

The Bad Tenant Ch. 20

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Yesterday 1:00 am

Jess settled into her office chair, phone in hand. Her entire body seemed to buzz with a peculiar energy, not quite satisfaction, not exactly hunger, but something in between.

She worked her jaw from side to side, feeling the subtle soreness in muscles she didn't normally notice. She ran her tongue over her teeth, wondering if Tom would taste Bob when he kissed her later. Despite her thorough shower and vigorous teeth brushing, a phantom bitterness lingered on her palate. Bob's flavor, earthier, muskier, distinctly different from Tom's.

Three text notifications from Tom had arrived while she was showering.

Tom: Holy shit, Jess. You can't say things like that when I'm in the office.

Tom: What happened with Bob? Tell me everything.

Tom: Seriously, I can't focus now. Give me something.

A smile tugged at her lips. She could picture him at his desk, struggling to maintain composure while his imagination ran wild. She typed a response.

Jess: Sorry, was in the shower. Needed to clean up. It was intense...

The reply came immediately.

Tom: Intense how? Details. Now.

Jess: I wore lingerie for him today. But it didn't stay on very long.

Tom: Go on.

Her power in this moment felt intoxicating. Tom sat in his office, surrounded by colleagues, completely at her mercy. Each detail she

revealed or withheld shaped his experience, his arousal, his mental state. She decided to push further.

Jess: Let's just say my jaw is a little sore, but I think I impressed him.

Tom: Did you...?

The incomplete question amused her.

Jess: Did I what?

Tom: You know what I'm asking.

Jess: Yes, I had his cock in my mouth, if that's what you're wondering.

Tom: Jesus Christ, Jess. How was it?

She considered how much to reveal via text versus saving details for in-person storytelling.

Jess: He tasted... different than you. But I'll tell you everything when I see you.

Tom: You swallowed?

The bluntness of the question surprised her. She typed her response.

Jess: Yes.

As soon as she sent it, the confident woman who had seduced Bob momentarily receded, replaced by uncertainty. She quickly typed a follow-up.

Jess: Was that okay?

Tom's response came instantly.

Tom: God yes, Jess. More than okay. It's incredible. Anything you choose to do is okay. I can't wait to hear every detail. I love you so much.

His validation soothed her momentary vulnerability, reinforcing their shared exploration while acknowledging her need for emotional

security after crossing such a significant boundary.

Tom: I'm so turned on right now I might have to lock myself in the bathroom and jerk off.

Jess smiled at the image, picturing Tom in a stall while colleagues went about their business outside.

Jess: Come home early and I'll take care of that for you.

Tom: I can't. The team has organized celebratory drinks for my promotion. I can't decline without looking ungrateful. This is torture. But I'll be home around 9. Save all the details for then. And stay exactly as horny as you are now. No touching yourself.

Disappointment mingled with understanding. The celebratory drinks were important, colleagues acknowledging his promotion, cementing professional relationships. She couldn't reasonably expect him to skip out, no matter how enticing her alternative offer.

Jess: I'll be waiting...

She opened her camera, framed her lips in close-up, and sent the image.

Tom: You're killing me. See you tonight.

She set her phone down, frustrated by the delay but accepting the reality of Tom's obligations. Turning to her laptop, she opened files for the Savannah project. But her concentration broke repeatedly, mind returning to Bob's bedroom.

She couldn't stop thinking about his cock. The sheer size of it still amazed her. How could something so big fit inside a woman? She tried to imagine what his previous partners had experienced, his first wife Sarah, his second wife Karen. Had they been able to accommodate his full length? Had they enjoyed it or had it been painful? She couldn't help wondering if Bob's size had been a factor in his divorces, perhaps creating sexual incompatibility despite other aspects of the relationships.

And what about his skills with his mouth? Where had he learned that? Had one of his wives guided him? Or had there been others, women between marriages, or before either of them, or during?

The document on her screen, material specifications for the Weatherby Mansion's east wing, failed to hold her attention. She found herself reading the same paragraph three times without absorbing it. Words about millwork blurred into meaninglessness.

Jess checked her calendar for the rest of the week. Thursday would be another work from home day. Would she go back to Bob's apartment? Perhaps in different lingerie? The possibility both thrilled and unnerved her. What color would most appeal to him? The black had certainly had the desired effect today, but maybe the red set would provoke an even stronger reaction.

She caught herself planning as if another encounter were inevitable, as if the question were what lingerie rather than whether to go downstairs at all. When had that shift occurred? When had repeat encounters with Bob become a given rather than a choice requiring deliberation?

Friday evening, she and Tom had scheduled their official promotion celebration dinner. She made a mental note to decide on a dress, something spectacular. Perhaps the burgundy that had drawn so much attention at Solitaire, or maybe she should purchase something new, something Tom had never seen before.

Then next Tuesday she'd fly to Savannah until Saturday. She was undecided if she'd see Bob before leaving. If work consumed her morning, then no, but if she prepared early, maybe a session with him wouldn't hurt.

Two weeks from now, the Skyline ending party would take place. She pictured herself and Tom dressed elegantly, mingling with Austin's design elite, his arm around her waist as he introduced himself as the husband of the lead designer. Unlike the party months ago, which Tom had missed due to Meridian demands, he'd definitely be joining her this time. He'd promised.

But Webb would be there too, and Chen, and likely Harrington. Webb with his constant pursuit, Chen with his cryptic comments, Harrington with his private jet offers. With Tom by her side, would their interactions change? Would Tom notice their interest in her? Would it bother him or would it feed into his evolving fantasies?

Jess tried again to focus on the material specifications, but her mind refused to cooperate. Instead, specific moments from her encounter with Bob replayed in her mind. The look in his eyes when she'd let her bra fall away, the size of his balls, the sensation of his impressive cock stretching her mouth, the standing 69 position, the declaration that had emerged from her lips twice now, "I'm your cocksucker."

Pleasing him had pleased her, creating a reciprocal circuit of satisfaction that transcended the merely physical. She'd wanted to impress him, to show him that sophisticated Jessica Marshall could handle his massive cock, could take it deeper than he expected.

The power dynamic fascinated her. She held power over Bob through his obvious desire, his appreciation of her skill, his gratitude for her willingness to pleasure him. She had brought him to his knees with her mouth, had reduced this big, strong man to gasping incoherence.

She held power over Tom by controlling information, the teasing texts, the decision of which details to emphasize or minimize, which moments to highlight or downplay in her retelling. This wasn't manipulation but an extension of the trust they'd established. Tom had given her permission to explore, had encouraged her agency, and part of that agency involved shaping the narrative of her experiences.

Bob held power too, primarily through his ability to give her unprecedented pleasure, particularly those squirting orgasms. His skillful touch, his intuitive understanding of her body, his confidence in directing her, all contributed to experiences that had altered her understanding of her own sexuality.

Those squirting orgasms. Jess sighed, closing the material specifications document that she clearly wasn't going to make progress on today. Each time she'd considered telling Tom about this aspect of her experience with Bob, she'd imagined potential hurt in his eyes, the unspoken question of why Bob could trigger this response when he couldn't. Explaining it to Tom risked making him feel inadequate, as if his inability to trigger this response represented failure.

This omission violated their agreement of complete honesty, the first rule they'd established that night at Vesper. "We tell each other everything," she'd insisted. Yet here she was, concealing a significant aspect of her experience, not to protect herself but to shield Tom's ego.

Was that consideration or patronizing assumption? Perhaps Tom would surprise her with his response, might approach the information as a learning opportunity rather than evidence of inadequacy. After all, he'd consistently supported her exploration, had encouraged her agency, had expressed excitement about her pleasure even when it involved another man.

Tonight might be the perfect opportunity to finally share this. With Tom celebrating his promotion, feeling confident and secure in his professional accomplishment, perhaps he'd be better positioned to receive this information as something they could work on together, a technique they could learn, rather than a deficiency in his abilities.

She remembered Tom's vulnerability in first confessing his fantasy, how he'd struggled to articulate what excited him, how she'd worked to understand rather than judge. His face had been flushed, eyes darting nervously, voice dropping when describing what aroused him. He'd been so afraid of her reaction, of potential judgment or rejection, that sharing his desires had required real courage.

His consistent emphasis that her comfort and consent remained paramount, that they could stop anytime if she felt uncomfortable. "Your boundaries are the most important thing," he'd insisted. "This

only works if you're comfortable with it." He'd established her veto power as absolute, had promised to respect whatever lines she drew without pressure or judgment.

Their marital connection felt stronger than ever, counterintuitively strengthened by this unorthodox arrangement with Bob. Conventional wisdom would predict jealousy, resentment, emotional distance. Instead, they'd experienced the opposite. Increased communication, deeper trust, more frequent physical intimacy, a sense of embarking on a shared adventure that belonged uniquely to them.

Her own desires had evolved in ways she hadn't anticipated. What began as accommodation of Tom's fantasy had transformed into something she actively participated in, something she enjoyed. Today's lingerie selection provided irrefutable evidence of this shift. She hadn't worn a bikini, hadn't gone down naked, hadn't offered the pretense of massage or sunbathing. The lingerie served one purpose, communicated one intention. She had gone down to suck Bob's cock and make him cum, and she had done precisely that.

The contrast between roles troubled her. The faithful wife who honors commitment versus the wife who enthusiastically participates in extramarital acts. But within the boundaries she and Tom had established, this wasn't cheating but consensual sexual exploration. She wasn't sneaking around behind Tom's back, wasn't lying about her activities, wasn't developing emotional attachment to Bob that threatened her marriage. Perhaps the residual guilt stemmed merely from programmed social conditioning rather than genuine moral transgression.

Her boundaries had become less concrete, more circumstantial, and this unsettled her. If swallowing Bob's cum felt natural today, what other acts might feel natural on Thursday? Where would this progression lead? What barriers remained between exploration and full surrender?

A dangerous thought intruded, one she'd been avoiding. How would it feel if Bob were inside her? Not just his fingers, not just his tongue, but his actual cock stretching her open. Would she even be able to take him? Would there be pain at first, gradually yielding to pleasure? The thought sent an involuntary shiver through her body, a response that immediately triggered guilt.

Tom's words echoed in her memory. "Yes, even sex," and Jess's own dirty talk, "His cock would stretch me out. He'd ruin my little pussy for you, Tom. It might never go back to the way it was."

Sex remained a firm boundary, a line she'd promised herself she wouldn't cross regardless of Tom's permission. Yet increasingly, she questioned the arbitrary nature of this distinction. Why was oral sex acceptable but penetration forbidden? Was there truly a meaningful difference beyond social convention? If she had already sucked his cock, already swallowed his cum, already allowed his tongue inside her, what made his cock categorically different?

And what would Tom's reaction be if she crossed that final boundary? Would he genuinely find it arousing, or would theory and practice diverge too dramatically? Would he pretend to encourage it while harboring resentment?

And most troubling, would she enjoy it too much? Would the experience somehow diminish what she shared with Tom? Would comparison become inevitable, creating a standard Tom couldn't possibly match given their physical differences?

So many questions. So few answers.

She felt different, somehow lighter yet also more grounded, as if owning her desires had reduced some internal tension she hadn't fully acknowledged.

Jess glanced at her personal laptop. She opened the browser, typing "why do husbands want to share their wives" into the search bar. The results included explanations about compersion, evolutionary

psychology theories about sperm competition, and forum posts from men describing similar desires to Tom's.

None fully captured what she sensed in Tom. The academic explanations felt too sterile, the forum posts too crude or simplistic. They failed to acknowledge the complexity of emotions involved, the way desire and discomfort could coexist, the mysterious alchemy that transformed potential threat into erotic stimulus.

She modified her search. "Why do women enjoy sex with men other than their husbands"

The results proved less helpful, mostly judgmental articles about infidelity or overly simplistic explanations about novelty and excitement. Nothing adequately addressed the complexity of consensual non-monogamy within an otherwise traditional marriage, the particular dynamics of a husband encouraging his wife's exploration.

She tried another approach. "Differences between husband and lover sexually"

This search yielded articles about how long-term partners might fall into predictable patterns while new partners brought uncertainty that heightened arousal. Another discussed how perceived taboo increased sexual excitement, how breaking social rules created adrenaline that enhanced physical sensation. Another explored how different men might access different aspects of female sexuality, bringing out submissive or dominant tendencies based on their own approaches.

These explanations resonated more with her experience. Bob certainly approached her differently than Tom did, with a confidence bordering on arrogance that somehow bypassed her usual filters, that accessed parts of her sexuality she typically kept contained.

She tried more specific searches about squirting orgasms, why some men can trigger them while others can't, techniques for consistently producing them. The information varied widely, from claims that any

woman could squirt with proper stimulation to assertions that only certain women possessed the capacity. Some sources suggested specific techniques, others insisted it resulted from overall sexual comfort and surrender.

One article caught her attention. "Teaching Your Partner to Make You Squirt." The approach seemed promising, focusing on communication and demonstration rather than criticism or comparison. She bookmarked it for later reference, thinking it might provide a constructive framework for that conversation with Tom.

The inconsistent information frustrated her, reinforcing that human sexuality defied simple explanations, that individual experience varied too widely for universal prescriptions. Her situation with Bob and Tom existed in a particular context that general advice couldn't possibly address.

The next time Jess glanced at the clock, it was 4:45 PM. She'd accomplished nothing since returning upstairs, work files still open but untouched for hours. With Tom not returning until around 9 PM, she had unexpected free hours to fill.

She closed her laptop, considering how to use this time. She wanted to create something special for Tom's return, to transform his delay from frustration to anticipation.

First, yoga. She hadn't attended a class in weeks. Derek might be teaching tonight. She hadn't seen him since before her last trip to Savannah. His hands-on adjustments during class, the way he corrected her posture with gentle but firm guidance, created its own unique tension that she could incorporate into tonight's storytelling if she chose.

She imagined Tom's reaction if she casually mentioned Derek's hands on her hips during downward dog, his guidance as he helped deepen her stretches. Tom had specifically named Derek in their dirty talk, had included him in the expanding roster of men he fantasized about her with.

She'd pick up dinner on the way home, perhaps from that Mediterranean place Tom loved so she wouldn't need to cook. She'd select lingerie and set up their bedroom with candles. The ambiance would signal celebration, marking both his promotion and her own advancement in their shared exploration.

Most importantly, she'd use this time to prepare herself mentally for complete honesty, including about the squirting. "I've discovered something new about my body," rather than "Bob can make me do this but you can't."

Her mind circled back to Bob. She wondered what he was doing now, how he was processing their encounter. Did he think about her as she thought about him? Did he replay specific moments, savor particular images? Did he tell anyone about what happened between them, or did the secrecy enhance his enjoyment as it did hers?

She'd left Bob practically glowing with satisfaction. "You're something else, princess," he'd said, the nickname somehow transforming from potentially condescending to truly affectionate through his delivery.

Standing, Jess headed to the bedroom to change into workout clothes. This exploration had begun as Tom's fantasy, his desire, but increasingly it belonged to both of them. Tonight, she would embrace that shift fully, would own both her actions and her pleasure, would give Tom the honest accounting their arrangement demanded while ensuring his pleasure remained intertwined with hers.

Tom rounded the corner onto their street in his Lexus IS. The evening air carried a pleasant crispness after hours in the overheated bar where his colleagues had insisted on celebrating his promotion with increasingly elaborate toasts. He'd limited himself to two drinks, wanting to maintain clarity for whatever awaited him at home.

Jess's texts earlier had ignited his imagination, making the celebratory drinks feel endless despite his colleagues' enthusiasm. Throughout the evening, he'd smiled through congratulations while his mind kept circling back to the tantalizing fragments she'd shared. The image of Jess in lingerie for Bob, of her taking their tenant's cock in her mouth, of her swallowing his cum, these snapshots had created a slideshow he couldn't shut off.

The house came into view, windows glowing warmly against the night sky. Tom parked in the driveway, noticing Bob's truck.

He entered through the front door and locked up behind him. "Jess?" he called, climbing the stairs.

"In here," she answered from the living room.

She sat curled in the corner of their sofa, wearing simple lounge pants and a loose t-shirt. Her hair was piled in a messy bun atop her head, face freshly washed and glowing. The ordinariness of her appearance contrasted sharply with the extraordinary acts she'd hinted at in her texts.

"Hi," she said, a smile spreading across her face.

"Hi," Tom replied, shrugging off his jacket.

He crossed to her, leaning down for what he intended as a quick kiss. But the moment their lips touched, a jolt of awareness shot through him. Would he taste Bob on her lips? The thought both disturbed and aroused him as the connection deepened. Her hand rose to his cheek, holding him there as her mouth opened to his.

When they separated, Tom settled beside her on the sofa, his heart beating faster than the brief kiss warranted. "How was the team celebration?" she asked.

"Enthusiastic," Tom replied. "Everyone was happy for me. Even Davis stopped by. Miles got embarrassingly emotional after his third whiskey."

"That sounds nice," Jess said, her hand finding his. "I'm so proud of you."

"Thanks," Tom said, squeezing her fingers. "It's finally sinking in. Senior Consultant. Better salary. More responsibility."

"More travel," Jess added.

"That too." Tom nodded. "But we'll figure it out."

"Have you eaten?" she asked.

"We ordered food at the bar," Tom replied. "So, I'm good."

A momentary silence fell between them, loaded with unspoken awareness of what lay beneath their ordinary exchange. Tom's mind raced with the texts Jess had sent him earlier.

"So..." he began, unable to maintain the pretense of casual conversation. "Your texts."

Jess smiled, the expression carrying a hint of mischief that Tom found both familiar and newly intriguing. "Which one?" she asked, though she clearly knew.

"I'm soooo fucking horny right now. You need to rush home and fuck me," Tom quoted, his voice matching the intimate nature of the words.

Jess laughed. "Oh, that one," she said, false innocence in her tone.

"What happened with Bob today?" Tom asked directly.

Jess stood, stretching her arms above her head, a movement that lifted her t-shirt just enough to reveal a strip of skin above her lounge pants. "I have so much to tell you," she said. "But you should shower first. You smell like a bar."

Tom raised an eyebrow. "That's cruel. Making me wait longer after those texts."

"Trust me," Jess said. "It'll be worth it."

"Fine," he conceded, standing. "But this shower will be quick."

"I'll be waiting," Jess promised, her tone carrying both reassurance and anticipation.

Tom headed to their bedroom, removing his tie as he walked. The promotion, the celebration with colleagues, all receded in importance compared to what awaited him after his shower. Jess would tell him everything about her encounter with Bob.

In the bedroom, he quickly shed his clothes, letting them fall haphazardly to the floor. He noticed their bed had been prepared, sheets turned down, several candles arranged on the nightstands though not yet lit. Jess had been planning for his return, creating an atmosphere of celebration and intimacy. The effort touched him, a reminder that regardless of what she'd done with Bob, her primary connection remained with him.

The bathroom light felt harsh after the dimmer bedroom. Tom adjusted the water temperature and stepped under the spray, letting it rinse away the remnants of the workday and bar celebration. As he shampooed his hair, his mind returned to Jess's texts from earlier. The words had distracted him throughout his entire evening.

When Jess had texted about wearing lingerie for Bob, Tom's imagination had immediately constructed elaborate scenarios. What color had she chosen? How had Bob reacted when she'd revealed herself? Had she been nervous or confident? The thought of Jess selecting something provocative, something designed specifically to arouse another man, created an emotional response. Pride in her boldness mingled with flashes of territorial instinct. This wasn't like the previous encounter where things had progressed more organically. This time, she had planned it, had chosen to present herself as an object of desire for another man.

Her confirmation that she'd taken Bob's cock in her mouth again wasn't surprising given the previous encounter, but knowing she'd returned to this act willingly, perhaps eagerly, still sent a tremor through Tom's system. The mental image updated itself with new details, Jess more confident this time, perhaps taking him deeper,

knowing exactly what she was doing rather than exploring. The territory of her mouth had become shared ground, a space where his wife now comfortably accommodated another man.

But nothing had prepared him for her casual confirmation that she had swallowed. That detail had struck him with immediate arousal even as his mind scrambled to process the implications. There was an intimacy to that act, a surrender that transcended the physical mechanics of oral sex. She'd previously finished Bob with her hand, his cum landing on her breasts. This time, she'd accepted him completely, had chosen to consume the evidence of his pleasure rather than pulling away. This escalation represented a new level of comfort, of acceptance, perhaps even enjoyment.

Had she done that for him? For Bob? For herself? The question nagged at him as he rinsed shampoo from his hair. Did she enjoy it, or was it merely accommodation? And which answer would please him more?

Tom scrubbed his body vigorously. The reality of their arrangement continued to surprise him. What had begun as abstract fantasy, images that visited during private moments of self-pleasure, had transformed into Jess now actively participating, choosing to engage sexually with Bob.

His emotions defied simple categorization. There was excitement, yes, but also threads of jealousy. There was gratitude for Jess's willingness to explore but also concern about where these explorations might ultimately lead them.

As he rinsed the soap from his body, Tom considered the progression of their arrangement. What had started with bikinis and flirtation had evolved to lingerie and blowjobs in a remarkably short period. What further boundaries might dissolve in the coming weeks?

The professional travel demands of his new position would create extended absences. What might occur between Jess and Bob during those absences? Sex was the obvious answer but the uncertainty carried its own peculiar thrill.

He turned off the water and stepped out, grabbing a towel to dry himself. Wrapping the towel around his waist, he exited the bathroom and stepped into the bedroom.

The sight in front of him stopped him cold.

Jess lay on their bed, propped on her elbows, legs extended and crossed at the ankles. She wore black lingerie, a transparent bra that showed her nipples and a matching thong.

"Is that what you wore for him?" Tom asked.

Jess nodded, a small smile playing on her lips. "This is exactly what I wore downstairs this morning."

Tom dropped his towel without hesitation, his erection jutting forward. "He saw you like this?"

"For about five minutes before I took it off," Jess replied.

He moved to the bed, climbing onto the mattress. "Tell me everything," he demanded. "Every detail."

"Lie down," Jess instructed.

Tom complied, settling on his back, head propped against the pillows. His cock stood straight up against his abdomen, a drop of pre-cum already gathering at the tip.

Jess positioned herself between his legs, and Tom's mind immediately filled with images of her mouth enveloping him. Instead, she smiled wickedly and crawled backward, eventually sliding off the bed entirely.

"What are you doing?" Tom asked, confusion evident on his face.

Jess stood at the foot of the bed, hands on her hips. "Just listen," she said. "I want to tell you exactly what happened."

She locked eyes with him. "I went downstairs wearing exactly this," she began, running her hands over the lingerie. "Bob was sitting by the pool. You should have seen his face when he noticed what I was wearing."

"What did he do?" Tom asked, his hand moving to his cock, giving it a slow stroke.

"He tried to play it cool, but his eyes got huge. He couldn't stop staring," Jess said. "I told him I wanted to go inside. That I had something special in mind."

"Were you nervous?" Tom asked.

"A little," Jess admitted. "But mostly excited. I knew exactly what I wanted to do."

"And what was that?"

"I wanted to suck his cock," Jess replied, her directness sending another jolt through Tom's system. "I told him to wait in the bedroom. When I went in, he was already naked, lying on the bed."

"He just took his clothes off without asking?" Tom's brow furrowed.

"I think he wanted to show initiative," Jess smiled. "Besides, it saved time."

"What did he say when he saw you in that?" Tom gestured toward her lingerie.

"He called me phenomenal," Jess replied. "Said I was the most beautiful woman he'd ever seen."

Tom's hand moved faster on his cock, the visual of Bob seeing his wife in this revealing outfit flooding his mind. "I want more than just the story," he said. "Show me what you did."

Jess's smile widened. "I thought you'd never ask."

She reached behind her back and unhooked her bra. She didn't immediately remove it, instead holding it in place with one arm across her chest. "I stood just like this," she narrated. "I let the anticipation build."

Tom watched, transfixed, as she finally lowered her arm, allowing the bra to fall away. Her breasts came into view, nipples already hard. She dropped the bra to the floor.

"Then what?" Tom asked.

"Then I did this," Jess replied, sliding her thumbs into the sides of her thong. She turned and pulled it down her legs slowly, bending forward to step out of it. The position offered Tom a perfect view of her ass and the glistening lips of her pussy.

"Fucking hell, Jess," Tom muttered.

She straightened, now completely naked. "Bob said almost exactly the same thing," she noted with a small laugh. "Great minds think alike."

"Did he touch you?" Tom asked.

"Not yet," Jess replied, climbing back onto the bed. She crawled toward him, positioning herself between his legs again. "First, I did this."

She took a hold of his cock and licked a long stripe up the underside, from balls to tip. Tom's hips jerked involuntarily at the contact.

"I took my time," Jess continued, licking again but slower, her tongue flat against his shaft. "I wanted to savor him, just like I'm savoring you."

Her tongue circled the head of his cock, collecting the drop of pre-cum that had formed there. "Mmm," she hummed. "You taste different than him."

"Different how?"

"He's... earthier," Jess replied, punctuating her answer with another long lick. "Musnier."

"Did you tell him that?" Tom asked.

Jess shook her head. "No. That's just for you." She gathered saliva in her mouth, then let it fall in a thick strand onto Tom's cock. The crudeness of the act surprised him. She spread the wetness with her hand, coating his shaft. "I did this, though. He likes it messy."

Tom watched in fascination as his wife created the visual. Jess had always been an enthusiastic partner, but there was something different about her approach now, a raw sexuality that seemed newly unleashed.

"God, I love sucking dick," Jess announced before taking him into her mouth. The declaration, so explicit and unfiltered, sounded foreign coming from her lips, yet undeniably authentic.

She bobbed her head, taking him deeper and deeper. One hand worked his shaft in coordination with her mouth while the other gently massaged his balls.

She came up for air. "Bob kept saying how good I was at this," she said, stroking him with her hand. "He called me his cocksucker again. Said I was a natural at it."

"And what did you say?" Tom asked.

"I told him he was right," Jess replied, her eyes never leaving Tom's. "That I'm his cocksucker."

"Jesus, Jess."

She smiled before lowering her head again, taking him back into her mouth.

When she came up for breath again, Tom couldn't contain his question. "Do you like sucking his cock?"

Jess paused, looking directly into his eyes. "Yes," she admitted. "I do. He's so big, Tom. It's a challenge."

"A challenge you enjoy," Tom said, the statement somewhere between question and observation.

"His size reminds me of Marco," Jess said, her hand still working Tom's cock. "From college."

Tom knew of Marco vaguely, the basketball player Jess had dated briefly before they met. She'd never shared many details, just that it had been primarily physical.

"Marco had a huge cock too?"

Jess nodded, a small smile playing at her lips. "Yes, but not as big as Bob's. I couldn't get enough of it back then."

The revelation created images in Tom's mind of a younger Jess enthusiastically servicing another man's massive endowment.

"Fuck..."

"I was practically addicted to it," Jess continued, her hand stroking Tom's cock with increasing speed. "What if I get addicted to Bob's cock too?"

"Jesus Christ," Tom muttered, his heart racing at the question.

"Would that bother you?" she asked, her tone teasing yet sincere. "If I couldn't stop thinking about his cock inside my mouth?"

"I want you to be happy," Tom replied.

Jess lowered her head again, this time taking him all the way to the back of her throat. Tom felt his cock hit resistance, then push past it as she swallowed around him. The sensation had him flexing his toes, almost pushing him over the edge.

"God, Jess..."

She continued for several minutes, occasionally coming up to offer snippets of dialogue, recreating her encounter with Bob.

"Bob said no one had ever taken him that deep," she revealed between strokes. "He called me amazing."

"I need to fuck you," Tom finally declared, unable to withstand more of her mouth without losing control. "Right now."

He sat up, grasping her shoulders to guide her onto her back. She went willingly, spreading her legs as he positioned himself between them. His cock found her entrance, feeling the abundant wetness there.

"You're soaked," he observed as he pushed inside her.

"I've been wet all day," Jess replied, her back arching as he filled her. "Thinking about this moment."

Tom established a rhythm, thrusting into Jess with deliberate strokes. "Did Bob make you this wet?" he asked.

"Yes," she admitted, her hips rising to meet his thrusts. "But I stopped things with him."

"What do you mean?" Tom asked, his pace faltering slightly.

"I didn't let him make me come," Jess explained. "I wanted to save myself for you. I wanted to be desperate for you all day."

The revelation sent fire through Tom's veins. He resumed his rhythm with renewed vigor, his hips slapping against hers.

"Harder," Jess urged, her hands gripping his ass to pull him deeper. "Fuck me harder, Tom. I've been thinking about your cock inside me since this morning."

Her encouragement drove Tom to increase his pace, thrusting into her with force that bordered on frantic. Sweat formed on his brow as he maintained the demanding rhythm.

"Yes, just like that," Jess moaned, her fingers digging into his flesh. "Fuck me, baby. Make me forget about Bob's cock."

The reference to their arrangement, the acknowledgment of competition, triggered something primal in Tom. He withdrew suddenly, flipping Jess onto her stomach.

"Hands and knees," he commanded.

Jess complied eagerly, positioning herself with her ass raised, looking back at him over her shoulder. Tom grasped her hips and drove into her from behind.

"Oh fuck!" Jess cried out as he entered her. "So deep! Yes!"

Tom established a punishing rhythm, the sound of flesh meeting flesh filling the room. He raised his hand and brought it down on her ass cheek, the smack echoing in the bedroom.

Jess responded with enthusiasm. "Yes! More!"

Tom obliged, delivering another smack to her other cheek. Red handprints bloomed on her skin, marking her flesh as his territory.

Jess pushed back against him, meeting each of his thrusts with backward momentum of her own. This was something she always did, this eager participation, this hunger for deeper penetration. Her ass bounced against his pelvis, the impact sending ripples across her flesh.

"Look at that fucking ass," Tom growled, gripping her hips harder. "So fucking perfect."

From his position, Tom had the ideal view, Jess's back arched, her ass spread. His cock disappeared into her pussy with each thrust, her lips stretching around his shaft, gripping him tightly as he withdrew.

"Harder," Jess demanded, her face pressed into the mattress, voice muffled by the sheets. "Fuck me like you mean it."

Tom slapped her ass again, harder this time. "Like this? Is this what you want?"

"Yes!" Jess cried out. "Just like that!"

Tom alternated between smacks and squeezes, watching her flesh redden beneath his hands. Her ass was a masterpiece, round, firm, the perfect combination of athletic tone and feminine softness. With each impact, her pussy clenched around his cock.

"Whose pussy is this?" Tom demanded, the question emerging from some primitive part of his brain.

"Yours," Jess gasped, pushing back to meet his thrusts. "All yours, baby."

He leaned forward, one hand threading through her hair, pulling just enough to create tension. "And who makes you feel best?"

"You do," she replied without hesitation. "Always you. No one fucks me like you do."

"Your pussy feels so fucking good," Tom said, his voice strained. He ran his hands over the curves of her ass, spreading her cheeks to watch his cock penetrate. "I'm not going to last long."

He pulled out suddenly, his cock glistening with her juices. He quickly stepped back from the bed, standing on the floor.

"Get down here," he ordered, stroking his slick shaft. "On your knees."

Understanding flashed across Jess's face. She scrambled off the bed, dropping to her knees in front of him. She looked up, her eyes wide, lips parted in anticipation.

"You want my cum, don't you?" Tom asked, continuing to stroke himself.

"Yes," Jess replied, her gaze fixed on his cock. "I want it all."

Tom's hand moved faster, his grip tightening. He was already close from fucking her, the edge of orgasm just moments away. Jess leaned forward, her tongue extended, waiting for his cum.

"Open wide," Tom commanded.

Jess complied. Her hands rested on his thighs, steadying herself.

"Fuck, Jess, I'm gonna cum," he announced, his rhythm becoming erratic.

"Do it, baby," Jess encouraged, her mouth still open. "Give me your cum. I want every drop."

Tom groaned and shuddered as his orgasm hit. The first spurt landed on her tongue, the second on her upper lip. Jess immediately wrapped her lips around the head of his cock, taking the remaining pulses directly into her mouth. Her cheeks hollowed as she sucked, drawing out every drop.

When the final pulses subsided, she continued sucking gently, cleaning his cock with her tongue. She pulled back only to swallow visibly, making a show of it.

"Mmm," she hummed, licking her lips to collect the cum that had landed there. "Delicious."

Tom stared down at her, mesmerized by the sight of his wife on her knees, eyes looking up at him with satisfaction.

"Fuck!" he groaned.

Jess rose to her feet and then they collapsed onto the bed side by side, both breathing heavily.

For several moments, they lay in silence, their breathing gradually returning to normal.

Tom wrapped his arm around Jess's waist, drawing her closer as they both caught their breath.

His mind drifted back to something Jess had mentioned during their lovemaking, a detail that both intrigued and unsettled him. "So," he began, "when you were talking about Marco..."

"Mmm?" Jess murmured against his chest.

"You said you were 'addicted' to his huge cock," Tom continued. "Was that just dirty talk or...?"

Jess lifted her head, propping herself up on one elbow to look at him. Her expression carried a mixture of amusement and thoughtfulness. "Would it bother you if it wasn't just talk?"

Tom considered the question. "I don't know," he admitted. "Maybe? I guess I'm curious about what that meant to you."

Jess shifted, sitting up more fully, the sheet falling to her waist. The candlelight played across her bare skin, highlighting the curves Tom had traced with his hands countless times.

"I enjoyed Marco... physically," she said after a moment. "The size thing was a novelty, sure. It was something different, something

challenging." She reached for Tom's hand, interlacing their fingers. "But that's not why I was with him, and it's definitely not why I left him."

"Why'd you leave him?" Tom asked. Jess had never shared many details about that relationship.

"Because all we had was sex," Jess replied simply. "Nothing else. No real connection, no shared future, just two people who enjoyed each other's bodies." She squeezed his hand. "When I met you a month later, I knew right away what I'd been missing."

Tom felt a warm sensation spread through his chest at her words. "So you weren't tempted to stay for the... physical benefits?"

Jess laughed, the sound light and genuine. "God, no. Physical attributes are such a tiny fraction of what makes intimacy meaningful." Her expression grew more serious. "What you and I share goes so much deeper, Tom. That's why I can explore with Bob without threatening us. Because our connection isn't based on something as superficial as penis size."

Tom nodded, absorbing her words. "So I don't need to worry about you getting 'addicted' to Bob's size either?" he said with a smile.

"Of course not," Jess said, laughing. "Meeting you was the best decision I ever made. Nothing about Bob's physical attributes changes that." She leaned forward, kissing him softly. "Besides, I'd be a pretty shallow person if I based my life decisions on cock size, don't you think?"

Tom laughed. "When you put it that way..."

"I mean it," Jess insisted, though her eyes twinkled with mischief. "If all I cared about was dick size, I'd have stayed with Marco or been hitting up the NBA draft parties instead of marrying a management consultant."

"Ouch," Tom said in mock hurt. "You're not making me feel better here."

Jess swatted his chest playfully. "You know exactly what I mean. What we have is real, Tom. It's built on years of love, trust, shared dreams, and respect. Bob's just..." She paused, searching for the right words. "He's an experience we're having together."

Tom pulled her in for another kiss, this one lingering longer. When they separated, he said, "You know, when you talk dirty about wanting Bob's huge cock, it really turns me on. Even though I know we're playing up that angle."

"I noticed," Jess replied with a smile. "And it turns me on too, being able to say those things I wouldn't normally say." She traced her fingertip along his jaw. "It's kind of liberating, exploring these fantasies with you, knowing we're secure enough to play with fire without getting burned."

Tom studied her face in the soft light, the familiar features of the woman he'd loved for years now somehow rendered new through this shared adventure. "We got distracted from your Bob story," he pointed out. "I want to hear the rest of what happened today."

"Mmm, you're right," Jess agreed, settling more comfortably against him. "Where did I leave off?"

"You'd just started sucking his cock," Tom prompted.

"Right," Jess nodded. "Well, after a while he suggested a different position."

"What position?"

"He had me lie on my back with my head hanging off the edge of the bed," Jess explained. "He said it helps open the throat."

Tom pictured the scene, Jess lying upside-down, Bob standing beside the bed, his large cock pushing into her mouth. The image created that familiar mixture of jealousy and intense arousal.

"Did that work better?" he asked.

"It did," Jess confirmed. "I was able to take him a bit deeper that way. Not all of him but more than before."

Tom's cock twitched against her thigh, a reaction he couldn't control. "You let him control the pace?"

"For a bit, yes," Jess admitted. "He was gentle though, careful not to go too fast or push too far."

The level of trust that position required struck Tom. Jess had surrendered a significant amount of control to Bob, allowing him to thrust into her mouth while she lay in a vulnerable position.

"That's... quite a lot of trust," he observed aloud.

"I suppose it was," Jess replied, seeming to consider this angle for the first time. "But he's never been anything but respectful of my boundaries. I felt safe."

"What else did you do?" Tom asked, finding himself both dreading and eager for more details.

Jess's expression turned mischievous. "He did this crazy move where he picked me up and flipped me upside down."

"What?" Tom asked, unable to picture what she meant.

"A standing 69," Jess clarified. "He literally held me upside down, with my legs over his shoulders and my head near his... you know."

Tom tried to visualize the logistics. "That sounds... athletic."

"It was," Jess laughed. "He's really strong. I was scared he'd drop me at first, but he held me like I weighed nothing."

"So you were licking his cock while he...?"

"While he had his mouth on me," Jess confirmed. "But we only did that for a while before moving to the bed for a regular 69."

The mental image updated itself. Tom pictured his wife's naked body on top of Bob, her mouth wrapped around the older man's cock while Bob's face was buried between her thighs. The thought of Jess, his wife, his partner, the woman he'd built his life with, in such an intimate position with another man sent another confusing jolt through his system.

It was surreal to imagine. The 69 position represented a shared experience, two people lost in mutual pleasure, focusing entirely on each other. Tom found his arousal building again despite their recent activity.

"And he's really good with his mouth and fingers, right?" he asked, remembering the multiple orgasms he'd given her the previous week.

"He's amazing with his mouth," Jess replied. "And his fingers too, like I told you. Probably from all his old age experience."

Tom couldn't stop himself from asking the question that had been circling in his mind. "Better than me?"

Jess's expression shifted immediately, a flash of discomfort crossing her features. "There you go again," she sighed, her tone carrying gentle reprimand rather than real annoyance. "Stop asking questions like that, Tom. They're unfair to both of us."

"Sorry," Tom said.

She touched his face, ensuring he was looking directly at her. "Like I said before, Bob's different, not better or worse. It's not about penis size or oral technique. What we have together goes so much deeper."

Tom nodded, recognizing that part of him wanted to know if others could please Jess in ways he couldn't, not to feel inadequate, but because the idea created a contradictory thrill that he couldn't fully explain even to himself.

"I appreciate your honesty," he said.

"So anyways, like I said I didn't let him give me an orgasm," Jess added, changing the subject slightly. "I was close, but I hopped off."

Tom nodded.

"And then, I finished him with my mouth. He came so much it actually overflowed, even though I tried to swallow all of it."

"Wait, so you actually swallowed?" Tom asked, his pulse quickening. Though Jess had texted him this detail, hearing her confirm it verbally made it more real somehow.

"Yeah, I did," Jess admitted.

"What was that like?" Tom couldn't help asking, transfixed by the mental image.

Jess considered for a moment. "It was overwhelming, honestly. There was so much, and it kept coming. It was thicker than yours, and the taste was stronger." She traced circles on his chest as she spoke. "I couldn't keep up with it all. Some ended up running down my chin."

"Jesus," Tom muttered, his cock stirring despite their recent activities. "Did you... did you like it?"

"It was intense," Jess replied, not quite answering his question. "Afterward he called me 'the most talented cocksucker he'd ever known.'" She appeared to smile at the memory. "It actually felt good to impress him like that."

"So you enjoyed it?" Tom pressed, needing to know.

Jess nodded slowly. "Yes. There was something almost primal about it, something powerful about making him lose control so completely. I liked knowing I could do that to him."

Tom absorbed this, finding himself oddly pleased by her honest admission. "What did you do after that?" he asked, curious about how she'd spent her day following such an intense encounter.

"I showered, obviously," Jess replied. "Then I tried to work on the Savannah materials, but I couldn't focus at all. Eventually, I gave up and went to yoga."

Tom's interest immediately piqued. "Was Derek teaching?"

"He was," Jess confirmed. "I stayed for the regular class and then the optional advanced session after."

"Do you find him attractive?" Tom asked directly, watching her face.

Jess paused, seeming to weigh her response. "Yes," she finally admitted. "He has this incredible body control, this awareness of every muscle. And his flexibility is insane."

Tom felt that same contradictory response intensify within him, both threatened and aroused by her honest acknowledgment of attraction to another man. "What about physically? His looks?"

"He's tall, dark, and handsome," Jess replied. "Long limbs, defined muscles but not bulky." She laughed softly. "I'm not the only one with a crush on him at yoga class. Half the women there are basically there just to watch him demonstrate poses."

Tom found himself imagining Derek, this man he'd never met, demonstrating yoga positions to a room of admiring women, Jess among them. The thought of his wife watching another man with desire. Why did the idea excite him so much?

Was there something about potential risk to their relationship that he found arousing? He briefly imagined a scenario where Jess pursued something without his knowledge or permission, an actual affair rather than their agreed-upon arrangement. To his dismay, the idea created both dread and unexpected arousal. He immediately pushed the disturbing thought away, uncomfortable with its implications.

"You seem more open to exploration now," Tom observed, changing direction. "More than when we first discussed our arrangement with Bob."

"I think I am," Jess agreed. "The experience has been... enlightening."

"If you're interested in taking things further with Derek," Tom said, watching her, "or someone else, for that matter, you know you have my full support."

Jess raised an eyebrow. "Are you suggesting I should seduce my yoga instructor?"

"I'm saying the option exists," Tom clarified. "If you wanted to."

"Let's focus on our current situation before adding more complications," Jess suggested, though Tom noted she didn't reject the idea outright. "Bob already provides plenty of material for our fantasies."

"True," Tom acknowledged.

"Besides," Jess continued, "there's something special about what's happening with Bob. It evolved naturally. Trying to force something similar with someone else might not work the same way."

Tom nodded, accepting her perspective. "Makes sense."

Jess yawned, nestling closer against him. "Today was quite a day," she murmured, her voice beginning to carry the softness of approaching sleep.

"It was," Tom agreed, pressing a kiss to the top of her head. "Get some rest. You've earned it."

Jess mumbled something incoherent, her body growing heavier against his as sleep claimed her. Tom adjusted their position slightly, making sure she was comfortable while remaining close.

As Jess's breathing deepened into the even rhythm of sleep, Tom remained awake, his mind still active despite his physical exhaustion. What he'd realized tonight, what he was still processing, was that what truly excited him wasn't just the fantasy of sharing his wife, but the reality of her genuinely desiring these experiences for herself.

The distinction carried both greater thrill and greater risk than he had previously acknowledged. If Jess's participation were merely performance for his benefit, he maintained a certain control over the situation. But her authentic desire, her independent enjoyment of these encounters, introduced an unpredictable element that both frightened and enthralled him.

Tomorrow, he'd return to work as Senior Consultant Tom Marshall, the professional who'd just received a significant promotion. But tonight, he was simply a man grappling with the complex emotions stirred by their evolving arrangement.

Tom tightened his arm around Jess's sleeping form, taking comfort in the familiar warmth of her body against his. Whatever complications their arrangement might introduce, whatever new territories they might explore, the fundamental connection between them remained their anchor. With that reassurance, he finally allowed his eyes to close, joining Jess in sleep as the candles burned low beside them.

Jess turned sideways in the full-length mirror, assessing the red lingerie set from a different angle. The bra pushed her breasts up and together, creating a deep cleavage that would draw any man's eye. The matching thong disappeared between her ass cheeks.

"This one," she decided aloud. "Definitely this one."

Her gaze drifted to the clock displayed on her phone. 11:47 AM. Almost noon. Almost time for her usual meetup with Bob.

Jess felt that familiar flutter in her stomach, the mixture of anticipation and nervousness that had become her constant companion in these situations. She'd spent nearly thirty minutes trying on different lingerie sets, the black one from Tuesday, a white lace ensemble that bordered on bridal, a navy blue set with subtle gold accents, and finally this red one. Each carried different connotations, projected different aspects of her sexuality.

The red was bold. Unmistakable in its intention. A declaration.

She considered skipping today. After Tuesday's encounter, the explicit nature of their interaction had shifted things. Previously, two days each week had seemed appropriate for their poolside massages and gradual boundary exploration. But now that they'd crossed into deliberately sexual territory, perhaps once weekly would be more appropriate?

That thought vanished almost as quickly as it formed. She wanted to go downstairs. She'd been thinking about it since she woke up, plotting what lingerie to wear, wondering how Bob would react, imagining what might happen.

Besides, she might not even see Bob next Tuesday. Her flight to Savannah departed at 6 PM that night. If she had everything ready, she'd go downstairs at noon. If not, she'd need to cancel, which would mean not seeing him again until the following Tuesday.

That realization settled it. She would go downstairs today.

Jess had no concrete plan for what might happen. Tuesday had been about pleasuring Bob, about taking control, about demonstrating her skill. Today would likely be different. Bob would probably want to reciprocate, to pleasure her as she had pleased him. The thought sent another tremor through her body. His fingers inside her, his mouth between her legs, potentially triggering another squirting orgasm.

The squirting. That was the one thing still bothering her.

She had planned to tell Tom about it Tuesday night. Had rehearsed how she might broach the subject. "I've discovered something new about my body," she'd planned to say.

But the moment had never felt right. When Tom had asked about Marco, when they'd discussed Bob's impressive endowment, Jess had reassured Tom that physical attributes weren't what mattered in a serious relationship. The deeper connection, the emotional bond, the shared history, these were what made their marriage special, not penis size or sexual techniques.

And while that was absolutely true for a committed relationship, it was equally true that those attributes were significant bonuses in purely sexual encounters. The undeniable reality was that Bob had made her lose control in ways she'd never experienced before. The first time he'd ever fingered her, the squirting orgasm had blindsided

her completely. When he'd used his mouth on her, the intensity had been overwhelming, leaving her temporarily unable to walk properly. She couldn't help wondering how it would feel if Bob actually fucked her. The thought created complicated emotions, curiosity mingled with guilt, excitement with apprehension.

These inevitable comparisons were precisely why she'd lost courage about revealing the squirting to Tom. She didn't want to make him feel inadequate, didn't want him questioning his ability to please her. Maybe it wasn't even necessary to tell him? It's not like Tom would ever find out.

Jess applied a final touch of perfume to her wrists and neck, a subtle vanilla scent that enhanced her natural aroma.

Her mind drifted to yesterday, Wednesday evening. After they'd both returned home from work, they'd cooked dinner together, a simple pasta dish that had allowed them to move around the kitchen in their familiar dance, Tom chopping vegetables while she prepared the sauce, trading stories about their respective days.

They'd settled on the couch after dinner, some reality show playing in the background. But neither had paid much attention to the television. Tom's hand had found her thigh. When she'd turned to comment on something, he'd leaned in and kissed her.

Within minutes, the TV was completely forgotten, the remote fallen to the floor as Tom pulled her onto his lap. Their kisses had grown hungry, hands exploring urgently. Tom had pushed her shirt up, fingers finding her breasts through her bra. Jess had ground against him, feeling his hardness through their clothes.

"I need you," Tom had whispered against her neck. "Right now."

They'd shed clothes with frantic movements, garments tossed aside without care for where they landed. Jess had straddled Tom on the couch, guiding his cock inside her. They'd found their rhythm immediately, Jess bouncing up and down while Tom's hands gripped her hips.

What had distinguished this encounter from their usual lovemaking was the intensity of their dirty talk. Tom had established a new game, instructing "repeat after me" before feeding her phrases that inflamed them both.

"I love Bob's cock," Tom had said, his eyes locked on hers.

"I love Bob's cock," she'd repeated, the words sending electricity through her system.

"I can't wait to swallow his cum again."

"I can't wait to swallow his cum again," she'd echoed.

The declarations had progressed, growing increasingly explicit. "I want to fuck Bob," Tom had prompted, and Jess had repeated it.

"I'd let him in raw," Tom had said next.

"I'd let him in raw," Jess had responded.

Tom's hands had moved from her hips to her breasts, pinching her nipples. "Do you think about it when you're alone? His cock stretching you open?"

"Yes," Jess had admitted. "I think about it."

The confession had seemed to ignite something in Tom. His hips had thrust upward, meeting her downward movements.

Then Derek had entered their fantasy space.

"Derek would love to take those yoga pants off you," Tom had said, his hands roaming across her body.

"He stares at my ass the whole class," Jess had responded, embellishing the fantasy with plausible detail. "I catch him adjusting himself sometimes when he thinks no one is looking."

"Maybe you should stay late one day," Tom had suggested. "Walk into the men's locker room naked and get into the shower with him."

"He wouldn't know what hit him," Jess had replied, grinding her hips in a circular motion. "He tries to keep it professional, but it's obvious

he's got a crush on me. The way he gives me extra attention."

The fantasy of Derek had pushed Tom even closer to the edge. His breathing had grown ragged, his thrusts more forceful. "What would you do to him?" he'd asked.

"Whatever you wanted me to," Jess had replied, maintaining the connection between their explorations and their marriage, reinforcing that even these fantasies remained a shared experience.

That reassurance had proven exactly what Tom needed to hear. He'd come with a groan, his hands gripping her hips hard.

Afterward, they'd cleaned up and headed to the bedroom, where they'd discussed what might happen with Bob today, Thursday. As usual, Tom had encouraged her to do whatever she wanted, to follow her desires without constraint. The freedom he continually granted her had initially felt unsettling, as if he were abdicating responsibility for guidance, but she'd gradually come to appreciate the agency it provided.

That's what their arrangement had revealed to her, that she enjoyed having agency in her sexuality.

Which brought her back to the present moment, standing in front of the mirror in lingerie chosen specifically to entice Bob. She wasn't going downstairs out of obligation to Tom's fantasy. She was going because she wanted to, because the prospect excited her, because the exploration had awakened aspects of herself she'd almost forgotten existed.

Jess reached for her silk robe, slipping it over the lingerie. The soft material glided across her skin, concealing the red beneath until she chose to reveal it.

She picked up her phone, sending a text to Tom.

Jess: Wearing the red lingerie. Heading downstairs now. Will tell you everything later.

She smiled as she sent it, imagining Tom's reaction when he read it at work.

A glance at the clock showed 11:55 AM. Bob would be waiting by the pool, perhaps wondering if she'd appear.

Jess took one last look at herself in the mirror. The robe revealed nothing of what lay beneath, giving no indication of her intentions. But she knew. And soon, Bob would know too.

With a deep breath, she turned from the mirror and headed toward the kitchen, towards the sliding glass door that led to the balcony. Each step brought her closer to another boundary crossing, another exploration, another opportunity to discover more about herself through her arrangement with Bob.

As she reached for the door handle, Jess felt none of the guilt or confusion that had characterized her earlier encounters. Instead, there was only anticipation, curiosity, and a peculiar sense of freedom that came with acting entirely on her own desires.

Jess descended the wooden steps to the pool area, each footfall carrying her closer to another encounter with Bob. The sky overhead stretched cloudless and bright, typical Austin weather that made her grateful for the shade umbrella positioned near Bob's usual chair.

She spotted him immediately, sitting in his customary place with a paperback book open in his hands. At the sound of her approach, he looked up, a smile spreading across his face as he registered her presence.

"And here I thought you might be skipping today," he said, setting his book aside and rising to his feet. His eyes tracked over her silk robe, lingering on where it tied at her waist.

"Why would I skip?" Jess asked, approaching the small table beside his chair.

"After Tuesday, I wouldn't have blamed you for wanting a break." Bob moved toward the pitcher of iced tea that had become a fixture of their poolside meetings. "Your usual?"

"Please," Jess nodded, settling into the chair opposite his. The silk robe slid against her skin as she crossed her legs, reminding her of what waited beneath.

Bob poured the tea liquid into a tall glass, ice cubes clinking. "One iced tea, extra mint, light on the sugar." He extended the glass toward her.

"Thank you," Jess said, accepting the glass, taking a small sip. "Perfect as always."

A tension hung between them, not unpleasant but noticeable. Bob cleared his throat. "So... Tuesday. That was okay, right? I mean, you seemed like you enjoyed yourself, but..."

"It was fine," Jess replied, amusement coloring her voice. "Why wouldn't it be?"

Bob shrugged. "Sometimes things feel different in the moment than they do after reflection." He studied her face. "And there's Tom to consider."

"Tom's okay with our arrangement," Jess assured him, taking another sip of her tea.

"Good," Bob nodded. He settled back into his chair, one large hand wrapped around his beer bottle. "Because I wanted to thank you for Tuesday. It was... incredible."

Jess felt a small thrill at his praise. "You seemed to enjoy it."

"Understatement of the century, princess," Bob chuckled. "But I'd like to return the favor today. Maybe start with a massage?"

Jess considered the offer, glancing at the loungers by the pool where their previous massages had taken place. The thought of being outside, even with the privacy fence, suddenly felt too exposed for what might follow.

"I'd like that," she replied, meeting his gaze directly. "But maybe we should go inside? To your apartment?"

Bob's eyebrows rose slightly, but he nodded. "Whatever makes you comfortable."

They gathered their drinks and made their way toward the sliding glass door that led into Bob's ground-floor apartment. Jess followed Bob inside, the air conditioning creating a pleasant contrast to the outdoor heat.

"Make yourself comfortable," Bob said, gesturing toward the living room while he locked the sliding door behind them.

Jess moved to the couch, perching on its edge rather than sinking into it fully.

"So," Bob said, settling into an armchair across from her. "How's your week going? Besides Tuesday's excitement, I mean."

"It's going well," Jess replied. "Busy, but productive. I'm making good progress on both the Savannah and Houston projects. I'm actually heading to Savannah."

"When's the trip?" Bob asked.

"Next week, actually," Jess answered. "My flight leaves Tuesday at six."

Bob made an exaggerated sad face. "So I won't see you next Thursday? However will I survive?"

Jess laughed. "I'm sure you'll manage somehow."

"Doubtful," Bob replied. "These Tuesday and Thursday sessions have become the highlight of my retirement."

"Well, absence makes the heart grow fonder," Jess teased. "Or so they say."

"True enough." Bob leaned forward slightly. "So about that massage..."

"I would love it," Jess confirmed. "Tuesday was all about you. Today seems fair to focus on me."

"That's exactly what I was thinking." Bob replied. "You know, I should probably invest in a proper massage table for these sessions."

"Oh?" Jess raised an eyebrow.

"But since I don't have one," Bob continued, "my bed will have to do. If that works for you?"

Jess felt a flutter in her stomach at the direct invitation to his bedroom. Though they'd been there just two days ago, each return carried fresh significance, fresh awareness of boundaries being reexamined.

"That would work just fine," she said, a smirk playing at her lips. "Lead the way."

"This way," he said unnecessarily, guiding her down the short hallway to his bedroom.

The room looked much as it had on Tuesday. Bob had made the bed, she noticed.

"You were expecting me," Jess observed, nodding toward the neatly made bed.

"Hoping," Bob corrected. "There's a difference."

Jess moved to the center of the room, turning to face Bob. The moment had arrived, the revelation she'd been anticipating since selecting the red lingerie that morning.

She untied the silk belt of her robe, watching Bob's face as the garment fell open. His expression shifted immediately, eyes widening slightly as he caught sight of the red lingerie beneath.

"Jesus Christ," he muttered.

Jess let the robe slide from her shoulders, catching it before it hit the floor and draping it over a nearby chair. She stood in front of him in the red lingerie, allowing him a moment to take in the full effect.

"You're going to be the death of me, princess," Bob said, making no effort to hide his appreciation. "That color was made for you."

"I thought you might like it," Jess replied, enjoying his reaction.

"Like is far too weak a word." Bob shook his head slowly. "You're the most beautiful woman I've ever seen. And that's just fact."

Something about his sincerity touched Jess. The compliment seemed to transcend mere sexual attraction, carrying a genuine appreciation that made her feel truly seen.

"Thank you," she said simply.

She reached behind her back, unfastening her bra. Unlike Tuesday, when she'd held the garment in place to build anticipation, today she let it fall away immediately, revealing her breasts to his hungry gaze.

"Perfect," he whispered.

Jess hooked her thumbs into the sides of her thong next, sliding it down her legs. The feeling of Bob's eyes on her as she revealed herself piece by piece created its own unique satisfaction, a performance that pleased them both.

When she stepped out of the thong, she stood completely naked, confident in her body and his appreciation of it. The nervousness that had characterized her earlier encounters had largely evaporated, replaced by a certainty in her desires and choices.

"You know," Bob said, his voice lower than usual, "I've lived a lot of years, seen a lot of things, but nothing compares to you standing in my bedroom like that."

"Flattery will get you everywhere," Jess replied with a smile.

"I'm just being honest," Bob insisted.

His expression shifted to something more commanding. "Start by lying face down on the bed," he instructed. "I believe I promised you a massage."

Jess moved to the bed and positioned herself as instructed, lying face down on the navy sheets. The cool fabric against her naked skin created a pleasant contrast. She turned her head to the side, watching as Bob removed his button-up shirt, revealing his broad chest covered with graying hair.

"Comfortable?" he asked, approaching the bed.

"Very," Jess confirmed, adjusting slightly to ensure her hair wasn't in her face.

"Then let's begin," he said, his voice carrying promise of what was to come.

Jess felt the mattress dip as Bob settled beside her on the bed. The sound of a cap popping immediately piqued her interest.

She turned her head, cheek resting against the navy sheet, to see Bob warming massage oil between his palms.

"Prepared that in advance, did you?" Jess teased, eyebrows raised. "Pretty confident I'd show up."

Bob's lips quirked up at one corner. "I'm always prepared for beautiful women," he replied. "But yes, I was hoping you'd come down today."

"Only hoping?" she challenged.

"Expecting might sound presumptuous."

"When has that ever stopped you?"

Bob laughed, a rich sound that filled the bedroom. "Fair point, princess. I was ninety percent certain, how's that?"

"Better," Jess replied, settling her head back down as Bob's hands made first contact with her shoulders.

His touch was firm yet supple, thumbs digging into her shoulder blades. The oil created a smooth glide across her skin, warm from his palms. Jess exhaled deeply.

"You're tight here," Bob observed, focusing on a particularly stubborn knot.

"Mmm," Jess murmured, her voice muffled against the mattress.

As Bob's hands moved down her spine, vertebra by vertebra, Jess marveled at how comfortable she'd become with his touch. What had once seemed forbidden, a married woman allowing another man to explore her body, now felt almost routine. The nervousness that had characterized their early encounters had evolved into easy familiarity. His hands on her skin, once shocking in their newness, now carried a certain expectation. She knew exactly how his calloused palms would feel against her flesh, recognized the unique pressure of his thumbs, anticipated the firm but gentle kneading of his fingers.

"You've relaxed into this," Bob commented, as if reading her thoughts. "Remember how tense you were the first time?"

"I was worried you'd try something inappropriate," Jess replied, smirking though he couldn't see her face.

Bob's laugh was low. "And now look at us. You, naked on my bed. Me, about to work my way down to that perfect ass of yours." His hands slid lower, reaching the small of her back. "Funny how things change."

"Mmm," Jess hummed, neither agreeing nor disagreeing, simply acknowledging the observation.

Bob's hands reached her ass, palms spreading wide to cup each cheek. He kneaded firmly, fingers digging.

"God, you have the most incredible ass I've ever seen," Bob said.

"Years of squats," Jess replied, not bothering to hide the pride in her voice.

"Worth every rep," Bob assured her, squeezing.

Unlike their earlier massage sessions, Jess no longer bothered suppressing her responses. When Bob hit a particularly good spot,

she moaned openly, uninhibited. The pretense that this was merely therapeutic had long since evaporated.

Bob's hands moved lower, working down to her thighs. His fingers pressed into the muscle, finding tension she hadn't realized existed.

His fingers occasionally brushed against her pussy, never lingering long enough to provide real satisfaction. Just the barest whisper of contact, there and gone before she could fully register the sensation.

The first time, Jess assumed it was accidental. The second time seemed coincidental. By the third occasion, the pattern was unmistakable. Bob was teasing her, offering tantalizing glimpses of pleasure without delivering satisfaction.

Frustrated, Jess spread her legs wider, a wordless but unmistakable invitation for more direct touch. Bob's hands continued their progress down her calves, seemingly oblivious to her silent request.

She turned her head, looking back at him with an exasperated expression. "You're being a tease, Bob."

He met her gaze, a grin spreading across his face. "Just thorough, princess."

"Bullshit," she replied.

Bob's palm connected with her ass in a light slap that startled more than hurt. The unexpected contact sent a jolt through her system.

"Patience, princess," he admonished, voice playful but carrying an edge of authority. "Good things come to those who wait."

"No," Jess replied.

Bob responded with another slap, slightly firmer this time. The sting sent a ripple of heat straight to her pussy, intensifying the arousal already building there.

"Didn't realize you were the bratty type," Bob observed, amusement coloring his voice.

"Only when I'm not getting what I want," Jess replied.

Bob's hands returned to massaging her calves and feet, completing his journey down her body. When he finally finished, his hands rested lightly on her ankles.

"Time to flip over," he instructed. "Let me work on your front."

Jess turned onto her back, but rather than lying flat, she propped herself up on her elbows, watching him. "I want to see what you do to me this time," she said, maintaining eye contact.

Bob's eyebrows raised slightly, but his smile suggested approval rather than surprise. "Getting more demanding, aren't we?"

"More direct," Jess corrected. "I'm done pretending this is just a massage."

The statement acknowledged what had been true for some time now. She was no longer the nervous woman accepting a massage that "accidentally" became more intimate. She was an active participant making choices, pursuing pleasure.

"Fair enough," Bob agreed, pouring more oil into his palm. "Direct it is."

He began with her shoulders again but quickly moved to her breasts. His large hands cupped her, thumbs rolling across her nipples.

Jess arched into his touch, a gasp escaping her lips as he pinched between thumb and forefinger. No more pretending this was just a massage. No more accidental boundary crossing. This was what she'd come for, what they both wanted.

"You have the most perfect fucking tits," Bob said. "Just the right size to fill my hands."

His fingers squeezed her nipples, tugging them gently before releasing. Jess bit her lip, the sensation sending unmistakable pleasure signals through her body.

"They're sensitive," she told him. "Always have been."

"I can tell," Bob replied, rolling her nipples between his fingers. "The way you respond when I touch them. It goes straight between your legs, doesn't it?"

"Yes," Jess admitted.

Bob spent several minutes focused entirely on her breasts, learning exactly what produced the strongest reactions. Jess offered feedback freely, no longer shy about directing him toward what pleased her most.

When his hands finally moved lower, trailing down her stomach, Jess opened her legs without being asked.

He inserted a finger without preamble, the sudden penetration causing Jess to clench the sheets in her fists.

"Fuck," she gasped.

"Already wet," Bob observed, curling his finger inside her. "Been thinking about this all morning, haven't you?"

"Maybe," Jess replied, unwilling to give him complete satisfaction.

Bob smirked and withdrew his hand, rising from the bed. He unbuttoned his shorts and let them fall, stepping out of them to stand completely naked. His cock jutted forward, already fully erect. Jess watched, no longer feeling any awkwardness about openly admiring his cock.

He moved to a small closet, retrieving several fluffy towels before returning to the bed.

Jess recognized immediately what these were for. He planned to make her squirt again. The thought created anticipation rather than embarrassment now. She knew what was coming, how powerful it would feel.

"Planning ahead again?" she teased.

"I told you," Bob replied, arranging the towels beneath her hips. "Always prepared."

He positioned himself between her legs again, one finger returning to its previous position inside her. Jess reached for his cock without being prompted, wrapping her fingers around the impressive shaft. She stroked him confidently, establishing a rhythm that mirrored the movement of his finger inside her.

"Aren't we forward today," Bob commented, though his hips pushed into her grip.

"Seems fair," Jess replied, running her thumb over the head of his cock, collecting the drop of pre-cum that had formed there.

"Pleasure should go both ways."

Bob added a second finger, stretching her pussy as he curved them upward, finding that spot that had triggered such explosive responses before. Jess's hand faltered on his cock as sensation coursed through her.

Bob's fingers worked inside her, curling against her g-spot. His thumb found her clit, circling it with just enough pressure to intensify the building sensation.

"Fuck, your fingers feel amazing," Jess admitted, her strokes on his cock becoming less coordinated as pleasure mounted.

"Wait until you feel what's coming next," Bob promised.

He withdrew his fingers, repositioning the towels more securely beneath her hips, elevating them slightly. Jess recognized the preparation, knew he was setting the stage for what would follow.

"Ready for those towels to get soaked?" he asked, confidence bordering on arrogance evident in his tone.

"Awfully sure of yourself," Jess replied, though they both knew what was about to happen.

"With good reason," Bob said simply. He moved one of the towels up to lie across her stomach. "This might get messy."

Jess let her head fall back against the pillow, anticipation building. Her hand released his cock, knowing she wouldn't be able to

maintain focus through what was coming.

Bob reinserted two fingers, then added a third, stretching her pussy with a fullness that bordered on discomfort before giving way to pleasure. His fingers curled upward.

Jess's back arched off the bed, thighs tensing as sensation built.

"Oh fuck," she gasped, hands clutching at the sheets. "Right there. Don't stop."

Bob maintained the pressure and rhythm that was driving her toward the edge.

Unlike when the first squirting orgasm had taken her by surprise, Jess now knew what to expect, could feel it building, the pressure that preceded that specific release.

"I'm close," she warned.

"I know," Bob replied. "Let it happen. Don't fight it."

Jess's body tensed, hovering at the precipice for several long seconds before finally plunging over. The orgasm shattered her completely. Her pussy clenched around Bob's fingers as fluid gushed from her, soaking the towels beneath her hips.

"Fuck! Fuck!" she cried out, head thrashing against the pillow as pleasure overwhelmed her. Her body jerked and spasmed, muscles contracting beyond her control.

Bob didn't let up, fingers continuing their relentless stimulation, drawing out her orgasm until she thought she might lose consciousness from the intensity.

Just as the first wave began to subside, he adjusted his approach, fingers pressing more firmly against her g-spot, triggering a second release that merged with the first, extending the experience beyond what she had imagined possible.

"Oh my god," she managed, words barely coherent as her body convulsed. "Bob. Fuck. I can't. Too much."

"You can," Bob insisted, his fingers never stopping. "Give me one more."

"I can't," Jess protested, though her body betrayed her, responding to his touch despite her verbal resistance.

"Yes, you can," Bob insisted, confidence unwavering. "Look at me." Jess forced her eyes open, finding his gaze fixed on her face.

"Let go," he commanded, voice firm but not harsh. "Let it happen."

Something about his directive, the authority in his voice, the certainty that she could achieve what seemed impossible, pushed Jess over the edge again. A third orgasm ripped through her, even more powerful than the previous ones. Fluid gushed from her, soaking through the already drenched towels.

Jess lost track of time as pleasure consumed her. Her consciousness narrowed to pure sensation, her identity temporarily dissolving beneath the onslaught of physical ecstasy. She was dimly aware of crying out, of Bob's voice offering encouragement, of her body responding beyond her conscious control.

When she finally began to return to herself, she found Bob watching her with a mixture of satisfaction and genuine awe.

"Fucking incredible," he said, carefully withdrawing his fingers.

"You're magnificent when you come like that."

Jess couldn't formulate a coherent response. Her limbs felt like rubber, her thoughts scattered, her pulse still pounding in her ears. She'd experienced similar sensations on their previous encounters, but this had somehow been more intense, perhaps because she'd fully surrendered to it rather than fighting the unfamiliarity.

"Can't... move," she managed, the admission both embarrassing and strangely freeing.

"Take your time," Bob replied, his tone gentle. He carefully removed the soaked towels, replacing them with dry ones. The consideration touched her.

As Jess's breathing gradually returned to normal, her thoughts began to coalesce. The intensity of what she'd just experienced went beyond ordinary pleasure. It felt transformative, as if she'd accessed a part of herself previously locked away, a capacity for release that redefined her understanding of her own sexuality.

Bob lay beside her, one hand resting lightly on her stomach, giving her space to recover while maintaining connection. His cock remained hard, resting against her thigh, a reminder of unfinished business.

"I know sex is a boundary for you," Bob said after several minutes of comfortable silence. "You've made that clear from the start."

Jess tensed slightly, sensing where this might be heading.

"But if you ever change your mind," he continued, "I could give you even more pleasure than what you just felt."

"Bob..." Jess began, a warning in her voice.

"Just hear me out," he interrupted gently. "What you experienced just now? That's just the beginning. I've gotten multiple women to squirt through penetration. It's a difficult thing to do, takes skill. But when it happens... it makes what you just felt seem like a warm-up."

Jess shook her head. "No," she said firmly. "I'm not having sex with you."

Bob nodded, accepting her refusal without argument. "I understand. Your boundaries are clear." He paused, studying her face. "Do you trust me, princess?"

The question made Jess pause. Did she trust him? In this specific context, sexual exploration with established boundaries, yes, she realized she did. He'd never pushed past her limits, had always been attentive to her pleasure, had made her feel safe even in vulnerability.

"Within certain parameters, yes," she answered honestly.

"Good," Bob replied. "Because I have another idea. Not penetration."

Jess raised an eyebrow, curious despite herself. "What, then?"

Bob shifted, lying flat on his back. "Come here," he said, patting his chest. "Get on top of me."

Confusion evident on her face, Jess complied, straddling his torso, careful to position herself above his stomach rather than his cock.

"Have you ever heard of a pussyjob?" Bob asked.

Jess shook her head. "No."

"It's where you slide your pussy along the ridge of my cock," Bob explained, his hands resting lightly on her hips. "Like a footjob or a handjob, but using your pussy instead."

Jess considered the suggestion, immediately understanding what he was proposing. "So no penetration at all?"

"None," Bob confirmed. "Just external friction. By definition, it's not sex. We're just using our bodies to pleasure each other in a different way."

Jess hesitated, not because she didn't want to try it but because she recognized this approached very close to her "no sex" boundary. Was this genuinely different from intercourse, or merely a technicality?

As she debated internally, she realized the distinction felt meaningful to her. There was a significant difference between external contact, regardless of which body parts were involved, and actual penetration. This wasn't fundamentally different from using her hand or mouth on him, just a different part of her body providing friction.

Decision made, Jess shifted backward, positioning herself over Bob's cock. "I'll try it," she said, taking control of the situation rather than letting him guide her. This was her choice, and she wanted to maintain agency.

"Remember," Bob added, "you control everything. Whatever feels good for you."

Jess lowered herself until she felt the hard ridge of Bob's cock pressing against her pussy lips. The contact sent a shiver through her, her body still sensitive from the multiple orgasms.

Tentatively at first, then with growing confidence, she began grinding back and forth, sliding her pussy along the length of his shaft.

"Fuck," she whispered.

"That's it, princess" Bob encouraged. "Find what feels good."

Jess experimented, adjusting her position slightly, finding the perfect angle where his shaft rubbed against her clit with each movement. She placed her hands on his chest for leverage, feeling the coarse hair beneath her palms.

"God, your cock feels amazing against me," she admitted, inhibitions dissolved by the pleasure building again.

"Your pussy feels incredible," Bob replied. "So wet and hot against me."

Jess increased her pace, grinding harder, taking what she needed without apology. The friction against her clit built pleasure rapidly, her body already primed from the previous orgasms.

As the sensation intensified, her mind drifted to dangerous territory. His cock was right there, rock hard and thick, sliding between her pussy lips with each movement. All it would take was the slightest adjustment of her hips, a deliberate move forward, a tilt downward, and he'd be inside her. The thought wasn't as fleeting as she wanted it to be. It lingered, expanded, took root.

She caught herself lifting slightly, positioning her entrance directly over the head of his cock. For one breathless moment, she hovered there, feeling the thick tip touching her opening without penetrating. The pressure, the promise of fullness just millimeters away, it was maddening. Her body instinctively wanted to sink down, to take him in, to feel that impossible stretch she'd been wondering about.

"Fuck," she whispered, not even sure if she was cursing her temptation or expressing her desire.

The boundary she'd established, "no sex," had seemed so clear in theory. But here, in this moment, with her body trembling and her pussy dripping with need, the line blurred. Would it really be so different from what they'd already done? His fingers had been inside her. His tongue. She'd taken his cock in her mouth, swallowed his cum. Was this one last boundary really so sacred?

Yes, a voice inside her insisted. This was different. This was actual sex. This was the line.

Another part of her argued back. Tom had given permission. "Even sex," he'd said. He would probably be thrilled if she crossed this final boundary. It would fuel his fantasies for months.

But this wasn't about Tom. This was about her own limits, her own sense of where the boundary between exploration and infidelity truly lay. For whatever reason, principle, self-respect, the last shred of traditional values she still clung to, she'd drawn the line at penetration, and she needed to honor that decision, even if her body screamed for something else.

Jess shifted her position until his cock was safely back between her pussy lips rather than poised at her entrance. The temptation remained, but she'd reasserted control, recommitted to her boundary.

The denial itself, the conscious choice to resist, somehow intensified her arousal. The forbidden nature of what she'd almost done, what she still wanted on some primal level but refused to allow, pushed her closer to another climax.

"I'm going to come again," she announced, voice breathy.

"Do it," Bob encouraged. "Ride me harder. Take what you need."

Jess followed his directive, movements becoming less coordinated as pleasure mounted. She ground against him with abandonment, chasing her orgasm.

When it hit, she cried out loudly, no longer concerned about being overheard. "Fuck! Bob! Yes!"

Her body shuddered as she came, less explosive than the squirting orgasms but deeply satisfying nonetheless. She collapsed forward, catching herself on her hands, which remained braced on Bob's chest.

As she recovered, she became aware of Bob's cock still hard beneath her, his breathing heavy with unreleased tension. Without being asked, Jess slid down his body, taking his cock in her mouth without hesitation.

The taste of herself on his shaft added another layer of eroticism to the act. She took him deeply, relaxing her throat to accommodate as much of his impressive length as possible.

"Jesus Christ," Bob groaned.

Jess worked him, hands and mouth coordinating to provide maximum stimulation. After the intense pleasure he'd given her, she wanted to reciprocate fully, to drive him to the same heights she'd experienced.

"I'm close," Bob warned after just a few minutes.

Jess didn't pull away, instead taking him deeper, tongue working the underside of his shaft as her hands caressed his balls.

"Fuck, princess, I'm going to come," he gasped, hips lifting slightly off the bed. "You might want to..."

Jess ignored the implied suggestion to back off, instead taking him as deep as she could as the first pulse of his orgasm hit the back of her throat. She swallowed reflexively as his cum filled her mouth.

Like Tuesday, some escaped, trailing down her chin as she continued sucking, drawing every drop from him. When the final pulses subsided, she released him slowly, looking up to find his expression a mixture of pleasure and amazement.

"You're fucking incredible," he said, his chest still heaving with exertion. "Absolutely fucking incredible."

Jess wiped her chin with the back of her hand, a gesture that should have felt crude but somehow just felt natural in the moment. "You're not so bad yourself," she replied with a smirk.

She then rolled over, breathing heavy.

They lay side by side for several minutes, neither speaking, simply recovering in comfortable silence.

Eventually, Jess's thoughts turned to what would come next. How she would describe this to Tom. The pussyjob was a new element, one they hadn't specifically discussed.

"I should head back upstairs," she said finally, sitting up and swinging her legs over the edge of the bed.

"Of course," Bob replied.

Jess gathered her lingerie, stepping into the thong and fastening the bra before retrieving her silk robe from the chair where she'd draped it.

"I'll see you next Tuesday, maybe," she said, moving toward the bedroom door.

"I'll be waiting," Bob replied, propping himself up on one elbow to watch her leave.

As Jess made her way back to her own space, she began mentally composing what she would tell Tom. The squirting orgasms, the pussyjob, the way she'd taken control, each element would likely arouse him, yet each also represented another step away from her initial boundaries.

The progression seemed inevitable now, a path with its own momentum. What had begun as flirtation had evolved to physical intimacy, then to mutual pleasure. Where would it lead next? The question lingered as she climbed the stairs to the life she shared with Tom.