shrinking or averting her gaze, she turned her head. Her eyes found Craig's again.

And in that moment — somehow — she still looked like *his*.

Her voice, when it came, was stripped bare of all armour. Quiet. Honest. Shaking with truth.

“Are you ready?” she asked. “Ready to see me become his?”

Craig couldn't speak. Could barely breathe. His whole chest ached with the weight of her words. His mouth opened. Nothing came.

“I need this, baby,” she whispered. Her voice cracked. Her eyes shone. “I need *him*. I've never needed anything like this in my life. Please... I want to feel it. I want to be taken. Not just fucked — *taken*.”

She paused, swallowed hard, and let the silence stretch.

Then her voice dropped to a tremble, softer than breath.

“Ask him. Ask him to give it to me.”

Craig's eyes lowered, slowly, like his body was giving in before his mind could catch up. He didn't look at Ron. He couldn't. His eyes locked instead on the head of that cock — dark, swollen, glistening with her slick. It rested against her entrance with such heavy inevitability it felt like it had already claimed her. Already split her. Already carved something new into the world.

It didn't look like it *could* go in.

It looked like it already *was*.

His throat burned. His heart thundered.

But when his voice came, it was soft. Hollowed-out. Hushed like a prayer.

“Ron...” he breathed, reverent, trembling. “Please... Take her.”

That was all it took.

Ron didn't say a word.

He didn't need to.

He simply moved — steady, silent, and certain — his hand guiding the thick, slick head of his cock to the dripping centre of her need. He lined himself up with mechanical precision, like a man who knew exactly how this would end. Then, without hesitation, he pushed forward.

And Shannon *shattered*.

The gasp that left her body was jagged, raw, half-cry and half-orgasm, a sound that tore through the room and punched the air from Craig's lungs. Her back arched hard off the bed, fingers clawing at the sheets, head thrown back as the impossibly wide crown of Ron's cock began to force its way inside her soaking, trembling heat.

"Oh my *God*—!" she cried, her voice barely holding shape. "He's inside—he's really inside—*fuck*, baby, do you see this?!"

Craig *saw* everything. Every impossible detail. The way her pussy tried to resist him, only to stretch and yield, her lips parting around Ron's thickness like they were being taught a new shape. The skin pulled taut, her folds spread wide, her inner walls glistening and raw as they were pushed to their very limits. Inch by devastating inch disappeared inside her — not fast, not rough — just *inevitable*.

Her body wasn't taking him.

It was being *opened* by him.

"*Fuck*—he's so *thick*!" Shannon choked, her breath coming in sharp, shallow pants. "I can feel *everything*... every inch... every fucking *vein*—"

Ron kept pressing forward, unrelenting and deep. There was no rush. Just the dark, unbearable tension of inch after inch breaching new territory inside her. The sound of it — the wet, obscene stretch of flesh — was more than arousing. It was *transformational*. It sounded like she was being *rewritten* from the inside.

Craig could barely breathe.

His cock pulsed painfully in his lap, but this wasn't just arousal. This was devastation. Reverence. Horror and awe braided into one. He couldn't look away. Couldn't *blink*. Shannon's body convulsed on the bed, hips writhing, her legs twitching as they tried to accommodate him. The look on her face—eyes glazed, mouth open, tears spilling down her cheeks—was somewhere between agony and revelation.

She didn't look like his wife.

She looked *reborn*.

"He's still going—*oh my God!*" she sobbed, her voice rising into a sharp, broken peak. "It hasn't ended—he just keeps going—*baby*, I'm so full—he's in my fucking *stomach!*"

Ron was *claiming* her. With every second, every inch, he rewrote her boundaries, her memory, her identity. This wasn't just penetration — it was possession. A breaking open. A reshaping.

And Shannon was *smiling*.

Her body convulsed, her knees trembling as they widened further. She reached out blindly, not to escape, but to *anchor* herself — hands gripping the edge of the bed like she needed something to keep her from floating away. Her mouth hung open, breath shattered, tears streaking her cheeks as Ron bottomed out.

And then he *grunted* — a low, primal sound — as he seated himself fully, hips locked tight against her, cock buried to the *root*.

Shannon *screamed*.

It wasn't pain.

It was *annihilation*.

A sound that burst from her chest like it had lived there all her life, waiting for this man, this cock, this *moment* to set it free. Her thighs spasmed violently. Her hands twisted the sheets into fists. Her entire face was flushed and wet — with tears, with spit, with sweat — and beneath all of it, beneath the shaking, the sobbing, the moaning...

She was smiling. Wide. Wild. *Radiant*.

She turned her head toward Craig — barely able to focus through the storm in her body — and her voice was nothing but trembling breath.

"I still love you," she whispered.

Craig's lips parted, stunned, tears brimming in his own eyes.

"I know," he said, and he meant it.

Ron didn't wait.

He stayed buried deep, his body firm and unyielding, and growled into her ear with a dark finality that sent shivers down both their spines.

"You're *mine* now."

And Shannon sobbed again, trembling beneath him, her body still wrapped tight around the impossible stretch.

"Yes..." she gasped. "Yes... I'm *yours*..."

And it was true.

She was *gone*.

Ron didn't rush. He stayed buried, hips locked tight to hers, cock rooted so deeply inside Shannon it felt like he could never leave — like her body had been designed to hold him, and now that it had, it refused to let go. His weight settled over her back, the heat of him like a branding iron against sweat-slicked skin. And still, he didn't move. He let her *feel* it — the impossibility of it. The stretch. The fullness. The *claim*.

Shannon was trembling. Her legs shook around his waist, her heels kicking uselessly at the mattress, her fingers clawing at the sheets like she needed something to hold onto before she was taken under. Her breath came in jagged, shallow gasps, her lungs fighting for air around the invading pressure. The thick base of his cock pressed tight against her lips, snug and swollen.

She looked down at her own stomach in disbelief, as if she could feel him pushing so deep he might leave an imprint on the outside — a mark the world could see.

She wasn't just full.

She was *conquered*.

Ron held there — deliberately. Not because he was giving her a moment. But because he wanted Craig to *watch*. To see exactly how far she'd gone. That this wasn't tentative. Wasn't casual. That this was permanent. His cock wasn't just *in* her. It had *rewritten* her.

Then his voice came — low and hot, like something that should've been whispered in a confessional.

“Tell me, baby,” he growled, lips near her ear. “How's it feel? That sweet little pussy stretched to the edge around my *entire* cock? You feel me inside your guts yet?”

Shannon sobbed. Her head rolled back. Her mouth dropped open, her whole body writhing helplessly beneath the pressure of his voice paired with the unbearable stretch of him lodged inside her.

“S-So full...” she gasped. “It's tearing me open—oh my *God*—I can feel everything... every inch, every vein, it's *too much*—and I *love* it... fuck... I *love* it. I love you inside me. I love the way you fill me...”

Ron's hands slid to her hips. Tightened. Anchored.

“Good,” he said, voice darker now. “Because you haven't felt a thing yet.”

He leaned over her, the shift pressing him deeper, forcing another strained moan from her lips. His mouth hovered over her, breath hot against her ear, his words hitting deeper than any thrust.

“I haven't even started yet...I'm about to wreck every thought you've ever had. What sex is. What you *are*. What you *want*. All of it ends now.”

She gasped, body rigid and shaking, still stretched wide around him, still trying to process that she was even capable of taking something this massive.

“I'm going to break you,” he whispered. “And then build you back up. Into *mine*. My toy. My obsession. My *good girl*. From now on, your mornings won't start with Craig. They'll start with *me* — with this cock down your throat, or buried in your dripping cunt, or stretched up inside your ass while you beg for more.”

Her sob broke into a moan, and her whole body clenched.

“Worship it,” Ron murmured. “Serve it. Beg for it. Because this cock owns you now.”

He pulled back a single inch — her pussy audibly *clinging* to him — and then slammed forward in one devastating, punishing thrust.

“You ready for your new life?”

Her scream cracked like thunder through the room.

“*Yes!*” she wailed. “Please—*break me!* Let him watch you destroy what I was. *Make me yours*. Make me forget everything but *this!*”

Ron didn't need another word.

He started to fuck her.

Hard.

Deep, ruthless strokes that slammed her forward with every thrust, her body ricocheting from the force, hands slipping on the sheets, mouth hanging open in raw, gasping shock. Each brutal drive of his cock bottomed out inside her, grinding against her cervix, tearing cries from her lips that sounded like a woman being *born* through pain and pleasure.

Her pussy clung to him like it had learned the shape of him in real time — fluttering, stretching, twitching, soaking wet and dripping as he rearranged her from the inside. Every thrust forced her to learn him all over again.

“*Fuck!*” Shannon cried, her voice ragged and barely human. “He’s *so deep*—I feel him in my ribs—I’m not *made* for this—”

But her body said otherwise.

Craig sat, stunned, his cock in hand, pumping in slow, reverent rhythm. He didn’t even remember moving. His eyes were wide, locked on the scene unfolding in front of him — his wife, on all fours, her face buried in the sheets, her body *obliterated* by another man’s cock. She was shaking, sobbing, screaming.

And she was *glowing*.

“*Baby—Craig—look at me!*” Shannon gasped, eyes glassy, her face streaked with spit and tears. “*He’s destroying me—I’m cumming—I can’t stop—*”

Her thighs locked around Ron’s hips and then it *hit* — sudden, violent, volcanic.

Her body *erupted*.

A gush of wetness sprayed out from between her legs, soaking the sheets, Ron’s abs, the floor. She squirted again — and again — each burst driven by another relentless thrust, each cry higher, more desperate, her body unraveling under the power of it.

“*Oh my God—*I’m soaking him—*soaking everything—*fuck—fuck—*fuck me harder!*”

Ron was a machine now. Unrelenting. Focused. His hips moved like pistons, his cock hammering her open with the rhythm of pure, unapologetic ownership. The sound was carnage — wet, rhythmic slaps, skin on skin, slick on slick, her cries echoing like prayer.

Shannon’s moans collapsed into whimpers, her voice cracked and broken, every thrust taking more of her. Her body was gone — a shaking, dripping, *claimed* thing — and all she could do was take it.

And love it.

“*You’re mine,*” Ron growled, cock driving deep one more time, holding there.

And Shannon, sobbing, screaming, shattered and soaked, whispered it back through tears and cum and spit.

“*Yes... yes... I’m yours...?*”

Craig didn’t speak.

He didn't need to.

Because he knew it was true.

And part of him loved her more for it.

Shannon was still trembling when Ron pulled out of her, the thick withdrawal making a wet, sucking sound that echoed obscenely in the haze of the room. Her pussy gaped behind him, stretched and glistening, fluttering around nothing like it didn't know how to close—like it had been permanently shaped to hold something that was no longer there. Her body sagged into the mattress, boneless and wrecked, but Ron wasn't finished. With a rough grip on her waist, he flipped her onto her stomach, manhandling her like she weighed nothing, then dragged her hips up until she was on her knees—back arched, ass high, cunt dripping and exposed to the air.

She whimpered into the mattress, her voice muffled and spent. “Oh god...”

Ron didn't offer a breath, a warning, or a moment's pause.

He just *drove* into her again.

A wet, brutal thrust that made her scream into the sheets. Her body jolted forward, caught only by the mattress, as his cock punched back into her soaked cunt with punishing force.

“*YES—fuck, yes!*” she cried, already lost again.

The sound of it was obscene. Ron's hips slamming against her ass in rhythm, hard and fast. Her pussy sucking at him, *needing* him, the slick, messy squelch of each thrust loud enough to drown out every thought in Craig's head. The bed rocked beneath them. Shannon's body rocked *with* it—ragged, open, begging. Craig sat frozen at the edge of the mattress, his cock aching, heart jackhammering in his chest as he watched the woman he loved be obliterated by another man's cock.

“*Fuck!*” Shannon gasped, clawing at the bedding like she was being held underwater. “Oh god, again—keep going—don't stop—I can *take* it!”

Ron didn't answer. He didn't have to. His answer was in the force of his thrusts, in the *relentless* sound of skin on skin, in the way he moved like she was his now—his toy, his hole, his prize.

And then—Shannon turned her head.

Her flushed cheek dragged against the mattress as she looked toward Craig, her mouth open, her eyes wild, her body still getting fucked harder with every breath.

“I can't go back...” she panted, voice shaking, words crashing out between thrusts. “I love you, baby... but *fuck*—after this? After *this*? How could I ever feel full again?”

For a second, the words hung in the air — heavy, shocking, raw. Had she really said that?

The old her might have stumbled over it, second-guessed it, apologised even. But not now. Not like this.

Because when Ron pushed back into her — slow, thick, stretching her deeper than she thought she could take — the doubt vanished.

She cried out.

"Ron!"

And in that trembling, wide-open moment, she *knew*.

It was true.

Her pussy wasn't hers anymore.

It belonged to him.

Craig's chest clenched. His stomach flipped. His lungs stopped working.

But his cock *twitched*. Hard.

Shannon kept going, moaning through each thrust, voice hoarse and fevered. "It's not you," she breathed. "It's not about love. It's just... *he's more*. So much more. He fills me in places I didn't even know were empty..."

Her words twisted something sharp inside him—bitter, erotic, terrifying. And still... *true*.

Ron grabbed a fistful of her hair, yanking her head back. Shannon cried out, her body jolting, her throat bared. He fucked into her harder, his cock plowing her open again and again as her sobs melted into *moans*, filthy and beautiful and feral.

Then her voice softened. Not with mercy—but something even worse.

"It's okay, baby..." she said, panting, her voice suddenly almost sweet.

Craig blinked, still paralysed.

"You can still eat my pussy. You can still stroke your cock. You can still *watch* him fuck me properly..."

Her lips quivered, her eyes locking on Craig's, filled with lust and some dark, shimmering kind of tenderness.

"But my pussy?" she whispered, her voice almost reverent. "My pussy *needs* Ron's cock now. Not yours."

Something cracked wide open in Craig's chest.

Everything inside him screamed. *This is too much. This is everything. This is the truth.*

He wanted to cry. He wanted to look away. He wanted to pull her back into his arms and pretend none of this had happened.

But his hand moved instead.

Down. Wrapped around the cock that had once been her *favourite*, the one she'd moaned over, begged for, claimed as perfect. Now? It was just *there*. Not even an option.

It was the past.

An echo of a man who didn't stretch her. Didn't break her. Didn't *redefine* her.

Now, he was the one stroking and watching as the woman he loved got used like she was built for someone better.

“Fuck—fuck—harder, Ron!” Shannon screamed, her voice breaking apart. *“Pound me! Use me! I can take it—I want it—I want every fucking inch!”*

Ron obliged, his rhythm turning savage, punishing. Each thrust drove her deeper into the mattress, her arms limp now, her legs trembling uncontrollably. He was fucking her through the bed, splitting her open like it was the only thing she was made for.

Shannon turned her face toward Craig again. Her expression wasn't broken—it was alive. Eyes glassy. Mouth slick and open. A woman burning in a fire she didn't want to be saved from.

“Watch him,” she moaned. *“Stroke that cock. Watch him destroy me.”*

And Craig obeyed.

Because he *had* to.

Because she needed this.

Because he loved her too much to stop it.

Because no matter how much it hurt — how much it shattered the story he'd once believed about the two of them — this was the most devastatingly erotic, brutally honest thing he'd ever witnessed.

She wasn't just being fucked.

She was being *remade*.

Shannon was beyond words now — beyond rhythm, coherence, or restraint. Her voice had dissolved into raw, animal cries, each one a jagged burst of broken pleasure as Ron slammed into her relentlessly. Her body jolted with every punishing thrust, limbs giving out one by one. Her thighs trembled uncontrollably, her arms no longer able to hold her weight. She collapsed fully onto the bed, her chest pressed to the soaked sheets, her ass still high, cunt swollen and wrecked and still gaping around the thick shaft claiming her again and again. She wasn't fucking him anymore. She was being *used*. *Taken*. Reduced to the hole he owned.

Her pussy was a mess — glistening, wide, pulsing with every stretch, gushing fresh slick around Ron's cock as he pounded her from behind with the kind of rhythm that rewrote anatomy. Each withdrawal made a filthy, squelching sound; each thrust punched wetness from her. The sheets beneath her were soaked. The air smelled like sex. Like sweat, and squirt, and deep, primal fucking.

Craig couldn't stop. He sat at the edge of the bed, hand stroking his cock in a desperate, reverent rhythm, his body vibrating as he watched the woman he loved be destroyed in front of him. His eyes were locked on her pussy — that glistening, ruined hole being pounded open over and over again by something that was never meant to fit. And yet it did. Her body had given in. Adapted. Welcomed it.

Then Shannon turned her head toward him — and Craig nearly came from the look alone.

Her face was wild. Her eyes were teary and wide, her hair matted to her cheeks, lips parted in disbelief at what she was feeling. There was no shame in her expression. Just hunger. Just awe.

“Baby...” she moaned, voice hoarse, beautiful. *“You watching this?”*

Craig nodded, unable to speak. His throat had closed. He wasn't breathing right.

"I can feel him in my *stomach*," she gasped. "He's so fucking deep, Craig. He's breaking me from the inside..."

Behind her, Ron groaned, low and dark, his hips slamming harder now, faster — the room filled with the rhythmic slap of flesh and wetness and ruined self-control. Craig watched Shannon's ass ripple from the force of it, watched the way her pussy tried to hold Ron in every time he pulled back, sucking at him like it had forgotten anything else.

Then Shannon's voice changed. It dipped lower, more desperate. *Needier*.

"I want him to cum," she panted. "I want him to cum *inside* me..."

Craig felt his chest cave in. His jaw clenched, his hand squeezing harder around his cock, his body shaking.

"*Breed me, Ron!*" she cried out, voice cracking. "Please — fill me with your cum. Make me yours. Make my pussy *remember* you. Fuck your cum into my womb..."

Ron let out a growl — low and savage — and drove into her even harder.

Shannon *screamed*, her body buckling as a fresh gush of wetness burst out of her, soaking the sheets in a new wave. It wasn't just climax. It was collapse. Her body gave out and offered everything.

Craig shook, breathless, trembling, cock twitching in his fist.

Shannon's eyes found him again — glazed, desperate, *honest*.

"Watch me, baby," she whispered. "I want you to see it. I want you to see the moment he *claims* me."

"Shan..." Craig's voice cracked.

She didn't blink.

"Stroke that cock for me. Don't stop. Don't *look away*. I want your cum to hit your chest the second he fills me. I want you to feel it when I get *bred*."

Ron groaned — a deep, primal sound that came from somewhere far beyond language — and thrust one final time, burying himself to the *hilt*.

And then it *happened*.

Shannon's eyes flew wide the moment she felt the first pulse—her whole body locking tight as something *hot* and *massive* flared deep inside her. The head of Ron's cock swelled inside her womb, thick and angry, and then—

He exploded.

A sudden jet of cum shot into her, high and hard, hitting her cervix like a strike. And then another. And another. Each surge hotter, thicker, *deeper*. It didn't spill or leak—it *flooded* her. Wave after brutal wave poured into her like her body was nothing more than a vessel built to be filled. She moaned—*no*, she wailed—as the sensation overwhelmed her.

“Oh *fuck*—he’s cumming—he’s *fucking cumming* inside me—*yes!*”

The heat of it was maddening. She felt it—*really* felt it—the way his cock kept throbbing, kept *pumping*, thick pulses firing straight into her womb, coating her insides, slapping wet against the deepest parts of her like it wanted to *brand* her from the inside out. It wasn’t semen. It was *possession*. It was a statement.

And her body *responded*.

Her pussy clenched hard, spasming around him, milking him greedily, refusing to let a single drop go to waste. And then—

It hit.

Another orgasm, bigger than the first, tore through her like she’d been struck by lightning. Her body seized. Her back arched. Her mouth dropped open in a scream so guttural, so *wrecked*, it barely sounded human. Her limbs went stiff and wild. Her skin flushed from neck to thighs in a wave of colour and heat.

She came as he came.

Came while he filled her.

Came like her body had never been fucked properly until now.

Craig saw everything.

Her collapse. Her shaking. The way her thighs fluttered. The way her pussy *leaked*, twitching around a cock still buried inside, cum beginning to spill from the seal between their bodies. She looked annihilated. Glowing. *Rewritten*.

He didn’t even know he was jerking his cock until he felt himself start to break. His hand moved fast, desperate, out of rhythm, his breath coming in short, ragged gasps. And then he came—*hard*—a guttural cry ripping from his throat as his cock erupted, striping his chest, his stomach, his fist with thick, hot ropes of cum.

He shuddered. Moaned. *Fell apart*.

Ron stayed inside her—still pulsing, twitching, emptying the last of himself as he held her hips tight, like he didn’t trust gravity not to pull them apart too soon.

And then—

Silence.

Not peaceful. Not awkward. But *heavy*.

Three bodies. One bed. One truth.

Shannon lay in the wreckage of it, face pressed to the pillow, pussy still leaking, thighs sticky and trembling. Her whole body quivered in the aftershocks. And slowly—like surfacing from a dream—she turned her head toward Craig.

Her cheeks were wet. Her eyes were glassy. Her lips curved into a faint, crooked smile.

She giggled—light, breathless, *wrecked*—and glanced at the streaks of cum striping his chest.

“Looks like you *really* liked the show...”

Craig’s chest heaved. His voice broke as he tried to speak.

“You looked...” He swallowed hard. “You looked *beautiful*, Shannon.”

She reached for his hand.

Sticky. Shaking.

And smiled again.

Something was over.

Something else had just begun.

Room For More Chapter 6

The bed beside him wasn't untouched — but it might as well have been. A faint warmth lingered in the hollow where her body should've curled into his, the ghost of a shape pressed lightly into the sheets. Not deep. Not real. A residue of presence, or maybe just the mind playing tricks when it needed to soften a blow. She hadn't come back. That was the truth. And he hated how gently his brain kept trying to rewrite it.

Craig lay still beneath the covers, eyes open to the grey light bleeding through the blinds. His body ached — not from use, exactly, but from impact. From watching. From holding everything in. Muscles taut, jaw clenched, cock tender in that strange, shameful way that came not from climax, but from restraint. From being made to feel everything and being allowed to touch nothing.

The sheets smelled like her. Still. That soft, electric fusion of skin and sweat, perfume and sex. And none of it — not a drop of it — was his. Not anymore.

He'd tried to sleep. God, he'd tried. But even with the lights off and the city muffled into silence, his mind spun like a reel that refused to stop. The images didn't come in order. They weren't clean memories. Just fragments. Sensations. Emotional bruises blooming in waves.

The dress.

That fucking dress.

Black. Liquid. Cut like it had been designed to drape over sin. The way it clung to her curves — hips rolling, shoulders loose, her movements slow and deliberate, as if the music were inside her body instead of outside it. She hadn't looked at Craig. Not once. Every sway of her hips, every drop of her thighs, every glance through her lashes had been for him.

For Ron.

And Craig had just... watched.

That's what cut the deepest. Not the sex. Not the stretch. Not the sounds she made.

The watching.

He'd sat there while she climbed into Ron's lap like she'd always belonged there. Kissed him like it was familiar. Like it was home. Her hands were confident — no tremble, no pause — as she freed his cock, thick and dark and glistening with weight. The kind of size you didn't just take. The kind you surrendered to.

And then... her mouth.

She hadn't hesitated.

Not even a flicker of doubt. She'd devoured him like it was a need. Like her body had been aching for it long before the night had started. Filthy. Gorgeous. A woman in worship, not performance. And still, Craig hadn't moved. Hadn't spoken. Hadn't stopped her.

He hadn't even touched himself.

He'd just sat there, rock hard in his pants, hands curled into fists at his sides, his breath caught between reverence and ruin.

And then she'd looked at him.

That was what kept returning — that moment. Her eyes locking onto his as she pulled herself onto Ron's cock and sank down like it was destiny. That gasp — half scream, half revelation — and the way she moaned his name not as an apology, not as a plea, but as a witness.

"Craig... do you see how deep he is? I feel him in my fucking stomach..."

And then she'd smiled.

Smiled like she'd never smiled for him before.

He should've stopped it. Should've stood. Should've said anything. But by then, it was too late. She wasn't asking permission.

She was telling him.

"This pussy? You always thought it was yours. But you were just borrowing it. It was always waiting for this cock."

No venom. No mockery.

Just truth. Clean. Crushing. Irrefutable.

It broke something in him. And the worst part — the part that kept him awake long after they were gone — was that it wasn't rage that filled the void. It wasn't humiliation.

It was understanding.

He saw it in her face. In the way her body responded, uncoiling like it had finally found the thing it had been missing. The way she came on Ron's cock — not just loud, not just wet, but wild. Desperate. Changed. The way her whole body shook. The way her eyes rolled. The way she screamed.

She had never come like that for him.

He'd never seen her like that with anyone — not even in fantasy. Not in porn. Not in his darkest, strangest moments.

And still, she'd kissed him. Before Ron carried her away, her legs wrapped around that massive frame, her breath still hitching, her cunt still dripping... she kissed him. Deep. Open. Tongue still tasting of the man who'd just claimed her.

She didn't say sorry.

And he didn't pull away.

He'd followed them down the hall like a man led by instinct, by hope, by need — as if her last breathy whisper of his name was a lifeline.

"Craig..."

Not a question.

Not an invitation.

Just a truth.

A fact.

And one he wasn't ready to walk away from.

She was on the bed — legs splayed, breath coming in shallow, fractured waves, the hem of her dress rucked up to her waist like it had been torn there in the frenzy of want. Her body open and glistening, trembling with anticipation, flushed all over in a way that looked fevered. Sacred. Her skin seemed to glow in the warm spill of the bedside lamp, like light itself had chosen to wrap her in reverence.

Ron stood between her thighs, patient and solid, cock in hand. That image lived in Craig now like a brand — the way Ron held himself, thick fingers wrapped around that massive length, steady as he lined himself up, calm as if this moment had always belonged to him.

And Shannon... Christ.

Her lips had parted. Her eyes were wide — not scared, not coy — just unguarded. Honest.

"I want you here," she'd said. Her voice soft. Almost reverent.

Craig remembered how those four words hit him harder than anything else that night. Not because they invited him in, but because they made it clear he was no longer the centre of her gravity. He was present — *permitted* — but what was unfolding before him was its own sacred thing. A ritual he hadn't been meant to lead. Only witness.

He saw it all now in flashbacks he couldn't shake — the slow push of Ron's cock inside her, that thick stretch forcing her open with devastating precision. Her breath hitched, her hands clutched the sheets, her knees jerked wider as her body gave way. And then that sound — a gasp that collapsed into a cry, her whole body jolting beneath him like she'd been struck from the inside.

She came.

Instantly. Visibly.

Her legs trembled violently, her spine bowed off the mattress, and her voice broke open into something raw and involuntary. Not a moan. Not even a scream. Something lower. Deeper. As if whatever Ron had pushed into her had unlocked a part of her body Craig had never reached.

She shook. Cried out. Clung to the sheets like she didn't know where she was.

And Craig had stood frozen at the edge of the room, throat tight, heart beating so hard he thought it might crack open his ribs.

She'd never come like that for him.

Not in three years. Not once.

Not with that kind of abandon. That kind of involuntary, full-body collapse. Not the kind of orgasm that rewired a person mid-scream.

It hit him harder than he expected.

Was he a bad lover? Had he ever even touched the edges of this part of her? Or had she been holding it back all this time — waiting for a man like Ron, for a cock like that, to finally break the seal?

She'd always told him he made her feel safe. That she loved the way he touched her. That he knew her body.

But had he ever truly *claimed* it?

Had he ever left her gasping and stunned, babbling through the aftershocks of a climax she didn't know her body could have?

He couldn't stop seeing it — the way she came before Ron even bottomed out. Before the rhythm had started. Just from the pressure. The stretch. Just from being *filled*.

And it wasn't just arousal he felt as he watched her come undone like that.

It was grief.

A slow, aching grief. For the version of their sex life he'd thought was whole. For the belief that he had satisfied her. That he'd been enough.

And yet — under all of it — there was still awe. Still the undeniable, humiliating ache of his cock, pulsing beneath the weight of his own inadequacy.

Because the truth wasn't just that Ron had taken her.

The truth was that Shannon had *wanted* to be taken.

And Craig had seen it in her face. In the way she begged. The way her voice cracked when she told Ron not to stop, not to pull out, not to *leave her*. Like she needed that cock rooted in her to remember how to breathe.

He remembered her looking at him again, cheeks streaked with tears, lips wet, her whole body flushed from the inside out.

“My pussy needs Ron's cock now.”

Not spat. Not snarled. Whispered.

Truth.

And in that moment, it didn't matter what he felt.

Because what he felt was irrelevant to what she needed.

Later, Ron had flipped her. Bent her over like it was the natural conclusion of things. Took her from behind until her body collapsed forward onto the bed and her voice couldn't hold the shape of words anymore. She'd moaned into the mattress, cried out into the pillow, begged incoherently

while her cunt took every brutal thrust like it had been built to withstand him. Her thighs had trembled. Her legs had given out.

She came again. And again.

And when it was over, she didn't reach for Craig.

She didn't speak.

She curled into Ron's chest, spent and silent, her body humming with the stillness that only comes after devastation. After satisfaction so deep it silences even thought.

She sighed. Closed her eyes. Fell asleep.

And Craig had remained where he was — hard, aching, unspeakably altered.

The line echoed again.

My pussy needs Ron's cock now.

It didn't mean she didn't love him.

But it meant something sacred had shifted. Quietly. Irreversibly.

And the worst part — the part he couldn't say out loud, the one he only admitted to the ceiling above his bed in the early morning silence —

Was that he understood.

And some small, shattered part of him... wasn't sure he ever wanted her to go back.

He'd thought it was over.

When they lay there in the glowing silence of their mutual undoing — Shannon sprawled across Ron's chest, her skin still flushed, breath catching in delicate aftershocks — Craig had believed, for one brief moment, that maybe that was the end of it. The worst had passed. She'd had her experience. Her transgression. Her release. And maybe, just maybe, she would turn toward him now. Reach for him. Say something that tethered them again.

He'd almost spoken. The words had been on the tip of his tongue — soft ones, uncertain ones. Nothing dramatic. Just the beginning of a bridge.

But she moved before he could.

Lifted herself from Ron's chest and slipped back into his lap like nothing had changed, like that space between his legs had always been hers. She straddled him with the unhurried sensuality of a woman completely certain of what she wanted, the movement slow and molten, her thighs settling around him like she belonged there.

Then came her voice — low, steady, unapologetic.

“I want you to fuck me all night.”

She didn't look at Craig when she said it.

Didn't hesitate. Didn't explain.

It wasn't a provocation. It wasn't even meant for him.

It was a statement of fact. A vow. A claiming.

And that was when it really began.

Everything before — the dancing, the teasing, the blowjob, the first stretch of her body wrapped around Ron's cock, the brutal climax that had shattered her across his lap — all of it had been prelude. The opening act. The real story hadn't started until then.

From that point on, time lost shape. Craig couldn't have told you how many hours passed, or in what order things occurred. All that remained were flashes — fragments carved into his memory with surgical precision. Glimpses that carried more heat and ache than the sum of the night itself.

He remembered her voice. Hoarse. Raw. Crying out again and again, her words broken apart by thrusts she could barely absorb. Ron fucked her with a power Craig had never dared use — a confidence, a scale, a rhythm that belonged to someone who knew exactly how far a woman could go... and then pushed her past it. Shannon's knees had been hooked over his shoulders, her back bowed in a sharp arch, her body offered up like a sacrament.

Her dress had disappeared somewhere along the way. Her heels, too. She was naked now — utterly bare, skin flushed and slick, her breasts rising and falling with every deep, merciless stroke. There were marks on her skin. Teeth. Fingers. Sweat glinting along her collarbones.

And Craig had watched.

Still. Hard. Breathing through the tight ache in his chest and the deeper one throbbing between his legs. He didn't understand how he was hard again, how his body could still respond after everything — but it did. The sight of her like that, fucked open and used, loud and shameless, had somehow only made the need worse.

He had stopped touching himself.

Just watched.

And with every shift of Ron's hips, every low grunt, every strangled moan Shannon gave, Craig felt himself pulled further out of place. Further from her. From who they'd been.

She moaned things she'd never said before. Cried out in ways he didn't recognise. Not with pain. With hunger. With complete, goddamn surrender.

And Craig couldn't help but ask himself the question that had been tightening its grip all night — the one he hadn't wanted to admit, even to himself:

Had she ever felt this way with me?

Had she ever looked this wrecked, this alive?

Had he ever given her a reason to?

There was another moment — one that returned to Craig more often than the rest — where she was riding Ron again. Her knees planted wide, back arched, hands splayed across his chest like she was

claiming his whole body. Her hips moved with slow, grinding precision, every inch of him pulled deep inside her with reverence. Her head tipped back, hair spilling over her shoulders, and the sounds she made were unfiltered. Open-throated moans that didn't sound like words at all, just *feeling*. Her body had been slick with sweat, shining in the dim light, trembling with each downward push.

She looked possessed. Ecstatic.

Lost in something far beyond sensation.

And then Ron spoke.

Calm. Controlled. His voice impossibly deep.

“You love this cock, don't you...”

Not a question, not really. Just the final naming of something already known.

But she answered anyway.

Breathless.

Raw.

“I fucking love it.”

Not shouted. Not for show. Just said. Breathed like a truth she'd been holding in for too long. Her body ground down harder as the words left her mouth, as if confessing it unlocked something else inside her — another wave, another surrender.

“I've never felt anything like it before...”

That was when Craig came.

Without warning. Without a hand. Without permission.

The orgasm broke through him like grief — not pleasure, not climax, but release. His knees buckled. His hand reached blindly for the dresser to steady himself. Cum spilled hot and shameful inside his boxers, soaking him with a pulse that felt like failure. Like loss.

They didn't see it happen.

Neither of them even looked at him.

He was invisible in that moment — not rejected, not dismissed. Just... irrelevant.

He stumbled from the doorway, stomach tight, throat dry. Made his way to the kitchen on legs that didn't feel like his. He found a bottle — something half-finished, sharp-smelling. Whiskey, maybe. He poured too much. His hand trembled. The glass clinked against his teeth as he drank. It burned. But he didn't taste it.

The sounds followed him.

Still going.

Her voice, fractured with pleasure, echoing faintly down the hallway. Slower now. Softer. But still hungry. Still full of longing. Ron's rhythm, steady. Certain. The bed creaking beneath them. The occasional slap of skin.

Craig sat at the kitchen island, the room lit only by the glow of a streetlight through the blinds. It could've been midnight. It could've been dawn. He didn't know. Time had stopped making sense.

He stayed there until the noises faded into quiet. Until he could no longer tell if what he heard was real or memory.

Eventually, he got up.

He went back to the room.

And they were there, still tangled in each other, lit by the warm halo of the bedside lamp. Shannon was curled into Ron's chest, her cheek pressed to his shoulder, her leg draped over his thigh. She looked peaceful. Her fingers traced soft circles across his torso. Not mindless. Not casual.

Intimate.

Possessive.

Craig stood in the doorway for a long moment. Not knocking. Not stepping forward. Just watching.

"...Are you coming to bed?"

His voice was hoarse. Smaller than it should have been. Not angry. Not demanding. Just... quiet.

There was a pause. Then Ron answered.

Even. Low.

"We're not done yet."

Shannon didn't move. Didn't speak. Just smiled faintly against Ron's chest and nuzzled in closer. Her leg shifted, sliding between his, tucking herself deeper into him like she was settling into sleep.

Craig nodded once.

And left.

He returned to the guest room alone, stripped down, slid beneath the sheets. They still smelled like her, but not in the way they used to. Not with intimacy or comfort. Just residue. Like the fading imprint of something that had already gone.

He lay there in silence.

And then, again, he heard her.

Not a scream this time. No sharp gasp. Just a low moan — soft, drawn out, aching.

Followed by Ron's voice, too quiet to make out.

And then her response.

A broken gasp. A whisper of pleasure.

It was still happening.

Still real.

And Craig didn't move. Didn't cry. Didn't speak.

Because in that moment — in the hush that followed, the air thick with her voice and someone else's cock still buried inside her — he understood.

Once you open that door... it never closes.

— — — —

Craig had barely brushed his teeth when he heard it.

The faucet still ran, the water pooling cold in his cupped hands, droplets slipping from his chin and streaking down his bare chest. He stood in nothing but damp boxers, fabric clinging low against the persistent ache still smouldering in him from the night before. An ache that hadn't dulled despite exhaustion, shame, or sleep that never truly came.

And then he heard it, soft at first, muffled by distance and doors, but unmistakable.

A moan.

Low. Breathless. Drawn from somewhere deep.

Not frantic. Not wild. Not the frenzied cries from hours earlier.

This one was different.

Slower. Intimate. The kind of sound Craig knew in his bones. He'd heard it for years, in the hush of early mornings, when the world hadn't yet stirred and Shannon would press her bare body back into him with a sigh and a sleepy grin. That gentle rutting of spooned limbs and shared warmth, the rhythm lazy and deep. That had always been their time, their ritual, the way they made love when no one was watching.

And now...

Now he was hearing it again.

But not from their bed.

From the room down the hall, behind a door that hadn't closed since the night before. From another man's arms. Another man's cock.

His breath caught.

He stayed there in the bathroom doorway, dripping water onto the tiles, muscles tight, blood roaring in his ears. He didn't want to move. Didn't want to see. But his body betrayed him, as it always had. As it did the moment he watched her ride Ron for the first time and didn't stop her.

He stepped into the hallway.

Each footfall felt heavier than the last. Not with dread, but inevitability. Because he already knew. His mind didn't need confirmation. His body did. His cock twitched with the cruel anticipation of it. The ache returned in full. The sounds grew clearer with each step. The rustle of sheets. A soft gasp. That same moan again, drawn out, delicate and devastating.

The door was open. Of course it was.

Craig stepped forward, just enough to see.

And it hit him like breathlessness.

Shannon lay curled into Ron's chest, her body bare and glowing in the morning light. Her hair fanned across the pillow, her eyes closed in half-sleep. One of Ron's arms cradled her neck, the other wrapped securely around her waist. He held her like a man who'd claimed something. Not temporarily. Not with conquest. With quiet, total certainty.

And he was still inside her.

His hips rolled slow and deep, moving with a rhythm Craig knew too well. That long, deliberate push. That grind at the base. The way her breath caught just slightly with each thrust. It wasn't just morning sex. It wasn't just fucking.

It was theirs.

Or it had been.

Shannon's body rocked back into Ron's with the ease of familiarity, like she'd never stopped moving that way. Like she belonged in that position now. Like she'd found her rhythm with someone else and it fit.

Craig's hands gripped the doorframe, knuckles whitening. His throat tightened. He couldn't pull his gaze away. It was everything he remembered—the soft sighs, the gentle thrusts, the lazy heat of bodies tangled in early light—except this time, he wasn't inside it.

He was outside.

Watching.

Watching her lips part with pleasure. Watching her hips shift to meet him. Watching Ron fuck her in the exact way Craig had once thought only he knew how to.

He felt sick. And hard.

The combination left him trembling.

And still, he didn't turn away.

"I want it again..."

Her voice came quiet, husky, shaped by sleep and sex. The kind of whisper Craig had once cherished hearing against his own neck.

"I want to feel it again. Inside me..."

Ron didn't answer with words. Just a low, guttural sound deep in his chest. His arm around her waist pulled tighter, his mouth pressing a kiss to the back of her neck.

"Please," she breathed, more urgent now. "Flood me. I want us to cum together. I want to feel it dripping out of me again."

The pace shifted.

Not wildly. Not dramatically. But enough to feel it. His hips pulled back farther, his thrusts driving deeper. Shannon gasped, louder now, her fingers curling behind her to clutch at his thigh, her body tensing and folding slightly with every push into her. She was so open, so utterly given, her legs tangled with his, her frame arching in quiet desperation.

"I'm close," Ron growled. "You feel so fucking good."

"Yes..." she gasped. "Yes, baby... I'm right there. Don't stop. Cum for me..."

And they did.

Together. Loud. Completely un-contained.

Shannon cried out as her body jolted in his arms. Her legs kicked, her breath shattered into pieces, her entire frame seized with tremors that rolled through her like a wave crashing in from beneath. She buried her face into her arm, muffling the scream, but Craig still heard it. Still felt it. Her body convulsed around Ron's cock, her cunt clenching in rhythmic pulses so strong they dragged another moan out of him. Lower, longer, rougher.

Ron drove into her one final time and held there, deep and hard, unmoving, spilling himself inside her with thick, endless pulses that seemed to go on forever.

Craig could see it. Could feel it. The way her body shook from the heat of it. The gasping whimper that left her lips. The blissed, overwhelmed tremble in her spine as her orgasm bled into his.

And then Craig came too.

Without touch. Without consent. Without anything but the unbearable truth of what he was seeing.

His body jerked against the doorframe. Cum surged into the already soaked fabric of his boxers, heat flooding him as the release took hold—sharp, violent, involuntary. He clung to the wood to stay upright, legs unsteady, breath caught in a tangle of arousal and shame.

They didn't see him.

Not yet.

Ron was murmuring something into her skin, words too low to make out. His hand drifted over her hip, stroking her slowly, reverently. Shannon gave a soft laugh, blissed out, glowing.

"Fuck," she exhaled, still breathless. "That was incredible."

"You came so much inside me..." she added, almost dreamy, lips curling in a smile of satisfaction.

Ron kissed her cheek. "You milked every last drop," he said, his voice warm, teasing. "Like your pussy was starving for it."

Shannon moaned again. A softer sound now, rich with indulgence. “It is starved...” she murmured. “And now that this slutty little pussy’s had a taste...”

She shifted slightly, hips rolling back just enough to feel the slow, thick leak of cum trickle out of her.

“...it’s going to want more. And more.”

Ron grinned against her shoulder. “And I’m going to keep giving it to you.”

That was it.

The line.

Crossed. Inked. Etched into something permanent.

Craig felt the weight of it settle inside him. Heavy. Final. There would be no undoing this. No return. This wasn’t a kink explored or a boundary stretched.

It was evolution.

This was who they were now.

And then Shannon turned her head, slow and lazy, glowing with post-orgasm serenity. Her lashes fluttered open.

Her eyes found him.

They dropped, immediately, to the soaked front of his boxers. Saw the way he clung to the doorframe. Saw the tension still vibrating through his muscles. Saw everything.

Then she looked up at him.

And smiled.

Not softly. Not apologetically.

But wickedly.

Like a woman who knew exactly what she was doing...
who she was becoming...
and what *he* was becoming too.

— — — —

The kitchen was warm with morning light, but Craig felt nothing from it. He stood at the island in a hoodie and joggers, fingers curled around a mug he hadn’t touched. The steam drifted up in lazy spirals and disappeared into the air, just like sleep, just like certainty. He watched it fade, hollow behind his eyes.

He heard her before he saw her.

Bare feet on wood. The low exhale of someone moving gently, like her body hadn’t fully returned to her yet. That careful, weightless way a person moves after being undone.

She stepped into the room, quiet and unhurried, her movements carrying a softness that only came after being thoroughly undone. She wasn't wearing usual morning robe. Instead, she wore a T-shirt that hung low on her thighs — soft, oversized, worn thin at the collar. And it wasn't hers.

Craig recognised it immediately.

The shape, the fit, the faint curl of the fabric over her chest — it was Ron's. Too big for her, too familiar to be anonymous. The kind of shirt a man wears after the gym, or to bed, or when he's too comfortable to care. Now it clung to Shannon like it belonged to her, draping loosely over her frame in a way that made Craig's chest tighten.

She had showered. He could see the damp ends of her hair clinging to the sides of her neck, still wild and unruly around the edges. And yet, somehow, she still wore him. Still carried him.

That shirt, still infused with Ron's scent, was more intimate than anything else she could've worn. More than nudity. More than lace. It wasn't just fabric. It was aftermath. A signal. A residue of ownership that hadn't faded with sleep or water.

Craig felt the blow of it — quiet, but sharp. Not theatrical. Just real.

Her skin glowed with that unmistakable flush. Not makeup. Not sun. The kind of heat that lingered after hours of friction and fullness, after deep, consuming sex that left something inside you changed. She moved differently too — hips slower, shoulders looser, her whole body slack with satisfaction. There were no visible marks, but he didn't need them. It was in the way her legs hesitated beneath her, in the calm way she stood at the counter and poured her coffee like she hadn't just spent the night being taken over and over.

She looked well and truly fucked.

And somehow, more than that... she looked at peace.

Not smug. Not superior. Just a deep, centred stillness he hadn't seen in her before.

She poured a coffee, then turned, leaning casually against the counter. Her eyes met his, calm and steady.

"You didn't sleep," she said softly.

Craig shook his head. "I tried."

She nodded, her fingers tracing the rim of her mug.

"I need to know where you are," she said. "Not the version of you that pretends. I want the truth."

He looked at her for a long moment. The way she stood. The way her robe fell open slightly at the thigh. The faint glow on her skin. He swallowed, then set his untouched mug down.

"I feel like something cracked open in me," he said quietly. "Like I watched a part of my life shift — slide out of place — and I don't know what it becomes now. I'm grieving. But I'm hard, too. Still."

His voice broke a little at the end. The admission embarrassed him, but he didn't take it back.

She stepped closer.

“You didn’t lose me,” she said gently. “You didn’t lose this.”

He looked down at his hands.

“It felt like watching something I used to believe in... dissolve.”

She nodded. “I know. But that doesn’t mean it’s gone. It means it’s changed.”

“Into what?”

She didn’t flinch. “Into something more honest. Last night wasn’t about love. It wasn’t about replacing you. It wasn’t about falling into someone else’s arms because I stopped wanting yours.”

Craig met her eyes. “It felt like erasure.”

“It was discovery,” she said. “It was sex. Raw. Needed. The best I’ve ever had. And I won’t apologise for that.”

He inhaled slowly.

“It still felt like I vanished.”

“You didn’t,” she said, stepping closer again. “I didn’t stop loving you, Craig. I didn’t stop being yours. But I found something I didn’t know I was missing. Something that felt like breathing after years underwater.”

He was silent.

“And I don’t think you want me to stop breathing now,” she said.

He didn’t answer, but the silence between them shifted.

“You came this morning,” she said, voice gentler now. “Just from watching. Again.”

His face flushed. He looked away.

“You think I didn’t notice?” she whispered. “You were trembling. Your boxers were soaked. You couldn’t stop shaking. And I bet...”

She brushed her fingertips up the inside of his thigh, feather-light.

“I bet you’re hard right now. Just thinking about it.”

He stiffened slightly. Didn’t move.

“It’s not weakness,” she said. “It’s truth. You love me. And part of you loves seeing me like that. Split open. Taken. Owned in a way you never gave yourself permission to explore.”

He blinked, slow. “I don’t know what that makes me.”

“Honest,” she said. “Hungry. Awake.”

He nodded, barely.

“I’m confused,” he whispered. “I don’t know if I’m broken or turned on. I keep seeing it... you, with him. It shatters me. And it also...”

“Makes you ache.”

“Yes.”

She leaned in and kissed his cheek. Her lips were soft. Warm.

“You’re not being replaced,” she said. “You’re not being forgotten. I still want you. I still need you. But I’m not going back to pretending this part of me doesn’t exist. I want more.”

He closed his eyes. Just for a moment.

“Promise me something,” he said.

She tilted her head. “Anything.”

“Promise me I’m still yours. That you’re still mine...”

She didn’t answer with words right away. She stepped in and kissed him — deep, deliberate, slow. A kiss that didn’t belong to last night or this morning. A kiss that was theirs.

When she pulled back, she rested her forehead against his.

“I’m yours,” she said. “My heart is yours, Craig. I promise. Always.”

There was a pause. Something shifted in her face — a softness that deepened into honesty.

“But some parts of me now...” Her voice dropped, lips curling faintly. “Some parts of me belong to him.”

The words landed.

Not like betrayal.

But like truth.

And somewhere inside the mess of ache and arousal and surrender, Craig felt it settle into place.

The scent of coffee had barely settled between them when they heard him coming.

Ron’s voice carried into the kitchen like it belonged there.

“Morning, guys.”

Craig looked up from his seat at the island, his fingers wrapped around a warm mug he hadn’t really touched. Shannon turned from the sink with a faint smile. No tension. No alarm. Like this was already routine.

Ron walked in like nothing needed to be explained. He was dressed with the same careless polish as always — light grey slacks, an open white collar, his watch catching the light in a quiet flicker beneath his sleeve. If there was fatigue in his body, it didn’t show. No sluggishness, no soreness. Just clean lines and calm energy, like a man whose night had ended exactly the way he wanted. And who was more than ready for another.

He poured himself coffee without asking, took a sip, and exhaled like it was the perfect first note of a song he already knew by heart.

“You two have plans today?” he asked, glancing between them as he leaned casually against the counter.

Shannon shook her head, still wearing his shirt like it was nothing. “Recovering,” she said, her voice lazy and warm.

Ron smirked into his cup. “Yeah. Understandable.”

He turned toward Craig, his tone lighter now but no less direct. “Feel like putting in a few hours at the office? Finalising strategy for the trip, tightening the deck, getting our pitch locked down. Won’t take long.”

Craig hesitated. Not because he didn’t want to work. He did. God, he needed something normal, something structured, something that didn’t smell like her skin or echo with the sound of her moaning someone else’s name.

But the kitchen still carried the ghost of this morning — her in his shirt, the taste of her kiss, the way she whispered that she was still his... right before telling him some parts of her now belonged to another man.

And that man was here.

Calm. Confident. Pouring his coffee like he wasn’t part of the ache still pounding behind Craig’s eyes.

But work? Work was safe. Work was linear.

“Yeah,” Craig said finally. “Let’s do it.”

Ron nodded once, approving, then turned back to his cup as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

They worked well. As always.

Despite everything still echoing in Craig’s mind — Shannon’s glow, her words, the weight of the shirt she still wore — the rhythm between him and Ron was intact. There was clarity here. Purpose. They reviewed the itinerary, adjusted pitch slides, cleaned up their hotel matrices. Ron dictated a few revisions, Craig executed quickly. The air between them was professional, focused. For a while, it almost felt like nothing had changed.

Almost.

There were no barbed remarks. No slips of innuendo. Just two men syncing effortlessly on something they both knew how to do.

Until Shannon entered the room.

She padded in barefoot, her hair still damp and curling slightly against her jawline, cheeks glowing with that effortless flush that hadn’t left since the morning. She carried a tray — coffee, sandwiches, fruit. Domestic. Natural. As if this were already routine.

“I brought you two some fuel,” she said with a lightness that made Craig’s stomach tighten. “Gotta take care of my two favourite men.”

She set the tray gently on the desk. Craig caught her scent before he could respond. Ron’s shirt hung loosely over her frame, sleeves falling almost to her elbows, the hem barely grazing the tops of her thighs. She didn’t adjust it. Didn’t hide it. She just stood there — owned, relaxed, radiant.

“Might need the energy,” she added with a faint smile. “After last night.”

Craig said nothing.

Ron smirked into his cup. “Thanks, babe.”

Craig forced a nod. “Thanks,” he murmured. It came out quiet, more reflex than choice.

Ron’s eyes trailed over her, and then dipped to the T-shirt she was wearing.

“You’re still in my shirt,” he said, casual but direct. “Looks better on you.”

“It’s comfortable,” Shannon replied. She picked up one of the coffee mugs, took a sip, and met his eyes. “And I love the way it smells.”

Ron let out a soft chuckle. “I’ve always thought there’s something sexy about a woman in my shirt the morning after.”

Shannon tilted her head, voice warm. “Yeah? Then I hope you’ve got a drawer full of them.”

He raised a brow, amused. “Planning ahead?”

She smiled, slow and certain. “I plan on getting through all of them.”

Ron reached for a sandwich without breaking eye contact. “I’ll do laundry.”

She grinned. Not playfully. But deeply, privately, like they were sharing something Craig couldn’t reach.

And then she left.

The door didn’t close all the way behind her.

Ron was quiet for a few moments, sipping coffee, glancing back at the screen. But his energy had shifted. Calmer now. Measured. When he looked at Craig again, the question was ready.

“How are you holding up?”

There was no challenge in it. Just a clean ask.

Craig looked over. “You’re seriously asking me that?”

“I am,” Ron said. “Because you’re still part of this. But you know what this is now. You saw it. And it’s not going back in the box.”

Craig nodded slowly. “Yeah. I know.”

“She wants more,” Ron continued. “And she’s going to get it.”

The statement hung there, not a threat, just truth.

“You could’ve stopped it,” he added. “At any point. But you didn’t. That means something.”

Craig’s voice came low. “I’m not angry at her.”

“Good. Then don’t pull away now. Don’t make her feel guilty for showing you who she is. You either keep pace, or you step aside and let someone else carry her the way she needs.”

Craig exhaled through his nose. “It’s not that simple.”

Ron’s eyes didn’t waver. “No. But it is that real.”

Silence filled the space between them. The computer screen dimmed to black.

Ron stood, smoothed down his shirt, and stretched his shoulders. “We’re in a good place. Deck’s solid. I think we’re ready for the west coast trip.”

Craig nodded. “Yeah. We’re set.”

Ron moved to the window and looked out over the skyline for a moment, his posture relaxed, unbothered. Then he turned back, his voice softer now.

“Why don’t I give you tonight.”

Craig blinked. “What?”

“I’ll take a hotel. You and Shannon should have the evening. Just the two of you. Reset.”

Craig didn’t speak, but something shifted in his chest. He didn’t realise how much he’d needed to hear that.

Ron walked toward the doorway, then stopped. His hand rested briefly on the frame.

“Tomorrow we hit the shops. Get Shannon a few things for the trip. Dresses. Heels.”

His mouth curved.

“And I still need to buy my fiancée a ring that actually befits her.”

He smiled then. Not arrogant. Just completely sure of the ground beneath his feet.

“I’ll see you both at noon.”

Then he was gone.

— — — —

Craig cooked.

Not out of guilt. Not for show. But because it felt like the one thing that still belonged entirely to him. The kitchen was warm with candlelight, the air thick with the scent of garlic and rosemary, the soft clink of wine glasses filling the silence between them. Music played low from the speaker in the corner — an old playlist they’d built together years ago, full of jazz and acoustic covers. The

songs were like worn fabric, comforting in their familiarity, threading them gently back toward something that used to feel simple.

Shannon sat on the barstool in one of her oversized sweaters, sleeves draping over her wrists, legs bare beneath the hem. Her hair was twisted up in a loose knot, a few strands curling down around her neck. She looked peaceful. Still glowing from somewhere inside, that heat in her skin not fully faded. Every now and then she shifted in her seat, and a soft wince flickered across her features. Subtle. But unmistakable.

Craig noticed. And felt it land somewhere in his chest.

It wasn't jealousy. Not exactly. It was darker than that. Hungrier. The quiet ache of a man who hadn't been the one to leave her trembling, and who still ached to serve what another man had stretched.

He didn't ask.

She didn't explain.

But it hung in the space between them like a second warmth.

What he made wasn't complicated — pan-seared salmon, roasted vegetables, her favourite lemon rice. The kind of meal he knew he could get right. He plated it carefully, poured her wine, and kissed her cheek when he set it down in front of her.

Shannon looked up at him, eyes soft and shining in the low light.

“What did I do to deserve all this?”

Craig sat across from her, elbows resting on the table, fingers around his glass.

“I just wanted you to know,” he said quietly. “That I love you. That I'm still here.”

She didn't speak. Just held his gaze.

“My confusion... my conflict... it's not really about you,” he said. “It's in me. It's the way everything shifted so fast. I'm trying to keep pace with something I didn't see coming.”

“You don't have to rush,” she said.

“I know.” He paused, took a breath. “But I wanted tonight to be about us. Just us. Not avoidance. Not denial. Just... holding on to what's still real.”

She smiled then. Soft. Full of something unshaken.

Her hand reached across the table and closed around his.

“It's all still real.”

They ate slowly, letting the conversation drift. Talked about the trip. The music. A favourite bath oil she couldn't find anymore. The kind of nothing-talk that once filled the space between their days, back when life was quieter. And yet now, even the small things felt richer. More earned. Like they'd survived something together, and were rediscovering what was still theirs.

Later, they curled together on the sofa under a soft throw, a forgettable movie playing in the background. Shannon lay against his chest, her cheek pressed above his heart. He wrapped his arm around her, holding her close, his fingers tracing absent circles over her arm. There were no more explanations to give. No questions left in the air. Just the quiet hum of two people anchoring themselves to something that hadn't broken.

They didn't speak.

They didn't need to.

For the first time since everything changed, they felt safe.

Together.

It started with a kiss.

Gentle. Almost an accident. Just the brush of lips during a quiet moment in the middle of some dumb line from the movie. Then another. Slower. Deeper. She shifted in his lap, turned toward him with that easy, knowing grace, their bodies folding into each other like muscle memory. Her hand slid to his jaw. His fingers wove into her hair.

Her mouth tasted like wine and warmth. Her sighs were deeper now, less about heat and more about intimacy. There was no rush. No urgency. Just that slow, inevitable pull that came from knowing exactly who you were touching.

They made it to the bedroom half-dressed, clothes trailing behind them. His fingers moved across her skin like he was trying to relearn it, trace over every line that was still his.

But when she lay back, her body shifted and a soft sound escaped her.

A hiss. Brief. Sharp.

“Sore?” Craig asked, freezing.

She nodded, smiled, eyes half-lidded. “Still... a nice sore though.”

She shifted again, exhaling. “It's like I can still feel him inside me. Still stretching me. Claiming me.”

Her voice dipped, soft but certain.

“And I love it.”

He looked at her — really looked — and then knelt between her thighs without a word.

He kissed her. First her thigh, then her hip, then lower, until his mouth met the flushed, tender skin between her legs. She gasped — not from pain, but from how careful it was. How reverent. He didn't rush. Didn't press. He used only his lips, then his tongue, with soft, slow strokes. He tasted her with devotion, like she was something sacred and wrecked all at once.

She moaned softly, her hand sliding into his hair, guiding him without force.

They shifted together into a loose sprawl, legs tangled, her thighs framing his head while his body curled under hers. Not a pornographic sixty-nine. Not frantic or showy. Just closeness. Real.

Languid. Intimate. His tongue moved with worshipful patience, each movement coaxing sensation back into her. And Shannon, half-turned over his shoulder, reached back between them and curled her fingers around his cock.

Her touch was slow. Teasing.

“Mmm,” she murmured, her voice heavy with pleasure. “You’ve been like this all night, haven’t you?”

Craig groaned into her cunt.

She stroked him in long, deliberate pulls, her voice falling to a whisper.

“You thinking about last night again?”

He didn’t answer.

She smiled.

“This used to be the biggest cock I’d ever had,” she whispered, her grip tightening slightly. “But now...”

Her hand squeezed again. Not cruelly. Just truthfully.

“After last night, it almost feels small.”

Craig’s breath stuttered.

“Oh, you like that,” she purred. “You love hearing it. Knowing how stretched I was. How deep he got. How ruined my pussy still is from him.”

Her strokes grew steadier now, more insistent, as if she were pulling it out of him piece by piece.

“Compared to Ron?” she said, voice slow and deadly sweet. “You’re not even in the same species.”

He moaned into her, his body already tightening. His tongue moved faster, desperate now, messy with need.

“You came in your boxers this morning, just from watching us. And now?”

She leaned her head back, smiling darkly.

“I bet you’re going to cum again just thinking about it.”

Her other hand tangled deeper into his hair. She held him there. Gently. Firmly. And that’s when Craig felt it — not just the heat, not just the edge, but the surrender. He wasn’t just serving her anymore.

He was worshipping the truth of what she had become.

And what he was becoming too.

“My pussy still aches from that monster cock,” she whispered, breathless now. “And here you are, baby... licking up the mess he made.”

Craig's whole body locked.

He grunted once, then again. The orgasm tore through him without permission. Thick, hot pulses spilled into his boxers, soaking them as his body convulsed with release. It felt raw. Wild. Final.

He slumped against the bed, gasping, his cheek against her thigh.

Shannon kept stroking him through it, her touch now slow again, indulgent. She watched his body shudder, eyes dark with something deeper than satisfaction.

"You are just like me," she whispered.

Craig looked up at her, chest rising fast, heart pounding.

"What do you mean?"

She smiled.

Soft. Wicked.

"Your biggest orgasms ever," she said. "All because of Ron's cock."

She let it hang in the air.

Then added, low and reverent—

"Just like me."

Craig didn't argue.

He just nodded.

Because it was true.

Room For More Chapter 7

Shannon stood at the bedroom mirror adjusting her earrings, turning her head slightly to catch the light. They weren't diamonds. Not yet. Just a pair of delicate gold hoops that framed her jaw in a way that made her look effortlessly expensive. Her lips were glossed in a shade just shy of provocative, and her dress — deep emerald silk, high neck, low back — clung to her hips like it had been poured over her body.

Craig leaned in the doorway, arms folded. Watching.

She looked radiant. Not just beautiful. Luminous. That particular glow a woman wears when she knows the day is about her. Her pleasure. Her power. Her celebration.

“Too much?” she asked, smoothing her dress over her thighs.

Craig shook his head, voice quieter than he intended. “No. You look... perfect.”

She smiled, not at him but at her reflection. Just the faintest curve of her mouth as she turned to spritz perfume along her collarbone. A citrusy brightness layered over something warmer and woodier. She caught Craig’s eyes in the mirror and held them for a breath longer than necessary.

“I’m excited,” she said. “I’ve never had a day like this before.”

Craig nodded. “You deserve it.”

Her phone buzzed on the nightstand. She picked it up, glanced at the screen, and turned toward the door without breaking stride.

“He’s here.”

Something shifted in her posture. Her spine straightened, her eyes lit from within. It wasn’t nerves. It was anticipation. The charge of being wanted — expected. She moved toward the hallway, and Craig stepped ahead to the closet without needing to be asked. He took out her coat, held it up for her, and slipped it onto her shoulders. As she passed, the scent of her perfume followed — sharp and clean, wrapped in a note of something deeper that lingered in the air even after she walked away.

They took the elevator in silence.

The car was waiting at the curb.

Not flashy. Not overdone. Just refined. A black coupe polished to a mirror finish, its curves sleek but restrained. The kind of vehicle that didn’t need to announce wealth — it whispered it. Quiet luxury. Old money.

Ron stood beside the passenger side door, sunglasses catching the morning light. One hand in his pocket, the other holding her door open like it was the most natural thing in the world.

“Morning, gorgeous,” he said, voice smooth as velvet.

Shannon leaned up and kissed his cheek. Not quickly. Not innocently. Her lips lingered just long enough. She inhaled softly near his collar.

“Mmm,” she murmured. “You smell delicious.”

Ron smiled. “You say that like I didn’t plan it.”

She slid into the passenger seat like she’d done it a hundred times. Like it belonged to her.

Craig approached the back, but Ron was already opening the door. Not a word spoken. Just a gesture. Clean. Inevitable.

“Relax, man,” Ron said, tone light but pointed. “She’s going to need both of us today.”

Craig climbed in, settled into the leather seat, and tried not to flinch as the door closed beside him with a muted click.

Inside, the cabin was quiet but alive with detail — soft jazz low through the speakers, the air laced with Ron’s cologne and the warm scent of leather. Everything felt intentional. Controlled. Masculine in that unbothered, effortless way.

“So,” Shannon said, glancing over at Ron. “What’s the plan?”

He pulled into traffic with one hand on the wheel, the other resting on the gearshift. Calm. Confident. The city moved around them, irrelevant.

“Well,” Ron said, “it’s my fiancée’s special day.”

Shannon smiled, fingers playing idly with the hem of her dress.

“We’ve got a jeweller appointment this afternoon,” he continued. “But first — shoes. Dresses. Whatever you want.”

She laughed. “Dangerous words.”

“I’m a dangerous man.”

She reached over and placed her hand on his thigh. Casual. Familiar. Her thumb drew a slow, lazy circle near the crease of his slacks. Craig saw it all from the back seat — the ease of it, the unspoken ownership in the way she touched him.

“And then,” Ron added, “we’ll go pick out that ring.”

Craig looked down at his hands. His fingers curled slightly, a reflex he couldn’t stop.

Shannon turned back just enough to look at him over her shoulder.

“You okay back there, baby?”

He forced a smile. “Yeah. Just... taking it all in.”

She studied him for a second longer. Her smile deepened. Not unkind. Just knowing.

“You’re getting good at that,” she said quietly.

A pause.

“Observing.”

Her voice softened just a little more.

“It suits you,” she added, voice quiet but deliberate. “Being there. Watching me.”

Then she turned back to Ron, her fingers still resting lightly on his leg, her body angled toward the man in control.

Craig sat in the back seat, his breath shallow, half hard and half hollow, and realised something simple and irreversible.

He hadn’t been dismissed.

Not exactly.

But he'd been redefined.

And maybe, some wrecked part of him... wanted that.

He wasn't watching anymore.

He was participating.

Just not in the way he used to.

— — — —

The boutique wasn't on a main street. It was tucked away, discreet, almost secret. The kind of place you didn't stumble across. You were brought here — or you already belonged. No signage, no display windows. Just matte black walls, a gold-trimmed door, and a stillness that fell the moment they crossed the threshold.

Shannon's eyes widened. "Okay... this place is fancy," she whispered, catching Craig's arm for a moment. "Are you sure this is okay?"

Ron was already a few paces ahead, walking like the space had been built for him. "For my fiancée?" he said without looking back. "More than okay."

A young woman in sleek black stepped forward, tablet in hand. Her smile was smooth, practiced, precise. "Good afternoon. Do you have an appointment?"

"Ron," he replied, barely pausing. "I called ahead."

The name was enough.

"Of course, sir. Right this way." Her eyes flicked briefly to Shannon. "And you must be Miss...?"

"Shannon," she said, lifting her chin slightly.

"Lovely. We've prepared one of our private suites. I'll have refreshments brought back. Please let us know if there's anything specific you're hoping to find."

They followed the assistant through the quiet, curated hush of the boutique. Everything smelled of suede, lavender, and something faintly sweet and expensive. There were no cluttered racks. Just select pieces, perfectly spaced. Gowns that looked less like clothing and more like promises. Even the mannequins seemed to have posture.

Shannon leaned in toward Craig, her voice low and teasing. "Are we shopping or joining a secret society?"

He gave her a soft smile. "I think both."

The suite was plush and private, a corner alcove with full-length mirrors, velvet chairs, and lighting that felt more cinematic than retail. The assistant left quietly, and the door whispered shut behind her.

Shannon slipped off her coat and handed it to Craig without a thought. Beneath it, the emerald dress she'd worn shimmered in the low light, catching her curves and throwing heat off her skin. She

looked statuesque. Effortless. Like the room had been built around her. Craig held the coat carefully, folding it over the back of the chair as if it mattered. In a way, it did.

Ron sank into a chair like he'd been waiting for this moment, legs parted, jacket open, fully at ease but unmistakably in control. Craig sat beside him, quieter but attentive, present.

Then the show began.

Shannon emerged from the dressing suite like a secret being slowly revealed. First, a burgundy gown with draped sleeves and a deep neckline. Then a midnight blue that hugged her ribs and flashed thigh through a slit that flirted with indecency. Then a sleek champagne number with a neckline that dipped like an invitation and shimmered over her hips. Each time, she stood before them. Turned slowly. Let them take her in.

Ron rarely spoke. Sometimes he rose, walked a slow circle around her, adjusted a hem or strap with confident ease. When she asked for thoughts, he offered them without hesitation. "Not bold enough." "Beautiful, but not for you." "That slit's going to ruin me."

Craig offered more freely. Encouragement. Soft praise. The words came easier now. He smiled with her, nodded when her eyes flicked his way. When she twirled in the deep burgundy, she glanced back at him first. "What do you think?" she asked.

"Stunning," he said.

But she turned toward Ron next. He stood, circled once, and gave his verdict: "Too soft."

Shannon nodded slowly. "Yeah. You're right."

After nearly an hour, champagne arrived. Craig poured while Shannon eased into one of the chairs, cheeks flushed, legs warm from walking under so many eyes. "You two are being very patient," she said, sipping from her glass.

Ron leaned forward, elbows on his knees. "We're enjoying the view."

Shannon smirked. "Good. Because I think I saved the best for last."

She disappeared behind the curtain and returned in a soft cream dress that clung like water. She twirled, laughing, the fabric catching every line of her. "One more," she said, breathless. "But here's the twist — I want you to pick it. Each of you. One dress. Surprise me."

Ron raised a brow. "Bold."

"I like bold," she replied, smiling. "Go on. Hunt something down for me."

Craig and Ron exchanged a glance. Then they vanished into the racks, swallowed by silk and velvet and glinting satin. Shannon sat back, sipping her champagne with slow, amused pleasure — a woman being pursued, chosen, worshipped.

Craig returned first. He held a deep red satin gown — strapless, sweetheart neckline, scalloped low back, and a slit that promised chaos. "Red," he said softly. "You've always owned it."

Ron returned moments later with a black dress. He didn't speak. Just held her eyes as he offered it.

She took both.

Ten minutes later, she stepped out in Ron's pick. Black. Sleek. Backless. A deep V. The kind of dress that wasn't just worn — it *announced*. The shimmer was subtle, but enough. Enough to make both men go still.

She turned toward the mirror, smoothing the fabric over her hips, then looked back over her shoulder. "Well?"

Craig opened his mouth. "I mean. You look —"

"Fucking divine," Ron said, voice even.

She smiled. "Red used to be my colour," she said, turning to face him. "But I think... black is my colour now."

The silence lingered like perfume.

Then Ron stepped forward and kissed her hand, slow and certain. "We'll take both," he said, glancing at Craig. His hand found Craig's back — firm, deliberate. "That red one's sultry as hell. I'm sure it'll come in handy."

Craig managed a small smile, but didn't speak.

Then Shannon sat again, cheeks flushed. She reached into a nearby tray of shoes and plucked a strappy black pair with slender gold accents. "These need something bold," she said, then looked at Craig. "Your call. Which ones work?"

He stood, crossed the room, eyes scanning the tray. His hand moved gently over a few options before picking out a pair — black heels with a fine gold buckle. Elegant. Clean. "These," he said. "Sharp lines. Just enough shine."

She grinned. "You've got good taste, baby."

She lifted one foot. He lowered in front of her, crouching to fasten the buckle. Her ankle was still warm, her leg crossing slightly over the other. He secured the second, then looked up. "Perfect fit," he murmured.

Shannon met his gaze. Something unreadable passed between them. Not dominance. Not pity. Just gravity.

She stood slowly, the full look complete — heels, dress, shimmer, posture. A woman owned. Craig rose behind her. He didn't reach for her. Just admired.

She turned back toward the mirror, her eyes drinking in the image. And this time, when she smiled...

It was for herself.

She grinned. "You've got good taste, baby."

She lifted one foot. He lowered in front of her, crouching to fasten the buckle. Her ankle was still warm, her leg crossing slightly over the other. He secured the second, then looked up. "Perfect fit," he murmured.

Shannon met his gaze. Something unreadable passed between them. Not dominance. Not pity. Just gravity.

He might have been on his knees. Her feet in his hands. But for the first time all day, something settled in him.

Not peace.

But place.

She stood slowly, the full look complete — heels, dress, shimmer, posture. A woman owned. Craig rose behind her. He didn't reach for her. Just admired.

She turned back toward the mirror, her eyes drinking in the image. And this time, when she smiled...

It was for herself.

They were only a few doors from the car when Shannon paused.

A boutique window caught her eye. Narrow. Discreet. No neon, no price tags — just a softly lit display of mannequins framed in shadowboxes, each one dressed in variations of lace and sin. Sheer bras. Garter belts. Silk robes that draped like secrets. The lighting was warm, the colour palette rich, and the air outside seemed to still around her. She stopped like her body had answered it before her mind could.

Craig followed her gaze. Ron stepped up beside her, sunglasses lowered slightly.

"Tempted?" he asked, voice low.

She didn't answer immediately. Her eyes moved slowly from piece to piece, then down to her own reflection in the glass. When she smiled, it was subtle. Different. Like something inside her had shifted.

"Maybe," she said, but the word was too light to be true.

Craig cleared his throat and stepped in. "You've got dresses. Heels. That ring's still coming..."

He hesitated. Swallowed. "Let me do this one."

Shannon turned, brow lifted. "This one?"

He gestured toward the window. "Lingerie. Let me buy it."

Her expression didn't change right away. But her eyes did — sharper now, touched with mischief and something more intimate.

"For me?" she asked, voice dipping slightly.

He nodded.

She stepped a little closer. "Even if what I wear... isn't for you?"

Craig held her gaze. Steady. "Then it's still for me."

A slow smile spread across her lips, not mocking but deeply pleased. She looked between the two men — one who dressed her in diamonds, the other offering lace — and let herself feel the weight of it.

“God, I have the two best men in the world,” she said, almost to herself.

Ron smirked. “We try.”

And just like that, she turned and pushed through the boutique door.

Inside, the space was warm and quiet. Dim lights above, velvet drapes dividing alcoves. The walls were lined with mesh, silk, satin — soft blushes, deep wines, black like midnight. The air smelled of vanilla and sandalwood, with something just faintly spiced. The room didn’t scream sex. It whispered it.

A woman approached, clipboard in hand, her smile slow and practiced. “Looking for something special?”

“She is,” Ron said easily, nodding toward Shannon. “We’re just here to admire.”

The woman’s eyes sparkled knowingly. “Let me know if you’d like them gift-wrapped... or just ready to be torn off.”

Shannon laughed softly — a sound like silk unraveling — and disappeared toward the back, emerging moments later with an armful of temptation. Lace, straps, slivers of barely-there fabric. She flashed them both a grin over her shoulder as she vanished into the fitting room.

Craig and Ron sat side by side on a velvet bench, champagne flutes in hand, like kings waiting for a private performance.

And then she stepped out.

First came the plum lace. A bra so sheer it looked painted on, tiny black straps crossing her breasts like the framework of something holy and obscene. The panties rode low, the cut high enough to leave her curves mostly bare.

She spun slowly. “Too much?”

Ron’s eyes didn’t blink. “Too little.”

Craig just swallowed. Hard. She grinned and vanished again.

Next — deep red mesh. Cut high on the hips, with tiny gold rings linking fabric across her navel. A garter belt. Matching thigh straps. This time she strutted. Hands in her hair. Her smile said she knew the power in her walk.

“I feel like a weapon in this one,” she said, tossing a look over her shoulder.

“You are,” Ron said, voice flat and certain.

Then black.

But not soft, lacy black. Not feminine black. This was power. Command. A bodysuit laced up the back, sheer panels and embroidered vines climbing along her ribs. It plunged deep between her breasts. She didn't speak this time. Just stood in front of them, hands on her hips, waiting.

Craig's hands twitched in his lap. His cock pressed hard into the line of his trousers. Ron leaned in slightly, voice just for her.

"That one's going to be ripped off you before we even make it to the bed."

Shannon's lips parted. She didn't move. Didn't speak. But her eyes flared with heat.

She stepped toward Craig next. Close. Her fingers brushed the inside of his thigh, light as breath.

"Which one," she whispered, "do you want to see him fuck me in the most?"

His jaw clenched. His breath locked.

She smiled like she'd heard it anyway, and kissed his cheek — just the barest graze of lips and heat.

She tried on more. Ivory lace that made her look bridal and ruined at once. A soft blush chemise that shimmered against her skin. A sheer navy piece embroidered in delicate gold that framed her nipples with obscene precision. She twirled. She posed. She draped herself across Ron's lap in one, his hands adjusting her garter belt as Craig watched — mouth dry, hands motionless.

Then she came out in the last set — dusty rose and cream lace, a teddy that hugged every curve. She stood in front of them, chin lifted.

"I don't know which to choose, I love them all!" she said, almost torn.

Craig didn't even hesitate. "Then you're getting them all."

She blinked. "What?"

"You heard me," Craig said, voice stronger than he felt. "This is your day. You've never looked more... you. And I want to be part of that."

Her smile softened at the edges. Slowed. "You really mean that?"

"I do." He glanced toward Ron, then back at her. "He's not the only one who knows how to spoil you."

She stepped forward and kissed him. Deep. Slow. Her tongue brushed his, warm and wine-sweet. When she pulled back, her eyes stayed on his for a second longer.

"I've never wanted to be seen this way before," she murmured. "But now I can't get enough of it."

Then she turned to Ron, who hadn't taken his eyes off her since the first reveal.

"I've got two men spoiling me," she said, practically glowing. "I must be doing something right."

Ron raised his glass. "You're doing everything right."

Then he turned toward Craig. Studied him a moment. "You're starting to find yourself again," he said. "I knew you would."

His hand landed on Craig's shoulder. Firm. Grounded. Just for a moment.

But that touch — simple and solid — stayed with Craig longer than the kiss from Shannon.

He was part of this.

The jewellery boutique didn't look like a store. It looked like a bank vault redesigned by a minimalist god — all glass and pale marble, with soft spotlights angled like reverence. No background music. No clutter. Just silence that hummed with expense.

A single assistant stood at the smoked-glass door, tablet in hand, posture immaculate. Her voice was warm velvet.

“Ron. Welcome back. Everything's been arranged just as you requested.”

Shannon blinked. *Back. Arranged.*

The words landed with weight. Not routine. Not casual. Something curated. Exclusive.

The woman didn't elaborate. She simply smiled, eyes sweeping over Shannon and Craig with polished neutrality. “Please, come in. Your suite is ready.”

They stepped inside. Shannon moved quietly, heels soft against the marble, her breath shallower now — like the air in here wasn't free to take. They passed through the hush of the boutique, past displays that glowed like altars, until they were ushered into a private room set apart from the rest.

Pale velvet chairs. Dove-grey walls. A low glass showcase that shimmered from within. A bottle of champagne rested on ice, condensation curling slowly down the crystal.

“Shall I pour while you get settled?” the assistant asked.

Ron gave a nod. “Please.”

Craig sat in silence. Shannon remained standing near the showcase, her posture poised, but quieter now — like something inside her had softened under pressure. Her fingers hovered above the glass, not quite touching. The weight of what this was — and what it meant — had finally found its place on her skin.

The assistant returned with three flutes and set them down, then moved to the display with a quiet smile. “We've selected a few pieces based on your request. Elegant, contemporary, and all certified.” She lifted the velvet lid like a ritual.

Five rings glimmered inside, each one extraordinary. But it was the centerpiece that stilled the room. A cushion-cut diamond, haloed with smaller stones. The platinum band so delicate it looked like moonlight folded into metal.

Shannon didn't speak. Her eyes locked on it, her breath caught. Something in her chest opened. Her thighs pressed subtly together — not lust, but gravity. Like her body understood the weight of this moment even before her mind could process it.

“Would you like to try one on?” the assistant asked.

Ron didn't look away from Shannon. He reached down, picked up the ring himself — no tongs, no ceremony — just confidence. Intent. The heat of his fingers warming the cool of the platinum.

“Give me your hand,” he said softly.

She did. Wordless.

Ron held her gently, then slid the ring onto her finger with slow, exact care. It slipped past her knuckle like it had always belonged there.

The diamond caught the light and shattered it — casting fragments of brilliance across her skin, the table, the glass. It wasn't just beautiful. It was *claiming*. It belonged. And so did she.

Her breath stuttered. “Ron...”

“This is perfect,” he said.

She looked at him, eyes wide and glassy. “You're really buying this for me?”

“I already did.”

Then he leaned in — voice low, lips at the shell of her ear, meant only for her.

“It belongs on your finger... the same way your pussy belongs to my cock.”

Her knees wavered.

She didn't speak. Didn't laugh. Just looked down at the ring again — small smile forming. Not from amusement. From surrender.

From recognition.

Across the room, Craig sat frozen. His heart beat too hard. His palms were damp. And his cock — unbidden, unwanted — throbbed in his pants. Hard. Heavy. Confused.

This was real.

This wasn't theatre anymore.

The woman he loved wasn't being seduced. She was being *claimed*. And she looked... transformed. Glowing. Elevated. Owned.

She looked like a woman who'd just been given the life she didn't dare imagine. And Craig couldn't stop staring.

The stillness between Ron and Shannon deepened. She didn't pull her hand away. Ron's fingers stayed curled gently beneath hers, like a man holding his signature.

The assistant watched with a soft smile. “You know,” she said, “we see a lot of couples come through here. But you two...”

She nodded at Shannon and Ron. “You make a stunning pair.”

Then she turned toward Craig. “Don't you think they're perfect together?”

His throat locked.

He blinked once. Then again. He could've lied. Said something easy. But Shannon was still looking at him — not pleading, not testing — just... waiting.

“Yeah,” he said softly. “They are.”

Her head turned, just slightly. Like she'd already known what he'd say.

“You really think so, baby?”

He nodded. “I do.”

Her eyes shimmered. Not with guilt. With something deeper. Gratitude. Knowing.

She looked back at her hand — turned it slightly to let the light catch the stone again.

“This would've been my dream ring,” she whispered. “If I'd ever let myself dream like that.”

Ron leaned in, kissed her cheek. “Then stop settling.”

She let out a quiet laugh. Reverent. Unsteady. “Apparently so.”

And for a long moment, no one spoke.

The ring didn't sparkle anymore. It burned.

Craig sat back, his chest heavy, the tension in his pants impossible to ignore. And his mind — reeling, aching — wrapped around the only truth that mattered now.

This wasn't play.

This wasn't performance.

After the ring, something inside Shannon shifted.

She moved through the boutique not like a woman shopping, but like someone slipping into a new skin. Her fingers traced along glass display cases as if learning a language made of metal and fire — carats and craftsmanship, seduction measured in grams. Her hand returned often to the diamond now weighing down her finger. She turned it slightly each time. Watched it catch the light. Watched it remind her.

Ron said little, but walked behind her with quiet intent. Not crowding. Not pushing. Just watching. Eyes sharp. Hands still. Craig followed farther back, his body humming with too much and too little. Lust. Grief. Awe. Wonder. None of it sat still long enough to be named.

They stopped in front of a new case.

Smaller pieces. More intimate.

Inside, resting on black velvet: earrings shaped like falling stars. A necklace so fine it looked like breath woven from platinum. A watch with a black face and diamond markers, clean and cold like obsidian. They didn't glitter. They pulsed.

Shannon paused. She wasn't ready.

Ron was.

“Open it,” he told the assistant.

“Of course, sir.”

The lid lifted. And with it, the air changed again.

Shannon leaned forward, just slightly. The earrings were slender diamond drops, long enough to kiss the jaw. The necklace featured a single radiant stone suspended like a secret just above where the collarbone softened. The watch was sleek, heavy, unmistakably expensive. Her hand hovered over each, not quite touching, as if afraid to disturb their stillness.

“Ron...” she whispered. “These are...”

“They’re yours,” he said.

She turned, somewhere between awe and warning. “You already ruined me with your cock,” she murmured, voice low and shaking. “And now you’re in danger of ruining me completely. In every way possible.”

His eyes held hers. “Good.”

Shannon exhaled — like her body needed permission to need more.

She looked toward Craig then. Her gaze searched his, not for permission, but for connection. For understanding. For support. For *witness*.

He didn’t hesitate.

“Let him spoil you, baby. You deserve it.”

Ron didn’t blink. “Wrap them,” he told the assistant. “She’ll wear the necklace out.”

“Of course.”

The assistant worked in silence, swift and smooth. The necklace came to Shannon’s throat like a vow. Cool. Perfect. Final. The clasp snapped closed, and the chain lay flush against her skin, the diamond resting like punctuation. It didn’t sparkle. It glowed.

She turned to the mirror.

And this time, she didn’t look surprised.

She looked inevitable.

Craig stepped forward before he could stop himself. His hand lifted, slow and unsure, and his fingertips brushed the chain just beneath her throat. She didn’t flinch. She didn’t stop him.

She just looked at him — and in her eyes, he didn’t see guilt.

He saw invitation.

“Thank you, baby,” she said softly. “For letting me have this. Have him.”

Then, with the necklace catching the light just right, she turned back to the mirror. Her reflection had settled. She didn’t look stunned anymore. She looked *settled into power*.

Ron stepped behind her, his hand resting at her waist. His palm spanned her hip, light but immovable. Possessive in the quietest way.

Shannon smiled, the kind of smile a woman wears when she's just crossed a line and has no intention of going back.

“Do you even realise what you've created?” she asked.

Ron tilted his head, a trace of heat in his eyes. “I didn't create you.”

“No.” She smoothed a finger over the diamond on her finger. “But you let me stop pretending I wasn't already this woman.”

Ron leaned in again, his voice brushing her skin like heat.

“Every man gives a ring when he wants to keep her. But this one?”

His eyes fell to the necklace. Then to the throat it adorned.

“This one was to remind you who owns you now.”

And Shannon — radiant, adored, wrecked and reassembled — only smiled.

— — — —

The apartment was quiet in that particular way that only follows indulgence. Not peace. Not absence. Just the charged hush that settles over a space after something extraordinary — the kind of silence where any word would feel too small, too late.

Ron and Craig sat on the couch. The game flickered on the television, muted, casting soft washes of blue and silver across the room. Beers rested in their hands, sweating quietly into coasters they'd never touched before. Ron lounged with practiced ease, his posture loose, one arm stretched along the back of the couch like nothing in the world could reach him. Craig sat tenser, not curled in, but contained — held together by a kind of restraint that didn't trust itself to crack open. His knee bounced. His knuckles whitened around the bottle. His mind wasn't anywhere near the screen.

Shannon stood by the kitchen island, still in her heels. Still in the black dress. Her coat lay somewhere forgotten. The necklace Ron had fastened around her neck sat like it had always belonged there. The diamond on her finger caught the low light with quiet pulses, impossibly bright. She kept reaching for it — not fidgeting, not anxious. Just confirming it was real. That it hadn't been imagined. That she still belonged to it.

And to him.

She caught her reflection in the window and tilted her head. Looked back at the two men on the couch, neither of whom were watching her now. The moment was still thick in the air, unspoken. No one knew what home was supposed to mean anymore — not with that weight on her finger, that stone at her throat, and something far deeper shifting beneath her skin.

“I'm just going to change,” she said. Her voice was soft, like silk being folded.

Ron nodded, eyes on the screen. Craig murmured something close to “okay,” though he didn't know what she meant.

He would.

The minutes passed. Then came the soft click of a door.

Craig looked up.

And forgot how to breathe.

She didn't walk. She arrived — a vision draped in hunger. Gone was the dress. In its place: the black lace bodysuit from the boutique. The one that made Ron sit forward. The one that stole Craig's voice. It clung to her with deliberate precision, sheer panels framing the swell of her breasts, vines embroidered like secrets pulled tight against her skin. Her legs were bare now, the curve of her thighs catching the same soft light that glinted off the necklace and ring. No stockings. No pretence. Just smooth skin, confidence, and the unbearable rightness of her body being seen.

Her hair was down, a little tousled, like fingers had been in it. Her lips were glossed, slightly parted. But her eyes...

Her eyes were something else entirely.

They weren't flirtatious.

They weren't shy.

They were predatory.

She moved with timing, not haste. Not for performance. For effect. For control. The temperature shifted as she crossed the room. Her silence was louder than anything she could've said.

She didn't look at Craig.

Not even once.

She was walking toward Ron.

Only Ron.

Craig's chest constricted. The beer in his hand had long since gone warm. The sight of her — black lace, diamond-cut elegance, total intention — sent a bolt of heat rocketing through his spine. His cock hardened instantly, painfully, pushing thick against his jeans. And with it came the ache. Shame, awe, arousal. The truth he couldn't untangle.

She reached him.

Stopped in front of Ron.

And climbed onto him.

One knee, then the other. Her body settled in his lap like a possession returning home. She took his face in her hands. Lowered her mouth to his.

The kiss wasn't soft. It was grounding. Final. A line redrawn in ink.

She kissed him like she was cementing a bond already made. Like she was fusing herself to the man who had ruined her, marked her, bought her the kind of jewellery no woman wore without knowing what it meant.

Ron's hands were already moving. One gripped her thigh, the other sliding beneath the lace to curve around her ass, anchoring her in place. She rocked against him, slow and sure, hips circling with memory. Her body melted against his, breath hot between their mouths. She moaned into him — low, filthy, uninhibited.

And then she whispered it. Just loud enough for Ron to hear. And for Craig to feel like he'd been hit in the chest.

“This is what you made me.”

Ron said nothing.

But he responded with a gesture — one hand sliding up to the back of her head, fingers threading into her hair, pulling just enough to tilt her face and take her mouth deeper.

Craig twitched.

He was throbbing in his seat now, harder than he'd been all day. But still frozen. Still watching.

She didn't look at him.

She moved with complete, unapologetic rhythm, grinding down into Ron's lap like she needed him inside her even through clothes. The room filled with the soft sound of bodies moving together — the rustle of lace, the friction of skin against tailored fabric, the slow, obscene tempo of possession.

Craig opened his mouth.

Wanted to say her name.

To ask... something. Anything.

But nothing came out.

This wasn't a scene for him to interrupt.

This was Shannon.

In black lace.

Wearing his silence.

And Ron's hands.

She didn't stop kissing him. Not for breath. Not for spectacle. Shannon kissed Ron like it was the only thing keeping her tethered to earth—slow, anchored, and certain. Every movement of her mouth was a love letter written in heat. Her fingers clutched at his shirt, wrinkling it with purpose, not carelessness. Her hips moved with slow, measured intention, grinding down against the heavy length hardening beneath her. It wasn't teasing. It wasn't foreplay. It was need, already soaked and seeking more.

Craig sat there, frozen on the couch, watching like a ghost trapped inside a man's body. His cock throbbed in his jeans, every inch caged and aching. His hands clenched at the fabric of his thighs. He didn't dare move. He couldn't. The scent of her—rich now with heat and slick arousal—hung in the air like perfume rewritten in lust. It was sweeter. Deeper. *Ruined*.

And then she pulled back.

Just enough to look at Ron. Her lips were swollen, kiss-bitten and damp. Her breath came in broken streams, and her pupils were blown wide.

She looked like sin reimagined in lace and diamonds.

“I want to thank you,” she said softly, voice syrupy and dark, wrecked with affection and intent.

Ron tilted his head, fingers still claiming the plush meat of her thigh. “Is that so?”

Her eyes dropped to the bulge between them. Her smirk curved slow and knowing.

“Oh, yes.”

She slid off his lap with elegance—knees to the carpet like they knew the path by memory. No faltering. No hesitation. She moved like worship, like ritual, like something she'd *dreamed* of doing and was now fulfilling on instinct.

Craig's breath caught in his chest.

She reached for Ron's belt, fingers steady. Two flicks. A pause. Then the soft rasp of his zipper sliding down, a sound that made Craig's cock lurch. Her hand disappeared into the open fly, and when it emerged, it brought with it everything.

Ron's cock flopped heavy into her palm. It swung low and thick, already engorged, the head glossy with anticipation. Veins traced its shaft like a map to ruin. The sight of it made Craig's stomach twist—and his cock pulse again, painfully.

Shannon moaned.

A sound low and guttural, born from truth. “Fuck... I missed this.”

She kissed the tip. Slowly. Soft lips brushing the slit like a benediction.

“Thank you,” she whispered, the words grazing his skin.

“For making me...” kiss.

“The happiest...” kiss.

“Most spoiled...” kiss.

“Most completely ruined...” kiss.

“Soon-to-be satisfied...” kiss.

“Woman in the world.”

Her tongue slipped out, tracing the curve of his crown, collecting pre-cum like it was her reward.

Then she opened her mouth—and took him in.

No warning. No warm-up. She devoured him with practiced hunger. Her lips spread wide around the thick shaft, her jaw flexing as the head breached her throat. Inch after inch disappeared into her mouth. She gagged softly. Adjusted. Then took more.

Ron groaned—deep and guttural. His head tilted back, eyes shuttered.

Craig gasped. It escaped before he could catch it, ragged and sharp, humiliation colouring his cheeks, but he couldn't stop now. His whole body shook. His cock strained so violently against his jeans that it felt like punishment.

Shannon found rhythm—sucking slowly, then deeper, faster, wetter. Her throat stretched around him. Her hand wrapped around the base, pumping him in sync. Her other hand braced on Ron's thigh, nails biting into the fabric like anchors. Wet, filthy sounds filled the room—slick and obscene. The air felt heavy with them, saturated in the sound of her mouth praising the man between her knees.

Her cheeks hollowed. Her spit coated him. A thick string slipped from the base of his cock to her chin, and when it fell, Craig tracked it—watched it land on her wrist like a mark of ownership.

She looked like a woman undone by devotion.

And still—she wasn't looking at Craig.

That was the part that broke him more than anything.

She pulled off just long enough to pump him once and pant, “I forgot how heavy it feels on my tongue...”

Then she dove back down.

Ron's hand found her head, not forceful—just *present*. His fingers threaded into her hair, stroking slowly. Controlling. Reassuring. Like he already knew she would take every inch and thank him for the privilege.

She began to hum around him. The vibration made Ron's thigh tense. Her hips swayed slightly on her knees. Her body had become a machine of worship—her mouth drenched, her hand working, her moans timed with each suck.

Craig sat on the edge of destruction.

He didn't touch himself. Couldn't. But his cock throbbed, pulsing in a steady rhythm that felt like a countdown to collapse. His knuckles were white. His teeth clenched.

And then she looked at him.

Just once.

Just long enough.

Her eyes locked onto his, wide and glossy, as her throat bulged with another inch. She never stopped moving. Never broke the rhythm.

That was it.

The drip from her chin. The sound of suction echoing like a secret. The look.

This wasn't a thank you.

It wasn't a performance.

It was a coronation.

And Ron?

Ron was king.

Shannon pulled off Ron's cock with a soft gasp, lips slick and parted, her chin shining with spit. She looked wrecked — and hungry for more. Her breath came fast. Her body trembled with need. But this wasn't exhaustion. This was escalation.

"I can't wait anymore," she whispered, voice wrecked and sweet as sin. "I need to feel you... I *need* you inside me."

Ron didn't speak. He didn't need to. His hands moved to her hips, fingers brushing the damp lace between her thighs. She was soaked through — the black bodysuit clinging to her cunt, sheer and sticky with arousal. The fabric peeled away with a wet sound that made Craig flinch.

"I think I'm addicted to the way you stretch me," she said, half-laughing, half-gasping as she pushed the fabric aside. "To how fucking *deep* you get."

She rose, straddled him, and took him in.

There was no hesitation. No teasing slide.

She sank down in one thick, aching drop — and Ron's cock *disappeared* inside her.

Her moan shattered the room.

"Oh my *God*," she sobbed, head tilting back, throat arched, every muscle in her body bowstring-tight. "So deep—oh fuck—*so deep*—"

She rocked her hips once, then again, adjusting to the stretch, and Craig heard it — the obscene, soaking *squelch* as her soaked pussy clenched around Ron's cock.

And then she moved.

She started riding.

Slow at first — hips circling, spine bowing — her rhythm graceful, hungry, designed to feel. Her thighs flexed. Her fingers dug into Ron's chest. Her tits bounced in time with the grind, necklace swaying like a bell marking each pulse of ruin.

Craig was frozen on the other end of the couch, every inch of his body burning. His cock was rock-hard, bulging against the zipper of his jeans, already leaking. The ache wasn't tolerable anymore. He unzipped himself, hand slipping into his boxers, closing around the thick, slick shaft with a hiss.

Shannon saw it. Of course she did.

"Yes, baby," she breathed, breathless, riding harder now. "That's it. Take it out. Stroke it for me."

Her eyes locked with his, pupils blown wide.

“You’re as much a part of this as we are.”

Her pace grew brutal — the sound of her pussy devouring Ron’s cock echoed in the space between their breath.

“This was your fantasy, wasn’t it?” she gasped. “To see me like this?”

Craig’s hand stroked faster. “Yes…”

“To see me ruined,” she moaned. “To watch my body give out on Ron’s cock. To see me taken by the better man.”

“*Yes!*” Craig’s voice cracked, desperate. “I needed this. I needed to *see* you. You’re so fucking sexy, Shannon. You look like… like you *belong* there.”

“I *do* belong here,” she gasped. “This is where I’m supposed to be. Where I *was made* to be.”

And then Ron spoke.

Voice low. Grounded. Filthy.

“God damn,” he growled, his hands crushing her hips as she bounced. “Her pussy’s like a fucking vice. Gripping me like it’s *never had a real cock before.*”

He thrust up into her suddenly, and Shannon *screamed*.

“Like it *knows* now,” Ron muttered, “and it never wants to let go.”

Shannon was shaking now, sweat glistening on her thighs, her mouth open in a series of broken sobs. Her cries weren’t just moans anymore — they were soaked, splintering, half-screamed releases. Like pleasure and collapse tangled into one.

Craig was panting. His hand pumped slick and fast now. Pre-cum leaked from the tip, dripping down his knuckles. His thighs trembled with restraint.

“I hate how much I love this,” he gasped. “Hate that I’m *this* hard watching it—watching you take him like that—”

“Don’t hate it,” Shannon moaned. “You *need* it. Just like me.”

She started to fall apart.

Her legs twitched, heels digging into the couch cushions. Her cunt clenched, fluttered, spasmed around Ron’s cock. The sound of skin on skin grew louder, wetter, until it filled every space in Craig’s skull.

“I’m gonna—fuck—I’m gonna come—Ron—*baby*—I can’t—*it’s so much*—”

She slammed down one final time and shattered.

Her scream cracked the silence. Her entire body convulsed around him — thighs jerking, walls clenching, hands grabbing at his shoulders like she was falling off the edge of the world.

Ron held her there, buried inside her, throbbing deep.

Craig stroked faster.

He was close.

Shannon's head rolled on her neck, eyes fluttering open, cheeks flushed and streaked with sweat. She looked at Craig — her expression molten, ruined, *triumphant*.

“You look so fucking good stroking it for me, baby,” she purred. “So desperate. So obedient.”

Craig whimpered.

“But don't cum, not yet You're gonna help me next,” she said, voice like silk dragged over steel.

And Craig—shaking, leaking, right at the edge—only nodded.

Not knowing what she meant.

Only knowing he'd do it.

Anything.

Anything she wanted.

Shannon rode Ron like her body had found its home and never wanted to leave. Her thighs were slick against his hips, her spine arched with effort and pleasure, her breath breaking every few seconds into raw, unfiltered gasps. The slow grind of her cunt along his cock was filthy and reverent —her hips dragging in long circles, swallowing him whole again and again.

She was soaked. Glowing. Wrecked. And still, she wanted more.

Craig sat frozen a few feet away, cock in hand but untouched. His knuckles were white. His mouth half-open. He couldn't look away. She looked feral—hair damp, makeup smudged, the necklace at her throat swinging with each bounce like a hypnotic metronome. She didn't look like the woman he knew.

She looked like the woman she'd become.

Her eyes cut to him as she moved.

“Come here, baby,” she said softly, her voice vibrating around the moan that followed. “I want you to help.”

Craig didn't hesitate. He crawled.

She didn't stop riding Ron. Didn't slow down. Her cunt was still wrapped around his thick cock, dripping, clenching, as she leaned forward and arched her back to give Craig a perfect view of what he was about to serve.

“I want to give him my ass this weekend, on the trip,” she murmured, moaning halfway through the sentence as Ron thrust upward into her. “I want it to belong to him too.”

Craig's breath caught in his throat.

“But I’m not ready,” she continued, looking over her shoulder. Her ass rocked back into Ron with a wet, open-mouthed cry. “Not yet. Not for something that big.”

Ron chuckled beneath her, low and calm.

She reached back, spreading her cheeks wide as she ground into him. “That’s where you come in,” she whispered. “You’re smaller. Just right. My perfect little starter.”

Craig groaned, his cock twitching as he knelt behind her, face level with the slick junction of her body, where Ron’s cock gleamed with her arousal.

“I want you in my ass while I ride him,” she breathed. “But first... you’re going to use your mouth.”

The way she said it—casual, cruel, loving—split something in Craig wide open.

She leaned forward, bracing herself on Ron’s chest. Her ass lifted higher, the light catching on sweat-slick skin. Ron didn’t stop moving. He gripped her waist and thrust up into her soaked pussy as Craig buried his face between her cheeks and obeyed.

His tongue found her tight ring and circled, reverent, hungry. He licked slow, then deeper, groaning into her as her body trembled above him. The taste was sweat and heat and need. Shannon gasped, cried out, her fingers clawing at Ron’s chest.

“Ohhh... yes. Just like that...”

Ron’s pace didn’t slow. Craig could feel him moving inside her. His thighs flexed, his hips bucked, and Craig—on his knees, face buried between them—felt the soft, heavy slap of Ron’s balls strike his chin.

He didn’t flinch. He leaned into it.

He licked harder.

“She’s gripping me tighter now,” Ron said, voice rough. “You’re doing good work.”

Craig whimpered, almost came untouched.

Shannon was shaking. Her moans were fractured. The press of tongues and cocks and stretched holes was pulling her into something deeper than orgasm. She was preparing.

“I can feel it,” she sobbed. “I’m ready... I’m ready...”

Craig rose, cock twitching in his hand. He lined up behind her, eyes glazed with lust, jaw clenched.

“Fill me,” she begged. “While I ride his cock—fill my ass.”

Her voice trembled.

“And this weekend... I’ll give it to him.”

Craig pressed against her, and the head of his cock met heat. She was still slick from his tongue, her body still quivering from Ron's thrusts. The tight ring of her ass yielded, and he pushed inside, inch by inch, stretching her with reverent care.

She sobbed.

Her cunt clenched Ron as her ass swallowed Craig.

"Fuuuuck—so full—I'm so full—"

Her voice shattered. Her arms shook. Ron groaned beneath her, his hands steadying her hips as he stayed buried deep.

Craig's thighs were already trembling.

He moved—slow, careful thrusts, fucking into her tightness while Ron remained thick inside her cunt. Their cocks pressed through her, separated only by a fragile, fluttering wall of muscle. She screamed again as both men filled her, her body caught between pressure and possession.

"I can't—*fuck*—I *can't*—"

"Yes, you can," Ron growled. "You wanted this. Now fucking take it."

"I am!" she sobbed. "I'm taking it—I'm taking you both—"

Craig moved faster now, gripping her waist, fucking her ass with growing need.

Her body started to convulse.

Her legs shook.

The sounds were unbearable—wet, rhythmic, full of gasps and sobs and the slap of skin against skin.

"I'm coming—fuck—I'm coming again—"

And she did.

She collapsed forward, body shaking, cunt spasming around Ron's cock while her ass squeezed Craig's shaft so tight he nearly blacked out. He didn't last.

He exploded inside her seconds later, moaning deep, pulsing hot into her, his breath ragged, broken, stunned.

Ron didn't stop.

He took over.

He fucked up into her ruined cunt while Craig's cum still dripped from her ass, and she sobbed from overstimulation, from joy, from ownership.

And when Ron came, he groaned low, long, thrusting once—deep, hard, final—burying every inch of himself into her with a force that knocked the breath from her lungs.

They collapsed.

Shannon's body cradled between them.

Craig pulled out slowly, breathing hard, cum-slick and trembling.

And then—

She turned her head toward him. Smiling. Shining.

“You did so good, baby,” she whispered. “You helped stretch me for him.”

Craig blinked, silent, overwhelmed.

She let out a shaky breath, eyes half-lidded.

“And this weekend... he's going to have all of me.”

Her smile was wrecked.

Peaceful.

Completely, devastatingly his.

Shannon lay draped across Ron's chest, skin still slick with sweat and sex, one leg tangled with his, her body soft and wrecked from the dual stretch still leaking from both used holes. Her ass twitched every so often in aftershock, her breath slow and shallow, her fingers absentmindedly tracing idle patterns along his stomach. The scent of cum and heat clung to the room like it had sunk into the walls.

Craig sat on the floor, knees up, back against the couch, not quite touching them but close enough to feel their warmth. The glow of the room shimmered faintly against his skin, but inside, he was numb. Overfilled. Quiet in a way he couldn't name.

Shannon turned her face toward him. Her cheek was pressed against Ron's chest, hair mussed and wild, her eyes heavy but shining.

“Oh God,” she murmured, still dazed. “I can feel it leaking out of both holes...”

Her voice was almost dreamy. She shifted slightly and moaned as more of Ron's thick load spilled from her stretched pussy and onto the inside of her thigh. She looked down at the mess between her legs like it was sacred.

“It feels so good, baby. Ron really filled me up.”

She turned her head more fully toward Craig, reaching one hand lazily toward him.

“Here. Give me your hand.”

He blinked, slow and disoriented, but obeyed. She guided him between her legs again — soft, ruined flesh still soaked — until his fingers met the heat of her cunt. The slickness was immediate, and deeper than it had any right to be. Her hips tilted up ever so slightly, and his fingers slipped into the overflow, gathering the viscous trail that clung to her skin.

“Feel that?” she breathed. “That heat... that slick stretch? That's not just cum, baby. That's him. It's all the way in my womb.”

She moaned again, the sound barely there, like a drugged prayer.

“Fuck... I love how it feels. How hot it is. How thick it is. How it fills me. How it tastes...”

And then she brought his hand up, slowly, the trail of cream glistening between his fingers, dripping faintly at the wrist.

Craig felt dizzy. The weight of the moment crushed his chest. And when she brought his hand toward her mouth, he didn't resist. For one fragile second, he thought she might press it to his lips. He didn't know if he would've stopped her.

He wasn't sure he wanted to.

But she paused, just a breath away, her eyes dark and playful.

“I'm not ready to share this with you... not yet.”

And then she sucked his fingers into her mouth.

Slow. Deep. One by one.

She moaned as she licked the mess from his hand, holding his gaze the entire time. Her lips closed around the knuckle, then pulled back with a soft pop, tongue swirling to catch the last drop. It wasn't rushed. It was reverent. Like she was tasting ownership itself.

Craig didn't speak. He didn't blink. And somewhere deep inside him, something *cracked*.

She lingered there beside him, licking a final smear from the pad of his thumb, then sat up — slow, careful. Her thighs parted instinctively, and more of Ron spilled from her as she moved, dribbling thickly across the inside of one leg. It rolled down in a glistening ribbon and landed with a soft tap on the hardwood floor.

The sound landed like punctuation.

She glanced at him again, softer now.

“I'm going to spend the night in Ron's bed.”

No question. No permission. Just truth.

Craig nodded. Just once. His throat was tight. He couldn't trust his voice.

Shannon reached down, cupped his face in her palm. Her thumb traced along his cheek, brushing a faint line of sweat or maybe something wetter.

“I love you,” she whispered.

He managed the words, barely audible. “I love you too.”

She leaned in and kissed him.

Slow. Sloppy. Intimate.

It wasn't cruel — but it wasn't clean either. Her tongue pushed past his lips, dragging the faint ghost of Ron's taste with it. It was there. Subtle. Lingering. Not direct... but unmistakable.

It was the kiss of a woman who had been taken, claimed, filled — and still wanted to remind the man she loved what she now belonged to.

When she pulled away, she stood slowly, her legs wobbling slightly beneath her. Ron rose beside her, silent, his cock still heavy and slick from where it had lived. She reached back, fingers curling around it like a leash. Her ring sparkled against the flushed head as she gave it a single possessive stroke.

Craig watched her walk — thighs still glistening, cum still wet on her skin.

But just before they crossed the threshold, Shannon paused. She turned her head, just enough to catch his eyes.

“We’ll leave the door open tonight,” she said, voice lilting with mischief. “In case you’re curious... or want to make another mess of yourself in the doorway.”

She winked.

Then turned.

Her hand still wrapped around Ron’s cock.

The ring glinting at its base like a crown.

And Craig, still sitting on the floor, lips parted, heart cracked open, licked them once without thinking.

The taste was there.

And it wasn’t hers.

Room For More? Chapter 8

The first-class cabin exhaled with that particular kind of silence that only existed in places designed for decadence. It wasn't quiet in the usual sense. It was curated. Insulated. The hush of wealth layered over white noise and softened by ambient jazz that hung in the air like a scent, unnoticed but intentional. The leather seats didn't just support the body, they embraced it. Armrests gleamed beneath the diffused glow of mood lighting. 'Veuve' champagne chilled in etched glassware, fizzing with quiet confidence. The entire space vibrated with the unspoken privilege of being above — above the clouds, above the crowd, above the noise of need.

Craig sat in 3A.

One row behind them.

Three feet away. And yet, it felt like another world entirely.

Shannon had chosen the window seat in 2B without hesitation, her body angling toward Ron with an ease Craig could no longer pretend to ignore. She was barefoot already, one leg tucked under her like they were lounging on a private yacht instead of gliding through the sky. Her fingers traced idle, slow circles along Ron's forearm, and the way her body leaned into his — warm, languid, draped — it wasn't affection.

It was belonging.

She looked like she'd been fucked well and kissed better. Relaxed in the way only a woman who'd been taken fully could be. Her hair was pulled into a loose knot, strands tumbling around her face in a way that felt effortless and erotic all at once. She smiled at Ron, lips parted, her voice low and private. He couldn't hear what was being said. He didn't need to. The laughter that floated back toward him wasn't meant to be shared.

Ron sat back with that familiar, unhurried ease. Confident. Commanding. One arm draped casually over the armrest, the other resting lightly on her bare thigh. His fingers played with the edge of her dress as if her body were a privilege he'd already paid for and could now enjoy on his terms. Craig watched as their hands slid together — not clumsy, not shy. Her fingers threaded between his with a softness that screamed permanence. It was no longer flirtation.

It was declaration.

Craig shifted in his seat. Reached for the tray table like he might adjust the weight of this moment with a piece of engineered plastic. The movie he'd selected played soundlessly in front of him, all explosions and gunfire, too loud for his ears and too empty for his thoughts. He didn't press pause. He just stared — past the screen, through the seats, into the intimacy playing out one row in front of him.

And then the pilot's voice slid through the cabin with that particular tone meant to soothe and celebrate.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we'd like to extend a special congratulations to two of our first-class passengers this morning — Ron and Shannon, recently engaged. Wishing you a lifetime of happiness at thirty thousand feet and beyond."

The cabin stirred in response. Nothing dramatic. Just the elegant murmur of applause, crystal flutes raised in polite approval. But Craig felt it like a punch. A final punctuation.

Shannon lifted her hand to her mouth in a delicate display of mock surprise, her blush blooming across her cheeks — but not from shyness. It was the kind of practiced coyness that wrapped itself around a deeper, more dangerous truth. She turned toward Ron, her eyes glinting beneath the cabin light, and then she kissed him.

Not on the cheek.

On the mouth.

Full. Lingering. Possessive.

Her lips parted against his in a way that left no room for misinterpretation. It wasn't gratitude. It wasn't theatre. It was want. A quiet, molten press of mouth to mouth, sealed with the gentle brush of her tongue along his lower lip. Ron's hand rose instinctively to cradle her cheek, fingers curling just behind her ear, holding her steady as he kissed her back — not like a man making a point, but like one tasting what already belonged to him.

When she finally pulled away, her breath caught, lips slightly wet, her smile unfurling slow and satisfied.

Her fingers drifted to the ring on her left hand, toying with it. She twisted the platinum band slowly, letting it catch the ambient light like a trophy displayed — a symbol of her surrender, her seduction, her status.

And from one row behind, Craig watched. Silent. Still.

Knowing that kiss hadn't been for the cabin.

It had been for him.

He looked away. His eyes dropped to the tray table. The screen continued to flash senseless action, dialogue lost beneath the roar of what he was feeling.

A flight attendant passed and offered champagne, her voice delicate, unbothered. He took the glass with fingers that didn't feel steady and drank it all in one slow swallow.

The bubbles cracked on his tongue like static. Behind his eyes, memory burned to the surface — uninvited, unfiltered. Shannon's moans. The sound of Ron's voice in her ear. The words she whispered as she was filled. The image of her body arched and trembling, claimed in a way that had rewritten the rules of her pleasure... and his place.

The clouds outside split open into soft gold and burnished pink, the sun catching the plane's wing like a brushstroke.

Craig stared through the window, heart hammering in silence.

And he remembered.

Outside the window, the clouds split open like pulled cotton, sunlight bleeding across the wing in long, golden streaks. Craig leaned his forehead against the cool arc of glass, eyes unfocused, his champagne untouched on the tray. The movie on the screen continued flickering in front of him,

loud with action and urgency, but none of it landed. His mind had been hijacked. Hijacked by her. By the image of her body moving the night before.

It played like a film on repeat, projected behind his eyes in brutal clarity. Shannon, flushed and breathless, straddling Ron's lap in the living room. Her dress pushed up to her waist, her bare back gleaming with sweat, muscles rippling with every sensual roll of her hips. She moved with a confidence that wasn't playful, wasn't performative — it was instinct. Her cunt swallowed Ron's cock like it was meant to be there, made to stretch around him, made to take everything he gave. Her moans were thick, low, unfiltered. Pure need.

And then there was Craig. Not watching from across the room. Not seated. Kneeling. Right behind her. His hands trembling, his cock painfully hard, his chest tight with something he couldn't name. And she'd looked back at him, over her shoulder, eyes glassy with lust, and said it.

“You're smaller. Just right. My perfect little starter.”

The words hit him like a slap wrapped in silk, and he should've flinched. Should've faltered. Should've stood. But he didn't. He moved.

“I want you in my ass while I ride him,” she'd whispered, her breath hot and jagged.

And he had obeyed. Of course he had. What choice did he have?

He'd knelt behind her and guided himself in, trembling as her body opened for him, stretching to take both of them at once. Her ass clenched around him, Ron's cock still buried in her cunt, and she'd groaned — loud and guttural — as if that second invasion made her whole. Craig had held her hips while she rocked forward and back, fucked from both ends, her body a shared possession. And he'd known, even in that moment, that none of it was really for him.

It wasn't about Craig. It wasn't about love. It was about Ron. About ownership. About preparing Shannon's body for what came next, for what was coming. Even while he was inside her, he felt peripheral. Like an echo. Like a tool.

“Fill me,” she had begged. “While I ride his cock — fill my ass.”

And he had. Shame rising like heat under his skin. Aroused beyond reason. Owned without resistance.

It didn't end there. Later, when her body was soaked and sore, curled between them on the carpet like something spent and sacred, she had reached for him. Her touch had been soft, deceptively tender, as she took his hand and guided his fingers down between her thighs. He could still feel that heat. The wetness. That slow, obscene gape between her folds where their cum — his and Ron's — leaked freely from her. Sticky. Hot. Marking her.

“Feel that?” she'd whispered. “That heat... that wet, hot, mess? That's not just cum, baby. That's him.”

And then, with that wicked little smile that had once only belonged to him, she lifted his fingers to her lips and sucked two of them slowly into her mouth, eyes locked to his.

“I'm not ready to share this with you... not yet.”

He hadn't pulled away. Hadn't said a word. He just let her taste it. Let her taste him. Taste Ron. Taste herself.

She had been testing him. And he hadn't passed. Or maybe he had. Maybe this was what passing looked like now — staying hard, staying quiet, staying useful.

Now, thirty thousand feet above the world, he sat in Row 3, watching her twist the same ring on her finger she had worn while being double-penetrated. She twisted it absently, like it was just another part of her body now. She beamed like a woman newly claimed. Like a woman who had finally found what she was always meant for.

His cock ached again. Sharp. Shameful. Inescapable.

He wanted this. He couldn't deny that anymore. Watching Ron and Shannon together had awakened something deep and impossible to ignore. The heat of it, the rawness, the visceral *truth* of it — it made his skin buzz and his throat tighten and his cock quake with need. Seeing her taken. Claimed. Used. Owned. It had been the most erotic, intense experience of his life.

But this path... this role... it wasn't what he imagined when he fell in love with her. The teasing. The cleaning. The way she reached for him now with affection edged in amusement. The way Ron touched her in public, in front of him, with complete certainty. The way she leaned into it. Welcomed it. Became it.

He could feel his place shifting, sliding beneath him.

Sometimes, Craig caught himself wondering what it would feel like to be Ron. Just for a second. To hold her that way. To touch her without asking. To take her like it was a right rather than a reward. To be the man she moaned for with abandon. It wasn't that he wanted Ron. He didn't. But God, he wanted to *be* him. To wear that ease. That certainty. That power. Just once.

And it scared the hell out of him.

Because if this wasn't who he thought he was... then who was he?

He had always thought of himself as the good man. Loyal. Devoted. Romantic. The one who listened. Who stayed. The man who memorised her laugh and knew when to touch her and when to wait. The one who *loved* her, deeply, wholly, fully. But that man didn't kneel. That man didn't plug her ass so she could ride someone else. That man didn't sit quietly while she sucked another man's cum off his fingers and told him to wait his turn.

And yet... here he was.

Still hard.

Still aching.

Still unable to look away.

The plane hummed softly around him, the quiet luxury of first class blurring into background noise. He pressed his forehead lightly to the window again, trying to cool the flush that bloomed across his skin. The sun traced across the clouds like a slow-moving hand, gold melting into white.

He didn't have answers.

But he still heard her voice.

“My perfect little starter...”

And no matter how many times he whispered to himself that this wasn't who he was supposed to be...

His cock had stayed hard the entire flight.

Shannon stirred beside Ron, stretching with a slow, feline ease beneath the plush folds of the airline blanket. Her voice dipped low as she leaned in and whispered something into his ear. Ron, still reclined and half-drowsing, gave a soft, approving grunt without opening his eyes. One hand slid off her thigh as she rose, relaxed and unconcerned, already moving with purpose.

She slipped into the aisle like it belonged to her. Her sundress caught the air with each step, clinging to her hips and then releasing, brushing over her thighs like it was part of the seduction. Her movements were quiet, controlled, and devastating. But she didn't head toward the galley.

She came back.

To him.

Craig's heart stuttered. She approached without hesitation, crouching beside his seat like it was the most natural thing in the world, her fingers curling lightly around the armrest. Her perfume was soft but commanding — citrus and heat, threaded with something unmistakably sexual.

He looked down, startled. "Shan?"

"Come with me," she said, her voice low and intimate.

His brow knit. "Now?"

She nodded, eyes dancing. "I need you."

There was something dangerous in the way she said it — not rushed, not shy. Delighted. Certain. Like a woman in full command of her own narrative. And before he could question it further, she was already walking away, trusting him to follow.

He followed.

The lavatory wasn't built for seduction, but Shannon made it feel that way. The soft gold ambient light curved around her body in waves, reflecting in the mirror and warming the edges of the tiny space. The scent of expensive hand soap lingered in the air, but beneath it — faint, undeniable — was *her*. The scent of bare skin, memory, and anticipation.

She locked the door behind them. Turned. And smiled.

From her purse, she pulled a small black velvet pouch. She held it between them with a knowing look and loosened the ties. Inside, gleaming against the dark fabric, was a plug. Smooth, polished steel. The jewelled base shimmered a deep garnet — dark red, almost glowing, like temptation made physical.

"I want to wear it before we land," she said, voice low and rich. "I want to feel it with every step down that aisle. With every smile I give Ron, every little laugh I offer to strangers. I want to feel the stretch and remember what's coming. Who I'm preparing for."

She ran her thumb slowly over the jewelled base, then glanced up at Craig. "But I don't have lube."

Her eyes didn't waver. "So use your mouth. Get it wet for me."

She held it out, palm steady.

Craig froze.

His breath hitched as he stared at the gleaming steel in her hand. Something inside him recoiled — not in anger, not in resistance, but in confusion. This wasn't him. This wasn't the man he'd grown up to be. He wasn't built for this. He wasn't the one on his knees licking toys for the woman he loved to take back to another man. This wasn't a request. It was a pivot. A confirmation.

His lips parted, a protest catching in his throat.

"I... Shannon," he said softly. "This isn't... I need to tell you. This isn't who I am."

But then she looked at him.

Softly. Calmly.

"Please," she whispered. "I need it...Just this once."

Just that. No pressure. No cruelty. Just a woman asking for what she wanted — and knowing exactly what power that held over him.

And so he gave in.

He took the plug from her hand. Raised it to his lips. The metal was cool and unforgiving, like judgment. His tongue trembled as he pressed it to the tip, and then he began to lick. Slowly at first — long, deliberate strokes, coating the surface with warmth and saliva. Then deeper. Wetter. His lips wrapped around the stem, tongue working over the base, sliding into every groove. He sucked on it like it might absolve him. Like it might earn him her touch.

"Mmmm just like that baby. Suck it harder..." she murmured again, eyes half-lidded. "Make it nice and slick for me, baby..."

He did. And when he glanced up, her gaze was molten with hunger and satisfaction.

"You're a natural," she whispered.

Then she turned around.

Lifted her sundress.

Bent slowly forward over the tiny sink with the kind of confidence that made Craig's knees weaken beneath him. There were no panties. No hesitation. Just the bare, perfect curve of her ass glowing in the golden light, already twitching, already opening. Waiting for him. Not with desperation, but with intention. She wanted this. She wanted *him* to be the one to do it. To prepare her. To serve the man who would eventually take her fully.

Craig dropped to his knees on the narrow floor. The plug, now warm and slick in his hand, felt heavy and final. He pressed the rounded tip to her entrance, and she let out a long, trembling breath. As he pushed, inch by slow inch, he could feel her body respond — her muscles clenching, yielding, opening to him. Her moan was soft but guttural, blooming through the confined space like

steam. And when the jewelled base finally nestled tight between her cheeks, her whole body gave a subtle shiver.

She exhaled, slow and pleased, then her hand drifted down. Her fingers dipped between her thighs, just for a second, as if checking something private and sacred. She brushed over her slick folds and let out a low, satisfied sound. Not a performance — just pleasure. Then she smiled at the mirror, eyes bright.

“Mmm... I can feel it already. Every step’s going to drive me insane.”

Then she turned.

Her eyes met his as she stepped toward him, dress still held in one hand, her mouth already parted. She kissed him. Deep. Wet. Her tongue slipped into his mouth and claimed him, tasting herself, tasting the act. Her hand slid down to press against the bulge in his slacks, feeling the full, rigid weight of him beneath the fabric.

“You’re such a good helper,” she murmured, palm pressing in slow circles. “So eager to make sure I’m nice and gaping. Just right for him.”

She smoothed her dress back down with a graceful tug, gave her hair a final adjustment in the mirror, and admired herself — flushed, glowing, and clearly pleased. Her fingers lightly skimmed the swell of her ass, as if checking that the plug was still perfectly in place.

“I brought a bigger one for tomorrow,” she said absently, like it was part of her to-do list.

Then her eyes flicked back to his. Her voice lowered, her tone wrapping around the words like silk.

“And then... I think I’ll finally be ready for him.”

She kissed his cheek — soft, unhurried — and reached for the lock.

“Back to your seat, baby.”

And she was gone.

Craig stayed in the cramped space a moment longer, the scent of her skin still thick in the air, the feel of her heat still clinging to his fingertips. The pouch lay open on the counter, empty now. His trousers pressed painfully tight against him, cock still straining, heart still caught in that hazy space between arousal and identity crisis. He didn’t know what he was becoming.

But he knew what he had just done.

And it had made him hard as hell.

He returned to Row 3 in silence.

Shannon was already seated again, nestled back into her window seat, leaning casually into Ron’s side. Her lips curled into a slow, secret smile as her eyes caught his for the briefest moment. Not gloating. Not apologetic. Just knowing.

Then she looked away.

Craig sat down, his cock still aching, his chest still tight, his thoughts still spiralling.

Still hard.

Still wondering who the fuck he really was.

— — — —

The estate didn't feel built so much as conjured — a place pulled from magazine pages and old money daydreams. All clean glass and dark stone, framed by rows of eucalyptus trees and drenched in the honeyed glow of a California coastal dusk. The dinner unfolded on the west terrace, beneath strings of soft bulb lights and a sky bleeding slowly from lavender to ink. The air held the weight of expensive pressed linen, white wine, old laughter.

Everything and everyone looked curated.

Men in crisp shirts and tailored blazers, all boasting tans that came from yachts rather than parks. Women in silky silhouettes and quiet, gleaming jewellery, their smiles just slightly too smooth, lifted by the kind of work that was subtle enough to feel earned. Five couples circled the long white-draped table, their bodies angled toward conversation, power, and whatever deal hovered beneath the surface.

At the head of the table sat Dean Harrington — silver-haired, tall, leathery with sun and wealth — beside his wife Lila, stunning in a lemon wrap dress that clung with precision to the lines of seasoned elegance.

But all eyes, really, landed on the centre of the table.

On Ron and Shannon.

He wore a charcoal blazer, collar open, no tie — the epitome of effortless affluence. She wore a backless ivory dress that shimmered faintly beneath the hanging bulbs. Her skin held the light, bronzed and soft from a kiss of sun, and her hair had been swept up to bare the curve of her neck. The diamond on her finger glittered like it had conquered something. Her laugh came easy. Her wine sips came slow. She looked like she belonged — because she did.

And two seats down, Craig sat alone.

They had set him beside a couple he didn't know, the man already two glasses deep into a monologue about crypto, boats, or whatever power play men of this tax bracket used to measure themselves. Craig nodded politely when required. Smiled on cue. Drank his merlot with no memory of its taste.

But he couldn't stop watching Shannon.

The way her hand touched Ron's forearm mid-laugh. The way she leaned into his shoulder as she whispered something against his ear. The way her fingers — delicate, slow — drifted along Ron's thigh beneath the table, not hidden, just low enough that no one noticed.

Except Craig.

Their chemistry had evolved into something surgical. This wasn't flirtation. It was performance. Ownership.

At one point, Dean lifted his glass in a toast — to “new partnerships and promising futures.” And when his gaze found Shannon and Ron, Craig could swear the air itself tilted.

She blushed then — softly, expertly — and Ron’s hand slid to her bare back with the practiced ease of someone who had the full rights to touch.

Craig clinked glasses with the crypto guy, smiled thinly, and blinked hard, trying to drown the burn behind his eyes in the swirl of red wine.

“Darling, you haven’t touched your filet,” came a voice beside him.

He turned. Lila Harrington was watching him with a kind of refined concern — not nosy, just attentive, like a woman who’d hosted enough to know when someone didn’t belong. Her blonde hair was curled and pinned, her plum lipstick pristine, her hands elegant in stillness.

“Oh, I’m fine,” Craig said, clearing his throat. “Just not that hungry after the flight, I guess.”

She tilted her head. “And you’re with...?”

His eyes flicked toward Shannon, involuntarily, and in that exact moment, she looked back at him. Their gazes caught like two notes in an unresolved chord. Not regret. Not longing. Just the quiet acknowledgment of before.

“Not with anyone,” Craig said softly.

“Ah,” Lila murmured. “You’re not married?”

Before he could answer, Shannon’s voice cut gently through the ambient murmur.

“He’s healing.”

Everyone turned slightly, just enough to include her. Shannon smiled, poised and almost maternal in her tone. Her eyes, however, never left Craig.

“Bit of a heartbreak, actually,” she continued.

Lila’s hand moved to Craig’s forearm with polite concern. “Oh, darling. I’m sorry.”

Shannon nodded, warm but composed. “Love of his life kind of thing. Changed him. He’s still... finding his feet.”

Craig opened his mouth to speak — to correct, to push back — but nothing came out. The words sat heavy in his throat, unformed and unwanted. She was eulogising their relationship in front of strangers, with her engagement ring catching fire in the candlelight. It should have broken him. Instead, it just hollowed him a little more.

Lila’s hand stayed on his. “You’re far too handsome and far too charming to stay alone long,” she said with a practiced wink. “And I happen to know someone who’s recently single — absolutely stunning, sharp as a tack, and with a tragic weakness for men like you.”

Craig smiled, half-heartedly. “That’s kind, but —”

“She’s coming to the vineyard tomorrow,” Lila went on, unfazed. “You should meet her. You’re exactly her type. Handsome, thoughtful, a little shy, successful. She’ll eat you alive.”

Shannon laughed behind her wineglass.

“She really would,” she echoed. “Perfect for you.”

Craig’s mouth opened again, trying to land on a polite refusal, but Shannon was already there — softly, firmly, finishing the thought for him.

“She’s not coming back, Craig. You know that. You need to start moving forward.”

And it wasn’t said cruelly. Just honestly.

He looked at her again. Really looked. Her lips were wine-dark. Her skin glowing. Her hand still resting possessively on Ron’s thigh beneath the linen. There was no trace of the girl who used to sleep beside him. Only the woman now being claimed by someone else — completely and publicly.

“Okay,” he said finally. “Sure. I’ll meet her.”

Lila clapped softly. “Wonderful. You’ll thank me.”

The conversation shifted after that — back toward portfolios and land investments and the upcoming expansion of Dean’s vineyard. Ron spoke with relaxed authority, his voice a low thrum of certainty. Shannon floated beside him, responding like punctuation — a laugh here, a hand there, her gaze only meeting Craig’s one more time. When it did, it was brief.

Pleased.

Approving.

Good boy.

Craig dropped his gaze to his empty plate, his wineglass, the glint of silverware. He thought he could still taste the wine. Or maybe it was her.

The soft hum of conversation continued, until it was punctured by a tipsy voice further down the table — female, playful, bold.

“So... any plans for kids?”

There was a pause. Just long enough to feel the shift.

All eyes turned toward the centre of the table.

Ron smiled faintly. But it was Shannon who leaned in, radiant beneath the lights.

“Oh, absolutely,” she said, her voice like honey. “We want a whole team of them.”

Laughter rippled. Light. Delighted.

“I’m serious,” she added, pressing her hand over Ron’s. Her palm drifted just slightly, fingers grazing up the centre of his torso, stopping just under his chest. The touch was subtle — invisible to most — but to Craig, it was unmistakable. She was already imagining the weight of Ron above her. Inside her. Again. And again.

Craig’s stomach tightened.

He knew her body — the way it curled in pleasure, the way her thighs quaked, the way her eyes glazed when she came. He remembered the night she rode him, clutched his face, and whispered

that she wanted to give him a baby. That he was the only one she trusted to put one inside her. And now... here she was. Planning a rugby team with another man. While Craig sat at the same table, nodding like an old friend.

And still — even with his heart cracking in silence — his cock stirred beneath the table.

“I stopped taking my birth control last week,” Shannon said, tracing the rim of her glass with a slow fingertip. “I want to give him everything. Just like he gives me everything.”

Ron’s voice followed. Calm. Inevitable.

“We’re ready.”

A subtle shift passed over the table, like heat moving through silk. Eyebrows rose. Wineglasses tilted. Someone down the end lifted their glass with a grin.

“To strong swimmers!”

More laughter, louder this time. Light-hearted, indulgent.

“Careful,” a woman said through her smile. “Could be tonight!”

Shannon laughed, let the warmth roll over her.

But then her gaze slid sideways. Unhurried. Intentional.

Her eyes found Craig.

And held.

“Maybe,” she said softly.

Then she looked away.

And kept smiling.

— — — —

Craig moved quietly down the hallway, his fingertips still faintly warm from the lowball glass he’d finally put down. The scotch session with Dean and the others had dragged well past midnight, fuelled by stories of market wins and whispered names, the kind of night thick with moneyed bravado and carefully rationed vulnerability. He’d held his own — laughed at the right moments, nodded at the right names — but even on his sharpest night, he knew the spotlight never touched him for long.

Ron had drawn it like gravity. Casual. Commanding. Effortless.

Now the house had hushed, dimmed to that rich, silent glow only expensive homes could carry. The hallway smelled faintly of eucalyptus and wine, the lighting low, warm, and private. Craig’s room sat near the end — of course it did — right next to theirs.

He reached for the door handle, the polished brass cool beneath his fingers, when she appeared.

Shannon.

She turned the corner barefoot, a tall glass of water in one hand, the other idly twisted into the tie of a barely fastened silk robe. Her hair had been let down, still faintly curled from the day, cascading around her shoulders like soft shadows. Her skin carried that post-shower glow — clean, flushed, slightly damp in places he still remembered with painful clarity. No makeup. No mask. Just Shannon. Warm. Real. Devastating.

They both slowed.

Her eyes lifted. And when they landed on him, she smiled — that low, effortless smile that had once undone him.

“I can’t believe you’re already moving on from me,” she teased, voice a sultry ripple, low and private in the quiet air between them. “That was fast.”

Craig gave a dry laugh, trying for detached and landing somewhere just short. “You’re the one who agreed to it, Shan.”

She stopped in front of him, just close enough to feel the heat off her body, and shrugged lightly. Her fingers shifted on the glass, her nails tapping once.

“Because I think it’ll be good for you,” she said. Then her eyes softened. “Because... you told me on the plane. This isn’t really you.”

There was no cruelty in her voice. No mockery. Just a soft, unsettling clarity. And somehow, that made it worse.

Craig’s mouth twitched, but no reply came. His hands stayed loose at his sides, fingers flexing slightly, like they were searching for an answer he didn’t have.

Her weight shifted subtly. The robe fell open just enough at her collar to reveal the gentle slope of one bare shoulder, the soft hollow at her collarbone. Her skin gleamed like it had been touched by heat — or memory.

“I meant it,” she continued, her voice quieter now. “This girl Lila’s bringing... she might be exactly what you need. She doesn’t know anything about us. She doesn’t see you through this... lens.”

She gestured vaguely, her hand cutting the air in a loose arc — as if summarising something unspeakable. Their entire unraveling. The surrender. The roles. The man he was now. The man she had helped shape.

“Let her see you clean,” Shannon said, eyes locking to his. “Let her see who you really are. Or could be.”

Craig swallowed. The silence between them thickened.

“And you’re okay with that?” he asked. Not accusing. Almost... hopeful. As if some part of him wanted her to say no. To pull back. To admit she wasn’t done with him either.

But Shannon only smiled — warm and knowing. Maddening.

“I’d be a hypocrite if I wasn’t.”

Then she stepped just slightly closer. Not enough to make a scene. Just enough to let him feel it — the ghost of their closeness still alive in the air between their bodies. Familiar. Loaded.

She leaned in, her breath warm against his cheek, and kissed him.

Not teasing. Not casual.

A slow, quiet kiss to the side of his face, like a seal being pressed onto parchment. The kind of kiss that didn't ask for permission because it already knew it had the right.

"Besides," she whispered, her lips brushing his skin like silk, "you'll always be mine. To torment."

Craig let out a sound — not quite a laugh, not quite a sigh. It caught somewhere low in his chest and stayed there.

She moved past him, bare feet silent against the hardwood. As she reached the door beside his, she paused to read the number, then turned with a glint in her eye.

"This your room?"

He nodded.

Her grin widened, lips curling into something just shy of wicked.

"Right next to ours."

Her voice lowered, just a breath. Just enough.

"I hope you manage to get some sleep."

She turned toward her door, her robe swaying, the silk catching the light like liquid. He watched her reach for the handle, the slow curve of her back beneath the fabric, the bare length of her thigh exposed as the robe shifted.

And some part of him — the part still hopelessly wired to her — wondered what he'd do if she knocked on his door. If she let the robe slip. If she said his name in that voice she used to reserve for between the sheets.

"Shan..." he said, quietly.

She turned again, one brow lifted in gentle question.

"What you said. At dinner. About the birth control..."

The words hung in the air between them like perfume, sweet and heavy. For a long second, neither of them moved. She didn't blink. Didn't speak. Just let the silence stretch — patient, deliberate — until it pressed against his chest like a hand.

Then she smiled.

Not sweet. Not cruel. Just that slow, maddening smile — the kind that once promised him everything and now promised him nothing at all. It moved across her lips like the memory of something he'd never touch again.

She opened the door and stepped inside, disappearing without a word.

The soft click of the latch behind her landed like a gavel.

Craig stood there for a long moment, unmoving, staring at the woodgrain, his chest wound tight, every breath shallow. Every part of him was caught between the past and the throb between his legs. The ache in his cock. The knot in his chest. The silence she left behind.

The hallway held stillness again — rich, warm, expensive.

And Craig was alone in it.

Wired.

Hard.

And no closer to knowing what the fuck he was supposed to do next.

— — — —

Craig lay in bed, wide awake, the sheets clinging to his legs like they could sense the shame leaching into his skin. The room was warm with the hush of expensive comfort — rich linens, dim light, thick silence. Only the amber pool from the bedside lamp lit the space, casting long shadows that dragged across the walls like accusations. He had tried to sleep. Closed his eyes. Breathed deep. But all he could see was her.

That robe. That bare shoulder. The way she had smiled at him in the hallway — affectionate, knowing — before slipping through the door next to his and closing it softly, sweetly, like she was tucking him out of her life with a kiss and a verdict.

He hadn't even managed to undress. Still half-wrapped in his slacks, belt loosened, shirt rumpled. His cock had been hard for hours, ever since she appeared in the hallway, already half-possessed by the man waiting behind that door. He told himself he wouldn't touch it. That he wouldn't give them the satisfaction. Not him. Not like this.

And then... the sound started.

It was faint at first. The hush of bodies moving. Fabric dragging over skin. Then the creak — the subtle, inevitable complaint of a bed beginning to carry weight and rhythm. And her voice. Soft. Distant. But rising. The breathlessness at first, then a moan that didn't belong to performance. Not faked. Not polite. Real. Deep. Staggering.

Craig sat upright. His heart thudded like it was trying to climb out of his chest. His eyes fixed to the wall, as if he could see through it by force of will alone. Every nerve in his body went tight. Then, without warning, his phone buzzed against the nightstand.

Shannon [12:41 a.m.]

Still awake, baby? I'm ovulating. If you don't want him to knock me up... you better find some XLs. Your size won't even make it past the tip.

(Image attached)

He opened it. Couldn't stop himself. His thumb trembled as it tapped the screen.

The photo filled the screen instantly — raw, graphic, merciless. It was Ron's cock. Massive, swollen, half-sheathed in a condom that had split wide open. The latex was torn from base to tip, jagged and stretched like it had simply surrendered. Shannon's hand was wrapped around it, fingers barely managing to circle halfway. The crown was gleaming, flushed and wet with precum, pulsing

like something alive. At the edge of the frame, unmistakable — her bare thigh, her engagement ring catching the light like punctuation.

Craig's breath caught hard. Through the wall, she moaned again — louder. Realer. He clenched his jaw. His cock ached, angry and needy beneath the fabric. He told himself not to move. But the heat was already blooming in his groin. His pulse loud in his ears.

Another message.

Shannon [12:46 a.m.]

(Video attached)

You should see what I'm letting him do to me...

He tapped the screen before he could think.

The video started with no preamble — just raw, handheld chaos. Ron was behind her, driving into her hard. Knees on the bed, hands wrapped around her hips, his cock pistoning into her with deep, wet slaps. Shannon's back was arched, her spine bowed like worship, her mouth open and ragged. Her pussy looked devastated — stretched wide, gleaming with slick, red and raw, visibly pulsing as he used her. Her body jolted with each thrust, her fingers clawing the sheets, her moans rising like they'd broken past permission.

And then — her head turned. Her hair was wild, tangled across her cheek. She looked into the camera and smiled through the wreckage.

“You watching, baby?” she breathed. “You see what I take for him?”

She moaned again, her voice breaking. “That plug you gave me's still in... Can you hear it? It taps every time he hits me this deep—”

Ron's grunt followed — low, guttural, possessive.

“Fuck... she's so full already...”

And then her voice, cracking on the edge of something primal: “I want it, Craig... I want him to cum in me... I want to feel it dripping out while I sleep...”

She groaned, and then looked into the lens again. Her eyes gleamed with cruelty and affection, perfectly blended.

“You used to say I was tightest for you... Look at me now.”

Craig's hand twisted in the sheets. His cock throbbed beneath his waistband, hot and twitching. He hadn't touched it. Not yet. But he was shaking. Drenched in it. Arousal. Shame. Memory. Hunger. The sound of skin-on-skin grew louder through the wall. Her cries rose in tandem.

“YES! Oh fuck yes! Put it in me, fill me — don't you DARE pull out!”

Slap. Slap. Slap.

Her moans cracked into sobs of pure, orgasmic collapse.

His phone buzzed again.

Shannon [12:52 a.m.]

(Photo attached)

Oops. Too late.

He opened it. The breath left his lungs.

She was bent over the bed, thighs shaking, her pussy leaking thick, creamy cum down the length of her folds. It slid across her skin in long, sticky ropes, already soaking into the sheets. Her lips were swollen, parted, twitching. And just beneath it — gleaming — the jewel. The plug. Still seated. Still perfect.

He stared.

He'd watched porn for years. Had even watched Ron take her in real time. But this was something else. This wasn't performance. This wasn't shared kink.

This was conversion.

He was watching the girl he loved be bred.

And God help him, he was still hard.

Another buzz.

Shannon [12:55 a.m.]

(Audio note)

“You hear me?” Her voice was a whisper — ruined and sweet. “I told him to stay inside.”

“He's still hard. He wants to go again.”

“Should I let him, Craig?”

“Should I let him flood me a second time while you lie there?”

“Would that make you cum too?”

His hand moved then. Slowly. Shamefully. He slid beneath the waistband of his slacks and wrapped his fingers around himself. He groaned quietly, teeth clenched. His cock was slick already. Hot. He stroked once. Twice. It barely helped. He felt like he might break.

From next door came another slam of the bed frame. Shannon's voice rose again.

“Fuck—RON—YES—breed me again!”

Then Ron's — raw and low, deliberate:

“I'm not pulling out this time either.”

And her — gasping, almost crying:

“I want to be pregnant before we leave...”

Craig whimpered. Not a word. Just a sound. His hips lifted slightly, hand moving faster now. He wasn't jerking off like a man anymore. He was surrendering. Submitting. Collapsing into it.

The next video hit.

Shannon [1:04 a.m.]

(Video attached)

It began with a brutal close-up — her pussy, open and twitching, gaping wide from repeated use. Cum was pouring from her. Thick. Bubbling. It ran down her folds in glistening streams, smeared over her thighs, pooled into her ass crack. Her fingers reached into frame, spreading her wider, showing him everything. She moaned softly off camera, a low hum of wrecked pleasure.

Then the angle shifted.

The mirror.

He could see the reverse — her back arched, ass coated, her face reflected behind her as she looked at the lens. Sweaty. Glowing. Beautiful. Her smile was dazed, but her eyes were clear.

Shannon [1:06 a.m.] Text message

You know if you really didn't want me pregnant... you'd be through here right now, cleaning me up.

Door's open if you want to 'save me.' ♥

Craig stared at the screen.

The message glowed in the dark, searing itself into his vision, into his bloodstream. The room around him had gone silent — the kind of silence that made every heartbeat feel like thunder. The air was heavy. Unbearably so. The weight of it wrapped around his skin, humid with tension, with heat, with the scent of his own arousal still clinging to him, and the fading echoes of hers bleeding through the wall. His thumb trembled over the phone. He didn't move. He didn't breathe.

And then he did.

Not with thought. Not with intent. Just need. Heat. Hunger.

His feet hit the floor soundlessly, bare and unsteady. His cock hung heavy, pressed against the curve of his thigh, leaking and aching and begging. Every step toward the door felt slow and hot, like walking through syrup. The knob turned with a soft click. He opened it.

The hallway was bathed in low, golden light — quiet and still, like it too was holding its breath. Her door, just one room down, was cracked. Just enough. A sliver of a gap, thin and deliberate, as if permission was implied but not spoken. The room beyond glowed in amber, a haze of expensive warmth spilling onto the hardwood like candlelight over honey.

He stepped through.

And everything changed.

The air shifted the moment he crossed the threshold. It hit him like a body — heavy, soaked, heavy with scent. Her scent. The scent of sex. The sheets were a mess. The room was humid, decadent, filled with the unmistakable smell of skin and sweat and seed. It curled into his lungs like incense, intoxicating. His knees nearly buckled beneath him.

The door clicked shut behind him.

And she was there.

Shannon lay stretched across the bed, her body a study in aftermath. One leg bent loosely, the other relaxed and trailing toward the edge of the mattress. Her skin glowed in the soft light — warm, dewy, sheen at the hollows of her collarbones and the dip of her hips. Her robe was gone. Her hair spilled wild across the pillow, tangled and damp from exertion. Her lips were parted. Her breath slow. Her body gleaming with the heat of what she'd just taken.

But Craig didn't see any of that first.

He saw her pussy.

Gaping. Glossy. Used.

Her folds were sheen, swollen, soaked with layers of sheen — her own sheen, her sweat, and something thicker. seed. It shone between her thighs in long, lewd strands, clinging to her skin, streaking the insides of her legs, still leaking from her like her body hadn't finished letting go. Her clit sat swollen and pink, pulsing faintly. And nestled between the plush cheeks of her ass, seated deep and proud — the jewel. The plug he had given her. Still in place. Still worn. Still his.

And then there was Ron.

He was beside the bed, sprawled in an armchair like a king watching the spoils of conquest. Shirtless. Relaxed. A crystal glass of something dark rested casually in one hand. His chest was wide, still gleaming faintly with sweat. One leg crossed over the other. And his cock — half-soft, heavy as ever — lay along his thigh, gleaming. sheen with her. Still red at the crown. Still soaked from where it had been buried.

He didn't speak.

He didn't have to.

Craig stood frozen. Body trembling. Mind blank. His cock throbbed in response to nothing and everything.

Then Shannon turned her head — slow, dreamlike — and smiled at him with a softness that stung.

“That was fast,” she said, her voice hoarse and honeyed. “You came to save me?”

His mouth opened. Closed. His throat was dry, choked. He couldn't swallow.

“I thought...” he began, barely louder than breath, “I thought you might not want to...”

She laughed — not loud, but deep. Pitying. Cruel. Familiar.

“Did you think he forced me?” she murmured, her hand drifting downward, sliding between her legs. Two fingers pressed gently through the sheen mess, stirring the seed at her entrance with a squelch that echoed through the silence. “Baby... I begged for it.”

She lifted her fingers. Coated. Glinting in the light. Strings of it clung between the digits, heavy and unashamed. She held them where he could see.

“You want to clean me now?”

He didn't answer.

He just sank.

His knees gave way. His body folded. The carpet rose to meet him — plush and warm, a bed of shame. The scent down here was even stronger. It wrapped around him like a blanket of sweat and surrender. Her thighs trembled slightly as he leaned forward. Her lips twitched beneath the wreckage of sex. She smelled like everything he had lost. And everything he still wanted.

“There he is...” Shannon whispered. Her voice was velvet dipped in poison. “My good little helper.”

Craig’s mouth opened.

And he licked.

The first taste hit him like a slap — hot, heavy, and impossible to mistake. Her sheen. Her sweat. And the dense, masculine salt of Ron’s seed, still fresh, still heavy, still leaking from deep inside her. It coated her folds. It was her folds now. The lines blurred. She had taken him so deeply, so completely, that there was no separating them anymore.

Craig's tongue dragged up her seam in a long, trembling stroke, pulling the mess into his mouth with a shudder. It clung to his lips. Slid down his chin. sheen and bitter and rich with a kind of humiliation he hadn’t known he was capable of swallowing. His groan was low, muffled by her flesh, vibrating against the soft, twitching edges of her.

Above him, Shannon exhaled. Her hips flexed just slightly.

“That’s it,” she breathed, her voice a husky sigh. “Just like that. Clean me. Lick up what he left behind.”

His hands found her thighs and gripped — hard — fingers denting the skin, holding her open as his mouth worked. He moved lower, dragging his tongue through the seed sheen pooling along her folds. It was everywhere. In the creases. Along the ridge. At the entrance still fluttering with the aftershocks of being stretched. He dipped inside. Just a little.

She gasped. Her head fell back against the pillow.

“Jesus, yes...”

Her fingers slipped into his hair, curling tight at the roots. Not yanking. Not forcing. Just holding. Anchoring him where she wanted him. Where he belonged. His tongue worked deeper, pulling the taste of Ron from her inch by inch, lap by lap. It wasn’t clean. It wasn’t delicate. It was mess. It was filth. Every breath he took came saturated with the scent of their sex. Every swallow was heavy with shame.

Her voice floated down to him again, a slow whisper between gasps.

“Earlier today... on the plane... you told me this wasn’t you...”

His body stilled. Just for a beat.

Her hand in his hair didn’t loosen. It tightened.

“And yet here you are...” she murmured, her voice velvet and sharp. “Face buried in my used pussy. And your tongue full of him.”

A sound tore from his throat — not quite a sob, not quite a groan. It was the sound of surrender. Of a man who knew he couldn't pull back. Who knew this wasn't a mistake. This was the truth, and he had already chosen it.

But he didn't stop.

He licked deeper, longer, greedier. He flattened his tongue and swept it from her ruined entrance all the way to her clit, again and again, until his mouth was soaked and dripping. Until her thighs were shaking beneath his hands. Until the sounds of his own swallowing drowned out the room.

He didn't know anymore where she ended and Ron began.

His cock throbbed against the fabric of his pants, untouched. Angry. Needy. Forgotten.

Shannon moaned above him, her body responding, her breath fractured and rising. She didn't praise him. She didn't thank him. She just let it happen — let him serve.

“You're not here to fuck me. Never again will you,” she said softly. “You're just here to clean. To make sure nothing gets wasted...”

Her words carved him open.

His jaw ached. His lips were sheen. His face buried between her legs, breath hot and ragged, he licked faster now, drinking in everything she gave him. Everything he had left behind. His chin was soaked. His tongue worked in desperate, adoring strokes, and every time he swallowed, it was like swallowing a piece of himself.

“That's it,” she whispered. “Don't stop. Get every last drop...Unless you want me to have Rons baby...”

The line hit him like a lash. His hips jolted forward, involuntarily, grinding against the air, chasing friction he hadn't earned.

He was close.

So close.

And then — her hand gripped his hair and pulled.

Not gently this time.

He gasped as she yanked his face from between her legs, strings of sheen and seed connecting his lips to her folds. His mouth stayed open, still panting. His eyes wide and soaked.

She looked down at him.

Wild.

Glowing.

A goddess made of sweat and sex and dominance.

And then she tilted her head, gaze sliding past him, slow and deliberate.

To the chair.

To Ron.

Shannon's gaze slid past Craig with lazy satisfaction, her smile slow, lips still flushed from use. Her eyes landed on Ron — still seated like a monument in that armchair. His body was carved in stillness, wide chest gleaming faintly beneath the soft overhead light, arms relaxed at his sides. Shirtless. Sprawled. Watching. His cock had softened just slightly, resting heavy across his thigh, still soaked with her sheen, still streaked with the residue of what he'd spilled inside her. Even half-soft, it was monstrous. Heavy enough that Craig's breath caught involuntarily. His throat closed just looking at it.

“You're not done,” she murmured — and then, her voice dipped lower. That velvet cruelty again. Sweet. Sharp. Designed to cut.

“Now go thank the man who gives me everything I need. Who fucks me the best.”

The words hit like a crack through glass.

Craig turned on his knees, his movements slow, robotic. The carpet shifted beneath him — warm, heavy, forgiving. He could feel it under his skin. The softness. The surrender. His cock twitched in his pants, soaked through with pre-seed, heavy and neglected. With each shuffle forward, he lost another piece of who he thought he was. Every inch closer was a betrayal — not just of pride, but identity. Of history. Of manhood.

He crawled.

Because of course he did.

Ron didn't move. Didn't speak. Didn't need to.

The silence around him was a throne of its own. Authority made flesh. Dominance without a word.

Craig reached the foot of the chair and sat back on his heels, spine rigid, pulse pounding in his ears. His hands trembled slightly as they rested on his thighs. He looked up slowly, his gaze rising over Ron's chest, the bulk of his torso, the line of his jaw — and finally, to that cock.

It lay like a resting weapon. Veined. Leaking. Radiating heat.

Craig's voice came thin, hoarse:

“Thank you.”

A soft, musical laugh rang from behind him — Shannon. Pleased. Delighted.

“No, baby. Not like that.”

Craig swallowed, the sound sticking in his throat like guilt.

Her voice came again, cooler now. Controlled. Measured.

“Put your hands behind your back.”

He obeyed. Automatically. Arms slid behind him, shoulders pulled back, fingers folding against the small of his spine like a penitent disciple. He sat taller now, chest exposed, vulnerable. His breath was uneven. His mouth slightly open.

“Now start with your mouth.”

Craig leaned in.

The air changed the moment he got close. The scent of Ron — dark, rich, animal — met him like a wave. Salt and skin. Sweat. The musk of exertion and ownership. Shannon’s sheen was still clinging to him — dried in places, freshly smeared in others — painting the heavy shaft in streaks of glisten and ruin.

Craig opened his lips.

And kissed the base.

Just once.

His heart thudded in his chest like a drumbeat out of sync with reality. He licked, hesitantly at first — just a cautious flick of his tongue along the underside. He tasted Shannon immediately. Her flavour bloomed across his tongue — that sweet, earthy sheen he knew too well, mixed now with something else. Something deeper. Heavier. Male. The salt of Ron's seed. The sweat of his skin. It coated Craig’s tongue like memory and humiliation and hunger all at once.

He licked again.

Higher now.

Slow.

His tongue traced the heavy line of a vein, dragging upward with agonising patience. His lips parted wider, grazing the shaft, his jaw already beginning to ache. He sucked gently at the side, coaxing the flavour into himself like he needed it.

And behind him... Shannon moaned. A low, delighted sound.

Behind him, Shannon moaned — a slow, rolling sound like warm silk unraveling. Pleased. Aroused. In control.

“Oh my God... that’s such a good look for you, baby.”

Craig’s eyes fluttered closed at the sound of her voice, the heat of it curling around his ears like steam. He continued moving up the length of Ron’s shaft, his tongue tracing every ridge, every vein, until he reached the crown — wide, flat, already beginning to swell with new blood. The weight of it flared beneath his mouth.

He parted his lips.

And took it in.

Just the tip.

It filled him instantly. His jaw stretched around the girth, the head pressing high against the roof of his mouth, hot and heavy and demanding. He gasped through his nose. Ron exhaled, low and steady — a single sound of approval that felt like thunder in Craig’s chest.

Craig moaned around him.

Shannon's voice melted into his ear again — closer now, like she'd moved behind him.

“That's it... get him hard again for me.”

He took more.

His lips strained. His jaw burned. He worked slowly, carefully, building rhythm — his tongue pressed tight to the underside, tracing that heavy vein, his throat tightening as he adjusted. Spit rolled from the corners of his mouth, slipping down his chin in soaked, glossy strings. The scent overwhelmed him — Ron's skin, Ron's seed, Shannon's sheen still clinging everywhere.

And then — Ron's hand.

It moved slowly, almost lazily, until it rested on the crown of Craig's head. Not forceful. Not aggressive. Just present.

It was worse than pushing.

It was a gesture of ownership.

Craig whimpered, the sound caught between gratitude and shame. He pulled back for a breath, saliva connecting his lips to the now-swollen cock in strings that shone in the soft light. Ron was growing harder with every stroke. Heavy. Full.

Craig's own cock throbbed against his soaked slacks — untouched, rigid, leaking freely.

“Keep going,” Shannon purred. “He's not ready yet.”

Craig pushed forward again, lips stretching, breath catching. The crown nudged the back of his throat, triggering a soft gag. He tried to open wider. To breathe deeper. His tongue fluttered. His eyes watered. But he didn't stop.

He swallowed.

And swallowed again.

“You're getting him ready to fuck me again,” Shannon whispered, her voice low and heavy with need. “Getting him hard so he can pump his seed even deeper inside me.”

Craig whimpered around the shaft, a broken, muffled sound of humiliation. A sob disguised as submission.

But he kept going.

His mouth flooded with heat and taste and the sharp tang of sheen. His jaw ached. His lips were raw. And still he bobbed, slowly, greedily, feeding Ron's cock into his throat as if it were sacrament. His own arousal pushed him past reason. It didn't feel like a choice anymore. It felt like truth.

Ron groaned — a low, approving sound that rumbled through his body.

Shannon's moans grew louder behind him.

“He tried to put a baby in me tonight,” she gasped. “And now you're sucking him clean... thanking him. Getting him ready to do it again...”

She paused, breath catching.

“God, Craig. I think this really is who you are.”

Craig pulled off with a soaked gasp. His jaw hung open, chin sheen with spit, lips red and trembling. He looked up at Ron — dazed, humiliated, hard. Ron’s cock stood fully erect now, gleaming, heavy with blood, twitching gently under the weight of his breath.

Behind him, Shannon reclined across the bed again — legs spread, fingers slow against her clit. She was watching. Smiling.

“Now kiss it,” she said gently. “Say thank you again...”

Craig leaned forward.

Pressed his lips to the tip — soft, reverent.

It twitched against him.

He licked it once more, slow and warm, and whispered against the head:

“Thank you.”

A beat.

And then her voice — sweet, amused, devastating:

“And if you really want to save my womb from being filled again...”

Her tone shifted — darker now, wicked with pleasure.

“...you’d better empty his balls.”

Craig’s mouth moved lower, slow and reverent, his lips dragging along the base of Ron’s cock, tasting every inch of heat and salt and aftermath. The shaft shone from tip to root, smeared in spit, sweat, and the memory of Shannon’s cunt. It was still heavy, still impossibly wide, his jaw aching with every stretch, every pass. But he didn’t stop.

He licked lower, slipping his tongue beneath the shaft where it met the weight of Ron’s balls — low-hanging, sheen, soaked in the heat of the room. The scent of her was still there, clinging to the soft folds of skin. It hit his tongue like a ghost, faint but undeniable.

He moaned into them, the sound vibrating against Ron’s flesh, his own body trembling with it. A full-body hum of shame, devotion, and unbearable arousal.

Behind him, Shannon purred.

“Mmm... fuck, look at you.”

He didn’t lift his head. Didn’t speak. He couldn’t.

Instead, he parted his lips further and drew one of Ron’s balls into his mouth. Soft. Full. Heavy. The skin stretched tight against his tongue, smooth and warm. He sucked gently, swirling, worshipping. Then moved to the other. His mouth moved like ritual — like sacrament. And still, his hands remained behind his back. Still kneeling. Still obedient.

He could feel Ron thickening again.

The cock he'd just worshipped, just softened, was hardening anew in his face. Craig pressed his lips back to the shaft, letting them slide along the length. He began to bob again — deeper this time, less careful. His throat opened, then tightened, resisting. He gagged. Once. Twice. But he didn't stop.

He couldn't.

And behind him, Shannon sprawled like something divine, a goddess fed on ruin. She was spread across the bed, thighs wide, folds soaked and gleaming. One hand moved slowly between them, lazy, luxurious strokes that caught the light. Her other hand reached back behind her, fingers curling around the jewelled plug still nestled between her cheeks. Her body shifted. Her breath caught.

The plug slid out with a deep, wet suction sound—obscene and sweet, like her hole whispered goodbye to the stretch. She pulled it free with a slow twist, her breath hitching as it slid from her. The plug gleamed in her hand, soaked, warm, coated in proof. Of what she'd taken. Of what he'd helped prepare her for. The gem at its base winked at him.

She rose. Walked. Knelt beside him. And held it out.

“This was inside me all night,” she said, voice low, close, honeyed. “You gave it to me to stretch me open for him.”

Craig's eyes widened, his lips slack around Ron's cock.

Shannon leaned in. Her breath touched the edge of his ear. “Now I want you to wear it.”

He whimpered—a soft, cracked sound of disbelief and need. His jaw trembled, mouth still working around Ron's length, drool trailing down his chin. She didn't wait for an answer. She moved behind him slowly, her hand guiding the sheen plug toward his ass, the warm, soaked tip pressing between his cheeks. Not yet pushing. Just there. Waiting. Present.

“Open for me,” she whispered. “Let me make you ready too.”

Craig froze. The shame hit him in waves. But underneath it, burning hotter, was the truth he didn't want to say out loud.

He wanted it.

The plug kissed his rim. Her fingers curled at his hip. "I want to open you, too," she whispered. "So you're ready the next time he wants both of us."

Ron's cock throbbed in his mouth, heavy and alive.

Shannon moaned behind him, fingers working faster now between her thighs. “You're gonna finish him,” she gasped. “You're gonna take his load just like I did. You're gonna taste what he put in me.”

Craig's entire body went electric. The heat. The pressure. The words. The plug.

Ron groaned, deep and low, and his hand shifted, fingers tightening in Craig's hair. A single push. A warning. A gift.

Craig swallowed. He gagged. Choked.

Shannon cried out behind him. The plug inched forward.

Ron's cock throbbed, twitching hard in Craig's mouth, about to burst—

Craig was cumming.

His body jerked—once, twice—and his eyes flashed wide open just as the first thick spurt hit his chest.

He was on his knees. In his room. Alone.

The sheets tangled beneath him. The floor cool under his legs. His cock was erupting, pulsing in his fist, soaking his belly with spurt after spurt of hot, wet release. He gasped. Shivered. The orgasm tore through him, hard and fast and brutal, like it had been building for hours.

And still... the images didn't fade.

Ron's cock filling his mouth, his throat. Shannon's moans echoing between his ears. The taste of them—imagined but real—flooding his tongue. The shame of crawling. Of whispering thank you. Of begging in his mind to wear the plug he'd given her.

All of it, a fantasy. All of it, in his head.

But the cum on his skin told another story.

His hand loosened. His cock twitched. A final rope landed on his hip.

He collapsed backward, staring up at the ceiling, his breath still heaving, the shame spreading faster than the mess.

"This isn't me," he whispered.

His voice cracked. A tear slid from the corner of one eye.

His thighs trembled. His lips stayed parted. His pulse raced.

"This isn't me," he said again, softer this time.

But his body shivered with the afterglow of one of the hardest orgasms he'd ever had.

And deep down, in the quiet space between disgust and desire... he knew he was lying.

Shannon [1:22 a.m.] – Text Message

You didn't come through.

Guess that means you're okay with him finishing inside me again.

Sweet dreams, baby ❤️

Room For More? Chapter 9

Craig stood beneath the pounding spray of the shower longer than necessary. The water ran hot, almost scalding, turning his skin a patchy red as steam rose around him in heavy clouds that blurred the glass. But he didn't move. His palms stayed flat against the marble tile, his head bowed, as he let the water pour down his spine, over his shoulders, across his chest. Like maybe it could rinse something away. The sweat. The scent. The lingering heat that had settled into his bones since the night before.

He had woken tangled in damp sheets, shirt twisted beneath him, boxers clinging, stained. A mess. Sticky. Wrecked. And for a few seconds, he hadn't even remembered cumming. Not until he saw the trails drying along his stomach. His thighs. His fingers curled wet against the fabric.

Then the images came back.

Too fast. Too vivid.

Shannon—sprawled out, used, her body parted and still weeping. Her moans low and shivering. Ron watching. Then rising. Then swelling inside Craig's mouth, thick and obscene. The taste of her on his tongue. The memory of choking on it. The pressure between his cheeks as the plug was pushed in. Her voice in his ear, purring out the truth of what he was becoming.

It hadn't happened.

But God, it felt like it had.

And now here he was. Still shaking. Still hard if he let his mind drift. Still unsure which part of himself was real anymore. The man who'd whispered no? Or the one who never truly wanted to stop?

"That's not me."

He whispered it into the steam, voice soft and cracking. No one answered. The water didn't change. And the silence that settled felt like judgment more than grace.

When Craig finally joined the others out on the terrace, the meeting had already begun. His suit was pressed. His jaw locked in place. His smile shaped by muscle memory alone.

Ron gave him a nod. Not warm. Not cold. Just there. Anchored. Steady in a way Craig used to admire. Now it left a sour pinch in his chest.

But he played his part.

He slipped into the conversation with polished ease, picked up mid-pitch, and advanced the deck with a few confident taps on the trackpad. Dean Harrington glanced his way as the chart shifted, showing quarter-over-quarter trend lines.

Craig didn't hesitate. "That spike in Q2 is tied to the supply chain pilot we ran in Phoenix. If we replicate that process in the northern district, we could mirror a fifteen to eighteen percent uptick, conservatively, by fiscal year-end."

Dean's brows lifted. "You've already run the numbers?"

Craig gave a small nod. “Twice. With different cost models. We’re leaner than we thought.”

A quiet murmur passed between two of the partners. One of them — silver tie, dark tan, probably money from vineyards — leaned toward Dean and whispered something behind his hand. Dean gave a slow nod.

“Impressive,” he said aloud.

Ron said nothing, just sipped his coffee, watching Craig with that familiar, unreadable calm. But Craig could feel it, the shift. The subtle recalibration of presence in the room. For a moment, the light had landed on him.

He kept going.

He answered follow-ups on margin compression, pivoted gracefully around a challenge about contractor efficiency, and redirected the conversation when someone tried to backtrack to a safer topic. He didn’t dominate the table. He shaped it. Every time it began to tilt away, he brought it back with numbers, timing, tone.

It was muscle memory. But more than that, it was hunger.

Not hunger for approval. For control.

Maybe if he talked long enough, moved sharply enough, presented perfectly enough, they wouldn’t see how gutted he really was. Maybe they’d just see the man in the suit. The one who used to matter.

By the time the conversation turned to projected expansions and licensing leverage, Craig was fully wearing his old skin again. The competent, composed version of himself who still believed that clarity and drive could make him real again.

And for a while, it almost worked.

He even believed it.

Ron clapped a hand on his back as they stepped away to refill their coffee. The gesture was easy. Uncomplicated.

“You’re killing it today,” Ron said. “I think we’ve got this in the bag.”

Craig returned the smile. Tight. Practiced. Not entirely false. But not really his.

“Thanks.”

And yet beneath the clean exterior, something in him shifted. The presentation, the polish, the practiced tone, it was all intact. But the man beneath it felt thin. Hollowed out.

Because maybe the only reason he could function now was that Shannon had drained him the night before. She’d taken his orgasm, his shame, and the last of his resistance. She’d hollowed him out with her voice, her body, her eyes behind the camera, and left just enough of him to put on a suit and walk into the morning like it meant something.

The man they saw was intact.

But the one beneath that skin?

He was already unraveling.

The estate's west garden was being set for lunch. Long pale tables stretched beneath soft white bulbs, the linen catching light like it had been pressed by the sun itself. Lemon trees lined the pathway, their citrus scent drifting lazily across the breeze. Craig was still buttoning his blazer when he heard her laugh.

It was bright. Real. A little sharp at the edges — like something alive with its own heat.

He turned.

She was standing with Lila, who hovered nearby in her usual effortless grace, playing hostess like she'd been born to it. But Craig barely saw her. All of his focus landed — and stayed — on the woman beside her.

Amber.

Tall. Pale-skinned. Hair like wildfire — a halo of natural curls the colour of copper and flame, wild and barely tamed into a half-up twist. Green eyes, sharp and unblinking, watched the garden like it was amusing her. Freckles dusted her shoulders, her collarbone, her cheekbones like soft constellations. Her beauty wasn't delicate. It was bold. Daring. She looked like trouble. The kind you write books about.

She wore a navy silk dress that clung to her hips and dipped just low enough at the chest to suggest the promise of curve. The colour made her skin glow. Her arms were bare, legs long beneath the hem, anchored by simple sandals. No jewellery. No heels. No effort. And still — she stood like someone who already knew how many heads had turned.

Craig found his pace slowing.

Lila caught his eye. "Craig! There you are. Come meet Amber."

He crossed the terrace, something quiet and uncertain flickering in his chest. Not nerves. Not even hope. Just... interruption. Like something inside him had finally stopped spinning.

Amber looked at him fully now, eyes scanning him from shoes to collar. A slow smile curved her mouth — not polite. Amused. Dangerous.

"So," she said, "you're the heartbreak."

Craig blinked. "Excuse me?"

"Lila said you were single. Devastated. Staring into the sea like a man waiting for a ship that isn't coming." She raised her drink, took a slow sip. "Said I should go easy on you."

"Is that the plan?"

"Not even close."

Her grin sharpened. She extended her hand, and he took it.

Her grip was confident. Warm. Her nails were short and painted a blood-deep burgundy. The touch lingered. She didn't pull away quickly. Craig didn't want her to.

"I'm Craig."

"I figured." Her head tilted. "You've got that look."

"What look?"

"That mix of charm and damage. Like you've been kissed badly and missed worse."

He laughed. He wasn't ready to. It just came out.

"You always lead with poetic insults?"

"Only when they land."

Their eyes stayed locked.

And something clicked — not romantic, not magical — just magnetic. It felt physical. Like gravity, rerouted.

They stepped aside as others filtered in behind them, champagne flutes chiming in subtle toasts. Without planning, they started walking the garden path. Amber moved like water — confident, sure. Her curls caught the sun with every step. The breeze played at her hem, tugging it gently against her thighs. Craig tried not to stare. Failed. She caught him.

"You always this quiet?" she asked, lips tilted into something wicked.

"Only when I'm out of my depth."

"And here I thought I was being subtle."

He raised an eyebrow. "You're not."

"Good."

She stopped. Turned. They were close. Closer than politeness demanded. Her perfume hit him — citrus and something floral. Not sweet. Just sharp enough to make him want more.

"You seem tense," she said softly. "Is it the blazer?"

"No," Craig said. "It's the redhead with the dangerous mouth."

She laughed again, a quieter sound this time. A little more intimate. Then she reached out, casually brushing a bit of imaginary lint from his lapel.

"There," she murmured. "Now you look slightly less emotionally wrecked."

Craig watched her fingers fall away, felt the ghost of them against his chest longer than they stayed.

"You're not what I expected," he said.

"Disappointed?"

“No,” he answered. “Curious.”

“Careful,” Amber said, stepping back just slightly. “That’s how people get addicted.”

The silence that followed wasn’t awkward.

It was promising.

Just as Craig turned back toward the main house, he caught a glimpse across the garden. Shannon. Watching. Her wineglass halfway to her lips. Her smile faint. Approving.

As if she'd written this scene herself.

— — — —

The estate pulsed with a different rhythm after sunset. The sharp collars and boardroom formality had given way to the looseness of wine, flickering candlelight, and the softened edges of shared laughter. Dinner unfolded beneath pergolas wrapped in flowering vines, string lights draped overhead like constellations, casting everything in warm gold. It wasn’t ostentatious. It was intimate — curated, expensive, and glowing.

Craig arrived late, still a little flushed from the investor call Ron had tossed him. The numbers had landed clean. Another win. But stepping into the courtyard now, with conversation already humming and the long table full of bodies and wine and soft laughter, he felt like he was walking into someone else’s memory.

Amber was seated near the centre, mid-laugh. Her red curls shimmered under the lights like open flame, the neckline of her green silk slip catching at the edge of her collarbone. Bare shoulders, bare ankles, a gold bracelet flicking glimmers with every lift of her glass. She looked like summer dressed in sex and confidence — not just beautiful, but inevitable, like sunset after heat.

Their eyes met. She smiled, slow and unmistakable.

He smiled back before he could stop himself.

The seat beside her was open. Whether that had been her decision or Shannon’s, he couldn’t say. He took it.

“You clean up nice,” Amber said, voice smooth with wine and laced with heat. Her body turned subtly toward him, her thigh brushing his beneath the table as if drawn by gravity.

“You noticed?”

“Oh, I noticed,” she murmured. “You’re the only man here I’d still let touch me while wearing a tie.”

It hit like a match to dry kindling. Her attention wasn’t just flirtatious — it was hungry. Her fingers passed him the salt, grazed his wrist, and lingered long enough to tighten the knot already forming low in his gut.

Across the table, Shannon watched.

She sat beside Ron, posture relaxed but composed, her black dress flowing like oil beneath the lights. One arm rested on Ron’s thigh. The other curved around a wineglass she hadn’t sipped in

minutes. Her hair was down now, thick and deliberate, one side tucked behind her ear in that precise, practiced way Craig remembered using as a handle. She didn't speak to him. But every glance landed with quiet precision. Possessive. Knowing.

Amber leaned closer. Craig didn't even notice himself mirroring her. They exchanged glances during the meal, shared smirks, inside jokes. Her hand found his knee beneath the table and stayed there — warm, confident. He caught the scent of her skin every time she shifted. Orange blossom and wine. Sex in waiting.

Midway through the meal, Shannon lifted her glass and turned toward Amber with a smile that could've cut diamonds.

“You really do make silk and freckles look like a luxury brand,” she said, effortless and warm.

Amber grinned. “Coming from you? I'll take that as gospel.”

Their glasses clinked. Craig couldn't help noticing the ease with which Amber had slipped into the fold. No tension. No suspicion. Just natural chemistry — the kind Shannon knew how to spark when it served her.

By dessert, the conversation had softened into comfortable noise. Small plates arrived, all mousse and fruit and glazed sugar. Craig barely touched his. Shannon didn't touch hers at all. She was watching again.

Then, out of nowhere, Shannon's voice slid clean across the table.

“Ron,” she said, toying with her glass, “did you ask Craig about the numbers from this morning? Blew the room open.”

Ron nodded. “I did. Man's got instincts.”

Craig managed a small smile. The praise hit like water on parched ground — satisfying, but not enough.

Shannon's gaze didn't move. “He always did.”

Not a compliment. Not quite. Just a reminder.

Amber leaned into Craig's shoulder, her voice just for him. “You always this talented, or just showing off because I'm watching?”

Craig huffed a quiet laugh. “If I said both?”

“I'd say you're overdue for a reward.”

She pressed her thigh more firmly against his. He felt the heat of her body through every layer.

“You staying here tonight?” she asked, tracing a finger lightly along the stem of her glass.

“Yeah.”

“Upstairs?”

He nodded.

Her voice dropped half a note. “With them?”

His throat tightened. “Yeah. Guest room.”

Amber tilted her head, eyes still on her glass. “They seem... close. Shannon’s wild. I like her.”

“She is,” Craig said quietly. “You’d like her more if you didn’t know her.”

Amber didn’t ask what he meant. She just smiled, leaned in, and kissed the corner of his jaw.

Music started — Latin jazz, slow and sultry. Couples drifted toward the tiled dance floor. Amber rose, her fingers brushing the back of Craig’s neck as she passed behind his chair.

“You dance?”

“Not well.”

“Perfect. Then you won’t distract from my hips.”

He followed her into the soft shimmer of the garden lights. Her hands slid up around his neck. His hand found the curve of her waist. She moved like she meant it — hips rolling just enough to make him feel every part of her. The silk of her dress shifted with every step. Her thigh pressed between his. Her breath touched his cheek.

Craig’s cock thickened inside his slacks, heat coiling at the base of his spine.

Still, she didn’t kiss him. Her mouth hovered close. Her eyes held his. She wanted him off balance. It was working.

Then they stilled in the centre of the floor, bodies still joined. She stared up at him, her fingers resting against his chest, palm flat. He didn’t realise he was holding his breath until she spoke.

“You’ve been aching for me since dessert, haven’t you?” she whispered, lips brushing his jaw.

Craig groaned quietly.

Then his phone buzzed.

He wasn’t going to check it.

But his hand moved anyway. Muscle memory. Something deeper.

Shannon [12:13 a.m.]

You should fuck her. Take her back to your room. But it’ll be my moans next door that you’ll both remember.

His pulse kicked hard. Blood roared in his ears.

Amber leaned back slightly, studying him. “That look in your eyes... you always think this hard when a woman’s grinding on you?”

Her fingers slid to the top of his belt. “Come upstairs,” she said, mouth close. “Let me quiet that brain.”

He didn’t answer — he just kissed her.

Her mouth opened instantly, her hand clutching the back of his neck, pulling him closer. The kiss wasn't gentle. It was need, heat, permission. His cock throbbed. Her tongue curled against his, her body moulded against his like they'd done this already in another life.

She broke the kiss first. Her breath was a whisper against his lips.

"Better," she said, then turned and laced her fingers through his. "Let's go see what else you're good at."

They moved past the tables, past the edge of candlelight, her dress whispering around her knees with every step. Just before they disappeared into the dark, Craig glanced back.

Shannon was still dancing with Ron, arms around his neck, swaying slow. Her face was turned toward his, lips brushing his jaw — but her eyes?

Her eyes were on Craig.

She didn't blink.

She didn't smile.

She just lifted her glass again, and sipped.

It wasn't goodbye.

It was a promise.

Amber tugged his hand, and Craig let her lead him into the night, his body aching, his thoughts already trembling under the weight of what he was walking toward — and what still held him from behind.

The door clicked shut behind them with the soft certainty of inevitability.

Amber didn't hesitate. She walked slowly into the room, hips rolling beneath the soft cling of her green silk dress, like every step had been promising this since the first brush of fingers at dinner. At the foot of the bed, she turned and looked back at him. No smile. No invitation. Just the poised stillness of a woman who knew the moment was hers.

Craig stayed at the door, chest tight, throat dry. His blood throbbed hard behind his ribs. This wasn't nerves. Not guilt. Just the quiet weight of reality settling in. Amber was about to let him touch her. Taste her. Maybe even forget himself in her. No game. No manipulation. Just heat.

And still — Shannon was there. Not in the room. But in his chest. In the static under his skin.

Amber reached back with one fluid motion and unhooked her dress. The silk slipped from her shoulders and puddled to the floor. No bra. Just a sheer black thong, high-cut and almost translucent. Her pale skin glowed in the lamplight, dusted with freckles and heat. Her breasts were high and soft, her nipples already peaked, her body both delicate and defiant. Craig's cock thickened instantly, blood pumping slow and hard beneath the surface.

She stepped toward him barefoot, silent, and lifted the hem of his shirt. Her hands were warm, confident, grazing his abs as she peeled the fabric away. She kissed him before he could speak. No hesitation. No question. Her tongue met his with lazy precision, her mouth moving with practiced rhythm. She kissed like someone who wanted him focused, not flattered. Undone, not entertained.

Her hands worked his belt. The snap of leather cut the silence. She slid her fingers under the waistband, pushing his slacks to the floor. He stepped free.

She looked down.

“Big. Thick. Pretty...” she said softly, her voice touched with delight. “I wasn’t expecting this. Who could ever walk away from you? From this?”

If only you knew, Craig thought.

If only you knew about Shannon. About Ron. About the cock next door.

He tried to hold onto the heat, to play along.

“Hopefully you won’t be able to walk away in the morning,” he offered, aiming for cocky — but the edge didn’t quite stick.

Amber smiled anyway, her grip tightening just enough to make him groan.

“Cute,” she said. “But let’s see if you can live up to the marketing.”

She sank to her knees, curls spilling around her bare shoulders. Her hands wrapped around his cock with slow appreciation, stroking from base to tip. She kissed the head first, then licked it — a lazy swipe of tongue, warm and wet.

Craig shuddered.

“You’re already hard,” she whispered, lips brushing him. “But still holding back.”

He didn’t speak. He didn’t need to.

Her mouth closed around him, taking him slowly in. Her hand worked what she didn’t yet swallow, her spit glazed the shaft as her cheeks hollowed with each pass. It should’ve taken him apart. The heat of her. The pressure. The sight of her mouth wrapped around his cock with confidence and hunger. But something in him remained clenched — like his arousal had limits now, walls it wouldn’t let him push through.

Amber pulled back, strings of saliva stretching from her lips to the tip of his cock. She looked up, still stroking him, her voice softer.

“You’re into me. I can feel it. I can taste it. So why do you feel so far away?”

Craig exhaled slowly. “I don’t know what’s wrong with me. I really want this. I want you. I’m into you.”

“I believe you,” she said. “But you’re not here. Not fully.”

Her thumb rubbed across the ridge beneath the crown, teasing gently. “Then let me help.”

He blinked. “How?”

Amber stood, pressed her body flush against his, kissed him again. “It’s not just my mouth you need. It’s distraction. Visual.”

She stepped back and smiled, her hand still around the base of his cock. “What kind of porn do you watch?”

That stopped him. “What?”

“Come on,” she said, voice sultry, playful. “Let me in. Show me what kind of filth lives in that head of yours. What gets you there. What makes that cock really throb.”

“I don’t know if—”

She stepped closer, fingers stroking him just enough to draw a twitch. “If it helps you let go, I want it. I want all of you, Craig. Not just the part that’s trying to perform.”

Craig hesitated. Then reached for his phone.

The screen lit up.

A pulse fluttered low in his stomach. Not from pleasure — not fully. A flicker of dread. His cock throbbed in her hand, leaking now, but he couldn’t tell if it was her touch keeping him hard... or Shannon’s ghost waiting to slip back in.

Shannon [12:46 a.m.]

His chest tightened.

His thumb hovered above the screen. He could still feel Amber’s breath on his ribs, her fingers moving with slow purpose.

He should’ve ignored it.

He didn’t.

He tapped the message.

And everything changed.

The video filled the screen.

No intro. No setup. Just raw movement and sound — handheld and shaky, the kind of footage never meant for public eyes. Shannon’s body filled the frame, her back arched over a bed of crushed velvet, ass raised, her skin dewy under warm light. Ron moved behind her in long, brutal strokes. His cock looked unreal. Thick. Veined. Buried deep inside her, withdrawing only to plunge back in, coated in her slippery arousal. Each thrust landed with a wet, rhythmic slap that echoed like punctuation marks.

Craig’s breath caught. His cock jerked in Amber’s hand.

She leaned in against his shoulder, eyes fixed on the screen. Her voice was barely a whisper.

“Jesus. That’s real?”

She stared a beat longer. Her pupils dilated.

“That cock is... fuck.”

Craig swallowed, his jaw clenched. “Just a clip a friend sent.”

Amber didn’t blink. “You’ve got good friends.”

Without asking, she reached for his phone and tapped the screen. The video jumped from handheld intimacy to high-definition dominance as it filled the TV across the room. The speakers kicked in, erupting with Shannon’s moans — ragged, breathless, teetering on the edge of sobs.

“Oh my god,” Amber murmured, stepping toward the bed. Her voice was hushed, spellbound. “We’re really doing this?”

Craig said nothing. His body said too much.

He watched his own thumb hang in the air like it had betrayed him. He hadn’t meant to show her this. But maybe... maybe he had.

Shannon cried out on-screen — something wordless but wrecked — and Ron groaned in reply. That sound, that cadence of ownership, made Craig’s cock twitch harder than it had all night.

Amber turned slowly, her voice steady.

“You’re into interracial.”

Her eyes stayed on the screen, but her grin grew sharper.

“I love that. You’re open. Honest. Dirty.”

Craig hesitated. She wasn’t mocking. She was curious. Turned on.

And then it happened.

From the wall — the real wall — came a sound. Soft at first. A muted thump. Then the faint creak of a bed frame. A rhythm.

A moan.

Amber’s head tilted. She looked toward the adjoining room. Another moan — louder. A sobbing cry that didn’t come from the speakers.

“Is that...” she turned toward Craig, incredulous. “That’s not the video, is it?”

Craig didn’t speak.

Shannon screamed from next door — loud and broken, her voice raw and shattering.

“FUCK! YES! DON’T STOP! RON—OHMYFUCKINGGOD—YES!”

Amber froze. Her eyes widened, mouth falling open in disbelief.

“No fucking way.” She stared at the wall, then back at the screen. “That’s Shannon. That’s next door.”

Another slam. Another moan. Another sob of pleasure.

She looked at Craig again, voice low.

“Jesus... Ron’s really giving it to her. He must be hung like your pornstar... or Shannon deserves an award.”

Craig felt heat crawl over every inch of his skin. His cock was throbbing now — not just full, but pulsing. Not for Amber. For the sound. For the scene. For the woman on the screen, and the man buried inside her.

Amber stepped back to him, hand returning to his cock like it belonged there. She stroked slowly, her voice lowering.

“You want to fuck me while we watch this?” she whispered. “While we listen to Shannon getting split open next door?”

She turned her attention back to the screen, eyes fixed on the impossible size of Ron’s cock disappearing into Shannon’s glistening cunt. Amber licked her lips.

“She’s being ruined,” she whispered, almost to herself. “She kind of looks like Shannon too. It’s so hot... hearing her get wrecked next door, and watching this, pretending it’s her in both.”

She looked back at Craig. Her voice sharpened.

“You’re into this. Aren’t you?”

He didn’t deny it. Couldn’t.

Amber smiled, slow and devastating. Her fingers circled his shaft again.

“It’s okay. I’m not judging. I love it too. But let me ask you something...”

Her grip tightened just slightly.

“Do you like imagining that’s you? Splitting her open like that? That it’s your cock making her scream like she’s never been filled before?”

She pumped her hand harder, watching every twitch of his jaw.

“Or do you prefer to just watch it? Let someone else take her? Let someone else do what you can’t?”

Craig groaned. His knees buckled slightly, caught between denial and surrender.

Amber kept stroking him, her voice turning soft and lethal.

“Maybe you’re imagining it’s me in the video. Bent over. Fucked like a slut. Screaming into the pillows while I take something I can’t handle.”

She laid back, legs open, thong peeled off and discarded. Her skin gleamed in the TV’s flicker. Her cunt was already wet. Red. Waiting.

“Well?” she said, lips curling. “Do you want to fuck me while we listen to her?”

Craig didn’t answer. He moved over her, gripped her hips, and pushed inside in one long, desperate thrust.

Amber cried out, her head tilting back into the pillows.

“FUCK... yes... god, you feel good.”

Craig groaned through his teeth, thrusting again — hard, fast. Amber met every motion with abandon, her hands clawing at his ass, dragging him deeper. The room was filled with moans — Shannon’s on the TV, Shannon’s behind the wall, Amber’s beneath him. A chorus of pleasure and surrender.

Amber’s voice cracked, breathless and sharp.

“That’s it. Fuck me while you think about her. Think about that monster cock she’s taking. Think about me in her place. Dripping. Wrecked.”

Craig growled low, his body moving harder, faster. He lifted her thighs, folded them back, slammed into her with purpose. Her moans rose higher. Shannon’s voice climbed in the background. The sound of flesh slapping filled the room like applause.

Amber arched beneath him.

“Use me. Fuck me like it’s a contest. Like you want to prove something.”

He drove into her like he could chase the thought of Ron away. Like he could rewrite the memory with his own cock. But Shannon’s scream echoed from next door again — high, broken, explosive.

Amber’s nails sank into his shoulders.

“She’s cumming again. Can you hear it?”

Craig nodded, lips curled back in a snarl.

“Then don’t let her outdo me,” Amber whispered. “Make me scream louder. Make me forget him.”

She grabbed his face, dragged his mouth to hers.

“Or maybe don’t. Maybe you want him to come in here. Want him to push you aside. Take me. Show you how a real man fucks.”

Craig snapped.

He came with a grunt, body stiffening, cock pulsing hard as he emptied into her. His climax tore through him like violence. Amber arched under him, cumming with sharp cries, fingers clawing his skin, legs trembling as she locked him in place.

They collapsed into stillness.

The screen kept playing.

The moans next door kept climbing.

Amber stroked his hair, chest rising fast beneath his cheek.

“Fuck... that was filthy,” she whispered. “You’re intense! Kinky!...I love it.”

He didn’t speak.

Because he knew the truth — again.

He hadn't cum for Amber.

He'd cum for Shannon. For Ron. For everything he could never seem to escape.

— — — —

The morning light crept in soft and slow, gilding the edges of the windows with buttery gold. Craig blinked at the ceiling, unsure whether the heat coiled low in his belly was left over from the woman beside him or the ghosts still echoing in his memory. Amber lay sprawled in tangled linen, red curls wild against the pillow, one freckled shoulder bare and glowing. She breathed slow. Deep. She looked like she belonged in someone else's dream — or someone else's danger.

He didn't move for a long time. Just stared upward, letting the night filter back through him. The images still clung — not of Amber, but of Shannon. Her cries through the wall. Her body on the screen. Her voice curling into his bloodstream like a drug. He'd fucked Amber with everything he had, but he'd cum for the woman next door.

And yet... this morning felt easier than it should have. Amber stirred, stretching with a groan and tossing her curls out of her face. Her fingers skimmed across his bare chest as she smiled, unbothered, soft.

Sometime around 3 a.m., when Shannon's screams had torn through the wall again, Amber had reached for him in the dark. No words. Just heat. They hadn't needed the video that time. Just the noise. The memory. The permission.

"You're lucky I like sore thighs," she murmured.

He smirked. "You're lucky I have strong hips."

She laughed and kissed his jaw before pulling the sheet back and slipping out of bed. No awkwardness. No games. Just two bodies coming down from a high.

As they dressed and stepped into the hall, she bumped him lightly with her hip.

"I hope your stamina's as good as your presentation skills, Mr. Deal Closer."

Craig chuckled as he reached for the doorknob. "You planning a third round already?"

Amber grinned, tying her hair into a loose knot. "If you're offering..."

"You're the one bringing up stamina."

"Well, you're the one who pulled up professional-grade porn mid-foreplay."

Craig paused, flushed. "You really going to hold that against me?"

"Oh no, baby," she said, eyes dancing. "I'm going to *use* it. Just maybe tell me next time if you've got the premium subscription."

He laughed, shaking his head as they made their way to the terrace.

The table was already full by the time they arrived, the setting straight out of a travel brochure: long white linens, fresh fruit glistening in the sun, flutes of mimosa catching the light. Citrus trees rustled

overhead, and soft jazz poured from somewhere unseen. It would've felt idyllic — if not for who was seated at the centre.

Shannon sat beside Ron, radiant in a lemon-yellow sundress that hugged her hips and draped gently off one shoulder. Her braid was loose over her collarbone, her skin warm and gleaming, her mouth touched in a soft pink gloss that Craig knew better than to look at too long.

When her eyes found his, she smiled.

Not cruel. Not smug.

Just... knowing.

“Good morning, you two,” she said, voice like sunlight. “You look well-rested.”

Amber smirked as she slipped into her seat beside Craig. “I’d say sorry if we kept anyone up last night... but judging by the soundtrack, we weren’t the only ones getting thoroughly wrecked.”

Shannon didn’t blink. She raised her juice glass and smiled wider. “What can I say? Some of us take our pleasure seriously.”

Ron sipped his coffee without comment, though his grin curled subtly at the edge.

Amber laughed and leaned over to clink glasses with Shannon. Their hands brushed — just for a second — and neither of them pulled away.

“If there was a prize for vocal range, I’d say you deserve the trophy.”

“I do like to perform,” Shannon replied easily. “But it helps to have the right... instrument.”

Craig felt the words land like a spark under his ribs. He glanced at Amber’s amused smile, then at Shannon’s lips as they wrapped around a strawberry. It wasn’t jealousy. Not quite. It was displacement — like watching his past seduce his possible future, and knowing both of them were more in control than he was.

Amber tilted her head, feigning innocence. “Well, based on what I heard, I’d say yours is... oversized.”

Craig nearly choked on his mimosa.

Ron gave a quiet chuckle. “She gets enthusiastic.”

Shannon turned toward Amber, eyes gleaming. “If you do ever come to New York, we’ll have to test just how thin the walls are in our apartment.”

Amber lifted a croissant like a trophy. “You’re selling it a little too well. I might just say yes!”

“Good, because I’m serious, babe. We leave tomorrow. Let us know, and we’ll make sure you’re on that flight.” Shannon purred, “You and I’ll do spa days, shopping... and in the evenings, well— Craig can show you the real him. Trust me, a week or two in the city... It’ll really change you.”

She turned back to Craig with a devilish glint. “Won’t it, Craig?”

His throat tightened. He swallowed, tried for casual. “Would be a blast. I mean it. Be fun to spend more time together.”

Amber leaned into his side. “I’m intrigued.”

Shannon raised her brow. “Tell her about the hot tub.”

Her grin said everything. She was baiting them both — and winning.

Amber grinned wide. “Now *that* sounds like trouble.”

“Oh,” Shannon said sweetly, reaching for her fork, “it will be.”

Craig didn’t speak. He didn’t have to. The game was already in motion.

Amber had no idea what she’d just been invited into.

But he did.

And so did Shannon.

It should have made him nervous. Or guilty. Or at least unsure.

Instead, it made him hard.

The afternoon unfolded in fragments — soft laughter drifting from sun-warmed terraces, the clink of wine glasses beneath citrus trees, and the low thrum of moneyed ease that blanketed the estate like silk. Craig moved through it all with the practiced poise of a man who looked like he belonged, even when something beneath his shirt and smile still hadn’t quite caught up. Amber curled against his side on a poolside lounger, radiant in a navy two-piece and linen wrap, curls piled carelessly atop her head, sunglasses slipping down her nose as she laughed and sipped wine. Her touch was easy, warm, constant — her fingers stroking his thigh, her body angled toward him like he was the centre of her gravity.

It should have felt perfect.

But it didn’t.

Because Craig’s gaze kept drifting. Not to the vineyard. Not to the horizon. But to the woman sprawled across the lounge chair opposite, her legs lazily slung over Ron’s lap, her laughter carrying like something proprietary in the late afternoon air. Shannon wore a burnt-orange swimsuit that hugged high on her hips, her long back arched into the sun, shimmer dusting her shoulders like heat. Her braid had come loose, strands damp against her spine. Ron’s hand rested high on her inner thigh, fingers slowly tracing the edge of the fabric with an ease that no longer needed to pretend.

And she never looked over. Not once. Not until the sun began to drop and most of the group had drifted inside to prepare for dinner. Then — a flash of her eyes. A curve of her lips. A silent command. She disappeared behind the pool house, and Craig followed.

The grove was shaded, hushed. Dappled sunlight filtered through lemon trees, the stone path warm beneath his shoes. Shannon stood ahead, alone, sipping something cold from a sweating glass. Her sundress clung to her hips, and her braid shifted with the breeze across the bare line of her back. She didn’t turn until he was close enough to feel the edge of her presence.

“I was wondering when you’d come find me,” she said, voice soft, not looking back.

Craig hesitated. “I wasn’t sure I was supposed to.”

Her smile ghosted sideways. “Because of the performance? Or because of Amber?”

He stepped closer. “We haven’t talked. Not really. Not since the plane.”

“No,” she agreed, her gaze still forward.

“Is there still an ‘us’ to talk about?”

That stilled her. For a long moment, she didn’t move. But when her eyes met his, they were calm. Steady.

“Of course there is. I don’t know what the path looks like anymore. But we’re still us, Craig. Just... different. More than we were. In ways neither of us knew we could be.”

He nodded once, but the ache in his chest didn’t ease.

“You’ve barely touched me,” he said. “Barely looked at me. And when you do, it doesn’t feel like acting anymore.”

“We agreed to the story,” she said gently. “Ron’s fiancée. You, the friend. The business partner. We chose the mask together.”

“But you’re not wearing it anymore. Are you?”

She turned, sipping slowly from her glass. “Ron makes it easy to get lost in this. In him. That’s not cruelty, Craig. It’s just the truth.”

“And what does that make me?”

Shannon stepped closer, her expression soft — not defensive, just honest. “You’re still my man. Still the one who gave me permission to explore. You opened this door. And now you’ve got Amber in your bed. You think I’m the only one who’s changed? You think I don’t see how your eyes follow me — but your cock twitches for her?”

Craig looked down, jaw tight. “Sometimes I feel like the punchline to my own joke.”

Her hand reached for his, fingers lacing easily through his. “Maybe. Or maybe you’re finally honest with yourself. Maybe you like what this makes you feel. Maybe part of you needs it.”

He studied her face, the way her thumb circled over the back of his hand. The familiar touch of her body. The stranger’s calm in her eyes.

“I miss the way we were.”

“I miss pieces of it too,” Shannon said. “But I love who I am right now. I feel wanted. Powerful. Alive. And I think you love the man you’re becoming — even if it scares the shit out of you.”

“Ron,” he said. “Is it just sex?”

She paused. “Mostly. But not only. He sees me. And I see him. But it’s not what you and I have. It’s not built on all the things we survived.”

“Will it keep going? When we’re back home?”

She smiled, and for a second it was almost tender. “That’s something we’ll need to talk about. But I want the freedom. The edge. I want to be taken. I want to be seen. I want more.”

She stepped into him then, her voice dropping just above a whisper. “And I think tonight’s going to help you understand.”

His throat tightened. “Tonight?”

Her smile widened, slow and dangerous. “I’m giving him my ass.”

The words landed like a slap. His breath caught. Heat flared low and dark in his gut.

“I’m wearing the bigger plug now,” she added, like it was weather. “Been stretching me since breakfast.”

Craig’s memories flooded: the first time he’d touched her there, fingers tentative, how her body had gripped him like she’d been made for it. How she’d sworn no one else would ever get that part of her. How she cried — not from pain, but from trust. From love.

“I want you to see it happen,” she said, and her voice had that slow sweetness that always came before something savage. “Just at the beginning. I want you to see what it looks like when someone else takes the last part of me.”

His hands curled at his sides. “You want me to just watch?”

She nodded. “You can go back to Amber after. You can fuck her while I scream for Ron to go deeper. While he finishes claiming the parts of me you used to call yours. And you’ll cum harder from watching than you ever would from fucking.”

“I don’t know if I can do that.”

“But you already have,” she said, brushing her fingers over his chest. “You’ve watched me filled. Fucked. Owned. And you still can’t look away.”

He swallowed. “This isn’t right.”

“No, Craig,” she murmured. “It’s perfect.”

A quiet beat passed.

Then her expression shifted — softer, almost wounded. “You’re still the only man who ever made me cry during sex,” she whispered. “Not because it hurt. Because it mattered.”

Then her voice sharpened again, a blade dressed in silk. “But tonight, I want it to hurt. I want to sob into the sheets with something thick in my ass while you sit next door pretending she’s enough.”

He couldn’t answer. His cock was already swelling, thick and twitching against his thigh. His heart was hammering. His breath too shallow.

Shannon kissed his cheek.

“Tonight,” she whispered.

She turned and walked away, her sundress sliding over her thighs like punctuation at the end of a paragraph. She didn't look back.

And Craig — hard, haunted, humiliated — could only watch her walk away. Because the truth wasn't just digging in. It was claiming him.

— — — —

The room glowed with the low amber light of the bedside lamp, casting soft halos across the tangled sheets and the slow rise and fall of bare limbs. Amber lay sprawled in the centre of the bed, one leg bent, the other falling lazily to the side. Her skin glistened faintly, flushed from sweat and the sheen of orgasm, a sleepy glow still warming her face. Her second climax had left her breathless and undone. Craig had felt every shudder of it between his lips. Her red curls spilled across the pillow like wildfire in retreat, damp with heat, framing her face in a tangle of desire.

Craig sat at the edge of the bed, one hand resting on her thigh, the other still faintly damp with her juices. He hadn't touched himself. Not once. His cock throbbed in his slacks, swollen and aching, but this part had been for her. To please her. To earn her patience. His jaw was tight, his mouth sore, but the memory of her cry — that trembling lift of her hips, the way her thighs had clamped around his face — made every second worth it.

Amber exhaled like she was letting go of something deep. She stretched languidly, then reached for the glass of water on the nightstand and took a sip, her eyes flicking to Craig as she lowered it.

“Well,” she murmured, voice husky and slow, “if that's how you stall for time, I should start scheduling delays into your calendar.”

Craig smiled faintly and wiped the corner of his mouth with the back of his hand. “You looked like you needed a distraction.”

“I needed a dick,” she said without apology, rolling toward him with her arm draped across his shoulder. “But I'll admit — your mouth is extremely persuasive.”

He gave a low chuckle, brushing her thigh. “I'm just building suspense.”

Her fingers drifted toward his waistband, grazing the outline of his cock with featherlight pressure. “Then I hope you've got a hell of a finale planned... because this?” She traced along the ridge straining his pants. “Is starting to feel like a very cruel tease.”

Craig's breath caught, but he kept his tone steady. “You'll get everything you want. I promise.”

Amber tilted her head, eyes glittering with mischief. “You better deliver. I don't care if it takes more interracial porn to get you there — hell, I'll knock on Ron and Shannon's door and ask for a live show if that's what does it.”

The air shifted. Something flickered behind Craig's eyes.

She saw it. Grinned anyway. “Relax. I'm kidding.”

He gave her a short nod, but his chest had tightened. The sound of their names did something to him he didn't want to examine too closely.

Amber rolled onto her back again, one arm tossed above her head. “Still... last night’s soundtrack? Honestly? Kind of a turn-on. That scream near midnight? That woman earned her orgasm.”

Craig’s phone buzzed once on the nightstand.

He reached for it, suddenly tense, thumb tapping the screen open with a breath he didn’t realise he’d been holding.

Shannon [9:02 PM]

It’s time.

Two words. No fluff. No build-up. Just certainty.

He stood quickly, grabbing his shirt off the nearby chair and tossing it over one shoulder as he moved toward the door.

Amber blinked at him, eyebrows arching. “Everything okay?”

“Yeah,” he said, trying to keep his voice light. “Shannon just needs a quick hand with something. Won’t be long.”

Her grin widened. “You two always this close?”

He should’ve answered no. Should’ve lied. But the truth hung too heavy on his tongue, and all he could manage was a noncommittal shrug.

Amber’s voice softened, teasing. “Well, don’t take too long.”

She gave him a lazy smile and stretched her arms back across the sheets.

“I’m not done with you,” she added. “I want to see what else that mouth can do... or finally get a taste of what you’ve been hiding in those slacks.”

Craig chuckled, tight but genuine. He stepped back to the bed for a second and pressed a quick kiss to her forehead.

Then he slipped out the door, into the hallway.

The silence out there hit differently — heavier, colder. But his body already knew where it was going. And who was waiting. Every step toward Shannon’s room felt like surrender.

Craig closed the door behind him with a quiet click, sealing off everything he’d left behind. The hum of jazz from down the hall. Amber’s throaty laughter curling in the air. The soft threat of a night he’d only half committed to. That life — whatever version of it he was pretending to live — stayed outside.

This room was something else entirely.

It smelled of heat and skin and something unspoken — heavy in the air like incense. The lighting was low, amber and drowsy, thrown from a pair of lamps that burned soft over polished wood and plush rugs. The bed was unmade. The air held weight. And Ron — shirtless, unmoved — sat like a monument in the armchair near the window. One leg crossed, the other splayed wide. His gaze lifted at Craig’s entrance, dark and unreadable. He didn’t speak. He didn’t need to. The balance of power had already been established.

Because she was the only thing that mattered.

Shannon stood at the edge of the bed, wrapped in a sheer black robe that clung to her body like it had been painted on. The fabric shimmered slightly under the lamplight, catching at the edge of her collarbone and the soft slope of her hips. Her braid had loosened since dinner — one long strand curling around her shoulder, brushing the top curve of her breast each time she breathed. Her skin radiated warmth. Wine. Anticipation. But it was her eyes that stopped him.

Clear. Calm. Unapologetically present.

She smiled when she saw him. There was no cruelty in it. No softness either. Just certainty. The kind that made his breath catch in his throat.

She didn't speak. She didn't need to.

Turning from Ron, she walked slowly across the room toward the dresser. Her hips moved with deliberate rhythm, a slow, serpentine sway that pulled his gaze like orbit. With a single motion, she reached for the tie at her waist. The silk robe loosened with a sigh and slipped from her shoulders, trailing down her arms before falling to the carpet behind her in a careless puddle of black.

She wore nothing beneath it.

Her body gleamed in the low light — all long lines and impossible curves. Breasts full and bare, nipples drawn tight in the cool air. Her waist tapered smooth into the flare of her hips, and as she turned slightly to open the top drawer, her spine arched just enough to reveal the final detail.

The plug.

Dark. Beautiful. Seated with precision between the soft cheeks of her ass. The jewel at its base caught the lamplight and scattered it across the wall behind her like shattered starlight. There was no hiding it. No pretence. It wasn't for modesty or shame. It was a declaration. A flag staked in land Craig had once called his own.

His cock responded instantly. A hard twitch against his zipper, insistent and sharp, like memory crashing into arousal.

She turned again, slow and unhurried, the bottle of lube in her hand. Her walk back was rhythmic — graceful in a way that felt ritualistic. The plug flashed with each step, that little glint of ownership rising and falling in time with her hips.

When she stopped in front of him, she stood close enough for him to smell the citrus and skin still clinging to her from the terrace. Her chest lifted with each breath. She didn't flinch. Didn't blink.

She held the bottle out toward him, her fingers loose around it like an offering. Like she was handing him a piece of something sacred.

“You'll pour it,” she said.

Her voice wasn't raised, but the words landed like weight — solid, inarguable. A quiet command wrapped in velvet. Craig took the bottle without speaking, because there was nothing to say.

Then she turned her head toward Ron, eyes low, mouth curling in satisfaction.

“I want to be on all fours.”

Shannon turned away from both men, walking slowly toward the bed with the grace of someone who knew she was being watched — and loved it. Her movements were fluid, her back a long, gleaming line in the low lamp's glow, her hips swaying with hypnotic ease. The jewelled plug winked between the swell of her ass like a secret she had stopped hiding a long time ago.

She climbed onto the bed with slow, precise motion, every step deliberate. Her knees sank into the mattress first, then her palms, her back arching into a posture that was both offering and command. Her thighs parted, wide enough to expose her glistening folds — drenched, flushed, and ready. She glanced over her shoulder at Craig, eyes calm and piercing.

“Take off your pants.”

The command struck like a jolt — not loud, but delivered with the cool, sharp weight of someone who expected obedience.

Craig's breath caught. “What?”

Her voice dipped lower but grew firmer. “I want to see how much you want this. That cock of yours — always twitching when you watch me with him. No more pretending. Show me.”

He hesitated, pulse hammering so hard it filled his ears. He turned slightly, instinctively seeking Ron's reaction, but the man didn't flinch. He stood at ease, arms crossed, silent and unreadable — a judge awaiting confession. The power had already shifted, and Craig could feel it settling like magnetism.

Shannon continued, her voice like silk laid over steel. “The day this stops getting you off... is maybe the day I stop giving myself to Ron.”

Her eyes held his. Still. Unwavering. Absolute.

“Show me.”

His hands moved before thought could stop them. The belt came undone with a metallic click that echoed through the quiet. His pants dropped to the floor. His boxers followed. And there he was — exposed. His cock stood thick and full, flushed with blood, a single bead of pre-cum trembling at the tip. His arousal betrayed him completely.

Shannon's mouth curved, slow and pleased. “There you are.”

Without breaking her gaze, she reached to the nightstand and picked up her phone.

“Ron,” she said, holding it out without turning. “Film this for me.”

Ron stepped forward, taking the phone without a word. He unlocked it, raised it, and aimed. The lens swept from Craig's rigid cock to Shannon's parted thighs and the plug that still gleamed between them. The burn of being filmed landed heavier than expected. Craig's skin flushed. His chest rose and fell faster.

Shannon turned her head slightly, her voice cool and direct. “Take it out.”

He blinked. “The plug?”

She nodded. “I want to be ready for him. You make me ready.”

His body moved without instruction. He stepped closer, cock bobbing as he crossed the room, and knelt behind her. The plug was nestled perfectly between her cheeks — elegant, obscene. He placed one hand on each side of her ass and gently spread them. Her skin was hot under his palms, her moan low and approving.

He wrapped his fingers around the jewelled base. The crystal was cool to the touch. He pulled slowly, easing it free. It slid out with a wet, suctioned sound and left her open. Her hole gaped slightly — twitching, opened, glistening in the lamplight. The scent hit him full: her arousal, warm and musky, layered with the faint sweetness of her body wash.

He swallowed hard.

She was open in a way that stripped something raw in him. Exposed in a way only trust — or power — could create. He stared too long.

“Lube,” she said again, breathy now.

He reached for the bottle, popped the cap, and poured a generous line across the cleft of her ass. The stream coated her opening, catching the light, glistening and shameless. He leaned in and smeared it with his fingers, working it into the soft, pulsing rim of her entrance in slow, circular strokes.

She pushed back against his hand slightly, moaning deeper, like she was giving permission without needing to say it. He coated her completely — rim, fold, the edge of her hole softening, relaxing.

She was ready.

But Craig wasn't.

Not yet.

Because something inside him had begun to shift.

Shannon's voice cut through again — soft, but commanding.

“Now him.”

Craig froze. “What?”

“Ron. Coat his cock. Every inch.”

Craig turned toward the man standing behind him. Ron didn't move. Just watched. Then, without a word, he dropped his slacks to his thighs. His cock swung forward — thick, long, heavy — already swelling to full hardness. Even semi-erect, it looked unreal.

Craig stood slowly, heart pounding. He walked across the room on unsteady legs, still holding the bottle. His hands trembled as he raised it and squeezed a line of lube across Ron's crown. Then another across the base. The thick shaft gleamed wet.

Craig hesitated.

He looked back at Shannon, who still lay waiting, turned slightly so he could see her smirk.

“Do it properly,” she said. “Make sure every inch is coated.”

Her voice dropped to a purr. “Use your hand.”

He reached out, fingers coated, and wrapped his hand around it.

The size made his breath catch. His fingers couldn't close fully around the shaft. It pulsed in his hand, slick and hot. The lube made it slide easily under his touch as he stroked — once, twice — down the length, then back again. The head was flushed, dark, already beading with fresh pre-cum.

Craig kept stroking.

It grew harder.

The weight of it was obscene. He adjusted his grip, eyes fixed to it now — the sheer size, the heat, the impossible thickness.

Behind him, Shannon moaned. “That's it, baby. Stroke that big cock.”

The words detonated inside him.

His orgasm exploded through him without warning — violent, raw, unstoppable. Cum splattered against his stomach, thick and hot, strings streaking across his skin in shocking bursts. He let out a moan that sounded less like pleasure and more like surrender. His knees buckled.

Ron didn't flinch. Just stepped forward with quiet confidence, his massive frame shadowing the bed, cock lubed and pulsing in Craig's hand.

Craig turned away in shame, chest heaving.

“I didn't mean —”

“There it is,” Shannon whispered, smiling like she'd known all along. “That's the part of you you've been afraid to meet.”

He flushed to the roots of his hair, breath shuddering.

“Shhh,” she soothed, voice silk and steel. “It's alright. It's perfect.”

She moved to the edge of the bed, kneeling in front of him, her eyes full of something he couldn't name. She touched his face — thumb wiping away the sweat at his temple — then leaned in.

“I need you now,” she whispered.

Craig blinked. “You... what?”

“I want you to do it,” she said, her voice hushed but urgent. “I want you to give the last piece of me to Ron.”

She pressed his hand gently. “Line him up. Guide him in. Let me feel him there for the first time. With you watching. With you helping.”

Craig's entire body trembled. His mind screamed that this wasn't him. It couldn't be.

But his hand was already reaching.

Already guiding.

Already giving her away.

He turned toward Ron. Reached for that beautiful glistening, heavy cock. It was fully erect now — a veined column of pressure and promise. He held it, steadying the weight. Shannon was in front of him — waiting, hole glazed and twitching, her back arched and her body open.

He stepped forward.

And began to guide Ron into her.

Craig held the base of Ron's cock steady, breath shallow as he brought it down, inch by inch, to Shannon's parted, lubed entrance. Her body tensed under the anticipation, thighs spreading wider, hips lifting slightly as she looked back over her shoulder — her gaze burning with urgency. He pressed the head against her rim, and she inhaled sharply, fingers clutching at the sheets, spine arching.

“Oh, fuck... Yes... You're already stretching me...” she gasped, her voice breaking into something feral.

Craig's hand trembled as he steadied Ron's cock. The size of it looked almost comically large against her delicate opening, despite how she twitched in readiness — open and gleaming from the plug he had removed only minutes ago. The moment the wide head began to breach her, Craig felt his throat tighten. Her body gave slowly, the dark crown pressing past the tight outer ring in an excruciating, beautiful stretch. Shannon let out a breathless cry. Not pain. Not entirely. A gasp of surrender — of fullness. Her eyes fluttered. Her body, flushed and flexing, was starting to give in.

“Deeper,” she whispered, her voice raw.

Ron rolled his hips with slow, devastating pressure. Inch by inch, his cock disappeared into her. Craig watched in disbelief and awe as her tight ring parted further, her hole gripping Ron's cock like a velvet vice, every vein outlined beneath the tension of her skin. Her ass spread impossibly wide, twitching around the thick shaft as if learning how to take it, how to hold it.

“Almost there,” Craig murmured, more to himself than to them, his voice hoarse with reverence and disbelief.

Shannon groaned again, her face buried into the mattress, her cheek pressed flat, her body shaking beneath the strain of fullness. “Fuck... yesss... he's in...”

Ron buried another inch. Then another.

Craig felt like the air had been stolen from his lungs. Her body was being transformed before his eyes. Her pussy still glistened, dripping freely in betrayal, even as her ass was being filled to the root by another man's cock. No part of her was untouched. The contrast between slick femininity and obscene submission overwhelmed him. Her skin flushed deep red across her shoulders, and her breath hitched in broken waves.

Ron gave one final push — and his hips came flush with Shannon's ass.

She cried out — guttural, deep — her entire body jolting forward from the impact. Craig saw her fingers grip the sheets like anchors. She was full. Entirely. Claimed. And he had made it happen.

He let go of Ron's cock slowly, his hand now slippery with lube and something far more intimate — the final act of surrender, of servitude. He stepped back, his chest rising fast, his body still

trembling, his cock stirring again even after having just spilled for the first time. He hadn't meant to... but he was already swelling again.

Shannon turned her face toward him, cheek still pressed to the mattress, her eyes glazed and heavy-lidded. "I love you, baby," she breathed. "You gave me to him. Just like I wanted."

Craig swallowed hard, unable to respond, the weight of her words burrowing somewhere deep and unspeakable.

As Shannon moaned softly, adjusting to the immense stretch now embedded inside her, her back arched with slow, reverent tension. Her palms pressed into the mattress, her knees spread wider as her breath came in broken rhythms — half ecstasy, half disbelief. She was still. She was open. She was filled in every possible sense.

"Go back through," she murmured. "Listen to my screams... but I want you to take this."

She reached to the nightstand, not looking, not fumbling. Her fingers curled around something small and black, smooth and cool. She lifted it behind her without turning.

A plug.

Smaller than the one she'd worn earlier. Glossy. Sleek. The jewel at its base burned crimson under the lamplight.

She held it toward Craig.

He blinked, stunned. "What's that for?"

Her voice was syrupy, slow, unmistakably amused. "I think you already know."

His hand moved to take it before his mind had fully processed what he was doing. Their fingers brushed — a moment electric and hushed. The plug sat warm in his palm, heavier than it looked, as though it carried more than just physical weight.

His breath caught. His mind surged. He saw it — not the room, not now — but the memory that had haunted him for days. The imagined scene bursting forward again with dangerous clarity.

Him on his knees. Ron's cock pressing into his mouth, massive and alive. Shannon whispering filth against his ear, one hand in his hair, the other sliding between his cheeks. Her fingers teasing him, coaxing him open. The plug wet with spit, pressing in. His cock hard, untouched, already leaking.

And when it had slipped inside?

He had cum.

Unprovoked. Unforgiven.

His cock twitched now, answering the ghost of memory that wasn't even real. He looked down at himself — swelling again, thickening with no touch, no control.

"This isn't me," he whispered. The words were a lie even his body refused to believe.

"You want me to...?" he asked softly, unsure if it was a protest, an invitation, or a confession.

Shannon didn't turn her head completely, but the grin she offered was unmistakable. "I'd love that," she murmured, her eyes gleaming with mischief. "Someday." Then, softer — loaded — "But that's for Amber."

Craig's breath hitched. A rush of heat flooded his chest — part relief, part something harder to name. Maybe regret. Maybe disappointment. His fingers still clutched the plug, the red jewel catching light like a signal flare.

"She's got that look in her eyes, doesn't she?" Shannon added after a beat. "Curious. Curious girls always end up on their knees."

Craig said nothing, but the twitch of his jaw betrayed him. She was still stretched around Ron's cock — trembling, filled, and somehow still in control.

"Get her ready," she said, her voice honeyed and cold. "She seems like she'd enjoy it. Whether it's for you... or if you want to see how she takes someone... bigger."

Her hips shifted, a deliberate tilt. Ron remained buried to the hilt, thick and still, but the movement made Shannon moan again — a rich, indulgent sound.

"Either way," she whispered, breath ragged but sultry, "you'll think of me."

Craig's grip tightened around the plug. His cock swelled again — hard, aching, traitorous.

He didn't respond.

He didn't need to.

Shannon already knew.

Ron grunted low behind her, cock twitching as though ready to begin again, to *really* begin.

And as Craig turned toward the door, steps faltering but forced, Shannon called after him one last time — soft, sharp, with a smile in her voice.

"Don't forget to lube it with your mouth."

She waited a beat, her voice darker now.

"Like the slutty little helper you've become."

Craig's cock surged in protest or submission — he couldn't tell. His face burned. His throat tightened. He didn't look back. Couldn't.

The sound of the first thrust echoed behind him — deep, wet, final.

And the plug?

It burned in his palm the whole way back.

Craig stepped quietly back into the room, his body still buzzing, his cock a low throb in his pants. The soft lamplight bled across the rumpled sheets where Amber lay stretched like a satisfied cat.

She was propped up on one elbow, bare skin kissed by shadows, her red curls fanned across the pillow in lazy tangles. She looked up the second the door clicked shut, her eyes narrowing with suspicion.

“Jesus,” she said, pushing upright. Her voice was husky with sleep but edged now. “Where the hell did you go?”

Craig blinked, trying to summon something casual. “They didn’t answer the door, so I just went to the kitchen, grabbed some water.”

She raised a brow, gaze flicking straight to the thick ridge pressing against the front of his slacks.

“Oh yeah?” she said, dry as dust. “You went for water and came back with a fucking erection? Be honest—were you standing outside their room? Listening?”

Before he could answer, the sound hit them. Not muffled. Not distant. Just real.

A scream. Shannon’s scream.

“Fuck, yes! Don’t stop! Right there—God—Ronnnn!”

The rhythm followed seconds later. Wet. Relentless. Flesh against flesh. The unmistakable sound of hips slamming and furniture trembling beneath them.

Amber’s lips parted. Her whole body perked up. Then came the next cry — louder, broken, filled to the brink. Shannon again, her voice raw and ecstatic: “Fuck me, fill me, oh my God... deeper—yes—fuck my ass—”

Amber let out a stunned breath. “Holy shit,” she whispered. “She’s getting it in the ass?”

“That’s insane. That’s...” she shook her head, a wild grin breaking across her face. “So fucking hot.” Her hand drifted down between her thighs, slow and lazy, fingers slipping in. “Have you ever done it? Anal?”

Craig opened his mouth, but no words came. She didn’t seem to notice.

“I’ve thought about it,” she went on, her voice huskier now, the weight of arousal thickening every word. “But I’ve never had someone really want it. Never had a guy *take* it — prepare me for it like that. God...”

Her eyes flicked up to him again — and that look changed everything. Mischievous. Curious. Open. Unafraid.

That was when he reached into his pocket.

He didn’t plan to. It was instinct. Muscle memory. But his fingers curled around the small black plug before he could stop himself. He lifted it — sleek, familiar, wet with implication. The red jewel gleamed in the light.

Amber’s breath caught. Her eyes widened, then narrowed with amusement and disbelief.

She turned toward Craig, eyes wide and sparkling, cheeks flushed with disbelief and something filthier. “Jesus... Really, Craig? You’re a wildcard... just walking around ready? Or was that your plan all night? Get me hot with your tongue and then pull that one out?” She grinned as her eyes dropped to his hand, then back to his face. “God, I love it.”

She pushed the sheet aside and crawled across the mattress toward the edge of the bed, her movements fluid and hungry. “You want to get me ready?” she asked, breathless now. “For New York?”

Craig nodded, silent, breath tightening in his throat.

She tilted her head, curls falling over one shoulder. “Do you have lube?”

He hesitated. “No.”

That wicked grin widened. “Won’t stop us.”

He lifted the plug slowly. And that’s when the memory returned — vivid, electric, seared into his skull. Shannon’s voice, smug and soft in his ear: *“Don’t forget to lube it with your mouth... like the slutty little helper you’ve become.”*

The words echoed inside him as he opened his mouth and drew the plug to his lips. His tongue curled around the tip, then dragged slowly down the length. He sucked it deliberately, coating it with spit while never breaking eye contact. The jewel glinted, wet and obscene.

Amber’s pupils dilated. Her breath caught. “You’re such a bad boy,” she murmured.

Then, without waiting, she turned. Smooth. Confident. And lowered herself onto her hands.

Her hips tilted. Her ass offered. Her back arched in a perfect curve. Her thighs spread. Her pussy glistened — already wet, already waiting. She looked back over her shoulder, her eyes dark with heat and mischief, her voice a sultry command.

“Plug me.”

Amber’s breath came shallow and fast, her hips tilted, ass lifted high in open invitation. Craig knelt behind her, the plug still wet in his hand, but something inside him resisted. Not yet. The plug trembled in his grip, but his gaze was fixed on her — on the soft pink ring of her untouched hole, twitching with anticipation.

Instead of reaching forward, he let the plug fall gently onto the bedspread beside them. His hands slid to her ass, palms broad, thumbs spreading her cheeks wide. Her skin was warm and yielding, and the exposed ring of muscle pulsed slightly under his breath.

Amber gasped. “Oh my god...”

He didn’t speak. Just leaned in, slowly, deliberately. His breath fanned over the cleft of her ass before his tongue made first contact — a long, tentative lick from base to rim. Amber jolted forward, her hands gripping the sheets, her back arched deep.

“Craig—fuck—what are you doing?”

But she wasn’t telling him to stop.

He licked her again, firmer this time, his tongue swirling around her tight opening, tracing slow circles before flattening and dragging upward. Her body shivered. The taste was clean — skin and salt, layered with warmth. His tongue grew bolder, more insistent, wet and demanding as he began to rim her in earnest.

“Oh fuck,” she moaned, the sound high and broken. “You’re really... god... yes...”

He buried his face between her cheeks, devouring her like he needed her to fill something in him. His tongue worked in tight, wet rhythms, circling, flicking, teasing her entrance with soft pressure. Her hole twitched under the attention, fluttering with need, and her pussy dripped freely below — her arousal wetting the insides of her thighs in glistening trails.

Amber’s hands fisted in the sheets. “Jesus,” she gasped. “Where the fuck did this come from?”

Craig didn’t answer. Couldn’t. He groaned against her, mouth wide, tongue dipping shallow inside her now. The contact made her cry out again, her thighs shaking. He gripped her hips tighter, grounding her, holding her open, feasting on her like she was an answer he hadn’t known he was starving for.

“You’re gonna make me cum—oh my god, just from this—”

Her voice trembled. The mattress shook. The sounds from the next room bled through the walls again — Shannon’s screams climbing, Ron’s name gasped over and over like prayer. The rhythm of their fucking pounded like thunder, syncing with Craig’s mouth as he pressed deeper, tongue-fucking Amber now, desperate and greedy.

Amber’s voice broke. “No one’s ever... fuck, fuck, don’t stop—don’t stop—”

She was shaking now, her whole body taut, her face buried in the pillows. Craig pulled back only when her thighs started trembling too hard to hold her weight. Her breath came in shallow pants. Her hair was a wild halo. Her face was flushed, lips parted.

“Fuck,” she whimpered. “You just... tongue-fucked my ass like a porn-star.”

He picked up the plug.

Amber lifted her head weakly, eyes glazed, lips parted. “You’re not done, are you?”

Craig shook his head.

“Good,” she said. “Because now I need you inside me.”

He brought the plug to her entrance. It was already twitching, wet with his tongue. The plug pressed forward, slow and steady. She whimpered as it slipped past the tight ring of muscle. Inch by inch. Until the base settled against her cheeks and the jewel winked in the low light.

Amber let out a breathless laugh. “Oh fuck... I can feel it. I can feel everything.”

Craig rose to his knees, cock bobbing with urgency.

Amber looked back, her voice husky. “Now fuck me. Hard. Like one of those porn-stars with the big black cocks you love so much.” She arched her back deeper. “Pretend you’re Ron. Pretend I’m Shannon. You like that, don’t you? Yeah. Fuck me like I’m her. Like you’re him.”

Craig groaned as his hands gripped her hips. He lined himself up, feeling the heat of her cunt and the pressure of the plug tucked just above it — both holes impossibly tight, working against each other. Then he drove in. One thrust. Deep. Complete.

Amber screamed.

From next door, Shannon screamed too.

The rhythm began — Craig slamming into Amber as she rocked back, the plug lodged deep inside her, amplifying every movement, every stretch.

“You feel that?” Amber panted. “Feel how tight I am with that plug in me? God, you’re so deep...”

Craig couldn’t speak. He could barely breathe. She clenched around him like a vice, every thrust ratcheting higher, dirtier. Her words poured out in breathy moans.

“Fuck me like I’m her. Like I’m Shannon begging for Ron’s cock. Show me what gets you off. I want to feel it. I want to be it.”

Craig snapped his hips harder.

Amber clawed at the sheets.

“You’re so kinky,” she whispered, voice breaking with joy and filth. “I fucking love it...”

Craig thrust again, eyes locked on hers, drowning in heat, memory, and the raw, awful beauty of what he’d become.

Amber twisted slightly, looked back at him with fire in her eyes, her lips curling. “We were made for each other.”

The sound of Shannon’s cries still echoed through the wall — raw, unrestrained, pleading for more from a man who wasn’t Craig. Just two weeks ago, in a quiet hotel bed and after a slow, aching kiss, Shannon had whispered those same words to him.

We were made for each other.

Now she moaned another man’s name with her ass stretched around his cock.

And Amber? How long until she did the same?

The thought hit him hard — and it just made him fuck her harder.

Room For More? Chapter 10

City Heat

The cab ride from JFK was quiet in that comfortable, worn-out way that follows a long trip. The city rose ahead of them again, glass and steel catching the last of the light, familiar yet tinged with the faint strangeness of returning to a place that has not stood still for you. Craig sat in the front passenger seat, watching the skyline smear past the window, lights glittering in the late summer dusk. Behind him, Shannon and Amber shared the backseat with Ron, their voices low and easy. The sound of it was warm, but it landed on him differently. Each burst of laughter felt private. He could hear the shift in Shannon's tone when she spoke to Ron, a little deeper, more languid, as if her body knew him even in the small spaces between words.

When they pulled up in front of the building, Craig stepped out first. The air was thick with the mineral scent of warm pavement, the kind that clung faintly to skin. Ron paid the driver while Shannon slipped her heels back on, leaning against the car for balance. Amber stood beside them, looking up along the glass facade, curls catching the streetlight.

"This is you?" she asked, surprise in her voice.

Craig gave a small smile. "Yeah. You'll like it."

Inside, the elevator opened into the private hallway. Shannon keyed them in, and when the apartment door swung wide, Amber stepped in slowly. Her gaze moved over the wall of windows, the sweep of the ceilings, the way the last light angled across polished hardwood.

"Wow," she murmured, almost to herself.

Ron drifted toward the living area, setting his bag on the sofa with the casual ease of a man who belonged. Craig caught the faint scent of his cologne lingering in the apartment, as if it had settled into the air long before they left for California. Shannon dropped her carry-on by the bedroom door, then looked toward Ron.

"You should show her the balcony," she said. "The light's perfect right now."

He nodded and gestured for Amber to follow. She crossed the room in no hurry, the late sun catching in the curve of her hip and the edge of her curls. The sliding door closed behind them with a muted click that cut the room in two.

Craig found himself alone with Shannon. She crossed toward him, bare feet silent against the floor. Up close, he could still see the trip on her. Her skin was warm with sun, her hair smelling faintly of salt and perfume, her eyes carrying that softened edge from nights that had gone too late.

"It feels different, being back," he said.

She tilted her head. "Different good?"

"I don't know yet." His eyes searched hers. "Are we still us?"

Her expression softened but she did not look away. "I don't know if it needs a name right now."

“It matters to me,” he said, quieter now. “I need to understand what we are, or what we aren’t.”

She let a slow breath leave her. “We’re still connected, Craig. That hasn’t changed. We’ve just evolved. We are both still getting something we need. You still have me, just not in all the ways you used to.”

His chest tightened. “And Ron?”

Her smile was faint, without apology. “Ron is part of me now. You have seen that. You have felt it. It is not about replacing you. It is about being whole in a different way.”

The words landed like weight. “Sometimes it feels like I am just a spectator in my own life.”

She stepped closer, fingers brushing the back of his hand, her thumb resting lightly over the beat of his pulse. “You are not a spectator. You are part of it. Just in a role you did not expect. I know it is not easy. But I have watched you. You do not just tolerate it. You respond to it. You feel alive in it, even if you do not say it out loud.”

He held her gaze. “And what if I want more than this? More than watching?”

“Then you should find it,” she said. “Amber is here. You are attracted to her. She is attracted to you. Explore that. Do not put limits on yourself because you think you are supposed to be holding onto something that has already changed shape.”

Her hand lingered at his wrist, the warmth of her skin faintly electric. “We do not need to fit into the box we started in. There is still love here. Just let it live the way it wants to.”

Something in him eased, though the ache was still there. He stepped forward and she met him halfway. Her arms slid around him, unhurried, her cheek pressing into his shoulder. Her scent rose between them, a blend of perfume and skin, making him too aware of how close she was. It was not desperate and it was not goodbye. It was steady, almost claiming.

They stayed like that for a while, the muted rush of the city outside filling the silence. She pulled back first, her fingers tracing along his arm before they fell away.

From the balcony came Amber’s laugh, followed by Ron’s deeper reply. Shannon’s eyes shifted toward the sound, a flicker of something crossing her face before she looked back at him.

“Come on,” she said softly. “Let’s unpack before they come back in. We have time.”

He followed her toward the bedroom. The air between them had sharpened. Just before he stepped through the doorway, he caught the sound of Ron’s voice saying her name outside. And for the first time in a long while, he was not sure if the clarity that was settling over them felt like safety, or like a warning.

— — — —

The kitchen smelled of garlic, roasted peppers, and the faint sweetness of simmering tomatoes. Shannon moved easily at the stove, her wrist flicking as she turned pasta through a wide pan. The hem of her dress swayed with each step, catching the light from the pendant lamps above. Ron stood at the counter opening a bottle of red, his large hands making the corkscrew look delicate, the muscles in his forearms shifting as he worked. Craig set the last of the plates on the island while Amber leaned in the doorway, wineglass in hand, her gaze tracking the quiet choreography between Shannon and Ron.

It could have been any relaxed evening among friends, yet there was a hum beneath it, something unspoken that hung in the air, warm and heavy enough for Craig to feel it in his chest.

“Welcome to New York,” Shannon said over her shoulder, flashing Amber a smile. “You are welcome to stay as long as you like. Seriously. No rush.”

Amber’s lips curved as she took a slow sip of wine. “Just until Craig gets tired of me?”

Her tone was light, but her eyes found his when she said it. Craig’s mouth pulled into something between a smile and a swallow. “That might take longer than you think.”

Ron poured for Shannon before topping up Amber’s glass, the motion unhurried, almost intimate. “There is space here. Plenty of room to make yourself comfortable.”

Amber swirled her wine, her voice playful. “Comfortable. That is a dangerous word in a city like this.”

Shannon laughed softly, sliding pasta onto the plates. “Dangerous in a good way.”

They ate at the island, knees and shoulders brushing now and then, wine glasses clinking in soft punctuation. Craig noticed the small, loaded exchanges: Shannon’s hand resting on Ron’s forearm as she reached for the breadbasket, her fingertips lingering for a fraction too long; Amber’s eyes catching on the movement before she returned to twirling her fork.

By the time the plates were pushed aside and the second bottle opened, the conversation had turned to places Amber wanted to see in the city. Shannon promised to take her shopping. Ron mentioned a couple of restaurants. Then Shannon’s voice softened in that deliberate way she used when she wanted something to settle into the air.

“We will have to have a night out. Dinner. Drinks. City lights.”

Ron’s eyes shifted to hers. “We should also have a night in. The hot tub.”

Amber’s brow lifted slightly. “The four of us?”

“Of course,” Shannon said, smiling in a way that made it sound less like a suggestion and more like a plan already set.

Ron glanced toward Craig over the rim of his glass. “What do you think, Craig? Up for another late night in the hot tub?”

The fork in his hand suddenly felt heavy. “Sure... sounds good,” he managed, though the words landed thick in his throat.

The invitation dragged a memory to the surface, hot and uninvited — steam curling against his skin, Shannon’s laugh slipping through it, the shine of her bare shoulders in the low light. Her body had been against Ron’s then, the water rocking with their slow movements. He swallowed, the taste of wine turning dry in his mouth.

He had been there before, had seen what the hot tub really meant. No clothes. Ron’s cock thick and exposed in the water. Women’s eyes drawn to it almost without choice. Now he found himself picturing Amber in that heat, her pale skin glistening under the deck lights, her gaze inevitably drifting to Ron the way Shannon’s had. Would she look at him with that same hunger? Would her

voice catch if she reached for him? The thought unsettled him, equal parts anticipation and the sharp edge of something that felt like loss.

When he looked up, Amber was watching him over the rim of her glass.

Shannon set her glass down. “You remember how much fun those nights can be.” Her tone was easy, but her eyes found his, holding just long enough to make it feel like a dare.

The air seemed to thicken after that. Forks slowed. Wineglasses rested on the counter. For a moment, the four of them sat in a quiet that was not quite awkward, but heavy with shared imagining, before Ron eased the conversation toward something else.

“That could be interesting,” Amber said at last, her gaze lingering on Shannon before sliding to Ron.

Ron’s mouth curved slightly. “Hot tub is a good welcome to the city.”

Amber tipped her head, her smile sharpening just enough. “Then I am officially looking forward to it.”

The conversation moved on, the words light again, but the promise stayed with Craig. It lodged deep in his chest, pressing against every slow breath. Part of him wanted to see it happen again. Another part of him wanted to step back, to keep history from repeating in the same slow, devastating way.

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The second bottle of wine was down to its last few inches when Ron rose from his stool. He stretched slightly, the movement slow and unhurried, the kind of casual ease that seemed to take up space without trying. One hand rested on the small of Shannon’s back.

“I think we’ll turn in,” he said, his voice carrying that quiet finality Craig had come to know too well.

Shannon’s gaze flicked to Craig for a moment before she turned her smile toward Amber. “Sleep well, you two.”

“Night,” Amber replied, her tone light, though Craig caught the small flicker in her eyes.

They left together, the muted sound of their door closing settling into the stillness like a punctuation mark. The kitchen seemed larger without them, the low light pooling warm gold over the marble counter. Craig leaned on the island, swirling the last sip of wine in his glass. Amber sat sideways on her stool, one knee drawn toward him, the other foot brushing against his calf.

The first sound was faint, almost blending into the hum of the apartment’s settling. A muffled moan, deep and unmistakably feminine. Then another, sharper this time, curling upward in a way that made Craig’s stomach tighten. The walls did nothing to soften it. Shannon’s moans came in long, shivering waves, curling through the air like smoke. Wet, rhythmic slaps followed, heavy and deliberate, the sound of a body being taken and opened over and over. Ron’s voice rumbled low between them, too deep to make out the words, but carrying that ownership Craig could feel in his spine. He knew that voice.

Amber’s brow lifted slightly, her head angling toward the hall. “Is that...?”

He gave a single nod, his throat dry.

Her gaze slid to his face. “They’re fucking already.”

Craig exhaled, trying for casual, though the heat tightening in his chest betrayed him. “Yeah.”

The next noise left no doubt. Shannon’s moan rolled through the quiet, breathy and drawn-out, chased by the slow, steady slap of skin meeting skin.

Amber’s lips parted, her eyes sharpening. “God... she’s really getting it,” she murmured. “Listen to how deep he’s fucking her.”

Her smile tilted. “You like hearing them, don’t you?”

His eyes locked on hers. “I do.”

Amber’s foot hooked around his calf, pulling him closer. “Then let’s not sit here pretending.”

She stood slowly, the hem of her skirt swaying as she stepped toward him. From the bedroom, the sounds deepened — Shannon gasping now, Ron’s low voice saying something that made her cry out louder. Amber’s fingers curled into the front of his shirt, pulling him down into a kiss.

Her mouth was warm and wet, the taste of wine still on her tongue, the faint graze of teeth catching his lip. Her hand slid down his chest, over his stomach, and cupped him through his jeans.

“You’re already hard,” she whispered, her breath brushing his cheek. “I want you inside me, right here.”

Craig’s pulse kicked. “Here?”

Amber’s grin was slow, certain. “Why not? They’re not exactly hiding what they’re doing.”

She turned, bending over the counter, palms spreading flat on the marble. Her skirt slid up, baring the smooth curve of her thighs and the shape of her hips. Craig stepped in close, his hands gripping her firmly. The scent of her — sharp, warm, unmistakably ready — curled into the air between them.

He tugged her panties aside, his fingers sliding through her folds, finding her soaked and hot. She moaned softly, pushing back into his hand.

“Fuck... Craig,” she breathed. “Stop teasing and fuck me.”

He freed himself, the weight of his cock heavy in his hand, and pressed the head to her entrance. Her wetness welcomed him instantly, and he sank into her in one long, deep thrust.

Amber gasped, her voice breaking. “Mmm... you feel so good.”

The slap of his hips against her ass began to match the rhythm from the bedroom. Another sharp smack echoed from Shannon and Ron’s room, and Amber rolled her hips back into him on the same beat. “Fuck... I want you to fuck me in time with them.”

Craig gripped her tighter, matching the slow, hard cadence of Ron’s thrusts next door.

Amber's voice dipped low. "He's stretching her so good... you can hear it. Bet she's never had a cock like his before... thick, heavy... filling her up until she can't breathe."

Craig groaned, his pace tightening.

Her pussy was gripping him now, a wet, silken vice that made it harder to pull free each time. The heat of her wrapped tight around the length of him, slick and hungry, the sound between them turning wetter, more urgent. His thumbs dug into the curve of her hips, holding her in place as he drove in again.

Her grin sharpened. "You can tell, can't you? That big black cock splitting her open. You can hear the way her pussy grabs at him."

His thrusts deepened, each one landing harder. Amber's cunt was slick and clutching at him greedily, the wet sound of their sex mixing with the sharp slaps and high cries from the bedroom.

Amber's nails curled against the marble as she braced herself. "God... she's really taking it. Bet he's hitting her all the way up in her stomach."

Craig's teeth clenched as the image flooded his mind — Shannon's body folded under Ron's, her legs spread wide, her head tipped back, mouth open in a cry he could almost hear. The picture slammed heat through his cock, and he drove into Amber harder.

"Fuck me, Craig," she gasped. "Make me as loud as she is. I want them to hear me too."

He thrust into her fast, the wet slap of their bodies syncing with the sounds from the bedroom. Shannon's cries rose in pitch and Amber's voice followed, breaking as her orgasm built. "Oh God... she's still cumming... fuck... I'm gonna cum with her..."

Her cunt clamped tight around him, pulsing in frantic waves. She gripped the counter like it was the only thing holding her up. Craig felt the rush of her release, the heat pouring against him.

In his head, Amber's body blurred with Shannon's — the same open mouth, the same helpless cry, the same wet clutch around him. He could see Shannon beneath Ron in his mind's eye, her breasts lifting with each thrust, the dark spread of her hair across the pillow as she begged for more. The image crashed through him, dragging him straight to the edge.

Seconds later, he buried himself deep, groaning into the curve of her shoulder as his own climax surged, thick and hot inside her. The messy, wet sound between them slowed, matching the fading rhythm from the bedroom until Shannon's cries softened into low, satisfied murmurs.

Amber's breathing was ragged when she finally turned her head, looking back at him over her shoulder. Her smile was slow and knowing. "I think I'm going to enjoy city life."

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No Secrets Now

The smell of fresh coffee and toasted bagels drifted through the apartment, warm sunlight spilling across the kitchen island. Shannon stood barefoot by the counter in an oversized shirt that skimmed

her thighs, her hair swept into a loose knot that left a few strands trailing down her neck. Ron was beside her, pouring orange juice into two tall glasses, the sound of liquid filling the space between their voices. Craig was at the stove, turning bacon in a skillet while Amber perched on a stool, nursing her coffee with both hands.

It looked almost like a normal morning after a quiet night in. Almost.

“Sounded like we weren’t the only ones enjoying ourselves last night,” Shannon said lightly, sliding a plate of cut fruit toward Amber.

Amber’s lips curved slowly around the rim of her coffee mug. “I was going to say the same thing to you,” she replied, her voice just warm enough to leave the words open to interpretation.

Craig set the bacon down, his grin subtle but knowing. “Hard to tell which room was louder.”

Ron’s low laugh rumbled. “Might have to run that back and see who comes out on top.”

Shannon shot Craig a look that lingered for a heartbeat before she returned to slicing a bagel. “It’s good having your energy in the mix, Amber.”

When Amber lowered her mug, she glanced at him over the rim. He caught it and let the smallest smirk curl at the corner of his mouth before turning back to the stove.

Amber set her cup down with a soft clink. “Energy. Sure. Let’s call it that.”

As Craig set the plate of bacon down, his hand rested lightly against Amber’s back for a moment. It was casual enough to pass unnoticed, but the press of his palm shifted the air between them.

The easy banter pulled Craig back into motion. He plated the bacon, sliding it onto the counter between them. “We’ve got our own plans for the day,” he said, glancing at Ron. “Going to meet with the lawyer and finalise that paperwork.”

Ron nodded, spearing a piece of melon with his fork. “We’ll be out most of the day. You ladies can run wild.”

When Ron’s arm slid around Shannon’s waist, Craig didn’t flinch or look away. He just kept moving at the stove, calm and unhurried, as if the moment hadn’t even registered.

Shannon’s smile was quick, but her eyes were bright with something that didn’t read entirely as innocent. “I was thinking exactly that. Girls’ day. Shop, lunch, maybe get our nails done. It’s been forever since I’ve had company for it.”

Amber’s brows lifted slightly. “I’m not going to say no to that.”

Ron’s arm stayed loose around Shannon’s waist, his fingers resting low at her hip. “Try not to get into too much trouble.”

Shannon tilted her head toward Amber, her lips curving. “No promises.”

They ate together, the conversation bouncing between plans for the day and bits of city gossip. Every so often, Amber caught Shannon watching her. The look wasn’t unfriendly, but it was layered — a slow, assessing glance that seemed to measure how far Amber might go.

By the time the plates were cleared and the guys were grabbing their jackets, the day felt set in motion. Ron and Craig headed for the door, their voices low and easy.

As he pulled on his jacket, Craig glanced at Amber, his grin quick. “You and Shannon loose in the city... I almost feel sorry for New York.”

Shannon looped her arm through Amber’s and guided her toward the elevator.

“Let’s see what kind of trouble we can find,” Shannon said, her voice warm and smooth. Amber’s curiosity sharpened. There was something in Shannon’s tone that felt like more than shopping, though she couldn’t yet put her finger on what.

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The streets were already alive when they stepped out of the cab in SoHo, the air threaded with the smell of espresso and fresh bread drifting from corner cafés. Amber slid her sunglasses into her hair and fell into step beside Shannon as they moved through the late-morning bustle. The sun caught on the windows of the boutiques they passed, flashing against displays of silk, leather, and gold.

They slipped into a narrow shop scented faintly with cedar, its racks hung with dresses in jewel tones and buttery-soft jackets. Shannon moved through the space with quiet authority, her fingers trailing over fabrics, pausing to lift a hanger here, another there. Amber followed, catching her own reflection in the tall mirrors as she moved, aware of how easily Shannon seemed to draw the eyes of others without any effort at all.

At the back of the shop, Shannon plucked a slim black dress from the rack and held it out. “Try this. I think it will do dangerous things for you.”

Amber laughed, though there was an edge of anticipation in it, and disappeared into the fitting room. When she emerged, the dress clung to her hips and waist as though it had been cut for her alone. Shannon’s gaze swept over her slowly before returning to her eyes.

“See? Perfect,” Shannon said, her voice sure.

They left the shop with a single bag each and settled at a café where small wrought-iron tables spilled across the sidewalk. Shannon ordered them iced lattes and a plate of croissants to share. The table between them felt smaller than it was, the afternoon noise of the street fading until it was just the two of them, voices low enough to feel almost private.

The conversation flowed easily at first: favourite corners of the city, where Amber had grown up, the kind of small talk that smooths the edges of new company. Shannon’s eyes lingered in a way that made Amber feel seen and weighed, as if she were deciding just how much to hand over.

It was only after the coffee had dwindled to ice and they lingered over the last bite of pastry that Amber’s mouth curved. She set her cup down and tilted her head, tone deceptively light. “You and Craig... there’s something there. Feels bigger than just friends. I can’t tell if it’s history or something else.”

Shannon didn’t flinch. She tore the croissant in half, her fingers brushing away the flakes with unhurried precision, as though choosing her words one at a time. “We are close. Always have been. It’s... complicated.”

Amber’s brow lifted. “Complicated how? Like... you two had a fling?”

Shannon's eyes met hers across the table. "More than a fling. Craig and I have a whole history. Years of it." She leaned back, sunlight catching in her hair. Something in the way she said it — low, sure, without apology — made Amber feel the air between them shift. "We've been through things together that most people wouldn't understand."

"Like what?" The words slipped out before Amber could stop them, a spark of hunger edging the curiosity.

Shannon's gaze lingered on her for a long moment before she lowered her eyes to her hands, brushing a flake of pastry from her fingertips. She reached for her coffee, turning the cup slowly between her palms as though letting the pause stretch. "Maybe that is a story best told by Craig."

Amber's lips curved, her tone light but edged with intent. "Oh, I'll get it out of him too. But we're friends, right? I want your side of the tale."

Shannon studied her expression as if weighing something. Her smile revealed nothing, but when she spoke her voice was softer. "That is a longer story than we have time for over one coffee. But maybe today... I'll tell you some of it."

Amber leaned back, letting the words sit between them. There was something in Shannon's tone, not reluctance exactly, but the sense that once she started talking, there would be no turning back.

Shannon's gaze didn't waver. She took a slow sip of coffee, set the cup down, and leaned forward just enough that her voice belonged only to Amber. Her hands curled lightly around the cup, her eyes steady and unblinking. "I'm trusting you with this."

"When Craig and I first got together, it was simple. We were in love. We were planning our life. The sex was good. Really good. There wasn't a part of me that thought anything was missing."

Amber stayed locked on her, drawn by the quiet certainty in her tone. Under the table, her thighs pressed lightly together, a reaction she told herself was the heat of the coffee, not the heat in Shannon's voice.

"Then we moved here," Shannon went on. "A couple of months ago, for Craig's work. We found Ron's ad for the apartment and thought it would be a great setup. And it was. Ron was the perfect housemate. Helpful. Funny. Generous. Craig looked up to him. I liked him right away too... but only as a friend at first."

Amber tilted her head, a faint smile playing at her mouth. "At first?"

"One night," Shannon said, "we heard him. Or maybe her. The sounds coming from his room were... visceral. Wild. The kind of sounds you make when you've stopped caring about holding back. We laughed about it at first, but later, in bed, we started talking about it. Playing with the idea. It turned us both on. We built little fantasies around it, imagining what it might be like if Ron and I..." She let the words trail, the corner of her mouth curving. "You know what I mean."

Amber didn't mean to imagine it, but she saw it anyway — Shannon's pale thighs spread wide, Ron's dark body moving between them, the weight of him pressing her into the mattress. Her cheeks grew warm. "His cock?"

Shannon's smile deepened. "Exactly. And from then on, the fantasy stopped being just a game. The idea of Ron taking me while Craig watched... it did something to me. But it did even more to Craig."

Before I ever touched Ron, just describing it to him gave him the biggest orgasms I'd ever seen. He didn't fully understand why it turned him on so much, but it did."

Amber's lips parted, letting the image sink in.

"Things kept evolving," Shannon said. Her thumb traced the rim of her cup before she continued. "Ron told Craig one day, flat out, that if I ever crossed that line with him, there'd be no going back. And he was right. The first time Ron and I were together, we both wanted it so badly there was no pretending it was a mistake. The first time Ron was inside me, it felt like my body had been waiting for him all along. The stretch, the weight of him, it was overwhelming in the best way. And once it happened..." She exhaled slowly, her eyes holding Amber's. "It changed me. Changed us. The sex is unlike anything else. Ron fills me in every way. Physically. Mentally. I've never been so completely taken by anyone."

Amber tilted her head slightly, her voice softer but carrying a quiet challenge. "You make it sound like you wanted Craig to enjoy it as much as you did."

Shannon's mouth curved. "I did. And he did."

Amber's voice dropped. "Do you love him? Ron?"

Shannon didn't blink. "I love two men." Amber felt the certainty in her tone, like a truth that had already been tested and proven. "But there's only one I belong to. And that's Ron."

Amber frowned slightly. "So are you and Craig...still together?"

Shannon's eyes softened. "I'm not sure what we are. Neither of us is. Ron and I pretended to be engaged for that business trip, but last night he told me he never wants me to take the ring off. I think I've become his. And Craig... he's finding himself. I want him happy. I don't know if that's with Ron and me, or on his own. Or maybe..." Her gaze lingered on Amber. "...with you."

The words landed low in Amber's stomach, a sudden spark she hadn't expected. She swallowed before she could answer. "With me?"

"You and Craig have a connection," Shannon said simply. "He likes you. And you like him. Would it bother you if I told you Craig would probably love to watch you with him?"

Amber's breath caught before she could hide it. In her mind, the thought unspooled too quickly to stop — Ron's big hands gripping her hips, his chest against her back, Craig somewhere close enough to watch it all. The heat was sharp, confusing, but she didn't look away.

Amber swallowed again, heat flickering low in her belly. "But Craig's really into this... interracial kink thing now, isn't he? Almost needs it."

Shannon's voice stayed even. "He is into it. Not just the sex. The contrast. The surrender. It's in him now, the same way it's in me. That's the effect Ron has. You'll see for yourself."

Amber's eyes narrowed slightly as a thought struck. "Oh my god... the sex tape Craig said his friend sent him. That was you and Ron?"

Shannon's lips curved. "It was."

The image slammed back into Amber's head — the video's blurred but unmissable rhythm, the sound of skin on skin, the sheer size of him disappearing into the woman beneath him. She

remembered how her thighs had pressed together when she'd watched it, not knowing it was Shannon then, but knowing the scene had burned into her.

Amber shook her head, half in shock, half in awe. "Fuck me... Ron's cock is huge."

Shannon's quiet laugh was rich with memory. "You have no idea, girl. Every time feels like the first time. The way he fills me... it's like my body exists just for him."

Shannon's eyes flicked down, catching the way Amber shifted in her seat. The corner of her mouth tilted knowingly.

Amber let the words settle before asking, "So where do I fit into all this? Just a pawn in your game?"

Shannon shook her head. "No. Craig likes you. That's the truth. Here's my guilt... when you came into the picture, it was almost a relief. You took the tension out of the air. Gave him options. I'm sorry if it feels like I used you. But Craig isn't like that. When he's with someone, it's with intention and adoration. If you like him... I hope you explore it."

Amber looked down at her coffee, her pulse racing. Shock, curiosity, and something warmer tangled in her chest. When she looked up again, Shannon's gaze wasn't just watching her. It was offering her something.

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The restaurant was small and warm, the kind of place where the tables were close enough to catch pieces of other people's conversations if you cared to listen. Amber sat beside Craig in the booth, Shannon across from her with Ron's arm draped loosely along the back of the seat. Candlelight flickered over the glasses, catching the deep red glow of the wine in front of her.

Shannon and Ron moved with an easy rhythm, laughing, trading quiet touches that now felt sharper in Amber's eyes. Amber's mind replayed Shannon's voice from that afternoon. *I love two men, but I belong to Ron.* The words clung to her, making the small touches between them at the table feel heavier, more charged. She noticed the way Shannon's knee rested lightly against Ron's under the table, how his fingertips grazed the curve of her back when he poured her wine. It was possession masked as casual affection.

Once, she caught Craig's eyes flick toward Shannon's hand on Ron's thigh. It was gone a second later, replaced by an easy smile, but Amber wondered if that quick glance hid something darker.

She sipped her wine, letting the warmth slip into her bloodstream. The brush of Shannon's knee against Ron's sent a low thrum into Amber's belly. Knowing what they did together, knowing Ron had marked her in ways Craig had never touched, made Amber's skin feel too tight for her body.

Every so often, she caught Shannon's gaze. The flicker in her eyes was unmistakable. It wasn't a warning. It was an invitation.

When they stepped out into the cool night air, the city hummed around them. Ron's hand settled at Shannon's waist again, a touch that looked natural but claimed space. Craig's arm rested over Amber's shoulders, lighter, almost tentative, but she leaned into him anyway, breathing in his scent, feeling the quiet strength of his body beside hers. His warmth was steady, yet there was a tension in him, like something restrained. It made her want to push, to see what might break free.

At the apartment door, their goodnights were soft, practiced. Ron and Shannon disappeared into their bedroom with the ease of people certain of what was waiting for them. Craig and Amber stepped into their own space, the quiet wrapping around them like a breath held between two heartbeats.

Craig kicked off his shoes and loosened his collar, glancing at her. "Want a nightcap?"

Amber shook her head slowly, her gaze fixed on him as she moved toward the bed. "No. I have something better."

She set her bag on the nightstand and slipped her phone free. She watched him for a moment, her smile just sharp enough to make him wonder what she was thinking. Her thumb traced over the glass, the soft blue light painting her face as she scrolled. Then she turned it toward him.

The video played, grainy enough to blur the details, but clear enough to capture the rhythm, the unrelenting movement, the unmistakable size of the man between the woman's thighs.

Craig's eyes widened slightly. "You kept that?"

Amber's smile was slow and deliberate. "I like it. Makes me wet just thinking about it." She let the words linger, then looked up at him. "That cock... it's a monster. You can see how deep he's going. She's completely lost to him."

Craig swallowed hard, his throat working as if the words caught there. "Yeah..."

Amber set the phone on the nightstand, the video still playing, the sound turned low but inescapable. Wet slaps of skin meeting skin, deep grunts, high-pitched moans curled through the air. She stepped closer, her fingers sliding down the front of his shirt until they found the button of his jeans.

"Ever think about me taking something like that?" she asked, her voice a soft, dangerous purr that curled between them.

His eyes darkened instantly, the easy colour swallowed by something heavier. Craig's breath was heavier now. "Sometimes."

Her hand freed him, his cock already thickening in her grip. "Would you like that? Seeing me stretched around something that big... watching me get ruined by it?"

A low groan escaped him, his hips pressing faintly into her touch. "Yeah... I would."

Amber slid his zipper down slowly, feeling the heat of him pressing against the denim before she pushed it away. She eased his jeans down, her movements unhurried but certain, guiding him toward the bed. She kissed him hard, wet, the taste of wine lingering between their mouths. The steady rhythm of the video filled the room in the background. The measured slap of flesh, the wet slide, the sounds of a body being taken without mercy.

When she pushed him down onto the mattress, she climbed astride him, grinding against the heat building between his thighs.

"Imagine it," she whispered, her hips rolling over him. "Me on my knees, his cock in my mouth so deep I can't breathe. Or bent over like she is... his hips pounding into me until I'm screaming."

Craig's hands clamped around her hips, his fingers digging in. "Fuck, Amber..."

She shifted, slipping her hand beneath her skirt to push her panties aside. His cock pressed against her entrance, and she sank down slowly, the stretch drawing a gasp from her lips.

“You’d watch, wouldn’t you? Watch him take me until I can’t even say your name?”

Craig’s eyes locked on hers, his jaw tight, voice rough. “Yes.”

She began to move, slow at first, her nails dragging lightly over his chest. “And then... maybe you’d want more. Maybe you’d want to taste him on me. Feel him in me while you’re still inside.”

Craig’s groan was guttural, his hips lifting hard to meet her. “Jesus, Amber...”

Her pace quickened, the slap of their bodies blending with the wet sounds from the phone. “Or maybe you’d want him to take you too. While I watch. While I touch myself.”

His hips stuttered for a split second, his jaw clenching before he pushed into her again. He didn’t answer, but the way his thrusts grew deeper, harder, told her enough. She leaned forward, her lips brushing the edge of his ear. “Would you let him? Would you let him take you the way he takes her?”

Craig’s breath was jagged now. “I... don’t know.”

Amber smiled against his cheek. “Think about it. Think about both of us... with him.”

Her hips rolled faster, pleasure tightening in her belly. She kept talking through the building heat, her voice catching between words. “You’d... ah... you’d like it... watching me fall apart on that cock... knowing you made it happen...”

Craig’s grip on her hips turned almost bruising, his thrusts driving up into her, urgent and unrestrained. The moans from the phone bled into their rhythm, syncing for a few beats before breaking again. The air between them was thick, heavy with heat and sound, every breath laced with the steady pulse of the video.

Amber’s nails bit into his shoulders. “I’m close... fuck me, Craig... harder.”

He gave her everything, hips snapping, cock driving deep until her cry broke free and her body clamped tight around him. The rush of her orgasm was sharp and consuming, pulling him with her.

Craig’s groan tore from his throat, rough and low, as he spilled into her, the heat of him flooding deep. She rode him until the last shudder passed, until their breathing evened and the video’s sounds faded into the background.

Amber lowered herself slowly, pressing a softer kiss to his mouth, her fingers brushing along his jaw. She didn’t tell him she knew. Not yet. But the look in his eyes told her she had been given more than just his body tonight. She had touched the part of him he didn’t fully understand. And now she had her own hold on it.

The Thin Line

The pale light of morning spilled through the half-open blinds, cutting soft stripes across the bed. Outside, the city was already awake, a low hum of traffic broken by the occasional horn. In here, the air was slower, heavier, still holding the warmth and scent of the night before.

Craig lay on his side, propped on one elbow, watching Amber. Her hair spread across the pillow in dark waves, a few loose strands curling against her cheek. The sheet rested low on her hips, leaving her bare shoulder in the path of the light. Her skin still carried the faint trace of heat from sleep, and the scent of her shampoo lingered in the air, mingling with the musk of sex.

He had woken earlier than usual and had spent the last half hour turning over the same thought. The things she had said to him last night. The way her voice had changed, the way her eyes had locked on his. How it had felt like she was pulling something from deep inside him without asking. For a moment, Amber heard Shannon's voice from yesterday again, low and certain. *That's the effect Ron has. You'll see for yourself.* It hummed in the back of her mind now, making her bolder than she might have been before.

"Last night was... intense," he said finally, his voice low, almost tentative.

Amber's lips curved faintly, her eyes still closed. "It was."

"I keep thinking about where it came from," he continued. "That edge in your voice. The way you were pushing me." His gaze searched her face, lingering on the slow rise and fall of her chest. "It felt like... more than just dirty talk."

Her eyes opened slowly, steady and warm, and she turned her head toward him on the pillow. "Maybe it was."

He let the pause stretch, giving her space to continue, but she didn't rush. The silence between them felt deliberate, like she was weighing what to give him.

Amber rolled onto her side to face him fully, propping her head on one hand. The sheet slipped lower, baring the curve of her breast before she pulled it up again, the movement unhurried. Her expression shifted, softening but sharpening at the same time, like she had been holding something back and had just decided to release it.

"Craig..." Her voice was lower now, almost coaxing. "I know."

A small crease formed between his brows. "Know what?"

"The video." Her eyes never left his. "It wasn't some random friend's tape." She let the words settle in the air for a beat. "It was Shannon. And Ron."

The breath left his chest in a slow exhale. He didn't look away, but something in his eyes dimmed, replaced by a guarded stillness. Craig shifted slightly, the sheet tightening across his hips. His hand almost reached for her, then stopped, curling against the mattress instead. "She told you?"

Amber nodded once. "Yesterday. She told me a lot, actually." She watched the flicker of reaction cross his face — not anger, not quite shame, but the way his jaw tightened suggested it all sat just beneath the surface. "She told me about you two. How it started. About Ron."

Craig's gaze drifted to the ceiling before returning to hers. "You must think I'm a loser..."

"Don't be ridiculous, I'd never think that of you Craig!" She countered quickly.

Her lips twitched into the ghost of a smile, without any humour. "...But honestly, I didn't know whether to be shocked or turned on. Probably both." She looked away briefly, then back. "And last night... I wanted to see how much of what she told me was fantasy for you, and how much was real."

His mouth parted slightly. “And?”

Amber’s gaze sharpened. “And you didn’t answer me. When I asked if you wanted him to take you.”

His jaw flexed again, a small pulse in his cheek.

“I wasn’t trying to trap you,” she said, her tone softer now. “I wanted to see if you’d go there in your head. If you’d let yourself say it out loud.” She let her fingertips trace a light path over his forearm, her touch barely there. “You don’t have to give me everything right now. Just... enough to let me in.”

Craig’s fingers moved idly over the sheet between them, tracing patterns without meaning. “That’s not an easy thing to answer.”

Amber studied him, her voice low but steady. “Then don’t answer yet. Just talk to me. Let me in on what’s in your head.”

He looked at her for a long moment, the pale light catching on the hesitation in his eyes. There was more there, she could see it, but he held it close, as if speaking it aloud might make it real.

Craig lay back onto the pillow, his eyes drifting toward the ceiling as if the words might be easier to find if he did not have to look at her while he searched for them. His fingers still moved absently over the sheet, tracing aimless shapes that vanished almost as soon as they were made.

“When this started... with Shannon and Ron... I thought I understood why it turned me on.” His voice was quiet, deliberate, as if each word had to be weighed before it was released. “Watching her with him, it was so far outside anything we had ever done before. Forbidden. Intense. I told myself it was just the shock of it, the novelty.”

Amber stayed still, letting the quiet settle. Her eyes held on him, steady and patient, but she gave him space to keep going. She could feel the tight coil of muscle beneath her palm, the way his chest rose in shallow pulls when he skirted around certain words. It made her want to keep him here, in this exact space, until the tension eased.

“But the more I thought about it,” he continued, “the more I realised... it wasn’t just about her. It was about him, too. About the way he takes control, the way she gives it to him. It’s... different.” He paused, his breath catching like the next words were caught on the edge of his throat. His eyes darted away for a fraction of a second, as if even looking at her while saying them might undo him. “And yeah... sometimes I’ve imagined what it would be like if I was in her place. Even imagined going further than that.”

Amber’s voice was soft, even. “Further how?”

His jaw tightened for a moment before he pushed the words out. “On my knees. Sucking him. Letting him... use me.” He turned his head toward her then, as though bracing for something in her expression. “And that scares the hell out of me. Because I don’t know if that’s just a fantasy, or if part of me actually wants it.”

Amber did not flinch. If anything, her features softened. She shifted closer, the sheet whispering across her skin, and let her fingers rest lightly on his chest, over the steady rise and fall of his breathing. Her thumb traced a slow, steady circle over his sternum, a quiet reminder that she was here, and she was listening. “Craig... fantasies can be complicated. Sometimes they’re just things

we play with in our heads. Sometimes they're things we want to touch, to see if they feel as good in real life. It doesn't make you less of who you are to think about it."

He released a slow, unsteady breath. "But that's the problem. I don't know where the line is for me. I don't know if I want to keep it in my head, or if I want to cross it. And if I cross it... what happens then? I've already lost Shannon to this. Am I ready to lose myself? To lose you?"

Her hand slid higher, cupping the side of his face so that he had to look at her. Her thumb brushed lightly along his skin, grounding him. She realised in that moment that his confession wasn't just about sex. It was about trust. And the fact that he was trusting her with this made her want to hold him closer. "You're not going to lose me by being honest about what turns you on. I like you, Craig. I like us. And I think we could be happy together, no matter what shape that takes. Maybe we're a couple who shares. Maybe we're a couple who just fantasises and role plays together. But we'll figure that out together."

His eyes searched hers, looking for some crack in her certainty, some hesitation that might mirror his own.

"You don't have to have the answer right now," she said. "You just have to be honest with yourself. Because this house?" Her lips curved faintly, though there was no humour in it. "It doesn't let you keep your fantasies and reality separate for long."

Craig's chest rose with a deeper breath, but the tightness in his jaw lingered. "That's what scares me."

Amber's thumb swept along his cheekbone again, her voice quiet, steady. "Then that's what we watch out for. Together." Her fingers brushed the side of his neck, feeling the heat of his skin, and she wondered if he knew how easily that heat could be coaxed into something else.

"That's what Shannon and I used to say," Craig murmured, a shadow passing through his expression. "And now look at us..."

Amber's gaze didn't waver. "I'm not Shan. I love her. She's fun, wild, a free-minded spirit. I love those things about her. But I know where lines and boundaries cross. You don't just keep pushing things further and further and leave your partner behind. That's not how experimentation and fantasy work. It's not how relationships work. We explore together. We say yes together. We step back together."

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The evening air was warm, the city's heat softened now that the sun had dropped behind the skyline. Craig's hand rested at the small of Amber's back as they walked, not possessive, just steady. The streets were alive with sound: the distant thump of bass from a club, a taxi horn, the clink of cutlery on patio tables where couples lingered over late dinners.

Amber had expected they would duck into some dim bar or lounge, the kind of place where the weight of the wineglass matched the weight of the conversation. Instead, Craig stopped in front of a brick-front building with glowing neon letters and the muffled sounds of arcade machines spilling through the door.

"An arcade?" she asked, brows lifting.

Craig grinned. "It's been years. Thought maybe you'd like to see how terrible I am at pinball."

The smell hit her first, a mix of popcorn, machine oil, and faint electricity. The room glowed with shifting colours from the game screens, lights dancing across their faces as they wove between the rows. Craig was right. He was terrible at pinball, but his mock-serious concentration made her laugh until her stomach ached. There was a looseness in his shoulders she hadn't seen before, and when he laughed, it rolled through him in a way that made her want to hear it again. She got him back on the basketball free-throw game, his shots rattling out of the hoop as she sank three in a row.

"You're terrible," she teased after beating him at Pac-Man, her grin wide.

"And you're smug," he replied, stepping closer until she had to tip her chin up.

They didn't talk about Shannon. They didn't talk about Ron. It was just them, side by side, trading turns at Pac-Man and air hockey, the noise around them wrapping them in something that felt safe, sealed off from the rest of their world. Craig didn't fill the space the way Ron did, all dominating presence. He drew her in by making her feel like they were in on something together. Every time she laughed, Craig's eyes lit in a way she hadn't seen before. Every time he smiled, it reached all the way to the corners of his eyes.

Later, they left with their hands full of cheap prize tickets, pooling them together for two ridiculous plastic sunglasses and a keychain shaped like a miniature joystick.

"I'm going to treasure this forever," Amber teased, holding up the keychain as they walked.

"You better," Craig said, his grin wide. "That took at least three games of skee-ball and my dignity."

They wandered toward the apartment slowly, the easy hum of conversation broken now and then by quiet stretches that felt comfortable instead of strained. At a crosswalk, Amber slipped her fingers into his, their hands fitting together without hesitation. When they stopped outside a corner café to share a late slice of cheesecake, he let her take the first bite, and she made a show of licking the fork slow enough that his eyes dipped before he caught himself. The faint laugh he let out sounded more like surrender than amusement.

By the time they reached their building, there was a lightness between them that hadn't been there before. They stepped into the lobby still talking about who had actually won the air hockey game, voices low but playful.

In the elevator, the mood quieted. Their hands brushed, then linked again. Craig watched her reflection in the mirrored wall, the curve of her smile, the shine in her eyes.

When the doors slid open onto their floor, they stepped out into the private hallway. Craig unlocked the apartment door and pushed it open with a casual sweep. They stepped inside, Amber still laughing softly.

Then she stopped.

Craig paused too, his head tilting toward her.

"Shhh," she whispered.

The laughter in her chest caught and vanished. The air between them seemed to thicken as the sound reached them. A low, deep rhythm matched by sharper, higher cries. Shannon's voice, unmistakable, breathless and drawn out. The wet slap of skin on skin punctuated each rise in her voice, each small gasp for breath before the next moan.

Amber's gaze flicked to Craig's. The giddiness from minutes ago shifted, slowing into something heavier, more charged. Craig's jaw tightened slightly, but he didn't move.

The sound came again, louder now, raw and unrestrained. And Craig knew they weren't hearing it from behind a closed bedroom door.

It was closer.

Much closer.

They stepped into the living room doorway and froze.

The low lamplight pooled across the couch, turning Shannon's skin into molten gold. She was bent over the armrest, her back arched, ass high, legs spread in a stance that made her look both powerful and vulnerable. Her hair tumbled forward, veiling half her face, but nothing could mute the sound that poured from her — raw, jagged moans that rolled up into sharp little cries each time Ron's hips met hers.

Ron stood behind her, feet planted, shoulders squared, his hands gripping her hips so hard his knuckles were pale. His thrusts were slow but deep, deliberate enough that the wet slap of skin echoed in the quiet. Each drive of his body pushed Shannon forward into the couch, her fingers clawing at the cushions like she needed something to hold her together.

Amber's breath caught and stayed there. She didn't take her eyes off them.

Craig couldn't either. A part of him wanted to turn away, but another part, darker and stronger, kept him rooted to the spot. The heat in the room seemed to cling to his skin.

The air was thick with the smell of sweat, arousal, and the heat rolling off their bodies. Shannon's moans had dropped lower, breathy sounds trembling on the verge of breaking, until Ron pulled her back onto him again and she gasped, high and sharp.

Ron's voice came low, a deep murmur too quiet to catch, and Shannon nodded, her body trembling under his grip. He released her hips, sliding one hand up the long curve of her spine. His fingers splayed between her shoulder blades before moving higher, tangling into her hair.

Amber's hand brushed Craig's arm. She leaned in close enough that her breath grazed his ear. "Look at her."

Craig's jaw tightened, but his eyes stayed forward, locked on Shannon's trembling body.

Ron tugged Shannon upright by the hair, her back flush against his chest. His other hand slid between her thighs, fingers moving with a purpose that made her cry out. He turned her, guiding her down to her knees on the rug in front of the couch.

Amber's nails traced slowly over Craig's sleeve. "You know what's coming next, don't you?"

Shannon's lips parted, her gaze locked upward on Ron as she wrapped one hand around the base of him. She stroked once, twice, before leaning forward to close her mouth over the thick head of his cock. The first push was slow, testing, before she slid lower, taking more, her lips stretching wide to accommodate him.

Craig swallowed hard, his throat dry.

Amber's fingers moved to his thigh, light but deliberate. "Look at that cock," she murmured. "Glorious, isn't it?"

Shannon's hand moved in sync with her mouth, twisting slightly, guiding the slick glide of him in and out. She pulled back just far enough for the light to catch the shine on her lips before sinking deeper, her throat working to take him further.

Amber's hand slid higher, cupping Craig through his jeans. "What are you thinking right now?"

Craig's voice was low, almost rough. "I... see her. I see you."

Amber's thumb pressed against him, feeling him harden further under her palm. "And?"

Craig's gaze flickered, but stayed fixed on Shannon. "Sometimes... I see me. On my knees for him. Taking him."

Amber's smile was faint, curling at the edges. Her hand stroked him through the denim in slow, steady pulls. "All three of us, then... on our knees. Worshipping that godly cock. Messy. Submissive. Hungry for more..." She gripped him harder now, the drag of her palm more insistent, her words sinking into him like they were already happening.

Ron's hand rested on the back of Shannon's head, guiding her pace. His hips rolled forward, sending himself deeper until the thick base of him brushed her lips. Shannon's fingers flexed against his thighs for balance as he held her there for a long, heavy moment before letting her draw back with a wet gasp. A thin thread of saliva clung between them before she took him again, faster now, her cheeks hollowing with each pull.

Amber's grip on Craig firmed. "You like watching her like this. Seeing how much she can take. Wondering if I could take it like that."

Craig's breath caught, heavier now. "I... do."

"Wondering if you could."

His hips pressed faintly into her hand. "Yes... I wonder."

Ron pulled Shannon to her feet and kissed her hard, his hands roaming her flushed skin. He turned her toward the couch, bending her forward until her chest pressed into the cushions again. This time he drove into her with one long, unbroken thrust that made her cry out loud enough to fill the room.

Craig's breathing was ragged now, unconsciously syncing to the rhythm of Ron's movements.

Amber's lips brushed the edge of his jaw. "Keep watching. Don't look away."

Shannon's body rocked with every thrust, her sounds unraveling into incoherent moans. The couch creaked beneath them, the slap of skin underpinned by the slick, wet sound of him filling her over and over.

Amber's hand slipped inside Craig's jeans, fingers curling around him, hot and rigid in her grip. "Feels good, doesn't it? Watching him take her like she's his. Like she's not yours anymore."

Craig's groan was low and guttural.

“And knowing...” Amber’s hand moved in slow, deliberate strokes, her voice dropping lower, “he could take me like that too. If we let him.”

Shannon’s moan tore through the air, Ron’s pace relentless. Craig didn’t answer, but the way his body tensed under her touch told her everything.

Amber’s mouth brushed his ear again, her strokes easing to a slow, teasing pace. “When you watch her like this... do you wish you were Ron, getting sucked off by the woman you love... or do you wish you were Shan, filling your throat with dark meat?” She didn’t wait for an answer.

Ron’s pace picked up, his hips snapping forward with a force that drove Shannon into the couch cushions. Her cries ripped through the room, sharp and wild, blending with the heavy, wet slap of skin on skin. She was beyond words now, her voice breaking into raw, breathless gasps that came with each thrust, the kind of sounds that made it clear she was lost to anything but him.

Craig had seen them together before, but never like this. This wasn’t measured. This wasn’t play. This was possession.

Ron’s hands gripped Shannon’s hips with bruising force, pulling her back into him like he could bury himself deeper, drag her further onto his cock. Sweat ran down his chest, glistening in the lamplight before it dripped onto her back. Shannon arched into it, her fists tightening around the couch fabric, her knuckles bone-white with strain.

Amber’s hand was still wrapped around Craig, stroking him in slow, steady pulls, her eyes fixed on the scene across the room. “God... listen to her,” she whispered, her breath warm against his jaw. “She’s screaming for him.”

Craig’s body tensed. Part of him wanted to lose himself in Amber completely, to shut out the sight and sound of Ron claiming Shannon. But every time Amber tightened her grip on him, her gaze still drawn to the couch, that pull toward the other world grew stronger.

Ron shifted, bracing one foot on the couch for leverage, and began driving into Shannon with short, savage thrusts that made her sob out loud. Her free hand slid between her own legs, rubbing herself in fast, desperate circles as he pounded into her, her moans climbing to a near-frantic pitch.

Amber’s hand slipped from Craig’s jeans to the hem of her skirt. She hitched it high, baring the smooth curve of her thigh. “I can’t just stand here,” she murmured, turning toward him.

She caught his hand and pressed it between her legs. She was already soaked, slick heat seeping through the thin lace of her panties. “Feel that? That’s from watching them. From hearing them.”

Craig’s breath came fast and uneven.

Amber stepped closer, pressing her body flush against his. She turned, guiding his hands to her hips, and backed into him. Her skirt bunched around her waist as she reached beneath it, tugged her panties aside, and freed him from his jeans.

With one slow, deliberate push, she sank down onto him, the heat of her body gripping him, pulling him in until she had taken him to the base.

“Oh... fuck,” she breathed, her voice trembling with the stretch.

They didn’t rush. She rolled her hips in slow, grinding circles, keeping time with Ron’s relentless thrusts across the room. Each time Shannon cried out, Amber gave a sharp little gasp of her own,

tightening around Craig as if to echo her. When Shannon screamed, Amber's hips jerked, a sharp, involuntary movement that clenched her tight around him, as if her own body was answering.

Ron bent Shannon further over the couch, one hand locking on the back of her neck to hold her in place. His strokes turned longer, deeper, each one making her body jolt and rock with the force. The wet, rhythmic sounds were obscene, thick in the air, impossible to ignore.

Amber leaned back into Craig's chest, tilting her head until her lips brushed his ear. "Look at them," she whispered. "Look how deep he's in her. She's his now."

Craig groaned low, his hands gripping her hips harder as he thrust up into her.

"But me?" Amber's voice softened. "I'm yours. I love the way you feel inside me. I don't need Ron's cock. I just need yours."

Craig's jaw clenched, his hips moving with more force, his pace syncing to hers.

Ron's rhythm turned punishing, driving Shannon into the couch with a speed that made the slap of their bodies sound like applause in the small room. Shannon's screams broke apart with each jolt forward, her thighs trembling, hips jerking as she came around him, her release tearing through her in shuddering waves.

Amber's nails dug into Craig's thighs as she gasped, "Don't stop... stay with me..." Her body clamped tight around him, milking him, dragging him toward his own edge.

The climax hit him hard, a sudden rush that stole his breath. His fingers dug into her hips, holding her down on him as hot pulses spilled deep inside her, each one wrung from him by the tight, relentless grip of her body.

Craig's eyes stayed locked on Shannon as Ron buried himself deep and ground forward in slow, claiming pushes until she sagged forward, completely spent.

Amber's moan rose to a cry as she came around him, wet and messy, soaking him, the heat and tightness dragging him through the final pulses of his release.

They stayed together for a moment, both breathing hard, Amber still rolling her hips in slow aftershocks as if trying to keep him inside her a little longer.

Across the room, Ron glanced over at them with a faint, knowing smirk. Shannon turned her head toward them, her flushed face softening into a lazy smile.

"Tomorrow night," she said, voice low but carrying, "you can stop pretending you don't want to join us. Hot tub. Four bodies. No limits."

Amber's gaze flicked up to Craig's, her lips brushing his ear as she murmured, "Time to decide where that line is," she whispered. "Will you keep me to yourself... or let him have us both?"

To Be Continued...

This story will now split into two distinct paths in **Chapter 11**, reflecting the choice you've just witnessed. Both versions will be written and released together.

Chapter 11 – Shared

For those who want to see Craig step fully into the heat...to share Amber, to kneel, submit and give himself over to Ron.

Chapter 11 – Stepping Back

For those who want Craig to pull away...to keep Amber as his alone, to choose their relationship over the fantasy, and to reclaim the man he was.