The Bad Tenant

by Eddie Wilder

Ch. 01

It was a quiet Saturday morning in Austin, Texas. The late June sun had begun its relentless ascent, promising another day of crushing heat, but inside the Marshall residence, the air conditioning maintained a cool refuge from the sun's intensity.

Jessica Marshall made one final pass with the vacuum across the cream-colored rug and then clicked it off with a satisfied sigh. After hours of cleaning, organizing, and rearranging, the lower floor of their home finally looked polished and welcoming. What had once been a glorified storage space and a seldom-used guest room was now transformed into a comfortable apartment.

Jess stepped back, resting her hands on her hips, taking it all in. The room was simple but stylish. Muted beige tones on the walls created a warm atmosphere and light wooden accents added texture and depth. A plush, cream-colored rug lay beneath the coffee table and a potted plant with glossy leaves added life to a corner. The space felt cohesive and intentional, everything she'd designed it to be. It looked like something from one of her interior design portfolios, the kind of space she'd proudly show a client.

Jess, as always, was meticulous in her presentation, whether it was a room or herself. She turned heads wherever she went, and had the kind of curves that made men forget their names. Her beautiful face had even graced several modeling campaigns before she chose Interior Design as her profession. Even now, dressed in simple black leggings and a fitted dark blue T-shirt, there was a grace to her movements that couldn't be taught or practiced.

There was something else about her too, something harder to define. She possessed the ability to look insanely sexy without trying. It was an almost unconscious sensuality that radiated from her in the smallest gestures. It was the sway of her hips when she walked, the way she absentmindedly bit her lower lip while thinking, her slight frown of concentration, the curve of her smile, all a seemingly innocent combination that created something magnetic. She exuded pure, raw sexuality and moved through life with a natural allure.

Upstairs, she could hear Tom's voice, slightly muffled but still distinct, echoing through the house. He was on the phone, probably handling work calls even on a

Saturday. Even after six years together, four of them married, his deep, steady voice still had the power to calm her nerves.

Tom was tall and lean, his body toned from years of dedicated running. His dark brown hair was always styled and his handsome face always clean-shaven. Tom was always well-groomed and always presentable. He was ambitious, reliable, steady, and in many ways, the perfect husband. He was always there when she needed him, never too demanding or confrontational. He handled life's problems with a level head, even when Jess felt like screaming in frustration.

Their differences complemented and balanced each other. He was more serious and structured. She was more spontaneous and passionate. They were the kind of couple others envied: attractive, intelligent, ambitious, and hardworking. Yet beneath the surface, subtle cracks were starting to form.

Jess and Tom had met in college through mutual friends, and their connection had been instant and electric. They fell deeply in love and married soon after graduation, certain they'd found their perfect match. That felt like a lifetime ago, their youthful optimism now tempered by the realities of adult life.

Today, financial strain weighed on them. Rising interest rates on their mortgage, car payments for both vehicles, and their goal of accumulating savings for a future baby were starting to suffocate them. But it wasn't just the mounting expenses that poked at Jess's peace of mind.

It was Tom's mistake, the cryptocurrency investment that still stung the most. Jess had been furious when he'd lost a significant portion of their savings in that ill-fated gamble, and even though she'd softened her stance outwardly over time, the anger had never truly gone away. It simmered underneath, a dull, ever-present resentment that flared up whenever she thought about their financial situation.

Her eyes moved to the clock on the wall, its hands approaching noon. Robert, their first prospect, would be arriving any minute. From his application, she knew Robert was a twice divorced, fifty-five-year-old man. He stood out from the other, younger applicants. Robert had been more forward during his phone conversation with Tom, mentioning how he could help around the house, fix things, and even upgrade their plumbing. It was a tempting proposition. After all, Tom wasn't exactly the handyman type, and Jess loved the idea of finally making some of the changes she'd been fantasizing about for their home.

"Jess?" Tom's voice floated down from upstairs. "Can you come up here?"

"Just finished," she called back, unplugging the vacuum. Her top clung to her curves as she stretched, working out the kinks in her lower back.

Upstairs, Tom was pacing their kitchen, phone pressed to his ear. He gave her a smile as she entered.

"Yes, Mr. Caldwell, we're definitely still on... No, that won't be a problem at all... Perfect, we'll see you soon." He ended the call and immediately pulled Jess into his arms. "You've been cleaning for hours, babe. Take a break."

"Can't." She squirmed away playfully. "We have tenants coming."

"The place already looks amazing," he assured her, reaching for her again. "And you look amazing."

Jess dodged his grasp with a laugh. "Tom! I'm all sweaty."

"I like you sweaty," he growled, finally catching her around the waist. His hands slid down to cup her ass through her leggings.

"Stop it," she giggled, even as she responded to his touch. "We don't have time for this."

"We always have time for this." He nuzzled her neck and Jess allowed herself to melt into him.

Then reality intruded. The doorbell chimed.

"Shit," Tom muttered, releasing her reluctantly. "That must be Robert. I didn't think he was that close."

Jess brushed a strand of her hair behind her ear and straightened her top, smoothing the fabric over her curves. "I'll get it. You finish up your work stuff."

Opening the door, Jess blinked in surprise, momentarily taken aback by the figure that filled her doorway. Robert Caldwell stood there wearing a faded blue T-shirt that clung a little too tightly over his belly and jeans that were slightly too baggy hanging low on his hips. He was bigger than she'd imagined, taller than Tom, and wider too. He was bald, and his face, with its stubble, had a rugged quality that showed his fifty-five years plainly.

"Afternoon," Robert greeted with a slight nod. "Jessica, right?"

"Yes, you can call me Jess," she confirmed, offering a bright, professional smile and extending her hand. The moment their palms met, she felt the roughness of his skin, calluses built up from years of manual labor. They were working hands, strong and capable, marking him as someone who spent his days building and fixing rather than typing at a keyboard. "And you must be Robert," she added.

"Call me Bob," he said, stepping past her into the foyer with casual confidence. He didn't waste time with pleasantries or small talk, instead he immediately began to

assess his surroundings. His eyes moved methodically around the space, taking in the details of the house as if he were already planning improvements.

Jess was momentarily caught off-guard by his complete indifference to her presence. Men, especially new acquaintances, usually couldn't help but steal glances or even stare blatantly. They typically got flustered or stumbled over themselves around her, their words becoming awkward, their smiles too eager. It wasn't something she actively sought out, but she couldn't deny the satisfaction it brought her. But Bob barely seemed to notice her at all.

"So, this is the place," he said, turning to face her with an appraising look. His eyes weren't on her but on the crown molding above her head. "You've done a good job with it. Clean. Neat. Could use a few upgrades though."

Jess raised an eyebrow, slightly taken aback by his directness. "Upgrades?"

"Yeah," Bob said, nodding toward the ceiling. His arm extended upward, drawing her attention to the lighting. "See those lights? They're old, gonna start flickering soon. Probably need new wiring. And that door frame over there?" He gestured toward the entrance to one of the bedrooms. "Looks like it's shifted a bit. I could take care of that too, tighten things up. Same with the plumbing. If you've got older pipes, they're gonna need a good looking over. I could take care of all that."

Jess blinked, slightly overwhelmed by the flood of information and his assured manner of delivery. Bob's tone wasn't critical or condescending, just matter of fact, as if he were reading a list of simple tasks. She was used to clients pointing out things they wanted changed when she worked on interior design projects, but this was her home, and his immediate assessment of its flaws made her feel strangely defensive.

"That sounds... helpful," she said, trying to maintain her professional composure. "But why don't I show you the whole apartment first? I'm sure you'll want to see it before making any plans for improvements."

Bob gave a nod, seemingly satisfied with her response. As they moved through the apartment, he scanned each room with that same appraising eye. Jess watched as he moved around the space, running his hand along the walls, checking the door hinges, and even crouching down to look at the baseboards. He was thorough, methodical even. He moved through the space like he was already fixing it in his head.

In the bedroom, Bob gave the bed a little shake, testing its stability. "Gonna need something sturdier than this."

Jess felt her cheeks flush. "I'm sure we can arrange-"

"Hey there!" Tom's voice broke through as he bounded down the stairs. "Bob Caldwell? Tom Marshall. Sorry about earlier."

As the two men shook hands, Jess found herself glancing between them, taking in the stark physical contrast. Tom with his boyish good looks, lean runner's frame, and soft hands stood in sharp contrast against Bob's weathered appearance, broad shoulders, and rough hands. It was like looking at two different species of men, each representing opposite ends of some primal spectrum.

"Nice place you've got," Bob rumbled. "Needs some updates though."

"Oh?" Tom's eyebrows rose. "Like what?"

For the next twenty minutes, Bob led them on a meticulous tour of the apartment, pointing out issues that Tom and Jess had overlooked or hadn't considered significant.

"See these baseboards?" Bob crouched down, running a finger along the edge. "They're starting to separate from the wall. Easy fix, but if you leave it, moisture can get in."

Tom leaned in, intrigued. "I never would have noticed that."

Bob moved to the kitchen, opening and closing cabinet doors. "Hinges are loose here. And here." He pointed to barely visible gaps. "I can tighten those up, maybe replace a few."

In the bathroom, Bob turned on the faucet, watching the water flow. "Pressure's not bad, but I bet I could improve it. Probably some mineral buildup in the pipes.

Tom's eyes widened. "You can do that?"

"Sure," Bob nodded. "It's not complicated if you know what you're doing."

They moved to the electrical panel, where Bob explained the benefits of updating to a more modern system. "It'll be safer, more efficient. Could even save you money on your electric bill."

Throughout the tour, Tom peppered Bob with questions. Jess observed the interaction, noting how Tom was clearly impressed by the older man's breadth of knowledge.

Back in the living room, Bob's eyes swept the room one final time, taking in the details she'd so carefully arranged. "Nice layout. Feels private down here. I like that."

Jess nodded. "Yeah, that's what we were going for. It's got everything you need. Living room, two bedrooms, kitchen, bathroom. It's completely self-contained, so you have your own space."

"You two live upstairs?"

"Yes, that's right. Tom and I live on the second floor," Jess replied, walking over to the sliding glass door that led to the backyard. "You'd have access to the yard and the pool too. It's mostly private." she said, sliding the door open.

Bob followed them out where the pool shimmered under the midday sun. He surveyed the backyard with the same careful attention he'd given the interior, his eyes narrowing as he took in the small luxuries: the pool, the patio, the lounge chairs.

"Looks good," he said, giving her a nod. "Real good. You two did a nice job setting this up."

"Thank you," Jess replied, her tone a little more relaxed now. "Actually, I'm an interior designer, so I put a lot of thought into the space."

Bob raised an eyebrow, looking directly at her. "Interior designer, huh? So you provide the ideas, and I do all the hard work making it happen?"

"Exactly," she replied with a grin.

Bob smirked. "That's the way it's supposed to be. You handle the pretty stuff, and I'll handle the heavy lifting."

As they made their way back inside, Tom turned to Bob. "Do you have any questions, Bob?"

Bob paused for a moment. "I meant to ask, is there laundry?"

"Yes, there is," Jess answered. "It's beside the garage, just a few steps outside the unit. We'd share it, though, since it's the only one in the house."

"That works," Bob replied. "Better than lugging my laundry to a laundromat every weekend."

As they reached the front door, Tom gave Bob a quick smile. "If you think of any questions, feel free to call. We'll be in touch soon."

"Sounds good," Bob replied, shaking hands with the both of them. "Thanks for showing me around."

Once Bob left and the door clicked shut behind him, Tom turned to Jess with a grin and ran a hand through his hair. "What do you think?"

"He's..." Jess searched for the right word. "Intense."

"But helpful, right? All those repairs he mentioned... sounds like he knows what he's doing."

"Tom." She placed a hand on his arm. "Are you sure about this? Having someone like him living downstairs?"

"Someone like him?" Tom's eyes gleamed with something she couldn't quite read. "What do you mean?"

"Nothing," she said finally. "Just... he's different from what I expected."

Tom laughed, patting her shoulder reassuringly. "Come on, babe. He's just a harmless old man. Trying to impress us with all that handyman stuff. It's not like he's gonna take over the house or something."

Jess almost laughed at Tom's naivety. "Harmless old man?" Jess thought. There was nothing harmless about Bob. Everything from his broad shoulders to his subtle knowing smirk suggested a man who took what he wanted. The thought made her nervous but she didn't push the subject. Tom saw what he wanted to see. But Bob would be helpful, no doubt about that.

"Yeah, well, we'll talk about it later," she said. "We have other people to consider too."

Tom nodded, though his expression remained thoughtful. "Yeah. I'm going to go make a few more calls, see if any other applicants are worth looking at." He headed back upstairs, leaving Jess alone with her thoughts.

Jess walked back into the apartment, surveying the space one more time. It felt different now, as if Bob's presence had somehow changed it. His assessment of all its flaws had stripped away some of the polish she'd worked so hard to create. She could see what he meant about the lights, the door frame, all the little imperfections she'd overlooked in favor of aesthetics.

The weekend had been a blur of unfamiliar faces and forced smiles as Tom and Jess played host to a seemingly endless parade of potential tenants. Each showing blended into the next, their home invaded by strangers who poked and prodded at every corner. By Sunday evening, they had a stack of applications on their dining room table and the both of them were drained. They still hadn't reached a consensus on their future tenant though Bob's assessment of their home's flaws lingered in both of their minds.

Monday morning arrived with its usual subtle cruelty. Tom's Apple Watch vibrated against his wrist, the gentle buzz pulling him from dreams he couldn't quite remember. Beside him, Jess slept peacefully, wrapped in Egyptian cotton sheets, a splurge from better times.

Her blonde hair spilled across the pillow, and even in sleep she radiated a sensuality that both thrilled and terrified him. The gentle rise and fall of her breasts beneath the thin fabric and the way one leg had escaped the covers to reveal a stretch of tanned

thigh took his breath away. She stirred slightly at his movement but didn't wake, instead shifting to expose more of her flawless skin.

As Tom gazed at Jess's sleeping form, his cock hardened involuntarily. He imagined other men seeing her like this, their eyes roving hungrily over her curves, their hands aching to touch. The image of a faceless stranger's fingers tracing the outline of Jess's nipple through the sheet sent a jolt through his body. The confusing mix of arousal and anxiety coursed through him, his stomach knotting with insecurity even as his cock strained against his boxers.

He had a nagging fear that he wasn't enough for someone of Jess's caliber, that he wasn't truly worthy of such a goddess. What if she realized she could have any man she wanted? It was this very anxiety that propelled Tom out of bed each morning, driving him to work longer hours and push himself harder. He had to prove, both to Jess and to himself, that he deserved to be by her side. With renewed determination, Tom steeled himself for another grueling day at the office, reminding himself that every extra hour, every difficult client, was a step towards securing the life Jess deserved.

With practiced stealth, Tom slipped from their bed, the hardwood floors feeling cool against his feet. He tossed his shirt over the plush oversized armchair in the corner of the room, its burgundy velvet surface already laden with yesterday's discarded outfit, before making his way to the master bathroom. Standing in front of the mirror, he ran his electric shaver over his stubble. A quick three-minute shower followed before he dried off with a fluffy towel. The familiar routine played out as it always did: bathroom, dress, breakfast, departure.

His wardrobe choice was the same predictable business casual attire he wore most days; dark chinos, a button-down shirt, and his signature brown leather oxfords. He could almost hear Jess's playful criticism of his conservative style choices. 'You dress like a congressional intern,' she'd tease, her fingers often toying with one of his shirt buttons. 'Would it kill you to wear something different? Maybe even roll up those sleeves and show off those forearms?' Tom would respond with his usual chuckle and a noncommittal promise to 'think about it,' both of them knowing full well that tomorrow would bring another variation of the same outfit.

The morning commute crawled along Austin's increasingly congested highways while talk radio murmured about tech stocks and housing markets, each word hammering home his financial predicament. Tom's fingers drummed against the leather steering wheel of his Lexus IS, a car that now felt more like a burden than anything.

His mind drifted to the stack of rental applications on their dining room table. The extra two thousand a month would help patch the hole his crypto disaster had torn in their savings, but it felt like an admission of failure, a declaration that he couldn't provide for Jess the way she deserved. Every application was a reminder that their dreams of starting a family were suspended, that the nursery they'd planned was now destined to become a stranger's bedroom.

The office was already buzzing with activity by the time Tom arrived. A chorus of keyboard clicks and phone conversations filled the air as he made his way to his desk, balancing his leather briefcase and a fresh cup of coffee from the break room. He settled into his ergonomic chair, one of the luxuries the company provided.

As a Management Consultant at Davis & Associates, Tom's days were filled with analyzing business processes and streamlining operations. His current project was with Meridian Healthcare, a large regional healthcare provider struggling with outdated systems and inefficient processes. The company was in the midst of a massive transition to a new Enterprise Resource Planning system, a change that would affect every aspect of their operations from patient care to billing.

"Morning, sunshine," a familiar voice called out. "You look like you could use another coffee."

Tom looked up to see Miles, his friend and fellow consultant, leaning against his desk with his characteristic easy smile. Miles was about Tom's age, and they'd been hired around the same time, which had quickly led to a friendship that made the long hours at work more bearable. Where Tom was reserved and analytical, Miles was outgoing and quick with a joke.

"Morning," Tom replied, leaning back in his chair. "Tenant interviews. Ever spend two days watching strangers judge your house while pretending they're not?"

"Sounds like my mother-in-law," Miles chuckled. "Any prospects?"

"A few. Jess and I can't seem to agree on anyone though."

"Women," Miles shook his head exaggeratedly. "They actually care about who lives in their house. Crazy, right?"

"Tell me about it. One guy, this retired tradesman, pointed out everything wrong with the place. Jess wasn't thrilled, but he knows his stuff."

"Speaking of things that need fixing, did you catch the Cowboys game last night? Defense was a mess."

Tom shook his head. "Missed it. I was showing the apartment all weekend."

"Well, you didn't miss much. Just another classic Cowboys choke." Miles leaned against Tom's desk. "Though there was this one play in the fourth-"

Tom's phone buzzed with a meeting reminder. "Meridian call in five. Tell me about their epic failure at lunch?"

"Sure thing, bud. Your treat since you bailed on our watch party."

"Dream on," Tom laughed, already pulling up his meeting notes.

The day started with a series of virtual meetings with Meridian's leadership team, their faces arranged in a grid on Tom's laptop screen as he sat at the conference room table surrounded by his project team. Meridian's CEO, a stern-faced woman in her fifties, Linda Maxwell, praised their latest presentation. "Impressive work, team, but we need faster solutions. Our staff is drowning in paperwork, and patient care is suffering."

As his team fielded questions from Meridian's executives, Tom found himself drawn to the challenge. The complexity of the project, the high stakes, the need to balance speed with accuracy, it all combined to create a puzzle that engaged his analytical mind.

In quiet moments between meetings, Tom's mind wandered to the early days with Jess. They'd met at a party in their college years. He remembered being struck by her confidence, the way she commanded attention without seeking it. She'd worn a simple black dress that night, her blonde hair in a loose bun. She was gesturing animatedly as she talked to her friends across the room. Tom had stood on the periphery, nursing a glass of mediocre wine, until fate, or more precisely, his friend Brandon, had pushed them together.

"Hey," Miles' voice pulled him from his memories. "Earth to Tom. You planning to hibernate at your desk, or are we still on for lunch?"

Tom glanced at his watch, surprised to see that it was already past noon. "Yeah, sorry. Davis wants to see me first, though."

James Davis' office occupied the corner of the building with floor-to-ceiling windows offering a privileged view of downtown Austin. The man himself sat behind his imposing desk, reading glasses perched on his nose as he reviewed their latest project proposals. Davis had been running the consulting firm for over two decades, his reputation for being both brilliant and demanding well-earned.

"Tom," Davis looked up, gesturing to one of the leather chairs across from his desk. "Have a seat. Meridian is impressed with the team's work."

Tom settled into the chair, noting how the leather creaked expensively beneath him. "It's more complicated than we initially anticipated. Their legacy systems are deeply cemented, and the data migration is challenging."

"And that's exactly why they need us," Davis removed his glasses, placing them carefully on his desk. "I've been watching you closely these past months, Tom. Your attention to detail, the way you handle client relationships, it's exactly what we need more of here."

Davis leaned forward. "We're looking to expand our reach. Several companies in California, Colorado, and New York have approached us. They want fast-track implementations like Meridian, and I need someone who can deliver. I'm putting you up for Senior Consultant."

Tom's mind raced with possibilities. The money would help ease their financial strain, possibly even allow them to start the family Jess desperately wanted. But the travel, the hours...

"Before you worry," Davis continued, reading Tom's expression, "this isn't a relocation offer. You'd stay based here in Austin. But there would be travel involved, week-long trips, sometimes two. The compensation bump reflects that commitment."

Tom felt relief wash over him. With a raise, they could rebuild their savings in months instead of years. Maybe they wouldn't even need a tenant for more than a year.

"Thank you, sir," Tom said, unable to contain his smile. "This is... this is exactly what I needed. When do we start?"

Davis returned the smile, clearly pleased with Tom's enthusiasm. "Get through the Meridian implementation first. Show me what you can do there, and we'll fast-track everything else."

"I won't let you down, Mr. Davis."

"I know you won't, Tom. That's why you're getting this opportunity."

As Tom walked back to his desk, his steps felt lighter than they had in months. Finally, a real chance to fix everything.

The walk to Whole Foods with Miles provided a welcome break from the office's recycled air. Austin's summer heat hit them like a wall as they stepped outside. "Jesus Christ," Miles groaned, dramatically wiping his forehead. "I swear, one of these days I'm going to melt into a puddle of sweat and overpriced cologne. They'll have to scrape me off the sidewalk with a spatula."

Tom chuckled. "Maybe then you'd finally lose those love handles you've been complaining about."

"Hey now," Miles patted his stomach. "These aren't love handles. They're tactical fat reserves for when the apocalypse hits and we're all fighting over the last Twinkie."

Tom laughed. "Keep telling yourself that."

Miles's expression turned slightly more serious as they crossed the street. "So what's the story with Meridian?"

"Their current systems are a mess," Tom replied as they entered Whole Foods' blessed air conditioning. "Decades-old software, incompatible databases, paper records in some departments. We're basically rebuilding their entire infrastructure while they're still trying to run a hospital."

They grabbed chicken salads and joined the lunch crowd of tech workers and yoga enthusiasts. "The CEO's desperate," Tom continued. "Patient care is suffering, billing is a nightmare, and staff morale is low. We're racing against the clock to get the new ERP system up and running before things fall apart."

"Sounds like a clusterfuck," Miles said between bites. "How's the team handling it?"

"Dani's about ready to quit. The client keeps changing requirements mid-sprint, and Kevin's working weekends just to keep up with documentation."

Miles leaned forward, lowering his voice. "Word is Davis is eyeing you for Senior Consultant over this project. That true?"

Tom stabbed a cherry tomato with his fork. "Maybe. He mentioned something about it today."

"But?" Miles prodded, knowing his friend well enough to hear the hesitation.

"But it means more travel. Longer hours." Tom sighed. "Jess and I... we're trying to start a family. Or we were, before the crypto thing."

"Ah." Miles nodded knowingly. "The famous Marshall crypto disaster. How's she handling that these days?"

"Still comes up whenever we discuss finances." Tom stabbed at his salad. "We're renting out our unit to help cover the mortgage."

"Damn. That's rough." Miles paused. "Though I gotta say, if I had a wife who looked like Jess, I'd be working every angle too. No offense, but she's way out of your league, buddy."

Tom forced a laugh, but Miles's words hit too close to his private fears. "Thanks for the vote of confidence."

"Hey, I just call it like I see it. Remember that Christmas party where she wore that red dress? She looked like a god damn supermodel. Half the office couldn't string two words together."

The rest of lunch passed with lighter conversation about safer topics like sports scores and office gossip, but Miles's casual observation about Jess lingered in Tom's mind long after they returned to the office.

Back at his desk, Tom pulled out his phone, his thumb hovering over the screen for a moment before typing out a quick message to Jess: "Need to decide on the tenant tonight. Love you."

The three dots quickly appeared before her response came through: "Love you too. Come home early?"

Tom glanced at his calendar, at the meetings he could probably reschedule. "I'll try," he promised, and he meant it.

Tom found himself struggling to focus on the afternoon's tasks. He opened his browser and pulled up their online banking statement, a habit he'd developed since the crypto investment went south. Gone were the spontaneous weekend getaways, the fancy dinners where Jess would order whatever caught her eye, the casual shopping trips where she'd model outfits for him at Nordstrom. Now every purchase required careful consideration. He clicked through their monthly expenses, wincing at each automatic withdrawal. The mortgage payment loomed largest, followed by both car payments, his Lexus and her Tesla, symbols of their former prosperity that now felt like golden handcuffs. Their lifestyle, while modest by Austin's tech crowd standards, had been built on the assumption of continued growth, not sudden loss.

The crypto disaster hadn't just been about losing money. It had been about losing Jess's trust. He remembered the night he'd finally told her, how she'd sat perfectly still on their couch, her face blank as he explained how their savings had evaporated. She hadn't yelled or cried. Instead, she'd simply asked, "Why didn't you talk to me first?" That question had hung between them ever since.

The memory of her expression that night still haunted him. It was the way her usual warmth had frozen over, how her body had subtly shifted away from his reaching hand. It was the first time he'd seen her look at him with something close to contempt, as if suddenly realizing that he wasn't the man she thought she'd married. In that moment, he'd felt the ground shift beneath their marriage, creating hairline fractures that still hadn't fully healed. Their dreams of starting a family, of moving to a bigger

house, of Jess finally opening her own interior design studio, all of it suspended in limbo because he'd gambled their future without consulting her.

Tom found himself checking the time more frequently, his mind drifting to Jess at home. At five o'clock, he began packing his things, his movements hurried yet precise, like a man trying not to seem too eager to escape.

The drive home was unusually quick, traffic cooperative for once. As he pulled into their driveway, warm golden light spilled from the upstairs windows, promising comfort.

He sat in his car for a moment, studying the home they'd bought with such optimism three years ago. Back then, they'd spent weekends choosing paint colors and arguing playfully about furniture placement. They'd christened every room with passionate lovemaking, marking their territory like newlyweds drunk on possibility. Now the bottom floor loomed dark and empty, waiting for a stranger to claim it. Taking a deep breath, Tom grabbed his briefcase and headed toward the front door.

An hour later they were finally sitting down to decide on a tenant. With the move-in date set for the coming weekend, postponing wasn't an option anymore.

The dining room's pendant light cast a warm glow across the crystal wine glasses they'd received as wedding presents, unused except for these makeshift business meetings they now called dinner. Jess pushed a piece of chicken around her plate, her movements distracted. The food was getting cold, but her appetite had disappeared somewhere between reviewing applications and watching the increasingly exhausted expression on Tom's face.

Across the table, Tom was hunched over his laptop, his fingers flying across the keyboard as he responded to work emails. The blue light from the screen cast harsh shadows across his face, deepening the circles under his eyes. Beside the laptop lay a stack of tenant applications, which he glanced at intermittently.

Their eyes met across the table as Tom reached for his wine glass. For a brief moment, Jess saw a flicker of the playful man who used to steal her phone during dinner just to make her pay attention to him. She opened her mouth to remind him of that habit, but his laptop chimed with another notification, and the moment evaporated.

"The chicken's going to turn to rubber if you keep pushing it around like that," Tom said, his eyes flicking between his screen and her plate.

Jess managed a small laugh. "Sorry. Just thinking."

"About?"

"About us," she said. "About how different things are now."

Tom's fingers paused over the keyboard and he looked up at her. "Different how?"

"Remember when we used to actually talk during dinner? Not about bills or work or tenants, but about... anything else?" She set down her fork, the metal clicking against the ceramic plate. "When was the last time we just sat and enjoyed a meal together without your laptop as a third wheel?"

Tom partially closed his laptop screen, as if making a concession to her need for connection. "Babe, I know things have been tough lately. But once we get a tenant, it'll help with the financial pressure. We'll have more breathing room."

It wasn't his fault, she reminded herself. They were working towards something bigger, a dream of a secure life, a beautiful house, maybe even starting a family soon. Jess knew that Tom wanted all those things, too, and his constant work was proof that he was committed to that dream. But when had they gotten so serious? She couldn't remember the last time they'd shared a genuine laugh over dinner, just the two of them.

Her heart also ached at the thought of children. At twenty-seven, Jess felt like she was in her prime. She was healthy, strong, and at the perfect age for motherhood. This space was meant for their family, a place for dreams and future memories, not a solution to their debt problems. It was a bitter pill to swallow, this feeling of being trapped by circumstance.

Jess nodded, her eyes drifting to the stack of applications. "Speaking of tenants, we should probably go through these."

"Right," Tom said, pulling the stack closer. He picked up the first application. "Okay, so we've got Alexis Baker. Thirty-eight, works as a nurse."

Jess leaned forward, interested. "A nurse could be good. Stable job, probably keeps regular hours."

Tom nodded, but his brow furrowed as he read further. "Says here she works night shifts, though. That could mean she'd be coming and going at odd hours. Might be disruptive."

"I hadn't thought of that," Jess admitted. She took a sip of her wine, considering. "Who's next?"

Tom set the application aside and picked up another. "Mark and Lisa Tanner. Both thirty-two, no kids. He's an accountant, she's a teacher."

"They seemed nice when we met them," Jess said, remembering the couple's visit. "Very polite, asked good questions about the neighborhood."

"True," Tom agreed, "but remember how they mentioned wanting to start a family soon? If they have a newborn baby, that's going to mean a lot more noise. And they might want to move to a bigger place sooner than we'd like."

Jess sighed, realizing he had a point. She reached for another application. "What about this one? Toby Ortiz?"

Tom glanced at his laptop screen, then back to the application. "Right, the grad student. Twenty-five, studying engineering."

"He was very enthusiastic about the place," Jess recalled. "Said he loved how close it was to campus."

"Yeah, but grad students aren't known for their financial stability," Tom pointed out. "And his lease would only be for the academic year. We'd be back to square one in a few months."

As they continued to discuss the applicants, Tom's attention kept drifting back to his laptop. He'd pause mid-sentence to type out a quick reply or check an incoming notification. Jess found herself growing increasingly frustrated, both with the tenant options and with Tom's divided attention.

"What about Jason and Claire?" Jess asked, remembering the young couple. "They seemed nice. Young, friendly. They reminded me a bit of us when we first moved in together." She smiled at the memory.

Tom glanced up from his screen. "Nice, sure," he said. "But they also mentioned they had a dog. That's gonna be a problem with the hardwood floors downstairs. Plus, I got the sense they were looking for something more temporary. They seemed like the kind of people who'd break the lease early if they found something better."

"You don't know that for sure," Jess countered. "Sometimes young doesn't mean unreliable."

"No, but it often means unpredictable. We can't afford unpredictable right now, Jess." Tom's attention was pulled back to his laptop as a new notification pinged.

Jess frowned, watching as Tom's focus shifted once again to his work. "What about that photographer?" she asked, trying to pull Tom back to the task at hand. "The one who wanted to use the space as a studio?"

Tom looked up. "Oh, right. Yeah, I'm not comfortable with strangers coming in and out all the time. It's supposed to be a rental, not a business."

"The portfolio he showed us was beautiful though," Jess said, remembering the striking black and white portraits. "Very artistic."

"Beautiful doesn't pay the mortgage," Tom replied, then winced at his own tone. "Sorry, that came out harsh. I just mean we need something stable." He turned back to his laptop, frowning at something on the screen.

Jess sighed, pushing her plate away. "So who does that leave us with?"

Tom's eyes softened as he looked up at her from the screen, and she caught a glimpse of the man she'd fallen in love with, the one who used to look at her like she was the only person in the room. "Honestly, Bob seems like the best option. He's older, so he's probably not going to be throwing any wild parties or anything. He looks like the type to go to bed at nine and wake up at five. Plus, he can fix things around the house. That alone could save us some money in the long run."

Jess bit her lip, contemplating his words. Her mind flashed back to Bob's large, rough hands gripping hers when they first met. He wasn't like Tom. There was nothing polished about him, nothing smooth or carefully maintained. Everything about him was raw and unrefined, from his calloused palms to his direct gaze that seemed to cut through all pretenses.

"I don't know," she said slowly, tracing the rim of her wine glass. "He's a bit... intense. Did you notice how he kept talking about all the changes he wanted to make? It's like he was already planning to move in before we'd even decided."

Tom shrugged, finally setting the laptop aside and taking a bite of his now-cold food. "Maybe, but I don't think we can afford to be picky right now. We need the extra income, babe. The bills aren't going anywhere, and with the interest rates going up..." He trailed off, but the implication was clear.

The weight of their financial situation pressed down on her again; increased mortgage payments, car payments, credit card bills that seemed to grow no matter how much they paid off each month, and the lack of savings for their future child. Tom was right. They couldn't afford to wait. They needed the money, and Bob was offering more than just rent. His skills as a handyman could help them in the long term.

"Okay," she said finally, her voice quiet but firm. "Let's go with Bob."

Tom gave her a small, relieved smile, reaching out to squeeze her hand across the table. His palm was warm against hers, and for a moment, she wanted to hold on, to pull him closer. "Good call, babe. This will help us out a lot. I'll call him tomorrow and let him know."

Jess returned the smile. She let her fingers linger in Tom's for a moment before pulling away. The decision was made, but as she looked around their dining room, at the carefully chosen decor and the life they'd built together, she couldn't shake the feeling that they were about to invite something unpredictable into their ordered world.

"I should probably clean up," she said, standing and gathering their plates. The sound of ceramic clicking against ceramic filled the silence that had settled between them once again.

"I'll help," Tom offered, but she waved him off, knowing he needed to return to his endless stream of emails.

"No, you finish your work. I know they're waiting." She moved toward the kitchen, leaving him with his laptop, the blue glow once again illuminating his features.

After cleanup, they settled into their evening routines. Tom disappeared into his home office, the glow of his monitors spilling into the hallway.

In the master bathroom, she took her time with her evening routine. She could hear his muffled voice through the wall as she moisturized her face, catching fragments of "project timeline" and "implementation schedule." In their early days, he would have joined her, sitting on the edge of the tub and telling her about his day while she went through her skincare routine. Now the bathroom felt too large, too empty.

Afterwards, she curled up in bed with her iPad, scrolling through interior design blogs while half-watching a Netflix show.

Around midnight, Tom finally emerged from his office, his shirt wrinkled and hair messy from running his fingers through it in frustration. Their eyes met across the room, another moment of wordless communication. She understood his apologetic look and he read the forgiveness in her slight smile.

In bed, Tom reached for her, his hand finding hers in the darkness. The gesture spoke volumes, apology, love, reassurance all wrapped in a simple touch.

"Night, babe," he murmured, already drifting off.

"Night," she whispered back, listening as his breathing evened out into sleep.

Later that week, Jess woke up to an empty bed, the sheets still slightly warm where Tom had slept beside her. As usual, he was gone by the time she got up, his morning routine starting before hers. She stretched lazily, her silk pajama top riding up slightly to reveal a strip of toned midriff, a testament to her dedication to staying fit through

a mix of hot yoga, Pilates, and strength training. She then opened the curtains to let the sunlight brighten up their master bedroom.

The master bathroom became her stage as Jess prepared for the day ahead. Steam from her shower lingered in the air, fogging the mirrors as she went through her morning routine. She had mastered the art of looking effortlessly put-together, a skill that served her well in an industry where appearance and confidence went hand in hand.

After the shower, she walked across the plush carpet to their walk-in closet, a space that had been one of the main selling points when they bought the house.

As she opened the doors, the automatic lights flickered on, illuminating a treasure trove of fashion. Rows of designer clothes told the story of her evolution from college graduate to successful professional. One section had her power clothes, consisting of tailored suits and silk blouses that commanded respect in client meetings. Another had her more casual wear for site visits and weekend brunches with Madi. Jess ran her fingers along the fabrics, enjoying the different textures like the slip of silk, the weight of wool, the softness of cashmere.

At the back of the closet, behind a frosted glass door, lay her lingerie collection. Delicate pieces from La Perla and Agent Provocateur that Tom had gifted her hung alongside racier pieces she'd bought herself. There were lacy bras in jewel tones, sheer teddies, garter belts, and thongs that were more string than fabric, all reminders of a more adventurous time. These days, the practical nude bras and cotton panties in the drawer below got more regular use.

Today, Jess chose a matching set of black lace underwear. Even if no one else saw it, wearing something sexy underneath her work clothes always gave her an extra boost of confidence. She then chose her outfit with deliberate care, going with a cream silk blouse that had a neckline revealing just enough to be professional yet intriguing. She paired it with tailored charcoal trousers that clung to her ass in a way that made her feel powerful. She added a few accessories that were simple yet elegant: a delicate necklace drawing attention to her collarbone, small hoop earrings that caught the light, and of course her wedding ring.

She tousled her blonde hair, giving it that mix of purposeful and effortless, and then gave herself one last check in the mirror. Her mother's voice echoed in her head: "Dress for the clients you want, not the ones you have." The woman in the mirror looked back at her with knowing eyes, a creature of carefully crafted allure wrapped in a veneer of professional polish. Yet beneath that polished exterior lurked something wilder, something that had been sleeping too long.

She looked at the clock. There was definitely enough time to meet Madi for their standing coffee date.

Flexibility was one of the things she loved about her work as an interior designer. She could work from home or at the office, or drive around the city for client meetings and site visits. The creative freedom of her job was something Jess cherished, especially now when everything else felt so constrained. It contrasted sharply with the rigid, exhausting demands of Tom's work schedule.

The drive gave Jess time to think, the seats of her Tesla Model 3 cradling her shapely ass as she navigated through Austin's morning traffic.

The familiar scent of coffee and fresh pastries enveloped Jess as she entered Café Luna, spotting Madi already settled at their usual corner table. Her friend exuded the confident sexuality of a woman who knew exactly what she wanted, who took pleasure without apology. Watching Madi's uninhibited sensuality made Jess increasingly aware of how much of herself she'd locked away in pursuit of being the perfect wife.

"There's my gorgeous girl," Madi called out with a smile. She wore a white top that emphasized her tanned skin and designer jeans that probably cost more than most people's monthly rent. Madi's entire outfit screamed 'look at me' and Jess found herself doing just that.

As Jess settled into her chair across from Madi, a young barista approached their table, his eyes widening slightly as he took in the sight of the two beautiful women. His name tag read "Alex", and Jess could practically feel the heat of his gaze as it lingered on her silk blouse.

"Welcome back ladies," he managed, his voice cracking slightly. "The usual?"

Madi's smirk spoke volumes as she watched his gaze drift back to Jess. "Please," she purred. "Oat milk latte for me."

"Just black coffee," Jess added, pretending not to notice his attention towards her.

"Coming right up," he stammered, nearly tripping over his own feet as he retreated to the safety of the counter.

Both women watched him go, Madi openly admiring the way his ass filled out his uniform pants. "I swear," Madi giggled once Alex was out of earshot, "if that boy stared any harder at your tits, he might have burned a hole through your blouse. Not that I can blame him."

Jess felt her cheeks warm. "Madi!" she hissed, rolling her eyes, glancing around to make sure no one had overheard.

Madi smiled and leaned forward, her eyes sparkling with that familiar conspiratorial gleam. "So," she began. "How's life in landlord land? Did you guys pick a tenant yet?"

Jess nodded, unconsciously biting her lower lip as she thought about their new tenant. "Yeah, we did. His name's Bob. He's an older guy, twice divorced, a retired contractor. He's moving in this weekend." She tried to keep her tone neutral, but something in her voice must have given her away.

Madi raised a perfectly shaped eyebrow, her smile widening as if she'd just heard something juicy. "Older guy? Divorcee? Sounds like a plot twist waiting to happen." She wiggled her eyebrows playfully, clearly enjoying the idea of some drama unfolding. "Please tell me he's a silver fox. You know, like that actor in that movie we watched last month. What was his name? The one with the salt and pepper beard?"

Jess laughed, shaking her head in amusement. "Oh, stop. You've been watching too many of those streaming shows. He's not quite the 'silver fox' type. He's more... rough around the edges, but he's going to help us with repairs. Tom thinks he's the best option. You know, someone who can help fix things up without charging us for every little repair."

"Ooh, rough around the edges?" Madi leaned forward, her smile mischievous. "The good kind or the 'call the cops' kind?"

Jess laughed again. "It's not like that. He's just... direct. Confident. The way he walked through our house, pointing out everything that needed fixing... it was like he already owned the place."

"Sounds like someone needs to remind him who the landlady is," Madi teased, but her expression grew serious as she studied Jess's face.

The conversation paused as Alex returned, balancing their drinks on a black tray. His movements were careful, but his eyes still couldn't help but wander back to Jess's blouse as he placed their orders on the table. "Can I get you ladies anything else?" he asked.

"We're good, thanks Alex," Madi purred, her smile making the young barista blush deeper before he retreated. She watched him go with amused eyes before turning back to Jess. "That poor boy. You really should be more careful with those blouses of yours. I swear he almost spilled our drinks when you moved."

Jess rolled her eyes, though a small smile played at the corners of her mouth. The power she held over men like Alex both thrilled and unsettled her lately. She couldn't remember the last time Tom's gaze lingered on her like that.

"So, what's really bothering you? Come on, spill. What's going on in that pretty head of yours?"

Jess hesitated, her fingers still playing with the spoon in her cup. The ceramic clinked softly against the sides as she stirred, creating a tiny whirlpool in her coffee. "I'm just... I don't know. Things have been weird lately. With Tom, I mean." She could feel her chest tighten as she admitted it, the words feeling somehow more real now that they were spoken aloud. Talking about her marriage in anything less than glowing terms wasn't something she did lightly. But if there was anyone she could be honest with, it was Madi.

Madi's expression softened instantly, her playful demeanor giving way to genuine concern. She reached across the table, her manicured fingers wrapping around Jess's wrist. "Weird how?" she asked gently, giving Jess her full attention. The background noise of the café seemed to fade away as Madi fixed her with that understanding look that had gotten Jess through countless crises over the years.

Jess sighed, glancing out the café window as she gathered her thoughts. Outside, people rushed by with their morning commutes, wrapped up in their own lives and problems. "Things with Tom are... different," Jess said, still stirring her coffee. "Remember how we used to have sex everywhere in the house? Now he barely looks up from his laptop." She smiled wryly. "Though I caught him checking me out in the shower last week. He actually dropped his phone when I 'accidentally' dropped my loofah, so there's hope."

"Oh? Do tell."

"Nothing happened. He had a meeting." Jess laughed. "But at least I know he still notices." Jess adjusted her blouse, remembering how the young barista's eyes had lingered. "You know what's weird? I kind of miss how possessive Tom used to be. Remember that time at Brandon's party when that guy wouldn't stop hitting on me? Tom practically dragged me to the bathroom and bent me over the sink."

"I could hear you moaning through the door! Brandon still brings it up sometimes, you know. Says it was the hottest thing he's ever heard."

Jess felt her cheeks flush. "He does not!"

"Oh honey, he absolutely does. Usually late at night after a few drinks," Madi winked. "Speaking of Brandon, have you noticed how he looks at you? Like he's imagining recreating that bathroom scene himself."

"Madi!" Jess hissed, but she couldn't help but laugh. "You're terrible. Besides, I thought that whole thing with you and Brandon was over."

"Oh sweetie," Madi leaned forward with a flirty smile. "It's never really over with Brandon. Trust me, I know. That man is like fine wine, gets better with age. And that cock of his..." She bit her lip. "It's just pure pleasure. God, the way he'd stretch me out...

I still have dreams about it. And don't even get me started on what he can do with his tongue. Best sex of my life, hands down."

"Oh my god, Madi!" Jess felt her face grow hot, remembering all the explicit details Madi had shared about her encounters with Brandon over the years. It wasn't the first time Madi had raved about Brandon's sexual prowess, and each time the stories seemed to get more detailed.

"I'm just saying, maybe Tom needs a little competition to wake him up. Remember how crazy it used to drive him when guys would hit on you?" Madi's eyes gleamed. "And now you've got this rough handyman moving in downstairs... plus Brandon always sniffing around..."

"Stop it," Jess giggled. "Besides, Tom's just stressed with work."

"Then unstress him! Send him some naughty pictures during those boring meetings of his. Wear that red lingerie set I made you buy."

"The one that's basically just strings?"

"That's the one! Trust me, one peek at you in that and his laptop won't stand a chance."

Jess's smile faded slightly as she traced the rim of her coffee cup. "I shouldn't have to try so hard though, you know? It used to be effortless between us."

"What changed?"

"Life, I guess. Work. Bills. The crypto thing." Jess shrugged. "Though lately... I don't know. Something's shifting. Remember how Tom used to surprise me with little things?" she continued. "Weekend trips, random flowers, even just bringing home my favorite takeout when I had a rough day? Now it's all about work and bills and being responsible. I get it, we're adults, but..." She trailed off, not sure how to finish the thought.

Madi tilted her head, her brow furrowing as she processed Jess's words. "That's tough," she said, her voice filled with empathy. "But that happens in relationships, you know? The whole drifting apart thing. You two have been through a lot. It doesn't mean it's broken, but it sounds like you two need to find your spark again. When was the last time you two did something just for fun? And I mean real fun, not Netflix and chill on the couch."

Jess nodded, tucking a strand of hair behind her ear. "I've thought about that. I want to try, but everything else feels like it's getting in the way. The money, the bills, and now with Bob moving in, it feels like there's even less space for Tom and me. Like we're constantly having to deal with things instead of focusing on us". She paused,

biting her lower lip. "And honestly? Sometimes I wonder if Tom even notices that anything's wrong."

Madi sipped her coffee thoughtfully before leaning forward, a sympathetic look in her eyes. "Have you talked to him about it? Like, really talked. Not just hinting at things, but actually telling him what you're feeling? Men can be dense sometimes; they need things spelled out." She smirked. "Trust me, I've had to draw diagrams for some of the guys I've dated."

Jess shook her head, a smile playing on her lips despite the seriousness of the conversation. "Not really," she admitted. "He's just so stressed with work. He's working more hours than ever, and when he's home, he's either on his laptop or too tired to do anything. I don't want to add to his stress. And besides, I don't even know what to say. I can't exactly explain what's wrong because I'm not sure myself. How do you tell someone you miss them when they're right there?"

"Jess, you have to talk to him," Madi insisted. "If something's bothering you, he needs to know. Otherwise, it's just going to keep building up, and before you know it, there's this huge wall between you two. Trust me, I've seen it happen too many times. Remember Lisa and Mike?"

Jess nodded, remembering their friends' messy divorce last year. The thought sent a chill down her spine. She knew Madi was right, but the idea of bringing it up with Tom filled her with dread. How could she tell him that she was feeling restless, that she craved something more, without making him feel like he wasn't enough? She didn't want to hurt him, but she also couldn't deny that something had changed between them.

Before Jess could respond, her phone buzzed, reminding her of the time. It was a notification for her big meeting. "You're right Madi. But anyways, I've got to run today," she said, gathering her things. "I have a big meeting today at 11."

Madi finished her drink and stood, pulling Jess in for a quick hug. "Well, go crush your meeting. And Jess?" She pulled back, holding Jess by the shoulders and looking her in the eye. "Don't keep everything bottled up. Remember, walls don't just keep people out. Sometimes, they keep you locked in, too... well unless they're walls you're being pressed against by your lover."

Jess laughed and nodded, hugging Madi tightly, grateful for her friend's wisdom. As she walked to her car, Madi's advice echoed in her mind. Talk to Tom. It sounded so simple, but it felt like the hardest thing in the world right now.

Jess's Tesla Model 3 cut through Austin's late morning traffic as she headed towards the office. Café Luna had been a good start to her morning, and the warmth of Madi's company still lingered, but it was her friend's suggestive words about sending Tom naughty pictures that now captured her thoughts. She hadn't done anything like that in years, not since her brief modeling career when the intoxicating thrill of being desired had consumed her every waking moment.

It wasn't until that photoshoot with Georgio that she truly understood the power she wielded. His studio had been intimate, professional, the lighting equipment creating pools of warmth in the otherwise cool space. "Arch your back more," he'd instructed, his Italian accent thick. His voice was professional yet commanding. "Let the fabric pull across your breasts... yes, like that." The white set had been simple, a cotton bralette that cupped her full breasts and matching bikini underwear that rode high on her hips.

She remembered how Georgio had approached with the spray bottle. The first spray of cold water had made her gasp, her nipples hardening instantly against the thin fabric. She'd watched, transfixed, as the cotton transformed from opaque to nearly transparent, clinging to every curve and valley of her body. Each additional spray had been strategic and calculated, turning the innocent white cotton into something far more provocative. "Perfecto," he'd murmured. "Now look at me like you're keeping a delicious secret, bella."

She'd moved instinctively, each pose more daring than the last. When he'd suggested she hook her thumbs into the waistband of her underwear, teasing at what lay beneath, she'd felt a surge of power. The final shots had been masterful, some innocent enough for the boutique's spring campaign, others far too provocative for public consumption. Georgio had given her the entire collection. They still lived in a hidden folder on her laptop, protected by a password that only she knew, digital proof of the wild creature that lived beneath her polished exterior.

Her phone chimed, drawing her gaze to the console. Tom's name appeared on the screen with a message: "Good luck with your big presentation! I'm heading into back-to-back meetings till 2. Love you."

A smile tugged at her lips. Jess hit the voice to text button and dictated her reply. "Thanks! Good luck with the meetings. Heading to the office now. Love you too."

The Austin Design Group's offices occupied the entire thirty-fourth floor of a modern glass and steel tower. Jess's heels clicked against the polished marble floors as she made her way past the open-plan workspace where junior designers huddled over their drafting tables and computer screens.

With her conversation with Madi still echoing in her head, Jess slipped into the executive bathroom, grateful that the space was empty. The bathroom was luxurious, with marble countertops and soft lighting that made everyone look like they were glowing. A full-length mirror covered one wall; its pristine surface perfect for what she had in mind. Her heart raced with excitement as she checked that the door was locked. Standing before the full-length mirror, she slowly unbuttoned her silk blouse, Madi's words about "waking Tom up" fueling her boldness.

The first photo captured her reflection as she let the blouse fall completely open, exposing her entire black lace bra, her hand sliding up to squeeze her breast through the delicate fabric while her other hand held the phone. Her lips were parted, eyes heavy with desire.

For the second shot, she unclasped her bra, letting it hang loose. She cupped her bare breasts, nipples hard and visible between her fingers as she arched her back. The silk blouse framed her exposed chest perfectly.

For the third, she hesitated only a moment before turning her back to the mirror. Holding the phone up to block her face, she slowly slid her tailored trousers down past the curve of her ass. The black lace panties hugged every curve, the material disappearing between her cheeks. She arched her back, making her ass look even more spectacular. The photo was pure sex, black lace against tanned skin, and that magnificent ass on display.

"Missing you," she typed, sending all three in quick succession. She imagined Tom opening them during his meeting, having to shift in his seat to hide his throbbing erection as he stared at his phone under the conference table.

Jess quickly pulled her trousers back up and rebuttoned her blouse, smoothing the silk back into place. Her cheeks were flushed as she checked her appearance one final time, making sure every button was properly fastened.

Back at her desk in the open office area, she tried to focus on her upcoming presentation while sneaking glances at her phone, wondering if Tom had seen the photos yet. The thrill of what she'd just done made it hard to concentrate on the mock-ups spread across her workspace.

Her desk phone rang with the distinctive double chime of the front desk line. "Jessica speaking."

"The Skyline team just arrived," Caroline chirped from reception, her voice carrying that wide eyed enthusiasm of a twenty-two-year-old college senior still dreaming of her own design career. "They're in the lobby. Chris Webb is with them." Caroline had

only been with the firm for three months, but her bubbly personality and eagerness to please had already made her a favorite among clients.

"Have them settled in the main conference room. Tell them we'll be there in five. And let Sam and Annie know I'll meet them in the small conference room right away."

"On it," Caroline replied, her youth and energy radiating through the phone.

Jess remembered when she'd been that young and earnest, that eager to please. Jess stood and took a deep breath, her nipples still hard against the lace of her bra from taking those photos.

The Skyline Austin project could make her career. Forty stories of luxury overlooking a lake, and she'd spent weeks perfecting the interior concepts for the penthouse units.

She adjusted her blouse, ensuring it revealed just enough to command attention without crossing any lines. Her mother's voice echoed in her head: "Men make decisions with their eyes first, their wallets second, and their brains last." She'd learned during her modeling days that a carefully calculated appearance could be as powerful as any business strategy.

Jess gathered her presentation materials and headed to the small conference room. Sam and Annie were already there, their nervous energy palpable. "Alright, team," Jess said as she entered, her confidence infectious. "Let's do this."

The conference room buzzed with anticipation as they entered. Chris Webb, the developer behind Skyline Austin, sat at the head of the table, his presence commanding attention without effort. At forty-eight, he embodied success with every gesture, his custom suit and quiet confidence speaking of wealth earned rather than inherited. His eyes, sharp and appraising, swept over Jess.

Margaret DeVore, the Austin Design Group's Executive Design Director and Jess' mentor, watched from her seat with keen interest.

"Ms. Marshall," Chris greeted her warmly. "We're excited to see your team's vision for our penthouses."

Jess felt her nervousness transform into something else, that familiar thrill of having all eyes on her, of knowing she could capture and hold their attention. "Likewise," she smiled, letting her natural confidence shine through. "Let's get started."

For the next hour, Jess and her team commanded the room. Their presentation flowed seamlessly as they walked the Skyline team through each concept. Sam's emphasis on sustainable materials clearly resonated, while Annie's passion for eco friendly design was infectious.

"The master suite," Jess explained, pulling up the rendering, "features floor to ceiling windows with automated privacy glass. We've created a seamless transition between the bedroom and the ensuite, using marble and custom millwork to frame the views of the city."

The board members leaned forward in their chairs, clearly impressed. By the time they had finished, Chris Webb's usually stoic expression had softened into approval.

"Exceptional work, Ms. Marshall, Mr. Thompson, Ms. Davis," Chris said, standing to shake each of their hands in turn. "This is exactly what we envisioned. We'd absolutely love to work with your team on this project."

Jess felt the glow of accomplishment wash over her. "Thank you," she said, her voice steady despite the flutter in her stomach. "We're thrilled to be a part of it."

As they filed out of the conference room, Jess couldn't help but feel a sense of triumph. They'd nailed the presentation, secured a major project.

Minutes later in the small conference room, the team gathered with Margaret DeVore. "Well done, all of you," Margaret said. "Especially you, Jessica. You commanded that room like a seasoned pro."

Jess felt a flush of pride at Margaret's words. She'd always looked up to the older woman, seeing in her a glimpse of what her own future could hold. "Thank you, Margaret. We couldn't have done it without Sam and Annie's contributions."

Margaret nodded, her sharp eyes taking in each member of the team. "Sam, your emphasis on sustainable materials was spot on. The board was eating it up. And Annie, your passion for eco friendly design is infectious. Keep that fire burning."

Sam straightened his tie, a pleased smile playing on his lips. "Thank you, Ms. DeVore. I've been researching cutting edge sustainable materials for months. It's good to see it pay off."

Annie, still flushed with the excitement of her first major presentation, nodded eagerly. "I'm just thrilled they were receptive to the green initiatives. Do you think we could push for even more eco friendly elements in the final design?"

Margaret chuckled. "Easy there, tiger. Let's not get ahead of ourselves. But I like your enthusiasm. It reminds me of Jessica when she first started here."

Jess remembered those early days, how Margaret had taken her under her wing, guiding her through the world of high-end design.

"Now," Margaret continued, her tone shifting to something more serious, "let's talk about next steps. Chris Webb isn't an easy man to impress, but you've managed it. That means expectations are going to be sky high moving forward."

The room sobered quickly, the gravity of the situation settling over them. For the next hour, they dissected the presentation, Margaret offering insights and strategies that only years of experience could provide.

Back at her desk, the adrenaline of the presentation still coursed through Jess's veins. She picked up her phone, a thrill running through her as she saw Tom's message: "Jesus, Jess. You're killing me here. Almost had to excuse myself from a meeting. How'd your presentation go?"

Jess bit her lip and her fingers flew across the keyboard: "It went great. Nailed the Skyline pitch. We should celebrate tonight. I miss you." She hesitated, her thumb hovering over the send button, before adding: "Feel like we haven't really talked lately."

Tom's response didn't come for nearly an hour: "That's amazing babe! So proud of you. Swamped with the Meridian implementation today. Lots of fires to put out. Rain check on celebrating? Promise we'll do something special this weekend after Bob moves in. Love you"

Jess spent the rest of her afternoon fine tuning the Skyline designs. Caroline kept her fueled with coffee, and by the time five o'clock rolled around, Jess felt the satisfying exhaustion that came with a productive day.

The drive home gave her time to think, but her thoughts refused to organize themselves into anything coherent. She wasn't unhappy, far from it, but something about the way she and Tom had been moving through their days felt off, like they were partners in a dance whose rhythms had somehow gotten out of sync.

Jess sat in her car for a moment, staring at their beautiful house with its soon to be occupied downstairs unit. Everything in their life looked perfect from the outside. They were an attractive young couple living the dream with successful careers and a lovely home. So why did she feel like something was missing?

Once inside, Jess kicked her high heels off by the door and rolled her neck to release the tensions from a long workday. Her silk blouse clung to her skin from the Austin heat, so she started unbuttoning it as she made her way up the stairs. In their bedroom she let it slip from her shoulders to reveal the black lace bra beneath. She tossed the blouse onto the plush velvet armchair in the corner and then moved to the kitchen, her bare feet silent against the hardwood floors.

She poured herself a generous glass of Cabernet, watching the deep red liquid flow out of the bottle. Taking a long sip, she let the wine roll across her tongue, savoring it. She heard the front door open and then footsteps as Tom walked upstairs.

Jess took another sip of wine as Tom appeared in the doorway, his tie loosened and sleeves rolled up. His eyes immediately locked onto her exposed skin, drinking in the sight of her standing there in just her black lace bra and tailored pants.

"Well hello," he said. His gaze traced the swell of her breasts, lingering on where the delicate lace barely contained her curves, the same bra she'd teased him with in those photos earlier.

"Hi," she cooed, deliberately arching her back as she took another sip of wine. The movement made her breasts strain against the lace, her nipples visibly hard beneath the sheer fabric. "Want a glass?"

Tom crossed the kitchen in three long strides and Jess, placing her wineglass down, stepped forward to kiss him. Her lips parted slightly as they met his, her tongue teasing along his bottom lip. Tom's hands settled on her hips.

"How'd the presentation go?"

"It was incredible," Jess said, her excitement bubbling to the surface as she pressed against him, wrapping her arms around his neck. "They loved it, they want to work with us on the project. Skyline is going to be huge for the firm."

Tom grinned as his fingers tightened on her waist. "That's amazing, Jess. You deserve it." His eyes sparkled with something more than just pride. "Actually, I have some news too. Davis called me into his office a few days ago. Once the Meridian implementation is complete, they're promoting me to Senior Consultant."

"Tom! That's wonderful!" Jess pressed closer, genuinely excited. "When?"

"After we wrap up Meridian. There'll be some travel involved, some week-long trips, but the compensation bump will help us get back on track." His hands slid up her bare back, fingers tracing her spine. "Maybe we might not need Bob as a tenant for too long, maybe less than a year to build our savings back up. We can finally start thinking about that family we want."

"Really?" Jess's eyes lit up with genuine excitement, her body pressing closer to his. The thought of finally being able to start their family made her heart race. She'd been suppressing that desire for so long, trying to be practical, but now hope bloomed in her chest. "God, Tom, that would be amazing. A baby..." She bit her lip, imagining their future. "How much of a raise are we talking about?"

Tom grinned, clearly pleased by her enthusiasm. "Enough to make a difference." His hands tightened on her waist. "Plus, the travel means extra per diem, hotel points, airline miles. We could even take some weekend trips together when I'm in interesting cities."

"Mmm, hotel sex," Jess murmured, running her fingers along his tie. "Remember that time in Vegas?"

"How could I forget? You were wearing that little black dress..."

Jess nodded slowly, processing everything. "We'll make it work."

"I know we will," Tom said. "I just don't want it to feel like we're losing us in the process."

His words struck a chord. "I've been feeling that too. Like we've been so focused on everything else, we've forgotten to focus on... this." She gestured between them, her breasts pressing against his chest.

Tom pulled her tighter as he nuzzled her neck. "We're still us, Jess. We've just got to remind ourselves why we work so well together."

Jess rested her head against his chest, the steady rhythm of his heartbeat grounding her as his hands roamed her body. The promise of their future, of finally starting their family, mixed with the heat of desire building between them. "We're going to be okay, aren't we?" she whispered.

"Better than okay," Tom promised, pressing a kiss to her forehead before capturing her lips in a deeper, more demanding kiss. His tongue invaded her mouth, tasting, claiming, as if he could erase all her doubts with the force of his passion.

Tom's fingers tangled in her hair, tugging gently to expose more of her throat to his hungry mouth. "Those pictures you sent earlier... fuck, Jess. I almost lost it. If the meeting wasn't so important I would have excused myself to the bathroom."

The image of Tom stroking himself in a cramped bathroom stall, stifling his moans as he came to her photos, sent a fresh wave of arousal through Jess. She smirked, grinding her hips against the hard bulge in his pants. "That was the idea," she said quietly, her hands working at his belt. "I wanted you thinking about me all day."

Tom growled, spinning her around and pressing her against the kitchen counter. The cold marble bit into her skin through her bra, her nipples hardening to stiff peaks. Tom's hands slid around her waist, his fingers working at the button of her tailored trousers with urgency. "Oh, I was thinking about you alright," he said. "Thinking about bending you over my desk, stripping these pants off you..."

Jess gasped as Tom's fingers unbuttoned her trousers, sliding inside to cup her mound through her lace panties as her trousers fell. "Fuck, Tom," she moaned, arching into his touch. "Please..."

Tom's fingers slipped beneath her delicate lace panties, stroking her slick folds. "So wet for me," he murmured. "I've been daydreaming about this pussy all day."

Jess closed her eyes, losing herself in the sensation. She rocked against Tom's hand, chasing the pleasure building inside her. His thumb found her clit, circling the sensitive bud with maddening precision. "Oh god," Jess moaned, her hips bucking as Tom inserted a finger, stretching her deliciously. Her moans got louder when he slid another finger inside her. She then reached behind her, fumbling with his zipper.

Tom groaned as she wrapped her hand around his cock, stroking him to full hardness. "Fuck, baby," he panted. "I need you so fucking bad."

"Wait," said Jess, turning to face him with a wicked smile. She sank to her knees, her eyes never leaving his as she licked her lips. Tom's eyes widened as she eagerly yanked his pants and boxers down, freeing his already hard cock.

"Holy fuck, Jess," Tom gasped as she took him into her mouth, her skilled tongue swirling around his head before sliding down his length. The memory of their first time flooded back. She remembered how she'd shocked him by taking him completely down her throat without warning, a technique she'd learned before him though he didn't know with whom. Her head bobbed steadily now, taking him deeper with each stroke, her nose brushing his pelvis as she suppressed her gag reflex. She hollowed her cheeks, creating intense suction as she dragged her lips back to his tip.

Jess had always loved giving head, especially the intoxicating power it gave her over men. She lived for the desperate sounds she could extract from them as they begged her not to stop, the way their thighs would quiver as she worked them with her expert tongue. Though Tom had been her only cock for the past six years, she hadn't lost her touch. She glanced up at Tom through her thick lashes, maintaining that sultry eye contact as she buried him in her throat, knowing how wild it drove him.

Tom's fingers tangled roughly in her silky hair, guiding her movements as she serviced him with practiced skill. "God, your fucking mouth," he groaned. "Nobody sucks cock like you do, baby." If only he knew just how much practice she'd had before him, she thought wickedly.

Jess increased her pace, her free hand massaging his balls as she took him repeatedly to the back of her throat. She could feel him getting close, his thick shaft pulsing against her tongue as his grip tightened in her hair. The slight pain only aroused her more, her pussy dripping with anticipation.

"Fuck, stop," Tom growled, yanking her up by her hair in a way that made her cunt clench with need. "I want to fuck that tight little pussy." He spun her around and bent her over the kitchen counter, his saliva-slicked cock sliding between her soaked folds. His swollen head nudged her entrance, making Jess whimper as she pushed back against him, silently begging to be filled.

Tom thrust into her in one swift motion and Jess cried out, her fingers gripping the edge of the counter as he set a punishing pace. The sound of skin slapping against skin filled the kitchen, punctuated by their breathless moans and the wet squelch of his cock plunging into her soaked pussy.

"Harder," Jess begged. She arched her back further, offering herself up completely. "Make me feel it tomorrow. Want to feel you every time I move."

Jess loved feeling him lose control like this, loved knowing she could still drive him wild after all these years. Each powerful thrust sent waves of pleasure through her body. The way he filled her was everything she needed. His possessive grip on her hips would leave marks, and the thought of wearing his fingerprints on her skin tomorrow made her even wetter.

"Yes, yes, fuck me," Jess gasped, pushing back against Tom's thrusts. She imagined how they must look, her bent over the kitchen counter, her ass raised as Tom pounded into her. The dirty, primal nature of it all heightened her arousal. This was what she'd been craving, this raw connection, this moment where nothing existed except their bodies moving together in sync.

"Touch yourself," Tom commanded, his voice rough with lust. "I want to feel you cum all over my cock."

Jess snaked a hand between her legs, her fingers finding her swollen clit. The dual sensation of Tom's shaft and her fingers working her sensitive clit had her climbing rapidly toward release.

"Oh fuck, oh god, don't stop," she babbled. "Gonna cum, gonna cum so hard!" Her words dissolved into a loud moan as her orgasm slammed through her. Her pussy clamped down on Tom's cock, rhythmically milking him as waves of pleasure wracked her body. Tom's thrusts grew erratic.

Jess suddenly remembered that she removed the IUD. They shouldn't risk it, not with their finances still unstable. "Wait," she gasped, pushing back against his chest. "Not inside. Let me taste you."

She spun around and dropped to her knees in one fluid motion, taking him deep into her throat. The taste of her own arousal on his cock made her moan around his shaft. Tom's hands fisted in her hair as she worked him frantically with her mouth and

tongue, desperate to make him cum. Her skilled tongue swirled around his swollen head before she took him completely down her throat again, her nose pressing against his pelvis.

"Fuck, gonna cum," Tom groaned, his hips jerking. "Take it all, baby."

Jess relaxed her throat as Tom erupted, swallowing every drop of his hot cum as he pulsed against her tongue. She kept sucking until he was completely spent, cleaning him thoroughly before releasing him with a wet pop. She looked up at him with her cheeks flushed. "Better than finishing in the office bathroom?" she asked with a smirk.

Tom smiled and lifted her up, crushing his mouth to hers in another demanding kiss. As they broke apart, Tom's eyes darkened with renewed hunger. "Think you can go again?" he asked. "Because I'm not done with you yet. Not even close."

Jess bit her lip, feeling a fresh wave of arousal course through her at his words. "Bedroom," she breathed, already backing toward their room. "I want you to fuck me until I can't remember my own name."

The Bad Tenant Ch. 02

Jess woke up Saturday morning satisfied in a way she hadn't felt in months. A lazy smile tugged at her lips as flashes of last night played in her mind like scenes from a porno. She remembered her own desperate cries as Tom manhandled her, the way he'd taken her again and again until they both collapsed from exhaustion.

For those precious hours, their problems had disappeared, hungry kisses and desperate touches replacing them. No mortgages, no tenants, no work, just husband and wife, skin on skin, breath on breath, two bodies remembering their old rhythm.

She rolled onto her side, propping her head on her hand to study Tom's peaceful sleeping face. At rest, the usual tension had melted away, making him look younger and more carefree, reminding her of the young man she'd first met in college. "I've missed you," she whispered softly. She'd needed this reminder that beneath the distracted husband buried in spreadsheets and work emails lurked the same man who once couldn't keep his hands off her.

Jess glanced at the clock. In less than half an hour, Bob would arrive to move in downstairs. The thought of their new tenant's imminent arrival should've sparked anxiety, but after last night's intimacy, it felt less threatening. Her body was too relaxed, too satiated to harbor any real concern. Still, she'd have to adjust. Their world was about to change whether they were ready or not.

Tom stirred beside her, his eyes fluttering open to find his wife watching him. "Mmm… morning beautiful," he mumbled, rolling to face her. He lazily reached for her, his palm sliding down to cup her ass, pulling her closer towards him.

"God, you're absolutely insatiable," she laughed, deliberately grinding her thigh against his morning wood.

"Says the woman who kept begging for more," he teased. He playfully mimicked her breathless pleas from the night before, "Harder Tom! Deeper! Don't stop! Don't you dare fucking stop!"

Jess laughed and blushed, burying her face in his chest. Those passionate cries hadn't been about physical pleasure alone. They'd been a release of pent-up frustration and longing that had been building for months.

His hand moved to her breasts, softly squeezing, his touch was now gentle where it had been demanding hours before. "You were so fucking loud last night," he continued. "Good thing Bob isn't moved in yet. These walls aren't that thick."

The thought of their soon-to-be tenant hearing her screams sent an unexpected jolt through his body. He tilted her chin upward and kissed her while his hands explored as if they had all the time in the world. She let herself melt into it, let herself forget the clock ticking on her nightstand, but when his hand drifted to the waistband of her panties, she caught his wrist.

"Bob's coming at noon," she reminded him.

He sighed and let his head fall back onto the pillow. "Of course he is."

"You're cute when you pout," she said, crawling out from under the covers and crossing the room. She could feel his eyes on her as she deliberately made a show of stretching.

"Christ, Jess…" he said from the bed.

She flashed him a smile over her shoulder. "You coming? Or do I get all the hot water to myself?'

He didn't need to be told twice.

Jess had always loved showering with Tom. She loved sharing the confined space, pressing up against him, feeling his hands explore her body.

Their shower ritual dated back to their college days. Even then, there'd been something uniquely intimate about sharing that confined space, about being completely bare, with nothing to hide behind. Every scar, every imperfection was exposed under the bathroom light.

Their showers had evolved into something deeper now. It was a place where the outside world couldn't intrude. Sometimes they'd make love, but more often than not they'd simply wash and care for one another's bodies.

The memory of their first shared shower remained vivid in Jess' mind. She'd been self-conscious at first, worried about him seeing her without makeup. But Tom had looked at her bare face and whispered "You're so fucking beautiful" with such raw honesty that her insecurities had melted away. That vulnerability, that complete exposure to each other, had formed a cornerstone of their relationship.

Jess reached for the bar of soap, but Tom took it from her. "Let me," he said, his voice carrying a gentle command.

His hands moved slowly over her body, lathering her back, and moving down to her ass. When she turned to face him, his eyes were locked on to hers.

"You're staring," she said.

“You’re dangerous, you know that?” he replied.

Before she could respond his lips were on hers. She wrapped her arms around his neck, pulling him closer. But somewhere in the back of her mind, she still registered the faint rumble of a truck engine outside.

“Shit,” she muttered, pulling away. “That’s him.”

Tom sighed, resting his forehead against hers. “You’ve got to be kidding me.”

They scrambled out of the shower as the intimate moment evaporated.

Jess slid her tiny black tong up her long legs and then fastened the matching bra as her breasts filled the cups.

“Jesus, Jess,” he groaned as she bent over to pull on her yoga pants.

“Focus,” she replied, pulling an oversized t-shirt over her head.

They moved to the window and peered outside, where Bob’s F-150 sat in their driveway. Its faded blue paint and well-earned dents looked completely out of place next to Tom’s Lexus and her Tesla.

They watched as Bob unloaded his truck, moving unexpectedly fluidly for a man his age and size. Between loads Bob paused, hands resting on his hips, calculating eyes sweeping across what was his new domain.

“Not much stuff,” Tom observed, noting a surprisingly sparse collection in the truck bed. Sturdy boxes, heavy-duty metal shelving units, a grill, and a large suitcase completed the humble inventory. “For someone his age, you’d think there’d be… more.”

“Maybe he’s learned to travel light,” Jess murmured, though part of her did wonder. Two divorces had to leave some sort of baggage, even if it wasn’t visible in the truck bed. She found herself curious about what kind of women his ex-wives had been.

“Let’s go say hello,” Tom suggested, stepping away from the window.

They made their way downstairs and through the front door, coming out into the warmth and bright sunshine.

“Afternoon, Bob,” Tom called out, stepping forward with his hand extended. “Welcome to your new home.”

Bob straightened up, wiping his palm across his jeans before gripping Tom's hand in a firm handshake. "Afternoon," he rumbled, his eyes flickering to Jess as she offered a warm smile. "Nice day for moving."

“Need a hand?” Tom offered.

Bob paused for a moment and conducted a quick assessment of Tom's physique. "Think you can manage this one?" he asked, gesturing toward what had to be one of the heavy boxes.

Tom didn't miss a beat, letting out a quick laugh. "I'll give it my best shot," he replied.

Bob turned his attention to Jess. His expression softened, and with a level of care, he handed her a smaller box labeled 'KITCHEN.' "And you, ma'am, get the fragile stuff. No offense."

"None taken," Jess said lightly, adjusting the box in her arms.

Tom and Jess made their way to the side of the house where Bob's new private entrance was located. Inside, Jess set her box on the kitchen counter while Tom placed the heavier case near the wall.

She then moved to the windows and raised the blinds, allowing natural light to flood the space, highlighting the finishes she'd selected.

"The light in here's gorgeous," she commented.

"Yeah, it makes this space feel bigger."

"That was the goal." She paused, considering the space through their new tenant's eyes. "But I have a feeling Bob might rearrange things."

They shared a look before heading back outside where Bob removed more things from his truck.

The unit transformed with each trip. His battered coffee maker took up residence on the countertop. His tools took up space on the floor of the spare bedroom.

Bob revealed an unexpected gentleness with his grill, pulling a rag from his back pocket and wiping down the surface before wheeling it toward his entrance.

With the last of the items moved in, they gathered around the dining table. "Let's get the paperwork squared away," Jess suggested as she spreading out the documents.

"Sure thing. Let's make it official," Bob commented, already reaching for the pen. His writing was neat and controlled, at odds with his rough exterior. The scratch of his pen against paper was the only sound until Tom cleared his throat.

"Keys," Tom prompted, and Jess snapped into action.

"Right." She passed over the ring of keys. "Front door and back entrance."

Bob then reached into his back pocket and pulled out a thick leather wallet, worn and weathered like everything else about him.

“Here’s the rent and deposit.” He counted out three thousand in hundreds and laid them on the table. “Two thousand for the month, one for damage.”

Tom’s eyes lit up at the sight of the cash, a mixture of relief and excitement evident in his expression. Each bill represented another small step toward financial recovery. He reached for the cash, folded the bills, and slipped them into his pocket.

Tom then pulled Jess close and pressed a quick kiss to her lips. Bob’s eyes flickered to them watching the display.

“Well, let us know if you need anything,” Jess offered with a warm smile. “We’re usually around on weekends.”

“Will do.” Bob replied. “I’ll start settling in and maybe tackle some of that unpacking.”

Tom extended his hand with a friendly nod. “Again, welcome to the house, Bob. Looking forward to having you here.”

Bob’s handshake was firm and solid like the man himself. “Yeah, well… guess I should say thanks for lettin’ me crash here.”

The laundry room took on new meaning as they passed through it. The space served as a connecting hub with three exits: the door they’d just entered through leading back to Bob’s apartment, a door leading to their garage, and a third connecting to the main house where the stairs led up to their private sanctuary.

Tom was careful to lock this last door behind them. The soft click represented more than just security. It was the sound of their world being divided into ‘ours’ and ‘his’.

“That went well,” Tom said, his voice light but carrying a trace of relief as they ascended the stairs back to their space.

“Yeah,” Jess agreed, following behind. “It feels... right. Like everything’s finally starting to move in the direction we wanted.”

Upstairs, Tom wrapped his arms around Jess and pulled her close enough that she could hear the steady rhythm of his heartbeat against her ear. “We’re good,” he murmured.

Jess tilted her head back, meeting his eyes. “Yeah… we are.”

The moment was short-lived. Reality, as it always seemed to, intruded in the form of Tom’s phone buzzing in his pocket. His mouth twitched into an apologetic half-smile before he pulled the device out, frowning at the screen.

“Davis,” he said, already swiping to open the notification. “Meridian’s getting anxious about the timeline … I have to check this.”

Jess gave him a smile, stepping back just enough to let him go. “It’s fine,” she said, meaning it. After he had satisfied her so deeply last night, she couldn’t bring herself to complain.

But she knew how this worked, how work always had a way of creeping in, stealing these small moments whenever it could. “Just two hours, right?”

“Just two hours,” Tom promised, though they both knew it could easily stretch longer. He leaned in and pressed a quick kiss to her forehead. “Then I’m all yours.”

Jess laughed and nudged him toward his office. “Go on, then, workaholic. The sooner you start, the sooner you finish.”

He grinned at that, flashing her a look that was all charm and boyishness before disappearing into his office. The door closing behind him left Jess alone in the quiet of their house.

Standing in the hallway, Jess’ smile faded. The sound of the door closing shut was too familiar, yet another unfinished moment between them. She understood, of course she did. The promotion, their financial recovery, their future family, all hinged on his dedication to work. But understanding didn’t make the constant interruptions any easier to bear.

In their master bathroom, Jess studied her reflection with the critical eye of someone who acutely understood the power of presentation. She applied a touch of gloss to her lips, then slipped off the oversized T-shirt and slid on a sports bra, adjusting the straps carefully to ensure a calculated amount of cleavage.

She swept her blonde hair into a high ponytail and adjusted it, allowing a few strands to fall loose in a way that appeared unintentional but was anything but.

The black Lululemon leggings she’d put on earlier were like a second skin. The high waist emphasized her tiny waist and the curves of her hips while it clung to her ass with almost obscene perfection. Her outfit walked that line between athletic functionality and raw sex appeal, a balance she’d mastered long ago.

She glanced at her wedding ring as she reached for her water bottle and gym bag. It felt right, grounding her in the commitment they’d renewed so thoroughly last night.

“Heading to the gym,” Jess called toward Tom’s office. She heard his muffled acknowledgment through the door followed by the sound of rapid-fire typing. She smiled. Her passionate man was in work mode but that was okay. She knew exactly how to bring him back out when she wanted to. Besides, she thought, sometimes a little distance made the reunion sweeter. Last night had proved that much at least.

The drive to Elite Fitness was quick. When she pulled into the parking lot, it was half-full. Not so empty she'd feel exposed and not so crowded she'd have to wait for equipment. Just the way she liked it.

The heavy glass doors parted as she made her entrance. The clang of weights and whir of cardio machines created a familiar backdrop, punctuated by occasional grunts of effort and the sound of pop music from overhead speakers.

At the front desk, the young attendant's eyes widened slightly as Jess scanned her membership card. She pretended not to notice his gaze as she headed towards the separate women's section.

For the next half hour, Jess moved through her routine, legs and core today.

She started with squats, thighs burning as she pushed through a high number of reps. The muscle fatigue was amplified by the effects of straddling Tom last night.

Romanian deadlifts followed as she bent forward with her legs straight, stretching her hamstrings while putting her ass on display. The position reminded her of being bent over the kitchen counter.

The Bulgarian split squats proved especially challenging. Her legs shook more than usual as she lowered herself down, partly from the intense exercise and partly from the previous night's exertions.

She finished with core work, though her abs were already somewhat fatigued. Each plank and Russian twist showed off her flat stomach and defined waist while intensifying the pleasant soreness that permeated her body.

Jess then made her way to her preferred spot in the cardio section. The spot offered a nice view of the entire gym floor while keeping her somewhat removed from the main traffic areas. The mirrors in front and beside her reflected her form as she started jogging.

For thirty minutes, she maintained a brisk pace and a focused mind. Each stride was purposeful, and her breathing remained controlled but heavy.

Her chest rose and fell in a hypnotic rhythm that drew wandering eyes like moths to flame. She'd caught more than a few men stumbling through their sets, their eyes glancing at her. Even a trainer helping a client kept stealing glances. She didn't acknowledge the attention but there was something deeply satisfying about knowing she could disrupt an entire gym's workout routine without even trying.

Her eyes drifted to the free weights section where Brandon dominated the space with his impressive physique. He was impossible to miss, standing six-foot-three, with lean muscle carved by countless hours in the gym. His tank top was damp with sweat,

showing off his chiselled arms, while black athletic shorts revealed his thick quads. He looked like he'd stepped out of a fitness magazine cover shoot, and he knew it.

Their eyes met and Brandon's signature smirk appeared instantly. Oh great, here we go, she thought as he set down a dumbbell and made his way over to her treadmill.

"Well fuck me sideways," Brandon drawled, propping himself against the adjacent machine. "If it isn't Jessica Marshall herself, making the rest of us mere mortals look bad. Didn't think I'd run into you today."

"Really?" Jess rolled her eyes, but she couldn't quite suppress a smile. "That's your opening line today? You're losing your touch, Brandon."

"Sweetheart, my touch is just fine." His grin turned wolfish. "Just ask Madi about-."

"Brandon," Jess interrupted, shaking her head. "Do you ever say normal things?"

"Depends. Would 'hi, how's your day?' get me the same reaction?"

"Probably. Try it sometime. Anyway, I'm here all the time. Shouldn't be that surprising."

"Oh, believe me," his eyes remained on her chest, making no attempt to hide his appreciation for her body. "It's always a pleasant surprise when you're here."

"You think that line's gonna work on me?" she teased, shaking her head.

"Just calling it like I see it." he replied. His eyes made a deliberately slow journey down her body and paused at her magnificent ass. "I have to say, those leggings are gonna give some poor bastard a heart attack."

"My eyes are up here, buddy boy."

"Can't blame a man for admiring art… and you, Mrs. Marshall… are a masterpiece."

Jess laughed. "You did not just say that… do you practice these lines in the mirror, or do they just come naturally?"

"Pure talent, baby," he replied, turning to the mirror and doing a front double bicep bodybuilding pose. "Speaking of natural talents..."

"Stop right there," she warned. "I don't need to hear about your 'talents'. Madi's already overshared enough."

"Oh?" His features took on that infuriatingly confident look. "And what exactly has our friend been telling you?"

"Nothing that needs repeating," she replied.

"Where's the fun in that?" He shifted closer and the corner of his mouth lifted in that way that made her want to slap him. "By the way, there's something different about you today. You're… glowing. Tommy must've finally remembered what that gorgeous body of yours is for."

Heat crept up her neck. "Uh, just… a good workout," she managed.

"Uh-huh." Brandon's smirk said he wasn't buying it. "Nothing to do with why you're walking a little different today?"

"Brandon!" The protest came automatically, but inside her mind raced. Was it obvious? Could he really tell just by looking that she'd been thoroughly fucked last night?

"What? Just making an observation. But if Tommy's not treating you properly..."

"Don't you have someone else to annoy?"

"Plenty of options," he agreed easily. "But watching you pretend to ignore me is the highlight of my day."

"I don't pretend to ignore you. I actively ignore you. There's a difference."

"See? That right there, that sharp tongue. It's exactly why I find you so fascinating."

"Fascinating?" she turned to face him with one eyebrow raised. "Is that what you're calling it now?"

Brandon stepped closer. "What would you call it?" His voice dropped lower. "This thing between us?"

"There is no 'thing' between us," Jess said. "There's you, being annoying, and me, tolerating it because you're Tom's friend."

"Mmm," Brandon hummed. "Is that why your pulse speeds up when I get close? Because you're tolerating me?"

"My pulse speeds up because you're irritating," she shot back, but there was no real venom in it.

"Right there! The way you pretend to hate me while your eyes say something completely different. It's fascinating."

"And what exactly do my eyes say, Brandon?"

He stepped even closer. "They say you enjoy our little dance. That maybe you've thought about that drink I keep offering. Just admit you're curious."

"Curious about what?" Jess challenged but she knew what he meant.

"About what would happen if you stopped pretending." His eyes held hers, unblinking. "About whether all this tension we generate could be put to better use."

"That's your friend's wife you're ogling."

Brandon grinned. "Tommy knows exactly who I am. I've never pretended to be anything else. Besides, he knew exactly what he signed up for when he married a smokeshow like you... so when are you finally gonna let me buy you that drink?"

"Like I said, still married, still not interested."

"You know, just because you're married doesn't mean you can't have a little fun conversation now and then" he said with a slow grin spreading across his face. "Or are you just scared you'd like it too much?"

"Goodness, Brandon."

When the treadmill beeped its final warning and slowed to a stop, Jess grabbed her water bottle and took a gulp. She barely noticed the stray droplet trailing down her throat to disappear between her breasts, until she caught Brandon's smirk. Brandon's eyes had followed its path.

"You've got an ego the size of this gym, you know that?" she said, twisting the cap back onto her water bottle.

"Just matching the size of everything else about me," Brandon countered, earning a genuine laugh from Jess.

"Good one," she replied, gathering her things. "Well, this has been fun, but I'm done with my workout. Goodbye, Brandon."

"Going already?" He stepped back to make space for her. "And here I thought we were just getting started."

"Maybe in another lifetime," she called over her shoulder, feeling his eyes burning into her ass with each step.

"One of these days," he called after her, "you're going to stop lying to yourself about how much you enjoy our little encounters!"

A few hours later, Jess reclined on one of the loungers arranged around their rectangular pool, letting the sun paint her skin as post-workout endorphins flowed through her tired muscles.

She toyed with the straps of her navy one-piece swimsuit, yet another calculated choice. It hugged her in a way that was modest enough for their new tenant's potential

appearance while still highlighting every feminine asset. The high-cut legs elongated her toned thighs and the scooped neckline offered just enough cleavage to be enticing without crossing into overtly tempting territory.

The sound of the sliding glass door drew her attention upward as Tom appeared on their balcony. His bare chest still gleamed with droplets from their earlier swim. He descended the wooden stairs with a refilled pitcher of margaritas in hand.

"Still thirsty?" he asked, pouring into waiting glasses.

"Always," she replied, letting the word drip with innuendo as she accepted her glass and took a long sip, maintaining eye contact over the glass.

"You look incredible in that suit," Tom murmured. "But I kind of miss that white bikini from last summer."

The white bikini in question had been little more than thin strings, designed to draw every masculine eye in the vicinity. Jess remembered how it would be practically transparent when wet, how it would reveal her nipples, how the bottoms would ride up between her ass cheeks with every movement.

"That wouldn't be very appropriate now that we have a tenant," she replied, though the thought of wearing it, of being seen in it, would undoubtedly be thrilling.

"No, I guess not," Tom agreed. "But the thought of you in it..." He trailed off.

"Behave yourself," she warned, finishing her drink. "Bob might come out any time."

Jess then rose from the lounger in one fluid motion, giving him a view of her ass. At the pool's edge, she glanced back over her shoulder. "Coming in? Or just going to stare?"

"Give me a minute," Tom replied. "I can't get enough of this view."

Jess smiled and slipped into the water, sighing as the coolness enveloped her heated skin. "God, this feels amazing." She pushed off from the wall, executing a graceful stroke that carried her to the opposite end.

Tom rose and launched himself into the pool, joining her with a splash. He immediately moved toward her. "Come here often?" he teased, stalking her through the water.

"Oh, is this your pool?" Jess played along. "I must have gotten lost."

"Lost, huh?" Tom stalked closer. "Maybe I should help you find your way."

"If you can catch me," she taunted, slipping away just as his fingers brushed her waist. She dove beneath the surface and her legs propelled her to the opposite end.

The chase ended inevitably with capture, her body sliding sensually against his as his arms locked around her waist. The margaritas had loosened their inhibitions, making every touch feel electric, every laugh more intimate.

“Got you,” he growled against her ear.

“Mmm, so you have,” she purred, pretending to struggle while grinding back against his erection. “Now what are you going to do with me?”

“Keep moving like that,” he warned, “and you’re going to start something we can’t finish out here.”

Jess bit her lip. Their private oasis felt simultaneously exposed and intimate. The high fence ensured privacy from their neighbors but the knowledge that Bob could appear at any moment diminished her arousal. “Maybe later,” she promised.

They glided to the pool’s edge where Jess rested her arms on the concrete, enjoying Tom’s body pressed against her from behind. His erect cock nestled between her ass cheeks through their swimwear.

“So,” she said, “what do you think about Bob?”

Tom’s thumbs traced lazy circles on her hips, considering the question. “He seems solid. Competent. Professional. Why? Second thoughts?”

“No, just...” Jess thought about it for a moment, searching for the right words. “Different having someone else around. Going to take some getting used to.”

“We’ll manage,” Tom murmured against her neck. “Besides, the extra income means we’re one step closer to starting our family.”

Jess leaned back into him, enjoying the solid warmth of his body despite the cool water.

“How was your workout?” Tom asked.

“Good,” Jess replied. “Did my usual weights and cardio. Ran into Brandon there actually.”

“Oh yeah? How’s our resident Casanova?”

“Same old Brandon,” Jess replied. “Showing off in the weight section, flirting with anything that moves.”

“Including you?” Tom asked as his fingers skimmed the underside of her breasts.

Jess laughed lightly, though her nipples hardened at his touch. “You know how he is, being ridiculous as always, making inappropriate comments, trying to get a reaction.”

"What kind of comments?" Tom's hands slid higher, gently cupping her breasts through the suit.

"Oh, just Brandon being Brandon. Said my leggings we're gonna give someone a heart attack. Called me a smokeshow. Real subtle, your friend."

"He's not wrong," Tom murmured, his fingers growing bolder in their exploration. "About the heart attack part. I've seen how men look at you."

Jess turned in Tom's arms and her eyes locked with his. "Thomas Marshall," she started, her voice carrying a tone of playful accusation. "Are you getting turned on thinking about Brandon flirting with me?"

The sound of the sliding glass door shattered their moment, making them spring apart guiltily like teenagers caught making out. They shared a look, both fighting smiles as they moved to a more respectable distance.

"This conversation isn't over," Jess whispered.

When Bob came out to the patio, his presence immediately altered the atmosphere between Tom and Jess.

Bob wore khaki cargo shorts and a white polo that stretched across his broad chest and protruding belly. In one hand, he carried a six-pack of beer.

"Hope I'm not interrupting," he stated. Bob's eyes swept over the scene before settling briefly on Jess. His gaze stayed on her for just a moment before shifting to Tom. "Thought I'd come say hello properly, maybe share a cold one with my new landlords."

Jess felt suddenly exposed under his appraisal. She shifted closer to Tom and he draped his arm across her shoulders.

"Not interrupting at all," Tom replied. "We're just enjoying the afternoon. Care to join us?"

As Bob sat on a lounger, the sturdy frame creaked under his weight. He twisted the cap off a beer and drained nearly half the bottle in one long pull.

He then concentrated on the simple plantings along the fence line before moving to study the aging deck furniture and concrete surrounding the pool. The space was functional and well-kept, but to someone with his experience, the potential for enhancement was obvious.

"So," he said after wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. "What's the dinner situation? You two look too comfortable to be bothering with cooking."

"We hadn't really thought about it," Jess admitted. "Probably order something in."

"Nonsense. Let me cook for you both. A thank you for taking me on." Another long drink emptied the bottle. "Got some prime ribeyes in my fridge."

"Oh, you don't have to-" Jess started, but Bob waved off her protest.

"I insist. Been grilling steaks longer than you've been alive, darlin'. Trust me, you haven't had a proper steak until you've had one of mine."

"Well, if you're sure, we'd love to try your cooking." Said Tom.

"Excellent," Bob replied. "I'll get everything ready." He left his beers by the lounger and headed toward the house, pausing at the sliding glass door. "Hope you both brought your appetite. I don't cook for just anyone, you know."

"Well," Tom said, breaking the silence that followed Bob's exit. "That was..."

"Unexpected?" said Jess, finishing his sentence. She laughed lightly. "He definitely knows how to take control of a situation," she observed, then quickly added, "I mean, he just showed up and suddenly he's cooking us dinner."

"True," Tom agreed. "But I'm curious about these supposedly proper steaks of his."

They climbed out of the pool together, water dripping down their bodies. Tom grabbed their towels from the nearby chair and handed one to Jess.

Tom couldn't help but stare as Jess dabbed at her face and ran the towel down her arms. The swimsuit, chosen for its modesty, betrayed her in the most enticing ways as water droplets traced paths down her body. The conservative cut that had seemed so appropriate in dry conditions now served only to emphasize what it tried to conceal.

Finally, they settled onto the lounger together, Tom's arm finding its way around Jess's shoulders as she curled into his side.

The sliding door opened again moments later. Bob wheeled out his Weber grill and positioned it beside the outdoor dining table. He disappeared inside again, returning with a large cooler that he set down with a solid thunk. The deliberate way he arranged his grilling tools mirrored how he'd organized his work equipment earlier, with everything in its proper place. "Everything's marinating," Bob announced. "Needs an hour to really get good."

With everything arranged to his satisfaction, Bob settled back on the lounger. He picked up another beer and twisted the cap off. "So," he began, taking a long pull from his bottle. "Tell me about this neighborhood. Been here long?"

"Yeah about… three years or so," Tom replied, shifting to face Bob while keeping his arm draped around Jess. There was pride in his voice that made Jess smile. This house

represented everything they'd built together, every dream they'd shared. "Found it just before the market went crazy. Good timing, really."

"Smart move," Bob nodded approvingly. "Values nearly doubled." His eyes scanned the backyard thoughtfully. "Good bones on this place too. Just needs some updating to hit its potential."

Tom nodded. "So, what got you started in the trades, Bob? Seems like you've got a real passion for it."

Bob's face softened with nostalgia. "My old man's plumbing business. Started helping when I was fourteen, learning the basics. By eighteen, I could handle most repairs solo."

"Your father taught you everything?" Jess asked.

"Everything worth knowing," Bob confirmed. "Dad believed in learning everything properly. No shortcuts. Said a man's reputation is built on the quality of his work."

"Must have been quite the education," Tom commented.

"Best education a man could ask for," Bob agreed. "Started my own business at twenty-three, right after marrying Sarah." A shadow crossed his face at the name. "She was something else. Eighteen when we met, fresh out of high school. Cheerleader type."

"Sounds romantic," Jess ventured, curiosity piqued by the emotion in Bob's voice.

"Was for ten years." Bob's tone hardened. "Till the divorce." He drained his beer, reaching for another. "Second marriage wasn't much better. Karen, bank manager, seemed more grounded. But divorced her too."

"I'm sorry…" Jess said softly.

Bob waved off her sympathy. "Ancient history now. Business kept me going. Built it up from just me and a truck to twenty solid employees. Every job done right, no exceptions."

Tom leaned forward, chin resting on his hand, interest sparked. "That's impressive. How'd you manage the growth?"

Bob leaned back on the lounger as his eyes took on a distant look recalling his glory days. "You learn to focus on what matters. First big break came when I fixed a pipe at this fancy restaurant downtown. Owner was so impressed, he recommended me to all his rich friends. Soon I was renovating million-dollar homes, installing custom everything."

Jess found herself studying him as he spoke, noting how his hands punctuated each point, how his deep voice resonated with authority. The conversation flowed easily as Bob shared more stories from his years in the trades. He had a gift for storytelling, painting vivid pictures of challenging jobs and clever solutions. His tales were peppered with technical details that impressed Tom and human moments that interested Jess.

"There was one job," Bob chuckled, "renovating an old Victorian mansion. Owner was this art collector, had millions in paintings hanging everywhere. We're redoing the master bathroom, and my tile guy discovers this hidden area behind the wall. Inside? Letters from the 20s. Seems the original lady of the house was getting real friendly with the gardener." He shook his head and chuckled. "Houses keep secrets, you know?"

As Bob rose to check on the steaks, Jess squeezed Tom's hand and he squeezed back.

"You know," Bob said, returning, "I appreciate you two listening to an old man ramble."

"We're enjoying it, Bob," Jess said warmly, surprising herself with how much she meant it. "Really."

"What about your line of work, Tom?" Bob asked, steering the conversation. "It's interesting, though… your consulting work. Different problems and all. Still about fixing things, right?"

Tom nodded eagerly, the margaritas making him more expansive than usual. "Exactly! Right now, I'm working with this healthcare company, completely rebuilding their systems. Lots of moving parts, everything has to keep running while we make changes."

"The human element's always the trickiest part," Bob observed. "Whether it's getting an electrician to redo his work or convincing some suit their way isn't working, it's all about managing expectations."

Jess watched the interplay between the two men with growing interest. Tom was clearly impressed by Bob's practical knowledge and business acumen, while Bob seemed genuinely interested in Tom's more theoretical approach to problem-solving.

"Speaking of managing expectations," Bob turned to Jess, "must be a big part of your work too. Bet you get a lot of 'I saw it on HGTV types', huh?"

Jess laughed, surprised by his insight. "Oh god, yes. Everyone's an expert these days. I had this client last month who insisted on putting a massive crystal chandelier in their farmhouse kitchen because they saw it on Instagram."

“What did you do?” Bob’s attention was fully on her now.

“Convinced them to do a custom piece instead,” Jess explained as her obvious passion for design made her eyes almost sparkle. “Worked with this amazing local craftsman who made this beautiful fixture that actually fit the space. Clients need guidance to see what really works.”

“That’s the mark of a professional,” Bob nodded approvingly. “Not just giving them what they think they want but helping them discover what really works without making them feel stupid.”

The conversation continued to flow easily, touching on different aspects of their jobs. Tom shared stories about difficult clients and impossible deadlines while Jess described the challenges of managing client expectations. Bob listened attentively, occasionally offering insights from his years of experience that shed new light on their situations.

“We had this CEO once,” Tom laughed, “He insisted we could rebuild their entire system in two months and wouldn’t listen to reason. Finally, we had to walk him through every single step to show him why it would take at least six.”

“Sounds familiar,” Bob chuckled. “Rich folks always think throwing money at something makes it happen faster. Physics doesn’t work that way. Neither does proper craftsmanship.”

As the conversation pulled Tom in, his posture became more relaxed. Jess found herself laughing more freely, the initial awkwardness of having their new tenant join them dissolving. Even Bob seemed to have let down some of his guards as his stories became more personal and his laughter more frequent.

After just about an hour, Bob checked his watch. “Those steaks should be ready for the grill. Mind if I get started?”

“Please,” Tom replied. “Show us your expertise.”

Bob retrieved three ribeyes from the cooler, each thick enough to make Tom’s eyes widen. “Secret’s in the prep,” he explained, laying them on the grill. “Dry-aged and marinated in my special stuff.”

The sizzle of meat hitting hot metal filled the air as Bob worked his magic.

“Sarah had an eye for design,” Bob mused as he monitored the steaks. “She had that creative spark. Could have modeled too, had the looks for it. Agencies interested and everything.”

“Oh yeah?” Tom perked up. “Jess did some modeling back in the day. Didn’t you, babe? Those campaigns were something else.”

Bob’s eyes returned to Jess. “That so? Professional work?”

“Just local stuff during college,” she deflected. “Nothing serious.”

“Don’t be shy,” Tom insisted. “That shoot with Georgio was incredible. You should see those photos, Bob. My wife’s absolutely stunning.” Tom pulled out his phone, swiping through his gallery with clumsy enthusiasm. “Actually, the light’s perfect right now. We should take some pictures.”

“Tom!” Jess hissed, mortified. “Put the phone away. I haven’t modeled in years!”

“Come on, baby,” Tom persisted. “Just a few shots. You look amazing in that.”

“I’m not exactly camera-ready,” Jess protested, realizing her wet hair and lack of makeup. She shot a nervous glance at Bob, who maintained focus on his grill despite his obvious interest in the conversation.

“You’re gorgeous,” Tom declared. “Natural beauty, that’s what Georgio always said, right? No makeup needed.”

“That’s not...” Jess felt heat creep up her neck. “This isn’t appropriate, Tom. We barely know Bob.”

“I can make myself scarce,” Bob offered without looking up. “These need my attention anyway.”

“See? Bob doesn’t mind,” Tom stood unsteadily, phone already raised. “Just a few poses. Like the old days.”

“Tom, you’re drunk,” Jess said, but the familiar excitement was already building.

“Please? You used to love being photographed. Remember how alive it made you feel?”

Jess bit her lower lip, considering. The thrill of yesterday’s bathroom photoshoot flashed through her mind. That same electric energy was coursing through her veins now, amplified by the margaritas and Tom’s enthusiasm. She noticed that the afternoon sun was hitting the water at that angle photographers called golden hour.

“Fine,” she finally conceded, standing. “But just a few. And nothing provocative.” Even as she said it, she knew every pose would be inherently sensual. “And Bob, you don’t have to leave. Just... pretend we’re not being ridiculous.”

Bob’s low chuckle carried across the patio. “Trust me, I’ve seen plenty of ridiculous in my time. This ain’t even close.”

Jess took a deep breath, feeling the pre-shoot butterflies she thought she'd left behind years ago. The margaritas helped, but it was the old excitement returning, the thrill of being seen, of being captured.

"Ready when you are," she said softly.

The impromptu photo shoot began innocently enough, with Tom holding up his phone as Jess walked to the edge near the pool steps. The margaritas had loosened her inhibitions enough to make the attention feel thrilling rather than uncomfortable.

"Come on, babe. Show me what you got," Tom encouraged with an eager grin.

Jess felt a combination of nerves and excitement. The girl who once posed fearlessly, who commanded attention without shame felt like a different person. Now here she was, a respectable married woman, Mrs. Thomas Marshall, about to channel that same energy while her husband and new tenant watched.

"You're so ridiculous," she laughed, but found herself naturally falling into poses that felt like second nature. She sat at the pool's edge, letting her legs dangle in the cool water. Leaning back on her hands, she tilted her head and offered a natural smile. The pose accentuated her long neck and toned arms while keeping everything tasteful.

"That's it," Tom encouraged. "God, you're a natural at this. You just own the camera."

She rolled to lie on her stomach, propping herself up on her elbows. Her feet crossed at the ankles and lifted playfully behind her, toes pointed like a ballet dancer. The position showed the roundness of her ass and made her legs look endless. Each pose felt like rediscovering a part of herself she'd forgotten existed.

As she moved through familiar poses, memories of her modeling days flooded back. The lights, the energy, the intoxicating feeling of being desired. She'd traded the excitement of being watched for the security of being loved.

By the grill, Bob maintained an air of indifference that fooled exactly no one. His hands moved the steaks with care, but his eyes kept finding their way back to Jess.

Jess shifted to her side and rested her head on her palm. In her mind, she could hear Georgio's accented voice saying "yes, bella, hold that. Make them want what they cannot have." She made every attempt to keep things tasteful, but despite it, her natural sensuality made every movement charged with unintended eroticism.

"Fuck, you're incredible," Tom breathed, his voice carrying a note of awe. "Still the most beautiful woman I've ever seen."

“Need about ten minutes for these to rest properly,” Bob announced, arranging the grilled meat on a wooden cutting board. He covered the steaks loosely with foil and then he then grabbed another beer and settled onto the lounger. “Can’t rush perfection.”

An idea formed in Tom’s head. “Hey Bob,” he called out suddenly. His words carried the loose confidence of someone several drinks in. “You should take some shots too. Bet that phone’s got a better camera than mine.”

Jess’ heart skipped a beat.

Bob’s eyes moved between husband and wife, considering the offer. She could see him weighing the situation. “Wouldn’t want to intrude,” he said carefully.

“No, really,” Tom insisted. His eyes were bright with barely concealed excitement. “Come on, show us what you got.”

Bob pulled out his phone. His hands, so confident with tools, seemed almost clumsy with the device.

“Well,” Bob started. “Let’s see what we can do.”

Where Tom’s approach had been enthusiastic but amateur, Bob’s was ancient. He didn’t know about fancy angles or composition, but he knew what looked good. Years of commanding job sites had also given him an understanding of how to direct people. His directions were simple and direct.

“Turn around,” he commanded. The same voice that had directed countless construction crews now focused entirely on positioning Jess’ body. “Now look back over your shoulder.”

Jess complied. She could feel both men’s eyes on her, Tom’s eager and excited, Bob’s unreadable but unwavering.

“You know what would look great?” Tom suggested, his voice carrying an edge of excitement. “If you got in the water again. The way that suit looks when it’s wet...”

The suggestion sent heat flooding through Jess’s core. She knew how the swimsuit would reveal more than it concealed. This was their tenant, a virtual stranger, and proper boundaries needed to be maintained, she told herself. But beneath that proper façade, that wild creature inside her had never really gone away. It just lay dormant, waiting for moments like this to resurface.

“Why not?” she heard herself say. Her voice carried a sense of defiance against her better judgment. Without hesitation, she slipped into the pool, gasping as the cool

water embraced her. When she surfaced, she pushed her wet hair back, recreating one of her old modeling poses.

"Holy fuck," Tom breathed, forgetting the phone in his hand as he stared at his wife.

Bob kept shooting, though his hands weren't quite steady. "Come up the steps," he ordered. "Slow."

Jess complied, knowing exactly how the water would cascade down her body. She emerged from the pool like Venus rising from the sea. Each step was deliberate. Her toned legs carried her upward as water streamed down her body. She paused at the top of the steps, letting both men drink in the sight of her.

"Just one more," Bob's deep voice commanded. "Hands in your hair, arch your back, look up at the sky."

The pose was deceptively simple yet devastatingly effective. As Jess raised her arms to run her fingers through her wet hair, her back arched naturally, pushing her chest forward and her ass out behind her. With her face tilted up toward the setting sun, water droplets traced paths down her throat and between her breasts. The wet material might as well have been painted on, hiding nothing of her form.

"Christ almighty," Tom muttered.

Even Bob seemed to forget about photographing. His phone lowered slightly as he stared. The pose transformed Jess from beautiful woman to living fantasy, a siren emerged from the depths to tempt mortal men to their doom.

"Steaks are ready," Bob announced suddenly. His deep voice cutting through the charged atmosphere. "Let me get everything," he said before disappearing into his unit.

The spell broke. Jess felt reality crash back like a cold wave, leaving her breathless. She grabbed her towel, wrapping it around herself like armor. Her mind raced with the knowledge that Bob now possessed dozens of photos of her looking like every man's fantasy come to life. What kind of respectable wife lets another man photograph her like that?

Tom pulled her close as they walked to their outdoor dining table. He whispered hotly in her ear, "You were so fucking incredible. I can't believe I'm married to the hottest woman on the planet."

They settled beside each other on one of the long benches that flanked the rectangular table, choosing spots that gave them a view of the pool. The matching benches could easily seat five people each, though tonight only three total spots would be occupied.

“I can’t believe we just did that,” Jess whispered back. Her cheeks flushed as she adjusted her towel. “Bob probably thinks we’re crazy.”

“Are you kidding?” Tom leaned close. “Did you see how he could barely keep his eyes off you? Even a man his age knows beauty when he sees it.”

The pride in his voice confused her. Shouldn’t he be jealous? Instead, he seemed almost thrilled by Bob’s obvious appreciation.

Bob came back outside carrying a weathered wooden box. From it, he produced sturdy white plates, well-worn but quality silverware that spoke of years of use, and a pack of paper napkins. A bottle of cabernet, not expensive but carefully chosen, completed the meal.

“Let me help with that,” Tom offered, starting to rise, but Bob waved him off.

“Just sit and relax, you two,” Bob insisted. He made quick work of setting the table. There was nothing fancy about his setup but there was an efficiency to his movements.

The steaks arrived on a simple wooden cutting board, seared with textbook grill marks. As Bob served each portion, the aroma made their mouths water.

Bob then twisted the cap off the wine bottle. “Nothing fancy,” he said as he poured the dark liquid generously. “To new beginnings,” he proposed, raising his glass. The toast was simple and direct, much like the man himself.

“To new beginnings,” Tom and Jess echoed, lifting their own glasses.

Tom and Jess fell into comfortable silence as they savored their first bites of steak. The meat was expertly cooked, pink and juicy in the center with a beautifully seasoned crust.

“This is incredible,” Jess murmured after her first bite, the flavors exploding in her mouth.

“Timing’s everything,” Bob explained, carving into his steak, the meat parting effortlessly under his knife to reveal a medium-rare center. “Too many people rush it,” he continued as his eyes moved between husband and wife. “You’ve got to let the meat rest, let the juices redistribute. Patience makes all the difference.”

“What’s in the marinade?” she asked.

“Family secret,” Bob replied with a wink.

“Speaking of incredible,” Tom said as his hand found Jess’s thigh under the table, “You’ve got quite an eye for photography, Bob.”

“Had a good subject,” Bob replied matter-of-factly. “Reminds me of Sarah in her younger days. She had that same natural grace in front of the camera.”

“You mentioned she wanted to model?” Jess asked, partly to deflect attention from herself and partly out of genuine curiosity.

“Yeah, had the looks for it too. But I was old-fashioned back then, didn’t want my wife on display.” Bob took a long drink of wine. “Different times. Looking back, maybe I should’ve let her pursue it. Might’ve kept her happier.”

“It can be quite liberating,” Jess found herself saying. The wine had loosened her tongue. “When I was modeling, it wasn’t just about being looked at. It was about owning your presence.”

“You certainly owned it today,” Bob’s voice carried a note of appreciation. “That last pose especially. Reminded me of those classic pin-up shots.”

“God yes,” Tom agreed enthusiastically as his fingers tightened on her thigh. “It was like something out of a movie.”

“I’m sure photos came out well,” Jess said before she cut into another piece.

Throughout dinner, Tom found himself unable to resist touching Jess at every opportunity. When passing the wine bottle, his fingers brushed against hers. Their legs pressed together beneath the table. His hand kept finding its way to her thigh, fingers tracing patterns on her skin. She kept her face neutral but her breath hitched when his fingers crept higher, brushing dangerous territory while they maintained polite conversation with Bob.

They finished their meals quickly, the conversation staying safely focused on home improvement projects and maintenance tips.

Bob stood up and gathered his things, placing his items back in his box. “Thank you for a lovely evening,” he said. “We should make this a regular thing.”

“The steaks were incredible,” Tom replied. “We’ll definitely have to do this again soon.”

“Thank you for dinner,” Jess agreed. “Best I’ve had in years.”

When Bob disappeared into his unit, Tom’s control finally snapped. The tension from watching his wife pose had wound him tight as a spring. He pulled Jess against him. “Upstairs,” he growled in her ear with a needy voice. “Right now.”

They barely made it to their bedroom before Tom had her pinned against the wall. His mouth found her neck as his hands yanked at the towel wrapped around her. The terrycloth fell away to reveal her still-damp swimsuit underneath.

“Do you have any idea what you did to me out there?” Tom’s voice was hoarse as his hands explored her body. “Watching you pose like that… you looked like a fucking goddess…”

Jess melted into Tom’s touch but responsibility nagged at her. “Wait,” she managed, pushing against his chest. “We should clean up first. Can you grab the margarita pitcher and glasses from outside? And maybe check if we left anything else out there?”

“Fuck it,” said Tom, trying to pull her back. “I’ll do it tomorrow.”

“I don’t want Bob to think we’re careless slobs who can’t even clean up after ourselves,” Jess insisted. “We’re his landlords. We need to set a good example.”

Tom groaned in frustration but nodded. “You’re right.” He pressed his forehead against hers and chuckled softly. “Always the practical one, aren’t you? Even when you’re driving me absolutely fucking crazy.”

“You handle the backyard while I clean up in here?” she suggested.

“Such a responsible landlady,” Tom teased, stealing another kiss. His eyes swept over her body one more time, remembering how she’d posed under Bob’s direction. His obvious arousal tented his swim trunks as he turned toward the balcony door.

“Don’t take too long,” she called after Tom, her voice carrying a promise. “I’m not done with you yet.”

Tom descended the wooden stairs into the warm evening air, as his mind raced with images of Jess waiting. Their renewed intimacy felt precious, fragile somehow. What should have been a quick chore felt like torture, keeping him from her warmth.

Approaching the patio table to gather their abandoned drinks, a sliver of light caught his attention. Through a gap in Bob’s blinds, the glow of a laptop screen illuminated the interior.

Through the narrow opening, Tom could see Bob seated at his desk. The older man had stripped off his polo shirt, revealing a broad chest covered in hair that trailed down his solid belly. Bob had his cargo shorts open and shoved down his thick thighs. His meaty hand moved up and down, up and down. Tom froze in place when he realized what he was witnessing.

“Jesus Christ,” Tom mouthed. His stomach churned with a nauseating mix of disgust and fascination.

In his hand, Bob gripped what had to be the most impressive cock Tom had ever seen. The thing had to be at least eight or nine inches, and Bob’s hand just barely encircled

its impressive girth. It looked heavy, with a pronounced upward curve designed to hit spots most men could only dream of. The huge mushroom head glistened with precum and his heavy, low-hanging balls completed the package, swaying with each stroke, promising copious loads.

Tom had seen his share of porn, but this was different. This was real, happening mere feet away. Tom knew he should look away, to preserve some semblance of normalcy in their landlord-tenant relationship, yet his feet remained glued to the spot, eyes fixed on the display in front of him.

The laptop screen reflected clearly in the window glass. Tom's pulse thundered in his ears as he recognized their poolside photos displayed on the screen. His wife, his beautiful Jessica Marshall, was captured in moments of unconscious sensuality. Bob scrolled the images slowly, zooming in on certain shots like her hardened nipples beneath the suit and the curve of her ass as she emerged from the water. Each image seemed to fuel Bob's arousal.

Tom thought of all the times he'd caught other men staring at Jess but this was different. This wasn't just a glance of appreciation from afar, this was carnal, animal lust. Bob was actively fantasizing about her, stroking himself to thoughts of her.

Bob's breathing grew heavier as his strokes became more purposeful. The mushroom head had grown even darker, veins pulsing along the shaft as he worked himself closer to release. Tom could see Bob's mouth moving, muttering to himself as he stared at photos of Jess's body on display.

Tom's mind screamed that he should feel outraged, violated even. He should storm in there, demand Bob delete the photos and evict him immediately. That's what any self-respecting husband would do.

Instead, his imagination betrayed him with vivid scenarios. He saw Jess on her knees, her delicate hands wrapped around its girth, her wedding ring glinting as she stretched her mouth obscenely wide to attempt taking that cock down her throat, so different from how easily she could swallow his average length.

"That's right," Bob growled. "Show me that perfect body, princess..."

The word 'princess' hit Tom like a slap to the face. Bob was already casually claiming ownership of Jess, even in fantasy.

Bob's broad chest started rising and falling as he worked himself towards the edge. Tom watched in stunned fascination as Bob shuddered and his cock began to pulse. The first rope of cum shot straight up before landing on his hairy chest. The second and third spurts painted his belly.

His loads decreased in intensity but remained impressive, a fourth load added to the mess on his torso. Bob's face was contorted in pleasure. "Fuck yeah, princess," he growled between harsh pants, his voice deep with satisfaction.

The fifth and final load oozed from his mushroom tip, dripping down his shaft as Bob slowly came down from his intense climax. His eyes were half-lidded now.

Tom had never seen anything like it. The sheer volume was staggering and made his own orgasms seem pitiful in comparison. This was something primal and animalistic, the kind of virile display that spoke to something deep in human nature that polite society pretended didn't exist.

There was also something intensely intimate about witnessing another man's moment of release, especially someone like Bob. The older man's usual gruff demeanor had dissolved into pure animal pleasure, leaving him exposed in a way that crossed boundaries that should never be breached. Yet Tom couldn't tear his eyes away from Bob's massive cock or the impressive evidence of his potency coating his torso.

The wrongness of it all twisted in Tom's gut. This was their tenant, a man who would live beneath them and share their pool. How could he ever look Bob in the eye again, knowing he'd watched him in such an intimate moment, knowing Bob had been fantasizing about his wife while bringing himself to such an intense climax?

Tom forced himself to move, disgusted with his voyeurism yet undeniably aroused. He grabbed the pitcher and glasses from the table with trembling hands, nearly dropping them. The ice clinked loudly, making him freeze in panic, but Bob seemed too engrossed in his activities to notice. Tom fled back upstairs, taking the steps two at a time.

Tom burst through their bedroom door while his heart hammered so hard he could almost feel it in his throat. The sight that greeted him nearly brought him to his knees.

Jess lay sprawled on their king-sized bed with her back arched to thrust her breasts upward. Her hands squeezed them through the delicate black lace. The babydoll barely contained her, riding up to expose the tiny matching thong beneath, while her golden hair fanned out across the white pillows. Her legs were slightly spread, one bent at the knee in an invitation that made her intentions crystal clear.

"Took you long enough," she purred, her voice carrying that teasing tone he loved. Her expression changed as she studied his face, catching something in his eyes that made her own narrow with curiosity. "Babe… is everything okay?"

"Everything's great," he managed, practically tearing off his shirt and swim trunks in his haste to get to her.

He descended on her with passionate kisses that held no restraint, devouring her mouth like a man starved. His hands roamed her body, roughly pushing the flimsy fabric up to expose more of her skin, not caring if the delicate material tore. Bob's words from moments ago echoed in his mind, fueling his desperate need. "Show me that perfect body, princess," he growled, using Bob's words.

The words felt foreign on his tongue, dirty somehow, knowing where he'd heard it. But the way Jess shivered beneath him told him she liked it, even if she didn't know its true source.

"Someone's eager," Jess gasped between kisses, responding to his intensity with matching passion. "What's gotten into you?"

Her question only seemed to drive him to greater intensity. "Just can't get enough of you," Tom replied, breathing heavy. "You have no idea what you do to men... to me..." The knowledge of Bob stroking himself to her photos made his words carry a deeper meaning that Jess couldn't possibly understand.

Her hands found his shoulders, manicured nails dragging lightly across his skin as she felt the tension radiating through his muscles. She could sense something different in his touch, something almost feral in his need to possess her.

Tom latched onto her exposed nipple, teeth grazing the sensitive peak before sucking hard enough to make her cry out. He alternated between gentle nibbles and rough suction, drawing whimpers from her throat. The slight pain sent lightning bolts of pleasure straight to her core.

"Someone's feeling wild tonight," she managed between moans. "Not that I'm complaining..." Her voice broke on a particularly sharp bite that made her whole body jerk.

All he could think about was what he saw downstairs. He opened his mouth but the confession stuck in his throat, heavy with implications. How could he admit that directly beneath them, their older tenant had stroked himself to orgasm staring at photos of Jess's wet body? And worse yet, he was as turned on as he'd ever been. The words died on his lips. Instead, his tongue invaded her mouth and his fingers traveled between her legs.

Through her panties, he felt arousal coating his fingers. "Fuck, you're soaked," he said, his voice desperate. His fingers traced her slit through the wet fabric, feeling her parted pussy lips.

Jess squirmed under him and her hands clawed at his back. Her hips rolled against his hand, trying to increase the sensation where she needed it most. "Please," she begged. "Fuck me, baby."

Tom's fingers hooked into her panties and practically tore them off her body. His fingers found her wet entrance, two digits plunging inside her roughly as his thumb circled her clit.

"So fucking wet… tell me how bad you want it," he demanded, curling his fingers to find that sensitive spot inside her that made her see stars.

"So bad," Jess moaned as her hips bucked against his hand. "Please, baby... I need you... need your cock..."

In one fluid motion, Tom flipped her onto her hands and knees. Jess immediately arched her back and pushed her magnificent ass up invitingly, already knowing the perfect angle.

From her very first fumbling sexual encounters, she'd loved being taken from behind in doggy. She loved the deep penetration and especially how submissive and vulnerable it made her feel. There was something intoxicating about presenting herself like an offering, surrendering completely to a man's desires.

"Please," she whimpered, wiggling her hips in a way that made her ass jiggle. Her movements were calculated yet natural, drawing on years of experience in teasing and tempting. "Fuck me... want to feel every inch of you..."

Tom gripped his shaft, rubbing the swollen head through her slick folds to coat himself in her arousal. When he finally pushed inside, her pussy parted easily. They both groaned at the exquisite feeling of him filling her.

Tom quickly established a punishing pace, each powerful thrust making her ass ripple from the impact. Jess pushed back to meet every stroke, taking him as deep as possible while her fingers clawed at the sheets beneath them.

"Harder!" Jess cried out, her voice breaking with need. "Oh god, fuck me harder!"

"Such a good girl, such a perfect princess" he panted, driving into her with intensity.

Jess's arms soon gave out under his assault and her face pressed into the mattress, ass still raised high as Tom continued to ruthlessly pound her.

The bed frame started to protest loudly beneath them, its rhythmic creaking accompanied by the headboard thumping against the wall. Sweat dripped down Tom's back as he maintained his pace. His thighs started burning from exertion.

"Tom, wait," Jess gasped, twisting to look back at him with concern in her eyes. "We need to slow down... Bob's right below us, he'll hear everythi-"

"Let him hear," Tom growled, gripping her hips tighter. "I want him to hear what I do to you."

“No, seriously,” Jess insisted. Her voice was firmer now as she pulled away. “He’s right below us.” Her cheeks flushed with genuine mortification at the thought of their tenant listening to their passionate coupling.

The momentary pause gave Tom a chance to catch his breath.

Jess turned around to face him, pushing him onto his back. “Here,” she whispered, “let me take care of you another way.” Her hand wrapped around his shaft, still slick with her juices. “This will be quieter.”

Jess’s mouth enveloped him and her tongue swirled around the head of his cock. She knew exactly how to use her tongue, how to vary pressure, when to focus on his sensitive head and when to take him deep.

As Jess bobbed her head, taking him deeper, Tom’s imagination betrayed him. He pictured Bob’s massive meat stretching Jess’s lips wide as he received the same treatment. Would she even be able to handle something that thick? The mental image sent electricity through his body. He imagined Bob’s gruff voice praising her efforts, calling her his ‘princess’.

Jess swirled her tongue around his sensitive head once again before swallowing him whole. One hand massaged his balls while the other stroked his shaft in time with her mouth’s movements. After a few minutes of her expert oral attention, Tom couldn’t take anymore. He needed to be inside her again. “Turn around,” he commanded hoarsely. “Wanna fuck you.”

Jess gave his cock one final lick from base to tip before turning and presenting her ass, ready to continue where they’d left off.

This time Tom tried to find a gentler rhythm that wouldn’t broadcast their activities so blatantly. “How’s this?” he asked through gritted teeth. Each careful thrust still made her moan softly, but at lease the bed had stopped its creaking.

“Better,” Jess sighed, pushing back to meet his controlled strokes. She reached down to circle her clit, chasing her own pleasure now that the fear of being overheard had diminished. “Just like that, baby... god, you feel so good inside me.”

Tom’s pace became its own exquisite torture. Each thrust allowed him to feel her around him. The bed remained quiet, but Jess’s soft moans grew more frequent as her fingers worked her clit with increasing urgency.

“So good,” he grunted, watching his cock drive in and out of her. He could sense she was getting closer, and she confirmed it just seconds later.

“I’m so close,” she moaned. Her movements became more desperate as she chased her release. “Don’t stop... right there... just like that... fuck, I’m gonna cum… I’m gonna cum on your cock!”

Her words pushed Tom dangerously close to the point of no return. The sight of his gorgeous wife working herself closer to orgasm while he maintained that torturously controlled pace was almost more than he could bear.

“Gonna cum,” Jess moaned as her fingers moved frantically against her clit. “Oh god, Tom... I’m gonna cum so hard!”

The flutter of her inner walls around his cock destroyed the last of his control. Tom’s hips snapped forward harder and harder, making Jess bite down on the pillow to muffle her cries.

The memory of Bob’s massive cock spurting those impressive loads fueled his frenzy, making him want to mark his territory, to prove his own virility even if his output would pale in comparison. Her pussy felt like heaven, gripping him perfectly, and the combination of physical pleasure with the forbidden images in his mind pushed him past the point of reason.

“Inside,” he demanded through gritted teeth as his own orgasm approached. “Want to fill this pussy up...”

“We shouldn’t,” Jess protested weakly, even as her body clenched around him. “Not safe...” But her actions contradicted her concerns as she pushed her ass back harder against him, taking him deeper.

The risk only heightened their shared pleasure as they orgasmed together. Jess’s pussy clamped down hard as she came, milking his cock as Tom exploded and pumped hot cum into his wife’s spasming pussy.

Tom’s hips continued to move with shallow, restrained thrusts savoring the aftershocks of their shared orgasm. His teeth clenched with the effort of maintaining control as pleasure rippled through him. He fought to prolong the final precious moments joined together, each gentle thrust sending shivers down his spine as her pussy continued to milk his sensitive cock.

They finally collapsed together onto the mattress, Tom’s weight pressing Jess into the sheets as they both struggled to catch their breath, sweaty and spent. His softening cock slipped from her well-fucked pussy, followed immediately by a thick glob of cum that leaked onto their sheets.

Their breathing gradually returned to normal as Tom rolled to his side, pulling Jess against his chest. He'd cum harder than he could ever remember, his whole body still tingling from the intensity of his release.

Yet even as satisfaction washed over him, an unwanted image flashed through his mind: Bob's massive cock erupting, painting his chest and belly in volume that made Tom's output seem pathetic in comparison. Where Tom had managed to leak a small puddle onto their sheets, Bob had covered himself like icing on a cake.

His eyes traced the cum running down Jess's inner thigh. What would it look like if it was Bob's load leaking from her instead? Would it flow like a river rather than this trickle? The thought filled him with a confusing mix of inadequacy and arousal.

"You really filled me up," Jess said, her tone playful but eyes wide. "Like, seriously filled me up. I can literally feel it swimming around in there." She moved her hand to her flat stomach, perhaps already imagining it swelling with their child.

Her words sent a wave of panic through Tom. "Shit, you're right," he replied, reality crashing back. "I'm sorry, I got carried away. I wasn't thinking straight." He wasn't just apologizing for the creampie anymore, he was apologizing for the forbidden thoughts that had driven him to such reckless abandon.

"We both did." She sat up carefully, causing more of his cum to drip down her thigh. The sight was both erotic and slightly alarming. "I should probably clean up. Maybe get Plan B tomorrow? Unless..." She bit her lip and contemplated their situation, their dreams, their future together. "Unless we want to risk it? I mean, we do want kids eventually..."

Tom stared at the wet spot darkening their sheets, evidence of his loss of control. He thought of the implications, considered their financial situation, their careers, the timing. "It's your choice," he said finally, reaching out to trace his fingers along her spine. "But maybe... maybe we let fate decide this one?"

She smiled, leaning to kiss him tenderly before carefully standing. "I'm going to clean up now." She gestured at the trails of cum marking her thighs. "But... maybe we skip the Plan B. What happens, happens?" Her words carried both excitement and nervous energy.

She made her way to their bathroom with care while his cum continued to leak from her pussy.

In the bedroom, Tom lay back against their pillows, processing everything that had happened. As his post-orgasmic haze began to fade, post-nut clarity came crashing as his rational mind reasserted control. What the fuck had he just done? He'd gotten so worked up watching their tenant cum to photos of his wife that he'd filled her

unprotected pussy with cum. He'd practically put on a show for Bob, letting their bed frame broadcast their activities while entertaining fantasies about his wife struggling to accommodate their tenant's impressive equipment.

The worst part? It felt so good. He felt simultaneously guilty and aroused, ashamed and satisfied. His body felt relaxed after of one of the most intense orgasms he'd ever experienced, yet his mind tortured him with questions about what kind of husband gets off on another man lusting after his wife.

But most of all, he felt closer to her than ever before. Their intimacy had reached new heights, driven by forces he was only beginning to understand. Laying there in the aftermath, listening to the soft sounds of her cleaning herself in the bathroom, Tom realized their relationship had shifted into uncharted territory. There would be no going back.

The Bad Tenant Ch. 03

Jess woke up Sunday morning nestled against Tom's frame. His arm lay heavy across her waist and his fingers splayed over her flat stomach where their potential child might already be growing. She lay still, cherishing the rare quiet. There were no buzzing text messages or calendar reminders, just birds chirping outside and the sound of Tom's deep breathing behind her.

When she shifted her hips to find a more comfortable position, she felt it, the unmistakable bump of Tom's morning wood pressing against her ass. A wicked smile curved her lips. Sunday mornings usually meant pancakes drizzled in maple syrup but today she craved a different breakfast.

Moving carefully to avoid waking him, Jess gently pushed Tom onto his back. She then hooked her fingers into the waistband of his boxers and tugged them down just enough to free his cock.

She then positioned herself between his thighs wearing nothing but the tiny black lace panties she'd put on last night. She stretched out on her elbows and stomach, feet crossed at the ankles and swaying playfully in the air. This was her domain, where she wielded absolute power with her lips and tongue and skill. Her hand wrapped around his cock, holding him steady as she leaned forward.

Starting at the seam just above his balls, she dragged her tongue up his entire length in one wet stroke. When she reached the tip, her tongue swirled around the ridge, collecting the first beads of precum. The familiar taste of him, salt and musk and something uniquely Tom, made her moan around him as she took him fully into her mouth.

Tom's fingers found her silky hair before his eyes fully opened. "Fuck, Jess," he groaned as Jess hollowed her cheeks and applied suction. "Keep doing that thing with your tongue..."

Jess happily obeyed, rubbing her tongue against his frenulum, the ultra-sensitive spot that often had him twitching and bucking his hips. She worked it with the flat of her tongue before taking him deeper, not stopping until her nose nestled in the coarse hair at his base. Through her lashes, she watched how his jaw clenched and brow furrowed, the vein in his temple pulsing.

"Holy fuck," he gasped as his fingers tightened in her hair.

She released him with a pop and offered a smile as her lips glistened with saliva. “Good morning, handsome,” she purred. Her tongue darted out to catch more precum leaking from his tip before eagerly swallowed him again.

Jess’ technique was flawless, refined through years of exploration and a natural talent for reading her partner’s responses. She alternated between sucking and slurping, varying pressure and speed with the expertise of a virtuoso. One hand cradled his balls while the other stroked his shaft in counterpoint to her bobbing head, creating pleasure that had his toes curling.

Tom watched Jess closely. The wet, obscene sounds of her mouth mixed with his ragged breathing filled their bedroom. His mind drifted, not to the sensation, but to the mystery that had always nagged at him: where had she learned to suck cock like this?

He’d never directly asked but he’d always wondered about the lucky bastards who’d helped her develop these skills. His mind drifted to what she’d told him about her past lovers.

Michael, her high school sweetheart, couldn’t have taught her this. Jess had described their innocent explorations, how they’d fumbled through sex together, neither really knowing what they were doing.

Then there was Nate, her first serious college boyfriend, the fitness freak who’d shaped Jess’s body consciousness. She’d kept the sexual details wrapped in vague descriptions. An “active sex life” was all she’d offered before adding the Valentine’s Day gut-punch of finding him balls-deep in another woman.

Then finally Marco, the basketball player, the “brief rebound” she’d mentioned with dismissive casualness. Tom’s gut told him there was more meat on those bones, stories untold, nights unaccounted for.

He imagined a younger Jess, still finding herself, still learning the tricks of her trade. He imagined her on her knees before some faceless man, being coached through suppressing her gag reflex, discovering the pressure of tongue, mastering the vacuum seal of lips that now transported him to another dimension.

His imagination went to the possibility of hidden experiences, of unnamed men and secret encounters that contributed to her expertise. Instead of jealousy, these thoughts only fueled his arousal.

Though he’d never admit it, part of him hated how easily she took his entire length, going balls deep without any strain. He fantasized about being thick enough to stretch those lips wide, long enough to make her gag and make her eyes water when she tried to swallow him whole.

He remembered last night, how Bob's massive cock flashed in his mind while she went down on him. The same thoughts continued to occupy his mind. How would she handle something that size? Would she struggle?

"Fuck, princess..." The word escaped before he could catch it.

Jess's throat tightened around him briefly before she pulled back, releasing his cock from her mouth.

"You said that yesterday too, and you don't usually call me that," she observed, her tone casual but eyes sharp.

"Just felt right. Uh… you don't like it?"

"No, I do," she said thoughtfully, her hand still stroking him. "It's just… different." She punctuated her words by swallowing him again in one smooth motion.

"Oh fuck, babe…"

Jess could feel him getting close from the way his breathing changed and the way his balls tightened in her hand. She doubled her efforts, bobbing her head faster while maintaining suction.

"Gonna cum," Tom warned. "So fucking close."

When his orgasm hit, it was with an intensity that had him arching off the mattress. Jess took everything he offered, swallowing eagerly as her hands milked his shaft and massaged his balls. Only when she was certain she'd extracted every drop did she release him with a final, loving kiss to his sensitive tip.

"Jesus," Tom panted, collapsing back against the pillows. "What brought that on?"

Jess slithered up his body and settled against his chest, her cheek pressed to his racing heart. "Just wanted to show my husband how much I appreciate him," she murmured "And maybe remind him what he's got waiting at home after work."

As their breathing steadied, Jess lazily traced the faint scar on Tom's shoulder, a remnant from a college intramural football injury. "I can't believe how amazing this weekend's been," she mused. "If we keep this up, I might need a wheelchair. My legs feel like jelly."

Tom's arms tightened around her. "Sorry if I was too rough," he said softly. "I just couldn't help myself."

"Don't apologize," she said smiling, trailing her fingers down his chest. "I loved every second of it. Just... maybe we take it a little easier for the next few days?" Her hand moved to her stomach. "Especially since we might have started something life changing last night."

Tom's hand covered hers, their fingers intertwining. "Any regrets? About not using protection?"

"No," Jess replied after a thoughtful pause. "I mean, we've been talking about starting a family. Maybe this is the universe telling us it's time." She bit her lip. "What about you? Second thoughts?"

"None," Tom assured her.

The tender moment shattered as Bob's power tools roared to life below them. Jess tensed. "He's certainly… enthusiastic about home improvement."

Tom scowled at the ceiling. "Probably rebuilding the entire fucking kitchen."

"Speaking of Bob," Jess propped herself up to look at Tom. "Those photos you two took yesterday... I looked professional, right? Not... too much?" Her voice carried a hint of uncertainty, as if seeking reassurance while simultaneously aware of how provocative the images had been.

Tom remembered exactly how revealing the wet fabric had been. If she only knew what Bob had done with those photos... "You looked incredible," he said instead. "Like a Victoria's Secret model… but better."

"You're hopelessly biased," she laughed, playfully swatting his chest. "But thank you. It felt good, actually. Reminded me of my modeling days. But I probably shouldn't have let things get quite so... provocative. Bob probably thinks we're crazy."

"I'm sure he was impressed," he managed, the understatement of the year given what he'd witnessed.

"We should probably get up," Jess murmured. "I want to get groceries done before it gets packed. We should probably hit the shower first."

"You're right. Shower sounds good." He pressed a gentle kiss to her forehead. "Want company?"

Jess smiled as she moved. "Always," she replied, stretching as she stood. "But just washing," she added with a playful but firm tone. "I'm not kidding about being sore."

An hour after breakfast, Tom pushed their cart through Whole Foods following a few steps behind Jess, watching the sway of her hypnotic hips as she prowled the aisles. The heat had forced a practical wardrobe choice, a light-yellow sundress that danced around her thighs with each step and showcased her toned shoulders and the slope of her collarbone. She had her blonde hair pulled back in a careless bun that somehow made her more appealing than if she'd spent an hour styling it.

A pair of young moms pushing a stroller did a double take as Jess passed, their envious glances on her seemingly endless legs. Their matching athleisure outfits and fresh blowouts suddenly seemed inadequate next to Jess' natural radiance. Their synchronized head turn to watch her pass would have been comical if it wasn't so predictable.

Looking at his wife, a wave of gratitude washed over him. With her looks and charm, she could have easily chosen an easier path, any life she wanted. There were plenty of wealthy men who would have kept her dripping in luxury, pampered in penthouses with endless credit cards and daily spa treatments. Tech billionaires, hedge fund managers, and real estate moguls would have fought for the chance to shower her with diamonds and designer everything. She could have been sunbathing on some Mediterranean yacht right now instead of doing grocery runs in suburban Austin.

Or she could have capitalized on her looks in other ways. With her face and body, she could easily have been an Instagram influencer or OnlyFans model, raking in more monthly subscriber money than his annual salary.

Instead, she chose this life with him. She chose early morning alarms, client meetings, grocery shopping on the weekends, and building something together from the ground up. She chose love over luxury, partnership over pampering. Even after his cryptocurrency disaster, she stayed, working alongside him to rebuild their savings. The thought filled Tom with equal parts guilt and gratitude. He loved her to death.

Jess paused at the organic produce aisle, her manicured fingers hovering over a rainbow of bell peppers. "We need three for the stir fry," she mused. Her brow furrowed as she began inspecting each vegetable, testing for firmness, checking for blemishes.

"What do you think, babe?" Jess turned to Tom holding up two nearly identical specimens.

"Whatever makes you happy," he replied, earning that eye roll he secretly loved.

"You could at least pretend to care about what we eat," she teased, bagging the peppers.

"Oh, I care," he replied, stepping close to kiss her temple. "I care about how sexy you look when you're being all domestic."

"Such a shameless flatterer," she accused, smiling. "We need to hit the seafood counter before the lunch crowd."

They hadn't made it halfway there before some poor bastard pushing a stroller nearly took out an entire display of garbanzo beans, his neck craning like a cartoon character

as Jess passed. Tom couldn't blame him. He remembered that feeling of first seeing Jess across a crowded room six years ago.

At the seafood counter, Jess's presence commanded immediate attention. "Wild-caught Alaskan, please. No..." Her nose wrinkled at the offered fillet. "The deeper pink one there. Yes, that one. Thank you."

As they moved around the store, their cart filled steadily with organic food, grass fed this, and free range that. The snack aisle brought their playful conflict to the surface.

"Will this pass inspection?" Tom asked, placing jalapeño chips in their cart with feigned ignorance.

"Tom, no. Absolutely not." Jess plucked the jalapeño chips from their cart. "We've been over this. These have MSG and artificial coloring. They're basically poison in a bag."

"Delicious poison. Exactly why they're perfect for crunch time." Tom countered, already well aware he wasn't winning this.

Jess held up two options like a prosecutor with damning evidence. "Organic corn chips or quinoa puffs. Choose."

"They taste like cardboard."

"Then I'll make guac to dip them in. Extra garlic, just how you like."

Tom's resistance crumbled like always. This was their dance, her health crusades softened by acts of service. He grabbed the corn chips. "You fight dirty."

"Only because I love you," she replied, rising on her tiptoes to kiss his cheek.

Near checkout, Jess paused at a display of dark chocolate. Her fingers hovered over a bar with orange infusion, his favorite. Without comment, she added it to their haul. The gesture struck him. Other men saw the trophy wife, a former model with a gorgeous face and a body to die for. To Tom her beauty was the least interesting thing about her.

Their items told the story of their different approaches to food. Jess's selections were all organic, with minimal ingredients. Tom's contributions consisted mainly of snacks and prepared foods that made her roll her eyes affectionately.

"One of these days," she said, arranging their items on the belt, "I'll get you to care about what you put in your body."

"You care enough for both of us," he replied, wrapping an arm around her waist.

As they were loading the paper bags into the trunk, Tom caught another shopper openly staring at his wife. The man quickly looked away when Tom met his gaze but the appreciation in his eyes had been unmistakable.

The drive home was quiet and comfortable in the way only long-term couples know. Jess hummed softly to whatever was playing on the Tesla's sound system while Tom's mind wandered to the parade of admirers they'd encountered. It was always like this with her. She rarely ever tried to be alluring. That was the maddening part. It was effortless. Wherever they went, eyes followed Jess.

It used to drive him crazy, that constant male attention. Back in their early days, every bar and night club felt like a battlefield. Men would materialize from everywhere, armed with cheesy pickup lines and overpriced drinks. "Haven't we met before?" "What's a girl like you doing in a place like this?" The words didn't matter. Their hands did, always testing boundaries, finding reasons to brush her arm, to touch the small of her back, to settle on her hips. Some would even try to squeeze between them on the dance floor as if Tom was just some inconvenient obstacle rather than her boyfriend.

But now, four years into marriage, he found himself imagining scenarios that would have made his younger self throw punches. What if Jess didn't deflect advances? What if she let a man buy her a drink? What if, just once, she let a man leave his hand on her waist?

The fantasies grew bolder each time he revisited them. He could see it clearly: some nameless man, good-looking but not too good-looking, confident in that easy way that Tom had never mastered. The stranger's hands would find Jess's waist in a crowded club, and instead of moving away, she would stay.

Tom would be across the room, watching. Not intervening, just observing as those hands drifted lower, cupping the perfect ass that Tom believed belonged only to him. His mouth would go dry. His heart would hammer against his ribcage like it wanted out.

His cock, the traitor that it was, stirred at the thought, hardening against his zipper as the fantasy unfurled further in his mind. What if she turned in the stranger's arms? What if she pressed herself against him, breast to chest? What if her lips parted, and the stranger lowered his head, and they…

"I think working from home Tuesday and Thursday makes sense," Jess's voice cut through his thoughts. "The office gets chaotic. Hard to focus with all the noise."

Tom shifted in his seat, willing his erection to subside. "Yeah, good idea," he managed. "I've got meetings most of the week anyway."

They pulled into their driveway to find Bob working on his truck, the hood up and tools spread across a neat workspace he'd created. He wore a grease-stained white tank top that revealed thick forearms.

"Afternoon," Bob called out as they parked, wiping his hands on a shop rag. His eyes moved naturally to Jess as she emerged from the car, though his attention appeared casual. "Good timing. Was planning to look at your unit today, if that works."

"That would be great," Jess replied, smoothing her dress. "Just need to get the groceries inside first."

"Take your time," Bob rumbled. "Got about twenty minutes left here anyway."

Tom watched Bob's eyes follow Jess as she grabbed bags from the trunk. The older man's gaze was subtle but unmistakable, and Tom felt that familiar confusing mix of jealousy and arousal surge through him once again.

Inside their kitchen, Jess turned to Tom. "Babe… I can't stop thinking about Bob…" She bit her lower lip, a nervous habit she'd never quite outgrown. The same concern had nagged at her since waking up, the one she'd mentioned as they lay tangled in sheets after her morning performance. "Do you think he feels weird… I mean with the photos and everything?"

"He seems fine," Tom replied. "Why? Are you worried about it?"

"A little," Jess admitted, tucking a strand of blonde hair behind her ear. "Maybe we should ask him to delete them?"

Tom's pulse quickened. "Do you want me to ask him?"

Jess considered for a moment, then shook her head. "No," she decided. "On second thought, let's just forget about it. Bringing it up would probably make it more awkward."

"If you're sure," Tom said, relieved.

"I'm sure," Jess nodded. "Let's just focus on getting these groceries put away."

After putting away the groceries, Jess settled onto one of the leather barstools at the kitchen island. Her fingers danced across her iPad's screen as she scrolled through design photos. Tom leaned against the granite countertop watching her face light up.

"Oh, look at this backsplash!" Jess exclaimed, tilting the iPad towards Tom. "Wouldn't that tile pattern look amazing behind the stove? It would completely transform the whole kitchen!"

Tom peered at the mosaic of vibrant blues and whites forming intricate geometric shapes. “It’s beautiful,” he agreed. “But babe, we need to be realistic here. Bob’s coming to fix things, not give us a makeover.”

Jess sighed, her shoulders sagging slightly as she set the iPad down, her earlier enthusiasm deflating. “I know, I know. It’s just... when I see all these beautiful renovations, I can’t help but dream a little. Remember when we first bought this place? We had so many plans.”

Tom rounded the island, wrapping his arms around Jess from behind. He rested his chin on her shoulder and breathed in her floral scented shampoo. “And that’s exactly why I hide the sledgehammer,” he teased, pressing a light kiss to her neck. “Come on, let’s make a realistic list before Bob gets here.”

Jess nodded, straightening her spine, slipping into what Tom affectionately called her ‘interior designer mode’, focused, professional, and authoritative in a way that aroused him slightly. Her fingers, tipped with pink polish, began counting off points. “Okay, let’s see. One: the leaky shower faucet in the master bath. It’s driving me absolutely insane. Two: That squeaky floorboard right by-”

“Our bed,” Tom finished, grinning. “But I kind of like the warning system when you try to sneak out of bed for your midnight snacks.”

Jess gasped, snatching up a nearby dish towel and swinging it at him. “I do not!”

Tom dodged, laughing. “I’ve seen the empty Ben & Jerry’s in the trash, babe. You’re not as stealthy as you think.”

“Fine,” Jess conceded with a laugh. “But that’s not why we need it fixed. It’s just... annoying.”

“Sure, sure,” Tom said. “What’s number three?”

“Three: Some of the cabinets won’t stay shut properly. And four: replacing the kitchen and bathroom faucets.”

Tom nodded. “Good list. Maybe we should just ask for his general recommendations too? He might spot things we’ve missed.”

“Definitely,” Jess agreed. “He seems to have a good eye for these things.”

Tom glanced around their kitchen, taking in the few dirty dishes in the sink and the pile of mail on the counter. “Now, speaking of Bob...”

Jess’s gaze followed his, understanding blooming in her expression. “Right. We should probably clean up a bit. Especially the bedroom and bathroom.”

They shared a look, both aware of the more intimate items that needed to be tucked away before inviting their tenant into their private spaces.

"I'll handle the dishes," Tom offered. "You take the rooms?"

Jess nodded, sliding off the barstool, already moving. "Deal."

They parted ways, each tackling their assigned space, and then reconvened in the living room.

"All clear on my end," Tom reported.

"Same here," Jess confirmed, smoothing down her sundress. "I think we're as ready as we'll ever be."

As if on cue, the doorbell chimed.

"Here we go," Tom murmured, moving towards the front door with Jess close behind.

He opened the door to reveal Bob standing on their porch, notebook and pen in hand.

"Ready to get started?"

"Absolutely," Jess replied, her voice warm and welcoming despite the flutter of nerves in her stomach. She gestured toward their home's interior, suddenly very aware of inviting this strange man into their private space. "Please, come in."

The wooden stairs creaked beneath their feet as they led Bob up to their private sanctuary. When they entered the kitchen, Jess's eyes moved to the wedding picture displayed on their fridge, capturing the moment they fed each other cake, both laughing hard. She felt vulnerable seeing Bob's eyes pass over it, this glimpse into one of their most precious memories.

It was odd and profoundly intimate having a virtual stranger in their space, allowing them to see these little pieces of their life that were reserved for close friends and family. Their kitchen was where they danced while cooking dinner, where Tom made her with coffee in the mornings, where they'd had sex just a couple nights ago. Now this sanctuary was being invaded, examined, categorized.

Just as he had with the downstairs unit, Bob immediately started his methodical inspection. He tested every hinge, every drawer's slide, and opened every cabinet door. He crouched down to examine the plumbing under the sink, checked the caulking, and inspected the faucet connections. He seemed to miss nothing and occasionally jotted down notes in neat handwriting.

"Good bones," he muttered. "But definitely room for improvement."

As Bob continued, Jess smoothed out nonexistent wrinkles and fidgeted with the hem of her sundress. The previous day's photo shoot remained in her mind, making her hyperaware of his presence in their space.

Tom stood slightly behind Jess, his hand resting on the small of her back. He found himself studying Bob's face for any hint of recognition, any suggestion that he was thinking about those provocative pool photos, but Bob's expression remained neutral. His eyes remained focused on the task at hand, his comments purely technical.

When Bob asked for their specific concerns, Jess stepped forward eagerly. "Well, first there's the leaky shower faucet in our master bath."

"Probably just needs new washers," Bob muttered, making another note. "What else?"

"There's this squeaky floorboard right by our bed," Jess continued. "And like you've noticed, some of the kitchen cabinets won't stay shut properly."

"And the faucets," Tom added. "Both kitchen and bathroom could use updating."

Bob nodded. "All good catches. Simple fixes." He ran his fingers along one of the cabinet doors. "These just need their hinges adjusted and maybe some new hardware. As for the faucets..." He turned on the kitchen tap, listening intently. "Yeah, definitely time for an upgrade there."

"We know it's a lot," Jess said quickly. "We don't expect everything at once-"

Bob waved off her concern. "Tell you what, I've got plenty of time on my hands these days. Labor's free."

"Oh… no, we couldn't-" Jess protested.

"I insist," Bob cut in. "Keep me from going stir crazy. Plus, I've got connections with suppliers. Can probably get you 80, maybe 90 percent off retail."

"Ninety percent?" Jess repeated, shocked to hear those words.

"Sometimes more," Bob confirmed, clearly enjoying her reaction. "Depends on the item and supplier, but I know where to find the deals." He flipped to a new page in his notepad. "Let's talk about what you'd really like to do here. Not just fixes. Improvements."

Jess's professional composure crumbled as possibilities flooded her mind. Her words came out faster and her gestures became more animated. "Well, I've been thinking about updating the backsplash, and maybe adding some under-cabinet lighting. Oh! And there's this beautiful sink I saw that would completely transform the space..."

Tom watched as Jess described her vision, her obvious passion animating her features. Bob listened attentively, making notes and asking clarifying questions. That revealed genuine understanding of design principles.

"All doable," Bob assured her. "And with my connections, probably for less than you'd pay for just the basic repairs."

"This is... incredible," Jess breathed, looking around the kitchen with new eyes. Every surface now held possibility rather than limitation.

"Let's check out those other issues?" asked Bob.

In the guest bathroom, Bob identified several minor issues they hadn't even noticed.

Approaching their bedroom, Jess hesitated slightly before opening the door. Bob maintained a careful distance as they moved through the spaces, but the master closet's narrow confines forced them closer together. Jess pressed herself against the doorframe as Bob made his inspections.

Bob quickly found the squeaky floorboard himself. "Easy fix," he declared, crouching to examine it more closely. "But we might need to pull up a section of flooring to do it right."

In the master bathroom, Jess unconsciously crossed her arms over her chest as Bob leaned into their shower, his broad frame filling the glass enclosure where she'd been naked just hours ago. Tom's hand found her back again, his touch protective and possessive.

Bob examined the faucet, tested water pressure, and took more notes, his expression revealing nothing of his thoughts.

"Well," Bob said finally, closing his notepad. "Think I've seen everything. I'll draw up a proper list, price out materials. We can tackle these projects one at a time, do it right."

"Thank you so much," Jess gushed. "This is more than we could have ever hoped for."

At the front door, Bob paused. "I'll get you that list by tomorrow evening," he said, his voice carrying a natural authority Tom was starting to recognize. "Might be able to start on some of the smaller fixes by mid-week."

"No rush," Tom replied. "We really appreciate this."

Bob nodded, stepping outside into the afternoon sun. "Happy to help," he said simply before heading toward his unit.

After Bob left, Jess turned to Tom. "Can you believe it? With those discounts, we'll be able to do some real upgrades!"

"It's definitely an opportunity," he said carefully. "But maybe we should start small, see how it goes?"

"Of course," Jess agreed readily. "We'll be smart about it. But Tom, do you know what contractors charge hourly these days? And those material discounts! This will save us thousands!"

Jess practically danced around, already envisioning improvements. Tom wanted to share her excitement, but he felt uneasy. Bob's generosity was too perfect, too convenient. The sensation nagged at him like a splinter just beneath skin.

"We're so lucky he moved in," Jess continued. "I mean, what are the chances we'd get a tenant who's not only a skilled contractor but willing to help us like this?"

"Pretty lucky," Tom agreed, forcing a smile. He pulled her close. "But let's not get carried away, okay?"

Jess nodded. "Of course." She stretched upward, pressing her lips to his cheek.

Back in the kitchen, Tom and Jess fell into their culinary dance. Tom handled the chicken while Jess chopped the vegetables. The tap-tap-tap of her knife against the cutting board mixed with the sizzle of chicken hitting the hot pan. Steam rose, carrying the scent of garlic and herbs.

"Remember when we couldn't find the pots?" Jess asked, sweeping diced vegetables into a bowl.

Tom flipped a chicken breast, checking for the golden-brown sear. "Now look at us," he said. "All grown up and meal prepping."

"Grown-ups who had sex like teenagers all weekend," Jess teased, playfully bumping him with her hip.

Their hands kept finding each other as they worked. Fingers brushed while passing seasonings, shoulders pressed together reaching for spoons. Each contact was brief but electric.

Tom carefully weighted the rice, vegetables, and chicken before placing them into the waiting glass containers while Jess snapped the lids shut.

"Done!" Jess declared, snapping the final lid into place. "Now we just need to clean up and get ready for tonight."

Tom pulled her close. "Or we could leave the cleanup for later..."

“Don’t you dare,” she laughed, pushing him away with open palms. “I need time to get ready properly. This is a celebration, remember?”

They moved through the cleanup routine, loading the dishwasher, wiping counters, storing containers in the fridge.

“I’m going to make myself beautiful,” Jess announced, heading for the bedroom.

“You already are,” Tom called after her.

The kitchen felt different once she left. It was quieter, emptier somehow. It felt like she took some of the light with her. Tom finished wiping down the counters, his mind already racing ahead to dinner, to the week ahead, to all the changes Bob’s arrival had sparked.

He made his way to his office, knowing he needed to clear some work before they went out. His fingers flew across his laptop keyboard, racing against time to handle the flood of urgent emails. Every few minutes, his mind would drift to Jess preparing for their celebration dinner. The thought of her getting ready, of smooth skin being revealed and covered again made focusing on work nearly impossible.

In their bathroom, Jess stood wrapped in a plush towel, studying her reflection in the mirror. Her skin glowed from her thorough beauty routine. The ritual grounded her even as excitement fluttered in her stomach. This wasn’t just dinner, this was a celebration of everything falling into place.

She opened the frosted glass door at the back of the closet, revealing her carefully curated lingerie collection, and selected a matching set in pale pink, the one Tom always said was “so fucking irresistible”. The lace barely covered anything, which was exactly the point. The bra pushed her breasts up and together while the tiny thong disappeared between her cheeks. Looking at herself in the mirror, she smiled. Tom wouldn’t be able to keep his hands off her later.

A burgundy dress slid over her body, hugging her tight while maintaining an air of sophistication. The neckline showed just enough cleavage to be enticing, and the hemline hit mid-thigh, perfect for both the restaurant and whatever would come after.

When she finally appeared from the bedroom, she found Tom already dressed in his tailored charcoal suit, the one she always said made him look like he belonged on a GQ cover. Their eyes met across the room.

“Jesus Christ,” he breathed. “You look incredible.”

Jess did a slow turn, giving him the full effect. “You clean up pretty nice yourself, handsome.”

The drive to the restaurant was charged with sexual tension. Tom's hand found her thigh, his fingers tracing patterns on her skin just below the hem of her dress.

"We might not make it to dinner," she warned.

"Would that be so terrible?" His fingers inched higher.

"Behave yourself," she laughed, crossing her legs to trap his wandering hand. "We're celebrating, remember?"

The valet's eyes widened when Jess stepped out of Tom's Lexus, her dress riding up to reveal a dangerous flash of toned thigh. The boy couldn't have been older than twenty, and he fumbled with the keys as he handed Tom the claim ticket, his eyes on Jess a heartbeat too long.

Tom's hand rested possessively at the small of Jess's back as they followed the maître d' through the dining room. She felt eyes on her as they'd entered, but she was used to that kind of attention, had been since puberty hit and transformed her from awkward teen to head-turning beauty.

The restaurant oozed with elegance. Crystal chandeliers cast intimate pools of light across white tablecloths. The silverware gleamed, the wine glasses sparkled, and classical music played softly in the background.

Tom pulled out her chair, his fingertips brushing the nape of her neck as she sat. The touch sent a current down her spine, a private reminder of last night.

"Good evening." Their waiter materialized beside them, dressed in crisp black and white, with perfect posture. "My name is David, and I'll be taking care of you tonight. May I start you with something from the bar?"

Tom ordered a glass of wine, but Jess hesitated. "Just sparkling water with lime for now, please."

Tom's eyebrow rose slightly at her choice. They shared a look loaded with possibility. Could she already be pregnant?

"So," Tom began once David had left with their drink orders. "Tell me more about the Skyline presentation. I want to hear everything."

Jess leaned forward, describing the presentation. "God, you should have seen Chris Webb's face when we showed him the renderings. His jaw practically hit the floor. And Margaret... she looked ready to burst with pride. You know how she never shows emotion? She actually smiled, Tom. Twice."

"I wish I could have been there," Tom said softly. "But this Meridian implementation is kicking my ass."

“Hey.” Jess reached across the table to squeeze his hand. “You’re going to nail it. Senior Consultant is practically yours already.”

Tom turned her hand over, his thumb tracing slow circles on her palm. “The travel, though. Week-long trips sometimes. I don’t want to leave you alone that much.”

“We’ll figure it out,” Jess assured him with easy confidence. “Besides, maybe by then we’ll have something else to keep me busy.” Her free hand drifted to her flat stomach.

Their eyes met across the candlelight, both remembering Friday night’s passion. Their weekend had been a rediscovery of each other, proof that their connection was stronger than ever.

David returned with their drinks, the stem of Tom’s wine glass pinched precisely between his fingers. “Tonight, Chef has prepared a magnificent Dover sole,” he began. “It’s served with a lemon beurre blanc and seasonal vegetables harvested from local farms this morning.” Jess found herself only half listening, distracted by Tom’s foot finding hers under the table.

“That sounds perfect,” Jess said, not bothering to open her menu.

“Make that two,” Tom added, his eyes never leaving his wife’s face.

Once David left, their conversation turned to more personal matters. “Mom called earlier,” she said. “She’s asking when we’re coming to visit. I think we should tell them about... you know?”

“The maybe-baby?” Tom’s voice dropped lower. “Your mom will have the nursery designed before we hang up…. you don’t think it’s too soon?”

“Maybe,” Jess admitted. “But I’m excited.”

Their fingers remained intertwined on the table as the conversation shifted, touching on Jess’s sister’s new boyfriend and Bob’s surprising offer to help with home renovations.

“Oh, and Hannah called earlier,” Jess said. “Apparently the new boyfriend drives a Porsche and has some tech startup that’s about to revolutionize something or other.”

Tom chuckled. “Your sister does have a type. What happened to the accountant?”

“Dumped him last month.” Jess rolled her eyes with affectionate exasperation. “Something about him being too safe and boring. She’s twenty-two. Everything seems boring to her. But Mom says this new guy, Trevor, seems different. More mature.”

“Let me guess, he’s at least thirty-five?”

"Thirty-six," Jess confirmed with a alight shake of her head. "Han swears the age gap doesn't matter, that he understands her in ways guys her age can't."

"Classic," Tom chuckled. "But fourteen years is really pushing it. Your dad must be thrilled."

"Oh, he's furious," Jess laughed. "But you know Han, telling her not to do something just makes her want it more."

Their entrees arrived, perfectly plated and steaming. David arranged their dishes while describing each component. The Dover sole glistened under the intimate lighting, but Tom barely noticed the food. His attention remained fixed on Jess, on the way candlelight played across her features, on how her tongue darted out to wet her lips.

"Everything looks wonderful," Jess told David. "Thank you."

Once they were alone again, Tom leaned forward. "Have I told you how absolutely stunning you look tonight?"

"Only about twenty times," Jess laughed. "But I don't mind hearing it again."

They fell into comfortable silence as they enjoyed their meals, exchanging glances between bites. Tom's foot continued its teasing journey up her calf while Jess retaliated by letting soft little moans escape as she savored particularly delicious bites.

"That's not fair," Tom chuckled quietly after a particularly breathy sound of appreciation.

"I have no idea what you're talking about," Jess replied innocently.

Their conversation drifted to the upcoming work party on Friday. "You'll actually make it this time?" Jess asked. "No last-minute emergencies?"

"Promise," Tom assured her.

As they finished their entrees, David appeared to clear their plates. "Can I interest you in our dessert menu?"

Tom and Jess shared a look. "Just the check, please," Tom replied.

While they waited for the check, Jess excused herself to the ladies' room. Tom watched her walk away, noting how other diners' eyes followed her progress across the restaurant. Men's gazes lingered on the sway of her hips while women studied her with that blend of admiration and resentment reserved for beautiful women who made it look effortless.

When Jess returned, there was something different about her, a slight flush coloring her cheeks, a secretive smile playing at the corners of her mouth. She slid back into her seat and under cover of the tablecloth, pressed something into his palm. The delicate fabric was still warm from her body, still carrying her scent.

Tom's brain short-circuited as he realized what he was holding. Her thong. Lacy, tiny, and unmistakably just removed.

"A preview of home," she whispered.

Tom nearly choked on his remaining wine. "Jesus, Jess..."

Tom's fingers clenched around it, his cock hardening instantly knowing that she was sitting across from him completely bare beneath her dress, in the middle of one of Austin's most upscale restaurants, surrounded by other diners who had no idea of the delicious secret they shared. He discreetly slipped the thong into his suit pocket, though his hand kept returning to touch it.

David returned with the leather check presenter, placing it by Tom. "I hope everything was to your satisfaction this evening," he said.

"It was perfect," Tom managed. He barely registered the total as he slipped his credit card inside, his mind consumed by the lacy evidence in his pocket and the knowledge of what waited beneath Jess's dress.

The woman across from him looked so composed yet was anything but. Jess sipped her sparkling water, the picture of innocence, save for the wicked glint in her eyes. Her tongue darted out to capture a droplet from her lip, the simple gesture transformed into something obscene by the context of what she'd just done.

The drive home was torture. Jess's dress had ridden up, revealing bare thigh that Tom couldn't stop staring at whenever they hit red lights. His hand found her leg again, sliding higher until he encountered flesh where lace should have been.

"Fuck," he groaned when his fingers found her slick.

"Eyes on the road, baby," Jess teased. "Almost home."

Tom hardly remembered to put the car in park before yanking the keys from the ignition. They stumbled up the walkway together, Jess's laughter bright in the night air as Tom fumbled with the front door key.

They barely made it through their front door before Tom had Jess pressed against the wall, his mouth devouring hers with desperate hunger. His hands roamed her body, squeezing her ass beneath her hiked-up dress. Her arms snaked around his neck as she pulled herself up, wrapping those long legs around his waist.

“At least take me upstairs,” Jess laughed breathlessly against his mouth, though the way her body arched against his suggested she wouldn’t actually mind being taken right there in the entryway.

Tom gripped her thighs as he carried her up the stairs. Her dress had bunched around her waist, leaving her completely exposed from the waist down, a fact that registered in Tom’s brain as the hottest thing he’d ever seen.

Once inside their bedroom, he kicked their bedroom door shut behind them, the sound echoing through the quiet house. Jess’s breathless laugh turned into a startled gasp as he tossed her onto their king-sized bed. She bounced once, her hair fanning out across the pillows.

Tom stood at the foot of the bed, loosening his tie with one hand while the other reached into his pocket to withdraw her thong. It still carried a hint of her scent that made his mouth water.

“You,” he said, dangling the scrap of lace between them, “are going to be the death of me.”

Jess smiled up at him. She shifted her position, slowly spreading her thighs. She watched his eyes track the movement. “But what a way to go,” she purred.

Tom tossed the thong aside and reached for the hem of her dress. The silk rubbed against her skin, creating a sensory trail that made goosebumps rise as he slowly pulled it upwards. When he reached her breasts, Jess arched her back, silently begging him to continue. He complied, sliding the dress higher until it bunched beneath her arms.

“Lift up,” he instructed.

Jess raised her arms above her head and Tom dragged the dress over it. When her face emerged, her hair was tousled, her cheeks flushed, her eyes heavy.

Tom tossed the dress aside without a second glance, letting it fall forgotten to the floor. His gaze raked over her body, drinking in the sight of her sprawled across their bed wearing nothing but the pale pink lace bra.

“Gorgeous,” he breathed. “Absolutely fucking gorgeous.”

Jess reached for his belt. “Your turn. Too many clothes.”

Tom caught her wrists with one swift movement, pinning them above her head with one hand. His other hand traced the lace edge of her bra. “I’ve been thinking about this all night,” he confessed.

His mouth found her neck, trailing hot kisses down to her collarbone. When he reached her breasts, he released her wrists to unhook her bra. The lace fell away, revealing hardened nipples begging for attention.

“Baby,” Jess whimpered as his mouth closed around one peak. Her fingers gripped his hair, holding him against her as he teased and sucked. Her back arched off the bed, pressing more of herself into his hungry mouth.

“Tom,” she gasped. “I need you so bad, baby...”

Their hands collided as they both reached for his remaining clothing, fumbling with buttons and zippers. His suit jacket hit the floor, followed by his dress shirt. Jess’s fingers traced the lean muscles of his chest, appreciating how his regular running had kept him fit. His pants, boxers, and socks were the last to go, kicked off the bed to join the growing pile of discarded clothing on the floor.

Tom sat back against the headboard, his cock standing proudly, the tip already glistening with pre-cum. He reached for Jess, pulling her into his lap so she straddled him. Cowgirl was one of their favorite positions because it allowed them to kiss deeply while maintaining full body contact. It let her control the depth and pace while still allowing him to thrust upward.

Their mouths met in a passionate kiss. Tom’s hands roamed her back, tracing her spine, cupping her ass, pulling her closer, her hardened nipples rubbing against him.

Tom’s hand slid between their bodies and found her core, fingers sliding through her slickness. “Already so wet for me,” he groaned against her mouth, two fingers circling her entrance.

“Yeah,” she admitted, rolling her hips against his hand, trying to guide his fingers where she needed them most. “Couldn’t stop thinking about this... about you... about your cock filling me up...”

“Lay back,” Tom commanded softly, his hands already guiding her movement. “Let me taste you.”

Jess fell back against the pillows, spreading her legs in invitation. Her hands reached down to part her folds, giving him an unobstructed view. Tom settled between her thighs, his shoulders creating space for himself as he pressed hot, open-mouthed kisses to her inner thighs. His breath ghosted over her, making her shiver with anticipation.

The first broad stroke of his tongue had her gasping, hips bucking up instinctively to increase the contact. Just as she knew exactly how to suck his cock, he knew precisely how to eat her pussy. Years of intimate knowledge guided his movements as his

tongue licked a path between her folds before circling her swollen clit. His hands gripped her thighs, holding her open for his feast.

"Right there," she moaned when he hit a particularly sensitive spot, her fingers tangling in his hair to hold him in place. "Don't stop..."

Tom doubled his efforts, alternating between broad strokes of his tongue and focused attention on her clit. When he slid two fingers inside her, curling them upward to find that sensitive spot, Jess's thighs began to tremble uncontrollably on either side of his head.

"Oh god," she gasped, her internal muscles clenching around his fingers. "Tom... I'm gonna..."

Her words dissolved into a sharp cry of pleasure as orgasm crashed through her. Tom didn't let up, working her through each pulse of pleasure until she was gasping and oversensitive, her hands now pushing weakly at his shoulders.

When he finally pulled back, his chin glistening with evidence of her pleasure, Jess grabbed his shoulders and pulled him up for a deep kiss. She could taste herself on his tongue, the flavor making her moan into his mouth.

"Need you inside me," she begged between kisses, her hands reaching between them to find his hardness. She stroked him firmly, feeling him pulse in her grip. "Please..."

Tom aligned himself at her entrance, the broad head of his cock sliding against the folds of her pussy, coating himself in her arousal. Her thighs trembled with anticipation as she felt him positioning himself. "Ready for me?" he asked, though he knew the answer.

"Yes," she breathed, tilting her hips to make his entry easier. "Fill me up, baby..."

Tom entered her with agonizing slowness, savoring the sensation of her body yielding to his. He watched her face contort with pleasure as he filled her inch by inch, her inner walls stretching to accommodate his thickness, gripping him. When he finally bottomed out, their pelvic bones pressed together, they both groaned at the sensation of being fully joined.

"Fuck," Tom breathed, his forehead pressed against hers, their breaths mingling in the small space between them. "You feel so fucking good. So tight. So perfect."

Jess's legs wrapped around his waist, her ankles locking behind his back, pulling him even deeper inside her. Her heels dug into the muscles of his ass, urging him to move. Their mouths met in a desperate kiss, tongues mimicking the intimate joining of their bodies as Tom began thrusting.

Jess raked her nails down his back. “Harder,” she begged, her voice breaking on the word. “Need to feel you... all of you...”

Tom’s hips snapped forward with renewed urgency, the sound of skin meeting skin filling their bedroom. The headboard thumped rhythmically against the wall with each thrust, but neither of them thought about whether Bob might hear from the apartment below. In this moment, nothing existed outside of their joining.

“Yes,” Jess cried out. “Just like that... don’t stop... right there...”

Her inner walls began to flutter around him as another orgasm approached. Tom could feel his own release building, pressure gathering. He was so close. The sight of Jess writhing beneath him, taking everything he had to give, pushed him rapidly toward the edge.

“Gonna cum,” he warned, his rhythm becoming erratic as control slipped away. “Want to fill you up...”

“Please,” Jess moaned, her hips rising to meet each thrust, her inner muscles clamping down on him. “Want to feel you cum inside me... want to feel you pump me full...”

Her words pushed Tom over the edge. With a final thrust, he buried himself completely inside her and exploded just as Jess’s own orgasm hit, her pussy greedily milking him for every drop.

They stayed joined as the aftershocks subsided. Neither wanted to break their connection just yet, to return to the world outside their bed. But finally, Tom rolled to his side, bringing Jess with him so they remained face to face. She curled into his chest, their legs still tangled together, his softening cock still nestled inside her. His cum leaked from her well-fucked pussy when he finally slipped out, marking their sheets with the evidence of their passion.

The knowledge that he’d now pumped two loads inside her unprotected womb within 24 hours sent electricity through his spent body. After years of responsible birth control, they’d thrown caution to the wind twice in two days. The reckless abandon of it all only heightened the intimacy of the moment.

“I love you,” he murmured, pressing his lips to her forehead. “So fucking much.”

“Love you too,” she replied softly. “Always have, always will.”

“Two loads,” he murmured. “Definitely improving our chances.”

“It feels right,” she whispered.

They exchanged gentle kisses as their heartbeats gradually returned to normal. Then sleep began to claim them. Before drifting off completely, Tom pulled the sheets over them, covering them in warmth.

The next morning, Tom sat at his desk buried in the Meridian implementation that seemed to grow more complex by the hour. His monitor glowed with endless spreadsheets, transforming what had once seemed like a promising opportunity into a demanding beast that consumed every available moment. His coffee had gone cold hours ago, forgotten between urgent emails and crisis calls.

A notification pinged. Another fire to extinguish. Another reason to miss dinner. Another brick in the wall between his professional ambitions and his marriage.

His eyes drifted to the framed photo on his desk of Jess from their anniversary dinner last year. Her head was thrown back in laughter, blonde hair over bare shoulders, the kind of candid moment that made people tun and look. Miles had commented on it. "Man, your wife gets hotter every time I see her. You sure won the lottery there, buddy."

Tom had smiled and said nothing. The old him would have bristled, changed the subject, maybe even turned the photo away. The new him just nodded, letting the compliment sink in like a drug, riding the strange high of another man's desire for what was his.

His phone buzzed with a text from Jess: "Missing you already. Can't stop thinking about last night."

The memory flooded back, making him shift in his ergonomic chair. He adjusted himself beneath his desk, paranoid someone might walk by and catch him with a hard-on like some teenage intern.

"Miss you too," he typed back. "But I need to focus."

"I understand. Just know I'm thinking about you. Have a productive day!"

He set the phone face-down, trying to redirect his attention to the crisis at hand. His inbox showed thirty-seven unread emails.

An hour later, his phone vibrated.

"Had the most productive morning. Just finished the Skyline mock-ups. Margaret loved them. Heading to lunch meeting with potential client. Will send pics of the food to make you jealous of my expense account."

He smiled. "Show-off. I'm stuck with vending machine pretzels."

"Poor baby. I'll feed you properly tonight."

The innuendo wasn't lost on him.

The afternoon crawled by slowly. Crisis calls came one after another. Email chains multiplied like cancer cells. Beneath it all pulsed the persistent throb of arousal whenever his mind wandered to the weekend's events. Every time he closed his eyes, he heard Jess' desperate moans from their passionate nights. He saw her lips wrapped around Bob's massive cock in fantasies he couldn't control.

During a lull between calls, Tom found himself opening Instagram on his phone, muscle memory taking him to Jess's account. It was private now. She'd locked it down shortly after they started dating, deleting the provocative modeling shots that used to pull hundreds of desperate comments and DMs. Tom sometimes wondered if she missed that attention, that power.

He imagined her account public again, visible to the world. He imagined the avalanche of notifications, the fire emojis, the thirsty messages from strangers detailing exactly what they'd do to his wife given half a chance.

His phone lit up again: "Heading to yoga now! Don't work too late. I'm making that chicken you love."

Tom glanced at the time: 3:00 PM. His afternoon calendar still showed three more meetings and dozens of unread emails. There was no way he'd be leaving on time.

"Can't wait to see you," he typed back.

He set his phone down and rubbed his eyes, trying to focus on the spreadsheet in front of him. But his mind refused to cooperate, drifting instead to Jess in her yoga class. She'd be wearing those skintight leggings that seemed painted on. She'd be bending and stretching, her perfect ass in the air, her breasts straining against her sports bra as she moved through poses. Other men in the class would be watching, inevitably. Perhaps one of them would approach her after class, compliment her form, suggest they grab a smoothie...

Tom shook his head. What the fuck was wrong with him? His beautiful, talented wife was excelling at her career, maintaining her health, and planning to cook him dinner, and here he sat spinning sexual fantasies about her with strangers.

At 4:30, his phone buzzed again.

"Just finished yoga. SO sweaty. Instructor was brutal today. This new guy, Derek, doesn't believe in child's pose apparently. My thighs are screaming. Heading home now to shower and start dinner."

Tom's fingers hovered over the keyboard. "New guy? What happened to Amber?"

"On maternity leave. Derek's just filling in. He's good though. Really pushes everyone."

Tom's mind immediately constructed an image of this Derek: tall, lean, probably sporting a man-bun and tribal tattoos. Probably mid-thirties with perfect abs and a tantric sex certification. Probably watched Jess the entire class, offered hands-on "adjustments" to her poses.

"Is he cute?" Tom typed, then immediately deleted it. What the fuck was he doing? Instead, he wrote: "Looking forward to dinner. Should be home by 7."

Eventually, the clock showed 6 PM. One more hour, he promised himself. Just one more hour to get ahead of tomorrow's demands. He lost himself in logistics workflows and implementation schedules, time slipping through his fingers until his phone vibrated against the desk. It was an actual call this time.

"Hey handsome," Jess's voice carried a familiar note of disappointment beneath the warmth. "Still at the office?"

"Just wrapping up," he lied, looking at his endless to-do list. "Give me an hour?"

Jess's sigh was soft but pointed, years of similar conversations compressed into a single exhale. "Dinner will be in the fridge then. I miss you."

"Miss you too," he replied.

Finally, at 7:30 PM, he admitted defeat. The work would still be there tomorrow, multiplying in the dark. He packed his briefcase and rode the elevator down past floors of other corporate warriors fighting their own battles.

Their house glowed warmly as he pulled into the driveway where Jess' Tesla and Bob's truck sat in their designated spaces. Tom grabbed his briefcase, feeling the weight of responsibility and neglect, and headed inside to whatever remained of his evening with Jess.

The scent hit him first: garlic, rosemary, lemon, her signature roast chicken that always made their house feel like an actual home. Tom found Jess in the kitchen, plating his dinner. The sight of her like this, casual in yoga pants and one of his old college t-shirts, her blonde hair piled messily atop her head, made his heart ache.

"Hey stranger," she said, turning to face him. Her smile was genuine despite everything. "I was starting to think you'd forgotten where we live."

Guilt surged through him. "I'm sorry," he replied, setting his briefcase down. "The Meridian implementation is-"

“I know, I know.” She cut him off, crossing the space to press a gentle kiss to his lips. “Your dinner’s ready. Go shower first. You’ll feel better.”

The hot water provided temporary relief for muscles knotted from hunching over keyboards and smartphones. But his mind refused the same cleansing, drifting instead to reckless creampies and potential pregnancy.

The doorbell’s unexpected chime cut through the house just as Tom finished dressing. He glanced at his watch. 8:15 PM, not exactly neighborly calling hours. A flicker of irritation passed through him as he descended the stairs.

Bob stood in their entryway, renovation plans clutched in his hand.

“Evening,” Bob rumbled, nodding toward Tom when he opened the door. “Got that list worked up. Thought we could go over it while it’s fresh.”

“Come on up,” Tom offered, stepping aside to let the older man pass.

Bob’s heavy footsteps followed Tom up the stairs. In the kitchen, Jess was bent over the dishwasher, yoga pants leaving exactly nothing to the imagination. The top rode up just enough to show a strip of tanned skin above her waistband.

She straightened when they entered, and Tom watched Bob’s eyes track the movement, though his expression remained professionally neutral.

“Didn’t mean to interrupt your evening,” Bob said.

“Not at all,” Jess replied, her voice carrying that warmth she reserved for people she wanted to impress. “Can I get you something to drink? Water? Beer?”

“Water’s fine,” Bob answered, settling onto one of the barstools, spreading his papers across the granite countertop. The pages were filled with neat handwriting, diagrams sketched with unexpected artistry, and columns of numbers that promised salvation for their home improvement dreams.

“Broken down by priority and cost savings,” he explained, thick index finger trailing down the columns. “Starting with that shower faucet that’s been driving you crazy.”

Jess handed Bob a glass of ice water before leaning in to study the plans. Tom watched how her blonde hair fell forward, how she tucked it behind her ear.

For the next half hour, Bob laid out his renovation strategy. Every suggestion was backed by decades of hands-on experience, every cost reduction explained through references to “connections” that seemed to materialize from thin air.

“Got a guy in South Austin. Imports direct from Italy. Owes me for fixing a mess another contractor left him with.” Bob’s expression remained neutral, but something

in his tone suggested these weren't simple business relationships but debts of honor, obligations that ran deeper than money.

"That would be amazing," Jess breathed. Her eyes had taken on that gleam Tom recognized from when she was working on her design projects, the look of a creative mind seeing possibilities unfold. But something twisted in Tom's gut watching her enthusiasm, a confusing mix of gratitude for Bob's help but also discomfort at how easily the older man had captured her attention, how naturally he'd inserted himself into their home. Had it only been three days since Bob moved in?

"Question is," Bob continued, leaning back slightly, "how you want to handle access? Some of these jobs take time. Might need to be here when you're not."

"Weekends," Tom said, perhaps too quickly. The thought of Bob moving through their home while they were at work made him uncomfortable. "We'll start there."

Bob nodded, gathering his papers with those thick fingers. "Your call. Just means a longer timeline." He checked his watch. "Getting late. Should let you folks get some rest."

As they walked Bob to the door, he paused at the entrance to the garage. His head tilted slightly. "Your garage door's making some noise. Heard it earlier today. Mind if I take a look while I'm here?"

Without waiting for an answer, Bob moved toward the garage door with that confident stride of a man who'd never been told no. Tom and Jess exchanged glances before following him.

Ten minutes later, the door raised and lowered in near silence, the previous grinding and squeaking having vanished like they'd never existed. Bob's hands were streaked with grease as he wiped them on a shop rag he'd pulled from his back pocket.

"There you go," he announced. "Should last another few years now."

The ease with which he fixed things that had frustrated Tom for months was both impressive and somehow emasculating. It was a reminder of practical competence that corporate success couldn't replace.

"You're amazing," Jess exclaimed, genuine appreciation lighting her features. "How much do we owe you?"

Bob waved off her question. "Good landlords and tenants look out for each other."

After Bob left, Tom finally sat down to the dinner Jess had kept warm. He devoured the roast chicken, his body catching up to the fact that he'd barely eaten all day. Jess

watched him from across the island, sipping her water, pleased to see him enjoy her cooking despite the late hour.

"This is incredible," he managed between bites. "Sorry I missed it fresh."

"At least you're eating it," she replied.

When his plate was clean, Tom retreated to his laptop at the dining table while Jess curled up on the couch to watch the latest episode of her favorite show.

Jess tried to focus on her show, but her mind kept drifting. The weekend had been passionate, connected, almost like their early days together. They'd rediscovered each other, remembered what had drawn them together in the first place.

Yet here they were, Monday night, and the magic was already fading. Tom buried in work, her watching TV alone, the distance between them growing with each passing hour. The status quo reasserted itself.

When her eyes grew heavy, she moved to where Tom sat, still typing, and pressed a kiss to the top of his head.

"Don't stay up too late," she murmured.

He caught her hand, squeezed it briefly. "Just need to finish this section. I'll be done soon."

They both knew it was likely a lie.

In bed, Jess stared at the ceiling, listening to the faint sounds of Tom working. She drifted off to sleep alone, wondering how something that had felt so promising could slip away so quickly.

The next morning, Jess settled into her home office chair, bare feet tucked beneath her as she opened her laptop. The silk robe she wore was pure indulgence, but working from home had its perks.

Her phone buzzed with a text from Tom: "Missing my sexy wife. These meetings are torture."

She smiled, fingers dancing across the screen: "Poor baby. Focus on work, Mr. Marshall. I'll reward you properly when you get home."

"Promise?"

"If you're home at a decent hour this time."

She hesitated, then softened. "I miss you."

"I miss you too."

From downstairs came the muffled sound of Bob working on something. The knowledge of his presence below added an odd tension to her morning routine. She found herself moving more quietly, hyperaware of every sound she made, every creak of the floorboards beneath her feet.

Her laptop chimed with a new email from Chris Webb about the Skyline project. She forced her mind back to work, pulling up the design files she'd been refining. The penthouse layouts demanded her full attention, each detail crucial for their wealthy clients.

The morning slipped away in CAD files and client emails. Around noon, restlessness crept in. After a quick lunch, she abandoned her desk for the balcony, seeking fresh air. The Texas sun beat down mercilessly, but the slight breeze made it bearable.

The sight below stopped her. Bob was in the backyard, his tank top dark with sweat as he worked on their ancient sprinkler system.

"Afternoon," Bob called up, noticing her presence. "Sprinklers needed attention. Previous owners let them go too long."

"We didn't even know they were broken," Jess admitted, leaning against the railing.

"Most folks don't, till it's too late." Bob straightened, wiping sweat from his brow. "While I'm at it, thinking about that kitchen backsplash. Got some samples coming Thursday. Natural stone, high-end stuff."

"That's... wow, thank you." The renovation plans thrilled and unsettled her simultaneously. "You really don't have to do all this."

"Like keeping busy," Bob shrugged. "Besides, this place deserves proper care."

The afternoon crawled until mercifully, she finally justified ending work early. She slipped into a white sundress and heeled boots, then checked the mirror. The woman staring back seemed different somehow, more alive. Maybe it was the weekend's passion or maybe it was the possibility of new life growing inside her.

"Going shopping with Madi," she texted Tom.

Tom's message appeared quickly: "Sounds good. You're amazing. Love you."

"Love you too, workaholic. Don't stay too late."

Madi stood outside their favorite boutique, wearing a black dress that probably cost more than most people's monthly rent, her energy crackling like electricity. The

moment she spotted Jess, her face lit up with that smile that promised juicy conversation.

"There she is!" Madi pulled Jess into a tight hug. Pulling back, she studied Jess' face with the intensity of someone who'd known her through breakups, makeups, and everything in between. Madi's eyes narrowed. "You're practically glowing!"

Inside, surrounded by racks of designer clothes, the interrogation began. "Okay, spill everything." Madi demanded. "And I mean everything. You've been holding out on me."

"Let me try these on first," Jess deflected, gathering an armful of dresses. "It was... an interesting weekend."

In the fitting room, Jess stripped down to her underwear while Madi settled into the plush waiting chair outside. "So remember how I told you things had gotten pretty bad?" Jess asked through the curtain. "Tom was always working late and we barely touched each other? Well, everything changed this weekend."

Jess emerged from behind the curtain in a tight navy-blue dress. "God, you were so right about sending those pictures. Tom couldn't keep his hands off me. We didn't even make it to the bedroom."

"Now we're getting somewhere," Madi leaned forward, elbows on knees. "Details. All of them."

"Well," Jess disappeared behind the curtain again, her voice carrying a mix of embarrassment and pride, "let's just say the kitchen counter will never be the same."

"That good, huh?" Madi handed another dress over. "Is that all?"

Jess slipped into the purple dress, adjusting it. "Remember our new tenant moved in Saturday? Bob?"

"Yeah. The older guy? The divorced contractor?" Madi's voice carried equal parts intrigue and concern.

"That's him." Jess turned to examine herself in the mirror. "We were all hanging out by the pool on Saturday... and Tom suggested taking photos of me. Things got... interesting."

As Jess detailed the photoshoot, Madi's expression shifted from surprise to intrigue. The dress was nice but Madi was already reaching for another hanger.

"Holy shit," Madi breathed. "That's hot. Like, actually hot. How'd that make you feel?"

Back behind the curtain, Jess wiggled into a black dress. "Terrified? Confused? Excited?"

"And then what happened?"

Jess came out and looked at the mirror. "Bob made us dinner. These amazing steaks. And..."

"And?" Madi practically vibrated with anticipation.

"Tom couldn't keep his hands off me." Jess blushed at the memory. "And... we didn't use protection."

"Jessica fucking Marshall!" Madi's shriek earned them curious looks from nearby shoppers. She lowered her voice. "You mean you might be..."

"Maybe? It's too soon to tell. But we did it again the next day. No protection again." Jess disappeared behind the curtain again. "It felt right, you know? Like everything aligned."

"This is huge!"

"Oh my god, wait until you hear about dinner," Jess gushed. "Sunday night we went to Vincenzo's. I wore that pale pink lingerie set Tom gave me for our anniversary. The really expensive La Perla one? But after we finished, while we were waiting for the check… I… God, this is so unlike me..."

"What did you do?" Madi leaned forward eagerly.

"I took my panties off in the bathroom," Jess confessed in a rush. "Then I put them in Tom's hand under the table."

"You didn't!" Madi's delighted laugh filled the fitting room. "Jessica Marshall, you absolute minx! What did he do?"

"Nearly choked on his wine," Jess giggled. "You should have seen his face. I've never seen him want to leave somewhere so fast."

"I bet! Please tell me you fucked in the car..."

"No! We actually made it home. But barely. The whole drive, his hand kept sliding up my thigh... the dress didn't stay on very long once we got inside."

"Details! I need details!"

Jess bit her lip, remembering. "Hmm… let's just say the headboard might need reinforcing."

Madi's smile was wicked. "Sounds like someone's marriage just got a serious spark rekindled."

"God, Madi, he was so different. More... primal? The way he looked at me, touched me... it's like he couldn't get enough." Jess's smile faltered slightly. "Of course, then yesterday he came home late again. After all that connection over the weekend, he still got stuck at work."

"Typical," Madi rolled her eyes. "Men always revert to form."

"It's not entirely his fault," Jess sighed. "This project is huge for his career."

"Wait, back up." Madi said, changing the subject. "Tom got turned on from Bob watching you pose?"

"Not just that. Remember how I told you about Brandon at the gym?"

"My Brandon? Mr. nine inches of pure pleasure Brandon?"

"Madi!" Jess laughed. "Yes, that Brandon. When I told Tom about him flirting with me... let's just say it had an effect."

Their laughter filled the fitting room, the kind of joy only possible between friends who'd seen each other through everything.

"He's discovering his kinky side," Madi grinned. "And Bob? How does he act around you now?"

"Professional. Like nothing happened." Jess stepped out in a crimson dress. "This one?"

"Stunning," Madi declared. "But back to Bob. Does he make you uncomfortable?"

"No," Jess admitted, studying her reflection. "He's just... intense. He's already fixing things around the house. He's planning all these renovations, offering amazing discounts through his 'connections'..."

"How convenient," Madi observed.

Their conversation paused as Jess spotted it, an emerald green dress that seemed to glow under the boutique's lighting.

"Oh my god," Madi breathed. "That's the one. That's absolutely the one."

Jess slipped the dress over her head. When she emerged, Madi's sharp intake of breath confirmed what the mirror showed. The dress was perfect.

"Tom won't know what hit him," Madi declared. "And speaking of hitting... turn around." She whistled when Jess complied. "Girl, your ass looks incredible."

Jess studied her reflection. The dress made her feel powerful, sexy, like the model she used to be. “You don’t think it’s too much?”

“There’s no such thing as too much when you look like that,” Madi insisted. “Besides, with everything you told me about this weekend...”

The price tag made Jess wince, but as she changed back into her clothes, she knew she’d regret leaving without it. Some dresses weren’t just clothes, they were weapons of mass distraction.

At the register, Madi grinned. “I can’t wait to hear about Tom’s face when he sees you in that. Hell, I can’t wait to hear about everyone’s faces at the party.”

They moved to the café next door, shopping bag in hand, settling into a quiet corner. “Oh god, I almost forgot to tell you about Sunday morning,” Jess whispered, leaning forward. She described how she’d woken Tom, her voice dropping even lower. “I just couldn’t resist him lying there all vulnerable...”

“Damn girl!” Madi grinned. “Look who’s embracing her inner vixen!” She wrapped her hands around her cappuccino. “Okay, let me get this straight,” she began. “First you send your workaholic husband some naughty office pictures that get him so worked up he fucks you senseless. Then Mr. nice inches himself eye fucks you at the gym, you tell hubby about it, and the next thing you know, you’re doing a swimsuit photo shoot for your new tenant? Which apparently unleashes your husband’s inner caveman so hard he fills you up raw?”

“When you put it that way...” Jess fidgeted with her coffee cup.

“Oh honey, I’m just getting started,” Madi’s eyes sparkled with mischief. “And then, because apparently that wasn’t enough, you wake him up with that talented mouth of yours and then at night you pull that panty stunt, which by the way, I’m incredibly proud of, and then he breeds you again! Now there might be a baby Marshall in the works?” She took a sip of her cappuccino. “Girl, who are you and what have you done with my best friend?”

“It sounds crazy when you list it all out like that.”

“Oh honey, it is crazy. The good kind.” Madi’s grin turned wicked. “Speaking of crazy good... Brandon was over last night.”

“Again?” Jess raised an eyebrow.

Madi smiled. “My thighs are still trembling. That man knows exactly what he’s doing.”

“Madi!” Jess glanced around, but their corner was private enough.

"What? Like you haven't wondered." Madi leaned closer. "He wonders about you too, you know. Talks about you sometimes..."

"Stop it," Jess protested, but her voice lacked conviction.

"Actually," Madi continued, "he told me all about your little gym encounter. Said you looked, and I quote, 'absolutely fucking edible.' Had me bent over not twenty minutes later, describing exactly what he'd do to you."

"Oh god," Jess groaned, remembering how Brandon's eyes had practically undressed her. "He's impossible."

"You know, he's been obsessed with you since the day he met you?"

Jess nearly choked on her coffee. "What? No he hasn't."

"Oh please. The way he looks at you? The constant flirting? He always jokes that pushing Tom towards you at that party was his biggest mistake. Says he should have saved you for himself."

Jess rolled her eyes, though a faint blush colored her cheeks. "I know, he always tells me that. And I always thank him for introducing me to my husband."

"Yeah, well, the way he looks at you? Trust me, if you weren't married..."

"Can we please change the subject?"

"Fine, fine." Madi raised her hands in surrender though her smile remained. "You know, sometimes I think moving to Austin was the best decision we ever made. Remember how scared we were? You and Tom following his job, me following you because I couldn't stand the thought of losing my best friend..."

"God, those first few months were terrifying," Jess agreed. "If Brandon hadn't already been here, showing Tom around, convincing him Austin was perfect..."

"Now look at us. You're killing it with your design career, I've got my event planning business, the boys are successful..." Madi paused. "But I miss having more friends around sometimes. Don't get me wrong, I love our Austin crew, but it's not the same as growing up with people."

"I know what you mean. All our closest friends are back home..."

"Speaking of," Madi brightened. "We haven't all done anything together in forever. We should plan something! Double date maybe?"

"With you and Brandon?" Jess laughed. "That's asking for trouble."

"Why? Because Brandon can't keep his eyes off you? Because Tom gets all possessive when Brandon flirts?" Madi smiled. "After what you just told me about this weekend, aren't you curious about how Tom would react?"

"It's not... I mean..." Jess stumbled over her words.

"No? Then why are you blushing?" Madi squeezed her hand. "I'm not suggesting anything wild. Just dinner, drinks, dancing. Like old times, before everyone got so busy."

"I'll think about it," she promised.

"That's my girl." Madi sat back, satisfied, victory written in her face.

When she got home, Jess hung the dress in their walk-in closet. She'd splurged, yes, but after this weekend's passion, after everything shifting between them, it felt right. Besides, Tom's promotion would soon make these kinds of purchases easier.

7:30 PM arrived with the sound of Tom's key in the lock. Something in his footsteps, heavier than usual, made Jess's hand pause as she stirred the sauce. When he appeared in the kitchen doorway, his suit wrinkled and tie loosened, she knew immediately. Whatever was coming, she wouldn't like it.

"Hey beautiful," he said, but his smile didn't quite reach his eyes.

"Rough day?" Jess kept her voice light, buying time before whatever bomb he was about to drop.

Tom's briefcase hit the floor with a soft thud. He loosened his tie further, like it was choking him. "Davis called me in this afternoon. The Meridian implementation... there are problems. Critical ones."

Jess's wooden spoon scraped the bottom of the pot. "How critical?"

"They need someone on-site in San Diego. Tomorrow morning." The words landed between them like stones in still water, ripples of implications spreading outward. "I'll be back Saturday morning."

The sauce bubbled. "Tomorrow morning," Jess repeated, her voice carefully neutral. "As in, you're missing the party Friday night."

"The flight's already booked," Tom said, running a hand through his hair. "Davis made the arrangements himself. This is huge, Jess. If I can fix this, the promotion's practically guaranteed."

The wooden spoon clattered against the stovetop as Jess set it down. She gripped the counter's edge. "When were you planning to tell me? Or did you think I wouldn't notice you were gone?"

"I'm telling you now," Tom replied, a defensive edge creeping into his voice.

"And you couldn't text? Call?" Jess turned to face him fully. "I was shopping with Madi, picking out..." She stopped herself, the dress hanging in their closet now feeling like a joke at her expense. "Never mind."

Tom stepped closer, reaching for her, but Jess moved away. The movement was subtle but devastating. "Babe, you know how important this is. After the crypto thing, we need this promotion. The extra income, the stability..." His hand gestured vaguely toward her stomach.

Low blow, Jess thought, her hand unconsciously moving to her flat belly. Using their dreams of starting a family to justify another broken promise. But wasn't that exactly what he'd been doing all along? Working late, missing events, always with the excuse about their future?

"What time's your flight?" she asked instead of voicing her thoughts.

"6 AM," Tom replied, relief evident in his voice as she shifted to practical matters. "I need to leave here by 4:30."

"I'll drive you," Jess said, turning back to the stove. The sauce had started to stick to the bottom of the pot, burning slightly.

"You don't have to-"

"I said I'll drive you." Her tone left no room for argument.

Tom hovered uncertainly before moving to the fridge, probably searching for a beer.

"You should eat," Jess said, her voice softer now. "Then we need to pack."

Tom's arms slid around her waist from behind, his chest pressing against her back. "I'm sorry," he murmured against her hair. "I know this isn't what we planned."

Jess didn't lean back against him but remembered how different his touch had felt this weekend, how desperate and demanding he'd been, like a man starving for her. Now his embrace felt like an apology, and she was tired of accepting those.

"The pasta's ready," she said, pulling away. "I'll go get your suitcase while you eat."

In their walk-in closet, Jess selected shirts and slacks while Tom ate alone in the kitchen. The dress watched her like an accusation, its perfect drape now useless. She fought the urge to stuff it in the back of the closet, to hide this evidence of her naivety.

Her fingers moved across Tom's clothes, selecting pieces with careful consideration despite her hurt. The blue shirt that brought out his eyes. The gray slacks fit him perfectly. Even now, hurt and disappointed, she couldn't help but take care of him.

A text from Madi lit up her phone: "Did you show him the dress yet???"

Jess stared at the message, throat tight. How could she explain that within mere hours, everything had shifted again, that the weekend's passion already felt like a fading dream? She left the text unanswered and focused on packing.

The suitcase lay open on their bed as Jess folded another shirt. The sound of Tom eating drifted from the kitchen, fork against plate, ice clicking in his glass. Such ordinary sounds for such an extraordinary disappointment.

Minutes later, Tom appeared in the doorway, plate in hand. "I can do that."

"Almost done," Jess replied, not looking up. "Did you check your email for the flight details?"

"Yeah, everything's confirmed." He set his plate on the dresser, moved closer. "Babe, talk to me. I know you're upset."

Jess continued folding. "I'm not upset. I understand. The project needs you. The promotion's important."

"But?"

"But nothing." She zipped the suitcase with more force than necessary. "We both know how this works. Something comes up, plans change, life goes on. I'm used to it."

"That's not fair," Tom protested, but his voice carried a hint of guilt. "This isn't just another late night at the office. This is different."

"Is it?" Jess finally turned to face him. "Because from where I'm standing, it looks exactly the same. You making decisions that affect us both without even a phone call. Me rearranging my life to accommodate your career. Again."

"After this weekend, after everything..." Tom ran his hand through his hair in frustration. "I thought you understood how important this is for our future."

"I do understand. That's the problem." Jess moved past him toward the bathroom. "I always understand. I'm the understanding wife who stays home while you chase promotions. Who smiles and says it's fine when you miss events."

The bathroom counter became her new fortress as she began her nighttime routine.

Tom leaned against the doorframe. “You know that’s not true. Babe, this promotion means everything. Better pay, more stability. We could start our family sooner...”

“Don’t.” Jess’s hand tightened around her moisturizer. “Don’t use our future baby to justify this. Not when I might already be...” She couldn’t finish the sentence, couldn’t voice the possibility that had seemed so exciting just hours ago. “I need to shower,” Jess said finally. “Early morning tomorrow.”

Tom hesitated, clearly wanting to say more, to fix this somehow. But what could he say? The flight was booked. The decision made.

“I’ll set the alarm,” he said finally.

Under the hot water, Jess let tears mix with the water, the invisible evidence of her disappointment washing down the drain. She pressed her forehead against the cool tile, allowing herself this private moment of weakness.

She thought about the dress, about Madi’s excitement, her own excitement. The Skyline launch wasn’t just another corporate event. It was her moment, the public unveiling of the project that could cement her reputation in the company. Chris Webb would be there with his investors. Margaret had already hinted that several other potential clients were attending specifically to meet the designers.

How many mind-numbing company dinners had she attended, smiling through Tom’s colleagues’ boring stories? How many times had she rearranged her schedule for his work events, nodding politely while corporate wives discussed recipes and vacation homes? She’d worn uncomfortable heels and laughed at unfunny jokes, all to support his career. And now, when she finally had something worth celebrating, something that was entirely hers, he was flying to San Diego.

When she slipped into bed, she maintained careful distance between their bodies. The same bed where they’d made love so passionately just two nights ago now felt vast and cold.

“Goodnight,” Tom murmured into the darkness.

“Goodnight,” Jess replied, staring at the ceiling.

The alarm hadn’t gone off yet when Jess opened her eyes. 4:00 AM glowed red on the bedside clock. She’d barely slept while Tom’s breathing remained deep and even beside her. She slipped from beneath the covers, careful not to wake him for these last precious minutes of rest.

The hardwood was cold beneath her bare feet as she padded to the bathroom. In the mirror, she splashed cold water on her face, the shock helping to ground her in this surreal hour where night bled into morning.

The kitchen felt foreign in pre-dawn darkness. Jess moved through familiar motions, measuring coffee, cracking eggs, buttering toast. The coffee maker's gentle gurgle filled the silence.

She was plating eggs when Tom appeared, suit jacket draped over his arm. He looked polished and professional, every inch the rising star consultant. Only the shadows under his eyes showed any hint of their tension.

"You didn't have to cook," he said softly.

Jess kept her eyes on the plates. "You need to eat before the flight."

They settled at the kitchen island, the granite cold beneath her forearms. Tom's fork scraped against ceramic. Neither spoke. The silence felt heavy with all the things they weren't saying, with the ghost of their weekend's passion, with the reality of his imminent departure.

"The big meeting's at ten," Tom said finally. "I should be done by four their time, if you want to FaceTime..."

"I have client meetings," Jess replied.

More silence. More coffee growing cold. More pretending this was just another morning, just another business trip, just another necessary sacrifice for their future.

"We should go soon," Jess said, glancing at the clock. "Traffic might be bad."

Tom nodded, standing to rinse his mostly full plate. The sound of running water seemed obscenely loud in their quiet kitchen. Jess watched his back, remembering the scratches she'd left there during their passionate reunion. Now the marks were hidden beneath crisp cotton and silk tie, like their weekend never happened.

The suitcase waited by the door. Tom grabbed it while Jess collected her keys and phone. The pre-dawn air hit them as they stepped outside, carrying the promise of another scorching Austin day. But for now, everything was shadow and silence.

Movement caught Jess's eye. Bob's kitchen light was on, his broad silhouette visible through the blinds as he moved around his space.

They drove through empty streets, traffic lights cycling for phantom cars. Tom's hand rested on the center console, palm up in silent invitation, but Jess kept both hands firmly on the steering wheel.

“I really am sorry,” Tom said as they merged onto the highway. “About the party, about everything.”

Jess kept her eyes forward. “I know.”

“When I get back Sat-”

“Let’s just focus on getting you to the airport,” Jess cut him off.

The airport approached too quickly. Jess pulled into short-term parking rather than the departure drop-off. Some masochistic part of her needed to see this through properly, to walk him to security like a dutiful wife should.

Tom’s hand found the small of her back as they walked through sliding doors into fluorescent brightness. Jess allowed it, even as her spine remained rigid beneath his palm.

The check-in counter was nearly empty. They stood in silence as Tom’s bag disappeared down the conveyor belt. All around them, other travelers moved with purpose, business people clutching briefcases, families corralling sleepy children, couples sharing early morning kisses goodbye. Jess felt disconnected from all of it, like she was watching a movie about someone else’s life.

“Security’s not too bad,” Tom observed, gesturing at the short line. “I should probably...”

“Yeah,” Jess agreed quickly. “You don’t want to miss your flight.”

Tom turned to face her fully, his hands finding her shoulders. “I love you,” he said softly. “You know that, right?”

Jess nodded, not trusting her voice.

“I’ll call when I land,” he promised.

“Okay.”

He hesitated, clearly wanting more, a real kiss, a proper goodbye, some acknowledgment of their connection. But Jess remained still, arms crossed over her chest. Finally, Tom pressed a quick kiss to her forehead and stepped back.

“Drive safe,” he said.

Jess watched him join the security line. He turned back once, raising his hand in farewell. She managed a small wave before turning away, her composure finally cracking.

She made it halfway to the parking garage before the tears started.

The Tesla's interior still held Tom's scent, his cologne mixing with the leather seats. Jess sat in the parking garage, hands gripping the steering wheel as tears blurred her vision.

Her phone buzzed: "Made it through security. Love you."

The screen blurred as fresh tears fell. She didn't reply. What could she say? That she missed him already? That she might be carrying their child while he chased promotions across the country?

The sun was rising by the time she pulled into their driveway. The house looked different somehow, as if Tom's absence had already changed its character.

Inside, their bedroom still held evidence of their morning rush. The sheets were tangled, her pajamas discarded on the floor. Tom's side of the bed remained slightly indented. Jess stripped the sheets.

She was loading the washer when she heard muffled sounds in Bob's apartment. The sound made her intensely aware of her state, wearing only Tom's t-shirt, legs bare, eyes probably red from crying. She exited the room and closed the door quietly, not wanting him to know she was there.

Back in their bedroom, Jess stood in front of the closet mirror. The emerald green dress caught her eye, still hanging where she'd placed it yesterday. She touched the fabric, remembering her excitement while shopping with Madi. Such a stupid, naive purchase. When would she even wear it now? The office party was Friday, but without Tom there...

Her phone buzzed again: "Boarding soon. Gate's packed. Wish you were here."

She replied: "Have a safe flight."

Simple. Practical. Nothing about how their bed felt too big or how the house seemed to echo with his absence. Nothing about the possibility growing inside her or the way their passionate weekend already felt like a fading dream.

The Bad Tenant Ch. 04

Jess lay across the couch, bare feet propped on the armrest as the TV droned on in the background. The clock on the wall ticked away, each second stretching into eternity. 7:07 PM in Texas. 5:07 PM in California. Tom would still be trapped in meetings for at least another hour, probably more.

She thumbed through her phone, scanning their most recent text exchange:

Tom: “This project is a mess. I miss you.”

Jess: “Miss you too. How’s the hotel?”

Tom: “Decent. Room service sucks though.

Jess: “Want me to FedEx you some real food?”

Tom: “God I wish. I’d give anything to be home with you right now.”

Jess: “Even your promotion?”

Tom: “Ouch.”

Jess: “Sorry. That wasn’t fair.”

Tom: “No, you’re right. I’m so sorry about missing your party. I’ll make it up to you, I swear.”

Jess: “I know. Go save the day.”

She tossed the phone aside, frustration bubbling beneath her skin. She should work on the Skyline designs, but motivation eluded her. Instead, her mind drifted to Friday’s party, to the emerald dress hanging in their closet, to the career milestone she’d be celebrating alone.

The resentment simmered fresh in her chest, refusing to dull. Jess still hadn’t fully forgiven Tom for dropping the San Diego work crisis on her with no notice, right after she’d come home glowing from dress shopping, ready to show him the emerald green knockout she’d splurged on.

She’d spent weeks looking forward to celebrating together, picturing him beaming at her at the Skyline party. Instead, all that anticipation had soured into an empty house and a calendar marked by his absence. She knew the promotion was important. She knew their future depended on it. But knowledge didn’t blunt the sting of feeling like an afterthought, again.

Her phone buzzed. Madi’s name flashed on the screen.

Madi: “I need DETAILS. How’d Tom lose his shit over that dress? I bet he couldn’t keep his hands off you!”

Jess’s fingers hovered over the keys. She didn’t want to deal with Madi’s reaction, but lying felt worse.

Jess: “He’s in San Diego. Some work emergency. He won’t be back till Saturday.”

The response was instantaneous:

Madi: “WHAT THE ACTUAL FUCK?”

Madi: “Please tell me you’re joking.”

Madi: “He’s seriously missing your party? For work???”

Jess: “It’s a big deal. This project could mean his promotion.”

Madi: “This is YOUR moment. He should be here supporting you.”

Madi: “I swear to god, I’m going to text that workaholic husband of yours and give him a piece of my mind.”

Jess sat up straighter, panic flaring.

Jess: “Madi don’t. Please. He already feels terrible about it.”

Madi: “He SHOULD feel terrible. This is fucked up, Jess.”

Jess: “I know. But it’s complicated. Just leave it alone, okay?”

There was a long pause before Madi replied:

Madi: “Fine. But only because you asked. You’re still wearing that dress to the party right?”

Jess glanced toward the bedroom.

Jess: “I don’t know. Maybe I’ll wear that black sheath dress? New one feels too fancy without Tom.”

Madi: “Don’t you dare. You are wearing that dress.”

Jess: “I don’t know.”

Madi: “Jessica Marshall. You are wearing that dress if I have to come over there and put you into it myself. Tom’s absence does NOT diminish your accomplishment. You’re going to that party, you’re going to look smoking hot, and you’re going to network your ass off. Got it?”

Despite herself, Jess smiled. Madi's fierce loyalty was both touching and slightly terrifying.

Jess: "Okay. You win. I'll wear the dress."

Madi: "Damn straight. Now tell me you're not just moping around the house."

Jess glanced guiltily at the TV.

Jess: "I might be."

Madi: "Go for a run or something. Get those endorphins flowing. You can't just sit there feeling sorry for yourself."

Jess: "You're right."

Madi: "Good. Do something other than stare at your phone. Love you!"

"Love you too," Jess typed back, then tossed her phone aside.

With a groan, she hauled herself off the couch. Staying still was driving her crazy. She moved to the kitchen, opening cabinets, reorganizing spices that didn't need reorganizing. Anything to keep her hands busy, to quiet the restless energy thrumming through her veins.

Her mind again drifted to the Skyline project she'd poured her heart and soul into. She remembered the way Chris Webb's eyes had lit up when she'd unveiled the designs.

This was her moment, dammit. She'd earned it, but now, at the moment of her triumph, she'd be attending alone. No Tom to squeeze her hand reassuringly. No Tom to charm the investors with his easy smile and quick wit. No Tom to celebrate with afterward, to peel that gorgeous emerald green dress off her body and make her feel like the most desirable woman in the world.

She slammed a cabinet door harder than necessary, the sound echoing through the empty house.

She took a deep breath. Madi was right. As much as Tom's absence hurt, it did not diminish her accomplishment. She was more than just Tom Marshall's wife. She was Jessica Marshall, up-and-coming interior designer.

With renewed determination, she marched to the bedroom. The dress beckoned, its fabric shimmering under the soft lighting in the closet. She ran her fingers over the material.

She was going to wear this dress, and she was going to own that party. Let them see her confidence, her talent, her undeniable presence. Let them remember her name.

Her phone buzzed again. She expected another text from Madi, but Tom's name flashed on the screen instead.

Tom: "You free to talk?"

Jess stared at the screen. She wanted to deny him, to flip her phone over and let him wonder, let him stew in silence. But her body betrayed her. Her heart leapt at his name, her skin prickled with that raw, stupid longing. She needed to hear his voice.

Jess: "Yeah. Call me."

Seconds later, her phone rang. She answered on the second ring.

"Hey," Tom's voice was warm, if slightly hesitant.

"Hi," Jess replied, settling onto the bed. "Long day?"

Tom groaned. "You have no idea. This whole system is held together with duct tape and prayer. I swear, every time we fix one thing, three more problems pop up."

"Sounds rough," Jess said, trying to keep the edge out of her voice. She didn't want to hear about his work troubles. Not when those same troubles were keeping him from her.

"Yeah, it's... wait. Are you doing okay?"

Jess sighed. Even hundreds of miles away, he could read her too well. "I'm fine. Just... lonely, I guess. The house feels big without you here." She paused. "And I'm nervous about Friday."

"I know, baby. I'm so sorry. I hate this. I should be there with you."

"You should," Jess agreed, unable to keep the bitterness from seeping into her tone.

Tom was quiet for a brief moment. When he spoke again, his voice was heavy with regret. "I know. Believe me, I know. I've been beating myself up about it all day. You deserve better than this."

"I'm not trying to make you feel guilty," Jess said, though part of her was glad he understood what he was missing. "I just... I wish you were here."

"Me too," Tom replied softly. "Guess who texted me."

Jess's brow furrowed. "Who?"

"Madi. I swear, that woman's a bloodhound when she's on a mission."

Jess couldn't help but snort. "Oh God, what did she say?"

Tom grinned, voice warming. “Just the classics. ‘Don’t you dare let Jess down. She’s got this big moment Friday and she deserves someone cheering her on.’ Stuff like that. She said I should send flowers, or better yet, fly back for the party.”

Jess chuckled softly. “I told her not to text you.”

“It wasn’t that bad. Hell, for Madi, I got off easy. She didn’t even threaten to drop spiders in my bed or superglue my car doors shut.”

Jess smiled. “That was probably her toned down version. You should’ve seen the earlier texts she sent me. She was ready to storm into your office and drag you home.”

“Oh, I don’t doubt it. I’m just glad she didn’t go full scorched earth.”

Jess shook her head, letting her grin steal the heaviness from her mood. “I swear, she’s more invested in our marriage than we are.”

“She’s just protective of you.” Tom softened toward her laugh. “Can’t say I blame her.”

“She means well,” Jess said. “I’ll admit, though, her outrage was kind of comforting. She always has my back.”

“I’m glad she does… you deserve that, Jess. People who always have your back. You’ve got her… and me.”

“Thank you, Tom.” Jess let the words rest there. Before she could push further, her thoughts jarred by a knock at the door.

“Someone’s at the door,” Jess said. She glanced at the clock. 7:38 PM. Who would be knocking this late?

“Probably just a delivery or something,” Tom said. “You should get it though. I need to hop in the shower anyway. Early meeting tomorrow.”

Jess nodded. “Okay. Call me tomorrow?”

“First chance I get,” Tom promised. “I love you, Jess. More than anything.”

“I love you too,” she replied.

The call ended, leaving Jess alone once more. The knock came again.

“Coming!” she called out, scrambling off the bed. She gave herself a quick once-over in the mirror. The t-shirt hung to mid-thigh, preserving her modesty. Barely. But it would have to do.

She padded down the stairs, her bare feet silent against the hardwood. The porch light illuminated a broad silhouette through the frosted glass of their front door. She knew that build anywhere. Taking a deep breath, she opened the door.

Bob Caldwell stood in his kitchen nursing a beer while he unpacked the delivery that had arrived that afternoon. The chrome faucets, one for the kitchen and one for the bathroom, represented more than just plumbing fixtures. They were his ticket upstairs. His means of access.

He set his beer down and ran his fingers over the smooth curves of the kitchen faucet. High end shit. Barely cost him anything thanks to his connections, but worth every fucking cent he would have paid retail. The manufacturer owed him a favor after Bob had smoothed over some issues with faulty installations a few years back. Now those favors were paying off in ways Bob could never have imagined.

As he admired the quality, his mind drifted back to Saturday night, to the shadowy figure he'd glimpsed outside his window while pleasuring himself to Jessica Marshall's photos. He'd taken a huge risk, stroking his cock right there in plain view of the window. The silhouette had been unmistakably masculine, too tall and broad shouldered to be Jess. It had to have been Tom.

The next day, Bob had braced for some kind of confrontation. A bang on the door, an awkward conversation, maybe even threats of eviction. But instead, both Tom and Jess acted as if nothing had happened. Not a word, not even a sideways glance. Just complicit, knowing silence. The pieces fit together like a twisted puzzle.

Tom, that spineless fuck, had seen everything and chosen to stay silent. Whether out of fear, shame, or some twisted desire, he'd decided to let it slide. And that silence spoke volumes.

"A fucking cuckold," Bob muttered, nearly laughing. It was the only explanation that made sense. Tom's silent witnessing was tantamount to permission, an acknowledgment of the power dynamic already forming between them.

This changed things. Bob's strategy had initially centered on stealth and manipulation, gradually worming his way into Jess' life through a combination of calculated kindness and strategic home improvements. He'd planned to become indispensable, the reliable handyman always ready with a solution, slowly building trust over time.

But now? He saw a more direct path, a shortcut to his ultimate goal. Tom's perverse desires could be weaponized, used to gain legitimate access to Jess with her husband's

blessing. He could potentially engineer scenarios where Tom would willingly step aside, perhaps even encourage Jess toward Bob's waiting arms.

If he was right about Tom, this game would evolve to something far more interesting, something where Tom would eventually hand over the keys to his kingdom, believing it was his idea all along.

Bob's mind raced with the possibilities this revelation opened up. He'd always known that his most reliable weapon hung between his legs, that magnificent cock that rarely disappointed. It was the kind of equipment that made women's eyes widen in shock before they inevitably became addicted to the fullness. Now Tom Marshall had witnessed exactly what his wife would be up against.

And at this very moment, that wife was up there all alone. Tom's Lexus might be in the driveway, but Bob knew better. He'd seen the man leave with a suitcase before dawn, had watched from behind his blinds as Jess drove him somewhere. Airport, most likely.

Bob's cock stirred at the thought of Jess' gorgeous fucking body, a masterpiece of femininity that deserved to be worshipped. She was the kind of woman men would have started wars over in the old days. A modern-day Helen of Troy, with those endless legs and perky tits that made his mouth water.

Bob sneered, imagining Tom's pathetic attempts to satisfy a woman like Jess. That pretty boy probably fumbled around like a virgin, too afraid to really give it to her the way she needed. Jess deserved a man who could handle her, not some limp dicked corporate drone who probably came in his pants just looking at her. She was a Ferrari being driven by someone who couldn't handle more than a Prius.

Bob had caught Jess looking at him a few times. Nothing in those looks remotely suggested attraction. More like assessment. Wariness, maybe. The way you might look at a strange dog, wondering if it bites. She was polite but there was always that careful distance. The way she'd angle her body slightly away from him during conversations, the way she'd maintain that extra foot of space between them. It was clear she didn't trust him yet, didn't see him as anything more than the old man living downstairs.

This realization tempered Bob's excitement somewhat. As much as he wanted to charge full steam ahead with his new, more aggressive strategy, he knew he needed to tread carefully. The revelation about Tom's voyeuristic tendencies opened up new possibilities, but it didn't change the fundamental fact that Jess was still wary of him. Rushing things now could backfire spectacularly, potentially ruining everything.

No, Bob realized, he needed to stick to his original plan, at least for now. He needed to build trust first, to become a fixture in their lives, to make himself truly

indispensable. The faucets were a good start, a way to show his value, to get his foot in the door. But it would take time and patience to fully ingratiate himself into their world.

This didn't mean he had to be entirely passive, though. While he worked on gaining Jess's trust, he could still find other ways to satisfy his needs. Hidden cameras, for instance. Small, wireless, easy to hide. One for the bedroom, one for the bathroom. Positioned just right, they'd give him everything he wanted. The possibilities were endless. Bob grinned, imagining the hours of footage he'd collect, a front-row seat to Jess's most private moments.

And sometimes, in his own darkest moments, he wondered what would happen if he just took what he wanted and forced himself inside her. She was strong for her size, probably. He'd seen her in those yoga pants, knew she worked out, but he had close to two hundred pounds on her. She wouldn't stand a chance.

But no. Too risky, too messy. He wasn't stupid and he didn't want to spend time inside a prison cell. He'd worked too hard, come too far to throw it all away on one moment of brutal satisfaction. Besides, he was playing a longer game here.

Bob looked at his watch. Just past seven-thirty. Not too late to knock on their door, especially if he had a legitimate reason. He picked up the faucets and their accompanying parts, arranging them carefully in his toolbox.

A minute later, he stood at their front door, knocking firmly.

When Jess opened the door, Bob had to force his expression to remain neutral. She stood there in an oversized t-shirt that barely reached mid thigh, leaving those long, tanned legs exposed. Her blonde hair was slightly mussed, her face free of makeup. Even like this, especially like this, she was absolutely stunning.

"Bob," she said, surprise evident in her voice. Her hand moved instinctively to the hem of the shirt, tugging it down slightly. "Is everything okay?"

"Evening, Jess," he replied, keeping his eyes firmly on her face despite every instinct screaming at him to look lower. "Sorry to bother you so late. Those faucets we talked about finally arrived." He hefted his toolbox slightly. "Thought maybe I could get a head start on installing them. Shouldn't take more than an hour each."

Jess hesitated, one hand still gripping the doorframe. "Oh, I don't know if tonight is-"

"No pressure," Bob said quickly, adopting his most harmless expression. "Just figured since I had the time now... but if it's not convenient, I can come back another day."

He watched the conflict play out across her face. The polite hostess warring with the cautious woman home alone. In the end, politeness won out.

"I guess it would be good to get them installed. Tom's away on a business trip, so it's just me."

Just as he suspected.

"Oh?" Bob feigned surprise. "I saw his car in the driveway."

"He flew to San Diego this morning," Jess explained, stepping back to let him in. "I drove him to the airport. He won't be back until Saturday."

"Ah, that explains it." Bob stepped inside, careful to maintain a respectful distance as he followed her up the stairs. "Business trips can be a real pain. Sarah used to hate when I had to be away for work."

"It's not ideal," Jess agreed. "So, where do you want to start?" Jess asked when they reached the top of the stairs. "Kitchen or bathroom?"

"Might as well tackle the kitchen first. That way, if we run into any issues, you'll still have water for your morning shower."

Jess smiled, and Bob felt a surge of satisfaction. He was good at this, at putting people at ease. It was a skill he'd honed over decades of manipulating clients, ex-wives, and now, unsuspecting landlords.

"Let me just change quickly," Jess said, acutely aware of her state of undress. "Make yourself comfortable in the kitchen. I'll be right back."

Bob watched her move to the bedroom, his eyes fixed on the sway of her hips beneath the thin cotton. The t-shirt rode up slightly as she walked, giving him a tantalizing glimpse of the curve where thigh met ass.

In the kitchen, Bob set down his toolbox and began arranging his tools.

When Jess returned a few minutes later, she'd put on yoga pants. Still hot as hell, but less immediately provocative than before.

"Can I get you something to drink before you start? Water? Beer?" she asked.

"Water's fine," Bob replied. "Don't want to be operating tools after a cold one, you know?"

Jess laughed, a light, musical sound that sent shivers down Bob's spine. His mind drifted to his past as he watched Jess bend over to grab a bottle from the bottom of the fridge. When he'd met Sarah all those years ago, he'd thought he'd hit the goddamn

jackpot. She was blonde, pretty, with a decent body, the kind of girl who turned heads at the local bar. But Jess was on a whole other fucking level.

Where Sarah had been attractive, Jess was breathtaking. It was almost hard to believe a woman like her existed outside of runways and magazine covers, let alone lived a normal life with some pencil pushing husband. Bob had been around a few beautiful women in his day, but he'd never encountered anything close to Jess. She was a rare breed, checking every single box physically while radiating an aura of effortless sensuality. Just being in her presence felt intoxicating, like huffing pure pheromones. Bob knew with absolute certainty that he'd never get another chance at a woman like this. Jess was a once in a lifetime prize and he was determined to claim her by any means necessary.

"Here you go," Jess said, handing him the water. Bob accepted it with a nod of thanks, careful to keep his expression neutral despite the raging hard on hidden beneath his pants.

"Mind if I get started?" he asked, gesturing toward the sink.

"Of course not," Jess replied. "Do you need me to do anything?"

Bob considered for a moment. Having her close would be torture, but it was too tempting to pass up. "Actually, if you could hand me tools as I need them, it'd speed things up quite a bit."

Jess nodded. "Sure thing. Just tell me what you need."

For the next forty-five minutes, Bob worked efficiently, occasionally asking Jess to hand him a wrench or hold a flashlight. He kept up a steady stream of conversation. She responded readily, clearly warming to his friendly demeanor.

"So, what's on the agenda while Tom's away?" he asked, his voice slightly muffled from his position under the sink. "Taking advantage of having the house to yourself?"

Jess leaned against the counter, just visible from his vantage point. "Not really. Mostly work. I have a big company party on Friday night to celebrate a new project. My team designed the penthouse interiors. The client loved our presentation, so the firm's hosting this launch party with potential investors."

"Impressive," Bob said, meaning it. "You must be excited."

"I was more excited when Tom was going to be there," she admitted. "But yes, it's a big deal for my career."

Bob emerged from under the sink, wiping his hands on a rag. "He's missing your big night? That's a shame."

"It couldn't be helped," Jess said quickly. "The project in San Diego is important too. It could mean a promotion."

"Still," Bob said, shaking his head sympathetically. "Must be disappointing."

Jess didn't respond, but her silence spoke volumes. Bob suppressed a smile as he returned to work.

Possible cracks in the marriage. Excellent.

As Bob finished installing the kitchen faucet, he guided Jess through testing it. "Go ahead, turn it on," he instructed. "Let's make sure there are no leaks."

Jess stepped closer, reaching past him to turn the handle.

"Looks good," he said as water flowed smoothly from the new fixture. "No leaks. Want to try the spray function?"

Jess pressed the button, and the water stream changed to a powerful spray. "Oh!" she exclaimed, genuinely pleased. "That's so much better than the old one."

"Quality makes a difference," Bob nodded. "Bathroom next?"

"Sure," she said. "This way."

"Hey, Jess," Bob said as they made their way to the master bathroom. "Quick question for you. That spare room downstairs, what did you folks use it for before I moved in?"

Jess shrugged. "Honestly? Not much. It was mostly just storage. We never really spent time down there. Why do you ask?"

"Just curious," he said casually. "Been thinking about how to make better use of the space. Maybe set up a small workshop or something." He paused, then added with a chuckle, "Though I gotta admit, it's a bit creepy down there at night. Thought I saw a shadow moving outside the window Saturday night. Wondered if maybe one of you come back down to the yard."

Jess' brow furrowed. "That's odd." She paused, then added, "Oh, wait. Tom did go out to the backyard that night after dinner. I asked him to grab the stuff we'd left outside. Maybe that's what you saw?"

"Probably nothing," Bob shrugged. "Just my imagination. Getting old makes you paranoid, I guess."

Inwardly, Bob felt a surge of satisfaction. Jess had just confirmed what he'd already suspected.

In the master bathroom, Bob's excitement intensified. This was their most private space, where Jess showered, where she stood naked before the mirror.

“So, tell me more about this party,” Bob said as he worked beneath the sink.

Jess’ face lit up. “The project is huge, and there’ll be so many important people there. Potential clients, investors...”

Bob wiped sweat from his brow. “You nervous?”

Jess bit her lip. “A little,” she admitted. “I mean, I know my work is good. It’s just... I’ve never had to network like this on my own before. Tom’s always been there, you know? He’s so good at working a room.”

Bob nodded sympathetically. “I get it. But hey, from what I’ve seen of your work downstairs, you’ve got nothing to worry about. You’re talented as hell, Jess. And if you don’t mind me saying, you’re not exactly hard on the eyes either. Those suits won’t know what hit ‘em.”

Jess blushed. “Bob! You’re terrible.”

“Just stating facts,” Bob said with a chuckle. “Now, hand me that wrench, would you?”

As he worked, Bob surveyed the bathroom, mentally noting potential camera locations. His cock throbbed at the thoughts. He shifted, trying to conceal his arousal.

“Everything okay?” Jess asked, noticing his movement.

“Fine,” Bob grunted. “Just trying to get a better angle on this connector.”

The bathroom faucet took a bit longer, but eventually Bob had it installed and functioning. He guided Jess through testing it, standing behind her as she turned the handles.

“Smooth,” she commented, running her fingers under the water stream. “And it matches the fixtures better than the old one.”

“Good eye,” Bob nodded. “Not everyone notices those details.”

“Interior designer,” Jess reminded him with a small smile. “Details are my job.”

As they made their way back to the kitchen, Bob kept the conversation flowing, asking about the challenges of the Skyline project. Jess responded with animation, clearly passionate about her work. This was how he’d gain her trust, by showing genuine interest, by listening, by positioning himself as a safe, supportive presence in her life.

“Well, that should do it,” Bob announced, packing his tools back into his box. “Two new faucets, all installed and functioning.”

“Thank you so much,” Jess said, genuinely grateful. “They look fantastic. How much do we owe you for them?”

Bob waved her off. “My connections, remember? These were practically free.”

“Still,” Jess insisted, “at least let me pay you for your time.”

“Nonsense,” Bob smiled. “That’s what neighbors are for. Besides, gives me something to do besides sitting around watching TV.”

Downstairs, Bob paused, turning to Jess. “Listen, if you need anything while Tom’s away, help around the house, someone to check in, don’t hesitate to knock. I’m right here.”

“I appreciate that,” Jess said politely. “But I’ll be fine.”

“Course you will,” Bob nodded. “But the offer’s there. Goodnight, Jess.”

“Goodnight, Bob. And thanks again for the faucets.”

He glanced toward the main exit, then back at the connecting laundry room. A split-second decision formed in his mind. He needed to establish this route as normal, to make his presence in this part of the house unremarkable.

“Oh, Jess?” he said. “Mind if I cut through the laundry room? Save me a trip around the house.”

Jess hesitated for a moment, her eyes flicking between Bob and the laundry room door. “Sure,” she said finally. “Go ahead. You know the way.”

Bob smiled to himself as he pushed open the laundry room door. His eyes swept the room, and there, in the corner, sat a laundry basket. Full. Bob glanced toward the door leading back to the main house, listening carefully. Jess was back upstairs. He could hear her faint movements.

Moving quickly, Bob rifled through the basket. Mostly Tom’s work shirts, a few towels, some of Jess’ casual clothes. And then, jackpot. A pair of black lace panties. Without hesitation, Bob shoved them into his pocket, his heart racing at the transgression.

Back in his unit, Bob locked the door behind him and leaned against it. He withdrew the stolen panties from his pocket, holding them up to the light. They were even sexier than he’d imagined. Sheer black lace with a tiny bow at the front.

He pressed the panties to his face, inhaling deeply, letting Jess’ scent flood his senses. His nostrils flared as he breathed in again, more urgently this time, desperate to capture every nuance.

Bob then made a beeline to his desk, booting up his laptop. He navigated to a series of specialized forums. Here, in the darker corners of the internet, he could find what

he needed without raising suspicion. Tiny cameras, virtually undetectable, capable of transmitting clear video and audio directly to his devices.

He logged in under his usual username: ShadowWatcher69. The irony wasn't lost on him.

As he scrolled through the latest posts, Bob slipped Jess' panties into his mouth. The flavor exploded across his palate; tangy, slightly salty, with an underlying sweetness that made his head spin. He sucked greedily at the fabric, imagining it was her swollen clit between his lips instead. His cock throbbed as he imagined burying his face between her thighs, tasting her directly from the source.

He opened a bookmarked thread titled: "Best Hidden Cams: Ultimate Guide"

The post was comprehensive, detailing various models, their strengths and weaknesses, optimal placement strategies. He took mental notes, already picturing where each camera would go.

He opened another tab, navigating to a specialized electronics site. He selected his arsenal: a tiny pinhole camera designed to fit into bathroom vents, and a smoke detector with a built-in HD camera, perfect for full coverage of the bed. He added a high-capacity external hard drive to his cart, knowing he'd need ample storage for the treasure trove of footage he'd soon possess.

He imagined the footage he'd collect. Jess in the shower, water dripping down her naked body, soap suds sliding between her breasts and down her flat stomach. Tom's pathetic attempts to satisfy her, his wife's face a mask of fake pleasure. And the holy grail, Jess alone, fingers buried in her cunt, pleasuring herself to fantasies Bob could only imagine.

Bob's finger hovered over the "Confirm Order" button, his cock already throbbing against his zipper. The estimated delivery time made his jaw clench. 3-5 business days. Too fucking long. He slammed his fist against the desk, cursing under his breath. The thought of Jess moving through her home above him unobserved, made him ache with frustration. But that forced patience would make his eventual victory that much sweeter. Soon enough, he'd have eyes and ears in their most intimate spaces. Jessica wouldn't be able to piss without him watching, wouldn't be able to whisper a word without him hearing it.

He confirmed the order and abandoned his desk, stumbling to his bedroom. Unable to contain himself any longer, he stripped completely, tossing his clothes in a heap. He then then sprawled on his bed, fully exposed to the empty room. His cock stood like a solid monument to his obsession, throbbing with every beat of his heart. "Fuck, Jess," he groaned, stroking himself.

He imagined her wearing these exact panties, imagined sliding them down those long legs, imagined burying his face between her thighs. His strokes quickened, the delicate fabric adding an exquisite texture to his self-pleasure.

It didn't take long. With a grunt, Bob came hard, his seed spurting onto the black lace, soaking through it. He continued stroking until he was completely spent, the panties now ruined with his emission.

As his breathing slowed, Bob stared at the ceiling, satisfied. For a moment, he allowed himself to bask in the afterglow, imagining a future where Jess would willingly spread her legs for him and beg for his cock.

But reality began to seep back in. Bob's post-orgasmic haze dissipated quickly. He stared at the cum soaked panties in his hand. "Fuck," he muttered, sitting up. He'd gotten carried away, let his dick do the thinking. Rookie mistake.

He stumbled to the bathroom, panties clutched in his fist like evidence of a crime, which, he supposed, it was. Theft, maybe some kind of sexual offense. He wasn't about to go down for a pair of fucking panties, no matter how intoxicating they were.

The bathroom light made him wince as he flicked the switch. Bob's reflection stared back at him. He stood naked, his thick, barrel chest rising and falling with each breath, the sweat from his earlier exertions glistening across his skin. His broad shoulders, once pure muscle from years of physical labor, now sloped slightly under the weight of time, but still carried hints of the raw power that once defined them. His belly protruded, solid and rounded, no longer the flat plane of his youth but a testament to hearty meals and cold beers accumulated over decades.

Sparse, wiry hairs flecked his chest and trailed downward, merging into the forest of his groin where his thick cock hung heavily, still partially hard. His legs, tree trunks of muscle and fat, stood planted firmly beneath him, calves still defined from years of bracing ladders and hauling weight most men would shy away from.

And deep-set eyes peered out from beneath bushy brows, a predator's gaze in a body past its prime. He looked every bit the dirty old man he'd become, standing there with stolen panties in hand. He sneered at himself. "Pull it together, you fuck."

He turned on the faucet, letting the water run until it was hot. He then began washing the panties, working it between his thick fingers. The lace was so fragile, so unlike the utilitarian cotton his ex-wives had favored.

Once he was satisfied, Bob reached for his hairdryer. He'd bought it on a whim years ago, thinking he'd use it to style what little hair he had left. Now it served a far more clandestine purpose.

The dryer's warm air fluffed the fabric as Bob worked. He couldn't risk leaving even a hint of dampness. Any sign that these panties had been tampered with could bring his entire plan crashing down before it even began.

Finally satisfied that the panties were completely dry, Bob held them up to the light, inspecting his handiwork. They looked pristine, as if they'd never left the laundry basket. He allowed himself a small smile of triumph. Crisis averted.

He put on his robe, cinching it tightly around his broad frame, ensuring he was modestly covered before slipping back into the laundry room.

The door creaked slightly as he eased it open. Bob froze, ears straining for any sign of movement from upstairs. Nothing.

He buried the panties deep within the pile. His fingers lingered on the lace for just a moment, a farewell caress.

As he snuck back to his apartment, Bob's mind was already planning his next move. He'd build his collection, piece by piece, until he had enough of her to satisfy his cravings. And eventually, he'd have everything.

Jessica Marshall was worth waiting for. Worth planning for. Worth obsessing over. And Bob Caldwell was nothing if not patient.

The next morning, Thursday, Jess sat at her desk, fingers flying across the keyboard as she updated budget projections in Excel. The Skyline designs required tracking materials, labor, and contractor fees, all organized in rows and columns.

As she implemented a formula, she smiled, thinking to herself that Tom would likely be doing the exact same thing today.

Her mind drifted back to years ago, when Tom had patiently taught her the basics of Excel. They'd been trying to establish their first joint budget, sitting on their second-hand sofa. She'd been overwhelmed by the grid of empty cells staring back at her.

"It's not as complicated as it looks," Tom had promised. "Here, let me show you the basics."

He'd guided her through formulas, starting with simple addition. "Just type equals, then sum, then put the cells you want to add in the brackets," he'd explained. "Then hit enter."

When the numbers had automatically calculated, she'd looked up at him with a grin and declared, "You're a wizard!"

Tom laughed. "It's not that complicated, babe."

"Well, this feels like magic."

Tom's laughter subsided into a warm chuckle. He wrapped an arm around her shoulders, pulling her close. "Just wait till I show you VLOOKUP," he said, pressing a kiss to her cheek.

What she'd loved most about those moments wasn't learning new skills, it was how Tom had taught her. He had a way of explaining concepts without condescension. He'd broken things down step by step, celebrating her small victories with genuine enthusiasm.

Jess leaned back in her chair, remembering when she'd asked him about the stock market. She'd been reading news about a market crash and felt embarrassed by her limited understanding.

"Can you explain how the stock market works?" she'd asked tentatively. "I know it's probably really basic, but I never really learned."

Tom had lit up like she'd offered him the most fascinating conversation topic in the world. He'd set aside his book immediately, turning to face her fully.

He'd gone on to explain how companies use stock to raise money, how investors make decisions based on performance and future prospects, and how crashes happen when panic selling creates a downward spiral. No childish metaphors, no oversimplification, he'd treated her like an intelligent adult capable of understanding.

"Does that make sense?" he'd asked when he finished.

"Yeah… I guess," she'd replied, still confused, but touched by his eagerness to share his knowledge. It was as if he'd wanted to prove himself to her, to show that he could be valuable beyond just being fun to be around. Those teaching moments had become one of the foundations of their relationship.

A cramp tightened low in her abdomen, subtle but unmistakable. Jess shifted in her chair, pressing her palm against her lower belly as the sensation peaked and then subsided. She opened her desk drawer and retrieved the bottle of ibuprofen she kept there, swallowing two pills with a sip of coffee.

Her phone sat beside her keyboard, the period tracking app still open from when she'd checked it that morning. The red circle around today's date confirmed what her body was already telling her. Her cycle was right on schedule, crushing the hope she'd been nurturing since their passionate weekend. Jess closed the app, not wanting the visual reminder.

They'd talked about children for years, first in the language of someday: casual pillow talk, lazy Sunday fantasies over coffee, one of those whispered maybes that made sex

feel alive but not yet urgent. Back then, the idea of a crib in the guest room, of Jess's belly rounding out, had been as far-off and fuzzy as a retirement account, a distant promise of adulthood that could be postponed for another day.

But reality kept pushing the dream into the distance. There had always been practical hurdles. Student loans, the mortgage, Tom's career, the waiting game of "after we're settled" or "after we've saved enough." Each goal achieved simply shifted the marker one step further away.

Worse yet, Tom's crypto disaster scorched their ambitions. She'd never forgotten the night he admitted how much he'd lost. She still loved him deeply, couldn't help it, but some part of her remained raw and irritated, like a bruise pressed too often.

This was supposed to be the perfect window. She was young enough to bounce back from pregnancy, established enough in her career to take maternity leave, mature enough to handle the responsibility. Everything about her life screamed readiness except their bank account.

Her phone buzzed. Tom's name appeared on the screen, and her heart lifted.

"Good morning, beautiful. How'd you sleep?" his text read.

Jess smiled. "Good. Miss you though," she typed back.

"Miss you too. Early start here. Meetings all day, but I'll try to call between."

"Don't forget to eat and drink water," she reminded him, imagining him rushing out of his hotel room with nothing but coffee in his system.

"Yes, babe. Love you."

"Love you too," she replied, setting the phone back down.

Jess stared at the screen, at Tom's final "Love you." Her fingers hovered over the keyboard, tempted to type more. Should she tell him?

She composed the message in her head: "Just so you know, got my period. Not pregnant after all." But the words felt too clinical, too detached. How do you convey disappointment over text about something that was only ever a possibility, never a certainty?

If the test had been positive, she'd have waited until he was home, planned some special way to tell him. She'd have reveled in watching his face transform with joy and wonder. Instead, there was just this, the quiet acknowledgment of another month gone by.

Jess deleted the draft message. This wasn't news to share while Tom was in crisis mode states away. It would only distract him, maybe even make him feel guilty for

not being here. Besides, what was there really to say? That her body had continued its reliable cycle as it had for the past fifteen years? That was hardly breaking news.

Jess forced her attention back to the spreadsheet, determined to be productive. The Skyline project deserved her full focus, regardless of her personal distractions.

As she worked, she occasionally glanced at her phone, hoping for another message from Tom. Each time she found the screen dark, disappointment settled a little deeper in her chest.

The cramps that had started as subtle twinges that morning had evolved throughout the day, settling into a dull, persistent ache that radiated from her lower abdomen into her back. Jess pressed her palm against her belly, applying counter-pressure that provided momentary relief. Her body was sending unmistakable signals.

In the bathroom, Jess splashed cold water on her face and studied her reflection. Her skin looked slightly different, a certain paleness beneath her usual glow. She opened her makeup bag and found the small bottle of ibuprofen she kept for emergencies, swallowing two more pills to combat the building discomfort.

Jess glanced at her watch. 4:45 PM. Her usual Thursday yoga class started at 5:30. For a moment, she considered skipping it. The cramps and fatigue made the thought of the couch and a heating pad far more appealing than an hour of physical exertion. But another evening alone in the empty house with nothing but her thoughts and disappointment seemed worse.

Jess shut down her laptop and headed to the bedroom to change. She pulled on her favorite black Lululemon leggings, a gray sports bra, and a loose tank top before heading to her car, determined to sweat out the restlessness that had plagued her all day.

Jess arrived at Lotus Flow Yoga Studio ten minutes before class with her mat rolled under one arm and a water bottle clutched in the opposite hand. She'd been coming to this studio regularly for nearly four years, long enough that the front desk attendant Elaine greeted her by name without checking the system.

Her usual Thursday class with Amber had become sacred territory over the years, a necessary reset for her body and mind. Today, she needed it more than ever.

"Jess!" called Elaine from behind the desk. "How'd you like Derek's class on Monday?"

"Mmm... different," Jess replied. "Intense."

“He’s been a hit,” Elaine confided, leaning forward. “Amber might have trouble getting her class back when she returns from maternity leave.”

“Is that right?” Jess paused at the desk, curious. “What are people saying about him?”

Elaine’s eyes lit up, clearly delighted to share the gossip. “Two women actually got into an argument yesterday about who arrived first.” She lowered her voice conspiratorially. “Between us, I think it has less to do with his teaching style and more to do with those abs.”

Jess laughed, shaking her head. “Can’t say I didn’t notice.”

“Girl, everyone notices,” Elaine winked. “You doing okay though? You look a little...” she gestured vaguely, “...tired today.”

“Just work stress,” Jess offered with a shrug. “Nothing an hour of yoga can’t fix.”

“Well, he’s doing the extended session afterward again,” Elaine said, shuffling some papers. “You should stay if you have time! Best cure for stress I know.”

Jess hesitated, then smiled. “I might. Depends how much energy I’ve got left after class.”

In the locker room, Jess removed her light jacket, folded it neatly, and stowed it alongside her bag in a locker.

The studio itself was cooler than the locker room. It was dimly lit with soft lights that created pools of warmth on the hardwood floor. Only a few mats were already laid out, their owners in various states of preparation. Jess unrolled her mat in her usual spot.

She settled onto her back, arms stretched overhead, allowing her spine to lengthen against the mat. Her eyes drifted closed as she focused on her breath. In for four counts, hold for seven, out for eight. Tom had taught her the 4-7-8 breathing technique years ago. He’d picked up from a wellness podcast, something Dr. Andrew Weil had pioneered for stress management and sleep.

Tom. Always Tom, even in her moments of solitude.

Her body felt heavy against the mat. The hormonal flux preceding her period always amplified everything, emotions, sensations, tensions. Her breasts felt tender against the constraint of her sports bra, her skin sensitive where the mat pressed against her shoulder blades.

“Finding our center before we begin. Very wise.”

The deep voice jolted Jess from her meditative state. She hadn't heard anyone approach, but there he stood, Derek, at the front of the room, arranging his own mat. Unlike Monday, when he'd worn a tank top, today he wore nothing but black shorts.

Derek was unmistakable. Tall, easily 6'3", with dark brown, almost black skin, built like a man who'd never spent time with dumbbells or protein shakes. Unlike Brandon's gym-built physique, Derek's lean physique came from endless pushups, handstands, and yoga flows that demanded control. Every inch of him looked tight, athletic, hard earned. His abs were defined, but not blocky. Instead, his whole torso seemed carved from stone, the lines running smooth down to a narrow waist.

Everything about him was motion and control: the way he balanced on the balls of his feet, his posture always loose but alert, like he could drop into a split or a headstand without even thinking. His legs were long and powerful, calves and thighs corded but lean, with years of squats and jumps etched into every line. When he bent low to roll out his mat, his muscles flexed.

Other students quickly filed into the room, filling the spaces between already placed mats. Familiar faces nodded in her direction: the retired accountant who always set up to her left, the college student who always arrived breathless and last-minute. The studio filled with the sounds of shifting bodies and deep breaths, creating a quiet symphony of anticipation.

Derek took his place at the front, settling into a cross-legged position, his spine straight. "Let's begin by closing our eyes," he instructed. "Bring awareness to your breath, to the sensation of air filling your lungs, to the rise and fall of your chest."

Jess obeyed, allowing her eyelids to flutter shut. The darkness behind them was soothing, a brief respite from visual stimulation.

"Now bring your attention to your body," Derek continued. "Notice any areas of tension, any places that feel constricted or uncomfortable. Acknowledge them without judgment. Your body speaks to you constantly. Today, we practice listening."

Something in his phrasing cut through Jess's usual yoga class detachment. Unlike Amber's more technical instructions, Derek's guidance felt almost intimate, as though he were speaking directly to her.

"We honor our bodies' wisdom," he continued. "Each of you arrives with different needs today. Some seek strength, others flexibility. Some need challenge, others restoration. Whatever you seek, approach your practice with intention."

The class progressed through a series of poses that felt both familiar and fresh. Derek's sequencing differed from Amber's, placing greater emphasis on core engagement and

spinal flexibility. The movements demanded complete attention, leaving no room for distraction or rumination.

Halfway through, they moved into Warrior II. Jess extended her arms parallel to the floor, front knee bent, back leg straight. Her gaze focused over her front fingertips, her breath steady despite the burn building in her thigh muscles.

"Beautiful alignment," Derek's voice came from directly behind her, closer than she expected. "May I make an adjustment?"

Jess nodded. His fingers were warm against her hips, gently rotating them to square with the front of the room.

"Great form," he murmured. His thumbs pressed lightly into the dimples at the base of her spine. "Now sink deeper, if you can."

Jess obeyed, lowering her front thigh until it paralleled the floor. The burn intensified.

Derek moved on to assist other students, but Jess remained acutely conscious of his movements around the room.

By the time they reached the final resting pose, Jess's muscles buzzed with pleasant fatigue. She lay flat on her back, arms at her sides, palms facing upward in surrender. Her skin glistened with sweat, her chest rising and falling with each deep breath.

"Allow yourself to melt into the mat. Release any remaining tension, any thoughts that no longer serve you. For these final moments, you are nowhere but here, nothing but breath and sensation."

Jess felt herself sinking deeper, her body heavy yet somehow weightless. The prickling irritation that had followed her into class had dissolved, replaced by a floating tranquility. Even the subtle cramping had receded, temporarily forgotten.

Derek closed the session with a gentle "Namaste," the ending bringing Jess reluctantly back to full awareness. As students began rolling up mats and gathering belongings, he moved to the front of the room.

"For those interested, I'll be conducting an extended session focusing on inversions and balancing postures," he announced. "It's optional, of course, but a wonderful way to deepen your practice."

Jess had never stayed for the extended sessions Amber occasionally offered. There was always something else demanding her attention. Work deadlines, dinner preparations, social obligations. But today, with Tom away and nothing but an empty house awaiting her, the idea held unexpected appeal.

She hesitated, mat half-rolled in her hands. Most students were already filing out, eager to return to their lives beyond these walls. Only three others lingered uncertainly, the college student and an older couple Jess recognized from previous classes.

"I'd like to stay," she heard herself say.

Derek's smile was warm, revealing perfect white teeth against his dark skin. "Excellent. We'll begin again in five minutes. Feel free to hydrate and rest until then."

The extended session proved more intimate than the regular class, with Derek dividing his attention among just four students. They worked primarily on headstands and handstands, positions requiring strength and balance.

"The key to inversions isn't just physical strength," Derek explained as he demonstrated a perfect handstand, not a single muscle trembling with effort. "It's about finding your center of gravity and trusting yourself to maintain it."

When it came time for Jess to attempt a handstand against the wall, Derek positioned himself beside her. "I'll spot you," he offered. "Just in case."

Jess planted her palms firmly on the mat, fingers spread wide. She kicked up, feeling her body momentarily weightless before her feet found the wall behind her. Derek's hands hovered near her waist, not touching but ready to catch her if necessary.

"Engage your core," he instructed.

Jess attempted the movement, but her balance wavered. Instantly, Derek's hands were there, one at her waist, the other steadying her ankle.

"Trust yourself," he murmured. "Your body knows what to do."

Something in his tone, in the steady pressure of his hands, allowed Jess to find the necessary alignment. For three breathtaking seconds, she held the pose unassisted before carefully lowering back down.

"Beautiful," Derek said.

By the time the extended session concluded, the college student and the older couple had already left, leaving Jess alone with Derek. She wiped down her mat, acutely aware of his presence as he adjusted the thermostat and dimmed the lights further.

"You have excellent body awareness," he commented, approaching as she rolled her mat. "Not everyone connects so intuitively with their physicality."

"Thank you," Jess replied, tucking a loose strand of hair behind her ear. "It's been years of practice."

“It shows,” Derek continued, his dark eyes still on her. “Yoga isn’t just about strength or flexibility. It’s about alignment between the body, the breath, and the mind. When the three work in harmony, it’s like unlocking the full energy grid within yourself.”

Jess tilted her head. “Energy grid?” she repeated.

“Yes,” Derek said warmly, clearly confident in his explanation. “Think of your body as a map, your postures as key points on that map, and your breath as the force that connects them. Everything flows through those points. Physical balance, emotional well-being, even spiritual clarity. When they’re aligned, everything feels... effortless.”

Jess nodded slowly, considering his words. “So that’s the secret to the perfect handstand?”

“Not just the handstand,” he said. “It’s the secret to everything. You’d be surprised how often imbalance in the body reflects imbalance in the mind. If you hold tension somewhere, a hip, a shoulder, it’s often tied to deeper patterns you might not even be aware of.”

“How do you become aware of those patterns?”

“Listening,” Derek replied simply. “Breath is your first teacher. It’s always there, always speaking to you. Most people just don’t take the time to hear it. Yoga helps slow things down enough to notice. Even the smallest adjustments can ripple through everything. A slight rotation of the hip, a deeper inhale, those tiny shifts echo through the body and beyond.”

“Sounds almost mystical.”

“Maybe it is,” Derek admitted, laughing lightly. “But there’s science behind it too, if that’s what you’re after. Neural pathways, muscle memory, and energy flow. They all intersect. Eastern traditions knew it long before modern medicine caught up.”

She couldn’t help but smile. “I guess I’ve always focused more on the physical side of yoga.”

“That’s part of it,” Derek agreed. “But yoga’s true power lies in what you can’t see. It’s about breaking patterns, rewiring the pathways that keep you stuck physically, emotionally, spiritually. You’d be surprised how much insight lies beneath the surface.”

Jess shifted the mat strap over her shoulder. “So yoga is... therapy?”

“Yes, therapy for the body and the mind,” Derek continued, his posture fluid as he folded his arms loosely across his lean chest. His tone remained measured but filled

with conviction. “Think about it. Your breath, your postures, your alignment. They’re all tools to reset. To create space, not just physically, but emotionally.”

Jess adjusted her grip on the mat strap, intrigued despite herself. “Yeah?”

He smiled slightly, pulling his own mat upright and tucking it under one arm. “You’ve heard of fascia?”

Jess furrowed her brow, shaking her head slightly.

“It’s connective tissue,” he explained. “Runs throughout your body. Holds muscles, bones, everything, together. But here’s the thing: it changes. It responds to how you live, how you move. It adapts to stress, to tension, even to trauma. And the opposite is true as well: movement heals. Breath heals. Yoga isn’t just stretching. It’s reprogramming your baseline.”

Jess tilted her head. “So, every breath, is like... reprogramming?”

“Yes,” Derek said, leaning slightly closer. “We’re constantly recalibrating, like tuning an instrument. When you put your body in proper alignment, when you breathe deeply enough to shift yourself from fight-or-flight into rest-and-digest, you’re rewiring your nervous system, calming your mind, metabolizing emotions that you didn’t even realize needed processing.”

“I guess I’ve always stayed in yoga’s shallow end,” Jess admitted. “The physical benefits. Flexibility, strength, all of that. I never thought of it as... reprogramming my nervous system. Sounds... kind of a lot.”

“Only at first,” Derek reassured her. “Think about it like this: you’re already moving through life, carrying stress patterns, emotional habits. Yoga’s not adding pressure, it’s revealing it. Once you see it, you can shift. First in the body, then the mind.”

Jess found herself nodding, intrigued by his perspective. “That’s... a lot to think about.”

He smiled again, softer this time. “It doesn’t have to be complicated,” he said lightly. “You don’t need to understand every system in the body. Just start where you are.”

Jess exhaled a faint laugh. “Start where I am,” she repeated. “I’ll try to remember that.”

Derek shifted slightly, giving her room to move toward the door. “And if you want to explore the deeper side of yoga, the emotional, the energetic, there’s no rush. The practice meets you where you’re ready.”

Jess adjusted the mat strap across her chest. “This was... really interesting,” she admitted, warmth lighting her voice. “Thank you for sharing.”

“You’re welcome,” Derek said, his tone grounded and sincere. “See you Monday?”

“Definitely,” Jess replied, stepping into the hallway and leaving the room behind.

After dinner, Jess stood at the sink, water streaming over her plate. The house was silent around her. She finished rinsing and set the plate in the rack. The kitchen clock ticked, soft, incessant, counting out the seconds of another evening alone.

Her phone vibrated on the counter. Tom’s name. Not a video call, just a regular ring. She didn’t say hello, didn’t ask if he missed her.

“You ever get that leak in the hotel bathroom fixed?” she said instead, leaning her hip against the counter, letting a smile curve her mouth that only she could see.

Tom snorted, a familiar sound. “It’s still dripping. I think the hotel’s maintenance guy’s older than Bob. Probably learned plumbing from the Romans.”

She laughed, the sound echoing in the empty kitchen as she curled onto a stool, tucking her knees up. “Should’ve brought him along, huh? He’d have the whole place fixed for a case of beer.”

“Don’t tempt me, babe. I’m desperate enough to consider it.” His voice carried the weight of the day. “But honestly, it’s been all the same issues here. You know how it is. No one listens until something breaks, then everyone wants me to pull off miracles for minimum wage.”

“If they gave you minimum wage, we’d be even more fucked than we are now,” she said, glancing around at their beautiful kitchen. “But I guess we’d finally qualify for food stamps.”

He hummed, tired but present. “Had dinner?”

“I made pasta. Nothing fancy.”

“You eat anything green at all or just carbs and cheese tonight?” His tone was light, playful.

“Broccoli. Roasted. I took a picture, want proof?” Jess smiled. “I even put that new spice mix on it.”

“I trust you, babe.” His voice dropped. “Sometimes.”

“By the way, Bob stopped by last night.”

Tom’s voice was suddenly sharp. “Why?”

Jess felt herself stiffen, defensive without meaning to be. “He had the new faucets for the kitchen and bathroom. Wanted to install them.”

"And you let him in? Alone?"

"Tom. He was already carrying like thirty pounds of metal. I wasn't gonna send him away. And he finished in less than two hours. He was…" She stopped herself. 'Harmless' felt too dismissive, too naive. "Professional," she finished.

"That's not the point, Jess. He's still practically a stranger. You shouldn't be letting some guy we barely know in the house when I'm not there. I get that he's fixing things, but… did he go in our bedroom?"

"Yes, Tom, to install the bathroom faucet," she said, fighting the urge to roll her eyes. "He didn't rifle through my underwear drawer if that's what you're asking. He looked at pipes and talked about water pressure."

She braced an elbow on the counter. "Seriously Tom, he was fine. I had my phone on me the whole time. He's lonely, not dangerous. He mostly asked about my design work."

"You don't know that he's not dangerous. People are good at hiding things. Hell, we barely know what he did before moving in." Tom's breath came faster. "I don't like the idea of some guy we met a week ago having free access to you while I'm not there."

The edge crept back into her voice as she stood up, pacing the kitchen. "You vetted him. Ran background. He's twice divorced, drinks cheap beer, and seems to know every hardware supplier in Texas. If he's secretly running a cartel out of his toolbox, he's got me fooled."

Tom's sigh crackled through the line, resignation mixing with frustration. "Just… be careful, okay? I know you can take care of yourself. But it freaks me out thinking about you there alone with some guy we don't really know." There was a pause, then, quieter: "I'd never forgive myself if something happened to you."

She didn't say, 'I've been dealing with men staring, wanting, prowling, since I was a young teenager'. She didn't say, 'you love me for being beautiful, but you're scared of everything that comes with it'.

Instead, she said "I get it. I'll be careful," her voice softening. "He's just an old man who likes to fix things, Tom. And honestly, the faucets look amazing. The water pressure actually works now."

Tom made a noncommittal noise, then cleared his throat. "Look, I'm not trying to be controlling, but can you promise me something? Just... don't let him in the house when you're alone again. At least until I'm back."

"Seriously, Tom?"

"I know it sounds ridiculous," Tom admitted. "But it would make me feel better."

Jess sighed, twisting a strand of hair around her finger. "Fine. I promise I won't let the big scary handyman in the house alone until you're back. Happy?"

"Thank you," Tom said, relief evident in his voice. "And the faucets really look that good?"

"Night and day difference," Jess confirmed, glad to move past the subject. "You'll see when you get home."

She heard rustling on his end, like he was settling into a more comfortable position. After a moment, his voice returned with casualness. "So what did you do today? Anything exciting?" The forced lightness in his tone was obvious, but she appreciated the effort.

Jess moved onto the couch, tucking her feet underneath her. "Yoga was different tonight," she said.

"Yeah?" His voice perked up, interest replacing the tension. "That new guy again? What was his name?"

"Derek," she said. "He's... intense. Not like Brandon or your gym bros who just want to show off how much they can bench. Derek's all about alignment and breath." She paused, searching for the right words. "It's hard to explain. He talks about energy grids and recalibrating your nervous system. Makes you think about your body differently."

"Energy grids?" Tom's voice dripped with playful sarcasm. "Sounds like the kind of bullshit guys use when they're trying to get women out of their yoga pants. 'Oh baby, let me realign your chakras with my special technique.'" He paused, then added, "So what did the enlightened Derek have to say about your... alignment?"

"Not everyone is trying to get into my pants, Tom."

"Just ninety-nine percent of the male population," Tom countered. "And probably ninety percent of the female population too."

"He's a professional," Jess insisted. "And he's actually really knowledgeable. He was talking about how emotional tension manifests physically. How the body stores stress and trauma."

"Uh-huh," Tom's skepticism radiated through the phone. "And I'm sure he offered to help release all that tension? Maybe some private sessions?"

"God, you're impossible," Jess laughed, stretching her legs out on the couch. "Actually, I did stay for his extended session after class. Only four of us did."

There was a brief silence on the line. “Extended session?” Tom’s voice had lost its playful edge. “That’s new.”

Jess shifted, suddenly aware of the subtle shift in his tone. “It was just more advanced poses. Headstands, handstands, that kind of thing.” She paused before adding, “He had to spot me for the handstand.”

“Spot you?” Tom’s voice tightened further. “As in, hands on?”

Something in his tone made her pause. Was it jealousy? Or something else entirely? “Just to make sure I didn’t fall,” Jess explained, remembering Derek’s hands at her waist and his calm instruction to trust herself. “It’s completely normal in yoga.”

“I bet it is,” Tom said. “So what was it like? Was he holding you while you were upside down in those tight yoga pants?”

Jess sat up straighter, surprised by the directness of his question. “It wasn’t like that, Tom. It was professional.”

“Professional,” Tom repeated. “And how exactly does the professional Derek look? Just so I can picture this properly.”

Jess hesitated for a moment. “Tall, lean. He does yoga for a living, so obviously he’s fit.”

“Fit how?” Tom pressed.

“Not bulky. More... I don’t know, streamlined? It’s all functional muscle. And he’s...” She paused.

“He’s what?” Tom’s voice had dropped lower.

“He’s black,” Jess finished, immediately regretting the unnecessary detail. “Not that it matters.”

“Is he handsome?” Tom pressed.

Jess hesitated. “Objectively? Yeah, I guess he is. The front desk girl at the studio was telling me two women actually got into an argument yesterday about who arrived to his class first.”

“And what about you? You fighting for front row spots too?”

“Tom!” Jess laughed. “I’m not sixteen. I can recognize when someone’s attractive without developing a schoolgirl crush.”

“So you do find him attractive.”

"That's not-" Jess started, then sighed. "Fine. Yes, he's attractive. He's also my yoga instructor, and I'm very much happily married."

"Doesn't mean you can't look," Tom said. "Or think about it."

"Are you seriously asking if I fantasize about my yoga instructor?" Jess asked incredulously.

"Do you?"

"No, I do not fantasize about Derek," Jess said firmly.

"So you've got this tall, lean, handsome, black yoga teacher putting his hands on my wife while she's in compromising positions," Tom summarized. "And you stayed specifically for this extended session."

"It wasn't like that," Jess repeated, frustration creeping into her voice. "Why are you being weird about this? It's just yoga."

"I'm not being weird," Tom countered. "I'm just trying to understand why my wife, who never stays for extended sessions with Amber, suddenly decides to do one with Mr. Energy Grid."

Jess sighed. "I stayed because I didn't want to come home to an empty house, okay? Because I'm lonely and sad and..." She trailed off, biting her lip.

"And?" Tom asked, his tone softening.

"And I got my period today," she admitted quietly. "So I'm not pregnant. Again."

The line went silent for a beat.

"Oh," Tom finally said. "Jess, I'm sorry. I know we both hoped..."

"Yeah," she cut in, not wanting to dwell on it. "It is what it is. Anyway, that's why I stayed. I just needed the distraction."

Tom's sigh carried through the phone. "I'm sorry I'm not there," he said. "And I'm sorry about being weird about the yoga thing. I guess I just... miss you," Tom admitted. "Being here alone in this hotel room, thinking about you back home... it gets to me. And hearing about some attractive yoga instructor with his hands on you..." He let out a frustrated breath. "I know it's irrational. I just wish those were my hands on you instead."

Jess felt a flutter in her stomach at his words, that familiar warmth spreading through her body despite her cramps. "I miss you too," she said softly. "The bed feels too big. I keep reaching for you in my sleep."

Tom's exhale was heavy through the phone. "Same here. Hotel beds are already depressing enough without missing your gorgeous wife."

A comfortable silence settled between them for a moment.

"So what's on your agenda tomorrow?" Tom asked.

Jess shifted on the couch. "I'm only working till noon so I can get ready for the party properly."

"Smart woman," Tom agreed. "It's going to be amazing, Jess. You're going to blow them all away."

"What about you? How's tomorrow looking?"

Tom's groan carried through the phone with clarity. "Brutal. Today was supposed to be the big push to fix everything, but we hit another wall. Tomorrow's going to be my busiest day yet. Meetings from 8 AM straight through till probably 6 PM." The frustration in his voice was palpable. "The CEO's breathing down everyone's necks. If we don't get this fixed by tomorrow night..."

"You will," Jess assured him, conviction in her voice. "You always do. That's why Davis sent you."

"Yeah, well..." Tom sighed. "I just wish I could be in two places at once. I should be there with you tomorrow."

"I know," Jess said softly. She hesitated, then made a sudden decision. "Wait, I want to show you something. Can we switch to video?"

"Now?" Tom sounded surprised but intrigued. "Sure."

The call disconnected briefly before reconnecting with video. Tom's face appeared on her screen, tired eyes and stubbled jaw, his hotel room's bland beige walls visible behind him. He was sitting on the bed, tie loosened, top button undone.

"Hey beautiful," he said, his smile genuine despite his exhaustion.

"Give me a minute," Jess replied, propping her phone against the lamp on the end table. "Don't go anywhere."

"Wouldn't dream of it," Tom assured her.

Jess disappeared from frame, hurrying to their bedroom. She opened the closet door and reached for the emerald dress, still hanging exactly where she'd left it. Her heart raced slightly as she stripped off her lounge clothes and carefully slipped the dress over her head, adjusting it. She didn't bother with shoes or jewelry. This wasn't about

the full effect. This was about connection, about sharing something she'd meant to show him days ago.

When she returned to the living room, she positioned herself a few feet back from the phone so Tom could see the full dress. "So," she said. "What do you think?"

Tom's eyes widened visibly even through the small screen. "Holy shit, Jess," he breathed. "You look... wow."

Jess did a slow turn, letting him see how the dress hugged her body. "I bought it when I went shopping with Madi on Tuesday," she explained. "I was going to surprise you with it, but then..." She trailed off, not wanting to rehash the disappointment.

"It's incredible," Tom said. "That color against your skin... Jesus, Jess." He leaned closer to his screen.

Jess smiled, feeling a flush of pleasure at his reaction. "You really like it?"

"Like is way too mild a word," Tom said. "I'm sitting here trying to figure out if I can catch a red eye back just to see you in that dress in person." His expression shifted, becoming more serious. "I'm so sorry I'm missing this, Jess. I really should be there."

"It's okay," she said, though they both knew it wasn't entirely. "I'll take plenty of pictures."

"You better," Tom warned. "And maybe you could model it for me again when I get back? Just for me?"

"I think that could be arranged," she replied, matching his tone. "Though I can't promise the dress will stay on very long."

"You're killing me, Jess. I'm hundreds of miles away in a hotel room with the world's most uncomfortable mattress, and you're standing there looking like that."

Jess laughed, feeling lighter than she had all day. "Consider it motivation to finish your project quickly."

"Trust me," Tom said, his eyes still roaming her form through the screen, "I've never been more motivated to get back home in my life."

She settled back onto the couch, adjusting the phone so he could still see her in the dress.

They talked about nothing important for a while, office gossip, a funny story about the hotel staff. The dress and the distance between them created a strange intimacy, a shared secret across the miles.

When Tom's yawn finally betrayed his exhaustion, Jess smiled gently. "You should sleep. Big day tomorrow, remember?"

"Yeah," he agreed reluctantly. "I want to hear that Chris Webb is falling over himself to hire you for every project from now till retirement."

"I'll do my best," she promised. "Call me tomorrow?"

"First chance I get," Tom assured her. "I love you, Jess. More than anything."

"I love you too," she replied softly. "Goodnight, Tom."

"Goodnight, beautiful."

The call ended, leaving Jess alone in the silent house once more. But something had shifted, some of the heaviness lifted.

Jess stared at herself in the bathroom mirror, considering her reflection. Today was her moment, her professional triumph, even if Tom wouldn't be by her side to witness it.

Her phone chimed with a text.

Tom: "Morning beautiful. Just heading into first meeting. Wanted to say I love you and I'm so proud of you. You're going to own that room tonight."

Jess smiled. She typed back quickly.

Jess: "Thanks babe. Nervous but excited. How's it looking there?"

Tom: "Brutal. CEO breathing down our necks. Might be offline most of day. Will try to call before your party."

Jess: "Don't stress about calling. Focus on your work. I'll send pics."

Tom: "That dress is going to destroy them. Send ALL the pics."

Jess: "Will do. Miss you."

Tom: "Miss you more. Gotta run. Love you."

Jess: "Love you too."

She set her phone down and turned back to her reflection, noting the subtle shadows beneath her eyes. Nothing a good concealer couldn't fix, but evidence of restless sleep nonetheless.

The morning passed in a blur of last-minute work emails and touch-ups to the Skyline presentation materials. Around noon, Jess closed her laptop and stretched, feeling the

tension that had built up in her shoulders from hunching over her keyboard. She made herself a light lunch, just a small salad with grilled chicken, knowing she'd need something in her stomach before the evening's festivities but not wanting to feel bloated in her dress. As she ate, she mentally rehearsed potential conversations with investors and clients, planning how to highlight the key features of her Skyline designs. The nervous energy building inside her couldn't be ignored, but she channeled it into productive preparation, reviewing her portfolio one final time before setting it aside for Madi's arrival.

At precisely 2 PM, the doorbell rang. Jess opened it to find Madi standing there with a leather makeup case in one hand and a bottle of champagne in the other.

"Let the transformation begin!" Madi announced, sweeping past Jess into the house. "I've brought reinforcements." She held up the champagne triumphantly.

"It's barely afternoon," Jess protested weakly.

"It's party day," Madi replied, already heading to the kitchen for glasses. "Besides, a glass or two to take the edge off won't hurt."

Despite her objections, Jess accepted the flute of bubbly champagne Madi pressed into her hand. The first sip fizzed pleasantly down her throat, warming her from the inside.

"First things first," Madi said, eyeing Jess critically. "You need a proper shower before we even think about makeup. Go on, full treatment."

Jess nodded and headed to the master bathroom where she stripped down and stepped under the hot spray. She methodically shaved everything, her legs, underarms, and the sensitive skin of her bikini line, removing every last trace of hair until she was completely bare. The razor glided over her slick skin as steam filled the shower stall. Afterward, she toweled off and slathered her entire body with her expensive moisturizer, working it into every inch of her freshly shaved skin until she felt silky smooth.

"Now," Madi said, setting down her glass and opening her makeup case with dramatic flair when Jess returned wrapped in her robe. "Let's make you even more gorgeous than usual. By the time I'm done, every man in that room will be questioning his marriage vows, and every woman will be contemplating a sexual identity crisis."

Jess laughed, her nerves easing. "You're ridiculous."

"I prefer visionary," replied Madi, guiding Jess to sit facing the natural light from the window. "Now hold still while I work my magic."

For the next hour, Jess surrendered to Madi's expertise. They chatted about office gossip and client drama as Madi applied make up.

“So,” Madi said, “any more developments with the tenant situation?”

“He installed new faucets Wednesday night.”

“Oh?” Madi’s perfectly sculpted eyebrow arched. “And Tom was okay with that? Mr. Protective Husband let another man into his castle while he was away?”

Jess sighed, closing her eyes as Madi continued. “He wasn’t thrilled when I told him about it. Actually made me promise not to let Bob in the house again until he’s back.”

“Hmm,” Madi hummed thoughtfully. “Men get so territorial about their space. Like some kind of primal instinct to protect their cave from other cavemen.”

“I don’t know. Tom’s all worried because ‘we barely know him’ and ‘he could be dangerous’,” Jess said, adding air quotes with her fingers. “But come on, he’s just a harmless old man who likes fixing things. You should see him with his toolbox, all organized. It’s actually kind of endearing.”

“Endearing?” Madi paused. “That’s an interesting word choice for your tenant.”

“You know what I mean,” Jess said, waving dismissively. “He reminds me of my grandpa, always puttering around with projects. I think Tom’s being overprotective. I mean, Bob’s what, fifty-five? And he’s been nothing but respectful. Even when I answered the door in just a t-shirt the other night, he kept his eyes firmly on my face.”

“Wait, you answered the door in just a t-shirt?” Madi’s eyes widened.

“It wasn’t planned! I didn’t know he was coming over,” Jess defended herself. “I actually feel bad for him sometimes. Can you imagine being twice divorced and having to rent out someone else’s basement in your fifties? He must be so lonely down there.”

“Careful with that sympathy,” Madi warned. “That’s how horror movies start. The sweet, lonely older man who just needs a friend...”

“Oh stop,” Jess laughed. “Not everyone has ulterior motives. Bob’s just... I don’t know, sad. When he talks about his ex-wives, you can tell there’s still pain there. And his apartment is so sparse. He barely has any personal items, just tools.”

“So what, you want to adopt him now?” Madi asked. “Invite him upstairs for family dinners and movie nights?”

“No,” Jess said. “I just think Tom’s being paranoid. What does he think Bob’s going to do? He’s not some predator waiting to pounce the second Tom leaves town. He was all professional Wednesday night.”

Madi gave her a knowing look. “Honey, men don’t see other men the way we do. Tom sees a potential threat, a guy with access to his gorgeous wife. You see a harmless grandpa who needs compassion.”

“Because that’s what he is,” Jess insisted. “If you met him, you’d understand. He’s just... trying to rebuild his life. And he’s been so helpful with the house. Did I tell you he fixed our garage door too? It used to make this horrible grinding noise, and now it’s silent.”

“My god,” Madi said, stepping back to examine her work. “You really are naive sometimes. It’s adorable but concerning.”

“I’m not naive,” Jess protested. “I’m just not automatically suspicious of everyone. Besides, Bob’s like twice my age.”

“As if that matters to men,” Madi scoffed. “Look, I’m not saying Bob’s dangerous, but maybe Tom’s instincts aren’t completely off base. Just... be careful, okay? Not everyone is who they seem to be.”

Jess rolled her eyes. “Fine. I’ll maintain appropriate tenant landlord boundaries. No more answering the door in my underwear.”

“That would be a start,” Madi said.

“Tom seemed genuinely concerned about him being around me. But then last night...” Jess trailed off.

Madi paused. “Last night what? Spill it.”

“We were talking on the phone, and I mentioned my yoga teacher, Derek.”

“The hot one you told me about?” Madi interjected, returning to her work.

“Yes, him,” Jess confirmed, rolling her eyes. “And Tom got so... weird about it. He wanted details. What Derek looks like, how he touched me during poses. He even asked if I found him attractive.”

Madi’s eyes widened with interest. “And do you?”

“That’s not the point,” Jess deflected. “The point is, Tom seemed almost... turned on by the idea of Derek spotting me during handstands.”

“Look up,” Madi instructed, continuing to apply make up. “So let me get this straight. Tom gets jealous and protective about Bob, but excited about Brandon and Derek?”

“I don’t know…” Jess admitted. “He also asked if I fantasize about Derek.”

“And do you?” Madi asked bluntly.

“No!” Jess exclaimed, then flinched as Madi steadied her face.

“Stay still unless you want to look like a raccoon,” Madi warned. “And honey, there’s nothing wrong with a little fantasy.”

“But I don’t fantasize about Derek,” Jess insisted. “Or Brandon, before you ask.”

“Your loss,” Madi shrugged, a sly smile playing on her lips.

“You’ve told me enough already,” Jess replied.

“So Tom’s turned on by the idea of other men wanting you. That’s... actually pretty hot.”

“I don’t even know if that’s it… but it’s confusing is what it is,” Jess replied.

“Maybe it comes down to control,” Madi suggested, stepping back to assess her work. “Bob’s an unknown factor, living downstairs, with access to your home. There’s no control there. But Brandon’s his friend, someone he trusts, and Derek’s just a yoga instructor you see a few times a week in public.”

Jess considered Madi’s theory. “Maybe. Or maybe it’s about attractiveness? Bob’s older, not conventionally handsome. Brandon and Derek are both... you know.”

“Hot as fucking hell?” Madi supplied helpfully.

“Something like that,” Jess laughed.

“Or,” Madi said, her tone becoming more serious as she began work on Jess’s lips, “maybe Tom’s exploring something about himself that he’s not fully ready to acknowledge. Some men get turned on by the idea of other men wanting their partners. It’s not that uncommon.”

“You think Tom’s wants me to date other men?” Jess asked.

“I’m not saying that,” Madi clarified. “I’m saying he might be discovering he likes the idea of you being desired. It’s a power thing for some guys, a way of validating their choice. Like, ‘look at my hot wife, everyone wants her, but she’s mine.’”

Jess fell silent, considering. The night Tom had watched her pose by the pool for Bob’s camera came to mind. He’d been so turned on afterward, taking her with an urgency she hadn’t experienced in months.

“Maybe,” she conceded finally. “But it’s not exactly something we’ve discussed.”

“You should,” Madi encouraged, pausing her makeup application to meet Jess’s eyes in the mirror. “You know, you should actually talk to him about this when he gets back. Not accusingly, but openly, like you’re discovering something exciting together.”

She resumed applying the make up. “Men are terrible at communicating their desires, especially the complicated ones. Half the time they don’t even understand what turns them on or why.”

“I wouldn’t even know how to start that conversation,” Jess admitted.

“Simple. Wait until after sex when he’s all blissed out and vulnerable,” Madi suggested. “Then ask him what it was about Brandon flirting with you that seemed to turn him on. And then ask him what it was about that photo shoot that turned him on too. Was it knowing Bob was watching you? Men get surprisingly honest when they’re in that post orgasm haze.”

Jess bit her lip. “What if he denies it?”

“Then you know he’s not ready to admit it to himself yet,” Madi shrugged. “But I bet he won’t deny it. I bet he’ll tell you exactly what he liked about it.” She leaned closer, lowering her voice. “And that’s when you suggest exploring it further. Could spice things up. God knows Brandon wouldn’t mind playing along.”

“Madi!” Jess exclaimed but couldn’t help laughing. “That’s not happening… but speaking of Brandon, how’s your ‘arrangement’ going these days? Still working out?”

Madi smiled wide. “Better than ever. You know how it is. Neither of us wants the drama of a real relationship.”

“And yet you keep ending up in his bed,” Jess teased.

Madi resumed her work, carefully coating Jess’s lashes. “Can you blame me? We’ve got the perfect situation. Amazing sex without the headache of commitment.”

“I still don’t know how you two manage it so well,” Jess mused. “Every time one of you starts dating someone else, you just hit pause, no drama.”

“That’s why it works,” Madi shrugged elegantly. “Remember when I was with Michael last year? Brandon and I were strictly platonic for those four months. The day after we broke up...”

“He showed up with takeout and tequila,” Jess finished, having heard the story before. “And you didn’t get to the food until morning.”

“Exactly,” Madi laughed. “That’s the beauty of our system. When we’re both single, we have each other. No questions, no jealousy, no complications.”

“And he’s still seeing other people when you’re... on pause?” Jess asked, though she already knew the answer.

"Of course he is. Brandon's never going to be a one woman man," Madi said matter-of-factly. "But that's part of why it works so well for us. I don't want him all to myself. I just want access to that magnificent body whenever I'm in the mood."

"That's still frighteningly practical of you both," Jess said, shaking her head with a smile. "Though I suppose I shouldn't be surprised after all these years."

"Not everyone can handle the husband-and-wife thing like you and Tom," Madi replied. "Some of us prefer our freedom... with occasional benefits."

By 5 PM, the transformation was complete. Jess stood before the full-length mirror in their bedroom. The emerald dress fit her perfectly. Madi had created a subtle smoky eye that added drama without looking overdone, and her lips were painted a muted rose that complemented rather than competed with the dress.

"Holy shit," Madi breathed, standing behind her. "I've outdone myself. You look absolutely fucking incredible."

Jess turned sideways, admiring how the dress emphasized the curve of her waist and hips. "It's pretty amazing," she admitted.

"Pretty amazing?" Madi scoffed. "Jessica Marshall, you are a goddamn knockout. If Tom could see you right now, he'd be booking the next flight home."

As if summoned by his name, Jess's phone rang. Tom's face appeared on the screen.

"Speaking of the devil," Madi said. "I'll give you some privacy." She squeezed Jess's shoulder before slipping out of the bedroom.

Jess answered the call, switching immediately to video. "Hey," she said, a genuine smile spreading across her face.

Tom's tired expression transformed into one of awe as he took in her appearance. "Jesus Christ, Jess," he breathed. "You look... there aren't even words."

She did a slow turn for him, the camera capturing the full effect. "Madi worked her magic," she said.

"Remind me to send her a thank you gift," Tom replied, his voice tight with what sounded like both appreciation and regret. "I can't believe I'm missing seeing you in that dress in person."

"Me neither," Jess admitted. "But I'll take lots of pictures."

"You better." Tom's eyes never left her image. "I'm sorry the call's so short. We're in a ten-minute break between meetings. The CEO's on the warpath, and we're still having issues with the implementation."

“It’s okay,” Jess assured him. “I should finish getting ready anyway.”

At just about 7 PM, the Uber pulled up to the entrance of the Fairmont Austin. Jess smoothed the emerald dress over her thighs, heart pounding with a mixture of anticipation and anxiety. This was her moment, and she was facing it alone.

The doorman nodded appreciatively as he held the heavy glass door open. “Good evening, ma’am.”

Jess offered a smile and stepped into the lobby, noticing the quiet luxury: marble floors, soaring ceilings, and tasteful lighting that made everyone look more attractive than they actually were. She followed the discreet signage directing guests to the “Skyline Austin Launch” in the grand ballroom.

Outside the ballroom entrance, a sleek sign displayed the Skyline Austin logo beside architectural renderings of the Skyline building, which included the penthouse interiors. Her team’s designs, their vision, their work, splashed across huge panels for everyone to see. Jess paused, taking a deep breath before pushing through the doors.

Inside, the grand ballroom had been transformed for the Skyline launch. Crystal chandeliers cast a warm glow over the space while floor-to-ceiling windows offered spectacular views of Austin’s skyline, a fitting backdrop for tonight’s celebration. A string quartet played in one corner, their music providing an elegant soundtrack without overwhelming conversation. Waiters circulated with trays of champagne and hors d’oeuvres.

One of the waiters passing with a tray of champagne flutes caught sight of her. “Champagne, ma’am?” he offered, extending the tray.

“Thank you,” Jess replied, taking a flute and scanning the room.

As Jess sipped her champagne, she spotted Annie Davis near one of the design displays, explaining something to an older couple who nodded with interest. Annie’s normally understated appearance had been transformed for the evening. Her auburn hair swept into an elegant updo, her navy cocktail dress a perfect complement to her fair skin.

“There you are!” Annie exclaimed when she caught sight of Jess. “I was beginning to think you’d chickened out.” She excused herself from the couple and moved to Jess’s side, lowering her voice. “Holy shit, that dress is incredible. You’re making the rest of us look like we shopped at Target.”

Jess laughed, grateful for Annie’s familiar presence. “Please. You look amazing. Who are your new friends?”

"Potential buyers," Annie replied. "Retired couple from Chicago looking for a winter home. I've been talking their ears off about the southern exposure in unit 3801." She glanced around the room. "Have you seen Michael from accounting? He's actually wearing something other than those awful khakis. And I swear he got a haircut specifically for tonight."

"The world truly is full of wonders," Jess quipped. "Is he still doing that fantasy football thing he won't shut up about?"

"Worse," Annie groaned. "Now it's NFTs."

They were joined by Sam, who approached with the nervous energy of someone about to perform. "There you both are! I've been looking everywhere. We should go over the presentation points one more time, don't you think?"

Annie rolled her eyes. "Sam, we've rehearsed it a dozen times. We could do this presentation in our sleep."

"I know, I know," Sam fidgeted with his cuff links. "But Chris Webb just cornered me in the bathroom, not literally, thank god, but he mentioned the investors are interested in the sustainable materials angle, so I thought…"

"Sam," Jess interrupted gently, placing a reassuring hand on his arm. "We've got this. Your section is perfect. Annie's smart home integration is perfect. We're prepared."

"Easy for you to say," Sam muttered. "You could stand up there and recite the phone book and they'd still be captivated."

"It's the dress," Annie stage-whispered, making them all laugh.

"Speaking of captivated audiences," Jess nodded toward a group nearby, "isn't that David from HR with Sophia from Marketing? I thought they hated each other after the Christmas party incident."

Sam snorted. "Apparently the hate's evolved into something else. I caught them making out by the elevators last week."

"No!" Annie gasped. "But she's married!"

"Separated," Sam corrected. "As of last month. David's been waiting in the wings for years, poor guy."

Their conversation was interrupted by the arrival of Greg Robinson, the firm's senior architect who rarely socialized with the design team. His typical seriousness was softened by what appeared to be his third or fourth drink of the evening.

"The golden trio," he announced, clinking his glass against Jess's. "Our stars of the hour. The designs look spectacular, by the way. I've had three different developers ask if you might be available for consultations."

"Really?" Annie perked up.

"Don't sound so surprised," Greg chuckled. "Your work speaks for itself." He turned to Jess. "Marshall, when you have a moment, Margaret wants to introduce you to some people."

"Thanks, Greg," Jess replied. "I'll find her shortly."

As Greg wandered off toward the bar, Sam exhaled slowly. "I still can't believe we're actually here, that people are actually seeing our work, that Chris Webb is about to introduce us to half of Austin's millionaires."

"Multi multi millionaires," Annie corrected with a grin. "This isn't amateur hour."

Jess took another sip of champagne. Despite Tom's absence, she felt strangely centered, ready for whatever the evening might bring. "We should probably circulate," she suggested. "Make the most of this opportunity."

"Agreed," Sam nodded.

They parted ways, each heading in different directions. Jess began making her way through the crowd, exchanging pleasantries with colleagues and clients, acutely aware of the appreciative glances following her progress.

Across the room, she spotted Margaret DeVore engaged in conversation with Chris Webb and two men in expensive suits. Likely investors. Margaret looked polished as always in a tailored black pantsuit, her silver hair styled in its signature bob. Chris Webb stood beside her, gesturing animatedly as he spoke, his enthusiasm clear even from a distance.

As Jess approached the small group, Margaret caught sight of her first. The older woman's professional mask slipped momentarily, revealing genuine pleasure.

"Jessica," Margaret called, extending a manicured hand. "Perfect timing. Chris was just discussing the penthouse layouts."

Chris Webb turned, his face lighting up with recognition. His custom suit probably cost more than her monthly mortgage payment.

"There she is," Chris proclaimed, reaching for her hand. His grip was firm, his smile genuine. "The visionary behind our penthouses. Jessica Marshall, I was just singing your praises."

Jess felt a flush of pride but maintained her professional composure. “It was a team effort,” she replied modestly. “Sam and Annie contributed significantly to the final designs.”

“But you led the charge,” Chris insisted before turning to the two men beside him. “Gentlemen, this is Jessica Marshall, the interior designer I was telling you about. Jessica, meet Richard Harrington and James Chen.”

Richard, the older of the two, appeared to be in his sixties with silver hair and the deep tan of someone who spent more time on golf courses than in offices. James was younger, perhaps early forties, with sharp features and alert eyes that seemed to calculate the value of everything they observed.

“A pleasure,” Richard said, taking her hand. “Chris tells us you’ve worked magic with the penthouse spaces.”

“I wouldn’t call it magic,” Jess replied with a smile. “Just thoughtful design.”

“The renderings are remarkable,” James added, his gaze moving between Jess and the display panels across the room. “Particularly the integration of smart home features with traditional luxury elements. Very forward-thinking.”

Jess nodded, warming to the subject. “We wanted to create spaces that felt timeless yet thoroughly modern. Technology that serves the resident without dominating the environment.”

“Jessica has a gift for understanding how people actually live in spaces,” Margaret interjected. “Not just how they think they’ll live in them.”

Chris nodded enthusiastically. “Exactly why we brought your firm on board. The previous designers we consulted were all flash, no substance. Beautiful renderings that would have been impractical nightmares to actually live in.”

Richard swirled his whiskey thoughtfully. “I’m particularly interested in the master suite design. The way you’ve positioned the bed to capture both the sunrise and the city views is quite clever.”

“That was actually inspired by traditional feng shui principles,” Jess explained. “Positioning the bed where it receives natural light but maintains privacy while offering views that connect the resident to both nature and the urban landscape.”

“Fascinating,” James said. “My wife is obsessed with feng shui. She’d appreciate that thoughtfulness.”

“The materials palette is exquisite as well,” Chris added. “The combination of local limestone with those Italian marble accents in the master bath... absolute perfection.”

"We wanted to honor the Texas landscape," Jess explained.

Margaret nodded approvingly. "Jessica understands that true luxury isn't about opulence for its own sake. It's about creating experiences, moments of beauty in everyday life."

"That's exactly it," Jess agreed. "Even something as simple as the morning routine becomes elevated when you're surrounded by thoughtful design."

Richard's eyes crinkled with amusement. "Well, at these price points, the morning routine should feel pretty damn special."

They all laughed, her tension easing.

The conversation flowed smoothly from there, touching on design trends and material sourcing challenges. Jess found herself relaxing into the discussion, her initial nervousness replaced by professional confidence. These men might control millions in investment capital, but in matters of design, she was the expert. Tom's absence, while still felt, no longer seemed to diminish her moment.

As a waiter approached with fresh drinks, Chris raised his glass in a small toast. "To Skyline Austin and the remarkable team bringing it to life."

They all clinked glasses, and Jess felt a surge of satisfaction. This project, her vision realized in collaboration with talented colleagues, was something to be genuinely proud of.

As the clock approached 7:30, the ballroom had filled considerably. The energy shifted as staff discreetly adjusted the lighting, creating focal points toward the stage area where a podium stood bearing the Skyline Austin logo. The string quartet transitioned to a softer melody, signaling the upcoming formalities.

Jess felt a hand at her elbow and turned to find Margaret.

"You're making quite the impression," Margaret murmured, nodding toward several guests who were clearly discussing Jess. "That dress was a strategic choice."

"I'd like to claim it was calculated," Jess admitted, "but honestly, I just saw it and knew."

Margaret's lips curved into a rare genuine smile. "Sometimes instinct trumps strategy. Either way, you've got half the room wondering who you are and the other half pretending they aren't looking." She paused, studying Jess's face. "How are you holding up? I notice Tom couldn't make it."

"Work emergency in San Diego," Jess explained, the familiar pang of disappointment flickering briefly.

"Ah," Margaret nodded, understanding immediately. "The curse of the two-career household. Richard's wife stopped attending his events years ago. Said she couldn't bear another conversation about commercial real estate portfolios."

Jess laughed. "I actually find it fascinating. I just wish..."

"That he could be here for your moment," Margaret finished. "I understand." She glanced around the room before continuing in a lower voice. "This industry doesn't make relationships easy. My ex-husband used to say he was married to a ghost who occasionally appeared at breakfast."

Jess blinked, surprised by the personal disclosure. Margaret rarely discussed her private life.

"I'm not saying that to discourage you," Margaret clarified. "Just to acknowledge that what you're building, both professionally and personally, requires sacrifices. The question is always whether they're worth it." She squeezed Jess's arm. "For what it's worth, I think you're navigating it beautifully."

Before Jess could respond, the microphone crackled to life. Chris Webb approached the podium, his confident stride drawing all eyes.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Chris began, his voice carrying effortlessly across the now-quieting room. "Welcome to the official launch of what I believe will become Austin's most iconic residential development."

The crowd settled, champagne glasses stilling as attention focused forward.

"When we first conceived Skyline Austin, we envisioned more than just another luxury tower. We wanted to create a vertical community that would redefine urban living in this vibrant city." Chris gestured toward the windows, where Austin's actual skyline twinkled in the gathering darkness. "A place that would honor Austin's unique character while elevating the everyday experience of its residents."

Jess watched him work the room, noting how he made eye contact with key investors while seeming to address everyone simultaneously.

"Tonight isn't just about showcasing spectacular architecture or innovative amenities," Chris continued. "It's about celebrating a vision of how we live, how we connect, and how thoughtful design can enhance every aspect of our existence."

He paused, building anticipation.

"At the heart of this vision are the phenomenal penthouse residences, which exemplify our philosophy that luxury isn't about excess, it's about exceptional

experiences. To bring this philosophy to life, we partnered with Austin Design Group, whose team has created interiors that are nothing short of transformative."

His gaze found Jess in the crowd, acknowledging her with a slight nod.

"I could attempt to describe these remarkable spaces, but I'd rather let the visionaries themselves share their inspiration. Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome the design team behind Skyline Austin's penthouse collection."

Applause filled the room as Jess, Sam, and Annie made their way to the stage. Though they'd rehearsed this moment, the reality made Jess's heart race.

The presentation flowed smoothly, with Sam discussing the sustainable materials selection, Annie highlighting the smart home integration, and Jess explaining the overall design philosophy. Their coordination made the presentation feel conversational rather than rehearsed.

"We approached each residence as a canvas," Jess explained. "Not for our own artistic expression, but for the lives that will unfold within these spaces. Every sight line, every material choice, was considered through the lens of human experience."

The crowd seemed genuinely engaged, particularly when the screens displayed the virtual walkthrough of the master suite. A collective murmur of appreciation rose at the reveal of the bathroom's seamless transition to the private terrace, where the soaking tub appeared to float above the city.

"The boundary between interior and exterior becomes permeable," Jess continued, "creating moments of connection with both the natural and urban environments. Privacy is maintained through strategic design rather than obvious barriers."

As they concluded the formal presentation, Chris returned to the podium.

"Before we open the floor to questions, I'd like to add that these designs aren't just beautiful concepts. They're being meticulously realized as we speak, with completion scheduled for next spring."

The Q&A session continued with Jess and her team deftly handling a variety of questions. A silver-haired woman inquired about sustainability practices, allowing Jess to highlight their use of locally sourced materials and energy efficient systems. A young architect asked about the integration of smart home technology, giving Sam an opportunity to explain their approach that prioritized intuitive use over visible gadgetry.

What could have been a challenging moment came when a skeptical developer questioned the project's timeline, suggesting the design elements might be compromised during construction. Jess maintained her composure, explaining the

collaborative process they'd established with the construction team and the quality control measures already in place.

Throughout the exchange, Jess felt herself growing more confident with each response. The absence of Tom beside her, initially a source of anxiety, had become almost empowering. Without his reassuring presence to lean on, she was discovering the full extent of her own expertise and poise under pressure.

As the Q&A concluded, Jess caught Margaret's approving nod from across the room. That subtle acknowledgment from her typically reserved mentor felt more validating than any applause.

Jess felt her phone vibrate in her clutch. Finding a quiet corner, she checked the screen to see Tom's message:

"How's it going? Knocking their socks off?"

She smiled, typing quickly: "Presentation went well. About to have dinner. You?"

His response came almost immediately: "Still in conference room hell. CEO breathing down our necks. Send a pic when you can?"

Jess glanced around, then quickly snapped a selfie that captured both her and the elegant ballroom behind her. She sent it with the caption: "Wish you were here."

Tom: "Damn. That dress is even more incredible than I remembered. Every man there must be cursing me."

Jess: "Stop it. Very professional crowd."

Tom: "Professional doesn't mean blind. Gotta go. Love you. Super proud of you."

Jess: "Love you too."

She tucked her phone away, the brief connection with Tom both comforting and somehow emphasizing his absence.

The dining portion of the evening was arranged with careful consideration for networking. Round tables of eight ensured conversation, with place cards strategically positioning guests. Jess found herself seated between Richard Harrington and a woman introduced as Elena Vasquez, a prominent real estate attorney.

Throughout dinner, Jess engaged in varied conversations, from design failures in luxury properties to Austin's evolution as a luxury market. She was surprised by how naturally she moved between topics, offering insights without Tom's usual social support.

As the main course was being cleared, Chris Webb rose from his seat at the center table, tapping his glass gently for attention.

"Before we move to dessert, I'd like to propose a toast," he announced, his glass raised. "To Skyline Austin, to the remarkable team bringing it to life, and to the future residents who will call it home. May this building stand not just as a landmark on Austin's skyline, but as a testament to our belief that how we live shapes who we become."

Glasses clinked around the room as murmurs of "hear, hear" rippled through the crowd.

As dessert was served, Margaret approached Jess's table, bending to speak quietly in her ear.

"James Chen is looking to develop a property in Houston. He was quite impressed with your handling of the Q&A. Might be worth having a conversation before the evening ends."

Jess nodded. "Thank you for the heads-up."

"It's not just a heads up," Margaret replied, her voice still low. "It's recognition of the impression you're making. I knew you were talented from the moment I reviewed your portfolio, but tonight you've proven you're more than a gifted designer. You have presence, Jessica. That's rare, and it's valuable."

The unexpected praise from her usually reserved mentor sent warmth spreading through Jess's chest.

"That means a lot coming from you," she said sincerely.

Margaret straightened, resuming her more typical professional demeanor. "Well, don't let it go to your head," she said with the hint of a smile. "We still have the Skyline project to complete."

As Margaret moved away, Jess felt a renewed confidence settle over her. The evening had become a series of small triumphs: the successful presentation, the handled challenges, the conversations navigated, the connections formed, all without leaning on Tom's steadying presence.

After dinner, the event transitioned to more casual networking as the string quartet was replaced by a jazz trio, creating a sophisticated backdrop for continued conversations. Jess circulated through the room, accepting congratulations and discussing potential collaborations with interested parties.

As Jess made her way through the crowd, she noticed Chris Webb, Richard, and James had migrated to a quieter corner near one of the large windows overlooking Austin's twinkling skyline. Their postures were relaxed, drinks in hand, clearly in that post-dinner stage where conversation became more candid. She was about to approach them when Chris's words carried clearly through a momentary lull in the ambient noise.

"...and that dress is absolutely stunning," Chris was saying, his back to Jess. "When she walked in tonight, I nearly forgot I was a married man."

Richard laughed, a low rumble that carried the comfortable entitlement of wealth. "Can you blame yourself? I haven't seen legs like that since my third wife, and she was a former runway model."

"Speaking of models," James added, swirling his scotch, "didn't you mention she did some modeling before interior design? I'd pay good money to see those portfolios."

Jess froze mid step, heat rushing to her face. She should walk away. She should interrupt them. She should do anything but stand there, invisible, as the powerful men discussed her body like a commodity they were considering purchasing.

"Those photographs would be worth whatever the photographer charged," Chris agreed. "But the real thing surpasses any image. When she was presenting, all I could think about was how that mouth would look wrapped around my cock."

Richard chuckled. "Christ, Webb, you're worse than I am. And I'm on wife number four."

"Hey, looking isn't cheating," Chris defended himself. "Besides, my wife knows I have a weakness for blondes. It's practically in our prenup."

"That husband of hers is either the luckiest bastard alive or too stupid to realize what he's got," James said. "Where is he tonight anyway?"

"Business trip," Chris replied. "Poor guy's missing quite a show."

"His loss," Richard said, raising his glass in a mock toast. "Though his absence does make one wonder..."

"Don't even think about it, old man," James laughed. "You've already gone through enough divorces. Besides, she's too smart to fall for your routine."

"Maybe," Richard conceded. "But I've yet to meet the woman who's immune to a penthouse overlooking Lady Bird Lake and a private jet on standby."

The three men laughed, and Jess felt something cold settle in her stomach. This wasn't just crude talk. It was the casual confidence of men who were used to getting what

they wanted, who saw her success tonight not as professional achievement but as elaborate foreplay.

"I'm planning to dance with her later," Chris said, lowering his voice further. "Get a feel for how she moves. Some women, you can just tell they'd be absolute dynamite in bed."

"And you think she's one of them?" James asked.

"Look at how she carries herself," Chris replied. "That's not just confidence. That's a woman who knows exactly what effect she has on men and enjoys it. The way she moves in that dress isn't accidental."

"I bet she likes it rough," James mused. "The professional ones always do. Something about letting go of all that control they maintain during the day."

"Personally," Chris added, leaning in conspiratorially, "I'd love to see that perfect ass turning pink under my hand before bending her over my desk. Those kinds of women need to be reminded who's really in charge."

"Thousand says you won't close that deal," Richard challenged, the casual way he threw out the sum confirming his wealth.

"I don't need your money, Richard," Chris laughed. "But I wouldn't mind the satisfaction of proving you wrong."

Jess had heard enough. She slipped away, moving quickly toward the nearest restroom, her heart pounding. Inside, she braced her hands against the marble countertop, staring at her reflection in the mirror. The woman who looked back at her was flushed, her eyes too bright, her lipstick slightly faded from the evening.

Had she enjoyed the attention, the power her looks gave her in a room full of wealthy, powerful men? The thought made her feel sick and yet... hadn't there been a thrill in commanding the room, in feeling all those eyes on her?

The bathroom door opened, and Annie appeared, concern evident on her face.

"There you are," she said. "Are you okay? You disappeared so suddenly."

Jess straightened, forcing herself to appear composed. "I'm fine. Just needed a moment."

Annie studied her face. "You don't look fine. Did something happen?"

For a moment, Jess considered telling Annie what she'd overheard, sharing the crude objectification by men who held the power to advance or destroy her career. But what would be the point? This wasn't Annie's burden to bear.

"Just overwhelmed," Jess said instead. "It's been quite a night."

Annie relaxed slightly. "Tell me about it. I just had a twenty-minute conversation with some developer from Houston who couldn't seem to decide whether to look at my face or my chest."

"Charming," Jess replied dryly.

"Men," Annie shrugged. "Can't live with them, can't get multimillion-dollar contracts without them." She checked her reflection, adjusting a strand of hair. "Anyway, just wanted to make sure you were okay. Margaret's looking for you. Something about introducing you to someone from New York."

"I'll be right out," Jess promised.

When Annie left, Jess took a deep breath, centering herself. She couldn't let what she'd overheard derail this evening. This was still her professional triumph, regardless of what Chris Webb thought when he looked at her. She reapplied her lipstick with steady hands, straightened her shoulders, and returned to the ballroom.

For the next hour, Jess maintained her professional demeanor, discussing design philosophies and material selections with potential clients, all while carrying the weight of what she'd overheard. Each time Chris Webb's gaze found hers across the room, she felt a chill of recognition. Not of desire, but of seeing someone's mask slip, revealing something beneath.

As the jazz trio transitioned to a slower number, Chris appeared at her side, his timing impeccable as he approached during a lull in her conversations.

"You've been the belle of the ball tonight," he said, his smile showing perfect teeth. "Would the designer of the hour care to dance?"

Jess hesitated. Every instinct told her to decline, to fabricate an excuse about needing to speak with someone else. But the business part of her brain, the part that understood the politics of success, recognized that Chris Webb wasn't just a wealthy developer. He was a gateway to other projects, other opportunities. Skyline Austin was just the beginning of what could be a career defining relationship.

"Of course," she heard herself say, setting down her nearly empty champagne flute.

His hand settled at the small of her back as he guided her toward the small dance floor where a few other couples swayed to the music. The touch was light, professionally appropriate, and yet knowing what she now knew, it felt like a brand against her skin.

"You were spectacular tonight," Chris said as they began to move to the music. His hand rested at her waist. "The way you handled that question about construction timelines was masterful. Most designers would have gotten defensive."

"I understand their concerns," Jess replied, her voice steady despite her discomfort. "But that's why collaboration with the construction team from the early stages is so crucial."

"Exactly," Chris nodded, his eyes never leaving hers. "You understand the balance between vision and execution. It's rare to find both qualities in one person."

The conversation remained professional as they moved across the floor, but Jess couldn't unhear the crude comments, couldn't unsee the mask that had slipped. Every compliment now carried a double meaning, every gesture potentially hiding ulterior motives.

"I've been thinking about future projects," Chris continued. "There's a boutique hotel development in Savannah that would benefit from your aesthetic sensibilities. The historic district has strict guidelines, but I think your approach would be perfect."

"Savannah is beautiful," Jess replied, maintaining her professional tone. "The architectural heritage there is extraordinary."

"You should visit," Chris suggested. "I could arrange a tour of the property. Spring is particularly lovely there."

Was this innocent? A legitimate business opportunity? Or was this the beginning of the "deal" he'd discussed closing with Richard? The uncertainty made every word feel like navigating a minefield.

"That sounds interesting," she said neutrally. "I'd have to discuss it with my team, of course. Annie has a particular expertise in historic renovations."

Something flickered in Chris's eyes. Disappointment? Annoyance at her deflection? It passed so quickly she couldn't be sure.

"Of course," he agreed smoothly. "Though I was particularly impressed with your vision. The way you understand how spaces affect people emotionally... it's almost intuitive."

As the song drew to a close, Jess felt relief wash over her. "Thank you for the dance," she said, already preparing to step away.

Chris's hand tightened slightly at her waist, not enough to raise eyebrows from observers but enough for Jess to notice. "The night's still young," he said. "Perhaps

we could continue our discussion somewhere quieter? The hotel bar has some excellent private seating areas."

And there it was. The proposition, carefully couched in professional language but unmistakable in its intent.

"I appreciate the offer," Jess replied, her voice cool, "but I should circulate a bit more. There are still several people Margaret wanted me to meet."

She stepped back, breaking contact, and offered a professional smile. "Thank you again for the opportunity to work on Skyline. It's been the highlight of my career so far."

Chris's expression revealed nothing as he nodded. "The pleasure's been mine. We'll talk soon about Savannah."

As Jess moved away, she felt both relief and a creeping anxiety. Had she just damaged a valuable professional relationship? Would Chris Webb take her rejection personally and find another designer for his future projects? The politics of navigating these waters without Tom beside her suddenly felt overwhelming.

For the remainder of the evening, Jess maintained her professional demeanor, though she was careful to remain in group settings rather than one on one conversations. She caught Chris watching her several times, his expression unreadable.

By the time the event began winding down around 11 PM, Jess felt emotionally drained. What should have been a pure celebration of professional achievement had been tarnished by the crude reality of being a beautiful woman in a male dominated industry.

Margaret found her as she was preparing to leave. "You did exceptionally well tonight," the older woman said. "I heard nothing but praise for your presentation and your designs."

"Thank you," Jess replied sincerely. "That means a lot."

Margaret studied her face for a moment. "You seem troubled. Is everything alright?"

Jess hesitated. Should she tell Margaret what she'd overheard? Would her mentor understand, offer solidarity, perhaps even advice on how to handle the situation? Or would it be perceived as naiveté, an inability to navigate the realities of their industry?

"Just tired," Jess said finally. "It's been a long week."

Margaret nodded, though her eyes suggested she sensed there was more. "Well, get some rest. Monday morning, we start the real work of bringing these designs to life."

Outside, Jess waited for her Uber, the night air cool against her skin. Her phone vibrated with a text from Tom:

"Still up. Call me when you're home? Want to hear all about your big night."

Jess stared at the message, suddenly unsure what she would tell him. How could she describe an evening that had been both triumphant and deeply unsettling? Would Tom understand her conflicted feelings, or would his protective instincts overshadow everything else?

The Bad Tenant Ch. 05

The Uber rolled to a stop in front of their house just before midnight. Jess stepped out, the night air cool against her bare shoulders after the artificial warmth of the car. Her heels clicked against the concrete walkway as she approached the front door.

Inside, she kicked off her heels with a groan of relief. The house was silent, empty in a way that felt different than usual because of Tom's absence.

She made her way to the kitchen and poured herself a glass of water, drinking it in long gulps as her mind raced through the events of the evening. The presentation had gone perfectly. The designs had been well received. Connections had been made that could advance her career significantly. By all objective measures, tonight had been a professional triumph.

And yet she could still hear Chris Webb's voice, the casual objectification, the crude speculation about her sexual preferences. She could still feel the weight of his hand on her waist during their dance, the subtle pressure as he'd suggested they continue their discussion "somewhere quieter."

In the bedroom, she unzipped the dress and let it slip down her body to pool at her feet, leaving her in just her strapless bra and thong.

Jess caught sight of herself in the full-length mirror. She turned, looking over her shoulder at her reflection, studying the curve of her ass, the smooth expanse of her back. These weren't parts of herself she'd earned solely through effort. They were accidents of genetics, gifts of arbitrary fate. Was this all they saw when they looked at her? Not her talent, not her intelligence, not her professional accomplishments, just… this?

She stared at her reflection, seeing herself through Chris Webb's crude words.

"...all I could think about was how that mouth would look wrapped around my cock."

While she'd been talking about design philosophies and material selections, he'd been imagining her on her knees.

It wasn't the first time this had happened. As a female designer, she'd grown accustomed to walking a tightrope. Be attractive enough to command attention but not so attractive that you became a distraction. Dress professionally but not boringly. Be confident but not aggressive. Show enthusiasm but don't appear desperate.

She'd navigated these contradictions for years, had learned to read the subtle shift in a client's gaze when it moved from professional assessment to personal interest. Had

mastered the art of the gentle redirection, the casual mention of "my husband" dropped into conversation like a shield.

Tonight should have been different. This was her project, her moment of professional recognition. And for much of the evening, it had been. Margaret's approval, the investors' questions about her design philosophy, the respectful attention during her presentation, all of it had felt like validation of her work, not her appearance.

Until those comments. Until that dance with Chris. Until the realization that beneath the veneer of professional respect lurked the same old reduction of her worth to her physical attributes.

The hot shower couldn't wash away the memory of their words but it soothed her body. She scrubbed her skin, as if trying to remove an invisible layer of grime. The makeup came off, mascara creating dark rivers down her cheeks before swirling away down the drain.

Wrapped in her fluffy robe, Jess sat cross-legged on their bed. The clock on the nightstand read 12:47 AM. 10:47 PM in San Diego.

She needed Tom to understand, to share her outrage, to validate that this shouldn't still be happening, that her work deserved to stand on its own merits without her appearance entering the equation at all.

Her finger hovered over the call button. Part of her wanted to just text, to claim exhaustion and postpone the conversation. But she knew Tom was waiting. With a deep breath, she pressed call.

He answered on the first ring.

"Hey," Tom's voice came through, warm and eager. "There's my star designer. How was it?"

Jess leaned back against the headboard. "It was... good. The presentation went perfectly. Everyone loved the designs."

"I knew they would," Tom replied, pride evident in his voice. "How are you holding up? You must be exhausted."

"Just got out of the shower," Jess replied, running her fingers through her damp hair. "But yeah, I'm pretty wiped out. What about you? Still holed up in that hotel room?"

"Unfortunately. Room service brought me a sad excuse for a burger about an hour ago." There was a rustling sound as he presumably shifted position. "But enough about my glamorous life. Tell me everything about tonight."

She managed a small smile. “The virtual walkthrough of the master suite got an actual gasp from the audience when we revealed the bathroom’s transition to the terrace.”

“That was all you,” Tom said. “I remember when you first sketched that concept. You were so excited.”

The memory softened something in her. “Yeah, I guess I was.”

“So, networking success? Any promising leads?”

Jess twisted a strand of wet hair around her finger. “A few. Margaret introduced me to some developer from New York. And there might be something in Houston with James Chen.”

“Chen? The real estate mogul? Jess, that’s huge!”

“Yeah, it could be,” she agreed, her enthusiasm not quite matching his. “There was also talk about a boutique hotel in Savannah. Historic district.”

“Sounds perfect for you,” Tom said. “Your aesthetic would work so well with those old buildings.”

Seconds ticked by without conversation.

“Jess?” Tom’s voice shifted, concern setting in. “Everything okay? You sound... off.”

“I’m just tired,” she deflected. “It was a long night.”

His voice softened. “Did something happen?”

Jess closed her eyes, debating how much to share. “It’s nothing, really.”

“Jess,” Tom pressed gently. “Talk to me.”

She sighed, relenting. “It’s just... I overheard some things tonight. Things that weren’t meant for me to hear.”

“What kind of things?” Tom asked.

“Chris Webb and some of the investors,” Jess began. “They were talking about me. Not about my designs or my presentation. About... me. My body.”

“What did they say?”

“It’s just... one of them said I was probably dynamic in bed. The other said I looked like the type who would need to be tamed” Jess’s voice tightened with anger. “They were placing bets, Tom. Actually placing bets on which of them could sleep with me first.”

“They were betting?” Tom’s voice sounded strained. “What kind of stakes?”

“Does it even matter?” she snapped. “It was a thousand dollars. Chris said he’d win easily. Said he could tell I was the type who secretly craves a real man to put me in my place.” She let out a bitter laugh. “They talked about me like I wasn’t even human. Like I was just some prize to be won.”

“That’s gross,” Tom said, but there was a strange tension in his voice. “Did they say anything else?”

Jess went silent for a moment, trying to understand his fixation on the details. “Chris said something about wanting to see my ass turning pink before bending me over his desk. They were being crude. Objectifying. He said something about...” She hesitated, the words sticking in her throat. “About how my mouth would look wrapped around his… his cock.”

She waited for the explosion, the protective fury. Tom had always been quick to anger when someone disrespected her. She needed that now, his indignation, his outrage on her behalf.

It didn’t come.

Instead, there was a loaded silence, punctuated only by Tom’s slightly altered breathing. “What else?” Tom asked.

Jess blinked, confused by his response. “What do you mean, what else?”

“I mean, what else did they say?” Tom clarified. “About you.”

Something in his tone made her pause. “They... one of them mentioned my legs. Compared them to his ex-wife, who was apparently a model.” She frowned, trying to understand his reaction. “Tom, why are you asking for details? Aren’t you angry?”

“Of course I’m angry,” Tom replied quickly. “I’m fucking furious that they would talk about you like that. I just... I want to understand exactly what happened.”

Jess’s brow furrowed as she tried to make sense of the disconnect between his words and his tone. “They talked about me like I was a piece of meat, Tom. It was disgusting.”

“God, Jess, I’m so sorry,” Tom said. “That’s... that’s fucking awful.”

A sudden realization hit her. His reaction now, his questions about Derek, his fascination with Brandon’s flirting, his excitement after Bob’s photo session. The pieces formed an undeniable pattern.

“Tom,” she said slowly. “Are you turned on right now?”

“What? No, I’m-”

“Don’t lie to me,” she cut him off. “I can hear it in your voice.”

The silence that followed confirmed her suspicion more than any denial could have.

“Jesus Christ, Tom,” she whispered. “You are, aren’t you?”

“Jess, it’s not…” He stopped himself. “It’s complicated.”

“Then uncomplicate it for me,” she demanded, sitting up straighter. “Because from where I’m sitting, it sounds like my husband gets off on other men objectifying me.”

Tom’s exhale was shaky. “It’s not about the objectification, Jess. I hate that they disrespected you like that. I do. But...”

“But what?”

“I don’t know… just knowing that other men want you, that they fantasize about you... it reminds me how fucking lucky I am.”

Jess rubbed her temple, trying to process this revelation. “Do you have any idea what it’s like?” she asked. “To work so hard to be taken seriously, to try being recognized for your brain, only to have it all reduced to how you look? To have your professional accomplishment overshadowed by men thinking about what you’re like in the bedroom?”

“Jess, I-”

“I’ve spent my entire career fighting to be seen as more than just a pretty face,” she continued, the words flowing now, unchecked. “Do you know how many times I’ve had to prove myself?”

“Of course I know,” Tom said. “I’ve seen it. I’ve watched you struggle with it.”

“Have you? Because it doesn’t sound like you understand at all.” Her voice cracked slightly. “Tonight was supposed to be my moment, Tom. And instead, I had to listen to those men reduce me to a sexual object. And now I find out that my own husband, the one person who should see me completely, gets turned on by the same objectification that’s been holding me back.”

“That’s not fair,” Tom protested. “I’m proud of your accomplishments, Jess. I celebrate your talent and your smarts every day. This isn’t about reducing you to just your body.”

“Then what is it about?” Jess demanded. “Because from where I’m sitting, it feels like it.”

There was a long pause before Tom spoke again. “I don’t know exactly,” he said finally. “But a part of it is how incredible it feels to be the one you chose when you could have anyone.”

The sincerity in his voice made something in her chest twist. “But that’s just it, Tom. I didn’t choose you because you were the best option among a bunch of different men. I chose you because of who you are. Not because you won some competition.”

“I know that,” Tom said. “But there’s something deeper, something almost primitive that gets triggered when I see or hear about other men wanting you.”

Jess considered his words, trying to separate her feelings about tonight’s experiences from this new understanding of her husband. “You’ve been weird about this stuff lately. With Brandon at the gym, with Derek at yoga. Even with Bob.”

“I know,” Tom admitted. “I’ve been trying to understand it myself.”

“So when you asked me about Derek,” she said slowly, “about him spotting me during handstands, you were imagining his hands on me. And that turned you on.”

“Yes,” Tom said quietly. “I guess it did.”

“And hearing about Chris Webb and those investors talking about me, about what they’d like to do to me... that turns you on too.”

“It’s not that simple, Jess,” Tom sighed. “The thought of anyone actually hurting you or disrespecting you makes me furious. But knowing that they want you, that they fantasize about you, and that you’re mine regardless... yes, that affects me.”

“I’m not yours, Tom,” Jess said. “I’m not property. I’m your wife. Your partner.”

“That’s not what I meant,” Tom backpedaled. “I just meant-”

“I know what you meant,” Jess cut him off. “And I get it, on some level. But you have to understand how fucked up the timing of this revelation is.”

The conversation stalled, each recognizing the different between their perspectives.

“Why haven’t you ever mentioned this?” Jess asked.

“How exactly was I supposed to bring it up, Jess? ‘Hey babe, just so you know, I get turned on when other men lust after you’? It’s not exactly dinner conversation.”

A slight smile crossed Jess’s face despite her frustration. “Fair point.”

“Besides,” Tom added, “I wasn’t sure how I felt. If it’s normal or if it makes me some kind of fucking deviant. I’m still not sure.”

“Madi says it’s not uncommon,” Jess offered. “Men getting aroused by other men desiring their partners… I just never thought you would be one of them”

“You discussed this with Madi?” Tom sounded surprised.

“Not exactly,” Jess clarified. “She noticed how you reacted to Brandon’s flirting. She had a theory.”

“Of course she did,” Tom said with a short laugh. “Madi has theories about everything.”

The tension between them had shifted, becoming something more manageable, more familiar. Jess found herself unwinding slightly. “She called it a power thing, a way of validating their choice.”

“Maybe she’s right,” Tom conceded.

“So what now?” Jess asked. “Where does this leave us?”

“I don’t know,” Tom admitted. “I’m still trying to understand it myself. But I want you to know that I see you, Jess. Your talent, your intelligence, your kindness, your drive. Not just your body. Never just your body.”

Jess wanted to believe him. Mostly, she did. But the timing of this revelation, coming on the heels of tonight’s crude objectification, left her feeling unsettled.

“I need time to process this,” she said finally. “It’s been a long night, and this is... a lot.”

“I understand,” Tom replied. “And I’m sorry I’m not there with you. I should be.”

“Yeah,” Jess agreed softly. “You should be.”

A deep sigh escaped Tom’s lips. “Listen, I should be landing in Austin around 9 tomorrow. I’ll be out by 9:30 at the latest.”

Jess’s fingers absently traced patterns on the bedspread, her mind still swimming with everything they’d just unpacked between them. “I’ll pick you up,” she said.

“You don’t have to,” Tom replied quickly. “I can grab an Uber. You’ve had a long night and-”

“I want to,” Jess interrupted. Despite her confusion, despite this new revelation about her husband’s desires, the thought of seeing him, of ending this distance between them, suddenly felt urgent. Physical presence might bridge what words over a phone could not. “I’ll be there.”

The relief in Tom’s exhale was palpable. “Thank you.”

A quiet moment passed as they processed their words and the words they still hadn't shared. Tom cleared his throat. "Jess, about everything we just talked about... I don't want you to think-"

"Let's not do this over the phone," she cut in, gentler this time. "We should talk about it face to face. Tomorrow."

"You're right," Tom agreed. "Face to face is better."

Jess glanced at the clock. Her eyelids felt heavy, the emotional toll of the evening finally catching up to her physical exhaustion. "I should probably get some sleep."

"Yeah, me too. Early flight and all." Tom paused, and she could picture him running his fingers through his hair the way he did when he was uncertain. "Jess?"

"Hmm?"

"I love you." he struggled for words. "All of you."

The sincerity in his voice made her throat tighten unexpectedly. She wanted to stay angry, to hold onto the sense of betrayal, but beneath it all was the undeniable reality that this was Tom, her Tom, the man who had been her partner and champion for years.

"I know," she whispered. "I love you too."

"Even when I'm being a complicated asshole?" A hint of their normal banter crept back into his tone, tentative but hopeful.

"Especially then."

"Good night, Jess."

"Good night, Tom."

Tom hit the button to close the Tesla's trunk, watching it lower automatically. The airport pickup zone buzzed with activity around them. Vehicles pulled in and out, reunions happened everywhere, and impatient drivers occasionally blared their horns. But in this moment, his focus narrowed to just Jess standing in front of him.

"Hi," he said.

"Hi," she echoed, her eyes searching his face.

They moved toward each other simultaneously, closing the gap. Tom's arms wrapped around her waist as hers encircled his neck. The embrace was tight, desperate almost,

both of them holding on like they were afraid the other might slip away. When their lips met, the kiss was neither hesitant nor performative. It was real.

Tom's hand moved up to cradle the back of her head. Despite last night's conversation, despite the unresolved tensions and newly exposed desires, this fundamental truth remained unchanged: he loved this woman with every cell in his body.

"I missed you," he murmured against her lips.

"I missed you too," she replied.

A car horn blared behind them. A security officer waved at them to move along, pointing emphatically at the "No Waiting" sign.

"We should go," Jess said, reluctantly stepping back.

Tom nodded, his hand lingering on her waist before finally releasing her. They moved to their respective sides of the Tesla and got inside.

Jess pulled smoothly into the airport traffic, her hands confident on the steering wheel. Tom watched her profile, the way her eyes focused on the road, the slight furrow between her brows that always appeared when she was concentrating.

"So," he began, his voice sounding too loud in the quiet car. "About last night-"

"Not while I'm driving," Jess interrupted, her tone gentle but firm. "Let's wait until we're home."

"Okay," he agreed.

Tom's mind raced with all the ways he could explain himself, all the words he'd rehearsed on the flight home. None of them seemed adequate now.

"How was your flight?" Jess asked, her eyes still on the road.

Tom welcomed the topic. "Not bad. I actually slept a little, which was surprising."

"You never sleep on planes," Jess remarked.

"I know. I guess exhaustion finally won out over my hatred of airplane seats."

"Those first-class seats looked pretty comfortable to me."

"Trust me, even first-class becomes a torture chamber after long enough," Tom replied.

As they drove home, Tom watched Austin's skyline grow larger through the windshield. It was still a bit strange to him, even after years of living here. Austin had been his choice, a career opportunity too good to pass up, a chance to start fresh with Jess.

“So,” Tom said. “You mentioned that you got your period.”

“Yeah.”

“How are you feeling about that?”

She shrugged. “It is what it is. Can’t force these things, right?”

“We can try again,” he offered. “When the time is right.”

“When the time is right,” she echoed. “That’s what we’ve been saying for a year now.”

“I know,” he acknowledged. “But the promotion’s going to change things. We’ll have more security, more savings.”

“I’m sure we will,” Jess replied. “How was San Diego, anyway?”

Tom sighed, running a hand through his hair. “We made a lot of progress this week, especially yesterday. The team really pulled together, and we figured out most of the critical issues. But there’s still a lot of work ahead this week.”

“Long days?”

“Yeah,” Tom admitted. “Probably. But just until this project is over.” He watched her face carefully. “It won’t be like this forever, Jess.”

“It never is,” she replied, a hint of old frustration coloring her voice. But then she softened. “I know you’re doing your best.”

“I am,” Tom said earnestly. He hesitated, his fingers fidgeting with the seatbelt strap. “There’s something else, though.”

Jess glanced at him briefly before returning her eyes to the road. “What is it?”

“Davis emailed me this morning. I need to go back to San Diego for a few days. Wednesday to Friday, same as last week.”

The car went silent.

“I see,” she finally said. “So you’ll be home for what, four days before leaving again?”

“I have to do this, Jess.” Tom turned more fully toward her. “The CEO’s breathing down Davis’s neck, and there are still issues that need my direct attention.”

Jess nodded, her eyes fixed on the highway ahead. “Of course. The client needs you.”

The resignation in her tone made his chest ache. “I’m sorry. I know the timing’s bad, especially after everything we talked about last night.”

“It’s fine,” she said, though they both knew it wasn’t. “That’s the job, right? That’s why they’re promoting you.”

“I’ll make it up to you,” Tom promised. “Maybe we could do something special before I leave? Tuesday night, just the two of us?”

Jess’s expression softened slightly. “That would be nice.”

Tom reached across the center console to rest his hand on her thigh. “And when I get back, we’re taking a proper weekend away. No work, no phones, just us.”

“I’d like that,” Jess replied, her voice warming slightly despite the disappointment still evident in her face. She covered his hand with her own, squeezing gently before returning it to the steering wheel.

The drive home felt both too long and too short. They entered the house together. Tom carried his bag to their bedroom while Jess moved to the kitchen.

“You hungry?” she called after him. “I’ll make some eggs and bacon. There’s coffee too.”

“That sounds perfect,” Tom replied, grateful for her offer. “I’ll just change quickly.”

In their bedroom, Tom set his bag down and took a moment to breathe. He changed out of his travel clothes into comfortable jeans and a t-shirt, splashed water on his face in the bathroom, and studied his reflection. The man looking back at him appeared unchanged on the surface. Same hair, same eyes, same features he’d always had. But inside, he felt fundamentally altered by the admission he’d made to Jess.

The smell of brewing coffee and sizzling bacon filled the kitchen. Jess stood at the stove, spatula in hand, her back to him. Tom paused in the doorway.

“Smells amazing,” he said, announcing his presence.

Jess glanced over her shoulder, offering a small smile. “Coffee’s ready if you want some.”

Tom poured himself a cup, then leaned against the counter, watching her cook. This was such a normal Saturday morning ritual for them. Breakfast together, casual conversation. Except today, everything felt unstable, balanced on the edge of transformation.

“Need any help?” he offered.

“I’ve got it,” Jess replied, cracking eggs into the pan. “Almost done.”

Minutes later, they settled at the dining table with plates of toast, fried eggs, and crispy bacon. The food was a welcome distraction, giving them something to focus on besides the conversation looming ahead.

They ate in silence before Tom finally spoke. “Jess,” he began. “About last night.”

Jess took a sip of her coffee, then met his eyes directly. “I’ve been thinking about it all morning,” she said. “About what you told me.”

Tom nodded, swallowing hard. The revelation lay between them now, no longer his secret burden but something they both had to carry.

Tom set down his fork. “I’ve been thinking about it too. About how my explanation wouldn’t capture all of it because I don’t understand it myself.”

“Try,” she said simply. “I need you to try.”

Tom stared at his plate for a moment, organizing his thoughts. “When you told me what Chris Webb said about you, what they all said, I should’ve been just angry. And part of me was. The thought of them disrespecting you like that. But there’s this other feeling too. This... excitement.”

Jess remained silent, giving him space to continue.

“It’s like... knowing these powerful men, these successful men, want you... it creates this feeling in me. Pride and jealousy and excitement all mixed together. And I know how fucked up that sounds.”

“You already said that last night” Jess replied. “How long, Tom? How long have you been feeling this way?”

Tom exhaled slowly. “I think it’s always been there, just beneath the surface. Remember how jealous I used to get when we first started dating?”

Jess nodded. “You once threatened to punch some guy for buying me a drink.”

“I was an idiot,” Tom admitted. “But I think what’s happening now is the evolution of that same feeling. Back then, it was jealousy because I was insecure. I was scared of losing you. But as I felt more secure in us, that feeling started transforming into something else.”

“Into arousal,” Jess supplied.

“Yeah,” Tom admitted. “Look, I know the timing was awful. You were dealing with actual objectification, with men reducing you to your body, and then to learn that your husband gets turned on by the idea of other men wanting you... I can see how that felt like… like a betrayal.”

“It did,” Jess confirmed. “It felt like you were siding with them somehow, like you were joining in the same reduction of who I am to just... this.” She gestured down at her body.

“But that’s not it at all,” Tom insisted, leaning forward. “Like I said already, I see all of you. Your talent, your intelligence, your kindness, your drive. I’m in awe of those things every day.”

Jess nodded slowly. “I believe you believe that,” she said carefully. “But can you understand why it feels complicated from my side? Especially after what happened at the party?”

“Of course I can,” Tom said. “And I’m sorry for how I reacted last night. You needed support, not... whatever that was.”

They fell quiet, just observing each other for a moment.

“I’m not sure I can work with Chris and those investors after this,” Jess said, changing direction. “They see my looks first and my mind second. That’s always going to be the case.”

“Could you request a different project?” Tom suggested.

Jess shook her head. “Skyline’s huge. Walking away would hurt me professionally.” She paused. “It’s frustrating because I’ve been here before. When I was modeling, I got this rush from being admired, from all the attention. But I started to realize that I was being valued for something I had no control over. My genes, my youth, the symmetry of my face.”

“That’s why you left modeling.”

“Exactly. I wanted to be valued for my mind. For something I created or earned.” Her voice gained strength as she continued. “I worked my ass off to get where I am. Years of education, proving myself, building a reputation based on my talents. Not my looks. And then in one night, I’m right back where I started. Just a pretty face, a body to be fantasized about.”

Tom leaned forward. “But that’s not all true. Your work speaks for itself. The Skyline designs are amazing, and everyone in that room knew it. That’s why they were there.”

“Tell that to Chris Webb,” Jess said bitterly.

“Look,” Tom said, his tone shifting to something more thoughtful. “You’re beautiful… unusually beautiful. That’s just a fact. People notice and they react. So why not use it?”

Jess raised an eyebrow. “Excuse me?”

“You used your beauty to make money modeling. That was a career choice. Why act like it’s not an advantage now?”

“Because I want to be taken seriously as a professional.”

"And you are," Tom insisted. "But think of it this way. If a man is extremely tall and good at basketball, he wouldn't complain that his height is an unfair advantage. He'd lean into it. He'd use it."

A reluctant smile tugged at the corner of Jess's mouth. "Did you just compare my tits to LeBron James's height?"

Tom chuckled. "I'm saying that your beauty's part of your package, along with your intelligence, your creativity, your work ethic. Why not own all of it?" Tom leaned back in his chair. "The problem isn't that men notice that you're beautiful. It's that some of them, like Chris Webb, don't see past it to everything else you offer."

"Are you actually suggesting that I deliberately use my looks to my advantage with Chris? The same man who was placing bets on fucking me?"

Tom winced at her bluntness. "No, not exactly." He leaned forward, choosing his words carefully. "What I'm suggesting is that you stop seeing your beauty as something separate from your professional self. It's all part of the same package."

"That sounds suspiciously like telling me to use my looks," Jess challenged.

"It is but it's more nuanced than that," Tom insisted. "What if you stopped apologizing for the effect you have on people and just... owned it? You walk into a room, and heads turn. That's power. That's presence. And in your industry, presence matters."

Jess's fingers drummed against her mug. "So I should just accept that men like Webb will always see me as a potential conquest?"

"No, you should make them see that you're aware of their game and you're ten steps ahead. Think about Margaret. She's brilliant, respected, and she's also completely aware of how she presents herself. You think she doesn't know exactly what she's doing with those power suits and that intimidating stare?"

"That's different," Jess argued. "Margaret isn't dealing with men discussing what she'd look like on her knees."

"Maybe not now, but you think she hasn't faced similar bullshit in her career? The difference is she found a way to weaponize their expectations against them."

Jess fell silent.

"Look," Tom continued, "what if instead of feeling reduced or diminished when someone notices your looks first, you use that moment to showcase your talent? Let them underestimate you. Then demolish them with your skill. Their confusion when

they realize they've been intellectually outmaneuvered by the 'pretty face' becomes your advantage."

Jess couldn't help the small smile that formed as she imagined the scenario. "There is something satisfying about watching their faces when they realize I actually know what I'm talking about."

"Exactly. And the thing is, Jess, you've earned the right to be in those rooms. Your work got you there, not your looks. Your looks just make them pay attention faster. I'm not saying it's fair or right. I'm saying maybe there's a way to reclaim that power for yourself."

Jess considered his words. "That's... actually not a terrible point."

"I'm occasionally insightful," Tom replied with smile. "Usually by accident."

Their eyes met across the table, and something in the tension between them eased. Not gone but transformed into something more manageable.

"So," Jess said after a moment. "About your... revelation."

"Right."

"It can't have been easy keeping that to yourself."

"I didn't even think to bring it up," Tom admitted. "I wasn't really sure of what I was feeling anyway. And I was afraid you'd think I was disrespecting you or something."

Jess's expression softened. "Tom, we've been together for more than six years. Did you really think I'd judge you that harshly?"

"I don't know," Tom answered. "This isn't exactly normal, Jess. Most men don't get turned on thinking about other guys wanting their wives."

"Define normal," Jess challenged. "For all we know, plenty of men feel this way and just never talk about it."

Tom hadn't considered that possibility. "Maybe."

They sat together in peaceful silence for a moment, both contemplating.

Jess tilted her head, her eyes studying Tom with new curiosity. "Tell me more about how this evolved. You said it started as jealousy and turned into... excitement? How did that happen?"

Tom took a breath, gathering his thoughts. This was the part he'd been both dreading and needing. "It's like I said, when we first started dating, every guy who looked at you felt like a threat."

“Go on,” Jess said softly.

“I kept wondering what the hell you were doing with me. Why would you stick with me when you had so many options.”

“Because I loved you,” she replied.

“I know that now.” Tom said. “But back then, I was insecure as hell. Every guy who approached you felt like he was trying to take you away from me.”

“And that changed?”

Tom nodded. “After we got married, something changed. I stopped seeing other men as threats because I felt secure with you. I knew you’d chosen me, committed to me. But the attention never stopped.”

“No, it didn’t,” Jess acknowledged.

“And that’s when things got... complicated.”

“And that’s when the jealousy changed?” Jess prompted.

Tom nodded slowly. “Yeah, but it wasn’t overnight. It was gradual. I’d notice guys checking you out, and instead of that punch-to-the-gut feeling, I’d feel this... I don’t know... this surge of pride? Like, yeah, look all you want, but she’s with me.”

“That doesn’t sound like a sexual thing yet,” Jess observed.

“It wasn’t,” Tom agreed. “But then I started getting... curious.”

“Curious how?”

Tom’s cheeks flushed slightly. “I started wondering.”

“Wondering what?”

Tom swallowed hard. “Wondering what if you smiled back? What if you let him buy you a drink? What if you danced with him at a club? How would he handle you?”

Jess’s eyes widened slightly. “And that... turned you on?”

“Not at first,” Tom clarified. “At first it was just curiosity. But then the scenarios in my head started getting more detailed. I’d picture you leaning in close to hear him over the music, his hand finding your waist, you laughing at something he said...”

“And then?”

“And then I’d picture you kissing him.”

The confession pulsed in the silence that followed, each heartbeat stretching the moment further, but Jess’ face remained neutral.

Jess took a sip of her coffee. “Does it go further?” she asked, her voice remarkably steady. “In these scenarios of yours. Does it go beyond kissing?”

“Do you really want to know?”

“I asked, didn’t I?”

Tom couldn’t meet her eyes. “Yes.”

Jess exhaled slowly. “You imagine me having sex with other men.”

It wasn’t a question, but Tom nodded anyway. “I wondered what sounds you’d make. What words you’d say. What your face would look like with someone else.”

“Someone like who?” Jess pressed. “Anyone specific?”

Tom shifted uncomfortably. “Sometimes it’s a faceless stranger. Sometimes it’s... people we know.”

“Brandon?” Jess guessed.

Tom nodded, heat creeping up his neck. “Yeah.”

“Who else?”

“Does it matter?”

Jess leaned forward. “It matters to me.”

Tom ran a hand through his hair. “I don’t know, it’s friends, coworkers, Derek, your yoga teacher. And... Bob.”

“Bob?” Jess’s eyebrows shot up. “Our tenant Bob? The one you were so worried about being alone with me?”

“That’s different,” Tom insisted. “Fantasy versus reality.”

“But you imagined me with him?”

Tom nodded, feeling exposed.

Jess was silent for a long moment, processing. “In these fantasies, are you there? Watching?”

Tom shook his head. “No. In my mind, you’re alone with them. I’m not there influencing how you act. It’s like... I’m seeing the real you, how you’d naturally be with someone else. Like I’m watching a TV show or I’m a fly on the wall.”

“So you’re not imagining a threesome situation or anything like that?”

"No," Tom clarified. "I'm not in the room at all. It's just you and whoever I'm imagining you with."

Jess took a sip of her coffee, her eyes never leaving his face. "And afterward? In these scenarios, what happens after I've been with someone else?"

Tom blinked, looking slightly confused. "Afterward? I... I don't really think about that part. The fantasies aren't like some ongoing story with a plot. They're just... moments. Scenes. It's not like I'm picturing our whole life changing or something. I don't think about the 'after' at all."

"So these are just... disconnected sexual scenarios?" Jess asked, her brow furrowing slightly.

"Yeah," Tom admitted. "Just snapshots of you with someone else. The fantasy is about that moment, that encounter. Not about what it means for us or what happens next. It's not a whole alternate reality I'm building, just these intense scenes that... that turn me on."

Jess's expression shifted, something calculating in her eyes. "That's interesting. So you're not actually fantasizing about me having relationships with these men. Just sex."

"Exactly," Tom replied. "It's purely physical in my mind. It's not about you developing feelings for them or anything like that."

"And how far does this fantasy go?" she asked, her voice calm. "Is it just about thinking about it, or would you want to..." she hesitated, choosing her words carefully, "act on it in some way?"

The question was heavier than anything that had come before. Tom's heart hammered against his ribs as he considered how to answer. This was the cliff edge he'd been avoiding, the difference between private thoughts and real-world actions.

"I haven't thought about the specifics," he lied.

"I find that hard to believe," Jess countered, her tone not accusatory but skeptical. "You've clearly given this a lot of thought."

Tom ran a hand through his hair. "Okay, that's not entirely true. I have thought about it. But it's complicated."

"I'm listening," Jess said, setting her coffee mug down and giving him her full attention. "You've never thought about what acting on this might actually look like? Never pictured a specific scenario?"

Tom felt exposed, like someone had turned a spotlight on him during what was supposed to be a private moment. The fantasy had been safe when it existed only in his mind, when he could control every aspect of it. But articulating it to Jess, making it real through words, felt dangerous in a way he hadn't anticipated.

The memory of last Saturday night flooded Tom's mind in vivid detail. Not the photoshoot, but what came after. His mind drifted to the image of Bob stroking his massive cock to completion while staring at pictures of Jess.

Later that night, Tom's mind had betrayed him with images of Jess on her knees in front of Bob, her lips stretched wide as she struggled to accommodate his cock.

And the next morning, when Jess had woken him with her mouth, he'd again imagined her struggle to take Bob's cock down her throat, imagined her determination to master the challenge.

Chris Webb's words at the party had hit eerily close to home: "All I could think about was how that mouth would look wrapped around my cock." It was the very thought that had consumed Tom's mind as Jess's head bobbed between his legs, except in Tom's forbidden fantasy, it wasn't his own modest cock receiving her skilled attention but Bob's massive one.

The guilt was crushing. He should tell her. But how could he admit to fantasies this extreme?

And this wasn't just about his fantasies anymore. This was about an actual violation of Jess's privacy, about their tenant jerking off to her photos without her knowledge or consent. And admitting that he'd known about it for a week, that he'd kept it from her while letting her interact with Bob alone… it might be one revelation too many.

If he told her this, would she ever look at him the same way? Would she ever feel safe in their marriage again? The risk was too great, the potential damage too severe.

"Tom?" Jess's voice pulled him back to the present.

He swallowed hard, shoving the memory away. "Sorry, just... thinking."

Jess studied his face. "So have you?"

Tom shifted in his seat. "Okay, maybe I've thought about it," he conceded. "Just... maybe it'd be fun to see you flirt back with other guys. To watch you enjoy that attention openly instead of always deflecting it."

Her eyebrow arched. "Just flirting?"

“For now, yes,” Tom said, then immediately regretted the qualifier. “I mean, I’m not saying it would need to move beyond that. Just that flirting seems like a safe starting point, if we were ever to explore this.”

“So if Brandon flirts with me at the gym, you’d want me to flirt back? Maybe touch his arm and laugh at his dumb jokes?”

Tom’s stomach felt scrambled at the specific example. “Actually, I don’t think it would be a good idea with people we know well. Brandon’s a friend, and that would make things messy.”

“What about Derek, then? My yoga instructor?”

Tom shook his head quickly. “No, that’s not what I meant either.”

“Good, because I wouldn’t flirt with Derek,” Jess said. “People would notice, and I’d get a reputation.”

“Exactly,” Tom agreed, relieved she understood. “It would need to be someone more... removed from our daily lives, our social life.”

Jess studied him, her head tilted slightly. “So to be clear, when you say ‘flirt,’ that’s all you mean? You’re not suggesting I actually sleep with someone else?”

“I don’t know,” Tom replied. “The fantasy in my head is one thing. The reality of you actually being with someone else is completely different.”

“And what’s the difference?” Jess pressed.

Tom considered her question carefully. “Fantasy exists in a vacuum. It’s just these separate moments without consequences. Reality is messier. Feelings get involved. Jealousy could emerge. You might enjoy being with someone else too much.”

“You’re scared I’d like it better with someone else?” Jess asked, zeroing in on his insecurity.

Tom’s cheeks flushed. “Maybe. A little. But that’s not the only concern.”

“What else, then?” Jess asked.

“What if it changes how we see each other? What if I can’t handle seeing you with someone else, even though I think I want to?” Tom’s words tumbled out faster now, giving voice to fears he’d barely acknowledged to himself. “What if it ruins what we have?”

Jess leaned forward, her eyes on Tom’s face. “Let me make sure I understand you. If you were absolutely certain that I wouldn’t leave you, that this wouldn’t damage our relationship... is this something you’d want to happen?”

Tom's mouth went dry. "Yes," he admitted, the word escaping like a confession. "I think I would."

"You think?" Jess pressed, her voice calm but insistent. "Be clear with me, Tom."

Tom met her gaze, his heart hammering against his ribs. "Yes. I would."

"Then spell it out," Jess said. "What exactly are you asking for? What's your fantasy here? Because it sounds like you're suggesting something beyond innocent flirting."

Tom swallowed hard. "My ultimate fantasy would be... you having sex with someone else."

Tom watched Jess's face, searching for signs of disgust or judgment, but her expression remained carefully neutral.

"So what are you actually suggesting here? That I just go sleep with random men and tell you about it?"

"No, not random men," Tom said quickly, realizing how his words might be interpreted. "I want you to be safe, comfortable. I just... I want you to be your playful self. To maybe not shut down the guys who approach you. To go along with it a little and then tell me about it."

"Go along with it," Jess repeated, her tone unreadable.

"Yeah," Tom nodded. "Remember last week? When you sent me those pictures from your office bathroom? God, Jess, that was so hot. And Sunday night when you took off your panties at the restaurant? We had some of the most intense sex we've had in years."

"So that's what you want? More of that playful, sexual side of me?"

"Exactly," Tom said. "You're naturally flirty, naturally sensual. I've watched you push it down around other men. I know you were doing that for me."

Jess smiled. "You know what's funny? You're right. I have been careful. I've acted almost prudish around other men, always making sure to mention 'my husband' early in conversations, shutting down flirtation before it can begin." She shook her head, a soft laugh escaping. "And now I find out my husband wants the opposite."

"Not the extreme opposite," Tom clarified. "I'm not asking you to sleep with every guy who looks at you twice. Just... maybe explore this side of yourself. With me. For us."

"So you want to start gradually," Jess said, her tone thoughtful. "Beginning with me flirting back when men approach me."

"Yes," Tom nodded. "Exactly."

Jess studied him for a long moment, her eyes searching his face. "I need time to think about all of this," Jess said finally. "When I woke up this morning, I wasn't expecting it to lead to a discussion about acting on those fantasies."

"I understand," Tom said quickly. "And there's no pressure, Jess. None at all. This is just me being honest about feelings I'm still trying to understand myself."

"What happens if I say no?" Jess asked. "Will you resent me for denying you?"

"God, no," Tom insisted. "Jess, you're my wife. My partner. Your comfort and happiness come first. Always."

"And what happens if I say yes?" she countered. "What if your jealousy comes back? What if seeing me actually flirt with someone else brings back all those insecurities you used to have?"

"I don't know," he admitted. "That's the scary part. I think I'd be okay, but I can't guarantee it. That's why we'd need to go slowly, to check in with each other every step of the way."

"This is all just fantasy, right?" Jess asked, her eyes finding his. "If we never explore this, never act on it, you'd be okay with that?"

"Absolutely," Tom assured her. "Jess, you are my priority. Us, our marriage. I'd never do anything to damage what we have."

Jess nodded. "Do you understand why this is so big for me? Why I need time to process this?"

"Of course I do," Tom said. "It's a lot to process."

Their eyes met across the table, years of shared history flowing between them.

"Can we agree on something?" Jess asked suddenly. "No more keeping things from each other? Even the weird shit, even the stuff that's hard to say. We talk about it."

"Of course." Tom agreed automatically but immediately felt guilty. Her words triggered the thought of what he'd just decided to keep from her. The image of Bob masturbating to her photos flashed in his mind again.

He opened his mouth, caught between his fresh promise of honesty and his earlier decision to protect her from this ugly truth. The conflict must have shown on his face, because Jess's expression shifted to concern.

"What is it?" she asked, studying him.

Tom swallowed hard. “It’s about Bob,” he began, unsure where his own words were leading him.

Jess looked confused. “Bob? What about him?”

The doorbell chimed, cutting off his words. They both jumped, the sudden intrusion shattering the moment.

“Fuck,” Tom muttered, equal parts frustrated and relieved at the interruption. “Who the hell is that?”

The doorbell rang again, more insistent this time.

“I’ll get it,” Tom sighed, rising to his feet.

Through the frosted glass of their front door, Tom could make out the broad silhouette of a man. His stomach clenched as he realized who it was. He opened the door to find Bob standing on their porch, toolbox in hand.

“Morning,” Bob greeted with a nod. “Hope I’m not interrupting anything.”

Tom stood at the door, staring at Bob’s broad figure, all his senses sharpening with unexpected alarm. The older man’s appearance felt almost supernatural in its timing, as if he’d been summoned by the mere mention of his name.

Tom, hyper-aware of what he’d been about to confess to Jess, forced a smile while fighting the urge to slam the door shut. “Just having breakfast. What can I do for you, Bob?”

“Remember when we did that inspection? We talked about starting work on the weekends.” Bob’s eyes flickered over Tom’s shoulder, searching the space behind him. “Thought I’d get an early start on that kitchen backsplash.”

Tom blinked, his mind still reeling. “Right. The backsplash. Listen, Bob, this isn’t really a good-”

“Bob!” Jess’s voice came from behind Tom, bright with surprise. She appeared at his side. “I thought I heard your voice.”

Bob’s expression brightened noticeably at the sight of her. “Morning, Jess. Hope I’m not interrupting anything important.” His eyes flickered between them.

“Not at all,” she assured him, her smile genuine. “We were just finishing breakfast. What brings you by?”

“Remember that list we made?” Bob set down his toolbox and reached into the pocket of his work shirt, pulling out a folded paper. “Thought we could get started on some of these projects this weekend. Like we discussed.”

“This weekend?” Tom started, but Jess was already nodding enthusiastically.

“What did you have in mind?” she asked.

Bob jerked his thumb toward his truck. “Got those natural stone samples for the kitchen backsplash. High-end stuff. Thought maybe we could start there, knock it out this weekend.”

“Oh, the backsplash!” Jess’s eyes lit up. She turned to Tom. “Didn’t we talk about that? It would be such an improvement over what we have now.”

Before Tom could respond, Bob continued. “Got a connection with a supplier. This particular stone would run you about five grand retail.” He let that sink in for a moment. “But I can get it for a fraction of that. Say, a thousand for materials, and I’ll handle the installation.”

Tom’s eyebrows shot up. Even at Bob’s “discounted” rate of a thousand, it was more than they’d planned to spend on a backsplash. They’d also just been discussing finances and their delayed family plans due to money constraints.

“That’s... quite an investment,” Tom began carefully.

“Can we see the samples?” Jess asked, her excitement palpable.

Bob grinned. “Sure thing. They’re in the truck. Come on, I’ll show you.”

They followed Bob to his truck where he opened the passenger door and pulled out a large canvas bag. He unzipped it and spread it open across the hood of the vehicle.

Inside were several stone samples, each one more striking than the last. Bob selected one and handed it to Jess.

“This is the one I had in mind for your kitchen,” he said. “It’s got these beautiful veins of blue and green running through it. Extremely rare.”

Jess’s face transformed as she held the stone sample. The sunlight reflected off the mineral deposits, making them shimmer with an almost otherworldly glow. The base color was a warm ivory that would complement their existing cabinetry perfectly.

“It’s gorgeous,” she breathed, running her fingers across the polished surface. “Tom, look at this.”

Tom had to admit, it was beautiful. The stone had depth and character that their current basic tile backsplash completely lacked. He could already imagine how it

would transform their kitchen, adding that touch of luxury and sophistication that Jess had always wanted.

But a thousand dollars? For a backsplash?

"I don't know, Jess," he said hesitantly. "It's a lot to spend right now."

Jess turned to him, the stone sample still cradled in her hands like something precious. "But it's exactly what we've been talking about. And it's such a good deal." She lowered her voice slightly. "This is the kind of stone I specified for the Skyline penthouses, Tom. It's really high quality."

Bob cleared his throat. "I should mention, this price is just for you folks. Because we're neighbors now." He gave them a smile. "And I can install it this weekend, get it all done before you know it."

"This weekend?" Tom echoed, trying to buy himself some time to think. He and Jess had just started to work through some deeply personal revelations. The last thing they needed was Bob around all weekend.

"The whole weekend?" Jess asked, apparently thinking along similar lines.

"Probably, yeah," Bob nodded. "It's meticulous work. Can't rush it. But by Sunday evening, you'll have a showstopper of a kitchen."

Tom watched as Jess bit her lower lip, a sure sign she was trying to contain her excitement. He knew that look. It was the same expression she'd had when they'd first toured this house, when she'd spotted the potential beneath the dated finishes.

"Tom?" she asked, her eyes pleading. "What do you think?"

He looked from Jess to Bob and back again. A thousand dollars they hadn't budgeted for. A weekend with Bob in their space when they should be focusing on their relationship. Yet the hope and excitement on Jess's face made his resolve waver.

"I..." Tom ran a hand through his hair. "It's a lot of money, Jess."

"But think of the value it adds to the house," she countered. "And with your promotion coming up..."

The promotion. The one he was counting on to fix their financial situation, to finally start the family Jess wanted, to rebuild their savings. It wasn't a sure thing yet, but Davis had made it clear he was on track.

"Please?" Jess asked softly, her fingers still tracing the patterns in the stone. "It would make such a difference."

Tom sighed, recognizing defeat. "Fine. Let's do it."

Jess's face lit up in a smile. "Really? Thank you!" She turned to Bob. "When can you start?"

"Right now, if that works for you folks," Bob replied, already gathering his samples. "I've got all the tools and materials in the truck. Been preparing for this since we talked about it."

Of course he had, Tom thought. How convenient.

They led Bob into the house and up to the kitchen. Bob set his toolbox down on the counter and immediately began assessing, running his hands along the existing backsplash and measuring with his eyes.

"Good thing I've already seen the space," Bob commented. "Makes planning easier." He glanced at Jess. "You've kept it nice and clean in here. Makes my job easier too."

Jess beamed at the compliment. "Thanks. I try to keep things organized."

Bob nodded approvingly. "I'll need to remove the existing tile first. Might get a bit dusty, so you might want to cover anything important."

As Jess moved some of their things to help Bob prepare the space, Tom watched from the doorway with an uneasy feeling settling in his stomach. There was something about the way Bob confidently moved through their kitchen that bothered him.

"So," Bob said conversationally as he began taking items out of his toolbox, "how was that fancy party you mentioned? The one for your big project?"

"Oh, the Skyline launch?" Jess's expression brightened. "It went really well. Our presentation was a hit, and there was a lot of interest in the designs. Some potential new clients too."

"That's great," Bob said with what seemed like genuine enthusiasm. "Always good to see hard work recognized. Talent like yours doesn't go unnoticed."

Jess's smile widened at the compliment. "That's kind of you to say."

"Just stating facts," Bob replied with a shrug. "Now, while I get set up here, why don't you two go about your day? No need to stand around watching me remove old tile. Not exactly thrilling entertainment."

"You sure you don't need help?" Jess asked.

"I'm sure," Bob assured her. "Been doing this longer than you've been alive. I know my way around a kitchen remodel."

Tom felt Jess's hand slip into his. "Come on," she said softly. "Let's let him work."

They retreated to their bedroom. The sound of Bob moving around in their kitchen still reached them, but muffled now.

"So," Jess said, turning to face Tom. "That was quite the coincidence, wasn't it? Bob showing up right when you were about to tell me something about him."

Tom nodded. "Yeah. Weird timing."

"What were you going to say?" Jess asked, her eyes searching his face. "About Bob?"

Tom hesitated. The moment to tell her the full truth seemed to have passed. If he told her now what he'd seen, with Bob just down the hall working in their kitchen, it would create an impossible situation. Besides, how could he explain why he'd kept it from her for so long?

"Tom?" Jess prompted when he didn't answer. "What is it?"

"It's nothing serious," he found himself saying. "Just... I think… I think Bob has a crush on you."

Jess's eyebrows rose, and then she laughed, the sound genuine and dismissive. "Bob? Are you serious? Tom, that's ridiculous."

Tom nodded, feeling both relief and guilt at the partial truth. "I've noticed the way he looks at you when he thinks no one's watching. It's pretty obvious."

"Oh my god, you're actually serious." Jess shook her head, her smile widening with disbelief. "Tom, he's just being nice. He's old enough to be my father and probably sees me more like a daughter than anything else."

"That doesn't mean anything," Tom pointed out. "You're a beautiful woman, Jess. Age doesn't make men blind to that."

Jess rolled her eyes, clearly finding the whole idea absurd. "Tom, I've spent more time with him than you have. He's just a lonely guy who likes fixing things and having someone appreciate his work. If you'd seen how he lights up when I compliment his craftsmanship, you'd understand. It's not about me. It's about feeling valued for his skills."

She placed her hands on Tom's shoulders, her expression softening. "Honestly, he reminds me of my grandpa. Always puttering around with projects, eager to show off his handiwork. There's nothing remotely romantic about it. He's been nothing but respectful."

Tom thought of the image burned into his brain: Bob's massive cock in his hand, Bob's eyes closed in ecstasy as he came to the images of Jess. There had been nothing respectful about that. But he couldn't tell her. Not now.

“I guess you’re right,” he conceded. “It’s probably harmless.”

A mischievous glint appeared in Jess’s eyes. “Is that what you were so worried about telling me? That our tenant thinks I’m pretty?”

“I wasn’t worried,” Tom protested weakly. “Just... observing.”

Jess stepped closer, her arms sliding around his waist. “So,” she said, her voice dropping, “even if your observation was correct... given our conversation earlier, would the idea of Bob having a crush on me bother you? Or would it... interest you?”

Tom swallowed hard, caught off guard by her directness. “I... I don’t know.”

“You don’t know?” Jess raised an eyebrow, clearly amused by his discomfort. “After everything we just talked about?”

She ran her fingers through the hair at the back of his head as she pressed her body against his. “What if I flirted with him a little?” she whispered. “Nothing serious. Just enough to see if you’re right about this supposed crush. Would that turn you on, Tom? Would it make you happy?”

Tom’s pulse quickened, his body responding instantly to her suggestion despite his conflicted mind. “Jess, I-”

“Remember how you were after those pool photos?” she continued. “How you couldn’t keep your hands off me? How you fucked me so hard?” Her teeth grazed his earlobe. “Is that what would happen if I flirted with Bob? Would you ravage me again afterward?”

Tom’s cock instantly hardened at her words. Jess’s suggestion about flirting with Bob, the same man he’d watched masturbate to her photos, triggered a storm of arousal and anxiety that left him dizzy. The idea was both terrifying and exhilarating.

“You wouldn’t...” he managed.

“Wouldn’t I?” she challenged, pressing her body closer. She could feel his erection against her stomach and smiled, victorious. “That answers my question.”

The reality of what was happening struck Tom with sudden clarity. This wasn’t just abstract talk anymore. Jess was actively considering testing his fantasies in the real world, starting with Bob, a man who Tom knew harbored far more than just a casual interest.

His mind raced through the potential consequences. What if Bob took her flirting as an invitation for more? What if those massive hands, so skilled at fixing broken things, decided to reach for his wife? The thought should have repulsed him, should have

triggered that protective instinct that had dominated their early relationship. Instead, his cock throbbed.

"This isn't a game, Jess," he said. "If you start something like this..."

Her eyes glittered with a newfound understanding of the power she held. "Then what? What happens if I start testing these boundaries? Would you stop me? Or would you encourage me?"

Tom realized she was mapping the contours of his desires in real time, probing for the truth behind his confessions. She wasn't just accepting his fantasy. She was exploring it, turning it over in her hands like a curious object she'd discovered.

A loud crash from the kitchen broke the moment. They both jumped, Jess stepping back as the sound of Bob swearing drifted down the hall.

"I should check on him," Jess said, giving Tom a look that promised this conversation wasn't over.

Tom grabbed her wrist before she could leave. "Jess, wait."

She turned back, eyebrows raised.

"I... I don't know how to feel about this," he admitted. "The fantasy in my head and the reality of you actually flirting with him are different things."

"I know," she said, her expression softening. "I was just teasing you. Besides, I told you, I don't think Bob sees me that way at all."

If only you knew, Tom thought, the image of Bob's massive cock flashing through his mind again.

"Right," he said instead. "Of course."

Jess slipped from his grasp and headed toward the kitchen, leaving Tom to collect himself. He adjusted his pants, willing his erection to subside before following her.

In the kitchen, they found Bob on his knees, gathering pieces of broken tile. He looked up when they entered.

"Sorry about that," he said gruffly. "Pry bar slipped. Nothing to worry about."

"Let me help," Jess offered, already reaching for the dustpan that hung inside their pantry door.

"Not necessary," Bob protested, but Jess was already kneeling beside him, dustpan extended.

"I insist," she said. "Four hands are better than two."

Bob's eyes lingered on Jess for a moment before he nodded, accepting her help. Tom watched from the doorway as they worked together.

"There," Jess said when they'd cleaned up the mess. "Good as new."

"Thanks," Bob said, his voice gruffer than usual. "Don't usually have such pretty assistance."

Jess laughed, the sound bright and genuine. "Sweet talk will get you everywhere, Bob."

Tom's stomach twisted at the casual flirtation. Had she always been this friendly with Bob? Or was this new, inspired by their recent conversation?

"You two should get out of here," Bob suggested, returning to his work. "This part's messy and loud. Demo work always is. Why don't you go enjoy your Saturday? I'll handle this."

"You sure?" Jess asked.

"Positive. I work better alone anyway." Bob glanced at Tom. "No offense."

Tom moved to his home office to catch up on work, but his mind kept wandering. The sounds from the kitchen were a constant reminder of Bob's presence in their home. Every now and then, he heard Jess's voice, followed by Bob's deeper rumble, as she presumably checked on his progress or offered him something to drink.

After a couple hours of staring at spreadsheets, Tom gave up. He wandered back to the kitchen, where the transformation was already underway. Bob had removed about half of the existing tile backsplash, revealing the drywall beneath. A plastic sheet had been spread across the floor, catching the debris, and Bob had set up a small workstation on the island.

"Making progress?" Tom asked, trying to sound casual.

Bob glanced up from where he was carefully prying off another tile. "Steady as she goes. Your wife's been keeping me company on and off. She's got a good eye for design."

"She does," Tom responded. "So how long will this stage take?" Tom asked, partly to break his own train of thought.

"Removal? Another couple hours, probably," Bob replied. "Then we need to prep the surface. The actual installation of the new stone will happen tomorrow."

"So a full weekend project," Tom confirmed, trying to keep the resignation out of his voice.

"Worth it though," Bob assured him. "Like I said, this stone will transform the whole kitchen. Raise the value of your home too."

"That's what Jess keeps saying," Tom acknowledged.

"Your wife's got good instincts," Bob said. "In design and in people."

Something about the way he said it made Tom look at him sharply, but Bob's expression was innocently focused on his work, giving no hint of any deeper meaning.

Tom moved back to the office, back to his spreadsheets. An hour later he found Jess in the living room, flipping through a magazine.

"How's it going in there?" he asked, nodding toward the kitchen.

"Good," Jess replied without looking up. "Bob says he's right on schedule. We should have a beautiful new backsplash by tomorrow evening."

Tom settled onto the couch beside her. "Great."

Jess turned another page in her magazine. "I was thinking," she said casually. "We should invite Bob to stay for dinner tonight. As a thank you for all his help."

Tom stiffened. "Dinner? Here?"

"Yes, here," Jess replied, looking up at him. "Where else? We could order something in. It's the least we can do."

"The least we could do is pay him," Tom pointed out. "Which we are. A thousand dollars."

"That's for materials," Jess countered. "He's not charging us for labor."

Tom sighed. The last thing he wanted was to extend Bob's presence in their home beyond what was necessary, especially after the revelations from earlier in the day. But he could see from Jess's expression that she was set on the idea.

"Fine," he conceded. "Dinner. But just takeout, nothing fancy."

Jess smiled, clearly pleased with his agreement. "Great. I'll ask him if he has any preferences."

She set aside her magazine and headed back toward the kitchen. Tom heard her voice, then Bob's deeper response, followed by Jess's laugh.

When Jess returned, her smile told him Bob had accepted the invitation. "He said he'd love to stay for dinner. He just wants to finish up for the day and take a quick shower in his place first."

Tom nodded, already resigned to the evening ahead. "What are we ordering?"

“I thought Indian,” Jess suggested. “From that place on Sixth Street? I remember Bob mentioning he likes spicy food.”

“Indian is fine.”

They spent the next few hours or so in relative silence, Jess occasionally checking on Bob’s progress while Tom worked on his laptop. The sounds from the kitchen gradually changed from the aggressive noise of demolition to preparation.

Finally, around six, Bob appeared in the living room doorway. “That’s me done for the day,” he announced, wiping his hands on a rag. “Wall’s prepped and ready for installation tomorrow.”

“That’s great,” Jess said, looking up from her iPad. “Thanks for all your hard work today.”

“Just the beginning,” Bob replied. “The real transformation comes tomorrow.” He glanced down at his dusty clothes. “I’ll head down and get cleaned up, then be back for dinner, if that offer still stands.”

“Absolutely,” Jess assured him.

“Give me about thirty minutes,” Bob said, already moving toward the door. “Just enough time to wash off the day’s work.”

After Bob left, Jess turned to Tom. “See? That wasn’t so hard.”

“What wasn’t?”

“Being neighborly,” Jess replied. “Bob’s been a huge help, and it’s nice to show some appreciation.”

“Sure,” Tom agreed, though he didn’t entirely share her enthusiasm. “Neighborly.”

Jess placed the food order while Tom set up the dining table, laying out plates and silverware.

By the time Bob returned, freshly showered and dressed in clean jeans and a button-up shirt, the food had arrived. He’d made an effort, Tom noticed. The shirt was pressed, the jeans newer than his work pairs.

“Something smells good,” Bob commented.

Jess smiled, gesturing toward the spread on the dining table. “Help yourself. We’ve got tandoori chicken, lamb vindaloo, some samosas, and a couple of other things.”

“Don’t mind if I do,” Bob said, taking the seat across from Jess. Tom sat at the head of the table, with Jess to his right and Bob to his left.

As they served themselves, Bob kept the conversation flowing, asking Jess more about her work and the Skyline project. His interest seemed genuine, his questions thoughtful. Occasionally, he'd include Tom in the conversation, but his focus primarily remained on Jess.

"So you designed the interiors for the penthouse units?" Bob asked, clearly impressed. "That's a big responsibility."

"It was a team effort," Jess said modestly. "Sam and Annie contributed significantly."

"But you led the team," Bob pointed out. "That takes vision, leadership. Not everyone has that."

Jess smiled, clearly pleased by his recognition. "Thank you. It's been a challenging project, but seeing it come together has been incredibly rewarding."

"I know that feeling," Bob nodded. "There's nothing like seeing a vision become reality. Whether it's a luxury penthouse or a simple kitchen backsplash." He gestured with his fork toward their kitchen. "Tomorrow, you'll see your space transformed. That stone is going to make everything else in the room look better too."

"I can't wait," Jess admitted, her excitement palpable. "It's going to be such an improvement."

Bob took a bite of his vindaloo, nodding appreciatively at the spice level. "Perfect," he commented before turning to Tom. "So, how long will you be in San Diego next week?"

Tom blinked, surprised by the question. "Wednesday through Friday. How did you know I was going back?"

Bob shrugged, taking another bite. "Jess mentioned it while I was working." He turned to Jess. "You'll be on your own for a few days, then?"

"I'll manage," Jess replied, her tone light. "I've got plenty to keep me busy."

"Still," Bob said, "must be tough. My second wife, Karen, could never handle when I traveled for work. Always complained I was gone too much."

Jess's fork paused halfway to her mouth. "It's not ideal," she admitted. "Especially with Tom leaving so soon after just getting back. But that's how it goes sometimes."

"How often do you travel?" Bob asked Tom.

"Not often," Tom replied. "This is unusual. Same client, urgent situation."

"Back-to-back trips," Bob mused. "Karen used to say that was the hardest. When I'd return just long enough for her to get used to having me home, then leave again. Said it was almost worse than if I'd just stayed away."

"It is hard," Jess agreed. "The constant readjustment. One day you're figuring out how to sleep alone, the next you're back to sharing a bed, then alone again."

Tom turned to her, surprised by her candor. They'd never discussed this aspect of his work trips before.

"And it's not just the physical absence," Jess continued. "It's knowing you're focused elsewhere, dealing with some crisis, while I'm here juggling everything else. By the time you get home and readjust, you're preparing to leave again."

Bob nodded sympathetically. "That's exactly what Karen used to say. Never truly present, even when physically home." He turned to Tom. "No offense meant. Just sharing what I've learned the hard way."

Tom felt a flash of irritation at Bob but he couldn't deny the truth in Jess's words. "I'm sorry it's been difficult," he said to Jess. "We haven't really talked about how the travel affects you."

"It's fine," Jess said quickly, seeming to realize how much she'd revealed. "Like I said, I manage. And it's important for your career."

"Still," Bob interjected, "it's good to acknowledge these things. My ex-wife was also creative like you, Jess. She always felt unheard about her design ideas, her creative vision. I learned too late that listening is sometimes more important than solving." He shook his head. "By the time I figured that out, she'd already found someone else who made her feel heard."

The implication created a silence that Bob seemed entirely comfortable with.

"Well," Tom said pointedly, "Jess and I communicate pretty well. We're solid."

"Of course you are," Bob agreed quickly. "Anyone can see that. Just sharing war stories from the trenches of failed marriages." He turned back to Jess. "What other projects are you working on besides Skyline? Something tells me a talent like yours stays busy."

The conversation shifted, but the undercurrent remained. Tom watched Bob's careful attention to Jess, the way he leaned in when she spoke, asked follow up questions that showed he was genuinely listening.

By the time they finished dinner, the sky outside had darkened to deep blue. Bob helped clear the table, carrying plates to the kitchen despite Jess's protests that he'd already done enough work for one day.

"Just being polite," Bob insisted. "My mother would roll in her grave if I let a beautiful woman clean up after feeding me."

The compliment was casual, almost throwaway, yet Tom caught the slight color that rose in Jess's cheeks. She laughed it off, but the effect of Bob's words was obvious.

Finally, Bob announced it was time for him to head back to his own space. "Early start tomorrow," he explained. "Want to make good progress on that backsplash."

"What time should we expect you?" Jess asked.

"I'll be up here around ten, if that's not too early for a weekend."

"Not at all," Jess assured him. "We'll be up."

Bob nodded, then turned to Tom, extending his hand. "Thanks for dinner. And for letting me work on your kitchen. It's going to look fantastic when it's done."

Tom shook his hand. "Thank you for the work. Looking forward to seeing the finished product."

Bob's grip was firm, his eyes direct. For a brief moment, Tom had the unsettling feeling that Bob could see right through him, could read every thought in his head. Then Bob released his hand and turned to Jess.

"Goodnight, Jess. Thanks again for your hospitality."

"Goodnight, Bob. See you in the morning."

After Bob left, Jess turned to Tom with a satisfied smile. "That was nice," she said. "He's good company."

"Yeah," Tom agreed, though his mind was elsewhere. "He is."

As they moved around the kitchen cleaning up, Tom found his eyes drawn to the partially dismantled backsplash, the blank slate waiting for tomorrow's transformation. Much like their marriage, he thought. Things were shifting, changing. What would emerge on the other side?

He glanced at Jess. "Penny for your thoughts?" Tom asked.

Jess turned to face him. "I was just thinking about Bob," she admitted.

"Oh? What about him?"

"Just that he seems lonely," Jess said. "All that skill, all that knowledge, and he lives alone in a rented apartment. It's kind of sad."

"He made his choices," Tom replied, more defensively than he'd intended. "Two failed marriages, remember?"

"I know," Jess acknowledged. "But still. There's something... I don't know. Something gloomy about him. Like he's missing something important in his life."

Tom didn't respond immediately, unsure what to make of her observation.

"Anyway," Jess continued when Tom remained silent, "I'm glad we're letting him help with the house. It seems to give him purpose, you know? And the kitchen's going to look amazing."

"Yeah," Tom agreed.

Jess moved towards Tom and pressed a soft kiss to his lips. "Thank you for saying yes to the backsplash. I know it wasn't in our budget."

"You're welcome," Tom said, pulling her closer. "Anything for you."

Tom stood at the window staring out at their backyard. His mind kept replaying the day's events on an endless loop: the conversation with Jess, his near confession about Bob, Bob's perfectly timed interruption, the kitchen backsplash, the dinner that followed.

It all felt like some bizarre cosmic joke. He'd finally opened up about his deepest, most private desire, only to have the man at the center of his unspoken shame show up on their doorstep minutes later. And not just show up but insert himself into their home. It was as if Bob had sensed the exact moment when Tom was at his most vulnerable and arrived to drive the knife in deeper.

The sound of the bathroom door opening pulled Tom from his thoughts. He turned to see Jess coming out in her plush robe cinched tightly at the waist.

"Hey," she said.

Tom nodded. "Hey."

She moved to stand beside him at the window, following his gaze out to the yard. "What are you thinking about?" she asked.

"Nothing important," Tom replied.

Jess didn't press him. Instead, she leaned into him a little more, her damp head finding his shoulder.

"Today was a lot," she acknowledged. "For both of us."

Tom turned to her, abandoning the window to face her fully. "Yeah," he agreed. "It was."

"Come to bed?" she asked, her hand finding his.

Tom nodded, allowing her to lead him away from the window. They moved together toward their bed, both sinking onto the edge of the mattress.

"I've been thinking about what we talked about," Jess said. "About your... fantasies."

Tom tensed slightly, uncertain where this was going. "What about them?"

"I just want you to know," she continued, "that it doesn't change anything between us. Not in any way that matters."

"No?" Tom asked.

"No," Jess affirmed. She shifted to face him more directly. "Tom, we've been together for six years. We've built a life together. Your fantasies are just one small part of who you are, of who we are together."

Her words soothed his anxiety.

"I know it took a lot of courage to tell me," she continued. "And I'm glad you did. I want to know all of you, even the parts you're afraid to show."

"I was nervous," he admitted. "That you'd think I was... I don't know, weird."

"Tom," Jess's voice was gentle. "There's nothing weird about fantasies. Everyone has them. They're just thoughts, imaginations."

"But these particular thoughts..."

"Are just a facet of who you are," she finished for him. "And who you are is the man I fell in love with. The man I'm still very much in love with."

Tom felt some knot of tension he'd been carrying loosen. "I love you too," he said. "So much."

Jess smiled, the expression lighting her entire face. "I know."

She leaned forward then, pressing her lips to his in a kiss that was soft and unhurried. Her hand came up to cup his face, her touch tender. When she pulled back, her eyes met his directly. No evasion, no uncertainty.

This time, Tom reached for her, his hands cupping her face as he kissed her. Jess responded immediately, her lips parting, her body leaning into his. He felt her hands on his shoulders, steadying herself as she pressed closer.

Slowly, deliberately, Tom's fingers moved to the knot of her robe, tugging gently until it came loose. The robe parted, revealing her body, still a bit damp from the shower, her skin flushed and warm.

Tom pushed the robe from her shoulders, letting it fall to the bed behind her. She sat in front of him, completely bare, completely vulnerable, yet radiating quiet confidence. How many times had he seen her naked? Hundreds, thousands perhaps. Yet each time felt like a gift freely given that he could never quite believe he deserved.

"You're so beautiful," he whispered, the words inadequate but heartfelt.

Jess smiled, reaching for the hem of his t-shirt. "Your turn," she said, helping him pull it over his head.

Together they removed the rest of his clothes and then they were both naked. They shifted to lie properly on the bed, facing each other on their sides.

Tom traced the curve of her waist, marveling at the softness of her skin. His touch was exploratory, as if he were mapping her body for the first time. Jess's hands mirrored his movements, her fingers trailing along his shoulder, down his chest, lingering over his heart.

Their lips met again, the kiss deepening as their bodies pressed closer. Tom rolled Jess gently onto her back, his weight supported on his forearms as he hovered above her. Her legs parted naturally, cradling his hips between her thighs.

Tom took his time, his mouth leaving hers to explore her throat, her shoulder. His lips traced a path down to her breast, where he lingered, tongue circling her nipple. Jess's soft gasp encouraged him further, his teeth grazing the sensitive flesh before soothing it with his tongue.

He moved to her other breast, giving it the same attention, responding to her sighs and the subtle arch of her back. Beneath him, Jess was all warmth and softness, her body responding to his touch with enthusiasm. Her hands tangled in his hair, holding on as if to anchor herself to him.

"You feel so good," she murmured.

Tom continued his path downward, lips trailing across her ribs, her stomach, pausing to dip his tongue into her navel. Jess's fingers tightened in his hair, her breathing quickening. When he settled between her thighs, her legs fell open wider, offering herself to him without hesitation.

He breathed in her familiar scent before pressing his mouth to her pussy. The first broad stroke of his tongue drew a moan from Jess, her hips lifting slightly to meet him.

Tom took his time, alternating between gentle suction of her clit and firm strokes of his tongue, reading her body's responses.

Jess's thighs trembled as he found his rhythm, his mouth on her pussy while his fingers teased her entrance. When he finally slid two fingers inside her, her back arched off the bed, a quiet "Oh" escaping her lips.

"That's it," he murmured.

He curled his fingers inside her, finding that spot that always made her gasp, while still working her with his tongue. Jess's hands left his hair to clutch at the sheets as pleasure built within her.

"Tom," she breathed, her voice laced with need. "Please. I want you inside me."

He gave her one last kiss before moving back up her body, his lips finding hers in a deep, intimate kiss that let her taste herself on his tongue. Jess reached between them, her hand wrapping around his erection, guiding him toward her entrance.

"Wait," Tom said, pulling back slightly. "Condom."

Jess nodded, releasing him as he reached for the nightstand. He fumbled a moment before grabbing a condom from the drawer and tearing the package open. Jess took it from him and rolled it into his cock.

When he pressed against her entrance again, they both held their breath. Tom pushed forward slowly, watching Jess's face as he filled her inch by inch.

Once fully seated inside her, Tom paused, savoring the sensation of their joined bodies. It wasn't just physical pleasure, though that was overwhelming in itself. It was the intimacy of the moment, the vulnerability of being completely open to another person, both physically and emotionally.

"I love you," he said, the words pulled from somewhere deep inside him.

"I love you too," Jess replied. "Now move, please."

Tom began to thrust, his pace slow. Each movement was deliberate, designed to bring them both pleasure rather than chase his own release. Jess's legs wrapped around his waist, her ankles crossing at the small of his back, pulling him deeper with each stroke.

They found their rhythm easily. It wasn't frantic or desperate. It was a slow, steady build of pleasure and connection. Tom supported himself on one elbow, his other hand free to cup her breast and slide down to grip her hip, always maintaining that physical connection.

Jess's hands were equally active, running along his shoulders, down his back, her nails occasionally digging in slightly when he hit a particularly sensitive spot. Her face was open, expressive, showing every flicker of pleasure without reservation.

"You feel so good," Tom murmured, bending to capture her lips in another kiss. "So perfect."

As Tom moved in and out, her breathing quickened. Her inner muscles began to flutter around him. Tom recognized the signs of her approaching orgasm and maintained his steady pace, wanting to draw out her pleasure as long as possible.

"That's it," he encouraged. "Let go. I've got you."

Jess's eyes locked with his, vulnerability and trust radiating from her gaze. Her hands tightened on his shoulders, her body tensing beneath him. When her orgasm finally hit, it wasn't the explosive, screaming release they sometimes chased. Instead, it was a deep, rolling wave of pleasure that moved through her entire body, her mouth falling open in a silent "oh" as her eyes briefly fluttered closed.

The sight of her beneath him, the feel of her inner walls pulsing around his cock, drove Tom closer to his own orgasm. He maintained his steady pace, drawing out her pleasure while building his own.

"Jess," he gasped, feeling his control slipping. "I'm close."

Her eyes opened, focusing on him. "Come for me," she urged, her voice warm with affection. "Let me feel you."

Tom's rhythm faltered as his orgasm built, his thrusts becoming more erratic. Jess's hands slid down to his ass, pulling him deeper till he finally lost control. He buried his face against her neck, groaning as came inside the condom.

For long moments, they remained locked together, both breathing heavily.

Eventually, he rolled to the side. The silence between them was comfortable, a shared aftermath of mutual pleasure.

After a moment, Tom rose to throw the condom in the bathroom trash. When he returned, Jess had pulled the covers back and was waiting for him.

He slid in beside her, drawing the covers over them both as he gathered her into his arms. Jess came willingly, her back to his chest, her body fitting against his like a puzzle piece sliding into its designated spot. Tom buried his nose in her damp hair, breathing in the scent of her as he tightened his arm around her waist.

"We're going to be okay, you know," she said softly. "Whatever comes, we'll face it together."

In that moment, with her body pressed against his, it was easy to have faith. The doubts, the fears, the guilt, they were still there, lurking at the edges of his mind. But for now, at least, they couldn't touch him.

They fell silent then, the only sound their gradually slowing breaths. Outside, the moon continued its arc across the sky, casting silver light across their backyard, across the pool where Bob had photographed Jess exactly one week ago.

Inside the sanctuary of their bedroom, Tom and Jess drifted toward sleep. Tom's last conscious thought was of Jess, not the fantasy version that populated his secret thoughts, but the real woman in his arms. The woman who knew his darkest desires and hadn't turned away. The woman who had seen him at his most vulnerable and still chosen him.

For tonight, at least, that was enough.

Downstairs, in his separate apartment, Bob Caldwell lay awake, staring at his ceiling, thinking his own thoughts about the couple above him, making his own plans for the days to come.

The Bad Tenant Ch. 06

Jess pushed through the glass doors of Austin Design Group's office on Monday morning. The weekend's revelations about Tom's fantasies remained at the edge of her consciousness like a half-remembered dream. Vivid in parts, hazy in others, but impossible to fully dismiss.

She nodded at the security guard, a middle-aged man who always straightened his posture when she approached. His eyes followed her across the marble lobby, not lusty but definitely appreciative. Last week she might have ignored his attention entirely. Today, she noticed it, cataloged it, wondered if Tom would find it arousing if she mentioned it.

The thought made her cheeks warm as she stepped into the elevator.

"Hold the door!" Sam's voice echoed across the lobby. She thrust her arm out to stop the closing doors, and he slid in beside her, slightly breathless. "Thanks. Morning, Jess."

"Morning, Sam." She pressed the button for the thirty-fourth floor.

Sam couldn't quite hide his enthusiastic energy. "So," he began. "Seems you made quite the impression on the investors."

Jess raised an eyebrow. "Oh?"

"James Chen's office reached out directly," Sam confirmed. "And apparently, Chris Webb hasn't stopped talking about the master suite design. Margaret's been fielding calls over the weekend."

The memory of Chris' crude comments flooded back. How her mouth would look wrapped around his cock, how he'd like to see her ass turning pink under his hand. She forced a smile.

"That's great news for the team," she offered.

"Great news for you, you mean," Sam corrected. "Everyone knows you were the driving force behind those designs. Annie and I were mostly support. This is your moment, Jess. Enjoy it."

The elevator arrived at their floor, doors sliding open to reveal the office already buzzing with activity. Designers hunched over drafting tables, account managers paced while on calls, junior staff darted between desks with coffee and printouts.

"Anyway," Sam said as they walked toward their desks, "congratulations. You've earned it."

"Thanks, Sam," she replied, unable to fully enjoy the praise when it felt so closely tied to Chris Webb's sexual interest in her.

At her desk, Jess found a small arrangement of fresh flowers with a note in Margaret's handwriting: "Excellent work on Friday. See me at 10." She set down her bag and turned on her computer, mentally preparing for whatever lay ahead. The flowers were unlike Margaret, who typically showed approval through additional responsibilities rather than gestures of appreciation.

"Someone's got an admirer," Annie remarked, appearing beside Jess's desk with two coffees. She handed one to Jess. "Margaret's never sent me flowers, and I've been here longer than you."

Jess accepted the coffee gratefully. "Thanks. I'm as surprised as you are. Margaret's not exactly the nurturing type."

"She is when she sees dollar signs," Annie replied, sitting on the edge of Jess's desk. "And you, my friend, have become a walking, talking profit center." She sipped her coffee, studying Jess. "You okay? You seem... I don't know. Different today."

"Just tired," Jess deflected. "It was a busy weekend."

Annie nodded. "Well, get ready for things to get even busier. Margaret's been in meetings since seven this morning. My money's on multiple new projects coming our way."

As Annie walked back to her desk, Jess's phone buzzed with a text.

Tom: Morning, beautiful. How's the office treating you today?

Jess smiled, typing back: Everyone's acting weird. Apparently I'm the new golden child.

His response came quickly: No surprise there. Probably have clients fighting over you now.

She hesitated before typing: Security guard checked me out this morning. Thought you'd want to know. Her finger hovered over the send button for a moment before she pressed it, her heart beating slightly faster.

Three dots appeared immediately, then disappeared, then reappeared. Finally, she got a response.

Tom: What did he see that I'm missing right now?

So this was real. His fantasy wasn't just talk. It genuinely turned him on to think about other men desiring her.

Jess: Black pencil skirt, white blouse. Nothing special, but he definitely noticed.

Tom: I bet he did. Probably imagining what's underneath.

Jess: Meeting with Margaret at 10. Talk later xo

Tom: Good luck. Love you.

Jess set her phone aside and turned to her computer but her mind kept drifting. Was she really considering playing into Tom's fantasy? Flirting with other men, letting them desire her, just to turn him on? The idea felt foreign yet oddly liberating.

As she tried to focus on emails, colleagues stopped by her desk to congratulate her on the Skyline presentation, each interaction reinforcing what Sam had said. Something had shifted in her professional standing. People were looking at her differently now, with new respect, new awareness.

Or had they always looked at her this way, and she was only now noticing because of Tom's confession?

At precisely 9:55 AM, Jess stood and made her way to Margaret's office where Margaret DeVore sat behind a large mahogany desk.

Jess knocked softly on the glass door.

Margaret looked up and gestured for Jess to enter.

"Jessica," Margaret said. "Sit."

Jess settled into one of the chairs facing Margaret's desk.

"Thank you for the flowers," Jess began. "They weren't necessary, but I appreciate the gesture."

"You earned them," Margaret replied. "The Skyline presentation was flawless. More importantly, it's already generating substantial interest in our firm." She leaned forward slightly. "Chris Webb personally called me Saturday to express his appreciation for your work. So did James Chen."

Jess nodded, keeping her expression neutral despite the knot forming in her stomach. "I'm glad they were pleased with the designs."

"Pleased is an understatement," Margaret replied. "They were impressed. Chen mentioned a development in Houston he'd like us to consult on. And Webb is determined to have you on the team for the Savannah hotel project."

"Savannah…" Jess echoed. "What exactly is the scope there?"

“Full interior renovation of an 1850s mansion being converted into a boutique hotel. Sixteen rooms, each unique, plus common areas, restaurant, bar. It’s a dream project, Jessica. The kind that wins awards and features in design magazines.”

“It sounds incredible,” Jess admitted. And it did. Professionally speaking, it was exactly the type of project she’d always wanted. Creative freedom, historical context, luxury budget.

“When would that project begin?”

“That’s the complication,” Margaret said. “Both projects are slated to kick off within weeks of each other. Savannah in about a month, right after Skyline ends. Houston shortly after.” She leaned forward slightly. “Can you handle both simultaneously?”

“Yes,” Jess answered without hesitation. The professional opportunity was too significant to pass up, regardless of her personal discomfort. “I believe I can.”

Margaret nodded, satisfaction evident on her face. “I thought you might say that. I’ve already started assembling support teams for both projects. You’ll have substantial resources.”

“Thank you for your confidence in me.”

“You’ve earned it,” Margaret replied simply. She glanced at her watch. “The Savannah and Houston projects will require significant preparation. I’ll have my assistant send over the preliminary briefs in a week so you can start familiarizing yourself with the parameters.”

“I appreciate that,” Jess said.

“One more thing before you go,” Margaret added, her tone shifting to something more mentorly. “These high-profile clients can be demanding. If you need additional resources or support as you juggle these projects alongside Skyline’s completion, don’t hesitate to ask. My door is always open.”

“Thank you, Margaret. That means a lot.”

Margaret nodded, already reaching for her ringing phone. “That’s all for now. We’ll set up project planning meetings for later this week.”

Back at her desk, Jess stared at her computer screen without really seeing it. The opportunity Margaret had just presented was career defining. Under normal circumstances, she’d be ecstatic, already planning concepts and sketching ideas. Instead, she felt trapped, caught between professional ambition and personal dignity.

Her phone buzzed with another text from Tom: How was the meeting?

Jess hesitated before replying: Interesting. She says Webb and Chen both want me for upcoming projects. Career making stuff.

Tom responded immediately: That's incredible! Told you they'd be fighting over you. So proud of you, babe.

She typed back: Thanks. Tell you more tonight.

She set her phone down and immersed herself in work. By lunchtime, Jess had almost managed to push thoughts of Webb and Chen to the back of her mind.

Rather than joining colleagues in the break room, Jess opted to eat at her desk, a salad she'd picked up from the building's café downstairs. As she stabbed at cherry tomatoes, her mind returned inevitably to the weekend's revelations, to Tom's confession about his fantasies, to the strange mix of shock, confusion, and, if she was completely honest with herself, curiosity that had followed.

The memory of last week's bathroom photos flooded back. It was the thrill of taking them, knowing the effect they'd have on him. And then the panties at the restaurant, the way his eyes had widened when she'd slipped them into his palm.

There had been a freedom in those moments, a reclaiming of her sexuality that had gotten lost somewhere. She'd felt bold, desired, almost reckless. It reminded her of the rush she'd felt during her modeling days, particularly that shoot with Georgio. The way he'd directed her, encouraged her to embrace her sensuality, to own the power of it. The way strangers had looked at those photos, admired them, desired her through them.

Her computer pinged with a new email, breaking her daydream:

Dear Jessica,

I've spoken with Margaret regarding your potential involvement in our Savannah hotel renovation. Your work on Skyline has been nothing short of exceptional, showcasing exactly the vision and attention to detail this historic property deserves.

I'll be in Austin until Friday and would appreciate the opportunity to discuss the project in more detail. Would you be available for dinner Thursday evening? Le Bernardin at 7pm would allow us the privacy and quiet to review preliminary concepts without interruption.

Please let me know at your earliest convenience.

Regards,

Chris Webb

Jess stared at the screen, her appetite vanishing. Thursday. When Tom would be in San Diego. The timing couldn't be more convenient for Webb, or more problematic for her.

Jess read the email twice, noting the professional language that nonetheless carried undertones she couldn't ignore. "Privacy and quiet" sounded innocuous on the surface, but after overhearing his crude comments, she couldn't help questioning his intentions.

She closed the email without responding, needing to think carefully about how to handle this.

By the time Jess packed up to head home, the office had largely emptied out, just a few dedicated souls still hunched over their desks.

At home, Jess kicked off her heels in the entryway and made her way to the kitchen. She glanced at the nearly completed backsplash. It was exactly as stunning as Bob had promised it would be.

She poured herself a glass of red wine and moved to the living room, sinking onto the couch.

Her phone rang, Madi's name and photo appearing on the screen. Jess felt a rush of relief at the sight. If anyone could help her make sense of the chaos in her mind, it was Madi.

"Hey," she answered, taking a sip of wine.

"Finally!" Madi's voice was an immediate infusion of energy. "I've been dying to hear about the party. How'd it go? Big success? Did all those investors fall at your feet?"

Jess laughed. "Something like that. The presentation went well, actually. Really well. Margaret's been fielding calls from clients who want me for their next projects."

"See? What did I tell you? You're a goddamn rock star." Madi's pride was almost tangible through the phone. "And how'd that dress work out? Was it as devastating as we predicted?"

"It was a hit," Jess confirmed.

"I knew it!" A pause, then, "How was the rest of the weekend when Tom got home?"

Jess took another sip of wine, steadying herself. "We talked. A lot, actually."

"Talked, huh?" Madi's tone carried amusement. "Is that what the kids are calling it these days?"

"That too," Jess laughed. "We had a lot to catch up on."

"And?" Madi prompted when Jess didn't immediately continue.

"And you were right," Jess admitted. "About Tom. About what turns him on."

There was a moment of silence, then Madi's voice came back more measured, intrigued. "You asked him about it? About getting turned on when other men want you?"

"I didn't have to ask," Jess replied. "He told me himself."

"Holy shit," Madi breathed. "I was right! What did I tell you? Damn, I should've been a therapist instead of an event planner."

"Don't quit your day job," Jess teased.

"So what exactly did he say? Like, specifically?" Madi's voice had that hungry edge it always got when she sensed juicy information.

Jess sank deeper into the couch, cradling the wine glass. "He said that he fantasizes about me with other men. Not just flirting, Madi. He imagines me having sex with them."

"Wow," Madi said. "That's... intense. How do you feel about it?"

"Confused? Surprised?" Jess struggled to articulate the mix of emotions. "But also... I don't know. Maybe a little intrigued?"

"Intrigued?" Madi echoed, a note of excitement creeping into her voice. "As in, you're considering it?"

"Not the sex part," Jess clarified quickly. "Just... maybe the flirting? I don't know. It's complicated."

"Of course it's complicated. But also potentially hot as fuck." Madi paused. "So what brought this on? Why did Tom suddenly confess all this?"

Jess shared what had happened at the party, that she'd overheard some clients making suggestive comments, and Tom's reaction had revealed his unexpected turn on.

"Let me get this straight," Madi said slowly. "You heard these rich powerful guys talking about wanting to fuck you, and when you told Tom, instead of getting angry, he got turned on?"

"Basically," Jess confirmed. "And then he explained that it's been a fantasy of his for a while. Like, an evolution of his jealousy from when we were first dating."

“Mmhmm,” Madi hummed, and Jess could practically see her nodding. “That tracks with what little I’ve read about it. The cuckold thing often starts as jealousy that transforms into arousal. The threat becomes a thrill.”

“It’s not a cuckold thing,” Jess protested. “He just... likes knowing other men find me attractive. He said he fantasizes about me sleeping with men. He’s not asking me to.”

“Not yet,” Madi added.

“Madi!”

“What? I’m just saying, fantasies have a way of escalating.”

Jess sighed, conceding the point. “I don’t know.”

“So what’s the plan? Are you going to test it out? Give Tom a little taste to see how he really reacts?”

The directness of the question caught Jess off guard. “I... I don’t know. Maybe?”

“You already did, didn’t you?” Madi’s intuition was uncanny. “I can hear it in your voice. You tried something.”

Jess felt her cheeks warm. “Nothing major. I just... may have teased him a little about Bob.”

“Bob? The old guy? Your tenant?” Madi’s voice rose in surprise.

“Yeah. Tom has this idea that Bob has a crush on me, and I joked about flirting with him to see if he was right.”

“And?” Madi was practically breathless with anticipation.

“And he got hard instantly,” Jess admitted. “Just from me suggesting it.”

“Holy shit,” Madi whispered. “This is hot. Like, seriously hot. But also kind of dangerous, Jess. Playing these kinds of games with someone who lives in your house? Who you’re kind of dependent on for rent and repairs?”

“I know,” Jess sighed. “That’s why it’s just talk for now. Besides, Bob doesn’t see me that way. He’s just a lonely guy who likes fixing things.”

“Mmhmm,” Madi hummed skeptically. “Men are simple creatures, Jess. Show a straight man a beautiful woman being friendly, and he’ll convince himself she wants him. Especially an older guy who’s probably not getting much attention… especially from women like you.”

“You make it sound so predatory,” Jess protested. “Bob’s been nothing but respectful.”

"I'm sure he has," Madi replied. "To your face. But trust me, behind closed doors? He's imagining what you look like naked."

"Madi!"

Madi laughed. "So Bob's the test subject, then?"

"No!" Jess protested. "I was just teasing Tom. I have no intention of actually flirting with our tenant. That would be... inappropriate."

"Right, because inappropriate isn't exactly what this whole fantasy is about," Madi said sarcastically. "Look, I'm not saying you should jump into bed with the guy. But if Tom's into the idea of you flirting with other men, Bob's a ready-made opportunity. He's there, he's apparently into you, and he's not part of your social circle so there's less risk of messy complications."

Presented so logically, it almost made sense. "I hadn't thought about it that way," Jess admitted.

"That's why you have me," Madi replied smugly. "To point out the obvious. By the way, is Tom going to be home tonight? Or do I need to come rescue you from an evening of solo Netflix?"

"He'll be home, but he's leaving for San Diego again on Wednesday."

"What? Already? He just got back!"

"I know," Jess sighed. "Same client, same crisis. He'll be gone Wednesday through Friday again."

"That sucks," Madi said sympathetically.

Jess heard the front door open. "He's home," she said. "I should go."

"Let me know how it goes," Madi insisted. "Every. Single. Detail. But go tend to your man. Call me tomorrow?"

"Will do. Love you."

"Love you more. Bye, babe."

Jess ended the call as Tom appeared on top of the steps looking exhausted. His tie was loosened, his normally perfectly styled hair slightly tussled, as if he'd been running his fingers through it in frustration all day.

"Hey," she said, rising to greet him. "Rough day?"

"The roughest," he confirmed, dropping his briefcase. "Davis is on the warpath about timelines. I spent most of the day on damage control."

Jess pressed a gentle kiss to his lips and he returned it automatically. “Come on,” she said, taking his hand. “I’ve got dinner ready to heat up.”

Tom followed her to the kitchen, where his eyes immediately moved to the arrangement of fresh flowers sitting in the center of their dining table. His brow furrowed.

“Where’d those come from?” he asked, nodding toward the arrangement.

Jess glanced at the flowers as she pulled a container of pasta from the refrigerator. “Margaret sent them. They were on my desk this morning.”

Tom’s eyebrows shot up in surprise. “Margaret? Ice Queen of Austin Design Group? That Margaret?”

“Yes, that Margaret,” Jess confirmed with a smile. “Apparently, I made quite the impression at the party.”

“Impressive,” Tom said, genuinely amazed. “In the years I’ve known you to work for her, I don’t think I’ve ever heard of her sending flowers.”

“I know,” Jess agreed, transferring pasta from the container to a plate. “It caught me off guard too. Annie actually came over to ask who my secret admirer was.”

Tom approached the arrangement, bending to examine it more closely. “Must have been some presentation,” he commented, touching one of the petals lightly.

“It was,” Jess confirmed, sliding the plate into the microwave.

Tom leaned against the counter while Jess moved around the kitchen. His eyes drifted to the nearly completed backsplash, the stone gleaming under the kitchen lights.

“Backsplash looks amazing,” he commented, gesturing toward the installation. “Bob does good work.”

“He does,” Jess agreed. “He’s coming back tomorrow to apply the sealer, remember?”

“Right,” Tom nodded, his tone slightly distant.

She retrieved his dinner from the microwave and set it on the table with a fork.

“Wine?” she offered, already reaching for a glass.

“God, yes,” he replied, settling at the dinner table and digging into the pasta. “This day deserves alcohol.”

As she poured the wine, Jess studied his profile. There was tension in his shoulders and jaw that went beyond normal work stress.

"You mentioned something about Webb and Chen?" Tom asked between bites. "New projects?"

"Yeah," Jess leaned against the counter, swirling her wine. "Both want me to lead design teams for their upcoming projects. Savannah for Webb, Houston for Chen."

"That's incredible, Jess," Tom said, genuine pride breaking through his exhaustion. "Though not surprising."

"Margaret thinks I can handle both at the same time," Jess continued. "It would be a lot of work, but the opportunity is career defining"

"Of course you can handle both. You're brilliant at what you do."

His immediate faith in her abilities warmed something inside her. This was the Tom she'd fallen in love with, the man who had always seen her capabilities, who had encouraged her to push beyond her comfort zone professionally.

Jess took a deep breath, deciding to dive into the more complicated aspect. "Webb wants to discuss the Savannah project over dinner this Thursday," she said, keeping her tone casual while watching for Tom's reaction.

Tom's fork paused halfway to his mouth, his eyes finding hers. "Dinner? Just the two of you?"

"That's what his email implied," Jess confirmed, taking a sip of her wine.

"How do you feel about that? After what you overheard at the party."

Jess sighed, setting her glass down. "I don't know. But the email was completely professional."

"What exactly did his email say?"

"Just that he wants to discuss the Savannah project in person over dinner Thursday." She tucked a strand of hair behind her ear. "It was very professional language. His assistant will coordinate details tomorrow if I accept."

"You haven't accepted yet?" Tom raised an eyebrow.

Jess bit her lip. "No. I know I should." She hesitated. "But after overhearing him at the party, a small part of me wants to say no. Just find some excuse."

Tom took a long sip of wine, his expression thoughtful. "Jess, I get your hesitation after what you heard him say..." He paused, seeming to choose his words carefully. "But looking at it strictly professionally, this project could be huge for you."

"I know," Jess sighed. "That's what makes this so complicated. If I turn it down, I'm potentially damaging my career over some comments he never intended me to hear. If I go..." She trailed off.

"You're potentially putting yourself in an uncomfortable situation with someone who's already shown his true colors," Tom finished for her.

Jess nodded, relieved he understood her predicament. "Exactly."

Tom cleared his throat. "What if you suggested a different arrangement? Lunch instead of dinner? Or bring someone else from the office?"

"I could," Jess considered. "But I doubt he'd take it well. Men like Webb expect things to happen on their terms."

Tom took another bite of pasta, chewing thoughtfully. "If you do decide to go, what would make you feel comfortable?"

The question surprised her. She'd expected him to either discourage her from going entirely or, given his newly revealed fantasies, to show more obvious excitement. This measured, thoughtful approach was unexpected.

"I'd keep it professional," Jess said firmly. "Meet at the restaurant, discuss the project, and leave. No drinks at the hotel bar afterward, no matter how much he might push for it."

Tom nodded, his expression unreadable. "That sounds reasonable."

Jess studied him, trying to gauge his true feelings. "I'd make it clear I'm happily married. Keep my wedding ring visible the entire time."

"Would that stop him?" Tom asked.

"Men like Webb?" Jess laughed dryly. "No. In my experience, wedding rings just make them more determined."

Tom set down his fork and reached for his wine, taking another long sip as if to steady himself. "So you think he's going to pursue you regardless."

"I think he'll try," Jess acknowledged, meeting Tom's gaze directly. "But that doesn't mean he'll succeed. I can handle Chris Webb."

"I know you can," Tom said.

"Here's a better question," Jess said, deciding to address the elephant in the room. "How do you feel about me having dinner with a man who's made it clear he wants to sleep with me?"

Tom met her gaze directly. “Honestly? I’m... concerned for your comfort. I hate the idea of anyone disrespecting you.”

“But?” Jess prompted, sensing the unspoken caveat.

“But,” Tom admitted, “there’s another part of me that finds it kind of... hot. The idea of knowing how badly he wants you.”

Jess felt a flutter in her stomach at his admission. The rawness of his honesty was both unsettling and strangely intimate.

“Can I suggest something?” Jess said, setting her glass down. “Given everything we talked about this weekend... about your fantasies...”

Tom’s eyes snapped to hers. “What about them?”

“Maybe Chris Webb isn’t the best person to start with. I mean, he’s a professional connection. There’s too much at stake.” She leaned forward slightly. “What if we tried something... simpler first? Less complicated.”

“What did you have in mind?” Tom asked, his tone careful but intrigued.

“I don’t know. Maybe a stranger at a bar?” Jess suggested. “Someone with no connection to our professional lives. Just a harmless flirtation to see how it feels. For both of us.”

Tom’s expression shifted from surprise to consideration. “That could be fun,” he admitted. “But I’m leaving for San Diego on Wednesday, remember?”

“We could try when you get back,” Jess offered. “Maybe the weekend?”

“That could work,” Tom nodded.

Jess hesitated, Madi’s words from their phone call echoing in her mind. “What about Bob?”

Tom nearly choked on his wine. “Bob? What about him?”

Jess shrugged, aiming for casual despite the rapid beating of her heart. “He’ll be here tomorrow to finish the backsplash. And you said yourself you think he has a crush on me.”

“Did you...” Tom set his glass down. “Did you tell Madi about our conversation?”

“Only a bit,” Jess replied, feeling a slight flush rise to her cheeks. “Just that you’re turned on by other men finding me attractive.”

Tom nodded slowly, processing this information. “And Madi suggested Bob?”

“She made some interesting points,” Jess said, watching Tom’s reaction closely. “About how he’s not part of our social circle. And he’s already around the house, so it’s a controlled environment.”

“You’re really considering this?” Tom asked.

“I thought it might be easier to start with Bob than a complete stranger,” Jess explained. “But if you have a problem with it-”

“No,” Tom interrupted, surprising himself with how quickly the response came. “I mean, my first thought is no because of the way he looks at you.”

“But that’s part of the fantasy, isn’t it?” Jess asked quietly. “Knowing someone wants what’s yours?”

Tom ran a hand through his hair. “Yeah, that’s why another part...” He trailed off.

“Another part?” Jess prompted gently.

“Another part of me… says yes. That I don’t have a problem with it.”

“You don’t?” Jess studied his face, noting the flush spreading across his cheeks. “Because when we were on the phone last week, you seemed pretty uncomfortable with Bob being alone with me.”

Tom shifted in his chair, clearly struggling to articulate his thoughts. “That was different. I wasn’t there, and I was worried about a complete stranger being alone with you.”

“But we’ve gotten to know him better since then,” Jess pointed out. “He’s been in our home, working on our kitchen. We’ve had dinner together. He’s been nothing but respectful the entire time.”

“True,” Tom agreed. “And the idea of you flirting with him...” He cleared his throat. “It’s…”

“It’s what?” Jess pressed, sensing his arousal beneath his discomfort.

Tom met her eyes, a flash of vulnerability in his gaze. “It’s kind of hot,” he admitted.

Jess smiled. “How would I do it?” she asked innocently. “Flirt with him, I mean.”

“I don’t know,” he said. “Maybe... wear something that shows you off? Laugh at his jokes?”

“Or maybe,” Jess continued, “I could wait until you’re in San Diego. Give you something to think about while you’re away.”

“Jess…”

"Would it torture you?" she pressed. "Sitting in meetings, imagining Bob watching me while I wear those tight leggings Brandon said would give someone a heart attack?"

"Jesus," Tom groaned.

"Would you want me to tell you about it? Call you afterward?"

Tom swallowed hard. "Of course."

Jess took a deep breath, changing the direction of the conversation while considering her next words carefully. "So, I know we're playing a game, but I have to decide what I'm comfortable with, Tom. This can't just be about turning you on. It has to make sense for me too."

"Of course," Tom said immediately. "Your comfort and safety come first. Always."

"Thanks," Jess said softly.

Tom nodded. "Just know that whatever you do, I support you."

After clearing their plates, they moved to the couch with fresh glasses of wine. The conversation drifted to Tom's upcoming trip, details about the Meridian implementation, plans for Tuesday night before he left.

Jess found herself stealing glances at Tom, wondering how their relationship had arrived at this unexpected juncture. Six years together, and she was only now discovering this hidden desire of his. It made her wonder what other secrets might be buried beneath their comfortable routine.

As they prepared for bed, Jess's mind spun with possibilities. The dinner with Chris Webb was in her thoughts, a professional opportunity laced with potential danger. She knew she should be focused on the career implications, on strategizing how to handle a powerful man with questionable intentions.

Instead, her thoughts circled back to Bob, to the unsettling possibility of deliberately flirting with him. How would she do it? What would she wear? Would she really have the courage to do it?

Later, in bed, with Tom's arms wrapped around her, Jess felt a peculiar mix of emotions. Excitement and apprehension, curiosity and caution.

Jess closed her eyes, her decision developing in the darkness. She would accept Webb's dinner invitation with professional enthusiasm. Her career demanded it. She would handle him professionally, firmly establishing boundaries while securing her place on the Savannah project.

And tomorrow, when Bob came to finish the backsplash, she would begin her experiment, testing the waters of this new reality. Nothing extreme, nothing that would truly compromise their landlord-tenant relationship. Just enough to see how it felt, to discover if the reality matched the fantasy that had ignited unexpected passion between her and Tom.

A realization struck her as she drifted toward sleep. She wasn't just doing this for Tom. She was doing it for herself too, reclaiming a part of her identity she'd packed away when she'd left modeling. That sense of being seen, of commanding attention, of wielding the unique power that came from being the beautiful Jessica Marshall.

Bob Caldwell checked his watch as he walked up to the Marshalls' front door Tuesday morning at 9:57 AM. Perfect timing. Tom would be firmly entrenched in his office miles away, and Jess would be working from her home office. He'd confirmed this pattern over the past week, noting their comings and goings like a hunter studying prey.

He held his toolbox in one hand and a plain brown shopping bag in the other. Inside the innocuous brown bag were three smoke detectors, two regular ones and a special one with a tiny camera built into its housing. The device was a marvel of engineering, nearly undetectable unless you knew what to look for, capable of capturing both video and audio, transmitting directly to his laptop.

This was different from the panty theft. That had been impulsive and animalistic. This was deliberate, calculated, a permanent intrusion into their most private space. If he was caught, there'd be no explaining it away. But the potential reward... Christ, the thought of having unlimited access to Jess's most intimate moments made his cock stir in his pants.

"Keep it together," he muttered to himself as he reached out and pressed the doorbell. The chime echoed inside the house, followed by the faint sound of movement. He composed his features into the mask of humble helpfulness. Just good ol' Bob the handyman, always ready to lend a hand, never wanting anything in return except, perhaps, a smile and a cup of coffee.

Moments later, the door swung open, and there she stood.

Jessica Marshall, fucking hell. She wasn't dressed for the office, but she wasn't exactly dressed for a lazy day at home either. Her blonde hair was pulled back in a casual ponytail, with a few strands artfully escaping. She wore a fitted deep blue V-neck t-shirt that hugged her breasts just right, not overtly sexual but still enough to make a

man notice. Her legs were encased in those black leggings women seemed to live in these days, the material clinging to her ass and thighs like a second skin.

But it wasn't just her appearance that hit him like a sledgehammer. It was her smile. Warm, genuine, lighting up her entire face in a way he hadn't seen directed at him before.

"Bob!" she exclaimed, as if his arrival was the highlight of her morning. "Right on time."

"Always am," he replied with a smile. "Punctuality's the one virtue I've managed to hang onto."

Jess laughed. "Come on in," she invited, holding the door wider. "I was just making coffee. Would you like some?"

"Wouldn't say no," Bob replied, stepping in.

Her enthusiasm caught him off guard. In their previous interactions, she'd always been friendly but a bit reserved, maintaining that careful distance that beautiful women instinctively created around themselves for protection. Today, something felt different. The barrier seemed thinner somehow.

Bob followed her up the stairs, his eyes fixed on the hypnotic sway of her hips. Those leggings were practically pornographic. He wondered if she knew what she was doing, wearing those around him. Probably not. Women like Jess were used to men looking. They became desensitized to it.

"Working from home today?" he asked casually as they reached the top of the stairs.

"Tuesdays and Thursdays," she confirmed, leading him into the kitchen. "The office gets chaotic sometimes. It's easier to focus here."

His nearly completed backsplash transformed the kitchen exactly as he'd promised, the natural stone adding depth and character to the room.

"Backsplash looks even better in the daylight," he commented, setting his toolbox on the counter. "Just needs the sealer to protect it."

"It's gorgeous, Bob," Jess said, genuine appreciation in her voice. She moved closer to examine it, standing beside him. "You were absolutely right about it. I can't believe the difference."

She moved to the coffee maker, reaching up to open a cabinet above it. The motion caused her shirt to ride up slightly, revealing a strip of tanned skin at her lower back. Bob drank in the sight, imagining running his tongue along that exposed flesh.

“How do you take your coffee?” she asked, glancing back at him over her shoulder, highlighting that body, that perfect ass.

“Black’s fine,” he replied.

“A man of simple tastes,” she observed with a small smile. “I should have guessed.”

“Nothing wrong with appreciating the basics,” he replied, watching as she poured two mugs. “But I know quality when I see it.”

Jess handed him a steaming mug, their fingers brushing briefly during the exchange. The simple contact sent electricity up his arm. God, he was behaving like a teenager, getting worked up over the slightest touch.

“Thank you,” he said, taking a careful sip. It was too fancy for his taste, some gourmet shit Tom probably insisted on.

Jess leaned against the counter opposite him, cradling her own mug. “So, backsplash today. How long will the process take?”

“Not long,” Bob assured her. “Hour, maybe less. It’s simple work.”

“And then we’re officially done with the kitchen reno?”

“This phase, anyway,” Bob replied with a smile. “But there’s always more that can be done. Cabinet hardware, under cabinet lighting, maybe some floating shelves on that wall.” He gestured toward an empty section. “A kitchen’s never really finished, just paused.”

Jess laughed. “You sound just like me with my design projects. There’s always one more thing that could be perfect.”

“Exactly,” Bob agreed. “The curse of people who care about their work.”

She seemed to consider him for a moment, her head tilted slightly. “Speaking of which, I got some exciting news yesterday. I made some connections at last week’s party, and they want me to be part of their design teams for upcoming projects.”

“That’s fantastic,” Bob said with genuine enthusiasm. “Not surprised, though. Talent always gets recognized eventually.”

“Thank you,” she replied, her smile widening. “One project’s in Houston, the other’s in Savannah. It’ll mean some travel, but the opportunity’s too good to pass up.”

“Savannah’s beautiful,” Bob commented. “All that history, the architecture... perfect setting for someone with your eye.”

Jess looked pleased by his compliment. “The project’s a boutique hotel in the historic district. Converting an 1850s mansion. I’m really excited about it.”

"You should be," Bob replied. "But with you traveling for work and Tom gone on business, might not see much of each other."

Something flickered across her face, quickly masked.

"We'll figure it out," she said, her tone light. "But it is ironic that just as Tom's travel increases, mine will too."

"Marriage is about finding your rhythm," Bob offered, slipping into his wise old man persona. "The coming together and moving apart. Like a dance."

"Poetic," Jess remarked with a small smile. "You're full of surprises, Bob."

"Been around long enough to learn a few things," he replied modestly. "Two marriages teach you what works and what doesn't."

Jess sipped her coffee. There was curiosity in her eyes, something searching that hadn't been there before.

"What would you say is the most important thing you've learned?" she asked. "About relationships, I mean."

The question seemed genuine, not just polite conversation. Bob allowed himself a moment to consider his response, sensing an opportunity to deepen the connection between them.

"Communication," he said finally. "Not just talking, but really hearing each other. Being present." He set his mug down, leaning forward slightly. "That was my biggest mistake both times, being physically present but mentally elsewhere. By the time I figured that out, the damage was done."

Jess nodded, her expression thoughtful. "That makes sense. It's easy to take each other for granted, to forget why you fell in love in the first place."

"Exactly," Bob agreed. "And then one day, you wake up next to a stranger."

Neither spoke for several seconds, the casual conversation heavier than warranted.

"Well," Jess said, straightening up. "I should let you get to work."

"Right," Bob nodded, draining the last of his coffee. "Oh, nearly forgot to mention, brought something else that might interest you."

Jess raised an eyebrow, curiosity evident in her expression. "What's that?"

Bob reached into the bag and pulled out one of the smoke detectors. "Was cleaning out some inventory and found these. Brand new. Noticed your smoke detectors are older models."

Jess glanced up at the ceiling where the existing detector was mounted, its once white plastic now yellowed with age. “They came with the house,” she acknowledged. “We’ve never replaced them.”

“Most people don’t until they fail,” Bob said with a nod. “These new ones have ten-year batteries. Also detect carbon monoxide, which your old ones don’t. Real peace of mind.”

It was a practiced speech, one he’d given countless times to justify upgrades on renovation projects. The difference was, this time, he actually had a personal stake in convincing her.

“That makes sense,” Jess said, eyeing the device in his hand. She bit her lower lip thoughtfully, drawing his attention to her mouth. “How much do we owe you for them?”

Bob waved his hand dismissively. “Nothing. Like I said, they were just sitting in my inventory. Can’t even remember what job they were originally for. I can install them for you after I finish the backsplash. Might take half an hour tops.”

Jess seemed to hesitate, though he couldn’t tell whether it was genuine or just politeness. She took a step toward him, closing some of the distance between them.

“You’ve already done so much,” she protested, though her tone lacked conviction. “We should at least pay for the detectors.”

“Absolutely not,” Bob insisted. “Consider it my contribution to your safety. Can’t have anything happening to my favorite landlords, can I?” He held her gaze, letting a hint of genuine affection show.

“Well, if you’re sure,” she relented, looking up at him. “That’s really thoughtful of you, Bob. Thank you.”

“Happy to help,” he replied with a modest smile. “Now, let me get started on that backsplash. Sealer needs time to dry.”

As Bob worked on the backsplash, applying the sealer, Jess settled at the dining table with her laptop. It all felt oddly intimate. Him working in her kitchen, her at her computer, like they shared this space regularly. Like he belonged here.

The process of sealing the backsplash was straightforward, allowing his mind to wander. He pictured the smoke detector with its hidden camera, imagined the perfect angle that would capture both the bed and the closet entrance. Would he see her changing? Would he catch her in intimate moments with Tom? Or would he perhaps witness her alone, pleasuring herself when Tom was away?

An hour later, Bob wiped down the backsplash one final time, stepping back to admire his work. The sealer had brought out the depth of the stone, protecting it while enhancing its natural beauty. He had to admit, it looked damn good.

"All set," he announced, turning to find Jess already watching him, having apparently abandoned her work at the laptop. "What do you think?"

She moved closer, her eyes widening as she took in the finished result. "It's beautiful," she breathed. "Even better than I imagined."

Her genuine appreciation pleased him more than he would have expected. There was something gratifying about impressing a woman with good taste, especially one whose opinion he'd come to value.

"It'll protect the stone for years," he explained. "Just wipe it down with mild soap and water for cleaning. Nothing abrasive."

"Got it," Jess nodded, turning to face him. "Thank you, Bob. For suggesting this, for the discount... for everything. You've really transformed our kitchen."

There was something in her eyes, a warmth that hadn't been there in their previous interactions. She stood close enough that he could smell her perfume, feel the slight heat radiating from her body.

"Happy to do it," he replied. "Like I said, I enjoy the work. Keep my hands busy."

Her eyes flickered down to his hands briefly before returning to his face. "They're clearly very skilled," she commented.

Bob felt his heart rate quicken. Was he imagining the undercurrent in her words? The slight emphasis on "skilled" that transformed an innocent observation into something more suggestive?

"Just need to wash up before I install those smoke detectors," he said, moving toward the sink.

As Bob washed his hands, scrubbing at the stubborn residue beneath his fingernails, he felt the familiar tightening in his groin that had plagued him all morning. Being in Jess's space, catching the occasional whiff of her perfume, watching her lean over her laptop, it had kept him in a state of semi-arousal.

He dried his hands on a towel, then turned slightly away from Jess, reaching down to adjust himself in his jeans. His cock had settled at an awkward angle, pressing against his zipper. With what he thought was a discreet movement, he repositioned himself, easing the discomfort.

When he looked up, Jess's eyes met his directly. She'd been watching him. In that frozen moment, there was no mistaking what she'd seen.

Jess didn't look away as he might have expected. Instead, something shifted in her gaze, a flash of curiosity perhaps. Then she blinked, and it was gone, replaced by her usual polite expression.

"Everything okay?" she asked, her tone casual.

"Yeah," Bob replied, clearing his throat. "Just been on my feet too long. Gets uncomfortable."

Jess smiled. "I can imagine."

Bob stood motionless for a heartbeat too long, processing what had just happened. She'd seen him adjusting his erection, and instead of embarrassment or disgust, there had been... interest? No, he was projecting again. Reading into normal human reactions.

He cleared his throat. "Let's install these smoke detectors."

"Of course," Jess agreed. "Where do they need to go?"

"One here in the kitchen," Bob explained, retrieving the devices from their bag. "One in the hallway outside the bedrooms, and one in the master bedroom."

"Makes sense," Jess nodded. She hesitated, then added with a small smile, "Need me to hold the ladder for you?"

The image of her standing below him, looking up, perhaps admiring the work of his hands again... Bob forced the thought away.

"Appreciate the offer, but I'm steady on my feet," he replied with a wink.

"I'm sure you are," she replied. "I'll be at my laptop if you need anything."

Bob started with the kitchen. The process was quick and straightforward. Remove the old unit, disconnect the wiring, connect the new one, mount it to the bracket. Years of experience made the task almost automatic, allowing him to complete it in under ten minutes.

"One down, two to go," he announced, moving the ladder to the hallway. The second installation went equally smoothly. Another regular unit, another quick installation.

Finally, it was time for the bedroom installation, the one that mattered.

"Just the bedroom left," he announced, gathering his tools. "Then I'll be out of your hair."

"No rush," Jess replied, standing up. "It's nice having company while I work."

Bob moved toward the master bedroom, ladder balanced on one shoulder, toolbox and smoke detector in his opposite hand. His heart rate quickened as he approached the threshold that separated public from private, crossing into the sanctuary where Tom and Jess spent their most intimate moments. There was something almost sacred about a couple's bedroom, which made violating it all the more thrilling.

"Is it alright if I go in?" he called out, feigning politeness though he'd already begun entering.

Jess appeared in the hallway behind him. "Of course. Let me just move a few things."

She brushed past him, their shoulders touching briefly. Bob watched as she straightened the already made bed, adjusted a decorative pillow, smoothed out an invisible wrinkle in the duvet. It was the instinctive reaction of a woman who hadn't planned on inviting a man into her bedroom.

Her presence complicated things. He'd hoped she'd stay absorbed in her work while he installed the detector, giving him the privacy needed to position the camera perfectly. Now he'd need to be even more careful with her eyes potentially tracking his every move.

"I'll just swap this one out," he said, pointing toward the existing smoke detector.

"Whatever you think is best," Jess replied. She moved to perch on the edge of the bed, crossing her legs in a way that drew his eyes naturally to her legs. "You're the expert."

Bob positioned the ladder beneath the existing detector and climbed up. From this vantage point, he had an excellent view of the room and of Jess, who sat watching him, her posture relaxed yet somehow attentive. The angle gave him a direct line of sight down her V-neck shirt. He could see the curves of her breasts, the lace edge of a light blue bra. He forced himself to look away, focusing on the task at hand.

"These old models," he commented, unscrewing the detector from its mount, "usually just twist off. But sometimes the bracket gets stuck."

As he disconnected the old wiring, Bob's mind raced through competing considerations. The camera had limitations, fixed lens with no remote adjustment capabilities, inevitable blind spots directly beneath and behind the unit itself. Ideally, he'd position it to capture the entire bed where they'd sleep and fuck.

"How often should they be replaced?" Jess asked, still watching from below.

“Manufacturers say every ten years,” Bob replied, “but most people forget. Truth is, they should be tested monthly and replaced on schedule.” He disconnected the old detector’s wires. “Not many people are that diligent, though.”

“I don’t think we’ve ever tested ours,” Jess admitted. “Probably not the safest approach.”

“We all take risks without realizing it,” Bob said, depositing the old unit in his toolbox and retrieving the special smoke detector. The weight difference was noticeable. The camera added significant heft, but not so extreme that Jess would notice if she held it.

His pulse quickened as he carefully positioned the new detector. This was the moment of truth. The camera lens was tiny, concealed within what appeared to be a standard feature of the smoke detector’s design. It needed to be properly aligned to capture both the bed and the closet entrance. The trouble was, he couldn’t check the feed in real-time. His laptop was in his apartment downstairs, and the camera would only activate once it was powered up and connected to the home’s electrical system.

“Everything okay up there?” Jess asked, noticing his hesitation.

“Just making sure I have the wiring right,” Bob replied smoothly. “Different models have different connections.”

He mentally mapped out the camera’s field of view, estimating its coverage. A bit more to the right would capture the closet better, but might miss the far side of the bed where Jess would sleep. A bit more to the left would provide excellent bed coverage but might cut off part of the closet entrance.

Greed won out. He positioned the camera to include both areas, knowing the compromise might cost him optimal coverage of either. Better to capture some of everything than all of one thing, he reasoned.

“Let me test it,” he said, pressing the test button. The loud beep confirmed that the alarm function worked properly. The tiny red indicator light blinked inside the housing, invisible to Jess but a confirmation to Bob that the eye was now open, watching.

“All set,” Bob announced, climbing down the ladder. “Three new detectors, all hardwired with backup batteries. You’re protected for the next decade.”

“Thank you, Bob,” Jess said. She had no idea what he’d just done, no concept of the invasion he’d orchestrated.

Bob was already imagining the footage he’d soon be watching. He itched with anticipation to return to his apartment and check the feed, to see exactly what his electronic eye had captured.

“Happy to help,” he replied, folding the ladder. “Safety’s important.”

As they walked back toward the kitchen, Bob felt a sense of triumph. Phase one of his plan was now complete. The camera was in place, and tonight, when Tom and Jess went to bed, he would have front row seats to their most intimate moments.

In the kitchen, Bob inspected the backsplash, running his fingers lightly over the sealed stone. “Looking good,” he confirmed. “Give it twenty-four hours before getting it wet, just to be safe.”

“I’ll leave a note for Tom,” Jess said, making a mental note. “He sometimes splashes water everywhere when he does dishes.”

“Men,” Bob said with a good-natured shrug. “We’re not exactly known for our attention to detail.”

“Some men are,” Jess corrected, gesturing to the backsplash. “Your work shows incredible attention to detail.”

“Well, that’s different,” Bob replied. “That’s craftsmanship. Been doing it so long it’s second nature.”

“Still,” Jess insisted, “it’s impressive. Most people don’t care that much about doing things right.” She moved a step closer. “I’ve noticed that about you, you know. You take pride in everything you do, even the small things.”

The compliment warmed him, partly because it felt genuine and partly because it created another thread of connection between them. She was seeing him, not just as a tenant or a handyman, but as someone with skill, with value.

“I appreciate that,” he said honestly.

Jess glanced at her watch. “I should probably get back to work soon. My video call’s in twenty minutes.”

“I’ll get out of your hair,” Bob said, gathering his tools. “Just need to pack up.”

He collected his equipment, wiping down the counters one last time, returning the kitchen to pristine condition. His mind, however, was already downstairs, already imagining what the camera feed might show, already contemplating the hours he’d spend watching Jess in her most private moments.

As he packed the last of his tools, Jess leaned against the counter, watching him. Something in her posture had changed since their last interaction. She seemed very comfortable in his presence now, more relaxed.

“I really can’t thank you enough,” she said. “For everything you’ve done around here. The faucets, the backsplash, and now the smoke detectors. You’ve made such a difference.”

“Happy to help,” Bob replied. “Like I said, keeps my hands busy.”

“Still,” Jess persisted, “it means a lot to us. To me.”

The way she emphasized that last part, “to me”, sent a surge of satisfaction through Bob’s body. He’d made an impression. He’d earned her gratitude, maybe even her admiration. It was a small victory, but a victory nonetheless.

“That’s all I need to hear,” he said, closing his toolbox. “Knowing my work’s appreciated makes it worthwhile.”

They made their way toward the stairs, Bob carrying his toolbox and ladder. There was something different in the air between them, a shift in the dynamic that he couldn’t quite name but could definitely feel. The professional wall had begun to crumble, revealing glimpses of something more personal beneath.

At the bottom of the stairs, Bob set down his tools, preparing to say goodbye. He expected the usual polite farewell, a smile, a thank you, perhaps a wave. What he didn’t expect was for Jess to step forward, closing the distance between them.

“Seriously, thank you,” she said, her voice softer now. And then, before he could respond, she leaned in and wrapped her arms around him in a hug.

Bob froze for a split second, caught completely off guard. Her body pressed against his, her warmth seeping through the thin fabric of her shirt. She was softer than he’d imagined, yet somehow more solid too, not the fragile porcelain doll her appearance suggested, but a woman of substance and strength.

His arms closed around her automatically, returning the embrace. The contact sent blood rushing to his groin, his cock hardening despite his attempts to control it. Bob found himself pulling her closer, his erection pressing against her hip through his work jeans.

He could smell her shampoo, feel her waist beneath his palm, the gentle curve where it flared into her hips. The hug lasted only seconds, but he felt her body tense slightly at the unmistakable pressure against her. Any longer would have crossed an unspoken boundary, but in those seconds, something fundamental shifted.

She pulled back, a hint of color in her cheeks. Something flickered across her face. Surprise? Discomfort? He couldn’t tell.

“Thanks again,” she said, taking a small step backward. “I should get ready for my call.”

“Of course,” Bob managed, his voice rougher than intended. “I’ll see you around.”

As he gathered his tools and headed toward the door that connected to the laundry room, he could feel her eyes on his back.

In the laundry room, Bob paused, setting down his toolbox and ladder. His heart hammered in his chest, not from the physical exertion but from the unexpected intimacy of that hug and his body’s response to it. He hadn’t anticipated it, hadn’t planned for it. She had to have felt him against her, his hardness unmistakable through the denim.

That wasn’t like Jess, or at least, not like the Jess he’d observed so far. She had always maintained a careful physical distance, had always kept their interactions firmly in the professional realm. This was different. This was personal. This was a choice she’d made, a boundary she’d willingly crossed.

Why? What had changed?

And more importantly, how would she respond to discovering his desire so directly, so physically? Would she retreat, create distance between them? Or was that slight widening of her eyes, that faint flush to her cheeks, a sign of something else?

Bob moved through the door that led to his apartment, his mind racing with possibilities. Had she sensed his desire somehow? Was she responding to it unconsciously? Or was there something more deliberate at play?

No, that was wishful thinking. She was just being friendly, grateful for his help. The hug meant nothing beyond a simple expression of appreciation. He was reading too much into it, allowing his fantasies to cloud his judgment.

Bob made a beeline for his desk. “Come on, come on,” he muttered, jabbing at his laptop’s power button.

The machine whirred to life with slowly. His cock had been half hard since he’d installed the camera, the anticipation building with every passing moment.

Finally, the screen flickered to life. Bob launched the software he’d installed earlier that morning. A loading bar appeared, counting up the percentage in tiny digital increments that made Bob want to put his fist through the screen.

“Fucking load already,” he growled.

When the interface finally appeared, Bob quickly navigated to the camera feed. His heart hammered against his ribs as the first grainy images materialized on screen.

"Fuck!"

The expletive exploded from his lips as he leaned forward, squinting at what he was seeing. The camera's view wasn't what he'd envisioned at all. It zoomed in more than he'd expected, the angle all wrong. The bottom corner of the bed filled one side of the screen while the other side showed an angled view of the floor and part of the entrance to their walk-in closet.

"No, no, no," Bob muttered, frantically adjusting settings, trying to manipulate the angle remotely. But the camera was fixed. What he saw was what he'd get.

"Fucking amateur hour," he berated himself. "Should've just focused on the goddamn bed."

In his greed, Bob had tried to capture too much. He'd wanted to include the walk-in closet, hoping to catch Jessica in various states of undress. But in doing so, he'd sacrificed the main event, the bed.

"Stupid, stupid, STUPID!"

Each repetition was punctuated by a slap to his own forehead. Decades of experience had taught him the cardinal rule: keep it simple. Focus on what matters. And he'd ignored that wisdom in favor of fantasies about catching glimpses of Jessica sliding those leggings down those endless legs.

Now he had the worst of both worlds. The closet view was partial at best. He could see the entrance but not the interior where she would actually change. And the bed view was limited to their feet.

"Goddamn it," Bob muttered, leaning back in his chair and running both hands over his scalp.

Bob contemplated his options. He could try again, of course. Manufacture some reason to replace the detector he'd just installed. Claim a defect, a recall, anything to get back in there and adjust the angle. But that would raise suspicion.

No, he was stuck with this shitty angle, at least for now. He'd have to make do with feet and ankles, with the sounds he could pick up, with his imagination filling in the blanks. It was better than nothing, but far from the all access pass he'd envisioned.

Bob's eyes darted to the clock in the corner of his laptop screen. 11:45 AM. Jessica would be working upstairs for hours yet. Tom wouldn't be home until evening. The bedroom would remain empty, the feed showing nothing but static furniture and shifting sunlight patterns across the carpet.

His initial excitement morphed into frustration. He'd been so close. So fucking close to having everything he wanted.

"Greedy motherfucker," he muttered to himself.

The waiting was its own special torture, anticipation mixed with bitter disappointment. But Bob would wait. He had nothing but time. And tonight, when Tom and Jessica finally entered that bedroom, unaware of the eyes watching them from above, he would take what little he could get and force himself to be satisfied. For now.

Tom Marshall hit send on his final email of the day, satisfaction coursing through him as he closed another loop in the Meridian implementation. His office had fallen quiet around him, colleagues trickling out one by one until only the most dedicated workaholics remained.

His Apple Watch showed 5:47 PM. It was early by his recent standards. He'd planned to push through until at least seven, trying to tie up loose ends before tomorrow's San Diego trip but Davis had stopped by his desk with different instructions.

"Marshall," Davis had said, with a rare display of humanity. "Get the hell out of here. You're going to spend the next three days up to your neck in Meridian's bullshit. Go home. See that beautiful wife of yours. That's an order."

Tom hadn't needed to be told twice. He texted Jess, powered down his machine, swiped his notebooks into his briefcase, and grabbed his jacket from the back of his chair. As he walked through the office's main corridor, he felt anticipation and anxiety settling. Three days away from home. Three days away from Jess. It shouldn't feel different from last week's trip, yet it did.

In the elevator, Tom loosened his tie and unbuttoned his collar, shedding the corporate skin he wore all day. Despite his fatigue, the thought of Jess waiting for him at home sent a current of excitement through his body.

The parking garage was nearly empty, his Lexus one of the few remaining vehicles. Inside the car, he sat motionless for a moment, hands resting on the steering wheel as the air conditioning fought against Austin's heat. He'd survived another day of pretending to be normal, of attending meetings and answering emails as if his entire understanding of his own sexuality hadn't fundamentally shifted over the weekend.

His phone buzzed with a text.

Jess: Dinner's almost ready. Drive safe.

Tom smiled, started the engine, and backed out of the parking spot.

As brake lights flashed ahead and his car slowed to a crawl, his mind wandered back to their conversation from the night before, to Jess's suggestion about flirting with Bob. The image sent a peculiar thrill through him, a confusing mixture of arousal and discomfort that he still couldn't fully reconcile.

Bob wasn't exactly what Tom had envisioned when he first admitted his fantasies. In the abstract scenarios that had played out in his mind, the men were always more like Brandon. Confident, attractive, age appropriate.

Yet Tom couldn't deny the surge of excitement he'd felt when Jess had suggested it. Something about the reality of it, the tangibility of someone who was already in their lives made the fantasy more potent. Not to mention that huge cock of his.

Tom had always considered himself a fairly conventional guy. He'd dated regularly in college, had a few serious relationships, but nothing particularly wild or experimental. Then he'd met Jess, and everything had clicked into place. He knew immediately that she was the one. Beautiful, smart, ambitious, and somehow, miraculously, interested in him. They'd built a life together, a partnership based on mutual respect, shared goals, and genuine love.

And now, six years into their relationship, he was fantasizing about his wife with other men. Not just fantasizing, actively encouraging her to explore the boundaries of flirtation, to play with fire while he watched from a safe distance. What did that say about him?

A car horn jolted Tom from his thoughts. He'd been sitting at a green light, lost in his mental wanderings. He raised a hand in apology to the driver behind him and pushed down on the pedal.

As he pulled into their driveway, Tom noticed their house looked different somehow. Warmer. More inviting. The lights were on inside, casting a golden glow through the windows.

His key turned in the lock, and immediately the scent of cooking food greeted him. Something with garlic and herbs, rich and savory. His stomach growled in anticipation.

"Jess?" he called out.

"Upstairs!"

Tom climbed the stairs, his body already shedding the day's tension with each step closer to her. In the kitchen, he found Jess stirring something on the stove. She wore jeans and a light gray sweater that looked effortlessly casual.

She glanced over her shoulder at his approach, a smile lighting her features. “That was fast,” she observed, sounding pleased.

“Traffic was light,” Tom replied, stepping behind her and wrapping his arms around her waist. He pressed his lips to the side of her neck. “Plus, Davis said to spend time with my beautiful wife before disappearing to San Diego again.”

“That’s nice of him,” Jess replied, leaning back against his chest. “Dinner’s almost ready. I figured we’d have an actual meal together tonight since for the next three days you’ll be eating hotel room service and fast food.”

“What are we having?” Tom asked, peering over her shoulder at the pot she was stirring. “Smells amazing.”

“Pasta with my grandma’s bolognese,” Jess replied. “The sauce has been simmering for hours.”

Tom’s stomach growled audibly, making Jess laugh. “I take it you approve?”

“God, yes,” he murmured, pressing another kiss to her neck. “I haven’t eaten since noon.”

Jess reached for the wooden spoon to taste the sauce, offering some to Tom. “What do you think? Need more seasoning?”

Tom tasted, closing his eyes in appreciation. “It’s perfect. Like everything you do.”

Jess rolled her eyes but smiled. “Mr. Marshall. Now make yourself useful and set the table. Dinner in five.”

As Tom moved around the kitchen gathering plates and utensils, his eyes were drawn to the backsplash.

“Backsplash looks amazing,” he commented. “Bob did a great job.”

“He did,” Jess agreed, ladling sauce over the pasta and mixing it together. “He finished it this morning. Said to wait twenty-four hours before getting it wet, so be careful when you’re loading the dishwasher.”

“You know it’s not my strong suit,” Tom joked.

Jess smiled, bringing the pasta to the table. “Speaking of Bob,” she said casually as she set the bowl down, “he installed new smoke detectors today too.”

Tom’s eyebrows rose. “New smoke detectors? Was that part of our agreement?”

“He brought them over. Said ours were outdated,” Jess explained, sliding into her seat. “Said they have ten-year batteries and detect carbon monoxide. He wouldn’t accept payment.”

“Generous of him,” Tom commented. He remembered their conversation from the previous night, how Jess had suggested flirting with Bob as a way to test the waters of his fantasy. A small thrill ran through him. “So how was he today? Still the perfect gentleman?”

Jess’s eyes met his, a hint of mischief lurking in their depths. “Why do you ask?” she responded, twirling pasta around her fork.

“Just curious,” Tom said, trying to maintain a casual tone despite the acceleration of his pulse. “Given our conversation last night.”

Jess took a bite, chewing thoughtfully. “He was… attentive.”

Tom’s fork paused halfway to his mouth. “Attentive how?”

“Just small things,” Jess said with a slight shrug. “The way he watched me. The way he listened when I talked.”

Tom felt a strange flutter in his stomach. “And did you... respond to his attention?”

Jess took a sip of her wine. “I might have been a little friendlier than usual.”

“Define ‘friendlier,’” Tom pressed, his dinner temporarily forgotten.

Jess smiled. “I wore that blue V-neck t-shirt. The one that shows just enough cleavage to be interesting but not enough to be too obvious.”

Tom knew the shirt well. The neckline dipped just low enough to offer a tantalizing hint of what lay beneath. “And?”

“And those black leggings you like so much,” Jess continued. “The ones Brandon said would give someone a heart attack.”

Tom pictured it. “Did he notice?”

“Oh, he noticed,” Jess confirmed. “He tried not to stare, but I caught him a few times when he thought I wasn’t looking.”

Tom swallowed. “What else?”

Jess took another bite of pasta, deliberately drawing out the moment, clearly enjoying the effect her words were having. “We talked. More personally than before. He told me about his marriages, why they failed. About the importance of being present, of really seeing your partner.”

“And then?” Tom prompted when she paused.

Jess’s eyes gleamed. “And then, when he was leaving, I hugged him.”

Tom nearly choked on his wine. “You what?”

“I hugged him,” Jess repeated. “Just to say thank you for all his work. It was brief, completely innocent.”

“How did he react?” Tom asked, food now completely forgotten.

“He froze at first,” Jess said, recalling the moment. “Just for a second. Like he couldn’t believe it was happening. Then he hugged me back.”

Tom tried to picture it, Jess stepping into Bob’s space, wrapping her arms around him, Bob’s surprise followed by his arms closing around her.

“Jesus, Jess,” he murmured.

She tilted her head, studying his reaction. “Too much?”

“No,” Tom said. “No, it’s... it’s fine. I just wasn’t expecting you to actually... test the waters”

“Isn’t that what we talked about?”

“It is,” Tom agreed.

Jess reached across the table, covering his hand with hers. “If it bothers you-”

“It doesn’t,” Tom interrupted. “I’m just... processing. It’s different, hearing about it actually happening versus just talking about it as a possibility.”

“Different good? Or different uncomfortable?” Jess asked, her eyes searching his.

Tom considered the question. The image of Jess hugging Bob, their bodies briefly pressed together, had sent a jolt of something through him. Not jealousy, not exactly. More like... excitement. Anticipation.

“Different good,” he admitted. “Definitely... interesting.”

Jess’s expression relaxed. “Interesting enough that you’re not eating the dinner I spent hours preparing?”

Tom laughed. He picked up his fork and took a bite of the now slightly cooled pasta. “It’s so good,” he said truthfully. “Almost as incredible as my wife hugging our tenant.”

Jess rolled her eyes, but her smile widened. “It was just a hug, Tom. I didn’t jump his bones.”

“Yet,” Tom said before he could stop himself.

Jess’s eyebrows shot up. “Yet?” she repeated. “Is that where your mind is going?”

Tom felt his cheeks warm. “No, I didn’t mean... I was joking.”

"Were you, though?" Jess pressed.

Tom took a sip of wine, buying himself time. "I don't know," he said finally, honestly. "I'm still figuring that out myself."

Jess nodded, accepting his answer. "Well, while I'm willing to explore this... whatever this is... with you, I'm not planning to sleep with Bob or anyone else. That's not what this is about for me."

"What is it about for you?" Tom asked, genuinely curious.

"Honestly? It's about that feeling of being seen, of commanding attention. It reminds me of when I was modeling, that rush of knowing someone is looking at you, really looking."

"You like it," Tom observed. "Being desired."

"I do," Jess admitted. "I always have. But somewhere along the line, I started suppressing it. Became so focused on being taken seriously professionally that I buried that part of myself."

"And now?"

Jess shrugged lightly. "And now I'm realizing it doesn't have to be either-or. I can still acknowledge that side of myself."

Tom nodded, a mix of emotions swirling inside him. Relief that she wasn't planning to take things too far mixed with a little disappointment, and excitement at the possibilities that remained open.

"Speaking of being a respected professional," Jess continued, shifting topics, "Richard Harrington called my office today. He wants me to consult on his personal penthouse reno."

"Richard Harrington? The same one from the party? The one who was..."

"The same," Jess confirmed. "Apparently he was very impressed with the Skyline designs."

"So that's all three of them now," he said slowly. "Webb, Chen, and Harrington. All men you overheard objectifying you, all now wanting to work with you."

"Ironic, right? They see me as a "conquest and a talented designer. I'm not sure which matters more to them."

"And how do you feel about it?"

Jess toyed with her wineglass, considering. "Professionally, it's an incredible opportunity. Three high-profile clients who could showcase my work to exactly the

audience I want to reach." She took a sip. "Personally? It's complicated. I hate knowing that they view me as a piece of meat, but I've decided that I'm not willing to sacrifice my career because they're pigs."

Despite the excitement her words triggered, shame quickly followed. Here she was, navigating possible sexual harassment in her professional life, while he was secretly getting off on the idea of these men desiring her.

"It's almost overwhelming," Jess continues. "Between Skyline's completion, Webb's Savannah hotel, Chen's Houston development, and now Harrington's penthouse... I'm going to be so busy."

"You can handle it," Tom said confidently. "You're the most talented designer I know."

"I'm the only designer you know," Jess corrected with a laugh.

"Not true. I've met Sam and Annie."

"Fine, one of three designers you know," Jess conceded. "But I appreciate the vote of confidence."

"Always," Tom replied, meaning it. His admiration for her talent was genuine and longstanding.

"I also confirmed dinner with Webb," Jess mentioned, her tone shifting slightly. "Thursday night."

Tom's fork paused halfway to his mouth. "Oh?"

"At Le Bernardin," she continued.

"Good," Tom nodded. The thought of Chris Webb, a man he knew had spoken crudely about his wife, sharing a meal with Jess while he was away stirred something complex in his chest, a mixture of concern and that same inexplicable excitement.

"I'll tell you all about it," Jess promised. "Every detail."

The way she emphasized "every detail" sent a shiver down Tom's spine. There was subtext there, an acknowledgment of his newfound interest in her interactions with other men.

"I'd appreciate that," he replied.

They finished dinner with lighter conversation, discussing logistics for his trip. It was comfortable, the easy back and forth of a couple who genuinely enjoyed each other's company beyond just physical attraction.

After clearing the table and loading the dishwasher, carefully avoiding splashing the backsplash, they moved to the bedroom. Tom's suitcase lay open at the foot of the bed, already partially packed.

"You started packing for me?" he asked, surveying the neatly folded clothes.

"Just the basics," Jess replied. "Shirts, underwear, socks. Your toiletry bag is in the bathroom, already packed with travel sizes of everything."

Tom wrapped his arms around her from behind, pulling her against his chest. "What would I do without you?"

Jess leaned back into him, her hands covering his where they rested on her stomach. "Probably show up in San Diego with mismatched socks and no deodorant."

"Probably," Tom agreed with a chuckle, nuzzling her neck. "Thank you for taking care of me. I'm going to miss you."

"It's only three days," Jess reminded him

"I know," he acknowledged. "But it feels different this time."

"Because of what we talked about?" Jess asked.

"Partly," Tom admitted.

"Everything feels more... I don't know. Charged? Like we're standing on the edge of something new," said Jess.

"Does that scare you?" Tom asked.

Jess considered the question. "A little," she confessed. "But it's exciting too. Like we're rediscovering each other."

Tom nodded, understanding exactly what she meant.

"On that note," Jess said, turning around, her fingers toying with the buttons of his shirt, "we should finish packing and get to bed early. You have an early flight."

"You're driving me?" Tom asked, slightly surprised. He'd planned to take an Uber rather than inconvenience her.

"Of course I'm driving you," Jess replied. "I want every possible minute with you before you go."

Tom smiled. "Then we better finish packing," he agreed, though his hands remained on her waist, reluctant to break contact.

Jess rose on her tiptoes, pressing a soft kiss to his lips. "Help me with your suits? I never know which one you want to bring."

Tom nodded, finally releasing her to move toward the closet. As he sorted through his work suits, selecting the navy blue and the charcoal gray for the week's meetings, his mind returned to earlier threads of their conversation.

"So," he began casually, "this hug with Bob..."

Jess glanced at him from where she was organizing his dress shirts. "What about it?"

"Was it just a quick thank you hug? Or..." Tom hesitated, not quite sure how to phrase his question.

"Or what?" Jess prompted.

"Or was it something more...?" Try as he might, Tom couldn't keep a note of hopeful interest from creeping into his voice.

Jess's smile was enigmatic. "What do you think?"

"I think," Tom said slowly, "that you're enjoying making me wonder."

"Maybe I am," she admitted. "After all, you're the one who finds this exciting."

"So do you," Tom countered, remembering her earlier words about rediscovering that part of herself. "At least a little."

Jess conceded the point with a slight inclination of her head. "I won't deny there's something... intriguing about it. About being more aware of my effect on other men."

"Like Bob," Tom supplied.

"Like Bob," Jess agreed. "And maybe others."

There were others now. Chris Webb, James Chen, Richard Harrington, three powerful men who had made clear their interest in Jess, professionally if not personally. Then there was Bob, her yoga instructor Derek, and Brandon.

Tom returned to his suits, trying to process her words. "Others? Like who?"

"No one specific," Jess replied, her voice casual as she folded a dress shirt. "Just... the possibility. The awareness."

Tom nodded, moving to arrange his ties in the suitcase. His throat felt unexpectedly dry. "So, about Thursday... what are you planning to wear? For your dinner with Webb?"

Jess glanced up, studying his expression. "I was thinking my navy pantsuit with that cream silk blouse. Professional but still elegant."

"That's a good choice," Tom agreed, picturing the outfit. The tailored pantsuit was one of his favorites, accentuating her long legs while maintaining an appropriate

business appearance. But now, with their new dynamic hovering between them, he found himself considering alternatives.

"What about that burgundy dress?" he suggested, trying to sound casual. "The one with the wrap."

Jess paused in her folding, eyebrows lifting slightly. "That's a bit more... evening than office," she noted. The dress in question had a plunging neckline and the wrap style emphasized her thin waist. It was stunning but decidedly more provocative than her standard business attire.

"True," Tom admitted. "But it's dinner, not a board meeting."

Jess set down the shirt she was holding and turned to face him fully. "Tom, are you suggesting I dress to attract Chris Webb's attention?"

Her directness caught him off guard. "No, I... I don't know what I'm suggesting," he confessed, running a hand through his hair.

"What do you want to happen on Thursday?" she asked softly. "With Chris. Really."

Tom swallowed, finding the question harder to answer than he'd expected. "I want you to be comfortable," he began. "I want you to secure the Savannah project because it's important to your career."

"That's what you want professionally," Jess persisted. "What about... personally? After everything we've discussed."

Tom moved to sit on the edge of the bed. "I think I'd be okay with whatever happens," he said slowly. "As long as you call me afterward and tell me about it. Everything. As soon as you get home."

"Everything?" Jess repeated, a hint of challenge in her voice. She moved closer, positioning herself between his knees. "Like what?"

Tom looked up at her, his hands naturally finding her waist. "Like what you wore. How he looked at you. What you talked about."

"That's very innocent, Tom," Jess said, her head tilting slightly. "Is that really all you want to know?"

Heat crept up his neck. "No."

"Then what?" she pressed, her fingers playing with the hair at the nape of his neck.

"I'd want to know if he flirted with you," Tom admitted. "If he tried to touch you. How it made you feel."

A small smile curved Jess' lips. "And if he did touch me? Maybe his hand on my back as we walked to the table?"

"I'd want to know all of that."

"What if he suggested drinks at the hotel bar afterward?" Jess continued. "What if I said yes?"

Tom's grip tightened on her waist. "Did you already agree to that?"

"No," Jess assured him. "It's hypothetical. What if I had one drink too many and he offered to walk me to my car?"

"I'd want you to be safe," Tom responded automatically.

"That's not what I'm asking," Jess said. "I'm asking if you'd be aroused thinking about it. About him walking me to my car, standing too close in the dark parking lot."

Tom's breathing had quickened, his imagination supplying vivid details to her scenario. "Yes," he admitted. "It would turn me on."

"What if he tried to kiss me?" Jess whispered, her eyes never leaving his. "What would you want me to do?"

"I... don't know."

"Yes, you do," Jess insisted softly. "Tell me, Tom. What would arouse you more? Me rejecting him? Or me letting him?"

The room suddenly felt too warm, too small. "Maybe... letting him. Just a little."

"Just a little," Jess echoed. Her fingertips traced along his jawline. "Like, letting his lips touch mine for just a moment before pulling away? Or something more?"

Tom's cock strained against his slacks, his arousal impossible to hide. "Maybe something more," he admitted.

"How much more, Tom?" Jess pressed. "His hands on my body?"

"Jesus, Jess," Tom growled, pulling her toward him, burying his face against her stomach. "I don't know."

Jess's fingers threaded through his hair, her touch gentle despite her provocative words. "It's okay not to know," she soothed. "We're figuring this out together. But I need to understand where your boundaries are. What's fantasy and what's too far."

Tom lifted his head to look at her. "I trust you," he said. "I trust your judgment. If something happens... just do what feels right in the moment. And then tell me everything."

Jess studied him. “You know I would never actually sleep with Chris,” she said finally. “He’s a client, and from what I overheard at the party, he’s a pig who sees women as “conquests.”

“I know,” Tom nodded.

Jess nodded. “By the way, Bob texted me today after he left,” she revealed. “Said he forgot to mention a few maintenance tips for the backsplash.”

Tom’s eyebrows rose. “Did he now?”

“Mmm,” Jess confirmed. “Very thorough, our tenant. Wanted to make sure we’re properly caring for his handiwork.”

“And?” Tom prompted.

“And he asked if I’d like to see some other stone samples sometime. For future projects,” she added.

Tom’s pulse quickened. “What did you tell him?”

“I said I’d love to,” Jess replied, watching his reaction. “He has some perfect material for bathroom renovations, apparently.”

“Bathroom renovations. Right.”

“He also thanked me for the hug,” Jess continued. “Said it was the highlight of his day.”

“I bet it was,” Tom muttered.

“Are you jealous?” Jess asked, her fingers playing with the collar of his shirt.

“No,” Tom said, then reconsidered. “Maybe a little. But not in a bad way.”

“In what way, then?”

“In a way that makes me want to see what happens when you explore this side of yourself,” Tom replied.

Jess’s smile widened. “I like the sound of that,” she murmured, leaning down to press her lips against his.

What began as a gentle kiss quickly deepened. Tom’s hands slid from her waist to her ass, pulling her firmly to straddle him. Jess’s arms wound around his neck, her body melting into his as their tongues met.

“Too many clothes,” Jess whispered against his mouth.

Tom stood while holding her, then turned so he could lower her onto the bed. He followed her down, his body on top of hers, his weight supported on his forearms as he kissed her deeply.

"You know," Jess whispered between kisses, "I kept thinking about you today. Even while Bob was here."

"Yeah?" Tom asked, his hands moving beneath her sweater to find warm skin.

"Mmmhmm," she confirmed. "I kept wondering what you'd think if you could see me. If you were watching Bob watching me."

"Did he watch you?"

"The whole time," Jess confirmed. "Every chance he got. He tried to be subtle, but I caught him staring at my tits."

Tom growled, his hands working more urgently now to remove her sweater. "Did you do it on purpose? Give him something to look at?"

Jess lifted her arms, allowing him to pull it over her head. "Maybe," she admitted, her eyes holding his. "Maybe I reached up for those coffee mugs and maybe he watched my ass."

"Fuck, Jess," Tom groaned, his hands moving to unbutton her jeans now, tugging them down her legs.

She lay beneath him in a simple blue bra and matching panties, the same ones she'd mentioned Bob getting a glimpse of when she'd worn that blue V-neck. Tom's mind filled with the image of Bob stealing glances down her shirt, seeing this exact sight in the flesh, experiencing just a fraction of the beauty Tom got to witness fully.

"Did he get hard?" Tom asked, surprising himself with the directness of the question. "When he was looking at you?"

Jess's eyes widened slightly, but she didn't shy away from the question. "I think so," she said. "At one point, I caught him adjusting himself."

Tom's cock throbbed at the confession. "Jesus."

"I pretended not to notice," Jess continued. "But we both knew I saw."

Tom's fingers traced the lace edge of her bra. "And how did that make you feel? Knowing you affected him that way?"

"Powerful," Jess admitted softly. "Desired."

Tom bent to press his lips to her collarbone, then lower, tracing a path between her breasts. "Tell me about the hug," he murmured against her skin.

Jess's fingers threaded through his hair. "It was impulsive," she said. "He was leaving, and I just... stepped forward and put my arms around him."

"How did he feel?" Tom asked, reaching behind her to unfasten her bra. The clasp gave way and he slowly drew the straps down her arms, revealing her breasts inch by inch.

"Solid," Jess replied as the bra came loose.

Tom tossed the bra to the floor.

"He was strong," Jess continued. "His body was so different from yours. Broader, harder."

Tom's mouth found her nipple, his tongue circling before sucking gently. Jess arched beneath him, her fingers tightening in his hair.

"God, yes," she breathed, pushing her breast more firmly against his mouth.

"Did you feel his... reaction?" Tom asked, releasing her nipple before moving to the other. His teeth grazed the sensitive flesh, just hard enough to send a shock of pleasure and pain through her.

"Yes," Jess whispered. "Not at first, but when he hugged me back, when he pulled me closer... I felt it against me. He was hard, Tom. Rock hard just from that simple hug."

"Where?" Tom demanded, his hand sliding down her stomach to the waistband of her panties. "Where did you feel him?"

"Against my hip," Jess gasped as Tom's fingers dipped beneath the elastic, teasing but not yet touching where she needed him most. "I could feel how big he was, even through his jeans."

If only she knew.

Tom ground his still-clothed erection against her thigh, the image unbearably arousing. "And then?"

"And then nothing," Jess said. "The hug ended. It couldn't have lasted more than a few seconds. But it felt... significant somehow."

Tom hooked his fingers into the waistband of her panties, sliding them down her legs. "I bet he's thinking about it right now," he said. "Replaying it in his mind, imagining what might have happened if you'd stayed in his arms a while longer."

"Probably," Jess agreed, her hands moving to his belt, unfastening it. "Just like Chris is probably imagining Thursday night, planning how he'll try to seduce me over dinner."

The mention of Chris Webb sent another surge of arousal through Tom. His slacks and boxers quickly joined the growing pile of clothes on the floor.

“Wait,” Tom said, reaching for the nightstand drawer. They’d been sloppy with condoms recently, but it was the responsible thing to do. His fingers fumbled inside, emerging with a foil packet.

Jess nodded, taking the condom from him, tearing the wrapper open with her teeth. Her eyes never left his as she rolled it down his shaft, giving him a few teasing strokes. Her thumb circled the sensitive head through the latex, smearing the precum that had gathered there.

“Do you think he’ll try to touch you?” Tom asked, positioning himself between her thighs, the head of his cock brushing against her entrance.

“I know he will,” Jess replied, reaching between them to guide him. “Men like him always do. The question is where... and how much I’ll let him.”

Tom pushed forward, sliding into her with a groan. Jess’s legs wrapped around his waist, pulling him deeper, her body welcoming him home. They both paused, savoring the sensation of being joined.

“God, you feel amazing,” Tom breathed, his forehead pressed against hers. “So wet, so tight.”

“You make me this way,” Jess whispered as she lifted her hips, encouraging him to move.

Tom began thrusting, establishing a slow, deep rhythm that had Jess gasping with each stroke. Her nails dug into his back, leaving marks in his skin.

“What would you do?” Tom asked. “If he put his hand on your thigh under the table?”

Jess’s eyes held his. “What would you want me to do?” she countered, meeting his thrusts with movements of her own.

“Tell me your instinct,” Tom pressed. “What would Jessica Marshall do if a man like Chris Webb put his hand on her thigh?”

“I’d probably slide my leg away,” Jess admitted. “But if you’re asking what I’d do knowing it turns you on... I might let his hand stay. Just for a moment.”

Tom’s pace increased. “And if he moved it higher?” he asked, his voice strained.

“I’d stop him,” Jess said. “There are limits, Tom. Lines I wouldn’t cross.”

“But you’d let him flirt with you,” Tom suggested. “Let him think he has a chance.”

“If that’s what you want,” Jess replied, her nails digging into his back as her pleasure built. “Is that what you want, Tom? For me to flirt with Chris? To let him believe he might get more?”

“Fuck,” Tom groaned, his rhythm faltering momentarily. “I want... I want you to do whatever feels right to you in the moment. Whatever excites you.”

Jess’s eyes widened slightly at this admission. “And if what excites me is letting him touch me? Letting his hand stay on my thigh?”

The thought sent a jolt of arousal through Tom so intense he had to pause his movements to avoid coming too soon. “Jesus, Jess,” he panted. “Yes. Whatever you want. Whatever makes you feel good.”

Jess smiled, wicked and knowing. “And you want all the details afterward?” she asked. “Every touch? Every look?”

“God, yes,” Tom admitted, resuming his thrusts, deeper now. “Everything.”

“I’ll call you,” Jess promised, her voice breathy with approaching release. “The moment I get home. Tell you everything he said, everything he did, how he looked at me...”

Her words combined with the sensation of being inside her pushed Tom dangerously close to the edge. He slowed his pace, not wanting this to end too quickly.

“Turn over,” he commanded, withdrawing from her body. “I want to see that perfect ass.”

Jess complied eagerly, rolling onto her stomach and then pushing up onto her knees, presenting herself to him. She looked back over her shoulder, her hair tumbling around her face in disheveled perfection.

“Like this?” she asked innocently, arching her back to emphasize her ass.

“Exactly like that,” Tom growled, positioning himself behind her. His hands gripped her hips as he guided himself back to her entrance, sliding in with one firm thrust that had them both moaning.

From this angle, he could go deeper, hitting spots inside her that made her gasp and clutch at the sheets. The sight of his cock disappearing into her body, her perky ass pressed against him, was almost unbearably erotic.

“Fuck, you look so good like this,” he groaned, his hands kneading the flesh of her ass as he established a steady rhythm. “Taking my cock so perfectly.”

Jess pushed back against him, meeting each thrust. “Harder,” she demanded, her voice muffled against the pillow she’d grabbed. “Fuck me harder, Tom.”

He complied, his hips snapping forward with increased force, the sound of skin slapping against skin filling the room. One hand moved from her hip to slide around her body, finding her clit and circling it in time with his thrusts.

"Oh god," Jess moaned, her back arching even more. "Yes, right there. Don't stop."

"When he's sitting across from you at dinner, are you going to be thinking about this? About my cock inside you?"

"Yes," Jess gasped. "God, yes. I'll be thinking about you the whole time."

"And Bob?" Tom pressed, his fingers working her clit more insistently. "Next time he's here, what will you do?"

"What do you want me to do?" Jess challenged, though her voice wavered.

The question was charged with possibility. Tom leaned forward, his chest pressed against her back, his mouth close to her ear.

"I want you to do whatever excites you," he said, his voice low and intense. "Whatever makes your pussy wet thinking about it. Maybe let him see more... maybe let him want more... knowing only you decide how far it goes."

"Oh god," Jess moaned, her inner walls beginning to flutter around his cock.

"Would that turn you on?" Tom asked, straightening up again, resuming his thrusts. "Knowing how much he wants you? How hard he gets just from being near you?"

"Yes," Jess admitted, her voice breaking. "It would. It does."

"Show me how much," Tom urged, his fingers speeding up on her clit. "Come on my cock, Jess."

His words pushed her over the edge. Jess cried out, her body tensing beneath him as her pussy clenched rhythmically around his cock, trying to milk his orgasm from him.

Tom maintained his pace, working her through her climax before pulling out and flipping her onto her back again. He wanted to see her face when he came.

"Not done with you yet," he growled, pushing back inside her.

Jess welcomed him with a smile, her body pliant and responsive despite her recent orgasm. Her hands found his shoulders, pulling him closer as he resumed his thrusts.

"Come for me," she whispered, her eyes locked on his. "Fill that condom up. Show me what I do to you."

Tom's pace became erratic, his control slipping. "Me," he managed between breaths. "No matter what... always come back to me."

“I know,” Jess assured him, her legs wrapping around his waist again. “I’m yours, Tom. Always yours.”

With a final thrust, Tom buried himself deep inside her as his orgasm hit like a freight train. His body shuddered above her, his release seemingly endless as pleasure coursed through every nerve. He collapsed against her as they both struggled to catch their breath.

For moments afterward, they remained joined, savoring the closeness, the intimacy that went beyond the physical act. Eventually, he rolled to the side, bringing Jess with him so they lay face to face.

“That was...” Tom began, breathing heavy, but words failed him.

“Intense,” Jess replied, her face flushed, her eyes soft with post coital bliss.

“Yeah,” he agreed, brushing a strand of hair from her face. “You okay?”

“More than okay,” she assured him, pressing a gentle kiss to his lips. “You?”

Tom took a moment to genuinely consider the question, to examine his feelings beyond the immediate afterglow. “I’m good,” he said finally. “Really good.”

“You know this is just fantasy, right?” Jess asked, her expression growing more serious. “What we talk about in bed... it’s not necessarily what I want in reality.”

“I know,” Tom assured her.

Jess nodded. “I mean, I’m willing to push some boundaries, to test the waters with flirtation. That can be fun and relatively harmless. But anything beyond that...”

“Would change things between us,” Tom finished.

“Yes,” she agreed. “And I like what we have too much to risk it on a fleeting thrill.”

Her words reassured him, settling something that had been quietly unsettled in his chest since their initial conversation about his fantasies. Despite the wild territory they’d been exploring verbally, their commitment to each other remained the foundation.

“We should probably finish packing,” Jess murmured. “Early morning tomorrow.”

Tom nodded, suddenly aware of his state of undress. He stood, heading to the bathroom to clean up. When he returned, Jess had changed into her sleep shirt, a soft, worn cotton thing that reached mid-thigh.

They quickly finished packing, then moved through their nightly routine. As they finally settled beneath the covers, Tom reached for Jess, pulling her close against him.

“Goodnight, Tom,” Jess whispered.

“Goodnight,” he replied softly.

Bob Caldwell sat at his desk naked, dried cum crusted across his thick chest and protruding belly. The bitter scent of his own ejaculate hung in the stale apartment air, mingling with the sweat and stink of frustrated arousal.

“Fuck,” he muttered, rubbing his bloodshot eyes.

The image on screen remained unchanged: the bottom corner of a king-sized bed, lumps visible beneath the covers where Tom and Jess’s feet rested. The rest was darkness, the bedroom light having clicked off twenty minutes ago. He could make out nothing else, just those goddamn feet.

The night had been a masterclass in frustration. Bob had spent hours glued to his laptop, watching the pathetic feed from his hidden camera, hoping for a glimpse of what he so desperately craved. But the angle, that fucking botched angle, had given him almost nothing. He’d seen them moving around the room, packing Tom’s suitcase, entering and exiting the walk-in closet. He’d seen Tom’s arms wrap around Jess from behind, a tender moment that made Bob’s stomach turn.

But when they’d moved to the bed, when the main event began, he’d seen nothing. Their bodies had disappeared from frame, leaving him with only audio. Grunts, moans, the creaking of bedsprings, the slap of skin against skin. Their words had been largely inaudible, just muffled whispers that tortured him with their secrets.

He’d been reduced to the audio equivalent of a man pressing his ear against a thin wall, straining to catch fragments, imagining the rest. It was pathetic. It was infuriating. And still, it had been enough to make him cum harder than he had in years.

Bob reached for the notebook on his desk. He’d started it the day he moved in, documenting everything he learned about the Marshalls. It was a habit from his contracting days, keep detailed records, note patterns, learn preferences. Information was leverage, and Bob never entered a situation without leverage.

He flipped to the latest page and began writing.

*Jess having dinner with a certain Chris Webb dinner Thursday night. Tom seemed to encourage it? Discussion about flirting with CW. Tom excited by this.

He tapped his pen against the page, considering what else to include. No need to waste ink on extensive details. The notebook was for facts, observations, ammunition, not his masturbatory fantasies.

*Tom also aroused by J's interactions with me. She hugged me today (unexpected) and told T about feeling my hard-on. T excited by this. Both discussed "exploring boundaries" and "flirtation." T giving J permission to "do whatever excites" her.

Bob set down his pen and leaned back in his chair. The implications of what he'd overheard were staggering. Tom Marshall, educated, successful, ambitious Tom Marshall, was encouraging his gorgeous wife to flirt with other men, perhaps even more. And not just any men. Him. Bob fucking Caldwell. The universe had just handed him the keys to the kingdom, and he hadn't even had to pick the lock.

He'd suspected something was off with Tom since catching him watching through the window, but this was beyond his wildest expectations. And Jess seemed curious about exploring this side of herself.

The memory of her hug earlier that day sent fresh blood rushing to his cock. The feel of her body against his, soft yet firm, had been electric. And she'd felt his erection. She'd conformed it. There had been that moment of recognition, that slight tension in her body. Yet she hadn't pulled away in disgust. She'd completed the hug naturally, no abrupt ending, no uncomfortable apology.

But more than just Chris Webb and himself, Bob was fascinated by the Marshalls' dynamic. Tom might think he was setting boundaries, encouraging only mild exploration, but Bob recognized the language of escalation. "Do whatever makes you feel good" was a dangerous permission slip to hand someone, especially when that someone was already testing boundaries.

Bob swiped open a new browser tab and typed "Chris Webb developer Austin" into the search bar. Might as well know what kind of competition he was facing.

The search results populated quickly. Chris Webb's LinkedIn profile appeared first, followed by articles in business journals, mentions in real estate publications, and photos from charity galas. Bob clicked through, studying the images that loaded.

Webb was everything Bob wasn't. Tall, late forties, with the kind of teeth only money could buy and the kind of confidence that came from never hearing the word "no." His custom suits probably cost more than Bob's monthly rent. In one photo, he stood with his arm around a thin blonde woman, his wife presumably. In another, he was shaking hands with the mayor, both men beaming for the camera.

"Smug prick," Bob muttered.

But there was no denying Webb had power, influence, and access. The idea of Webb pursuing Jess, of her responding to his attention, sent a jolt of jealousy through Bob's body.

It was different with Tom. Tom was just the husband, the obstacle, the gatekeeper. But Webb? Webb was a direct competitor. Another predator in the same hunting ground.

Bob closed the browser and returned his attention to the camera feed. Nothing but darkness.

The knowledge that Tom had watched him masturbate, had stood outside his window while Bob stroked himself to completion looking at photos of Jess, now that was powerful leverage. Tom knew Bob desired his wife. Tom had watched Bob's cock, had seen the size of it, had witnessed his release. And Tom had kept silent about it.

What would happen if Bob casually mentioned it? A subtle reference that only Tom would understand, dropped into conversation when Jess was present? "Saw you outside the other night, Tom. Enjoying the view?" The man would crumble, probably. Or would he? Maybe he'd admit it, confess his voyeurism, his arousal. Maybe it would create a strange bond between them, a silent understanding.

Or maybe Bob could use it more directly, lean into Tom's apparent fantasy. "Your wife gave me quite the hug today, Tom. Very... stimulating. I'm sure you understand."

So many options. So many ways to play this.

Bob scratched absently at the dried cum on his chest. He needed a shower before bed, but he couldn't tear himself away from the feed just yet. He kept hoping they would shift in their sleep, that Jess might kick off the covers in the warm night, revealing more of herself to his hungry electronic eye.

He thought back to his marriages, to Sarah and Karen, to the slow death of passion in both relationships. He'd never understood women, not really. They were creatures of contradiction, saying one thing while meaning another, promising forever while already planning their exit.

Sarah had been fresh out of high school, impressed by his ambition and the growing success of his plumbing business. In those early years, she'd looked at him the way Jess looked at Tom, with admiration, desire, trust. Soon, those looks had morphed into impatience, disappointment, resentment. Years later, they'd stopped looking at each other at all.

And that real estate agent she'd fucked behind his back? Not so different from Chris Webb, come to think of it. Same type. Same smug confidence. Same ability to promise a lifestyle Bob couldn't provide.

Karen had lasted longer, before her discontent surfaced. She'd sought escape in pills and shopping, funding both habits with Bob's hard-earned money. marriage had ended with more of a whimper than Sarah's had, both of them too exhausted for the drama of real conflict.

Bob snorted. Love and trust. What a fucking joke. Love was just chemicals in the brain, a biological trick to ensure reproduction. And trust? Trust was for fools who hadn't yet learned how easily people betrayed each other. Tom and Jess would learn that lesson eventually. All couples did. The only question was who would teach it to them.

He reached for the bottle of Jack Daniel's on his desk and took a swig directly from the bottle. The whiskey burned pleasantly going down, a familiar pain that reminded him he was still alive, still in the game.

Bob thought about Jess's upcoming dinner with Chris Webb. Thursday night, when Tom would be safely tucked away in San Diego. Webb would make his move then, no doubt. He'd probably reserved a private table in that overpriced restaurant, would order expensive wine, would find excuses to touch her hand, her arm, the small of her back.

And Jess? What would she do? Would she remember her conversation with Tom, his permission to explore, to flirt, to "do whatever excites" her? Would she allow Webb's touches? Would she respond to them?

The thought should have filled Bob with jealousy, with the territorial rage that had consumed him in his younger years. Instead, it fascinated him. If she responded to Webb, if she allowed certain liberties, it would make Bob's own pursuit easier. She would have already crossed that first psychological barrier, already rationalized the initial steps away from conventional marital boundaries.

Webb, in essence, could be the unintentional pioneer, clearing the path for Bob's own advance.

Bob turned to a fresh page in his notebook and began jotting down ideas. The possibilities were endless. And with Tom's tacit encouragement of this boundary exploration, Bob had more leeway than he'd initially thought possible.

He took another pull from the whiskey bottle.

"Tomorrow," he murmured to himself.

Bob closed the laptop, plunging the room into darkness. Exhaustion washed over him suddenly, the result of hours of intense focus and physical release. He needed to shower, to wash away the dried evidence of his excitement, but his bed beckoned more strongly.

He stood, his knees protesting the movement after hours of sitting hunched at his desk. The whiskey followed him to bed, one final swig before setting the bottle on his nightstand. His last coherent thought before sleep claimed him was of Jess's body pressed against his during that brief, unexpected hug. The softness of her curves, the scent of her shampoo, the slight tension when she felt his hardness against her.

Soon, he promised himself as consciousness slipped away. So fucking soon.

The Bad Tenant Ch. 07

On Wednesday morning, Tom's hand shot out from beneath the covers, fumbling for his phone to silence the blaring alarm.

Beside him, Jess stirred. "Time already?" she mumbled sleepily.

"Yeah," Tom whispered. "Go back to sleep."

Jess's hand found his in the darkness, fingers intertwining. "No. I'm driving you, remember?"

"You sure? I can take an Uber. It's ungodly early."

"I'm sure," she replied, already pushing herself up.

Jess clicked on the bedside lamp, casting a warm glow across her features. Even half asleep, hair tousled and eyes heavy lidded, she took his breath away.

"What?" Jess asked, catching his eyes.

"Nothing," Tom replied. "Just..."

"Just what?"

"Just wondering how I got so lucky."

Jess rolled her eyes but smiled. "Go get ready. We've got a schedule to keep."

Tom headed to the bathroom, closing the door behind him. Under the hot spray, he tried to organize his thoughts. In just a few hours, he'd be in San Diego, buried in the Meridian implementation while Jess would remain here in Austin, with Bob lurking downstairs and Chris Webb waiting in the wings.

Last night's conversation replayed in his mind. Jess asking what he wanted her to do with Chris Webb and his response, "Whatever makes you feel good." The memory of her confession, that letting men look at her turned her on too. The thoughts made his cock harden.

"Tom?" Jess's voice came through the door. "Coffee's ready when you are."

"Be right out," he called back, quickly rinsing the shampoo from his hair.

When he emerged from the bathroom, Jess was on the edge of the bed pulling on her socks. She'd twisted her hair into a messy bun and changed into jeans and a simple t-shirt.

They quickly moved through their morning routines, ending with a quick breakfast consisting of scrambled eggs and toast. Tom checked his briefcase one last time, ensuring he had all the materials for his meetings. Jess gathered her purse. Forty-five minutes after they woke, they were inside Jess's Tesla.

The neighborhood was still dark, houses silent as most of Austin slept. Tom glanced up at their home as Jess backed out of the driveway, taking in the warm yellow light they'd left on. As they pulled away, his eyes caught movement behind one of the downstairs windows in Bob's apartment, a shadow shifting behind the blinds.

The pre-dawn streets were nearly empty as they made their way to the airport. The radio played softly, some early morning DJ's voice too cheerful for the hour. Jess drove with one hand on the wheel, the other resting on Tom's hand. The gesture was so casually intimate, so automatic she probably didn't even realize she was doing it.

"So," Tom began. "What's on your agenda while I'm gone?"

"Work, mostly," Jess replied. "I need to start preliminary concepts for the Savannah project. And I've got that dinner with Webb tomorrow night."

"Right," Tom nodded. "Dinner with Webb."

Jess glanced at him quickly before returning her eyes to the road. "Still okay with that?"

Was he okay with his wife having dinner with a man who had openly objectified her, who had placed bets with his friends about sleeping with her? The rational answer should have been an emphatic no. And yet...

"Yeah," Tom said.

"But?" Jess prompted, too perceptive to miss the hesitation in his voice.

"No buts," Tom insisted. "I meant what I said last night. Do whatever feels right in the moment."

Jess's fingers tightened slightly. "Even if that means flirting with him?"

"Yes," he admitted. "Even that."

They lapsed into silence again. The lights of Austin's International Airport appeared ahead, imposing and bright against the still-dark sky.

"Thursday's going to be busy for you," Tom said. "Work, yoga, then the dinner."

"I'll probably skip yoga," Jess remarked. "Not enough hours in the day."

"Derek will be disappointed," Tom commented.

Jess's laugh was soft. "I doubt he'll notice. The class is always packed."

"He'll notice," Tom said with certainty.

Despite the nearly empty streets, the airport approach was congested even at this early hour, with cars jockeying for position at the departures drop-off. Jess navigated the chaos, pulling up to the entrance.

"This is me," Tom said unnecessarily.

Jess put the car in park and turned to face him fully. "Text me when you land?"

"Of course," he promised.

She leaned across the console, hands cupping his face, and kissed him with unexpected intensity. Tom responded instantly, his fingers threading through her hair. The kiss deepened, tongues meeting, her soft moan vibrating against his lips. It was the kind of kiss that belonged in their bedroom, not in a crowded airport drop-off lane.

"Something to remember me by," Jess whispered when they finally broke apart.

Tom rested his forehead against hers. "As if I could forget."

A horn blared behind them. Tom pulled back reluctantly, grabbing his briefcase from the floor. "I'll call you tonight," he promised, opening the door.

"I'll be waiting," Jess replied.

Tom retrieved his suitcase from the trunk and gave Jess one final wave before disappearing into the terminal. Inside, the airport was a hive of early morning activity, with business travelers wearing identical expressions of resigned exhaustion as they shuffled through security.

Security was mercifully quick. Tom was soon at his gate, coffee in hand, watching the sky gradually lighten through the massive windows.

He received an incoming text.

Davis: CEO called this morning. Wants daily briefings while you're there. No pressure.

Tom groaned. Perfect. Just what this trip needed. More scrutiny, more pressure.

The boarding announcement came over the PA system. Tom gathered his belongings and joined the line, showing his boarding pass to the gate agent before making his way down the jetway.

Once settled in his seat in first class, one of the perks of constant business travel, Tom allowed himself to relax.

The plane pushed back from the gate, engines rumbling to life. As it began its ascent, Tom watched Austin recede through the small window. Somewhere down there, Jess was driving home through the streets. Despite the first-class comfort, despite the importance of this trip to his career, Tom wished with sudden intensity that he was with her instead.

Unlike Austin's dry heat, San Diego's atmosphere carried a weight to it, dense with moisture from the Pacific. He hailed a taxi, giving the driver the address of his downtown hotel. As the car merged onto the highway, Tom checked his phone. Three emails from Davis. Two emails from the Meridian project lead. One text from Jess.

Jess: Home safe. Good luck with your meetings today. Love you.

Tom: Landed safe. Missing you already. Love you too.

The hotel was a forgettable business-class establishment, indistinguishable from countless others Tom had stayed in during his consulting career. The lobby featured the standard marble countertops, oversized armchairs, and abstract art that could have been in any major city in America.

"Checking in," Tom told the receptionist, sliding his corporate card across the counter. "Marshall, Thomas. Reservation through Saturday."

The check-in process was quick and impersonal. Within minutes, Tom was riding up the elevator to the ninth floor, key card in hand. His room, when he entered it, was exactly as expected. King bed, desk by the window, bathroom to the right, muted colors throughout. It would be home for the next few days.

Tom set his suitcase down and checked his watch. His first meeting at Meridian's headquarters wasn't for another hour, giving him time to prepare.

Once Tom got settled, he reviewed his notes, forcing himself to reacquaint with the technical details of the implementation despite thoughts of Jess frequently interrupting. Time seemed to move quickly.

The cab ride to Meridian's headquarters took twenty minutes through San Diego's morning traffic.

The day unfolded with meetings upon meetings, each more urgent than the last. Tom moved from the conference room to the server room to individual offices, diagnosing issues, proposing solutions, reassuring stakeholders. It was the kind of intensive

problem-solving he excelled at, and despite the distractions in his personal life, he found himself focusing on the work.

By late afternoon, he had identified several critical issues that had been overlooked in previous troubleshooting efforts. Working with Meridian's technical team, he developed a plan to address them sequentially, starting with the most disruptive.

It was nearly seven when Tom finally returned to his hotel room, loosening his tie as the door closed behind him. His body ached from hours spent hunched over computers and diagrams. His mind, however, buzzed with the satisfaction of progress made.

He ordered room service, a burger and fries, the standard consultant's dinner, and collapsed onto the bed while waiting for his food to arrive. Only then, with the professional demands of the day satisfied did he allow his thoughts to return to Austin, to Jess.

Tom pulled out his phone, checking the time. Jess would be home by now, perhaps working on her designs for the Savannah project, or relaxing with a glass of wine. The image was so clear in his mind, Jess curled up on their couch in those yoga pants she loved, laptop balanced on her knees, concentration furrowing her brow.

Tom dialed her number.

She answered on the second ring. "Hey stranger," her voice came through.

"Hey yourself," Tom replied. "How was your day?"

"Busy," Jess said. "Margaret had me in meetings all morning discussing the Savannah project. Then I had lunch with Annie to go over some material selections for Skyline. Then I went to the gym after work."

"Sounds productive," Tom commented.

"It was. How about you?"

"Made some progress today, but it's a marathon, not a sprint."

"You'll get there," Jess said with certainty. "You always do."

"How's the house?" Tom asked.

"Quiet," Jess replied. "Too quiet, honestly. I keep expecting to hear you coming up the stairs or moving around in your office."

"Seen Bob at all?"

There was a brief pause on the other end of the line.

“Not today,” Jess said. “But I thought I heard him working on something downstairs earlier.”

“Right. Okay.”

Another pause, this one stretching longer.

“Are you checking up on me, Tom?” Jess asked, her tone light but with an undercurrent of... something. Not quite accusation. Curiosity, maybe.

“No,” Tom said quickly. “Just... I don’t know. Making conversation.”

“Mmm,” Jess hummed, clearly unconvinced. “Well, if you’re wondering whether I’ve been flirting with our tenant in your absence, the answer is no. I’ve been busy most of the day.”

“I wasn’t…” Tom began, then stopped himself. “Sorry. I didn’t mean it like that.”

“It’s okay,” Jess assured him, her voice softening. “I know this is new territory for both of us.”

Tom exhaled slowly. “Yeah. It is.”

“Are you having second thoughts?” Jess asked. “About what we discussed?”

Was he? The arousal he felt at the thought of Jess with other men remained potent, even stronger in some ways now that physical distance separated them. But along with it came a creeping unease, a sense that once certain doors were opened, they couldn’t easily be closed again.

“Not second thoughts,” Tom said. “More like... I’m still figuring out where my head is at with all this.”

“That’s fair,” Jess replied. “Me too.”

A knock at the hotel room door interrupted Tom’s response. “Hang on,” he told Jess. “Room service is here.”

He answered the door, accepting the covered tray from the server. He then returned to the phone.

“Sorry about that. Dinner just arrived.”

“Don’t let it get cold,” Jess said. “We can talk more tomorrow. You should eat and get some rest.”

“I wish you were here,” Tom said suddenly.

Jess’s reply was immediate and warm. “I wish I was too. But we’ve done this before, just last week.”

“I know,” Tom acknowledged. “It just feels different this time.”

“Because of everything we’ve talked about?”

“Partly,” Tom admitted. “And you have your dinner with Webb tomorrow.”

“Do you want me to cancel?” Jess asked.

“No,” he said quickly. “It’s important for your career. And...” He hesitated, then decided to be completely honest. “And I want to know what happens. What he does, how you respond.”

“I’ll tell you everything,” Jess promised. “Every detail. I’ll call you right after.”

“Please,” Tom responded.

“I should let you eat,” Jess said. “Call me tomorrow?”

“Definitely,” Tom assured her. “Love you.”

“Love you too,” Jess replied. “Goodnight, Tom.”

“Goodnight.”

The call ended, leaving Tom alone with his cooling burger and tumultuous thoughts. He ate quickly, barely tasting the food, his mind replaying fragments of their conversation.

Later, lying in the hotel bed, Tom stared at the ceiling and tried to make sense of the contradictory emotions battling within him. The intense arousal at the thought of Jess with other men, the fear of what might change between them if fantasy became reality, and also the deep, persistent guilt over what he’d seen and kept from her, of Bob jerking off to photos of her.

Tom’s dreams were a chaotic blend of conference rooms and bedrooms, of spreadsheets and naked bodies, of Bob’s face leering from behind half-closed blinds. He woke several times, disoriented in the unfamiliar room, reaching instinctively for Jess only to find empty space beside him.

Tom rolled onto his side, away from the empty space where Jess should have been and closed his eyes. Tomorrow would bring its own challenges. For now, he needed rest.

The next morning, Jess adjusted her posture, feeling the ache in her back that appeared when she’d been sitting too long. She glanced at the wall clock, a housewarming gift from her parents, and realized with mild surprise that she’d been hunched over her

laptop for more than three hours straight. Outside her window, the mid-morning light had shifted to the more direct rays of noon.

On her screen, dozens of browser tabs competed for attention. Historic mansions in Savannah, conservation guidelines, design magazines showcasing boutique hotel transformations, Pinterest boards featuring Southern architectural details, and at the center of it all, a rough mood board she'd been assembling.

The Savannah project was exactly the kind of challenge she'd dreamed of since design school. A century and a half old mansion with history seeping from its walls, waiting to be reimagined as a luxury boutique hotel while honoring its architectural legacy. The kind of project that made careers, that won awards, that ended up featured in Architectural Digest.

And tonight, she'd be discussing preliminary concepts with Chris Webb over dinner at Le Bernardin, an elite Michaelin star rated restaurant in downtown Auston.

Chris Webb, who she'd overheard crudely speculating about what her mouth would look like wrapped around his cock.

The complexity of her current situation wasn't lost on her. On one hand, this project represented a significant professional opportunity. On the other, accepting Webb's dinner invitation meant sitting across from a man she knew viewed her as a potential conquest as much as a design professional.

And then there was Tom, encouraging her to explore the boundaries of flirtation, getting aroused at the idea of other men desiring her. Her husband, who had told her to "do whatever excites you" when discussing how she might respond to Webb's advances.

It was exhilarating and terrifying, empowering and confusing all at once. After years of carefully establishing professional boundaries, of mentioning "my husband" early in conversations with male clients, of choosing pantsuits over dresses for important meetings, she was now contemplating exactly how much flirtation she might allow herself tonight.

"Focus, Jess," she muttered, closing several tabs of historic Savannah mansions. "Concepts first, existential crises later."

She pulled up a blank document and began typing notes for her meeting with Webb, keeping them professional. Architectural features to preserve, questions about the target clientele, thoughts on balancing historic character with luxury amenities, whether the owners wanted to include any references to the mansion's history in the design narrative.

Jess paused, her fingers hovering over the keyboard. The professional notes were important, but she needed another strategy too, a plan for handling Webb himself. She opened a new document and started writing personal notes.

Redirect personal compliments to professional achievements, maintain physical space and body positioning to minimize contact opportunities, mention Tom naturally in conversation, have a clear exit strategy by scheduling her Uber for a specific time.

The preparation calmed her somewhat, anchoring her in the work she knew she excelled at. An hour later, she had a comprehensive outline of discussion points and an interaction plan with the man himself. She could handle Chris Webb.

Jess stretched, arching her back and extending her arms overhead. She'd promised herself a proper lunch break today. After yesterday's frenzied schedule, she'd barely had time to eat a granola bar between meetings.

As she headed to the kitchen, her phone buzzed with a text.

Tom: 8 AM meeting with CEO done. Survived. How's your day going? Thinking of you.

The simple message made her smile. Despite the evolving complexities of their relationship, or perhaps because of them, Tom's steady presence in her life, even from hundreds of miles away, felt like a vital constant.

Jess: Working from home. Deep in Savannah research. Missing you.

She set her phone down and moved to the refrigerator, surveying its contents. The grocery supply was dwindling, another task she'd need to tackle soon. She assembled a simple salad with the remaining greens and topped it with leftover grilled chicken. As she drizzled olive oil over the creation, her thoughts drifted back to last night's conversation with Tom.

"Are you having second thoughts?" she'd asked him directly when he'd called from San Diego.

His response had been thoughtful. "Not exactly second thoughts. More like... I'm still figuring out where my head is at with all this."

Jess understood the sentiment perfectly. His admission that he fantasized about her with other men had been shocking. The revelation had opened a door neither of them had fully recognized existed in their relationship. Now, with that door ajar, they were both peering through it into unknown territory, trying to determine how far they were willing to step across the threshold.

Jess carried her salad and a glass of iced water to the sliding glass doors leading to their balcony. The day was pleasant, warm without being oppressively hot, a gentle breeze stirring the air. She pushed the door open and stepped outside, inhaling the fresh air.

Setting her lunch on a small wrought iron table, Jess leaned against the railing and gazed out at their backyard. The sight of a figure bent over one of the flower beds along the fence caught her by surprise. Bob was working in their yard, his broad back to her as he pulled weeds from around the base of the rose bushes. He wore a faded blue t-shirt, damp with sweat between the shoulder blades, and cargo shorts that had seen better days.

Jess watched him for a moment, observing the care with which he extracted each weed, ensuring he got the entire root system. Even from this distance, she could see the muscle memory of decades of manual labor in his movements.

"Bob?" she called, waving when he turned at the sound of her voice.

He straightened, one hand coming up to shield his eyes from the sun as he looked toward the balcony. Recognition dawned on his face, and he raised his hand in greeting.

"Afternoon," he called back. "Hope I'm not disturbing your workday. Figured the roses needed some attention."

"Not disturbing at all," Jess replied. "I didn't realize yard maintenance was part of your rental agreement."

Bob chuckled. "It's not. Just can't stand seeing good plants struggling because of weeds. Occupational hazard. Spent too many years fixing things to ignore something that needs attention."

Jess smiled, appreciating his candor. "Well, I'm not complaining. Those roses haven't looked this good in years."

"They just need a little care," Bob replied, brushing soil from his hands. "Good bones, like you said about that Savannah mansion you're working on."

The casual reference to her work reminded Jess that she'd mentioned the Savannah project to Bob during his last visit, when he'd installed the smoke detectors. The day she'd hugged him and felt his unmistakable arousal.

"I was just about to have lunch," she said, gesturing to the table behind her. "Would you like to join me? I could make you a sandwich or something."

Bob seemed to consider the offer, glancing down at his dirt-covered hands and sweat-stained shirt. "Appreciate it, but I'm not exactly presentable. Maybe a rain check?"

"At least let me bring you some water," Jess insisted. "It's getting hot out there."

"Wouldn't say no to that," Bob conceded.

"I'll be right down," she told him before disappearing back into the house.

In the kitchen, Jess grabbed a large glass and filled it with ice water. The casual lunch invitation was exactly the kind of spontaneous boundary testing that both excited and unnerved her. Was she flirting? Being neighborly? Testing her effect on him? She wasn't entirely sure herself, and that ambiguity was part of the thrill.

She made her way down the stairs from their balcony. Bob had returned to the flower bed but straightened as she approached.

"Here," Jess said, offering the glass. "Hydration is important."

"Thanks," Bob said, accepting it with soil-stained fingers. He drank deeply, Adam's apple bobbing as he drained half the glass. "Hit the spot." He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, leaving a smudge of dirt on his stubbled chin.

"You missed a spot," Jess said, gesturing to her own chin.

"Occupational hazard," Bob replied, but made no move to clean it off. "Dirt's just part of the package when you work with your hands."

Jess smiled. "So what inspired the sudden gardening impulse?" she asked, gesturing toward the roses.

"Nothing sudden about it," Bob replied. "Been observing these roses since I moved in. They're quality plants, good variety. Just needed someone to show them some attention." He straightened fully, his height and breadth suddenly more apparent. "Ever had a garden yourself?"

"We tried a vegetable garden our first summer here," Jess admitted with a self-deprecating laugh. "Everything died except the zucchini, which took over the entire bed. We harvested so many we were practically begging neighbors to take them."

Bob's laughter was unexpectedly warm, crinkling the corners of his eyes. "Zucchini will do that. Tenacious little bastards. You start with one plant thinking you'll get a few, end up with enough to feed an army."

"Exactly! Tom was researching zucchini recipes for weeks. Zucchini bread, zucchini pasta, zucchini fritters. I think I'm permanently traumatized."

"Next time, try tomatoes," Bob suggested. "Hard to mess up, good yield without overwhelming you, and nothing beats the taste of a homegrown tomato still warm from the sun." His expression softened with what might have been nostalgia. "Had a garden in the backyard of our first house. Sarah used to can the tomatoes, make sauce for winter."

"That sounds lovely," Jess said softly.

"It was," Bob acknowledged, the two simple words somehow containing volumes. He cleared his throat. "Anyway, these roses are coming along nice. Thinking of putting in some companion plants."

"Well, they certainly look better for your efforts," Jess acknowledged.

Bob nodded, seeming satisfied with her approval. "Planning to do a little landscaping along that back section too," he said, pointing toward the far corner of the yard where a patch of ground remained bare. "Thinking some native plants would do well there. Low maintenance, drought resistant."

"That sounds perfect," Jess agreed. "Tom and I have been meaning to do something with that area, but we never seem to find the time."

"Time's the one thing I've got plenty of these days," Bob replied, his tone neutral but carrying an undercurrent that Jess couldn't quite identify. Resignation, perhaps. Or loneliness.

A pang of sympathy tugged at her heart. Bob Caldwell might present himself as a gruff, self-sufficient handyman, but beneath that exterior was a man adjusting to a significantly reduced life. From successful business owner with employees and substantial income to tenant in someone else's home, tackling small projects to fill his days.

"It must be a big adjustment," she ventured. "Going from running your own company to..." she gestured vaguely, not wanting to sound condescending.

"To being some folks' tenant?" Bob finished for her, no bitterness in his tone. "Yeah, it's an adjustment alright. But that's life, isn't it? You build something up, lose it, start again. New chapter." He shrugged those broad shoulders. "Better than sitting around feeling sorry for myself."

His straightforward resilience was admirable. No self-pity, no wallowing in what might have been. Just pragmatic acceptance and forward movement.

"Well, we appreciate you sharing some of it with our yard," Jess said sincerely.

“Happy to help, princess,” Bob replied casually, already turning back toward the flower bed. “These bushes just needed someone who knows what they’re doing to give them some proper attention.”

Jess froze. Princess. The word Tom had started using during sex, seemingly out of nowhere.

And now here was Bob, using it casually, as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

“What did you call me?” she asked, working to keep her voice even.

Bob glanced up, seeming genuinely confused by her reaction. “Princess? Sorry if that bothered you. Old habit.” He chuckled, apparently misreading her surprised expression as annoyance. “When you work construction as long as I did, you pick up habits. Not all of them good ones.”

“No, it’s...” Jess struggled to find the right words. “It’s fine, Bob. I was just surprised.”

Bob’s face creased with a frown. “Shouldn’t have assumed,” he said, straightening again. “Always been too familiar for my own good. Karen, my second wife, used to say I didn’t have the right filters.”

Jess recognized the clumsy apology for what it was, an attempt by a man unaccustomed to nuanced social navigation to rectify a perceived misstep. She forced a reassuring smile.

“Really, it’s fine. Just caught me off guard,” she said. Then, curiosity overtaking caution, she added, “Is that what you called her? Karen?”

Bob’s expression changed subtly. “No,” he said. “That was...” he trailed off, then seemed to recalibrate. “Just something I picked up somewhere. Sticks in your head, you know? Some women like it.”

Jess stood there a moment longer, mind racing as she processed the implications of what had just happened. Princess. Such a specific term of endearment. Could it truly be coincidence that both Tom and Bob used the same word?

“Thanks again for taking care of the roses.” she said finally.

“Anytime,” Bob replied without looking up. “Oh, and if you want, I could take a look at that irrigation system this weekend. Noticed it’s not hitting that back corner properly.”

“That would be great,” Jess agreed automatically, her thoughts still tangled around that single word, princess.

“I’ll be here,” Bob said. “Not going anywhere.”

Jess nodded and made her way back inside, her mind churning with questions. By the time she returned to the balcony, her salad had wilted slightly in the warm air, but she barely noticed as she worked through it, her thoughts elsewhere.

Princess. Where had Tom heard it? Had Bob used it before, perhaps when she wasn't around? That seemed unlikely. Tom and Bob hadn't interacted much without her present. Could Tom have heard it from someone else entirely, and the similarity was pure coincidence? Or was there another explanation, one she hadn't considered?

Her phone buzzed with a text.

Madi: So what are you wearing tonight? That navy pantsuit or something more fun?

The message jolted Jess back to the present moment. She'd been texting back and forth with Madi, told her about the pantsuit and Tom's preference for the dress.

Jess: Still deciding. Leaning toward the pantsuit.

The response was immediate.

Madi: BORING. Wear something that will make him eat his heart out. You've got the body, might as well remind him what he's NOT getting.

Jess laughed. Trust Madi to cut through the professional pretense and get straight to the underlying power dynamic.

Jess: Maybe. Talk later. Finishing work now.

Setting her phone aside, Jess tried to refocus on the Savannah project, but her mind kept circling back to that single word. Princess.

She shook her head, forcing herself to return to the design concepts on her screen. Whatever the explanation, she couldn't unravel it right now. She had work to finish before preparing for tonight's dinner.

For the next few hours, Jess immersed herself in research, sketching rough concept layouts for several of the boutique hotel's signature suites. The work provided a welcome distraction from the questions buzzing at the edges of her consciousness.

By late afternoon, she had compiled a substantial portfolio of ideas to discuss with Webb. Satisfied with her preparation, she closed her laptop and headed to the bedroom to get ready for dinner.

Standing before her open closet, Jess surveyed her options with a critical eye. The navy pantsuit was her safe choice, elegant, professional, with a tailored silhouette that flattered her figure without being overtly sexy. It sent a clear message. I am here as a design professional, not as an object for your fantasies.

But Tom's suggestion from their conversation remained in her mind. "What about that burgundy dress? The one with the wrap?"

Something in her rebelled against the safe choice tonight. Why should she downplay her appearance to make Webb see her as a professional? Couldn't she be both beautiful and brilliant? Why accommodate his limited perspective by dressing to diminish her natural assets?

Madi's text echoed in her mind. "Wear something that will make him eat his heart out."

Decision made, Jess pulled the burgundy dress from its hanger. She laid it carefully on the bed before heading to the bathroom. A hot shower helped clear her mind, washing away the residual tension from the afternoon's work and the lingering confusion over Bob's casual "princess." Under the spray, she shaved her legs with care, then left her public mount clean and bare. Afterward, she worked conditioner through her long blonde hair.

Post-shower, wrapped in her plush robe, Jess approached her beauty routine. She applied moisturizer to her still-damp skin, working it until it absorbed completely. Her makeup routine was similarly thorough.

Jess studied her reflection critically. The makeup enhanced her features without looking overdone, striking that delicate balance between professional polish and feminine allure.

Her hair came next and finally, she slipped into the burgundy dress, adjusting it carefully across her shoulders and securing the wrap at her waist. The material draped exactly as she remembered, highlighting her body without clinging too tightly. She stepped into nude four-inch heels, high enough to emphasize her legs but not so high she'd be uncomfortable by the end of dinner.

A delicate gold necklace with a small diamond pendant, Tom's gift for their third anniversary, and matching earrings completed the ensemble.

Jess studied her reflection in the full-length mirror, assessing the overall effect. The woman who looked back at her was polished, confident, beautiful, and very clearly aware of her own attractiveness. She looked nothing like the stereotype of the serious professional woman trying to be taken seriously by downplaying her femininity.

"You want both the project and me," she murmured to her reflection, thinking of Webb. "But you're only getting one."

She mentally rehearsed the phrases she'd prepared earlier. This wasn't about playing games. It was about maintaining professional boundaries while still securing the

project she deserved. Webb might think his position gave him power, but Jess had her own strengths. Her talent. Her confidence. Her intellect. And yes, even her beauty, which she would wield precisely on her own terms.

Satisfied with her appearance, Jess moved back to the vanity to select a perfume. Her fingers hovered over several bottles before selecting a scent that Tom had always particularly liked, applying it to her wrists and neck.

The doorbell chimed just as she was tucking her essentials into a small clutch purse. A glance at her phone confirmed it was the Uber she'd scheduled, arriving precisely on time.

Jess took one final look in the mirror, drawing a deep breath to center herself. Tonight would be a balancing act, professional opportunity and personal boundary-setting, career advancement and self-respect, the complex desires of her evolving relationship with Tom and her own sense of agency in navigating them.

"Let's do this," she told her reflection.

On her way out, she paused at the kitchen counter to send a quick text to Tom.

Jess: Heading to dinner with Webb. Wearing the burgundy dress. Will call you after.

She hesitated, then added another message.

Jess: Also, Bob called me princess today. Coincidence?

Whatever Tom's response, or lack thereof, she'd deal with it after dinner. For now, Chris Webb and the Savannah project awaited.

Jess took one last grounding breath, mentally shifting into professional mode. Then she headed out the door, locking it carefully behind her.

Tom paced the hotel room, checking his phone for what felt like the hundredth time in the past hour. No missed calls. No new texts. Just the message he'd sent to Jess earlier still unanswered on his screen.

Tom: Thinking of you. Call me when you're done?

It was 8:47 PM in San Diego, which meant 10:47 PM back in Austin. Dinner reservations had been for 7 PM Austin time. Even allowing for lengthy professional discussions, Jess should have been done by now. Unless...

He swallowed hard, his imagination filling in the blanks. Unless Webb had invited her somewhere after dinner. A nightcap at the hotel bar, perhaps. Or maybe they were still at the restaurant, conversation flowing easily between them. Maybe Webb's hand

had found its way to her knee beneath the table, his fingers tracing patterns on her skin through the burgundy dress, the one Tom had suggested she wear.

Tom moved to the window, pulling back the heavy curtain to stare at the San Diego skyline. Lights twinkled across the darkness, each one representing lives unfolding, stories being written. Somewhere in that sea of humanity, executives were closing deals, couples were falling in love, marriages were crumbling. And here he was, trapped in a hotel room while his wife dined with a man who openly desired her.

He dropped the curtain and moved to the minibar, contemplating the tiny bottles of liquor before selecting a whiskey. The amber liquid burned its way down his throat, a momentary distraction from the images his mind kept producing.

What would Webb's approach be? Subtle compliments at first, veiled in professional admiration? Then perhaps a comment about the dress, how it complemented Jess's figure? Would he maintain respectful eye contact, or would his gaze wander, taking in the curves Tom knew by heart?

Tom poured another drink, downing it quickly. He'd encouraged this, practically pushed Jess into Webb's orbit. Suggested the provocative dress, given vague permission to "do whatever feels right." And now he was alone with his imagination, his arousal, and the slowly intensifying fear that he'd set something in motion he couldn't control.

He picked up his phone again. Still nothing. But a second later his phone vibrated in his hand, startling him. Jess's name flashed on the screen. Tom's thumb immediately jabbed at the answer button.

“Hey,” he said, unable to keep the anticipation from his voice.

“Hi,” Jess’s voice came through, sounding slightly tired but composed. “Just got home. Sorry it’s so late.”

Tom sank onto the edge of the hotel bed, relief washing over him. “No, it’s fine. I was just... wondering how it went.”

“It was...” Jess paused, and Tom could almost see her organizing her thoughts. “Interesting. Both professionally and... otherwise.”

“Tell me everything,” Tom urged, settling back against the pillows. “From the beginning.”

“Le Bernardin was gorgeous,” Jess began. “All dark wood, white tablecloths, waiters in formal uniforms. Very old-money. Webb was already there when I arrived, waiting at the table.”

"What was he wearing?" Tom asked.

Jess laughed softly. "Are you asking for fashion advice, or are you trying to picture the scene?"

"Both maybe," Tom admitted. "Just trying to visualize."

"Navy suit, light blue shirt, no tie. Very tailored, probably custom. Expensive Rolex watch."

"And he saw you approach in the burgundy dress," Tom prompted.

"Of course he did," Jess replied. "He stood when I approached the table. Definitely checked me out, but subtly."

Tom's pulse quickened. "And then?"

"Then we ordered drinks. I had a gin and tonic. He had some fancy bourbon. We talked about the Savannah project while looking at the menus. He ordered the steak, medium rare. I had the salmon."

The detailed recounting should have been mundane, but Tom found himself hanging on every word, his imagination constructing the scene. Jess in that burgundy dress, Webb's eyes taking her in while pretending to focus on the menu.

"The first part of dinner was completely professional," Jess continued. "Webb walked me through the property history, showed me photos on his iPad. We discussed the owner's vision, budget constraints, timeline. All business."

"And after the 'first part'?" Tom asked, catching her phrasing.

"When the main course arrived, the conversation shifted. He started asking about my background, how I got into design, where I studied. Personal but still professional."

"Did he mention your modeling?" Tom asked.

"He did, actually. Said he'd Googled me after our first meeting. Found some of the old campaigns online."

"How did that make you feel?"

"A little uncomfortable at first," Jess admitted. "Like he was letting me know he'd been looking into me. But he was respectful about it, said I could have had a career in that world if I'd wanted."

"But he was establishing that he'd been researching you."

“Exactly,” Jess agreed. “It was a power move, letting me know he had information. From there, he started asking about my personal life. How I liked Austin, how long we’d been married, that sort of thing.”

“And you mentioned me?” Tom asked.

“Of course I mentioned you,” Jess replied. “I made a point of it, actually. Kept my ring visible the entire time too.”

Tom nodded, though she couldn’t see him. “And how did he react?”

“Here’s where it gets interesting,” Jess said. “He didn’t back off. If anything, he became more attentive after I mentioned you. Started complimenting me more directly. My eye for design, how I’d approached the Skyline project, but also some comments about how the dress ‘suited me perfectly’.”

Tom simultaneously felt jealousy, anxiety, arousal, all tangled together at the knowledge that Webb had openly admired his wife while knowing she was married.

“Did he...” Tom hesitated, uncertain how to phrase the question. “Did he try anything?”

“He didn’t touch me, if that’s what you’re asking,” Jess replied. “But his intent was clear. He held eye contact too long, leaned in when I was speaking, all those little signals men send.”

“And how did you respond?” Tom asked.

“I kept it professional but...” Jess paused, and Tom imagined her biting her lower lip the way she did when considering her words carefully. “I didn’t shut him down completely. I accepted the compliments, smiled, maintained eye contact. Let the conversation flow naturally without creating distance.”

“Like we discussed,” Tom murmured.

“Like we discussed,” Jess confirmed. “Nothing inappropriate, but I didn’t put up the usual walls either.”

Tom shifted on the bed, his body responding to the scenario she described. “Did you enjoy it?” he asked. “His attention?”

“Parts of it,” Jess admitted after a brief hesitation. “Not because it was him specifically, but because there’s something... I don’t know... powerful about knowing someone wants you and being in control of how far it goes.”

“What happened after dinner?” Tom asked.

“He paid, of course. Then we walked out together. The valet brought his car, some ridiculously expensive Mercedes, and he offered to drive me home.”

Tom’s heart rate accelerated. “Did you accept?”

“No,” Jess replied. “I told him I’d already arranged an Uber. He waited with me until it arrived.”

“And then?”

Jess paused for a long moment.

“And then something happened,” Jess said finally, her voice dropping.

Tom sat up straighter. “What? What happened?”

“He asked if I wanted to see the presidential suite at his hotel. Said they’d just completed renovations, thought I might appreciate the design elements as a professional.”

“Jesus,” Tom muttered. “And?”

“And I said yes.”

The room seemed to tilt around Tom. “You... you went to his hotel room?”

“Not exactly his room,” Jess corrected. “The presidential suite. He’s staying in an executive suite on a different floor.”

“But you went with him,” Tom pressed, his blood pounding in his ears. “Upstairs. Alone.”

“Yes,” Jess confirmed. “The suite was beautiful, by the way.”

Tom’s mind was racing, competing emotions battling for dominance. The image of Jess following Webb into a hotel suite made his gut twist but his cock stirred to life.

“What happened in the suite?” he asked.

“He offered me a drink from the minibar,” Jess continued. “I accepted. We sat on the sofa. He asked more about my vision for the Savannah project.”

“Just business talk?” Tom asked, disbelieving.

Jess paused. “At first. But then he moved closer. Said he’d been thinking about me since the Skyline launch. Said the dress was distracting him all through dinner.”

“And what did you say?” Tom’s hand moved to his hardening cock.

“I thanked him for the compliment but reminded him that I was married.”

“And?”

“And he said he knew that, but he also knew that sometimes people had... understandings.”

Tom almost forgot to breathe. “What did he mean by that?”

“He implied that many professional couples he knew had flexible boundaries,” Jess explained. “That in his experience, people often made accommodations for their busy lives.”

“He was suggesting an affair,” Tom translated, his cock now fully hard beneath his palm.

“More like a convenient arrangement,” Jess corrected. “Something discreet, professional on the outside, with... benefits.”

“And what did you say to that?” Tom asked.

“I told him I wasn’t that kind of wife.” Jess paused. “Initially.”

“Initially?” Tom echoed.

“Then he kissed me.”

Tom couldn’t respond. His mouth went dry, and his heart hammered in his chest.

“He kissed you,” he repeated, unable to keep the strain from his voice.

“Yes.”

“And you let him?”

“I did,” Jess replied simply.

“Tell me,” Tom demanded. “Tell me exactly what happened.”

“He leaned in slowly,” Jess began. “Gave me time to pull back if I wanted to. But I didn’t. I was curious, I guess. Wondering what it would feel like.”

“What did it feel like?” Tom’s question came out ragged.

“Different,” Jess said after a moment’s consideration.

Tom pushed his pants down below his ass and wrapped his hand around his cock. “Did you kiss him back?”

“At first, I just let him kiss me,” Jess said. “But then... yes, I kissed him back. Just for a moment.”

“Fuck,” Tom breathed, stroking himself.

“Are you touching yourself?” Jess asked suddenly, her tone shifting.

Tom froze, caught. “I... yes,” he admitted after a beat of silence.

“You’re getting off on this,” Jess stated, not a question. “On hearing about me kissing another man.”

“Keep going,” Tom urged, ignoring her observation. “What happened next?”

“Did you imagine this might happen when you suggested I wear that dress?”

“No. Maybe. I don’t know,” Tom stammered. “Please, Jess, just... what happened after the kiss?”

There was a pause, and Tom could almost see Jess weighing her options, deciding how to proceed.

“He put his hand on my thigh,” she continued finally. “He told me how beautiful I was, how much he’d wanted me since the first time he saw me.”

Tom’s hand moved faster now. “Did you let him touch you?”

“Yes,” Jess said. “I let his hand stay there. He started kissing my neck, whispering things in my ear.”

“What things?” Tom was fully committed now, cock fully exposed as he stroked himself.

“That he had a proposal for me. That we could help each other, professionally and personally.”

“What did he do next?” Tom asked, his voice urgent.

“He moved his hand higher,” Jess continued. “Asked if I was wearing underwear. I told him I was. He seemed disappointed.”

“Were you wet?” Tom asked boldly. “When he touched you, were you turned on?”

“A little,” Jess admitted. “Not because of him specifically, but because of the situation. The danger of it. The newness.”

“Did he touch you... there?” Tom couldn’t bring himself to be more explicit.

“No,” Jess said. “But he wanted to. He suggested we move to the bedroom.”

“Jesus Christ,” Tom muttered, his hand working faster. “And did you?”

“We stood up,” Jess continued. “He led me toward the master bedroom. The whole time I was thinking about you, wondering what you’d think if you could see me.”

“I wish I could have,” Tom confessed, losing himself in the fantasy.

“I thought about staying the night,” Jess said. “About what it would be like to let him undress me, to feel his hands on my body...”

Tom’s strokes became urgent. “God, Jess... and then what?”

“Tom,” Jess’s voice cut through his arousal, suddenly sharp and clear. “None of that happened.”

Tom’s hand stuttered to a halt. “What?”

“I made it up,” Jess stated flatly. “All of it. After dinner, I got in my Uber and came straight home.”

A stunned silence filled the line.

“You... made it up?” Tom repeated, disbelief coloring his tone.

“Yes,” Jess confirmed. “He never made that offer to see the presidential suite. We had a professional dinner, he was respectfully flirtatious but appropriate, and then I came home.”

Tom sat frozen on the edge of the bed, cock still in hand, mind struggling to process the whiplash of emotions. “Why would you do that?”

“Why would I do that?” Jess echoed, her voice rising slightly. “Are you seriously asking me that question while you’re sitting there with your dick in your hand?”

Tom flinched at the accusation, quickly removing his hand as if Jess could somehow see him. “What the fuck, Jess. You led me on with that story.”

“And you just begged me for more details while masturbating,” Jess countered. “We talked about me flirting with guys, maybe being more open to their attention. We didn’t talk about me having sex with them, but apparently that’s the part that gets you off.”

“That’s not-” Tom began.

“Yes, it is,” Jess interrupted. “I thought it was a fantasy, Tom. I thought it was something we were maybe exploring theoretically, but you’ve leapt right over the boundaries we discussed. You weren’t just interested in me flirting with Chris. You were practically begging for details about him touching me, kissing me.”

Tom fumbled to pull his pants back up, feeling uncomfortably exposed despite being hundreds of miles away. “You’re the one who made up that story.”

“To test a theory,” Jess replied. “And you confirmed it. This isn’t just about flirtation for you, is it? You want me to sleep with other men.”

The blunt statement was undeniable in its accuracy yet still somehow shocking to hear spoken aloud.

"I want you to do what you want," Tom said, falling back on the answer he'd given before.

"Don't," Jess's voice cut through the line. "Don't give me that non-answer again. It's not fair to put all this on me. Your words are confusing, Tom. You're beating around the bush and making me make all the decisions, and that's not fair."

Tom ran a hand through his hair. "What do you want me to say, Jess? That I know exactly what our boundaries are? Because I don't. I'm figuring this out as we go, just like you are."

"Would you have been okay if I had slept with Chris Webb tonight?" Jess asked directly. "If everything I just described had actually happened, would that have been okay with you?"

Tom hesitated, the honest answer terrifying in its implications.

"Yes," he admitted finally.

"Jesus, Tom," Jess breathed.

"You asked for the truth," Tom said defensively.

"I did," Jess acknowledged. "But I didn't expect... I don't know what I expected, honestly."

"I'm sorry if that upsets you," Tom offered.

"I'm not upset that you have fantasies," Jess clarified. "I'm upset because I feel like a performer in your fantasy. All the pressure is on me to make these huge decisions that will impact our relationship while you sit back and watch from a distance."

Tom winced at the accuracy of her assessment.

"I feel pressured to explore boundaries I'm not sure I want to approach, much less cross," Jess continued, her voice tight with emotion. "And I feel manipulated somehow, like I'm being nudged toward something without the whole picture. If something goes wrong, it'll all be my fault even though it's your fantasy, because I'll be the one acting on it."

"That's not what I want," Tom protested.

"Then what do you want?" Jess demanded. "Because from where I'm standing, it seems like you want me to sleep around while you get to jerk off to the stories afterward."

"It's not about that."

"Then what is it about? Do you have some woman you want to sleep with? Is this about opening our relationship?"

"No," Tom replied. "I'm not interested in anyone else."

"Good," Jess's response was immediate. "Because I don't want you sleeping with anyone else. Ever."

"I wouldn't," Tom assured her.

"So you want to open up our relationship, but only on my side?" Jess pressed. "You want me dating other men?"

"No, not dating," Tom corrected quickly. "We talked about this, Jess… I don't want you having romantic relationships with anyone. That's not what this is about."

"Then what is it about, Tom? Tell me clearly, because I'm tired of guessing."

Tom took a deep breath, forcing himself to articulate what he'd barely acknowledged to himself. "Part of it is... yes, the idea of you being with someone else, physically, and then coming back to me, telling me about it... that turns me on..."

"So you want me to sleep with random guys and tell you about it because it turns you on," Jess summarized, her tone flat.

Tom took a deep breath. "It's not random guys or strangers," he said carefully. "It would be someone we both feel safe with. And the end goal isn't sex… I mean there's no actual end goal or anything. This is just about your comfort, exploring whatever you're comfortable with, whether that's flirting or… whatever"

"That's still pretty vague, Tom," Jess replied.

"I know, and I'm sorry." Tom ran his hand through his hair. "Look, if you don't want to explore this at all, that's completely fine. I accept that fully. We've talked about this before, and I meant what I said then. Your comfort comes first, always."

"But you were just masturbating to the thought of me having sex with Chris Webb," Jess pointed out, cutting through his reassurances. "When I made up that story, you didn't pause for a second."

Tom winced. "You're right. I got caught up in it."

"And you flat-out admitted you'd be okay if I had actually slept with him tonight," Jess continued. "That's a pretty big leap from the flirting."

"I know," Tom acknowledged. "In the moment, hearing your story... I wasn't thinking clearly."

"That's what scares me," Jess said, her voice softening slightly. "If you can't think clearly just talking about it over the phone, what happens when we're actually in a real situation? Where are the boundaries, Tom?"

"I honestly don't know," Tom admitted. "That's why I keep saying it's about your comfort, because I'm still figuring out where my own boundaries are."

"I see," Jess said, her voice suddenly tired. "I need to think about this, Tom. This is a lot to process."

"I understand," Tom said, though the potential implications of her response frightened him. Neither spoke for a long moment.

Tom broke the silence. "How did the rest of the dinner go? Professionally, I mean."

The obvious attempt to change the subject might have seemed abrupt, but Tom sensed they both needed a moment to step back from the emotional edge they'd been approaching.

"It went well," Jess said after a pause, allowing the pivot. "Webb was impressed with my concepts. He wants me to be part of the design team, with creative control within the established budget."

"That's huge, Jess," Tom said, genuine pride breaking through the tension. "Congratulations."

"Thanks," she replied, some warmth returning to her voice. "It is a big opportunity. We're meeting again when he's back in Austin in a few weeks to finalize the approach."

"I'm proud of you," Tom said. "Really."

"I know," Jess acknowledged. "That's one thing I've never doubted."

A couple seconds ticked by without conversation, each lost in private thoughts.

"Oh," Jess said suddenly, as if remembering something. "You never responded to my text about Bob."

Tom's stomach dropped. In the emotional chaos of their conversation, he'd completely forgotten about her earlier message.

"Bob called me 'princess' today," Jess continued. "The same word you've started using during sex. Isn't that a strange coincidence?"

Tom's mind raced, calculating his options. The truth, that he'd heard Bob use the term while masturbating to photos of Jess, seemed impossible to explain now, especially

after the conversation they'd just had. Yet another lie would only compound the problem.

"It is strange," Tom agreed, attempting to sound casual. "Must be a weird coincidence."

"Is it, though?" Jess pressed. "It's such a specific term of endearment. Not honey or babe or something common. Princess."

"I don't know what to tell you," Tom said, hearing the defensive note in his own voice. "Maybe I heard him use it around the house and it stuck in my subconscious."

"When would that have happened?" Jess questioned. "He's never called me that before today, at least not that I've heard."

"I don't know, Jess," Tom's response came out more irritably than he'd intended. "Maybe it's just a coincidence. It's not that unusual a term, is it?"

"It just feels strange," Jess said, clearly not satisfied with his explanation. "Like there's something you're not telling me."

The accuracy of her intuition was unnerving. "I'm not hiding anything," Tom lied, hating himself for it even as the words left his mouth. "We can talk more about it when I get back, okay? Face to face."

Jess was silent for a long moment. "Fine," she agreed finally. "When you get back."

"I land at 9 AM Saturday," Tom reminded her. "Will you pick me up?"

"Of course," Jess replied. "I said I would."

"Right," Tom nodded to himself. "Thanks."

Another silence descended, this one distinctly uncomfortable.

"It's late," Jess said eventually. "I should get some sleep. Early meeting tomorrow."

"Yeah," Tom agreed. "Me too. Big day with the Meridian team."

"Goodnight, Tom."

"Goodnight, Jess. I love you."

There was the briefest of pauses before she replied, "I love you too."

The call ended, leaving Tom alone in his hotel room. He set his phone on the nightstand and lay back on the bed, staring at the ceiling.

What a fucking mess.

The evening had started with anticipation, peaked with arousal during Jess's fabricated story, then crashed into something much more complicated. She'd exposed something raw and uncomfortable about his fantasy, forcing him to confront its implications more directly than he'd been prepared to do.

"You want me to sleep with random guys and tell you about it because it turns you on."

The blunt assessment had been horrifying to hear spoken aloud, yet he couldn't deny its fundamental truth. But there was more to it, wasn't there? It wasn't just about sex. It was about seeing Jess through others' eyes, about the thrill of knowing she could have anyone but chose to come home to him, about the vulnerability and trust required to explore such forbidden territory together.

Or was that just how he justified it to himself?

And now there was the added complication of Bob's "princess" comment, another secret threatening to unravel everything. He should have told her the truth from the beginning. Should have admitted what he'd seen. But how do you tell your wife that you watched your tenant masturbate to her photos and said nothing? That you overheard him murmuring "princess" as he climaxed, and then, in some perverse response, incorporated the very same word into your own bedroom talk?

It was too late now. The longer he waited, the worse the eventual revelation would be. Jess already suspected something. Her intuition was too sharp to fool for long. She'd felt the hesitation in his response, noted the defensiveness in his tone.

Tom groaned and rolled onto his side, pulling a pillow over his head as if he could physically block out the complications of his own making. He'd tell her everything on Saturday, face to face. He'd come clean about Bob, about his own confused feelings, about everything. And hope like hell it wouldn't destroy them.

On Friday morning, Bob's eyes snapped open three minutes before his cheap digital alarm was set to chime. Decades of construction work had programmed his internal clock. He reached over and disabled the alarm, the plastic buttons clicking under his thumb.

He lay there, staring at the ceiling, listening. No footsteps upstairs. Jess wouldn't be up for at least another two hours if her patterns held true.

Bob swung his legs over the side of the bed. His semi-hard cock jutted forward, morning wood as reliable as sunrise despite his fifty-five years. He cupped himself briefly, giving his shaft a squeeze before padding across the bedroom to the bathroom.

He relieved himself, a torrent of piss splashing loudly into the toilet bowl. He flushed and moved to the sink. As he brushed his teeth, he studied himself in the mirror. The face that looked back at him wasn't the one that had charmed Sarah all those years ago. Not even the one that had convinced Karen that he was worth the risk after his first divorce. But it was a face that still held power, if used correctly.

Bob spat into the sink, rinsed his brush, and wiped his mouth on a towel. His mind leapt ahead to the laptop waiting on his desk, to the night's recordings that might reveal glimpses into the increasingly complicated dynamic unfolding between the Marshalls.

He'd waited up last night, watching from behind his blinds as the Uber pulled into the driveway. Jess had emerged from the back seat in that gorgeous burgundy dress he'd heard Tom suggest. Bob had nearly broken his neck racing to the laptop, fingers clumsy with anticipation as he logged into the camera feed.

But the bedroom remained empty. He'd watched the still frame of the unoccupied room, the bottom corner of the perfectly made bed, the entrance to the walk-in closet, all bathed in darkness until finally, exhaustion had won out over voyeuristic determination. He'd gone to bed, dick half-hard and unsatisfied.

Bob moved to his bedroom. He pulled on a faded blue t-shirt and work jeans, not bothering with underwear. The rough denim against his cock was a constant reminder of what hung between his legs, the tool that those pretty college boys with their designer suits and corporate titles couldn't match. Natural selection's great equalizer.

The coffee maker gurgled to life at his touch, the familiar aroma filling his small kitchen as he retrieved a chipped mug from the cabinet. After it brewed, Bob moved to his desk and woke the laptop from sleep.

The camera feed loaded almost immediately. Bob leaned forward, eyes fixed on the screen. At the bottom of the frame, he could make out feet beneath covers on the bed. Jess was still asleep.

He clicked on the timeline, scrolling back to the previous night. The recording showed an empty room after Jess had arrived home. Nothing but stillness and shadow where he'd hoped to see her undressing with his electronic eye.

"Fucking waste," he muttered, taking a gulp of black coffee.

He fast-forwarded, the timeline speeding up until Jess entered the frame. She was wearing the burgundy dress, her phone pressed to her ear, body language tense in a way that immediately piqued Bob's interest.

The audio was low but clear enough. Bob increased the volume.

"Thanks," Jess's voice came through his speakers.

Bob watched as she walked toward the closet, her movements suggesting the kind of restless energy that came with difficult conversations.

"It is a big opportunity," her voice continued. "We're meeting again when he's back in Austin in a few weeks to finalize the approach."

A pause, then, "I know. That's one thing I've never doubted."

She seemed to be wrapping up a conversation, something about her work perhaps, but then her voice sharpened with sudden interest.

Then her voice sharpened with sudden interest. "Oh, you never responded to my text about Bob."

Bob's heart rate accelerated at the mention of his name. He reached for his notebook, pen hovering over a fresh page, ready to document whatever was coming next.

"Bob called me 'princess' today," Jess continued, a note of suspicion evident in her tone. "The same word you've started using during sex. Isn't that a strange coincidence?"

Bob's pen froze midway to the paper. He stared at the screen, processing what he'd just heard. Tom had been using "princess" during sex?

A slow smile spread across Bob's face as understanding dawned immediately. He'd given her that nickname in his head the moment he saw her, the gorgeous blonde princess living in her castle, the very same nickname he'd given Sarah. Must have been muttering it while jerking off to Jess's photos the night he'd caught Tom watching him through the window.

Bob's smile widened. Tom, that fucking voyeur, had heard him call Jess "princess" while stroking himself to completion and then, this was the delicious part, Tom had incorporated it into his own bedroom talk.

"Is it, though?" Jess pressed on. "It's such a specific term of endearment. Not honey or babe or something common. Princess."

Bob began writing rapidly, documenting every word of the one-sided conversation. This was valuable intelligence, the kind of information that created leverage. Jess was suspicious. She sensed something wasn't right. And Tom, poor Tom, was fumbling through some explanation on the other end of the line.

"When would that have happened? He's never called me that before today, at least not that I've heard."

There was a longer pause as Tom presumably offered some weak justification, some attempt to explain away the coincidence.

"It just feels strange," Jess continued. "Like there's something you're not telling me."

Christ, if she only knew. Bob suppressed a laugh, imagining the conversation upstairs, Tom stammering through explanations, caught between confession and lies. What could he possibly say? "Sorry honey, I was watching our tenant jerk off to your photos and heard him call you princess, and somehow that word just slipped into our bedroom talk"?

"Fine," she said, voice clipped with frustration. "When you get back."

In the recording, Jess disappeared from frame completely as she moved to the walk-in closet. When she reemerged minutes later, she had changed into a loose t-shirt and what looked like sleep shorts.

She moved around the room, preparing for bed. The rest of the conversation unfolded in fragments, each piece adding to the puzzle Bob was assembling.

The screen showed Jess climbing into bed, covers pulled up. Then stillness for the rest of the night.

Bob sat back in his chair, tapping his pen against the notebook, mind racing with possibilities. This new revelation about "princess" was the perfect complement to what he already knew about the Marshalls' arrangement.

He flipped back through the pages of his notebook, reviewing his previous observations, particularly his notes from their conversation about Chris Webb's dinner and Tom encouraging Jess to "do whatever excites her." He'd already confirmed that Tom had voyeuristic tendencies, that he was aroused by other men wanting his wife. This "princess" connection added a crucial dimension.

Tom had been there that night, watching Bob masturbate to photos of Jess, and had never admitted it to her. That alone was powerful leverage. It was direct evidence of Tom's deception, of secrets kept from his wife.

Bob reached for his phone, scrolling through contacts until he found Tom's number. His thumb hovered over it, considering. Too direct. Too soon. Better to wait for the right moment, the perfect opportunity to drive the wedge between them.

Bob stared at his notes, considering. He flipped to a fresh page. At the top, he wrote "Saturday Strategy" in neat block letters. Below, he began outlining his plan.

He needed to engineer a situation where he could speak to Tom alone, even briefly, before the couple had time to resolve whatever tensions had been building between them.

Bob drummed his fingers on the desk, mind working through the problem. He needed a reason to intercept Tom immediately upon his return, something that would seem urgent enough to separate him from Jess for a few crucial minutes. Something plausible, something that wouldn't raise suspicion. Then, in those few crucial minutes alone, he'd drop his bombshell.

Nothing explicit. Nothing that could be proven, nothing that would expose Bob's own surveillance. He wouldn't mention the "princess" term at all. Wouldn't even hint at it. Instead, he'd focus entirely on what he knew Tom had seen that night, on the voyeurism Tom had never admitted to Jess. Just enough pressure to establish dominance, to let Tom know that Bob held power over him, without showing his full hand.

The psychological warfare would be devastating. Tom would return home, already anxious about facing Jess after their tense phone conversation, only to discover that Bob knew his secret. He'd be trapped between exposing himself to Jess or playing whatever game Bob was initiating.

Bob mapped out several potential paths, depending on whether Tom tried to bluff, plead, threaten, or negotiate. But regardless of which route things took, the dynamic between them would be forever altered. Bob would have established dominance. The rest would follow naturally.

He wouldn't script exact phrases. That would sound rehearsed, unnatural. Better to internalize the key points, the pressure he wanted to apply, and let the specific wording emerge organically in the moment. The important thing was to convey that he knew what Tom had seen, that Tom's secret was no longer safe, and that the consequences of exposure would be significant.

After two hours, Bob closed the notebook, satisfied. Saturday would be a turning point. Tom Marshall would return home, thinking he was escaping the pressures of San Diego only to find a more insidious pressure waiting for him.

Upstairs, a floorboard creaked. Jess would be getting up soon, preparing for her workday. Bob pictured her morning routine, imagined her stepping into the shower, water washing over naked skin, completely unaware of the machinations taking place below her feet.

The thought brought a smile to Bob's face. Poor Jessica Marshall. So beautiful, so professional, so certain of her place in the world. So confident in her marriage, despite

the recent explorations into territory she didn't fully comprehend. She had no idea what was coming, how her life was about to be upended.

But first, Tom. The keystone that, once removed, would bring the entire structure crashing down.

Everything was falling into place. All he needed was patience, timing, and the right words at the right moment. By this time tomorrow, the first domino would have fallen.

The Bad Tenant Ch. 08

Bob Caldwell sat at his kitchen table. The mug of coffee between his palms had gone cold an hour ago, but he hadn't bothered to reheat it. His focus lay elsewhere, specifically, on the driveway that remained empty since Jessica Marshall had pulled out in her Tesla earlier that morning.

He'd spotted her from behind his partially opened blinds looking fresh despite the early hour. She dressed in dark jeans and a simple white blouse, her blonde hair pulled back in a casual ponytail. Going to pick up her husband from the airport, no doubt. Tom Marshall, returning from his San Diego business trip.

Bob checked his watch again. He had no idea exactly when Tom's flight would land, when they would return.

He moved to the window again, adjusting the blinds just enough to afford him a clear view of the driveway without exposing himself. Waiting to spring a trap on a man who thought himself smarter, more sophisticated, more deserving than Bob could ever be.

College educated Thomas Marshall with his corporate title and management consulting bullshit was just as much of an animal as the rest of them. For all his pedigree and polish, Tom had stood in the dark, watching another man jerk off to photos of his wife. What separated them wasn't morality or restraint, just opportunity and admission.

Bob had spent the previous evening refining his approach, rehearsing key phrases that would cut straight to Tom's insecurities. The goal wasn't to destroy the man. It was to establish dominance, to position himself not as a threat to be eliminated but as a resource to be utilized.

He returned to the table, picking up the notebook where he'd outlined his strategy. The pages were filled with his neat block handwriting, a remnant of drafting classes from his early twenties, when architectural drawings had required exactness long before computers took over.

Through his open window, Bob heard it before he saw it, the distinct sound of the Tesla approaching. He moved back to his position by the window, watching as it pulled into the driveway.

Timing was everything. He needed to intercept them immediately, before Tom had a chance to get his bearings, before he could start any conversation about confessions or revelations with Jess. Bob had surmised that Tom would be jet-lagged, emotionally

off-balance from their phone conversation Thursday night, and completely unprepared for a confrontation.

Bob watched through the window as both car doors opened, and Tom emerged from the passenger side, looking precisely as Bob had anticipated. Tired, slightly rumpled from the flight, shoulders carrying the rigid tension of a man with too many secrets and too few allies. Perfect.

Bob slipped out his door, making his way toward the front yard with the pace of someone addressing a minor but time-sensitive issue. He changed his features into a mask of mild concern, not emergency-level panic that would alarm Jess, but just enough urgency to justify immediate attention.

"Welcome back, stranger!" Bob called out as he approached. He kept his tone casual, neighborly, with just enough volume to announce his presence before they reached their front door.

Tom froze momentarily, his hand on the handle of his rolling suitcase. Jess turned, a polite smile forming on her face.

"Bob," she acknowledged with a nod. "Morning."

Bob closed the distance. "Sorry to bother you folks. I know you just got home and all, but I've got a bit of a situation downstairs. I think there might be a leak in the kitchen."

The word 'leak' worked exactly as intended. Tom's posture shifted from exhausted traveler to landlord, professional obligation temporarily overshadowing personal fatigue.

"A leak?" Tom echoed. "Is it bad?"

"Can't tell yet," Bob replied with a shrug. "Could be nothing, could be a burst pipe. Noticed some moisture near the sink. Just thought you might want to take a look before it gets worse. I can handle it myself, but figured you'd want to know, being the owner and all."

Jess stepped forward, concern replacing annoyance. "Do you need both of us to come take a look?"

This was the delicate pivot point, the moment when Bob needed to separate them without raising suspicion. "No need for the whole cavalry," he said, offering his most disarming smile. "Just figured Tom might want to see what we're dealing with."

Tom glanced at Jess. "I should probably check it out," he said. "Won't take long, hopefully."

Jess hesitated, her eyes moving from Tom to Bob and back again. “I can come too,” she offered.

“Don’t worry about it,” Bob interjected smoothly. “Just some water and pipes. Nothing exciting. Besides, looks like you’ve got luggage to sort out.” He gestured toward Tom’s suitcase.

Tom nodded, setting his suitcase upright. “I’ll just be a few minutes,” he told Jess.

For a moment, Bob thought she might insist on coming anyway. Her eyes narrowed slightly but then she nodded, reaching for Tom’s suitcase handle. “Okay. Don’t be too long, though. You need to rest.”

“Yes ma’am,” Tom replied with a weak smile.

Bob watched as Jess headed toward their front door, the suitcase rolling behind her. He kept his expression neutral despite the satisfaction blooming inside him.

“This way,” Bob said, gesturing toward his ground floor unit. “Thanks for taking a look. Appreciate it.”

Tom followed silently. The man had no idea what was coming, and that knowledge alone made Bob feel ten feet tall.

As they approached his unit, Bob produced his key and unlocked the door. “After you,” he said, stepping back to let Tom enter first.

Tom stepped inside, and Bob followed, closing the door behind them with a soft click that seemed to echo in the stillness of the apartment. The space was tidy, every surface clean, every item in its place.

Bob turned towards Tom. “Between you and me, there’s no leak.”

Tom stopped abruptly. “Excuse me?”

“I said there’s no leak. Never was. Just needed a moment of your time, man to man.” He kept his tone casual, non-threatening.

“What’s this about?” Tom demanded, his voice caught between confusion and rising alarm.

“Why don’t we sit down,” Bob suggested, gesturing toward the small kitchen table.

Tom remained standing, his body language transitioning from confused to defensive. “I should get back upstairs. Jess is waiting.”

“Jess can wait five minutes,” Bob replied. “This conversation has been two weeks coming. Since that first Saturday night, in fact.”

The color drained from Tom's face so rapidly that Bob had to suppress a smile.

"I don't know what you're talking about," Tom attempted.

Bob smiled. "Sure you do, Tom. First night I moved in. The pool photoshoot. You suggested it, remember? Had me taking pictures of your wife in that wet swimsuit."

Tom swallowed hard, his Adam's apple bobbing visibly. "What about it?"

"After the photos, after dinner, when you two went upstairs," Bob continued, watching Tom's discomfort grow with each word, "you came back downstairs, didn't you? Came out to the yard to get something you'd left behind."

Tom's hand moved to the back of his neck, a nervous tell if ever Bob had seen one. "I don't remember."

"Sure you do," Bob pressed. "You were out there. You saw me in my unit, through the window. Saw me masturbating to those photos of Jess. And you watched, Tom. You stood there outside my window and watched until I finished."

Tom's face had gone pale. His eyes darted toward the door as if calculating the distance, the probability of escape without further confrontation. "I don't-"

"Don't insult my intelligence," Bob cut him off. "We both know what happened. I saw you that night, just like you saw me."

"What do you want, Bob?"

Bob pulled out one of the kitchen chairs and sat down, gesturing for Tom to take the seat opposite. This time, Tom complied, his legs seeming to give out beneath him as he sank into the chair.

"Now we're communicating," Bob said. "What do I want? That's an interesting question. Not what you might think."

"Money?" Tom asked.

Bob snorted, genuinely amused. "Christ, no. I'm not blackmailing you, Tom. This isn't about that at all."

"Then what?" Suspicion and confusion warred on Tom's face.

Bob leaned back in his chair, adopting a more conversational posture. "I want to talk about what that moment revealed. About why a successful, educated man like yourself was standing outside another man's window, watching him masturbate to photos of his wife."

Tom stared at the tabletop, his expression a study in shame and discomfort. "It was a mistake," he muttered. "I shouldn't have-"

“But you did,” Bob interrupted. “And that tells me something about you, Tom. Something I recognized because I’ve been there myself.”

Tom’s head snapped up. “What are you talking about?”

“You’ve got certain... inclinations,” Bob stated. “Desires that most men don’t talk about, at least not openly. The kind of feelings that make you question yourself, that leave you confused.”

Tom’s breathing had become shallow, his eyes wide. “You don’t know anything about me.”

“I know more than you think,” Bob replied calmly. “Not because I’m psychic. I know because I recognize the signs. My first wife, Sarah and I, we went through something similar.”

Tom’s brow furrowed in confusion.

Bob continued, telling the story he’d constructed the night before. “Sarah was beautiful, not unlike your Jess. Different, of course, shorter, curvier, but still the kind of woman men noticed. Early in our marriage, I started having these thoughts, these fantasies about other men wanting her, looking at her.”

He paused, gauging Tom’s reaction. The younger man was listening intently now, his attention captured.

“At first, I hid it,” Bob continued. “Felt ashamed. What kind of man gets turned on thinking about his wife with someone else? But the thoughts wouldn’t go away. So finally, I told her.”

Tom stayed silent.

“We were young, experimental. She was curious.” Bob shrugged. “We started small. She’d tell me stories about guys checking her out. Later, we’d fuck like teenagers, best sex of our lives.”

Tom shifted uncomfortably in his seat. “Why are you telling me this?”

“Because I made mistakes,” Bob said, his tone shifting to something more serious. “We took it too far. Started involving friends in our exploration. The boundaries got blurry. Sarah started enjoying her freedom more than our marriage. Started seeing some of those guys without telling me. You know how it ended.”

“She cheated,” Tom said quietly.

Bob nodded. “With one of those friends. Someone who’d started as just a fantasy, a tool in our sex life. Became much more than that.” He sighed. “The fantasies you’re

having, Tom? They're normal. More common than you'd think. But they need to be handled carefully. With respect for the marriage, with clear boundaries."

Tom's expression had transformed from embarrassment to cautious interest. "What makes you think I have these... fantasies?"

"Because men who don't have them don't let other men take pictures of their wife in a wet swimsuit, Tom. They certainly don't stand outside windows watching other men masturbate to photos of their wives," Bob replied bluntly. "They get angry, violent even. They confront the situation. You didn't. You watched, and then you kept it to yourself. That tells me everything I need to know."

"Even if what you're saying is true, why are you bringing this up now?"

Bob leaned forward. "Because I think I might be able to help you. Both of you, actually."

"Help us?" Tom's disbelief couldn't have been more evident. "How exactly would you do that?"

"By offering what neither of you can find anywhere else," Bob replied. "A controlled environment. A safe space to explore these feelings without risking your marriage."

Tom's eyes narrowed.

"I'm suggesting that I'm in a unique position here," Bob continued. "I'm not a friend whose friendship you'd risk. I'm not a colleague whose gossip could damage your career. I'm not a complete stranger who might turn out to be dangerous. I'm just Bob, your tenant, with a clear understanding of what's at play and the experience to navigate them safely."

"You think we should... what? Use you to explore my fantasies?" The incredulity in Tom's voice was almost comical.

Bob chuckled, keeping his tone light. "I'm just saying, if these feelings don't go away, and trust me, they won't, they're going to be explored one way or another. Either in a controlled environment where everyone's intentions are clear, or in ways you can't control."

"Jess would never agree to something like that," Tom said.

"Maybe," Bob conceded. "But women like Jess, beautiful, confident, often have unexplored desires they're afraid to vocalize. Especially to the men they love most."

"What do you mean?" Tom asked.

"It's paradoxical," Bob said, as if sharing profound wisdom. "But sometimes the person we're most afraid of judgment from is the one we're closest to. Jess might have

feelings, desires, fantasies she'd never admit to you directly, not because she doesn't trust you, but because she loves you too much to risk your opinion of her."

Tom's expression suggested Bob's words had struck a nerve. "You don't know Jess."

"I know human nature," Bob countered smoothly. "And I've observed how she carries herself, how carefully she presents herself to the world. Women like that often compartmentalize their sexuality, showing only what they believe is acceptable."

Tom fell silent, his mind clearly racing with implications.

"Look," Bob continued, his voice taking on a more empathetic tone, "I'm not pushing for anything specific here. I'm just offering my perspective as someone who's been down this road before. Like I said, these feelings will either be explored in a healthy, controlled way, or they'll emerge in ways that might damage your marriage."

"And you think you're the solution?" Tom asked, skepticism creeping back into his voice.

"I'm not claiming to be the solution," Bob replied carefully. "Just a potential resource. Someone who understands from experience. Someone who's available if you decide this is something worth exploring."

Tom's gaze moved to the wall, toward the ceiling, as if he could see through it to where Jess waited upstairs. "What's in this for you??"

The question was the crux of the matter, the point where Bob needed to balance honesty with manipulation. He'd prepared for this particular pivot carefully. He paused, as if considering Tom's question deeply.

"Three things," Bob said. "First, I'm genuinely glad we can talk about the masturbation thing openly now. It was awkward knowing you'd seen that and neither of us acknowledging it." He offered a self-deprecating smile, playing up the harmless older man angle. "Getting that out in the open is a relief."

Tom remained silent, waiting for the rest.

"Second," Bob continued, "maybe it sounds sappy, but after losing two marriages, I've been thinking about what wisdom I might pass on. What mistakes others could avoid with the right guidance. Helping a young couple navigate potentially treacherous waters has its own reward."

Tom continued to remain silent, just watching.

Bob's smile shifted to something more direct, more honest. "And third, your wife is gorgeous, Tom. I'm not going to pretend that if exploring these fantasies could involve

me in some capacity, that wouldn't be enjoyable. I'm not a saint, and I won't insult your intelligence by pretending otherwise."

Tom didn't react with the immediate anger or disgust. Instead, he seemed to be considering the admission, weighing its implications.

"Jess mentioned she's got projects coming up in Houston and Savannah," Bob added, careful to reference only what Jess had directly told him in conversation. "She'll be traveling. Meeting with clients. Working with people you don't know, in situations you can't control. Things will happen, Tom. That's life."

"What's that supposed to mean?" Tom demanded, defensiveness flaring.

Bob raised his hands in a placating gesture. "Just that life has a way of presenting opportunities, whether we're looking for them or not. I'm offering a known quantity, something you could have input on, rather than leaving things to chance."

Tom stood abruptly, his chair scraping against the floor. "I need to get back upstairs."

Bob remained seated, his posture deliberately relaxed. "Of course. This is a lot to process. Too much for one conversation, probably."

"This is insane," Tom muttered, though he was speaking more to himself than to Bob. "You're suggesting-"

"I'm not suggesting anything specific," Bob interrupted gently. "Just opening a door to conversation. If you want to walk away and pretend this discussion never happened, that's entirely your prerogative. I'll respect that."

Tom stared at him, searching for deception or threat. "And if I do? If I walk out that door and we never speak of this again?"

"Then this stays between us," Bob assured him. "Man to man. Whatever you decide, Tom, this conversation remains private."

Tom ran a hand through his hair, his internal struggle evident in every tense line of his body. "I need to get back to Jess."

"Go ahead," Bob said, making no move to stop him. "She's waiting for you. Just know the offer stands, no expiration date. If you want to explore this further, I'm here… and Tom? For what it's worth, I genuinely believe most marriages would be healthier if people could discuss their desires openly, without judgment. You're not broken for having these feelings. Neither is Jess, whatever her desires might be."

Tom's hand found the doorknob, gripping it like a lifeline. "You said there was no leak?"

"No leak," Bob confirmed. "But if Jess asks, tell her it was just a loose connection under the sink. All fixed now."

Tom nodded again, opened the door, and stepped out without another word. Bob remained seated, listening to the receding footsteps as Tom made his way back toward the main house, back toward the unsuspecting Jess.

The trap had been set, the bait taken. Tom would be consumed by this conversation for days, turning Bob's words over in his mind, examining them from every angle. The seed had been planted. Now Bob just needed to water it occasionally, give it sunlight, and watch it grow.

Tom Marshall would come back. Bob was certain of it. Not today, maybe not tomorrow, but soon. The relief of having his secret acknowledged, combined with the tantalizing possibility of exploring his fantasies safely, would be too powerful to resist.

Bob allowed himself a small, satisfied smile. Sometimes the most effective strategy wasn't blackmail or threats or outright confrontation. Sometimes it was simply understanding what a man wanted, needed, and positioning yourself as the path to obtaining it.

The first domino had fallen. Now it was only a matter of time until the rest followed, one by one, leading directly to Jessica Marshall.

Tom ascended the stairs, each step feeling heavier than the last. His mind replayed fragments of Bob's words on a relentless loop. "...standing outside another man's window, watching him masturbate to photos of his wife..."

He paused at the top of the staircase, forcing himself to take several deep breaths. Jess was waiting. He needed to compose himself, to bury the panic threatening to overwhelm him.

Bob knew. Bob had seen him that night, standing in the shadows, watching. And instead of confrontation or outrage, Bob had offered... what exactly? Guidance? Partnership? A solution to desires Tom barely understood himself?

"Three things," Bob had said. "First, I'm genuinely glad we can talk about the masturbation thing openly now... Second, maybe it sounds sappy, but after losing two marriages, I've been thinking about what wisdom I might pass on... And third, your wife is gorgeous, Tom."

Tom's hand tightened on the banister. The audacity of it all, the calm way Bob had dismantled Tom's defenses and presented himself as some kind of mentor in the art

of complicated desires. The man's assumptions weren't entirely wrong, which made everything worse.

The sound of movement from their bedroom pulled Tom back to the present moment. He straightened his shoulders, tried to arrange his features into something resembling normalcy, and moved toward the doorway.

Jess was bent over his suitcase, unpacking and sorting his clothes. She looked up as he entered, a smile brightening her features until she registered his expression.

"Hey," she said, setting down the shirt she'd been folding. "Is everything okay? You look like you've seen a ghost."

"Just tired," Tom managed, attempting a reassuring smile that felt more like a grimace. "The flight was bumpy, couldn't sleep much."

Jess studied him, her head tilting slightly, that intuitive gaze seeing more than he wanted. "What did Bob want? Was there a leak?"

Tom felt a surge of irrational panic at the mention of Bob's name. "Loose connection under the sink," he recited the lie Bob had conveniently provided. "Nothing serious. He fixed it already."

"That was quick."

"Yeah," Tom agreed, eager to move the conversation away from Bob. "He knows his way around plumbing."

"Well, that's good," Jess said, turning back to the suitcase.

Tom moved toward the bathroom. "I think I'll take a quick shower. Wash off the travel grime."

She nodded. "Take your time. I'll make lunch while you shower."

Tom escaped into the bathroom, closing the door behind him perhaps more firmly than necessary. He stripped, his mind still churning with Bob's words, with the implications of the older man's offer, with the tangled mess of desire and shame that had been growing inside him.

The shower spray hit him with welcome force, hot water washing over tense muscles. Tom closed his eyes, letting physical sensation temporarily drown out the chaos in his mind. But even here, sanctuary eluded him as Bob's words continued to echo. "...these feelings don't go away, trust me, they won't, they're going to be explored one way or another. Either in a controlled environment where everyone's intentions are clear, or in ways you can't control."

Was Bob right? Were these urges Tom had been experiencing truly immutable, a permanent feature of his sexuality rather than some passing phase? And if so, what did that mean for his marriage, for his future with Jess?

Tom grabbed the soap, working it into a lather. The conversation with Jess loomed ahead, unavoidable and potentially devastating. She knew something was off. She'd sensed it in his voice during their Thursday night call, in his evasiveness about the "princess" connection.

How much should he reveal? The whole truth seemed impossible. Hey Jess, remember when Bob called you princess and I repeated that while we were having sex? Well, I said it because I heard him call you that while I watched him masturbate to your photos that first Saturday night. And now he's offering to help us explore my cuckold fantasies.

Tom's stomach turned at the thought. No, he couldn't tell her everything, not yet. Maybe not ever. But he needed to give her something, some truth they could build on.

By the time Tom emerged from the bathroom, towel wrapped around his waist, Jess had already left the bedroom. The suitcase was completely unpacked, his clothes neatly sorted on the bed. He dressed quickly in comfortable jeans and a plain white t-shirt, then padded barefoot toward the kitchen.

The smell of grilled cheese sandwiches greeted him before he entered. Jess stood at the stove, spatula in hand, expertly flipping a sandwich in the pan. Another plate already held a perfectly golden-brown sandwich, cut diagonally the way he liked it. A small side salad completed the simple meal.

"Perfect timing," Jess said without turning. "This one's almost done."

"Smells amazing," Tom replied, moving to the refrigerator. "Want anything to drink?"

"Just water for me."

Tom poured two glasses of water and set them on the table. He took his seat, watching Jess as she transferred the second sandwich to a plate and joined him.

"Comfort food," she said with a small smile. "Figured you could use it after traveling."

"Thanks," Tom said.

For a few moments, they ate in silence. Tom tried to focus on the food, on the simple pleasure of a perfectly made grilled cheese sandwich, on the fact that he was home with his wife after days apart. But Bob's voice kept intruding, fragments of their conversation replaying on an endless loop.

"If these feelings don't go away, and trust me, they won't..."

"Women like Jess, beautiful, confident, often have unexplored desires they're afraid to vocalize..."

"A controlled environment. A safe space to explore these feelings without risking your marriage..."

"Tom?" Jess's voice cut through his thoughts.

Tom blinked, realizing he'd been staring at his half-eaten sandwich without moving for who knows how long. "Sorry," he mumbled. "Just tired. And thinking about work."

"Meridian still a mess?" she asked.

"Yeah," he latched onto the excuse gratefully. "The implementation's behind schedule. Davis is breathing down everyone's neck. The usual corporate crisis."

Jess nodded, setting down her sandwich. "Look, I know you're tired. But I think we need to talk about Thursday night."

Tom's stomach clenched. "Right."

"I want to apologize," Jess began, surprising him. "Making up that story about Chris Webb was manipulative and unfair. I shouldn't have tested you like that."

Tom set his sandwich down. "Why did you?" he asked, genuinely curious despite everything else swirling in his mind.

Jess sighed, running a hand through her ponytail. "I don't know. After our conversations about flirting with other men, about exploring boundaries... I guess I wanted to see how far these fantasies really went for you. If they were really just about flirtation or if they were about... more."

"And you got your answer," Tom said quietly.

"I did," Jess agreed. "And it scared me a little, Tom. The way you reacted, how eager you were for details, how you were..." she hesitated, choosing her words carefully, "...physically aroused by the idea of me alone with Webb."

Tom felt heat rise to his face. "I'm sorry I reacted that way."

"Don't apologize for what turns you on," Jess said, reaching across the table to take his hand. "That's not what this is about. I'm not judging you, Tom. I'm trying to understand. I'm trying to figure out what this means for us, for our marriage."

Tom squeezed her hand. "I know. I'm trying to understand it too."

"The way you responded to my story," Jess continued, "it wasn't just that you believed it. You... wanted it to be true. At least part of you did."

Tom couldn't deny it. "It turned me on," he admitted.

"But you said you would have been okay with it," Jess pressed. "If the story had been real. If I'd really gone to Webb's hotel room. You said yes."

"In the heat of the moment, I said a lot of things," Tom replied carefully. "I think we both need to step back and figure out where our actual boundaries are before we go any further with this."

Jess studied his face. "That's what bothered me most, I think. Not that you have these fantasies, but that all the pressure was on me to decide how far to go. You kept saying 'do whatever feels right,' but that puts all the responsibility on me."

"You're right," Tom acknowledged. "That wasn't fair."

"It also makes me wonder if you even know what you want, Tom. Where your lines are. What you could handle in reality versus what excites you in fantasy."

It was a fair question, one he'd been avoiding even before this morning's confrontation.

"I don't think I do know," he admitted. "Not clearly enough."

Jess nodded, her expression softening. "That's okay. This is new territory for both of us."

Tom seized the opening. "I was thinking… why don't we take a step back from all of this. No more flirting with other men, no pushing boundaries, just us focusing on each other for now."

"Even Bob?" Jess asked, her gaze direct.

Tom nearly choked on his water. "What about Bob?"

"Well, we talked about me possibly flirting with him as a way to test the waters. You seemed excited by that idea before you left for San Diego."

"I know, but..." Tom struggled to find the words that would dissuade her without revealing why. "I think we should pause everything until we're on the same page with boundaries. Including anything with Bob."

"Okay," Jess agreed. "No flirting with Bob. Or anyone else."

"Right," Tom said. "Let's just focus on us for now."

“Speaking of us,” Jess continued, “there’s something else we need to talk about. The ‘princess’ thing.”

Tom felt his chest tighten. “What about it?”

“It just seems strange that Bob would use the exact same endearment you’ve suddenly started using in bed,” Jess said, watching his face carefully. “I mean, what are the odds of that being coincidence?”

“Pretty slim, I guess,” Tom said, struggling to maintain eye contact. “But I honestly don’t know how else to explain it. Maybe I heard him use it around the house and it got stuck in my subconscious?”

“When would that have happened, though?” Jess pressed. “You and Bob haven’t spent much time together without me present, and he’s never called me that before, at least not that I’ve heard.”

Tom shrugged, aiming for casual confusion though his heart hammered in his chest. “It’s just a coincidence, Jess. A weird one, but still just a coincidence.”

Jess held his gaze for a long moment, clearly not satisfied with his answer. But to his surprise, she simply nodded and said, “Okay.”

“Okay?” Tom echoed, uncertain.

“If you say it’s a coincidence, then it’s a coincidence,” she said, her tone neutral in a way that somehow felt more concerning than anger or suspicion would have been.

Tom knew he should find a more convincing explanation, but exhaustion was catching up with him, compounded by the emotional toll of his confrontation with Bob.

“Listen,” he said, running a hand over his face. “I’m sorry I’m not more present right now. Between the travel, the Meridian disaster, and everything else... I just feel drained.”

Jess’s expression immediately softened with concern. “Of course you’re tired. I’m pushing too hard when you’ve just gotten back from a business trip.”

“It’s not that,” Tom assured her. “These conversations are important. I just don’t think I’m in the right frame of mind for them right now.”

“It’s okay,” Jess said, standing to clear their plates. “We can have a normal weekend. You should rest, recharge.”

Tom followed her to the sink, wrapping his arms around her from behind as she rinsed the dishes. “I was thinking,” he murmured against her hair. “Maybe Friday night we

could go out for dinner. Just the two of us. Talk about everything properly when I'm not half-asleep and stressed about work."

Jess turned in his arms, her face brightening. "I'd like that. Where are you thinking?"

"Somewhere nice," Tom replied. "Dressy enough for that green dress you looked so amazing in at the Skyline party."

Her smile widened. "That sounds perfect."

Tom kissed her forehead. For a brief, tender moment, they were just Tom and Jess, husband and wife, planning a date night. No complicated fantasies, no manipulative tenant, no secrets threatening to unravel their life.

"I should probably get some work done this afternoon," Tom said reluctantly. "Catch up on emails, prep for Monday."

"Do what you need to do," Jess replied. "I was thinking of running to Whole Foods anyway. We're out of pretty much everything."

"And maybe hit the gym after?" Tom suggested, knowing her usual weekend routine.

"Probably," Jess agreed. "You don't mind?"

"Not at all. I'll be buried in my office for a few hours anyway." The thought of his office, his sanctuary within their home, called to him. A place where he could sort through his thoughts without Jess's perceptive gaze catching every flicker of emotion.

They separated, each moving toward their respective tasks. Tom retreated to his office, closing the door behind him with a sense of both relief and guilt. He sat at his desk but made no move to open his laptop. Instead, he leaned back in his chair, eyes closed, and allowed Bob's words to replay in full.

"...The fantasies you're having, Tom? They're normal. More common than you'd think. But they need to be handled carefully. With respect for the marriage, with clear boundaries..."

"...Men who don't have them don't let other men take pictures of their wife in a wet swimsuit, Tom. They certainly don't stand outside windows watching other men masturbate to photos of their wives..."

"...Women like Jess, beautiful, confident, often have unexplored desires they're afraid to vocalize. Especially to the men they love most..."

That last part had burrowed deep into his consciousness. Could it be true? Did Jess harbor desires she was afraid to share with him? The thought seemed absurd on its surface. They'd always been open with each other, honest about their needs and wants.

But then again, he'd kept his own growing desires secret until recently. He'd stood outside Bob's window that night, watching, aroused, and never breathed a word of it to Jess. Perhaps they both had depths they were afraid to explore together.

Tom shook his head, trying to clear it. Bob was manipulating him, that much was obvious. The man wanted access to Jess, had admitted as much directly. "Your wife is gorgeous, Tom. I'm not going to pretend that if exploring these fantasies could involve me in some capacity, that wouldn't be enjoyable."

The audacity of it still stunned him. And yet, there had been something disarmingly honest about Bob's approach. No pretense, no false morality, just an acknowledgment of desire coupled with a claim of experience and wisdom.

Tom's stomach churned as he remembered another part of Bob's speech. "We took it too far. Started involving friends in our exploration. The boundaries got blurry. Sarah started enjoying her freedom more than our marriage. Started seeing some of those guys without telling me."

Was that the real danger here? Not that exploring these fantasies would damage Tom's psyche, but that Jess might discover she preferred the excitement of novelty to the comfort of their marriage?

Tom forced himself to open his laptop, to at least maintain the pretense of working. His inbox overflowed with emails from the Meridian project, each one marked urgent, each one adding to the weight pressing down on him. He began sorting through them, his mind still half-occupied with Bob's words and their implications.

The sound of Jess's Tesla whirring in the driveway barely registered. She was going to Whole Foods. Then the gym. Normal weekend activities. Except nothing felt normal anymore.

Tom's cell phone buzzed with a text. He glanced at it, half-expecting it to be from Bob. But it was Davis, checking in on some detail from the Meridian implementation. Tom responded quickly, grateful for the mundane distraction.

The afternoon stretched ahead of him, hours alone in the house with nothing but his thoughts and Bob's voice echoing in his mind. Tom stared at his screen, the words blurring as his concentration wavered. What would he say to Jess when she returned? How could he maintain normalcy when everything had shifted so dramatically beneath the surface?

One thing was clear. He needed distance from Bob. He'd suggested pausing their "exploration" partly to protect Jess from his own complicated feelings, but also to buy time, to figure out how to handle the knowledge that Bob knew his secret.

Tom's mind drifted to the alternative scenario, the path where he told Jess everything. About standing outside Bob's window. About Bob's offer. He tried to imagine her reaction, playing out the scene in his mind.

She would be hurt, obviously. Betrayed by his silence. But beyond that, how would she respond to the revelation that their tenant had offered to help them explore Tom's fantasies? That Bob had admitted to finding her attractive, to being willing to participate? Would she be disgusted? Afraid? Or would there be a flicker of curiosity, the same curiosity she'd exhibited when discussing the possibility of flirting with other men?

Tom shook his head, banishing the thought. No, he couldn't tell Jess. Not yet, maybe not ever. Better to keep Bob at arm's length, to shut down any further exploration until this situation with Bob had somehow resolved itself.

But how? Bob wasn't going anywhere. He had a lease. He lived beneath them, shared their home. Complete avoidance wasn't possible. And now he held this power over Tom, this knowledge that could destroy everything if revealed in the wrong way.

Tom's gaze drifted to the open document on his screen, a halfway composed email response about data migration protocols that suddenly seemed absurdly trivial compared to the personal crisis unfolding in his life.

He let his head fall into his hands, fingers pressing against his temples as though he could physically force his thoughts into some kind of order. There were too many variables, too many potential paths forward, none of them free from risk.

Should he confront Bob directly? Tell him to back off, to forget what he saw, to maintain a strictly tenant-landlord relationship?

Should he acknowledge Bob's offer but firmly decline, keeping communication open while establishing clear boundaries?

Should he continue as if nothing had happened, avoiding Bob when possible and hoping the situation would somehow resolve itself with time?

None of these options felt satisfactory. Each carried its own dangers, its own potential for disaster. And hanging over all of them was the uncomfortable fact that part of Tom, a part he was increasingly unable to ignore, was intrigued by Bob's offer.

Not because he wanted Bob specifically involved in their lives. The thought of the older man touching Jess still made Tom's skin crawl with a complicated mixture of revulsion and if he was honest, intense arousal. But because Bob had articulated something Tom had been feeling for months, that these desires weren't going away,

that they needed some sort of outlet, some form of exploration that wouldn't threaten the foundation of his marriage.

Tom forced himself to return to his email, to focus on the concrete, the manageable, the aspects of his life he could still control. Work had always been his refuge, the place where complexities yielded to analysis and hard work. But today, even that sanctuary felt compromised.

He typed mechanically, going through the motions of professionalism while his mind continued to churn with Bob's words and their implications. The afternoon crept by, marked only by the steady ticking of the wall clock and the occasional ping of incoming messages.

At some point, Tom realized he'd been staring at the same paragraph for nearly twenty minutes without comprehending a single word. He pushed back from his desk with a frustrated sigh, rubbing his eyes as if he could physically wipe away the mental exhaustion.

The house felt too quiet without Jess. Tom wandered into the kitchen for a glass of water, his gaze involuntarily drawn to the floor, to where Bob existed beneath them, probably planning his next move in whatever game he was playing.

"What am I doing?" Tom murmured to himself. He was Tom Marshall, successful management consultant, respected professional, husband to a brilliant and beautiful woman. He wasn't some pawn to be manipulated by a twice-divorced handyman with boundary issues.

And yet, here he stood in his kitchen, jumpier than a teenager caught with porn, all because Bob Caldwell had seen him watching through a window and called him on it.

Tom drained his glass and set it in the sink. This had to stop. He needed a strategy, a plan, something more substantive than avoiding Bob and hoping the problem would solve itself.

His phone buzzed with a text.

Jess: Almost done at Whole Foods. Need anything specific?

The normalcy of the message grounded him. This was his life, texting his wife about groceries, making weekend plans, managing work stress. Bob Caldwell was a complication, not a catastrophe.

Tom: We're out of coffee. And maybe some of those cookies I like?

Jess: Already got the coffee. Will grab cookies. Home in about 30.

Tom smiled. She knew him so well, had anticipated his needs before he even expressed them. This was what mattered, this connection, this shared understanding that went beyond words.

He returned to his office with renewed determination. He would finish out the workday properly, be present for Jess when she returned, have a normal weekend. Friday night's dinner would be a chance to reconnect, to strengthen their bond before figuring out how to handle the Bob situation.

The next hour passed in genuine productivity as Tom focused on his inbox, responding to urgent messages and organizing his thoughts for Monday's meetings. The familiar rhythm of work settled his nerves, providing structure and purpose when everything else felt uncertain.

He heard Jess's car pull into the driveway but remained at his desk, finishing the email he'd been composing. By the time he emerged from his office, she was already halfway through unpacking groceries, reusable bags spread across the kitchen counter.

"Hey," she greeted him with a smile. "Productive afternoon?"

"Got through most of my inbox," Tom replied, moving to help her. "How was Whole Foods?"

"Packed," Jess said. "Saturday afternoon chaos, as usual. But I got everything on the list, plus those chocolate chip cookies you love."

"My hero," Tom said, pulling her into a brief hug. The simple physical contact steadied him, reminded him of what was real and important.

"I was thinking," Jess said as they continued unpacking groceries, "maybe we could order in tonight? Watch a movie? Keep it low key."

"Sounds perfect," Tom agreed.

"But I'm still heading to the gym," she added. "Need to clear my head a bit."

Tom nodded, understanding the feeling all too well. "Take your time. I'll be here."

When everything was stored, Jess headed to the bedroom to change for the gym. Tom followed, settling onto the edge of the bed to watch as she gathered her workout clothes.

"You seem better," she observed, pulling her hair into a tighter ponytail.

"I feel better," Tom replied, and it wasn't entirely a lie. "Work helped, honestly. Looking at concrete problems, finding solutions..."

"Your happy place," Jess teased, but her smile was affectionate.

“One of them,” Tom corrected, his eyes following her movement around the room. “The other is right here, with you.”

Jess paused, her expression softening. She crossed to where he sat, leaning down to kiss him gently. “I’ve missed you,” she murmured against his lips.

“Missed you too,” Tom replied, meaning it completely despite everything else swirling beneath the surface. He deepened the kiss, his hands finding her waist, drawing her closer.

“If you keep that up,” Jess whispered as she pulled away slightly, “I might have to skip the gym.”

Tom smiled, tempted to take her up on the implicit offer. “Raincheck?” he suggested instead. “Tonight, after dinner?”

“Definitely,” Jess agreed, reluctantly stepping back. She disappeared into the closet, emerging minutes later in her workout clothes, the black leggings and sports bra combination that never failed to make Tom’s mouth go dry.

“Shouldn’t be more than an hour,” she said, grabbing her gym bag. “Text if you think of anything else we need.”

“Will do,” Tom replied. “Have a good workout.”

After Jess left, Tom returned to the kitchen, pouring himself another glass of water. The silence of the house settled around him once more, but this time it felt less oppressive, more contemplative. He was Tom Marshall, and he was home. This was his sanctuary, his refuge, the place where he belonged.

Bob Caldwell and his manipulations were a problem, yes. A significant one. But not an insurmountable one. Tom would find a way to handle it, to protect his marriage, to navigate these complex desires without surrendering control to someone else’s agenda.

Friday night’s dinner would be the first step. A chance to reconnect with Jess, to reestablish their bond, to remind himself of what truly mattered.

For now, though, he would allow himself this moment of relative peace. The storm hadn’t passed. If anything, it was just gathering strength. But for this afternoon, in this quiet house, he could pretend that everything was normal, that his world wasn’t teetering on the edge of a precipice.

An hour later, when Jess returned from the gym flushed and energized from her workout, Tom greeted her with a genuine smile. They spent the evening as planned.

Takeout Thai food, a movie they'd been meaning to watch for months, comfortable conversation about everything and nothing.

Later, as promised, they made love slowly, tenderly, without the frantic edge that had characterized their recent encounters. Tom focused entirely on Jess, on her pleasure. No fantasies intruded, no third party existed in his mind. It was just them, husband and wife, finding their way back to each other amidst the gathering complications.

On Sunday morning, Tom woke before Jess, her body curled against his back, her breath warm against his neck. For a moment, he simply lay there, savoring the closeness, allowing himself to exist in the present without the intrusion of Bob's voice or the complicated tangle of desires that had been exposed.

When Jess stirred, mumbling sleepily against his shoulder, Tom turned to face her, watching as consciousness gradually claimed her. This was his favorite version of Jess, unguarded, soft with sleep before the day's demands forced her to don her professional armor.

"Morning," he murmured, pressing a kiss to her forehead.

"Mmm," Jess replied, eyes still closed. "What time is it?"

"Just after eight," Tom said, glancing at the bedside clock. "No rush."

Jess stretched beside him. "Coffee?" she offered, already knowing his answer.

"Please," Tom replied with a smile. "I'll start breakfast."

Jess handled coffee while Tom prepared eggs and toast. The normalcy felt both reassuring and somehow fragile, as if the foundation beneath their established life had shifted significantly. Tom found himself watching Jess more intently than usual, cataloging each familiar gesture, each routine interaction, like a man trying to memorize the details of a beloved landscape before a storm.

After breakfast, Tom moved to his office to catch up on work emails while Jess tackled the laundry that had accumulated during his trip.

Around noon, Tom heard a lawnmower start up outside. He moved to the window, glancing down to see Bob pushing a mower across their backyard.

"Bob's mowing the lawn," Tom called to Jess, who was folding clothes in their bedroom.

"That's nice of him," she replied, appearing in the doorway. "We didn't ask him to do that, did we?"

"No," Tom confirmed. "But the yard did need it."

They watched together for a moment, Bob oblivious to their observation. There was something disconcerting about the normality of it, their tenant performing basic yard maintenance as if yesterday's confrontation had never happened.

"Should we offer to help?" Jess asked.

Tom tensed involuntarily. The thought of facing Bob again, of forced casual conversation after everything that had passed between them, made his stomach clench.

"Sure," he managed.

They made their way down to the yard, Tom steeling himself for Bob's reaction. But when the older man spotted them, he simply waved, shutting off the mower as they approached.

"Afternoon," Bob called, his tone casual, friendly, utterly devoid of the intimate knowledge that had colored yesterday's conversation. "Figured the yard could use a trim."

"You didn't have to do that," Jess said, though her smile showed her appreciation. "But thank you."

"No trouble," Bob replied, wiping sweat from his forehead with a forearm. "Good to stay busy." His eyes moved to Tom, offering a nod that could have been interpreted a dozen different ways. "Nice day for it."

Tom searched Bob's face for some sign, some acknowledgment of what had passed between them, but found nothing beyond neighborly pleasantness. It was as if Bob had compartmentalized yesterday's conversation, tucking it away until it became useful again.

"Need any help?" Tom asked, forcing casualness into his voice.

"Almost done with the mowing," Bob said. "But if you wanted to edge along the fence line, that'd be appreciated."

For the next hour, the three of them worked together in the yard. Jess collected fallen branches and debris, piling them neatly for disposal. Tom handled the edging, the buzz of the trimmer filling his ears, drowning out the thoughts that had plagued him since yesterday. Bob finished the mowing, then moved on to pruning the rosebushes he'd weeded earlier in the week.

The physical labor provided Tom with a welcome distraction, a way to channel his nervous energy into something productive. By the time they finished, the yard looked

better than it had in years, the hedges neatly trimmed, the grass evenly cut, the flower beds free of weeds.

"Looks good," Bob observed, surveying their work with evident satisfaction. "Amazing what a few hours can do."

"It does look great," Jess agreed. "Thanks for getting us motivated, Bob. We've been neglecting the yard."

"Happy to help," Bob replied. "Think I'll grab a shower. Getting too old to be out in this heat all day."

With a final nod, Bob left for his downstairs unit, leaving Tom and Jess alone in the yard.

"That was nice," Jess commented, gathering her gardening gloves. "Working together like that."

"Yeah," Tom agreed automatically, though his mind was elsewhere, still trying to reconcile Bob's current behavior with yesterday's confrontation. Was this the man's strategy? To act as if nothing had happened, to maintain the appearance of the helpful tenant while positioning himself for whatever came next?

The remainder of Sunday passed with quiet domesticity. They prepared dinner together, dicing vegetables side by side at the counter, moving around each other in their kitchen. The conversation flowed easily, touching on work, friends, plans for the coming week. If Tom occasionally fell silent, lost in his thoughts about Bob's offer and its implications, Jess didn't comment.

That night, when they went to bed, Tom found himself reaching for Jess with unexpected urgency. Whether driven by the need to reaffirm their connection or simply to lose himself in physical sensation, he couldn't have said. But when their bodies joined, when Jess's breath quickened against his neck and her nails dug into his shoulders, Tom was present, focused entirely on the woman beneath him, on her pleasure.

No fantasies intruded, no shadow of Bob's influence darkened the moment. It was just them, husband and wife, finding comfort and release in each other's bodies. When they finished, both breathless and satisfied, Tom held Jess close.

"I love you," he murmured as sleep began to claim him.

"Love you too," Jess replied, her voice already soft with approaching dreams.

Monday shattered Sunday's peaceful rhythm. Tom's alarm blared at an ungodly early time, dragging him unwillingly from sleep. The Meridian implementation loomed like

a thundercloud on his professional horizon, promising a week of long hours and complex problem-solving.

Beside him, Jess stirred but didn't fully wake, merely burrowing deeper into the blankets as Tom slipped from bed. He showered quickly, dressed in his usual business attire, and made coffee, leaving a mug on Jess's nightstand before pressing a gentle kiss to her temple.

"Have a good day," she murmured, half-asleep.

"You too," Tom replied. "See you tonight."

The drive to work provided space for reflection, his mind wandering away from the upcoming day's challenges to Bob's words from Saturday morning. These feelings you're having, Tom? They're normal. More common than you'd think. But they need to be handled carefully."

What exactly had Bob meant by "handled carefully"? The question lingered, forcing Tom to acknowledge that despite his initial revulsion at Bob's offer, some part of him understood the older man's point. These desires, watching Jess with other men, finding arousal in others wanting her, hadn't diminished since he'd first acknowledged them. If anything, giving them voice had only intensified their hold on him.

The week unfolded with punishing intensity at Davis & Associates. The Meridian implementation continued to present complex challenges, each solved problem revealing three more in its wake like a hydra. Tom found himself working late every night, often not reaching home until around 8 PM, exhausted and mentally drained.

Jess maintained her own busy schedule, dividing her time between the office on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, and working from home on Tuesday and Thursday. They passed like ships in the night, exchanging updates over quick dinners or late-night texts. The intimacy of the weekend seemed a distant memory by Wednesday, eroded by professional demands and physical exhaustion.

On Tuesday evening, as Tom warmed leftover pasta for a late dinner, Jess mentioned casually, "I chatted with Bob today."

Tom's hand paused, spoon suspended above the pot. "Oh?" he managed, striving for casual interest.

"He was working in the garden during my lunch break," Jess explained, pouring them both a glass of water. "I sat on the balcony, and we talked for a bit."

"What about?" Tom asked, resuming his stirring with forced casualness.

"Nothing important," Jess said. "Mostly about plants. He's quite knowledgeable, actually. Told me all about these native perennials he's thinking of planting along the back fence." She took a sip of her water. "I wasn't flirting or anything," she added, a hint of something, defensiveness? reassurance? coloring her tone. "Just being friendly. Like we agreed."

"Right," Tom nodded, surprised by the flicker of disappointment that accompanied her clarification. Despite everything, his careful suggestion to pause their exploration, his own conflicted feelings about Bob's offer, some part of him had hoped she might test those boundaries, might recapture the intriguing energy of their earlier conversations.

"He's easy to talk to," Jess continued, seeming not to notice Tom's reaction. "In that 'grandfather sharing wisdom' kind of way."

Tom handed her a plate of reheated pasta. The comparison of Bob to a grandfather should have been reassuring, should have alleviated the complicated tangle of emotions Bob's presence evoked. Instead, it intensified Tom's internal conflict. If Jess saw Bob as a harmless older man, a grandfatherly figure, then perhaps Bob's offer had merit. Perhaps he truly could serve as a "safe" outlet for the fantasies that continued to resurface despite Tom's attempts to suppress them.

The thought disturbed and intrigued him equally.

Thursday brought a similar report from Jess about another casual conversation with Bob during her lunch break. Again, she was careful to clarify that there had been no flirting, nothing that crossed the boundaries they'd established on Saturday. And again, Tom felt that unexpected twinge of disappointment, that silent wish that she might have pushed just a little, tested the waters despite his stated desire to pause their exploration.

As the day progressed, Tom found his thoughts returning with increasing frequency to Bob's offer, examining it from new angles, finding elements that made a perverse kind of sense. Perhaps there was something to Bob's claim of experience with these dynamics, something valuable in his warning about maintaining clear boundaries.

The memory of Thursday night's phone call with Jess, with her fake story about Chris Webb, kept surfacing in Tom's mind. The intensity of his arousal when he'd believed she might be with another man hadn't diminished with the revelation that the story was false. If anything, his fantasies had grown more vivid, more persistent, demanding outlet or acknowledgment.

By Friday morning, Tom had to admit, if only to himself, that his attempt to pause their exploration had been at least partly motivated by fear, not just of Bob's

manipulation but of his own desires. The days since their Saturday morning conversation had provided perspective, allowing Tom to separate his reaction to Bob's knowledge of his voyeurism from the underlying truth of what Bob had said about his fantasies.

These feelings weren't going away. Pretending otherwise was simply delaying the inevitable, postponing a conversation that needed to happen between him and Jess.

Friday afternoon found Tom at his desk, focusing on final preparations for the weekend handoff of the Meridian project, but his mind was elsewhere. Tonight's dinner with Jess loomed ahead, a commitment he'd made when he still believed that pausing their exploration was the right approach. Now, he wasn't so certain.

What would he say to her? How could he explain his evolution from wanting to pause everything to considering a careful, bounded exploration? Would she see it as weakness, as surrender to desires he should be able to control? Or would she understand, would she share some version of the curiosity that continued to pull at him despite his best efforts to ignore it?

His phone chimed with a text.

Jess: Looking forward to tonight.

Tom stared at the message. They needed this reconnection, this chance to talk openly without the immediate pressure of professional demands. Whether that conversation led to a continued pause or a cautious resumption of their exploration remained to be seen.

With a sigh, Tom turned back to his work, forcing himself to focus on the Meridian implementation. Each minute seemed to crawl by with excruciating slowness as his mind continually drifted to the evening ahead.

By 5 PM, he'd made enough progress to justify leaving, citing dinner plans when his team lead raised an eyebrow at his early departure. The drive home provided time to organize his thoughts, to prepare for the conversation ahead.

What did he want, really? The question was both simple and impossibly complex. He wanted Jess, of course. Her happiness, her trust, her love. But he also wanted to explore these newly acknowledged desires without surrendering control to Bob's manipulation or risking their marriage.

There had to be a middle ground, a path that acknowledged these feelings without giving them undue power or exposing Jess to unnecessary risk. Finding that path would require honesty, with himself and with Jess.

As Tom pulled into their driveway, he spotted Bob in the front yard, watering the newly planted flowers along the walkway. Their eyes met briefly as Tom emerged from his car, and Bob offered a casual nod, as if their Saturday conversation had been nothing more than a neighborly chat about lawn care.

"Evening," Bob called. "Flowers needed a drink in this heat."

"Thanks," Tom replied, genuine gratitude in his voice. Whatever Bob's motivations, the yard did look better for his attention.

"You folks have plans tonight?" Bob asked, shutting off the water and coiling the hose neatly. "Friday night and all."

"Dinner," Tom said, the single word revealing nothing of the evening's significance.

"Sounds like fun," Bob nodded.

The casual exchange felt surreal given everything unspoken between them, yet somehow appropriate, a tacit agreement to maintain surface civility while deeper currents flowed beneath.

As Tom headed inside, he realized that whatever happened next, with Jess, with their marriage, with these complicated desires, would be their choice, not Bob's. The older man might have inserted himself into their dynamic, might have accelerated Tom's acknowledgment of his fantasies, but he couldn't dictate their response. That remained firmly in Tom and Jess's hands.

Tom's fingers fidgeted with his collar as he waited for the Uber to arrive. The crisp white shirt felt suddenly restrictive against his throat despite having worn identical shirts countless times before. He checked his watch, then glanced toward their bedroom where Jess was putting the finishing touches on her makeup.

"Almost ready!" Jess called from the bedroom.

Tom checked his watch again. The Uber was two minutes away according to the app. He'd booked it slightly early, anticipating Jess would need extra time to finish getting ready. A small, unnecessary insurance against being late for their 8 PM reservation at Vesper, the upscale restaurant downtown that had required Tom to call in a favor from a client to secure a table on short notice.

"Our ride's almost here," he called back.

When Jess emerged from the bedroom, Tom froze. The emerald dress she'd worn to the Skyline launch hugged her body like it had been painted on, accentuating every curve while maintaining an air of sophistication that prevented it from appearing

explicitly sexual. Her blonde hair was styled to fall over one shoulder in loose, elegant waves, and a pair of modest diamond earrings, his gift for their second anniversary, glinted whenever she moved her head.

"You look..." Tom began, but the words died in his throat. Gorgeous felt inadequate. Stunning, too generic. Beautiful, too expected.

Jess smiled, understanding the silence. "Thank you," she said, moving toward him with a smile.

Tom had chosen his navy Tom Ford suit, the one he saved for important client meetings and special occasions. He wore a white dress shirt with a black tie and his black Italian leather oxfords gleamed with a fresh polish. He'd even taken extra time with his hair.

"I figured since you missed seeing me in this dress the first time, the least I could do was make it worth the wait," Jess said, reaching up to straighten his already-perfect tie.

"It was definitely worth the wait," Tom replied. He let his hands settle at her waist, feeling the smooth fabric of the dress beneath his palms. "If we didn't have a reservation..."

Jess laughed. "Later," she promised, her eyes holding a mischief that made his heart rate accelerate. "After dinner."

His phone buzzed, the app alerting him that their Uber had arrived. Tom reluctantly broke contact. "Shall we?" he asked.

Outside, the evening was pleasantly warm with just enough breeze to make the temperature comfortable. Their driver, a middle-aged woman with short gray hair, greeted them with politeness, confirming their destination before pulling away from the curb.

Tom watched as Jess settled into her seat, the slit in her dress revealing a tantalizing glimpse of thigh. The driver's eyes flickered to the rearview mirror, her gaze drawn naturally to Jess's beauty before returning to the road.

"Vesper, huh?" the driver commented, breaking the silence. "Special occasion?"

"Just a date night," Jess replied. "It's been a busy week."

"Well, you two look fantastic," the driver said. "That green is your color, honey."

Jess smiled, the compliment clearly appreciated. "Thank you."

Tom's hand found Jess's in the space between them, their fingers intertwining automatically. Despite the complications that had arisen since his return from San

Diego, despite Bob's manipulation and the unresolved tension of their "pause," this connection remained, solid and grounding.

"I'm looking forward to tonight," Tom said, his voice low enough that only Jess could hear. "Just us. No distractions."

"Me too," she replied, squeezing his hand gently.

The rest of the short drive passed in comfortable silence, both of them watching Austin's skyline grow more prominent as they approached downtown. The Uber pulled up to the restaurant's entrance, a discreet glass door beneath an understated sign illuminated by tasteful copper fixtures.

Tom helped Jess from the car, her heels clicking against the pavement as they approached the entrance. Inside, the restaurant exuded quiet luxury. Wood tables spaced far enough apart to ensure privacy, soft lighting from crystal chandeliers, and floor-to-ceiling windows offering views of the city lights. The hostess, a poised woman in a black dress, greeted them with a warm smile.

"Mr. and Mrs. Marshall," she said, checking her tablet. "Your table is ready. Please follow me."

As they moved through the restaurant, Tom was acutely aware of the glances they attracted. Jess in that emerald dress was impossible to ignore, drawing appreciative looks from both men and women. Each gaze sent that familiar pulse through Tom's body, pride mingling with something darker, something more complex.

Their table was positioned near the windows, offering a spectacular view while maintaining enough distance from neighboring tables to allow for private conversation. Tom held Jess's chair. He settled across from her, accepting the leather-bound menus from the hostess.

"Your server will be with you shortly," the hostess said before departing.

Alone at last, Tom found himself momentarily at a loss for words. All week, he'd rehearsed various openings for this conversation, different approaches to bridge the gap between their Saturday morning agreement to pause their exploration and his evolving thoughts on the matter. But now, faced with Jess across the table, radiant in emerald, all his carefully prepared phrases evaporated.

"This place is beautiful," Jess said, filling the silence as she glanced around. "How did you manage to get a reservation on such short notice?"

"Remember Jeremy Collins from Wilton Media? The client whose daughter is getting married next spring? I helped him secure a venue when everything was booked solid. He knows the owner here."

“The networking never stops,” Jess teased, though her smile held genuine appreciation.

Their server appeared, a tall man in his thirties with a discreet earpiece marking him as part of the restaurant’s staff. “Good evening,” he greeted them. “My name is Wilson, and I’ll be taking care of you tonight. May I start you with something from the bar?”

Tom glanced at Jess, who nodded slightly, a silent agreement to their usual dining ritual. “We’ll start with a bottle of wine,” Tom said. “Do you have the 2012 Gold & Silver Cabernet?”

“We do, sir. Excellent choice.”

“Perfect. We’ll take that,” Tom confirmed.

Wilson departed to retrieve their wine, leaving them alone again. Jess opened her menu, eyes scanning the offerings. “Everything looks amazing,” she commented. “What are you thinking of getting?”

“Probably the Beef Wellington,” Tom replied, though his attention was more on Jess than the menu. In the soft lighting, she seemed to glow. “How about you?”

“The lamb is calling my name,” Jess said, closing her menu decisively. She looked up, catching Tom’s gaze. “What?” she asked, a small smile playing at the corner of her lips.

“Nothing,” Tom said, returning her smile. “Just appreciating the view.”

A slight blush colored Jess’s cheeks, visible even in the dim lighting. After six years together, four of them married, he could still make her blush. It was one of the countless small wonders that continued to surprise him about their relationship.

Wilson returned with the wine, presenting the bottle for Tom’s inspection before uncorking it. He poured a small amount for Tom to taste, then, at Tom’s nod of approval, filled both their glasses.

“Are you ready to order?” Wilson asked.

They placed their appetizer and dinner orders, and the server disappeared once more, leaving them to their wine and conversation.

Tom lifted his glass. “To date night,” he said, offering a simple toast.

“To date night,” Jess echoed, touching her glass to his with a delicate clink.

The wine was excellent, rich and full-bodied with notes of dark fruit and hints of oak. Tom took a second appreciative sip, allowing the alcohol to warm his throat and settle some of the nervous energy that had been building all day.

"So," Jess began, setting her glass down. "How's the Meridian implementation going? Any progress this week?"

"Better than last week," he replied. "We've resolved most of the critical issues. The rest is just cleanup and documentation." He paused, considering how much detail to go into. "Davis seemed pleased with the progress. He mentioned he's back-channeling with the CEO directly. I think he's trying to position me for that Senior Consultant role we talked about."

"That's great, Tom," Jess said, her enthusiasm genuine. "When do you think he'll make it official?"

"Probably after the final implementation review if everything stays on track." Tom took another sip of wine. "What about you? Any updates on the Houston or Savannah projects?"

"Chen sent over the preliminary briefs for Houston yesterday," Jess said, her professional passion evident in the way she leaned forward slightly. "It's going to be challenging but exciting. They're looking at mid-century modern influences but with some Asian design elements mixed in. Right up my alley."

As Jess elaborated on the Houston project, Tom found himself relaxing into their conversation. This was the foundation of their relationship, genuine interest in each other's work, shared ambitions, mutual support. Whatever else was happening between them, this solid core remained.

Their appetizers arrived, a chilled seafood tower they'd decided to share. The elaborate presentation momentarily shifted their focus, both of them admiring the artful arrangement of fresh oysters, jumbo shrimp, and lump crab.

"This looks incredible," Jess said, selecting an oyster.

Tom watched as she tilted her head back slightly, letting the oyster slip from its shell into her mouth. The simple act carried an unintentional sensuality that sent a pulse of desire through him.

The wine continued to flow, each glass softening the edges of the week's stress, creating a buffer between their daily lives and this evening's sanctuary. By the time their main courses arrived, they'd settled into a comfortable rhythm of conversation that meandered between work anecdotes, family updates, gossip about mutual friends, and light-hearted debates about movies they wanted to see.

Beneath this surface normalcy, Tom could feel the weight of unspoken topics hovering between them. Jess occasionally glanced at him with that perceptive look that suggested she was waiting for him to broach the subject they'd both been avoiding. The wine had loosened his tongue just enough to make the prospect less daunting, but he still hesitated, uncertain how to begin.

"This lamb is perfect," Jess said, offering him a bite from her fork. The gesture was casual, intimate, a routine they'd established years ago of sharing tastes from each other's plates.

Tom accepted the bite. "That is good," he agreed. "Want to try the beef?"

Jess nodded, and he cut a small piece, raising his fork to her lips. Their eyes met as she took the offered bite, and something in her gaze, a knowing warmth, an invitation, gave him the courage he'd been seeking.

"Jess," he began, setting down his fork. "There's something I want to talk about."

Her expression shifted subtly, her eyes focusing more intently on his face. "I'm listening," she said.

Tom took a deep breath, then another sip of wine for good measure. "Remember last Saturday when we agreed to pause our... exploration? To take a step back and focus just on us for a while?"

Jess nodded, her fingers unconsciously playing with the stem of her wine glass. "I remember," she said.

"Well, I've been thinking about it all week, and I'm not sure that's really what I want." The words came out in a rush, as if he feared losing his nerve if he spoke too slowly.

Something flickered across Jess's face, not surprise, exactly, but recognition. "I suspected as much," she said quietly.

"You did?"

Jess nodded, taking a sip of her wine. "The way you responded to my story about Webb on the phone... that wasn't the reaction of someone who wants to pause anything, Tom. And when I mentioned my conversations with Bob this week, I could see it in your face. You were disappointed that I wasn't flirting with him."

Tom felt heat rise to his cheeks, caught off guard by her perceptiveness. "I didn't realize I was so transparent."

"Only to me," Jess assured him. "I've known you for years, Tom. I can read your expressions better than you think." She leaned back in her chair slightly, studying him.

“So, what changed? You were pretty adamant about taking a step back when you got home from San Diego.”

It was a fair question, one that required an honest answer. Tom chose his words carefully, aware of the delicate balance between truth and discretion. He couldn’t tell her about Bob’s confrontation, not without revealing the voyeurism that had started all of this, but he could explain the evolution of his thinking.

“I think I panicked,” he admitted. “After our phone call Thursday night, when you made up that story about Webb... the intensity of my reaction scared me. The fact that I was aroused by the thought of you with another man, that I said I’d be okay with it happening for real... it felt like I was losing control of something I didn’t fully understand.”

Jess listened attentively, her expression open and free of judgment. The knot in Tom’s chest loosened slightly at her receptiveness.

“So, I withdrew,” he continued. “I convinced myself that we needed to pause everything until I could sort out my feelings. But the truth is, all week, I’ve been thinking about it. These... desires, these fantasies, they’re not going away just because I decided to ignore them.”

“What exactly are you suggesting?” Jess asked, her tone careful but not dismissive.

Tom took another sip of wine, gathering his thoughts. “I’m not sure, exactly. I just know that pretending these feelings don’t exist isn’t the solution.”

Jess nodded slowly, absorbing his words. She was quiet for a long moment. Finally, she spoke, her voice steady but serious.

“I hear you, Tom. And I appreciate your honesty. But if we’re going to explore this further, whatever ‘this’ is, I need something I didn’t have before.”

“What’s that?”

“Concrete boundaries,” Jess replied firmly. “Real, specific rules that we both agree to and stick to, no matter what. The whole ‘do whatever feels right’ approach puts too much pressure on me and leaves too much room for misinterpretation.”

Tom nodded, relief washing over him at her apparent willingness to continue their exploration. “That makes sense,” he said. “What kind of boundaries are you thinking of?”

Jess glanced around, ensuring no one was close enough to overhear their conversation. “Before we get into specifics, I want to be clear about something. I’ve told you before, but I want to tell you again. There are aspects of this exploration

that… intrigue me. The feeling of being desired, the sense of power in knowing the effect I have on men, the excitement of pushing boundaries in a controlled way..."

Tom's pulse quickened at her admission.

"But," she continued, raising a finger in warning, "I'm also worried about the potential consequences. What if your feelings change after fantasy becomes reality? What if our relationship dynamic shifts in ways we're not prepared for? What if someone outside our marriage figures out what we're doing, and it becomes embarrassing or impacts our professional lives?"

"Those are all valid concerns," Tom acknowledged, recognizing the careful consideration she'd given the subject.

"I'm glad you see that," Jess said. "Because these aren't hypothetical worries, Tom. They're real risks we'd be taking with our marriage, with our lives together. And that's not something I'm willing to gamble with carelessly."

Tom found himself grateful for her pragmatism, her ability to see beyond the immediate allure of fantasy to the practical considerations they needed to address.

"You're right," he said. "We need boundaries. Clear ones."

"Exactly," Jess nodded. "I suggest we create a list of rules. Non-negotiables that apply no matter what happens, even for something as seemingly innocent as flirting."

"I'm all for that," Tom agreed, eager to demonstrate his willingness to approach this more methodically. "What did you have in mind?"

Jess sat up straighter, her expression shifting to something more businesslike despite the intimate nature of their conversation. She looked like she was about to present at a client meeting, organized and prepared.

"First," she began, "I need to state upfront that I'm not interested in having sex with anyone else. I'm open to pushing some boundaries, to exploring the fantasy to a certain degree, but I don't want you to keep pushing me toward that endpoint. That needs to be clear from the start."

Tom nodded, a complex mixture of slight relief but major disappointment washing through him. "Understood," he said. "No pressure toward sex with others."

"Good," Jess said, taking a sip of wine. "Now, as for the rules themselves. I think they need to cover a few key areas. Communication, veto power, privacy, and emotional boundaries."

Tom reached for the wine bottle, refilling their glasses as Jess continued.

"Rule one, communication," she stated. "Nothing happens without prior discussion and mutual agreement. Full disclosure about all interactions, no secrets or surprises. If I flirt with someone, you know about it beforehand, and I tell you everything afterwards."

"Agreed," Tom said immediately. "Complete transparency."

"Rule two, veto power," Jess continued. "Either of us can stop anything immediately, no questions asked. If at any point either of us becomes uncomfortable, saying 'stop' or 'I'm done' is enough to end whatever's happening without discussion or negotiation in the moment."

Tom nodded again. "Absolutely. Safety valve for both of us."

"Rule three, privacy," Jess said, her tone growing more serious. "This stays completely private between us. No sharing with friends, no matter how close." She gave him a pointed look. "Not even Madi gets details from me, and none of your work friends hear about this from you. And no friends or coworkers as potential partners, either. That's just asking for trouble."

Tom thought of Miles and his frequent comments about Jess's appearance. "Definitely agreed on that one. Professional and social circles are off-limits."

"And finally," Jess said, "rule four, emotional boundaries. No dating, no separate emotional relationships, no romantic connections outside our marriage. This is not about opening our relationship in the traditional sense."

"Makes perfect sense," Tom agreed. "No emotional relationships."

Jess seemed to relax slightly, shoulders loosening as they established these guidelines. "Those are the big four," she said. "We can add more specific ones as situations develop, but I think those cover the core principles."

Tom absorbed the rules, appreciating the clarity they provided. The structure felt right, necessary, a framework within which their exploration could occur without threatening the foundation of their marriage.

"I think these are excellent," he said sincerely.

Jess nodded, looking relieved at his easy acceptance of the boundaries. "The rules apply no matter what, Tom. We discuss it beforehand, we both agree, we share all details afterward, and we maintain veto power at all times."

"I understand," Tom assured her. "And I think it's the right approach. This is uncharted territory for both of us. Having clear guidelines makes sense."

Their server appeared to clear their plates and inquire about dessert. The interruption provided a natural break in their intense conversation, allowing both of them to collect their thoughts. They agreed to share the restaurant's famous chocolate soufflé, and Wilson departed to place their order.

When they were alone again, Jess took a long sip of her wine, studying Tom over the rim of her glass. "Can I ask you something directly?" she said, setting the glass down.

Tom nodded, though something in her tone made him wary. "Of course."

"Do you want me to flirt with Bob?"

The directness of her question made him acutely aware of how she knew nothing about his interaction with Bob, about the older man's offer of "guidance."

"I..." Tom started, then stopped, searching for the right words. "It's complicated," he admitted finally.

"Complicated how?" Jess pressed, her eyes never leaving his face.

"I'm attracted to the idea," Tom said carefully. "The fantasy of you flirting with him, of him wanting you, that definitely has a... certain appeal." He paused, weighing his next words. "But there are practical concerns too. He's our tenant. He lives in our house. If things became awkward or uncomfortable..."

"We'd still be stuck with him," Jess finished the thought.

"Exactly," Tom nodded, relieved at her understanding. "I think I need more time to think about the Bob situation specifically. Can I get back to you on that one?"

Jess studied him for a long moment, as if trying to read something beneath his words. Finally, she nodded. "That's fair. Take the time you need. We don't have to decide everything tonight."

Their soufflé arrived, perfectly timed. The server placed it between them with two spoons, then disappeared again, clearly sensing the private nature of their conversation.

Tom broke the soufflé's chocolatey crust with his spoon, releasing a cloud of steam. "This looks incredible," he said.

They each took a bite, the rich, warm chocolate providing a brief distraction. The dessert was objectively excellent, but Tom found himself more focused on Jess, on the way her lips closed around her spoon, on the slight furrow between her brows that suggested she was still processing their conversation.

"So," Tom ventured after a few bites of dessert, "assuming we're moving forward with this exploration, but with these new rules in place... where do we start?"

Jess considered the question. “I’m not sure,” she admitted. “Maybe we need a test run of sorts. Something controlled, with clear boundaries, to see how we both really feel when fantasy meets reality.”

Tom’s mind raced with possibilities. The wine had lowered his inhibitions just enough to make him bold. “What if we started tonight?” he suggested, leaning forward slightly.

“Tonight?” Jess echoed, surprise evident in her voice. “What did you have in mind?”

“After dinner,” Tom said, “we could go to Domino, that upscale nightclub. We could go for a drink, see how it feels for you to interact with other men. Nothing serious, just a test of the waters.”

Jess glanced down at her emerald dress. “I’m not exactly dressed for a nightclub, Tom.”

“You’re gorgeous,” Tom countered immediately. “And Domino isn’t your average nightclub. It’s high-end, sophisticated. That dress would be perfect.”

He could see her weighing the suggestion, considering potential scenarios. “I don’t know,” she said finally. “It feels like jumping in the deep end. Maybe we should start with something smaller, more controlled.”

“Fair enough,” Tom conceded, not wanting to push too hard. “It was just a thought. We can take this at whatever pace feels right for you.”

Jess took another bite of the soufflé, her expression thoughtful. “Actually,” she said after a moment, “maybe you’re right. Maybe a nightclub is the perfect starting point. Anonymous, no real stakes, just a chance to see how it feels for both of us.”

Tom’s heart rate accelerated at her reconsideration. “Really?”

“Really,” Jess nodded, a new determination in her eyes. “But with the rules in place. We discuss exactly what’s allowed beforehand, I tell you everything after, either of us can call it off at any point, and this stays between us.”

“Absolutely,” Tom agreed quickly. “We’ll define the boundaries clearly before we even get there.”

Jess raised her wine glass. “To new adventures, then,” she proposed, a hint of nervous excitement coloring her voice.

“To new adventures,” Tom echoed, touching his glass to hers.

As they finished their dessert and wine, the conversation shifted to the practical details of their impromptu nightclub plan. They agreed that Jess would be free to dance with other men, to accept drinks, though she would be careful about consumption, to

engage in light flirtation. Physical contact would be limited to dancing, nothing beyond what would be considered socially acceptable in a crowded nightclub.

Tom would remain nearby, observing rather than hovering, giving her space to interact naturally while ensuring her safety. They established a signal, Jess touching her right earring, which would indicate she wanted him to intervene.

By the time Wilson returned with their check, they had constructed a tentative framework for the evening ahead. Tom handed over his credit card, the substantial bill barely registering compared to the significance of the conversation they'd just had.

While they waited for Wilson to process the payment, Jess reached across the table to take Tom's hand. "Are you sure about this?" she asked, her voice soft but serious. "It's one thing to fantasize, another to actually see me..."

Tom squeezed her hand reassuringly. "I'm sure," he said, though the flutter of nervous anticipation in his stomach suggested a more complicated truth.

Wilson returned with the credit card slip, which Tom signed with a generous tip. The formalities completed, he stood and moved around the table to hold Jess's chair. As she rose, several nearby diners glanced their way, drawn to the movement, to Jess's undeniable presence.

Tom offered his arm, which she took with a smile that contained equal parts nervousness and excitement. Together, they made their way through the restaurant, past the hostess stand, and into the warm Austin night. As they stepped onto the sidewalk, waiting for the Uber Tom had already summoned, a group of well-dressed men exiting a bar down the street turned to stare openly at Jess.

The familiar thrill coursed through Tom's body, that complex mixture of pride and arousal, of possession and anticipation. Tonight, for the first time, he would allow that feeling room to breathe, to evolve beyond the confines of private fantasy into something visible, if carefully controlled.

Jess's hand tightened on his arm, her body leaning slightly closer. "Still sure about this?" she murmured, clearly having noticed the men's attention.

Tom looked down at her, at the woman who had been his center for six years, who understood him better than anyone else in the world, who was willing to explore his deepest fantasies despite her own hesitations. In that moment, he loved her more fiercely than ever before.

"I'm sure," he replied, pressing a kiss to her temple. "As long as we're together."

Jess's smile deepened, a hint of her own excitement breaking through her careful composure. "Together," she agreed. "Always."

Their Uber pulled up to the curb, its headlights briefly illuminating them in a wash of white light. Tom opened the door for Jess, watching as she gracefully folded herself into the backseat, the emerald dress riding up slightly to reveal more of her toned thighs. He followed her in, giving the driver their new destination.

As the car pulled away from Vesper, Tom felt as though they were leaving behind not just the restaurant but a version of their relationship, a known configuration that had served them well for years. What lay ahead was uncertain, uncharted, potentially dangerous in ways neither of them could fully anticipate.

The city lights blurred past the window, Austin's nightlife awakening as evening deepened. Next stop, Domino. The first test of fantasy against reality, of theory against practice. Tom's heart pounded with anticipation, with fear, with desire. Beside him, Jess's profile was illuminated by the passing streetlights, her expression a fascinating mixture of determination and vulnerability.

Whatever the night held, one thing was certain, they were venturing into this new territory hand in hand, bound by rules of their own making, guided by a shared commitment to honesty and mutual care. It might not be enough to protect them from every potential pitfall, but it was a beginning, a framework within which they could explore the shadows of desire while keeping sight of the light they'd built together.

The Bad Tenant Ch. 09

Tom's eyes cracked open to the insistent throb of a headache. The bedroom was flooded with daylight, not the gentle morning glow that usually filtered through their curtains, but the unforgiving brightness of late morning. He squinted at the bedside clock.

11:17 AM. Jesus Christ.

His mouth felt like it was stuffed with cotton and there was a dull pressure behind his eyes that suggested he was still halfway drunk.

Beside him, Jess lay sprawled on her stomach, blonde hair fanned across her pillow. The comforter had slipped down to reveal her bare back, a canvas of smooth skin interrupted by the red marks left there last night. After the club, after watching men's hands on her body.

The memory triggered a confusing mixture of arousal and something darker. Images flickered through his mind. Jess on the dance floor, the crowd of bodies around her.

He rubbed his face, willing the foggy memories to organize themselves into something coherent. They'd gone to dinner at Vesper first, had the conversation about boundaries, established rules. Then they'd decided to test those boundaries at Domino, a high-end nightclub downtown.

It had seemed like such a controlled way to explore his fantasies, a public place where nothing too extreme could happen, where they could dip their toes in the water without risking the deep end.

But they'd miscalculated.

Tom slid out of bed carefully, trying not to wake Jess. His head protested the vertical position, and he steadied himself against the nightstand. The floor was littered with their clothes, tossed aside in their frantic rush to get at each other when they'd returned home. He vaguely remembered the Uber driver glancing into the rearview mirror as they'd kissed and groped with escalating urgency in the backseat.

He put on a fresh pair of boxers, then padded to the bathroom. The face in the mirror looked like it belonged to someone else. Eyes bloodshot, hair sticking up at odd angles, a shadow of stubble darkening his jaw. He splashed cold water on his face, then reached for the bottle of Advil in the medicine cabinet.

Two pills later, Tom made his way to the kitchen, driven by an urgent need for caffeine. He filled the coffee maker with grounds, hit the brew button, and leaned against the counter while it gurgled to life.

The coffee maker finished with a final sputter. Tom poured himself a mug and took a cautious sip, wincing as the hot liquid hit his dry throat. Better. Not great, but better. He poured a second mug for Jess, added the splash of cream and sugar she preferred, and carried both back to the bedroom.

Jess was stirring when he returned, one arm flung across her face to block out the light. Tom set her mug on the nightstand and perched on the edge of the bed beside her.

"Hey," he said softly. "Brought you coffee."

Jess made a sound somewhere between a groan and a word, then slowly lowered her arm. Her eyes, when they finally opened, were as bloodshot as his.

"What time is it?" she rasped.

"About eleven-thirty," Tom replied. "How's your head?"

"Like someone's using it as a drum." She pushed herself up to sitting, clutching the sheet to her chest in a gesture that struck Tom as oddly modest given what they'd done mere hours ago. "Is that coffee?"

"Your favorite morning after cure." He handed her the mug, which she accepted gratefully.

"You're a saint," she murmured, blowing on the surface before taking a sip.

They sat in silence for a few moments, each nursing their coffee. Tom wanted to dive straight into analysis. What did she think? How did she feel? What lines had they crossed? but he held back, recognizing that Jess needed time to fully wake up, to gather her thoughts.

"Hungry?" he asked instead.

"Starving, actually," she admitted. "But not sure my stomach's ready for anything complicated."

"Eggs and toast?" Tom suggested.

That earned him a smile. "Eggs and toast sounds perfect."

Tom waited while Jess gathered enough energy to get out of bed. She slipped into her robe and ran a hand through her tangled hair.

"I look like hell," she muttered, glancing at the mirror.

“You look beautiful,” Tom replied automatically, because it was true. Even hungover, with smudged makeup and pillow creases on her cheek, she was still the most stunning woman he’d ever seen.

Jess rolled her eyes, but he caught the hint of pleased color that rose to her cheeks. Together, they made their way to the kitchen, moving with the careful slowness of the truly hungover.

Breakfast preparation became a shared task, silent but synchronized. Tom handled the eggs while Jess popped bread in the toaster and set the table.

“So,” Jess said finally, breaking the comfortable silence. “That was... a night.”

Tom couldn’t help the small laugh that escaped him. “That’s one way to put it.”

“I don’t think I’ve been that drunk in years,” Jess admitted, settling into her chair as Tom brought the eggs to the table.

“The tequila shots were probably overkill,” Tom agreed, taking the seat across from her.

“Probably?” Jess raised an eyebrow. “You mean definitely. I lost count after the third one.”

Tom spread butter on his toast, searching for the right words, the right approach. There were so many angles to what had happened, so many layers to unpack.

“It wasn’t just the shots, though,” he ventured. “There were all those drinks guys kept buying you.”

“God, yes,” Jess groaned, pressing a hand to her forehead. “I have a vague memory of someone ordering a round of something blue for everyone at the bar.”

“That would explain why your tongue was blue when you finally found me,” Tom remarked, the memory surfacing through the haze. “You looked like you’d been sucking off a Smurf.”

Jess snorted, nearly choking on her coffee. “Tom! That’s disgusting.”

“But true,” he insisted, grinning.

They ate in silence for a few minutes, both clearly sorting through the jumbled memories of the previous night. Finally, Tom decided it was time to broach the more serious aspects of their experience.

“So,” he began tentatively. “I think we made some big mistakes last night.”

Jess looked up from her plate. “Yeah,” she agreed. “We definitely did.”

"The drinking, for starters," Tom said. "We both went way over our limits."

"Especially me," Jess acknowledged. "I shouldn't have accepted all those drinks. I guess I got caught up in the... experience of it all."

"I should've intervened," Tom admitted. "I saw how much you were drinking, but I was caught up too. In watching you. In seeing how those guys reacted to you."

Jess nodded, setting down her coffee mug. "We also didn't check in with each other enough. We only talked once the whole night."

"When you came to find me at the bar," Tom said. "Around midnight?"

"I think it was closer to one," Jess said. "Everything's a bit blurry, to be honest."

Jess had emerged from the crowd, slightly breathless, her face flushed from dancing, her tongue blue. He'd asked if she was okay, if she was enjoying herself. She'd admitted to feeling self-conscious. That's when he'd told her to let loose, to forget he was there, to fully embrace the experience they'd come for.

And she had. After that brief conversation, she'd returned to the dance floor with a new abandon, allowing men to press closer, to whisper in her ear, to slide their hands lower on her hips and back.

"And then there was Morgan," Tom said, the memory of bumping into his coworker causing a fresh wave of anxiety. "That was... unexpected."

Jess winced. "Right. I forgot about that. You said you told him I was in the bathroom?"

"Yeah," Tom confirmed. "Said we were just leaving. But who knows if he believed me. Or if he saw you dancing with those guys."

Morgan wasn't a close friend, but he was well connected at Davis & Associates. If he'd seen anything, if he started asking questions or, worse, spreading rumors...

"That could have been a disaster," Jess said, voicing his thoughts. "Still could be if he recognized me."

"Do you think he did?" Tom asked, pulse quickening.

Jess considered this, her brow furrowing. "I don't know. We've only met a few times at company events. And the club was dark. I was in a big crowd..."

"But still," Tom said, "it highlights the risk. We didn't think that through at all."

"No," Jess agreed. "We didn't." She pushed her plate away, her appetite apparently gone. "What if it had been someone from my firm instead? Or a client? The emerald dress isn't exactly forgettable."

Their careers, their reputations, everything they'd worked for could be compromised by a single night's exploration, a few hours of reckless boundary pushing in a public space.

"So that's mistake number three," Tom summarized. "Too much drinking, not checking in enough, and not considering the public exposure, the risk to our professional lives. Public means we can't control who sees us."

Jess nodded. "It was naive to think we could just blend into the crowd, especially in Austin. It's not that big a city."

They fell silent again, both processing the implications of these realizations.

Finally, Jess spoke again, her voice softer now, more thoughtful. "But besides all that... parts of it were... interesting."

Tom looked up, meeting her eyes across the table. "Interesting how?"

"Being desired," she said simply. "Feeling that power again. It reminded me of modeling, that rush of knowing people are looking at me, wanting me. But this was more... immediate. More primal, I guess."

Tom swallowed. "Tell me about that."

Jess hesitated, a faint flush spreading across her cheeks. "It's hard to explain. It's like... when you're working, you're just you. Professional, focused on the task at hand. But last night, I was seen differently. Like purely sexual. Like something to be pursued."

"And you liked that feeling," Tom said, not a question but an observation.

"Parts of it," she admitted. "The attention was kind of… intoxicating. But I also didn't like feeling out of control. The alcohol, all the strangers... it was overwhelming at points."

Tom nodded, understanding. "I felt something similar, watching you. It was like... every time a guy approached you, I felt this surge of... I don't know. It's what I mentioned before, almost like possessiveness but mixed with this crazy arousal. The jealousy and the turn on were all tangled up together."

"And that was... good?" Jess asked cautiously.

"It was fucking intense," Tom said. "Seeing men want you, seeing their hands on you, their mouths close to your ear, and at the same time knowing they couldn't take you home. I was so goddamn hard the whole night, Jess. And when we finally got home..."

"Yeah," she breathed. "That was... pretty spectacular."

They'd barely made it through the front door before Tom had her against the wall, his hands everywhere, his mouth hungry on hers. They'd made it to the bed eventually, but not before a frenzied encounter in the hallway, clothes half-removed, inhibitions completely abandoned.

"Speaking of which," Tom began. "When we were... you know, after we got home, you mentioned something about those guys on the dance floor. About feeling them... get hard against you."

Jess's flush deepened, but she didn't look away. "Yes," she confirmed. "A few of them. Especially that tall guy in the blue shirt. He was... very enthusiastic about dancing close."

"Tell me about it," Tom urged, leaning forward slightly.

Jess took a sip of coffee, then set the mug down. "It was strange, actually. Exciting but also... impersonal? They didn't know me, not really. They just saw something they wanted."

"How did they touch you?" Tom asked.

"Different ways," she replied, her own voice matching his in intimacy. "Some were a bit unsure at first, just hands on my waist. Others were more... assertive. Hands sliding lower, pulling me closer."

"And you could feel them? Against you?"

"Yes," she admitted. "Especially when they'd pull me back against them. I could feel them hard through their pants, pressing against my ass or my lower back. A couple of times, it was... very obvious what they wanted."

Tom's pulse quickened, imagination filling in the details her words sketched. "Did they say things to you? While you were dancing?"

Jess nodded, tucking a strand of hair behind her ear. "They'd lean in close, use the music as an excuse to put their mouths near my ear. Some of it was just compliments, how beautiful I was, how sexy I looked in that dress."

"But not all of it," Tom pressed, sensing the hesitation in her voice.

"No," she confirmed. "Some of it was... what they wanted to do to me. Where they wanted to take me."

"And that turned you on," Tom stated, remembering her gasped confessions from the night before, when she'd admitted to being wet on the dance floor, aroused by the attention.

“Yes,” Jess said softly. “More than I expected. It was like... I wasn’t Jessica Marshall, professional interior designer, Tom Marshall’s wife. I was just a random woman dancing in a club.”

“You were incredible to watch,” Tom told her, honesty raw in his voice. “The way you moved, the way you responded to them without ever quite giving in completely.”

“I was always aware of you,” Jess admitted. “Even when I was trying to pretend I wasn’t. I kept thinking about how it would look to you, what would be too far, what would hurt you versus what would excite you.”

“None of it hurt,” Tom assured her, reaching across the table to take her hand. “I mean, the jealousy was real. Seeing their hands on you, watching them lean in to try to kiss you... it did something to me. But it didn’t hurt, Jess. It was the opposite. It was the hottest fucking thing I’ve ever experienced.”

Jess’s fingers tightened around his, her expression softening. “Really? You’re not just saying that?”

“Really,” Tom confirmed. “Last night just confirmed it. The jealousy, the possessiveness, it amplifies the excitement, the thrill.”

Jess nodded slowly, processing this. “I felt something similar,” she confessed. “Knowing you were watching, knowing what it was doing to you... that was a huge part of the turn on for me. It wasn’t just being wanted by all these strangers. It was being wanted by them while you watched.”

The honesty between them felt raw, exposed, but also cleansing. They were finally putting words to the complex dynamics that had been building between, naming the forces that had shifted the landscape of their marriage.

“So,” Tom said after a moment. “Where does that leave us? Last night proved this isn’t just fantasy. But it also highlighted the risks.”

Jess sighed, withdrawing her hand to run it through her hair. “I think we need to be more careful. Anything in public is risky. Morgan was a close call. Next time could be worse.”

“And the alcohol,” Tom added. “That was a huge mistake. It made us careless.”

“Exactly,” Jess agreed. “Plus, public means dealing with unpredictable strangers.”

“Not to mention the total lack of privacy,” Tom continued. “The whole point was to explore the fantasy in a controlled way. But a crowded nightclub isn’t exactly controlled.”

“No,” Jess said thoughtfully. “It’s not.”

They fell silent again. The risk was too great, the settings too unpredictable, the potential consequences too severe.

"So public exploration is off the table," Tom summarized. "But that leaves us where, exactly?"

Jess set her mug down and looked directly at him, her expression serious but not closed off. "What about what we discussed before? About... Bob?"

Tom's mind flashed to his conversation with Bob, to the older man's matter of fact assessment of Tom's desires, to his offer of "guidance" based on his own experiences with his ex-wife.

"I'm suggesting that I'm in a unique position here. I'm not a friend whose friendship you'd risk. I'm not a colleague whose gossip could damage your career. I'm not a complete stranger who might turn out to be dangerous. I'm just Bob, your tenant, with a clear understanding of what's at play and the experience to navigate them safely."

The words echoed in Tom's memory, taking on new significance in light of their realization about public exploration. Bob represented a controlled environment, a known quantity, someone who lived in their house and whose discretion was guaranteed by his own self interest.

But Bob also knew Tom's secret. Had seen him that night, watching through the window, had already leveraged that knowledge to initiate this very discussion.

"Tom?" Jess prompted when he remained silent. "What do you think?"

Her expression was open, curious, but not pressuring. She was genuinely seeking his opinion, unaware of the tangled web of complications that Bob's involvement would bring.

The smart thing, the safe thing, would be to shut it down immediately. To suggest they find another avenue or perhaps acknowledge that some fantasies were better left unexplored.

But the image of Jess on that dance floor, desired, pursued, touched, remained burned into his brain. The memory of their frantic coupling afterward, the intensity of his arousal, her responsiveness, the raw honesty of their whispered confessions in the dark, all of it testified to a deeper truth he couldn't deny.

These feelings, these desires, weren't going away. Bob had been right about that much, at least.

"Bob," Tom repeated. "You really think that might be the best approach?"

Jess hesitated. “I think it’s an option worth considering, given the risks we’ve with exploring this in public. He’s someone we know, in our home, with no connection to our professional lives. There’s a containment factor.”

Her language had shifted, becoming more analytical, more measured, the professional interior designer evaluating options rather than the wife discussing potential boundary explorations with her husband. Tom recognized the shift for what it was, a protective mechanism, a way to distance herself emotionally from a suggestion that carried significant weight.

“Containment,” Tom echoed, finding the term oddly appropriate given the volatile nature of what they were discussing. “That’s one way to look at it.”

“It’s not the only thing,” Jess added quickly. “There are others. The tenant-landlord relationship, the awkwardness if things go bad...”

“The age difference,” Tom contributed, watching her face. “The fact that he lives in our house, literally beneath our feet.”

“Yes,” Jess agreed. “All valid. But compared to the risks we saw last night...”

She left the sentence unfinished. Compared to potential professional scandal, to unpredictable strangers, to the complete loss of control that came with public exploration, Bob represented a known quantity. A contained risk.

Tom’s mind raced, calculating angles, considering possibilities. If he said no, would Jess press for the reason? Would she sense his evasion, his omission of the critical information about his interaction with Bob? But if he said yes, he’d be entering into an arrangement founded on deception, on a power dynamic that Bob had already manipulated to his advantage.

The sensible choice seemed obvious. Shut it down, find another way, protect Jess from Bob’s manipulations. But another part of Tom, a part he wasn’t particularly proud of at the moment, couldn’t help wondering what it would look like. Jess flirting with Bob, Bob’s hands on her while Tom watched.

“What if we just invited him for drinks in the yard?” Jess suggested, filling the silence. “Like when he moved in. Just a casual evening to see how it feels. No pressure, no expectations.”

“Drinks,” Tom repeated, the seemingly innocent suggestion igniting a cascade of potential scenarios in his mind.

“A toe in the water,” Jess clarified, leaning forward slightly. “We’d be in control, in our space, and we can end the evening at any point if it feels wrong.”

Her reasoning was sound. It was exactly the kind of thoughtful exploration of boundaries they'd discussed at Vesper, the kind of controlled experimentation they'd tried to achieve at Domino but failed due to the public setting and the alcohol.

"Just drinks," Tom said, testing the idea. "Just conversation. Just... seeing."

"Exactly," Jess confirmed. "If it feels awkward or forced or just... wrong, then we thank him for the evening and move on, no harm done."

"And if it doesn't?" Tom asked, unable to stop himself. "If it feels... right?"

Something flickered in Jess's eyes, a combination of uncertainty and curiosity. "Then we see where it goes. But slowly, carefully, with the boundaries we've established."

The four Rules. Communication, veto power, privacy, and emotional boundaries. The framework they'd constructed at Vesper, the guidelines meant to protect their marriage from the potentially destabilizing forces they were deliberately inviting in.

Tom knew he should answer. Should give Jess some indication of where his thoughts were trending, of how he was processing her suggestion. But the implications stacked upon implications, the secrets upon secrets, made any straightforward response impossible.

"Tom?" Jess prompted again, her expression growing more concerned at his prolonged silence. "What are you thinking?"

The question was deceptively simple yet impossibly complex. What was he thinking? That Bob had manipulated him masterfully. That he was contemplating an arrangement based on a foundation of half-truths and omissions. That despite all that, despite the ethical gymnastics required to justify it, the thought of seeing Jess with someone else still sent a jolt of arousal through him so potent it was difficult to concentrate on the risks.

"I'm thinking," Tom began carefully, "that we need to consider all the implications before we make any decisions. Bob isn't just anyone. He's our tenant. He lives in our house."

"I know," Jess acknowledged. "That's what makes it both ideal and a problem."

"Exactly," Tom nodded, grateful she understood without him having to elaborate. "It's not a decision to make lightly."

"No," Jess agreed. "It's not." She studied his face, her gaze searching. "But what do you want, Tom? What does your gut tell you?"

What did his gut tell him? It told him that Bob was manipulative, a potential threat to their marriage. But it also told him that the thought of Jess flirting with the older man was undeniably arousing.

His imagination supplied the scene with vivid clarity. The three of them in the yard, wine flowing, conversation growing more intimate, Jess deliberately pushing boundaries under Tom's watchful eye. Bob's hand finding her knee, her waist, her hair. Tom giving silent permission with a nod, a look, watching as another man wanted what was his, even touched what was his, but could never truly have what was his.

The fantasy collided with reality, with the memory of Bob's smile, his casual confidence as he outlined Tom's own desires to him with unsettling accuracy.

"The fantasies you're having, Tom? They're normal. More common than you'd think. But they need to be handled carefully. With respect for the marriage, with clear boundaries."

Had Bob been manipulating him? Absolutely. But had he also been right? That was the question Tom couldn't escape, the paradox he couldn't resolve, the reason his answer to Jess remained suspended between yes and no.

He looked at his wife across the table, at her patient expectation, her willingness to explore these complex desires despite her own reservations, her trust in him to guide them through potentially treacherous waters. The thought made it difficult to breathe, to think clearly, to separate desire from danger.

"I want..." Tom began, then stopped, searching for words that could encompass the contradictory impulses warring within him. "I want to explore this with you, safely. I want to see where these feelings lead without risking what we have. I want..."

He trailed off, the truth too complex, too multilayered to express in a simple statement of desire. What did he want? Everything and nothing. To watch Jess with another man and to keep her completely to himself. To explore the depths of his fantasies and to protect their marriage from any threat. To be honest with her and to hide his own complicity in Bob's machinations.

The contradictions paralyzed him, leaving him suspended between conflicting imperatives, unable to give Jess the clear answer she deserved.

"I think," Tom said finally, "that we need to really consider whether Bob is the right... avenue for this. Whether the potential benefits outweigh the risks."

Bob rubbed his eyes and leaned back in his chair, the artificial glow of the laptop screen the only light in his office. His notebook lay open beside the keyboard. A half-empty mug of coffee had gone cold, forgotten as he'd focused on the feed from the camera hidden in the Marshalls' bedroom.

He'd spent the night watching, waiting for them to return. When they finally stumbled through the door just after 2 AM, it had been immediately obvious they were drunk. Not tipsy, not buzzed, but proper shit faced drunk.

The night's surveillance had yielded mixed results. The positioning of the camera, his amateurish mistake from the initial installation, still restricted what he could see. Mostly feet, the edge of the bed, glimpses of movement when they passed through the frame. But while the visual had been lacking, the audio had been educational.

Bob rewound the footage for the third time, stopping at the point where they'd burst into the bedroom, already half-undressed. The rustling of clothes, a zipper, Jess's breathless laugh as she fell onto the bed.

"Tell me again," Tom's voice, hungry, demanding. "Tell me what it felt like when they touched you."

"So many hands," Jess had replied, her voice slurred but unmistakably aroused. "Kept pulling me against them, grinding on me."

"And you got wet." Not a question. A statement.

"Yes." Her admission was breathless. "One guy kept pressing against my ass, whispering these filthy things..."

"Like what? Tell me exactly what he said."

"That he wanted to take me to the bathroom, bend me over the sink."

Bob grimaced at the memory of what followed, the wet sounds of kissing, of frantic movement. Tom's voice growing rougher.

"Were you thinking about letting him? About following him to the bathroom?"

"No... maybe... I don't know. It was just hot to hear, to feel how hard he was for me."

Then the creaking of bedsprings, the rhythmic sound of sex, punctuated by Tom's continued questions, each more explicit than the last, and Jess's increasingly uninhibited responses.

Bob stopped the playback. They'd gone fucking clubbing. After all his careful groundwork, after the perfectly executed confrontation with Tom, after planting the seeds about safe exploration in controlled environments, they'd gone to a goddamn nightclub to explore their mutual fantasies with strangers.

He reached for his notebook, flipping back through the pages to the entry from last night.

"Friday evening. T arrived home from work. Intercepted him as he walked to front door. Casual conversation. T mentioned he and J were "going out tonight." J emerged wearing green dress (formal/cocktail). T in suit. Definitely special occasion."

He flipped forward, to the observations he'd made after their late-night return.

"Arrived home 2:13 AM. Both visibly intoxicated. J unsteady on heels, T supporting her as they entered. Clothes disheveled. Immediate sexual activity upon entry to bedroom. Context of conversation suggests nightclub environment. Multiple references to "dancing," "the club," "other guys." J apparently engaged in physical contact with multiple men while T observed. They're actively exploring T's voyeuristic tendencies in public settings. This presents both obstacle and opportunity."

Bob tapped his pen against the page, considering the implications. On one hand, their public exploration indicated that Tom had fully embraced his desires, had moved past the initial shock and shame of Bob's confrontation. Good. The seeds were germinating.

On the other hand, if they found satisfaction in anonymous nightclub encounters, his careful positioning as their "safe guide" through these waters might become irrelevant.

"Fuck," Bob muttered.

He stood and moved to the kitchen, retrieving a beer from the fridge. He popped the beer open and took a long pull, mind working through scenarios, evaluating options. Should he manufacture some reason to interact with them today? Create an opportunity to observe their post-club dynamic? No, that risked appearing too eager, too present. Better to maintain the careful distance he'd established all week.

After the confrontation with Tom last Saturday, Bob had deliberately played the long game. On Sunday, he'd convinced the couple to help with garden work, creating a shared activity where he'd been nothing but pleasant, never once hinting at the explosive conversation he'd had with Tom the day before. The stunned look on Tom's face had been worth every bit of restraint it took to pretend nothing had happened.

The rest of the week had followed the same pattern. When Jess worked from home on Tuesday and Thursday, he'd made sure to be visible, tending the garden during her lunch breaks. Their conversations had been friendly, casual, completely innocent. Just a harmless older man sharing gardening tips with a pretty young landlord.

Bob took another drink of beer, mind shifting back to the problem at hand. The Marshalls had gone clubbing. They'd tested their boundaries in public. Jess had danced with strangers while Tom watched.

"Amateurs," he scoffed, though there was more frustration than derision in the word.

The beer was cold and sharp in his throat as he pictured Jess on a dance floor, moving against strangers, letting them put their hands on her body. The image ignited both arousal and irritation. That should have been his hands. His opportunity. He'd laid the groundwork so carefully, had shown such patience.

But perhaps this was a necessary step. A testing of waters that would ultimately lead them back to the controlled environment he'd suggested. After all, nightclubs were notoriously unpredictable. Crowded, chaotic, filled with drunken strangers and potential disaster.

The Marshalls were smart people. They'd recognize the risks eventually. Might already be recognizing them, judging by how late they'd slept. Hangovers and regrets often went hand in hand.

He returned to his office, settling back into his chair and opening his notebook to a fresh page. At the top, he wrote: "NEXT STEPS."

Under this heading, he began to list options, potential moves in the intricate game he was playing.

"1. Maintain distance. Allow them to process their clubbing experiment without interference. Patience. Let them come to their own conclusions about the risks of public exploration.

2. Create casual interaction opportunity to gauge mood, current relationship dynamic. Garden work? Home repair issue?

3. More aggressive approach. Direct reminder to T about our conversation. Risk appearing too eager, pushing too hard."

Bob studied the options, weighing each against his understanding of the Marshalls' psychology, their current situation, the balance of power and desire he was attempting to manipulate.

Option 1 felt safest. They'd come home drunk, had impulsive sex fueled by their clubbing experiment. They needed time to process, to discuss, to evaluate. Pushing now might create resistance. Better to be present but peripheral, available but not eager.

He closed the notebook and finished his beer, mind settled on a course of action. Patience was his strongest asset. He'd waited decades for a woman like Jess. He could wait a bit longer.

He leaned back in his chair, hands behind his head, and allowed himself to imagine the various paths this situation might take. Perhaps they'd eventually decide clubbing was too risky, too public. Perhaps they'd recognize the wisdom in his suggestion to Tom, a controlled environment, a known quantity, a safe space to explore dangerous desires.

Perhaps, in trying to distance themselves from his influence, they'd walked directly into the scenario that would ultimately lead them back to him.

Bob smiled at the ceiling. He'd played his hand well last Saturday, had planted the seeds carefully, had maintained discipline throughout the week. Now it was just a matter of waiting for those seeds to bear fruit.

Bob stood, stretching muscles stiff from hours in the chair. He would do yard work today. Something visible, productive. He would wave if he saw them, exchange pleasantries if the opportunity arose, but otherwise maintain respectful distance. The friendly neighbor. The helpful tenant. For now.

Sunday afternoon, Jess racked the barbell with a satisfying clang, feeling the pleasant burn in her quads that signaled a workout well done. Sweat trickled down as she stepped away from the squat rack, wiping her forehead with the back of her hand. Four sets of heavy squats had left her legs trembling slightly, but the physical exertion had accomplished exactly what she'd hoped, drowning out the noise in her head.

The gym had become her sanctuary today, a place where the only conversations that mattered were between her muscles and her mind. No analysis of Friday night's club experiment. No breakfast discussions about Bob. No lingering questions about boundaries or jealousy or desires. Just iron, sweat, and the simple goal of pushing her body to its limits.

She'd left Tom at home, withdrawn in his office, catching up on work. They'd both needed the space, she suspected, time to process everything separately before coming back together. The weekend had been intense, to say the least, and sometimes the best way forward was a temporary step back.

Jess checked her watch. She'd completed her strength routine right on schedule, which left her thirty minutes for her usual treadmill finisher. She grabbed her water bottle and towel, scanning the cardio area for her favorite machine, the one positioned

perfectly to see the entire gym floor while remaining somewhat removed from the main traffic areas.

Finding it unoccupied, she quickly claimed it, programmed her usual interval routine, and began her warmup jog. The steady rhythm of her feet hitting the belt created a meditative backdrop, allowing her thoughts to drift into neutral territory. Work projects. The landscaping Bob had started in their backyard. Whether she should try that new vegan restaurant Madi had been raving about.

Twenty minutes in, Jess had found her stride, maintaining a comfortable pace that kept her heart rate elevated without pushing into the red zone. Her playlist shifted to an uptempo track, and she increased her speed slightly, matching the beat. The endorphins were flowing now, creating that particular high that only came from pushing through physical discomfort into the sweet spot beyond.

She was so focused on her run that she didn't notice Brandon until he was practically beside her treadmill, his imposing frame suddenly occupying her peripheral vision. He was wearing a fitted black tank top that seemed specifically designed to showcase his sculpted shoulders and arms, and compression shorts that left little to the imagination. His dark hair was damp with sweat, suggesting he'd been at the gym for a while already.

"Well, look who decided to grace us with her presence," Brandon announced, loud enough to be heard over the music playing through her earbuds. "I was starting to think you'd found another gym, Jess."

Jess pulled out one earbud, reducing her pace slightly to accommodate the conversation. "Not all of us have time to live at the gym, Brandon," she shot back, but her tone was playful rather than dismissive.

"And here I thought you were avoiding me." Brandon leaned against the adjacent machine. "Haven't seen you in what, a month?"

"Some of us have actual jobs that require more than just looking pretty and talking fast," she replied, referencing his career selling luxury cars. "I've been coming after work. And skipping weekends."

"Until today."

"Until today," she confirmed. "Tom's buried in work, so I figured I'd get out of the house."

Brandon's eyes made a journey down her body, lingering on her legs before returning to her face. "Those leggings should be illegal in at least thirty states. I have to keep telling you, Jess, you're going to cause an accident."

Jess rolled her eyes but couldn't quite suppress the small flicker of pleasure his attention triggered. Brandon's flirtation had always been so blatant, so unapologetic. She'd always dismissed it as just Brandon being Brandon, harmless but ultimately meaningless. But now, through the lens of Tom's confessions and their recent explorations, it felt different. Charged. Significant.

A thought slipped through her defenses. What would Tom think if she flirted back? If she leaned into Brandon's attention, then went home and told her husband all about it?

She pushed the idea away almost as quickly as it formed. Brandon was Tom's friend. They had history, connections, overlapping social circles. Brandon wasn't some anonymous stranger in a nightclub. He was a fixture in their lives, someone they'd have to face repeatedly.

Not to mention his friends with benefits arrangement with Madi created another layer of complication. The whole thing was a tangled web of potential consequences.

"How's business?" she asked, steering the conversation toward more neutral territory. "Sell any overpriced midlife crisis mobiles lately?"

Brandon's laugh was genuine, a deep rumble that always seemed to start in his chest. "As a matter of fact, I'm having my best quarter ever. Just last week, I sold a Bentley Continental GT to some tech kid who came in wearing flip-flops and a hoodie."

"Let me guess, he paid cash?"

"Better. Didn't even blink at the price tag. Three hundred grand might as well have been pocket change. Called his assistant right in front of me and had them wire the money. No financing, no haggling, just 'I want the blue one with the cream interior.'"

Jess chuckled, imagining the scene. "Must be nice."

"I mean, the commission alone..." Brandon trailed off, letting her imagination fill in the blanks. "But enough about my brilliance in separating rich guys from their money. How's life treating you?"

"Been busy with work. I've got these new projects in Houston and Savannah that are taking up all my mental bandwidth."

"Savannah, huh? Haunted mansions and Spanish moss? Sounds right up your alley."

"Boutique hotel conversion of an 1850s mansion," she clarified, impressed he'd remembered her professional interests so specifically. "It's a dream project, honestly. Tons of creative freedom, huge budget."

"And Tom? How's he holding up with you being so in demand?"

“He’s been traveling himself,” she replied. “San Diego last week for a client emergency. We’re both just... busy.”

Brandon nodded, his expression suddenly more thoughtful than flirtatious. “That’s the hustle, I guess. Chase those careers.”

“Says the man who practically lives at the dealership.”

“Different when you’re building something for yourself,” he countered. “All those hours translate directly to my bottom line. Corporate warriors like you and Tom, though...” He shook his head. “Always working for someone else’s dream.”

“I love what I do,” Jess defended, increasing her pace slightly.

“Never said you didn’t. Just wondering if the balance is worth it.” Brandon’s eyes met hers with unexpected directness. “When was the last time you two actually had fun?”

Friday night at Domino had been many things, exciting, boundary-pushing, illuminating. But “fun” wasn’t exactly the right word. It had been an experiment, a deliberate exploration of complicated desires.

“We manage,” she said finally. “Everyone’s busy these days.”

“Which is exactly why Madi’s been bugging me to set up a double date night,” Brandon replied, shifting back to his more typical lighthearted tone. “Dinner, drinks, maybe hit up that new place on Sixth Street that has the arcade games.”

“She mentioned that the other day,” Jess acknowledged. “Just haven’t had time to coordinate schedules.”

“Make time,” Brandon suggested. “Life’s too short to just work and sleep. Plus, I haven’t had a chance to properly harass Tom in weeks.”

Jess laughed, grateful for the lighter turn. “You’re incorrigible.”

“Part of my charm.” Brandon’s smile shifted to something slightly more intimate. “Speaking of which, have I mentioned how especially stunning you look today? Something about the whole sweaty, endorphin high thing really works for you.”

“I bet you say that to all the married women you harass at the gym,” Jess countered, but there was no bite to her words.

“Nope, just the ones I’ve had a crush on for years.”

“Yes, Brandon, I know. You’ve told me approximately a hundred times now.”

“And I’ll keep telling you until you finally admit there’s something between us.”

“There’s definitely something between us,” Jess agreed. “It’s called boundaries.”

Brandon clutched his chest. “That hurts, Jess. And after I’ve been nothing but a perfect gentleman.”

“Perfect gentleman?” Jess scoffed. “The last time we talked, you were practically writing an ode to my ass.”

“I call it like I see it,” Brandon shrugged unapologetically.

“How’s Madi?” Jess asked, changing the subject. “Besides wanting to set up double dates?”

“Ah, ah, ah,” Brandon wagged a finger. “You don’t get to deploy the Madi card just when the conversation gets interesting.”

“I’m not deploying anything. I’m genuinely curious about my best friend.”

“She’s good,” Brandon conceded. “Busy with some charity gala she’s planning. You probably know more than I do, honestly. You two are practically joined at the brain.”

“We talk,” Jess confirmed.

“About me, I hope,” Brandon’s cocky grin returned full force. “All good things, right?”

“Wouldn’t you like to know,” Jess retorted.

Brandon leaned slightly closer, his voice dropping to a more intimate register. “I would, actually. Very much.”

Jess felt a small thrill at his persistence, at the unabashed way he made his interest known. There was something refreshing about his straightforwardness, his comfort in his own skin. Brandon Steele knew exactly who he was and made no apologies for it.

“I’m sure your ego is robust enough without my contribution,” Jess replied.

“My ego’s just fine,” Brandon agreed. “But a man likes to know where he stands.”

“You stand precisely where you’ve always stood, Brandon. As Tom’s friend who enjoys playing the harmless flirt.”

“Harmless?” He raised an eyebrow. “Is that what you think?”

“Isn’t it?” Jess challenged, matching his gaze.

Brandon’s smile shifted, becoming something more genuine, almost vulnerable. “Maybe not entirely,” he admitted. “But I know the score. You’re Tom’s wife. I respect that, even if I occasionally enjoy testing the boundaries.”

Usually, their exchanges remained firmly in the realm of playful banter, never acknowledging the undercurrent that sometimes flowed beneath. This moment of honesty created an unexpected intimacy that made her slightly uncomfortable.

"Well, now you've gone and made it weird," she said lightly.

Brandon laughed, the moment passing as quickly as it had arrived. "Can't have that, can we? Let me try again." He cleared his throat dramatically. "Damn, Jess, those leggings make your ass look like…"

"Much better," Jess interrupted, joining his laughter. "Now you're back to being the Brandon I know how to handle."

"Handle, huh? Interesting choice of words."

"You know what I mean."

"I do," he conceded. "But seriously, about that double date. You should talk to Tom. It's been too long since we all hung out."

"I'll mention it," Jess promised. "Once things calm down a bit with work."

"Don't make me put Madi on you," Brandon warned. "You know she'll be relentless."

"Trust me, she already is." Jess checked the time on the treadmill display. "I've only got a few minutes left on this run."

"Perfect timing. I was about to hit the showers anyway." Brandon straightened, stretching his arms overhead in a movement that showcased his impressive physique. "Unless you'd care to join…"

"Don't push your luck, Brandon," Jess cut him off.

"Can't blame a guy for trying." He stepped back, giving her space. "You'll talk to Tom about getting together?"

"I said I would."

"Good." Brandon's smile became genuine again. "Text Madi when you guys figure out a date that works."

"Will do."

Brandon offered a small salute before turning to leave. "See you around, Jess. Try not to break too many hearts on your way out."

"Goodbye, Brandon," Jess called after him, shaking her head slightly as she watched him walk away.

The treadmill beeped its one-minute warning, and Jess returned her focus to finishing strong. As she pushed through the final interval, she found herself replaying the conversation with Brandon, examining it from different angles.

What would Tom think of their exchange? Would hearing about Brandon's persistent flirtation trigger that same complex mixture of jealousy and arousal that the club had inspired?

The final beep sounded, and the treadmill began its cool-down cycle. Jess slowed to a walk, her breathing gradually returning to normal as she contemplated the complicated web of relationships, desires, and boundaries that seemed to be growing more intricate by the day.

Her phone chimed with a text as she headed toward the exit.

Tom: Finished most of my work. Thinking about grilling for dinner. How's the gym?

Jess smiled, typing a quick reply.

Jess: Just finished. Bumped into Brandon. Same old Brandon. Steaks sound perfect. Be home in 20.

She hesitated, then added a message.

Jess: Love you.

His response was immediate.

Tom: Love you too. See you soon.

Jess slipped her phone into her bag and pushed through the gym doors into the bright afternoon sunlight.

Tom pulled into the driveway at 8:10 PM on Tuesday, tires skidding slightly on the pavement in his haste. He'd been held up by unexpected traffic, a fender bender on the highway that had cost him nearly twenty minutes of sitting in gridlock, inching forward while checking the clock every thirty seconds.

Twenty minutes that felt like an eternity, especially today.

He grabbed his laptop bag and nearly sprinted to the front door, fumbling with his keys for a moment before managing to get the door unlocked. Tom took the stairs two at a time, his heart racing with anticipation.

"Jess?" he called, emerging into their living room slightly breathless.

"In the kitchen," she called back, her voice casual, betraying nothing.

Tom crossed to the kitchen entrance, where he found Jess in front of the stove, stirring something that smelled like garlic and herbs. She wore simple gray leggings and an

oversized sweatshirt she'd stolen from him years ago. Nothing unusual. Nothing that indicated... anything.

"Hey," she smiled over her shoulder. "You're just in time. Dinner's almost ready."

"How was your day?" Tom asked, trying and failing to keep his voice neutral. It came out too eager, too quick.

Jess's eyes flickered to his face, a slight smile playing on her lips. She knew exactly why he was rushing, why he was almost vibrating with curiosity. "My day was fine," she replied, turning back to the stove. "The usual Tuesday. How was yours?"

"Fine. Good. Busy." The details of his work day seemed impossibly trivial right now, not worth the breath it would take to recount them. "Did you, uh, work from home?"

"Mmhmm," Jess hummed, removing a baking dish from the oven. Lasagna, Tom noted absently. One of his favorites. "Got a lot done on the Savannah project. They loved the preliminary concepts I sent over."

Tom watched her move around the kitchen, searching for any hint, any clue. "That's great," he said automatically. "Did you... take any breaks? Go outside at all? It was nice out today."

Jess's smile widened slightly as she set the lasagna on a trivet. "I did, actually. Took advantage of the sunshine."

"Yeah?" Tom prompted, moving closer, his hands finding her waist. "How'd that go?"

Jess turned in his arms, her expression amused. "Tom Marshall, are you fishing for details about something specific?" she asked, her tone light and teasing.

"Maybe," he admitted, not even bothering to deny it. "After our conversation yesterday..."

"Right," Jess said, her eyes meeting his directly. "That conversation."

Their long, intimate talk the night before, when they'd discussed boundaries again, when they'd mapped out potential next steps in this exploration of his fantasies, when Jess had surprised him with her receptiveness to his suggestions.

"So?" Tom pressed. "Did you...?"

"All in good time," Jess replied, gently disentangling herself from his arms. "Let's eat first. I'm starving, and I put a lot of effort into this lasagna."

Tom groaned, equal parts frustrated and amused. "You're killing me here."

“Patience is a virtue,” she sang, placing a hand on his chest and gently pushing him toward the table. “Food, then talk.”

“Fine,” Tom conceded, allowing himself to be guided to his chair. “But just so you know, this is torture.”

“So dramatic,” Jess laughed, bringing the lasagna to the table. “It’s just dinner, Tom.”

But they both knew it wasn’t just dinner. There was a charge in the air, an electric anticipation. Tom tried to focus on the food, which was delicious as always, but his mind kept skipping ahead, imagining possibilities, constructing scenarios based on Jess’s cryptic hints.

Had she actually followed through on what they’d discussed? Had she taken that step? And if so, how had it felt for her?

“You’re not even tasting that, are you?” Jess observed as Tom hastily forked another bite of lasagna into his mouth.

“What? No, it’s great,” Tom insisted, forcing himself to slow down and actually savor the food. “Really good.”

“Sure,” Jess said skeptically, though her smile remained. “You’ve had the same expression on your face for the past five minutes, and it’s not your ‘wow this lasagna is amazing’ look.”

“I just... I can’t stop thinking about...”

“I know,” Jess said softly, reaching across the table to take his hand. “And I promise we’ll talk about it. In detail. Just let me feed you first, okay?”

There was something in her tone, a combination of tenderness and anticipation, that helped Tom rein in his impatience. He squeezed her hand, then focused on enjoying the meal she’d prepared, asking about her work projects, sharing a few highlights from his own day.

Finally, after what felt like hours but was probably only fifteen minutes, they finished eating. Jess stood to clear the plates, but Tom jumped up.

“I’ll get those,” he said quickly. “You cooked.”

“Such a gentleman,” she teased, though she didn’t protest as he gathered the dishes and deposited them in the sink.

“Living room?” Tom suggested, and Jess nodded, leading the way to their couch.

She grabbed the remote as they settled in, turning on Netflix and scrolling through options with apparent casualness, as if they were just having a normal Tuesday

evening. Tom watched her with impatience while also enjoying the torture of anticipation.

"So," he finally said when he couldn't stand it any longer. "Are you going to tell me about your day, or do I have to guess?"

Jess lowered the remote and bit her lower lip, her expression shifting from casual to something more intimate. She turned to face him, tucking one leg beneath her on the couch.

"Well," she began, her voice soft. "You know how we talked yesterday about maybe... testing things?"

Tom nodded. "It was just yesterday. I remember."

"And you suggested that maybe words weren't the best starting point. That something more..." she paused, searching for the right word, "...visual might be a clearer signal of intent."

"Yes," Tom managed, his pulse quickening as she confirmed what he'd been wondering all evening.

Jess's eyes held his, a slight flush spreading across her cheeks. "I thought about what you said. A lot, actually. And today, when I took my lunch break, I decided to... experiment."

Tom leaned forward, unable to help himself. "What did you do?"

A small, almost shy smile curved Jess's lips. "Well, it was such a beautiful day. Sunshine, blue skies, hot enough that the pool looked inviting."

"Go on," Tom prompted when she paused.

"I put on my red swimsuit," Jess continued, watching his reaction. "You know the one. The one-piece that looks like something out of Baywatch. I figured... why not take a quick dip while Bob was working in the yard?"

Tom's heart was hammering in his chest. The red swimsuit. The one that displayed her long legs to perfection, that dipped low enough in front to show the upper curve of her breasts. It was devastatingly sexy on Jess.

"You went swimming? While Bob was outside?" Tom asked.

"I did," Jess confirmed, her eyes never leaving his face. "I went downstairs, said hello to Bob while he was pruning those bushes along the fence, and then I took a quick swim."

"And?" Tom pressed. "What happened?"

“Well,” Jess shifted slightly, her posture relaxing as she settled into the story. “Bob pretended he wasn’t watching me, but I could tell he was. I could feel his eyes on me while I swam. Nothing creepy, just... appreciative, I guess. When I came out, he had an iced tea waiting for me.” She laughed softly. “He said the heat must be making me thirsty.”

“Thoughtful of him,” Tom murmured, his mind filling in the visual. Jess emerging from the pool, water streaming down her body. Bob trying to be casual while offering her a drink.

“We sat on the loungers for a bit,” Jess continued. “He had a beer, I had the tea. Just chatting. About twenty minutes or so.”

“What did you talk about?” Tom asked, imagining the scene with vivid clarity.

“Nothing special,” Jess shrugged. “The weather, the yard, basic stuff. But the whole time, I could tell he was... affected. He kept shifting in his seat, crossing and uncrossing his legs. At one point, he actually dropped his beer when I stretched and had to scramble to catch it before it spilled everywhere.”

Tom couldn’t help the small surge of satisfaction that rushed through him at the image. “He was turned on,” he stated.

“Oh, definitely,” Jess confirmed, her smile widening slightly. “But he was trying so hard to be respectful, to not make it obvious. It was kind of sweet, actually. A bit shy, even.”

“Bob? Shy?” Tom raised an eyebrow, thinking of the man’s confidence in their private conversation.

“I know, right? But he was. He kept his eyes on my face most of the time, very deliberately. When they did wander, he’d catch himself and immediately look away, like he was scolding himself for looking.” Jess laughed softly. “It was almost endearing.”

“What did he say?” Tom pressed, fascinated by this glimpse of Bob through Jess’s eyes.

“He complimented me, said it was obvious I took care of my body. But he said it in this careful way, like he was trying to be respectful about it. So I told him about going to the gym and my yoga classes.”

Jess shifted on the couch, leaning closer to Tom. “He made this joke about how he’d be enjoying the pool more often now that the weather was nice. As if he wasn’t completely transparent.”

"Oh, and he did it again," Jess added, almost as an afterthought.

"Did what?" Tom asked, though he suspected he knew the answer.

"Called me 'princess' again," Jess replied. "When I was getting out of the pool. He said something like 'careful there, princess' when I almost slipped on the steps. It just... slipped out naturally, like he's used to saying it."

Tom felt his mouth go dry. "What did you say?"

"Nothing, really. I just smiled."

"And how did that make you feel?" Tom asked, studying her face. "Having him look at you like that?"

Jess caught her bottom lip between her teeth again, considering. "Powerful," she admitted after a moment. "Like I was in complete control of the situation. I knew exactly what I was doing to him, and I decided how much to give, how far to take it." She met Tom's eyes directly. "It was... exciting."

Tom swallowed hard, his body responding to her words, to the flush on her cheeks, to the memory of their conversation the day before when he'd suggested exactly this scenario. "And after? When you went back upstairs?"

"I finished my work," Jess said simply. "But I kept thinking about it. About the way he looked at me, about how obvious his reaction was." She leaned even closer. "And about how I would tell you about it later. That was the most exciting part."

Tom couldn't resist any longer. He reached for her, pulling her into his lap so that she straddled him. His hands found her hips, gripping them firmly as he looked up into her face. "You're incredible," he breathed. "Do you know that?"

Jess smiled, her hands resting on his shoulders. "I'm glad you think so. Because there's more."

Tom's eyebrows shot up. "More? What else happened with Bob?"

"Not Bob," Jess clarified, her fingers playing with the hair at the nape of his neck. "After work. I went to yoga."

"Oh," Tom said, momentarily thrown by the shift. "Right. It's Tuesday. Yoga day."

"Mmhmm," Jess confirmed. "And guess who was there? Still subbing for Amber while she's on maternity?"

"Derek," Tom supplied, the name sending a small jolt through him. Derek, the incredibly fit yoga instructor Jess had mentioned before. The one who'd given her those hands on "adjustments" to her posture.

"Exactly," Jess nodded, watching his reaction. "I haven't been to yoga in a couple of weeks, but there he was, still teaching the class and still offering that extra hour for advanced students afterward."

"And you stayed for the extra hour," Tom guessed.

"I did," Jess confirmed. "There were a few of us there."

Tom's hands tightened slightly on her hips. "And did Derek remember you?"

"Oh, he remembered me," Jess said, her voice slightly teasing. "He made a point of coming over to help with my postures."

"Did he now?" Tom tried to keep his voice neutral, but a hint of jealousy tinged arousal slipped through.

"He's very hands on with his teaching," Jess continued, clearly enjoying Tom's reaction. "While I was in Warrior II, he came up behind me and put his hands on my hips, rotating them to 'improve my alignment.' Then for the handstand, he spotted me, one hand on my waist, the other on my ankle."

Tom's imagination displayed the scene in vivid detail. Derek, with his athletic build and professional demeanor, standing close behind Jess, touching her body under the guise of teaching.

"After everyone else left, we talked for a bit," Jess added. "He brought up that conversation we had last time, about the deeper aspects of yoga. Energy flow and all that."

"Do you..." Tom hesitated, then decided to just ask directly. "Do you find him attractive?"

Jess's smile widened slightly, her eyes holding his. "Yes," she admitted frankly. "He's handsome, Tom. His body is like a sculpture, all lean muscle from years of yoga practice. And his skin is this incredible dark brown. When he demonstrates poses, it's like watching art in motion."

Tom's grip on her hips tightened further, his body reacting to her honest description. "Go on," he urged.

"He's tall, maybe six-three or six-four, and he has this presence. It's not like Brandon's cockiness. It's more... quiet confidence? Like he's completely comfortable in his own skin." Jess shifted slightly on Tom's lap, and he knew she could feel his growing arousal beneath her. "When he teaches, he barely has to raise his voice. Everyone just naturally pays attention to him."

"And he pays attention to you," Tom noted, a statement rather than a question.

“He does,” Jess confirmed, her hands sliding from Tom’s shoulders to his chest. “The way he looks at me is different from how Bob looked at me today, or how Brandon looks at me at the gym. It’s less obvious but more... intense somehow. Like he’s seeing right through me.”

Tom’s hands moved from her hips to her waist, slipping under the hem of her sweatshirt to find warm skin. “And that... affects you?” he asked, searching her face.

“It does,” Jess admitted softly. “But then I came home, thinking about how I’d tell you all of this. How I’d watch your reaction.” She leaned closer, her lips brushing his ear as she whispered, “Do you know what I’ve realized, Tom? I’ve had three different men look at me with open desire in the past three days. Brandon at the gym on Sunday, Bob today at lunch, Derek tonight at yoga.”

Tom held his breath as her words sank in. “And?” he managed.

“And if we’re really serious about exploring this... whatever this is between us,” Jess continued, “it wouldn’t be very hard to find willing participants.”

Something about her phrasing, about the directness of her statement, sent a jolt of both arousal and apprehension through Tom. This was no longer hypothetical, no longer just a fantasy to whisper about in the safety of their bedroom. Jess was acknowledging real possibilities, real people who desired her, who might act on that desire given the opportunity.

“Since you brought all this up,” Jess said, pulling back slightly to look into his eyes, “I can’t stop noticing it. The way men look at me. The way they react to me. And I can’t help wondering what it would be like to... explore that. To flirt back. To let them think they might have a chance.”

Her hands moved down to the hem of Tom’s shirt, slipping underneath to touch his bare skin. “But we need to be so, so careful,” she added. “There’s a lot of ways this could go wrong. That’s why we set those rules, those boundaries. No friends, no colleagues, no emotional connections. Complete honesty with each other.”

“I know,” Tom agreed. “I know the risks.”

“Do you really?” Jess pressed, her fingers tracing patterns on his chest. “Because once we open this door, Tom, I’m not sure we can close it again. Not completely.”

Her words were sobering despite the charge of arousal still crackling in the air. She was right. They were venturing into territory that could change them, change their marriage in ways they couldn’t fully anticipate.

“I want this,” Tom said, his voice steady despite the doubt lingering at the edges of his mind. “I want to explore it with you. Whatever it is. Wherever it leads us.”

“Even if it means another man’s hands on me like at Domino?” Jess asked.

Tom’s heart continued to hammer against his ribs, a physical manifestation of the conflict within him. Fear and desire, jealousy and arousal, all tangled together in a knot he couldn’t begin to unravel.

“Especially then,” he said.

Jess studied his face for a long moment, searching for something. Whatever she found seemed to satisfy her, because her expression softened, her body relaxing against his.

“Okay,” she whispered, her hands moving up to frame his face. “Then we’ll explore it together. Carefully. Following our rules.”

Tom nodded, unable to form words. Instead, he pulled her closer, his lips finding hers in a kiss that was both tender and desperate. Her response was immediate, her body melting against his as her mouth opened to deepen the kiss.

What had begun as conversation shifted seamlessly into something more primal. Tom’s hands moved beneath Jess’s sweatshirt, finding the clasp of her bra, unfastening it.

Jess broke the kiss long enough to pull the sweatshirt and bra off, revealing her bare torso. Tom’s hands moved to cup her breasts, his thumbs brushing over her nipples, drawing a soft gasp from her lips.

“I can’t stop thinking about it,” Tom admitted. “About Bob watching you come out of the pool, all wet in that red swimsuit. About Derek putting his hands on you during yoga.”

“And that turns you on,” Jess observed, grinding her hips down against his obvious arousal. “Knowing they want me. Knowing they can look but not touch. Not the way you can.”

“God, yes,” Tom groaned, his hands moving to her ass, gripping firmly through the thin material of her leggings. “Tell me more about Bob. How did he look at you when you came out of the pool?”

Jess smiled. “Like he was dying of thirst and I was the last drop of water on Earth,” she said. “His eyes went so wide when I climbed out of the pool. I could practically hear his thoughts.”

“What do you think he was thinking?” Tom asked, his fingers digging into the soft flesh of her ass.

“That he wanted to peel that wet suit off me,” Jess whispered, her breath hot against his ear. “That he wanted to feel if I was as wet underneath it.”

Tom's hips bucked involuntarily, his cock straining against the confines of his pants. "Were you? Wet underneath?"

"Maybe a little," Jess admitted, her smile turning wicked. "From the way he looked at me, from knowing I'd be telling you all about it later."

Her confession ignited something in Tom. He surged forward, kissing her more passionately, his hands moving to the waistband of her leggings. Jess lifted her hips, allowing him to pull them down, along with her underwear, until they tangled around her knees.

"And Derek?" Tom asked between kisses, his fingers finding her pussy. "Did he make you wet too?"

"Yes," Jess gasped as his fingers slipped through her folds, finding her already slick. "The way he touched me during poses, so professional on the surface but there was something else..."

Tom's thumb found her clit, circling it. "Something like what?" he prompted, watching her face contort with pleasure.

"Like he knew exactly what he was doing to me," Jess managed, her hips rocking against his hand. "Like every adjustment was an excuse to touch me, to see how I'd respond."

"And how did you respond?" Tom pushed two fingers inside her, feeling her inner walls clench around them.

"I..." Jess's voice faltered as his fingers curled, finding that spot inside her that made her gasp. "I let him. I leaned into his touch. I might have... mmm... moaned a little when he pressed deeper."

The image seared itself into Tom's brain, feeding the fire already burning in his veins. Jess, in her tight yoga clothes, responding to another man's touch with a sound of pleasure he knew intimately.

"Show me," Tom demanded, his fingers working her with increasing urgency. "Show me how you sound when he touches you."

Jess's head fell back, exposing the long column of her throat. The sound that escaped her lips was soft but unmistakably erotic, a breathy moan that sent blood rushing to Tom's already painfully hard cock.

"Fuck," he growled, his free hand fumbling with his belt, desperate now to feel her around him. "I need to be inside you."

Jess hopped off, her fingers unfastening his pants and pushing them down along with his boxers. His cock sprang free, hard against his stomach. She got back on top, positioning herself above him, her eyes locked on his as she slowly sank down, taking him in inch by exquisite inch.

"Oh god," Tom breathed as she enveloped him completely, her heat and wetness nearly unbearable in their intensity. "You feel so fucking amazing."

Jess began to move, rocking her hips in a slow, deliberate rhythm.

Tom moved his hands to her waist, guiding her movements.

For a long moment, they moved in sync, both enjoying the exquisite sensation provided by their life partner.

"Tell me," Jess urged, her voice breathy as she rode him. "Tell me what you're thinking right now."

"I'm thinking about how fucking beautiful you are," Tom managed. "About how lucky I am that you're mine, that you come home to me, even when so many other men want you."

"I'll always come home to you," Jess promised, her pace increasing. "No matter who looks, who wants, who touches, I'm yours, Tom."

The combination of physical pleasure and the emotional reassurance exactly what he needed. "Mine," he agreed, thrusting up to meet her downward movements. "Even when you're with someone else, you're still mine."

His words, the acknowledgment of her "with someone else" added another layer of intensity to their connection.

Jess leaned forward, changing the angle so that her clit ground against him with each movement.

Tom's hand moved between them, fingers finding her clit again, circling it with firm pressure. "Come for me," he urged. "Come on my cock while you think about all of them wanting you."

That seemed to do the trick. Moments later, Jess cried out, her body tensing then shuddering as waves of pleasure radiated out from her pussy. Tom felt her inner walls pulsing around him, drawing him toward his own release. But not yet. Not quite yet.

As her orgasm subsided, Jess slumped forward, her forehead resting against his for a moment as she caught her breath. Then, with a smile that was both tender and wicked, she climbed off him and slid to her knees between his thighs.

“My turn,” she murmured, her hand wrapping around his cock, still slick with her juices.

Tom’s head fell back against the couch cushions as Jess’s mouth enveloped him, warm and wet and perfect. Her tongue swirled around the head of his cock before she took him deeper.

“God, Jess,” he groaned, one hand tangling in her hair. “That feels... fuck...”

She pulled back slightly, her eyes lifting to meet his as she continued stroking him with her hand.

“Now what are you thinking about?” she asked. “When you’re close like this, what’s in your mind?”

“You,” Tom managed, his breathing ragged. “Always you.”

“Just me?” she pressed, her tongue darting out to tease the sensitive spot just beneath the head of his cock. “Or me with someone else?”

The directness of her question, combined with the physical sensation of her mouth and hand, pushed Tom dangerously close to the edge.

“You...” he started, but lost his train of thought as she took him deeper again. “God, I’m picturing you sucking on Bob’s huge cock.”

The words left his mouth before he could stop them. Tom froze, horror flooding through him at what he’d just revealed. Jess paused for a fraction of a second, then continued, her rhythm barely faltering.

“Is that what you want?” she asked as she pulled back. “To see that?”

“I…” Tom swallowed hard, trying to recover. “Yeah. One of many fantasies.”

She smiled up at him, seemingly accepting his explanation as she lowered her mouth over him again.

Tom exhaled shakily, both from the physical sensation and relief that she hadn’t questioned how he knew about Bob’s size. Jess’s movements became more focused now, more deliberate. Tom’s hands found her hair, not guiding but simply holding on, anchoring himself as pleasure built.

“I’m close,” he warned, his hips jerking involuntarily. “Jess, I’m going to-”

She didn’t pull away. Instead, she looked up, meeting his gaze directly as she took him to the root, her throat relaxing to accommodate his full length. The sight of her, on her knees, eyes locked on his, lips stretched around his cock, undid him.

Tom came with a shout, his whole body tensing as he came. Jess stayed with him through it, swallowing every last drop, her eyes never leaving his face.

When the last tremors subsided, she finally pulled back, a smile playing on her lips as she wiped her mouth with the back of her hand. Tom reached for her, pulling her up into his lap again, wrapping his arms around her in a tight embrace.

"You're incredible," he murmured against her hair. "I love you so fucking much."

"I love you too," Jess replied, her voice soft against his neck. "No matter what happens, no matter where this goes, that won't change."

They stayed like that for several minutes, simply holding each other, catching their breath, processing not just the physical connection they'd shared but the emotional implications of their ongoing exploration.

Eventually, Jess shifted, pulling back slightly to look at his face. "We should get cleaned up," she suggested with a small smile. "And maybe finish watching something on Netflix like a normal couple."

Tom laughed, releasing her reluctantly. "Normal. Right."

As Jess disappeared into the bathroom, Tom sat back on the couch, his mind replaying the events of the evening. Jess in her red swimsuit, Bob's barely concealed desire, Derek's "adjustments" during yoga, all of it now woven into the fabric of their shared experience, their evolving dynamic.

And his slip-up about Bob's "huge cock." Would she question that later? How would he explain knowing something so intimate about their tenant? The thought made his stomach tighten with anxiety, but for now at least, she seemed to have accepted it as just another facet of his fantasy.

Questions surfaced in his mind. Should he talk to Jess about his conversation with Bob? Should he talk to Bob himself? Acknowledge what was happening, address the older man's manipulations directly?

The thought of admitting to Jess that he and Bob had already discussed her filled Tom with a sense of dread. What could he possibly say? If he revealed Bob's approach, Jess would rightfully be furious at both of them. If he tried to establish some kind of ground rules with Bob without telling Jess, he'd be perpetuating the very deception he was trying to avoid.

No, Tom decided as Jess returned, her face freshly washed, her smile soft and genuine. For now, the best approach was to simply follow the path they'd begun to map out together. Bob was a complication, yes, but one they could navigate if they stayed focused on each other.

Jess settled beside him on the couch, curling into his side as she reached for the remote. "So, what are we watching?" she asked, as if they were just any other couple on a Tuesday night, as if they hadn't just crossed another threshold in their relationship.

"You choose," Tom replied, pressing a kiss to her temple. "I trust your judgment."

And he did. Despite the complexities they were navigating, despite the risks inherent in their exploration, despite his own conflicted feelings, Tom trusted Jess completely. Whatever came next, they would face it together, step by careful step, finding their way through this uncharted territory they'd chosen to explore.

The Bad Tenant Ch. 10

Jess stood in her walk-in closet, fingertips trailing across the row of swimsuits neatly hung alongside her summer clothes. The collection, accumulated over years of pool parties and beach vacations, offered a rainbow of options. Two days ago, she'd gone with the red one-piece, reserved by comparison to some of her other options, yet still striking enough to catch Bob's eye and give Tom something delicious to think about later.

Today called for something different.

She pulled out a black bikini with gold hardware connecting the pieces, holding it against her body as she considered her reflection in the full-length mirror. The top would showcase her cleavage nicely, the bottoms cut high enough to emphasize her long legs while still offering reasonable coverage.

Too safe, she decided, returning it to the rack.

Her hand paused over a white string bikini, the one Tom had bought her for a weekend in Cabo three years ago. Barely there, it had taken considerable coaxing from him for her to wear it even on their private hotel balcony. The memory of his face when she finally emerged wearing it brought a smile to her lips. She'd felt sexy, desirable, powerful in a way that went beyond her usual confidence.

Jess pulled the hanger free, considering the tiny scraps of fabric. As a test of boundaries, this would certainly qualify. But was it too much, too soon? The line between teasing and something more definitive felt paper thin, and she wasn't quite ready to blur it completely.

At the far end of the rack hung a turquoise bikini, one of her favorites. The halter top provided support while still showcasing her curves, and the bottoms struck a perfect balance between modest and alluring. More importantly, the vibrant color set off her tan and made her blonde hair appear even lighter by contrast.

Perfect, she decided, removing it from the hanger.

As she changed, Jess reflected on the past few days. Tuesday night had been incredible, Tom's response to her poolside interaction with Bob and yoga session with Derek exceeding her most optimistic expectations. The way his eyes had darkened as she recounted each detail, the barely contained desire in his touch as she'd straddled him on the couch, the intensity of their connection as they'd moved together, all of it had created something electric between them.

And instead of fading, that electricity had carried over into Wednesday. Tom had texted her throughout the day, little messages that might seem innocent to anyone else but carried layers of meaning for her. During dinner, his hand had found her thigh under the table, fingers tracing idle patterns that sent shivers up her spine. When they'd finally fallen into bed, their lovemaking had been neither frantic nor quick, but deep and almost reverent, punctuated by whispered "I love yous" that felt more meaningful than ever.

It struck her as almost painfully ironic that Tom's fantasies about other men were bringing them closer together. For months, they'd been drifting, not dramatically but noticeably. Sex had become less frequent, a casualty of busy schedules and the lingering tension from Tom's cryptocurrency investment disaster. His increasingly late nights at work had grated on her nerves, reading as indifference rather than dedication.

Now, those same late nights felt different. Tom working overtime wasn't avoiding her. It was providing for her, for them, for their future. The financial pressure had eased somewhat thanks to Bob's rent checks creating a reliable monthly cushion. And sex had become a source of connection rather than a chore to check off a relationship maintenance list.

Jess smiled at her reflection as she adjusted the turquoise top. There was light at the tunnel's end, and while she couldn't have predicted this particular path, she couldn't deny its effectiveness. She was having her cake and eating it too, exploring this playful, teasing side of herself with other men while coming home to a husband who not only accepted it but was actively turned on by it.

The bikini fit perfectly, showcasing the results of her consistent gym routine. Yoga and weight training had kept her body toned and strong. At twenty-seven, she felt more comfortable in her skin than she had at twenty, when she'd been modeling and constantly comparing herself to impossibly perfect women.

She turned, appraising herself critically. Her breasts filled the cups nicely. Her stomach was flat, with just enough definition around her obliques to show she took care of herself. Her legs had always been long, lean, shapely, and the high-cut bikini bottoms emphasized their length.

Yes, she looked good, and she knew it. Not in a conceited way, but with the confidence of a woman who fully understood her assets.

Jess grabbed a sheer white cover-up, slipping it over her shoulders but leaving it open in front. She added oversized sunglasses, gathered her hair into a loose ponytail, and stepped into simple white sandals.

In the kitchen, she filled a water bottle before moving to the balcony doors. Outside, the afternoon sun bathed their yard in golden light. And there, as she'd expected, was Bob, working on the flower beds along the back fence. He wore khaki shorts and a faded blue t-shirt that had seen better days, a wide-brimmed hat protecting his face from the sun.

Jess took a moment to watch him. Despite being in his mid-fifties, Bob moved with the casual strength of someone accustomed to physical labor. She could see why he'd been successful in his contracting business before the divorces took their toll.

She opened the balcony door and began descending the stairs to the pool area, making no effort to disguise her approach. The boards creaked slightly beneath her sandals, causing Bob to glance up from his work.

If she hadn't been watching for it, she might have missed the momentary widening of his eyes, the slight pause in his movements before he straightened and offered a casual wave.

"Afternoon," he called, his voice carrying easily across the yard. "Taking advantage of the sunshine again?"

"Thought I'd take another swim break," Jess replied, reaching the bottom of the stairs. "The pool's just sitting there looking inviting, and my brain needs a reset before my next call."

Bob nodded as if this made perfect sense, though his eyes briefly followed the movement of her cover-up as it fluttered in the light breeze.

"Smart move," he said, removing his gardening gloves and tucking them into his back pocket. "Nothing clears the head like water."

"How's the garden coming along?" Jess asked, approaching the pool's edge where she draped her cover-up over a lounger.

Bob gestured toward the flower beds. "I just planted some native perennials along the back fence. Minimal maintenance. They'll fill in nicely over the summer."

"You've transformed this space," Jess said.

"That's the advantage of my situation," Bob replied with a self-deprecating smile. "Plenty of time for projects like this."

There was something in his tone, not quite bitterness but a hint of resignation, that reminded Jess of his circumstances. From successful business owner to tenant in someone else's home. It must represent a significant adjustment.

"Well, we appreciate it," she said sincerely. "The yard's never looked better."

"Happy to do it," Bob assured her. "Gives me purpose, something constructive to focus on."

Jess nodded, then turned toward the pool. "I'm going to take a quick dip," she said. "Don't let me interrupt your work."

"Take your time," Bob replied easily. "I've been at it for hours. Probably due for a break myself."

She felt his eyes on her as she walked to the pool steps, but when she glanced back, he had already returned to his gardening, his attention seemingly focused on the flowers.

The water felt glorious against her skin as she slipped into the pool. Not too cold, not too warm, perfect for a hot summer afternoon in Austin. Jess glided through the water with strong, confident strokes, enjoying the sensation of weightlessness and freedom.

She didn't waste time, keeping her swim to just a few minutes, enough to cool off and feel refreshed without turning it into a proper workout. When she emerged from the pool, water streaming down her body, Bob was sitting at the patio table beneath the large umbrella, two drinks in front of him.

"Thought you might be thirsty," he called, holding up a glass of iced tea. "Same as Tuesday, if that's alright."

"That's perfect, thank you," Jess replied, grabbing a towel from the stack they kept in an outdoor storage box. She wrapped it around her waist loosely and made her way to the table.

Bob had positioned himself with his back to the sun, his face shadowed beneath his hat. He'd opened a beer for himself, condensation already forming on the bottle's surface. A respectable distance separated their chairs, close enough for conversation but not so close as to feel intrusive.

"Cheers," he said, lifting his beer as Jess took her seat.

"Cheers," she echoed, raising her iced tea. "To another beautiful day in Austin."

"Won't get any argument from me," Bob agreed. "Though it'll be hotter than hell soon."

"Don't remind me," Jess groaned, taking a sip of her tea. "I'm headed to Savannah for that project I mentioned. The humidity there makes Austin feel like a desert."

"When's that happening?"

"First trip is in a few weeks," Jess replied. "Then I'll be back and forth periodically after that. It's a major conversion project, so we're looking at about a year, though I won't be on-site that entire time."

"A big opportunity for you," Bob observed.

"It is," Jess confirmed. "So much history in those walls, so many architectural details worth preserving."

"Woodwork's probably the biggest challenge in those old places," Bob commented. "Moisture damage, termites, not to mention decades of paint layers hiding the original craftsmanship."

Jess looked at him with renewed interest. "That's exactly right. The preliminary assessment showed significant damage to some of the crown molding. The restoration will be a major undertaking."

Bob took a pull from his beer. "I've got some contacts in historical restoration. Craftsmen who specialize in period-accurate woodwork. Most are in Texas, but a few have national reach. Could put you in touch if that would be helpful."

"That would be amazing," Jess said, genuinely pleased. "The firm in Savannah has their own contractors, but additional resources never hurt."

"I'll dig through my old contacts list," Bob promised. "Even if my business days are behind me, those relationships still mean something."

"Thank you," Jess said. "That's really thoughtful."

Bob waved off her thanks. "Just paying forward some of the kindness you and Tom have shown me."

The conversation shifted to more casual topics, flowing easily despite their age gap and differing life experiences. Jess had heard parts of Bob's backstory before, but she listened with genuine interest as he filled in additional details.

"I was actually recruited by several D1 schools," Bob mentioned, taking a sip of his beer. "Football scholarships. Nebraska, Texas A&M, a few others."

"Really?" Jess perked up. "I had no idea you were that serious of an athlete."

Bob shrugged, a hint of pride breaking through his typically modest demeanor. "Offensive lineman. Six-three, two-ninety my senior year. Nobody could get around me."

"What position specifically?" Jess asked, finding herself genuinely curious.

"Right guard mostly." Bob smiled at the memory. "The weight room is where I really stood out though."

"Oh yeah?"

"Yeah," Bob nodded. "Only spent about three years seriously lifting, but I got my deadlift up to five hundred pounds by graduation."

Jess's eyes widened in genuine shock. "Five hundred? After just two years?" As someone who incorporated weightlifting into her own fitness routine, she understood exactly how impressive that was. Her own deadlift had taken years to build up to just over two hundred pounds, and she was considered strong among the women at her gym.

"Natural strength, I guess," Bob said, clearly pleased by her reaction. "My dad was the same way. It's why I turned down those scholarships, actually. Figured that kind of strength was better put to use in the family business than getting my brains scrambled on some football field."

Jess found herself reassessing the man across from her. The Bob she saw now, in his mid-fifties with his substantial but softer frame, still carried himself with that underlying power, but she hadn't fully appreciated the elite athlete he once was. It explained his surprising coordination and the efficient way he moved despite his size.

"So instead of going pro, you joined your father's plumbing business," Jess summarized, "then built your own contracting company, before the divorces..."

Bob nodded, the momentary light in his eyes dimming slightly as the conversation turned toward the less triumphant chapters of his life. "That's the condensed version. Traded one kind of glory for another, I suppose. Then lost that too."

There was something almost comforting about Bob's company. No pretension, no corporate doublespeak, just straightforward conversation grounded in real-world experience. It reminded her of talks with her own father.

The sun had shifted slightly, its rays now falling directly on the loungers. Jess glanced at her watch, noting she still had fifteen minutes before her next conference call.

A bold idea formed in her mind, sending a little thrill through her body. She thought of Tom's reaction when she'd told him about her previous interactions with Bob. How would he respond to this?

"I think I'll catch a few rays before heading back up," she said casually, standing and moving toward the nearest lounger. "Make the most of this sunshine."

Bob nodded, remaining in his seat. "Don't let me stop you."

Jess adjusted the lounger to a nearly flat position. Then, in a deliberate motion that she knew would capture Bob's attention, she removed the towel from around her waist and spread it over the lounger's surface.

She could feel Bob's eyes on her as she stretched out on her back, adjusting her sunglasses against the bright light. They sat in silence for a few minutes, Bob sipping his beer while Jess soaked up the sun.

Then, in a movement that felt both perfectly natural and electrically charged, she turned over onto her stomach.

"Bob, would you mind doing me a huge favor?" she asked, glancing back over her shoulder. "There's some sunscreen in that bag. Would you mind applying some to my back? I can't reach it properly."

The silence that followed seemed to stretch forever, though it probably lasted only seconds.

"Are you sure?" Bob asked, his voice carefully neutral.

"If it's not too much trouble," Jess replied. "I burn easily, and I don't want to be lobster-red for my video call later."

"No trouble," Bob said, setting down his beer and standing. "Let me wash my hands first. Been digging in the dirt all morning."

He moved to the outdoor sink they'd installed near the barbecue, thoroughly washing his hands before retrieving the sunscreen. When he returned, his movements were almost cautious.

"This might be cold," he warned as he squeezed some lotion onto his palm.

"I'm prepared," Jess assured him, resting her head on her folded arms.

The first touch of Bob's hands on her back made her inhale sharply. His fingers were broad and strong, but surprisingly gentle as they spread the lotion across her shoulders and upper back.

"Is the pressure okay?" he asked.

"It's fine," Jess replied, then decided to push further. "Actually, you could press a little harder. I'm pretty tense from sitting at my desk all day."

Bob's hands hesitated briefly before increasing their pressure, finding the knots of tension along her shoulder blades and working them with surprising skill. His thumbs pressed into the muscles bracketing her spine, drawing a small, involuntary sound of pleasure from her.

"Sorry," she murmured. "That just felt really good."

"Used to do this for Sarah," Bob said, his hands continuing their steady work. "She carried all her stress in her shoulders too."

The mention of his ex-wife was a reminder that Bob was a man with history, with experience, not just a means to Tom's fantasy fulfillment.

"You're good at it," Jess commented, allowing herself to relax into his touch. "Professional quality."

Bob chuckled, the sound warm and genuine. "Just one of those useful life skills. Like knowing how to change a tire or fix a leaky faucet."

His hands moved lower, working the muscles of her middle back with the same careful attention. Jess felt herself melting, the tension she hadn't even realized she was carrying dissolving beneath his touch.

"So the Savannah project," Bob said, his voice casual as if they were still sitting across from each other at the table rather than engaged in this far more intimate interaction. "Is Tom going with you on any of those trips?"

"Probably not," Jess replied. "His work schedule is even more packed than mine these days. And with the Meridian implementation, he can't really take time off."

"That's too bad," Bob commented. "Savannah's a beautiful city. Romantic too. All that history..."

"It is beautiful," Jess agreed. "Maybe once the project is further along and his schedule eases up a bit."

Bob's hands moved to the small of her back, fingers working just above the waistline of her bikini bottoms. Jess became acutely aware of the vulnerability of her position. Face down, practically half-naked, with Bob's large hands on her body. Yet she felt no fear, no real discomfort.

"I think that does it," Bob said, his hands finally lifting from her skin. "Should be fully protected from the sun now."

Jess turned her head to look up at him, offering a smile. "Thank you. That felt amazing."

Bob stepped back, recapping the sunscreen bottle. "Happy to help," he said. "Hate to see good skin damaged by the sun."

Jess glanced at her watch and sighed. "I should probably head back up. My call's in ten minutes, and I need to make myself presentable."

"Certainly don't look presentable now," Bob agreed with gentle teasing in his voice. "Far too relaxed."

She laughed, appreciating his ability to lighten the moment. "The hazards of an excellent back rub."

Sitting up, Jess reached for her cover-up and slipped it on.

"Thanks again for the tea," she said, standing. "And the conversation. And the sunscreen application."

"Anytime," Bob replied, then quickly amended, "I mean, the tea and conversation are always available. The rest is... well, whatever you're comfortable with."

There was something touching about his awkwardness, the way he tried to balance being friendly without overstepping. Whether that was genuine respect or deliberate restraint, Jess couldn't quite determine. Regardless, it created a space where she felt safe to explore without pressure.

"I'll see you around," she said, starting toward the stairs.

"Count on it," Bob replied, already turning back to his gardening. "Good luck with your call."

Jess climbed the stairs to the balcony, her mind racing with thoughts of how she'd describe this encounter to Tom later. The way Bob's hands had felt on her skin, strong and competent. The casual conversation they'd maintained throughout, as if massaging his landlord's nearly naked wife was the most natural thing in the world. The tension beneath the seeming normality of it all.

She wondered how far she could take this, how much further she could push the boundaries while still maintaining that crucial sense of control. Not for Bob's sake, but for Tom's, to see his eyes darken with that particular mix of jealousy and arousal.

Inside, Jess headed straight for the shower, needing to rinse off the sunscreen and chlorine before her call.

As Jess stepped out of the shower and wrapped herself in a towel, her phone chimed with a text message. She picked it up, expecting to see her work team reminding her about the upcoming call.

Instead, it was Tom.

Tom: Can't stop thinking about you today. Something tells me you've been up to no good. Can't wait to hear all about it tonight.

Jess smiled, her fingers typing a response.

Jess: Maybe. You'll just have to wait and see. Love you.

His reply came almost instantly.

Tom: Love you too. More than anything.

That's what mattered, ultimately. The foundation of trust and love that allowed them to explore these new territories together. Everything else was just… seasoning, adding spice to an already solid recipe.

Jess dressed quickly, transforming back into her professional self for the upcoming call. As she sat down at her desk and opened her laptop, her mind was already half-planning tonight's conversation with Tom, anticipating his reactions, the questions he'd ask, the details he'd want to hear.

With a few minutes still remaining before her call, Jess let herself remember the feeling of Bob's hands working the tension from her muscles, the surprising tenderness in his touch despite his size and strength. It had been a bold step forward in their exploration, crossing a physical boundary they hadn't previously approached.

Her laptop chimed, alerting her to the impending call. Jess straightened in her chair, adjusted her webcam, and prepared to dive back into the professional world of design challenges and client expectations. But a part of her mind remained fixed on the afternoon's encounter, carefully cataloging each sensation, each nuance, to share with Tom later.

She had a feeling tonight would be another memorable evening in what was becoming a remarkable new chapter in their relationship.

Tom leaned back in his office chair, fingers hovering over the keyboard as he squinted at the Meridian implementation spreadsheet on his monitor. The numbers were important to the strategy, but his concentration kept slipping away.

He glanced at his watch. 10:47 AM. Jess would be deep into brunch with Madi by now. Those brunches typically ran long, especially when Madi was in full storytelling mode. He had at least another hour, probably two, before Jess would return.

Plenty of time to focus on work. If only his mind would cooperate.

Instead, his thoughts kept circling back to the past week, replaying moments like favorite scenes from a movie. Tuesday night after Jess's swim and yoga class. Wednesday evening's unexpectedly tender lovemaking. Thursday's revelation about Bob applying sunscreen to her barely covered body. Yesterday's casual mention of Derek's "helpful" adjustments during her extended yoga session.

Tom saved the spreadsheet and pushed back from his desk. Who was he kidding? Work wasn't happening, not with these images filling his head.

The house felt different somehow. Quieter with Jess out with Madi, but also charged with something new, as if the walls themselves had absorbed the energy of their evolving relationship.

He moved to the window, gazing out at their backyard. The pool glittered in the late morning sunlight, the scene of so many recent developments. Tom could almost see Jess there in her turquoise bikini, Bob's broad hands spreading lotion across her back.

"He was so careful," she'd told him Thursday night. "Professional, almost. But I could tell it was affecting him. His breathing changed, and once or twice, his hands lingered just a little longer than necessary."

That image had fueled their intense sex, Tom taking her from behind while she described how Bob's hands had felt on her skin.

The sex had been incredible, yes, but it was more than that. It was the renewed connection, the heightened awareness of each other. Tom found himself noticing things about Jess he'd started taking for granted, the graceful way she moved around their kitchen, the unconscious habit she had of tucking her hair behind her ear when concentrating, the slight furrow between her brows when she was reading something challenging.

It was as if his senses had been recalibrated, tuned to a frequency that made everything about her more vivid, more present. She wasn't just his wife of four years, his partner of six. She was Jess Marshall, beautiful, desirable, coveted by other men yet choosing to come home to him each night.

The change was apparent in her too. She seemed more relaxed, more playful. The lingering tension from his cryptocurrency disaster had largely dissipated, replaced by a new energy that manifested in unexpected ways. She texted him throughout the day, little messages that might seem innocent to anyone else but carried layers of meaning for him. She'd taken to wearing lingerie to bed again, something that had fallen by the wayside in recent months.

And yesterday, Tom smiled at the memory, she'd casually mentioned that Derek had pulled her aside after yoga class, suggesting she might benefit from "personalized sessions" to deepen her practice.

"He said I have natural ability," Jess had told him over dinner, her eyes never leaving his face as she gauged his reaction. "That my body intuitively understands movement. He thinks with some personalized sessions, I could advance much faster."

"And what did you say?" Tom had asked, working to keep his voice neutral despite the immediate tightening in his groin.

“I told him I’d think about it,” she’d replied with a small smile. “That I’d need to discuss it with my husband first.”

The conversation had led to yet another night of passionate reconnection.

The doorbell’s sudden chime jolted Tom. He glanced at his watch again. 11:03 AM. Too early for Jess to be back from brunch, but maybe she’d forgotten something. Her wallet or phone.

He made his way downstairs, not bothering to check his appearance.

But when Tom opened the front door, it wasn’t Jess standing on their porch. It was Bob, dressed in cargo shorts and a faded University of Texas t-shirt, a baseball cap shading his eyes from the late morning sun.

“Morning,” Bob said with a casual nod. “Got a minute?”

Tom hesitated. With Jess out of the house, talking to Bob felt loaded with implications. Especially given their last private conversation and everything that had transpired since.

“Sure,” Tom replied, stepping back to allow Bob entry. “Jess is out with her friend if you were looking for her.”

“Actually,” Bob said as he stepped into the foyer, “I was hoping to catch you alone.”

There was something in Bob’s tone, a certain directness that cut through any pretense of casual neighborliness. This wasn’t a tenant issue.

Tom closed the door, keeping them in the foyer rather than inviting Bob upstairs. Something in him wanted to contain this conversation, to keep it separate from the spaces he shared with Jess.

“What’s on your mind?” Tom asked, aiming for casual but hearing the slight edge in his own voice.

“I wanted to talk about Jess,” Bob said. “About Tuesday. And Thursday.”

Tom crossed his arms, a defensive posture he recognized even as he assumed it. “What about them?”

“Look,” Bob began, “I just want to make sure we’re all on the same page here. After that day in the garden, when she first swam in the red suit, I wasn’t sure if it was just Jess being friendly or something more.”

Tom remained silent, waiting for Bob to continue.

“But Thursday,” Bob went on, “when she asked me to put sunscreen on her back... that felt like a clear signal. I just want to be sure you’re comfortable with where this is heading.”

“I am,” Tom replied, the words coming more easily than he’d expected. “Jess and I have discussed it.”

Bob nodded, as if this confirmed something he’d already suspected. “That’s good. Open communication’s important.” He shifted his weight, his massive frame somehow making the foyer feel smaller. “She’s quite something, your wife. Smart, beautiful, confident.”

“She is,” Tom agreed, unsure where this was going.

“She told me about the club,” Bob said suddenly, his eyes fixed on Tom’s face, watching for his reaction. “About how she got wet dancing with those guys. How she was so turned on she thought about following one of them to the bathroom.”

Tom blinked, a cold sensation spreading through his chest. Jess had told Bob about Domino? About getting aroused while dancing with strangers? They’d agreed to keep their exploration private.

“When did she tell you that?” Tom asked, trying to keep his voice steady.

“Thursday,” Bob replied. “While we were sitting by the pool, before the whole sunscreen thing. She mentioned you’d been to a nightclub.”

Tom’s mind raced back to that night, to their drunk, fumbling conversation on the way home, to Jess’s breathless confession as he’d taken her.

“One guy kept pressing against my ass, whispering these filthy things...”

“Like what? Tell me exactly what he said.”

“That he wanted to take me to the bathroom, bend me over the sink.”

“Were you thinking about letting him? About following him to the bathroom?”

“No... maybe... I don’t know. It was just hot to hear, to feel how hard he was for me.”

That wasn’t quite the same as what Bob was suggesting. Jess hadn’t said she was seriously considering following the guy to the bathroom. She’d been turned on by the attention, yes, but her answer had been tentative, uncertain, more about the thrill of being desired than actually acting on it.

Unless... she’d told Bob something she hadn’t told Tom.

The thought landed like a rock in Tom's stomach. What else might Jess have shared with Bob during their private poolside chats? What else might she have admitted to their tenant that she'd kept from her husband?

"She told you all that?" Tom asked, unable to keep the hint of disbelief from his voice.

Bob shrugged. "She did. I think she was trying to gauge my reaction, see if I'd judge her." He offered a small smile. "I didn't, of course. People are complicated. Marriages even more so."

Tom's mind was spinning, trying to reconcile Bob's revelation with what he thought he knew. Had Jess been more seriously tempted at the club than she'd admitted to him? Had she shared more intimate details with Bob than with her own husband?

"You look surprised," Bob observed. "She didn't tell you she'd mentioned it to me?"

"No," Tom admitted. "She didn't."

Bob nodded slowly, his expression thoughtful. "Remember what I said a few weeks back? Sometimes the person we fear judgment from most is the one we love most. Jess might have feelings, desires, fantasies she'd never express to you directly, not out of distrust, but to protect your opinion of her."

The words echoed in Tom's mind, uncomfortably resonant. He'd thought they were being completely open with each other now, sharing every thought, every desire, every boundary they explored. But what if they weren't? What if Jess was holding back, filtering her experiences through a lens of what she thought Tom could handle?

"All couples keep secrets," Bob continued, his tone almost philosophical. "Not necessarily harmful ones, but little pieces of themselves they hold back. It's natural."

"Have you told her about this conversation?" Bob asked abruptly. "About our talk that Saturday morning?"

The question caught Tom off guard. "No," he admitted. "I haven't."

"Probably for the best," Bob nodded. "It would only hurt her to know you and I had discussed her like that."

There was logic to Bob's words, a certain twisted sense that was hard to refute. Telling Jess now about that first conversation with Bob would open a Pandora's box of questions. Why hadn't Tom mentioned it immediately? What else was he keeping from her? It would create exactly the kind of doubt and suspicion he was now feeling about her.

“I think,” Bob said carefully, “that Jess feels comfortable telling me things she might not tell you. Not because she trusts me more, but because there’s less at stake. I’m just the tenant, not her husband. My opinion of her doesn’t matter the same way.”

Tom wanted to argue but found himself nodding instead. There was a certain logic there. The stakes were lower with Bob. Jess could test the waters of confession with him without risking Tom’s judgment.

“So where does that leave us?” Tom asked, the question directed as much at himself as at Bob.

“Well,” Bob replied, spreading his hands, “I guess that depends on what you want. If you’d prefer I keep my distance, create clearer boundaries, I can do that. Tell her I’m busy when she comes down to swim. Keep our interactions minimal.”

The offer sounded reasonable on the surface, but Tom sensed the implicit alternative hanging in the air. An unspoken “but” that Bob was leaving him to ask about.

“And the alternative?” Tom asked, knowing he was taking the bait but unable to stop himself.

Bob shrugged, the gesture casual but his eyes sharp, watching Tom’s reaction. “Or I could continue being a... I don’t know, a sounding board for her? A safe space to explore thoughts she might not be ready to share with you? And if you and I kept in touch, you’d know what she was thinking, feeling. You’d have insight into parts of her she’s not ready to show you directly.”

The suggestion was presented so reasonably, as if Bob were offering a service rather than proposing something fundamentally deceptive. Yet Tom couldn’t deny the appeal of the idea. To know what Jess was truly thinking, to have access to the unfiltered version of her thoughts...

“That sounds like spying,” Tom said, though his tone lacked conviction.

“I’d see it more as... creating a safe environment for her to explore. With your knowledge, if not hers.” Bob met Tom’s eyes directly. “Isn’t that better than wondering what she’s not telling you? What details she’s holding back?”

The question hit closer to home than Tom wanted to admit. He’d been so focused on the excitement of their new exploration that he hadn’t considered the possibility that Jess might be curating her experiences, editing them to what she thought he could handle.

“I’m not suggesting anything inappropriate,” Bob continued. “Just that we speak regularly. That you know exactly what happens, have input, versus wondering what details might be missing.”

Tom studied the older man, trying to see through to his motivations. There was something undeniably manipulative about Bob's approach, yet it was wrapped in such reasonable packaging that it was difficult to dismiss outright. And the seed of doubt had already been planted. What else had Jess told Bob that she hadn't shared with Tom?

"I'll think about it," Tom said finally, not committing but not refusing either.

Bob nodded, seemingly satisfied with this response. "That's all I'm asking. I just wanted to make sure we were all on the same page… but I should get going. Got some errands to run."

Tom opened the door, eager now to end the conversation before it ventured into territory he wasn't prepared to navigate. "Right. Thanks for... checking in."

"No problem," Bob replied, stepping outside. "Oh, and Tom?"

"Yeah?"

"Your secret's safe with me," Bob said. "About what you saw that night through my window. About our conversations. All of it."

Before Tom could respond, Bob was already heading down the walkway toward his truck, his broad shoulders squared, his stride confident.

Tom closed the door and leaned against it, his heart hammering in his chest. The simple statement had been a masterclass in subtle manipulation, a reminder that Bob held power over him. The power of knowing something Jess didn't.

He pushed off from the door and moved to the kitchen, pouring himself a glass of water with hands that weren't quite steady. As he drank, he replayed the conversation with Bob, looking for clues, for the manipulation he knew was there but couldn't quite put his finger on.

What if Bob had overheard them somehow? What if the walls between their units weren't as soundproof as they'd assumed?

He dismissed the thought immediately. Their bedroom was upstairs, far from Bob's apartment. And the specific details Bob had mentioned... those had been spoken in the privacy of their bedroom, late at night. There was no way Bob could have overheard.

Tom set the glass down. More likely, Jess had indeed shared those details with Bob, perhaps testing his reaction before deciding how much to share with Tom. Which raised its own set of uncomfortable questions.

Tom moved back to his office, his mind churning with conflicting thoughts. On one hand, he was disturbed by the possibility that Jess was sharing intimate details with Bob that she withheld from him. On the other hand, there was something undeniably arousing about the idea of Bob knowing, of this other man being privy to their private explorations.

And then there was Bob's suggestion, that they speak regularly, that Tom have "input" into whatever was developing between Bob and Jess. The implication was clear. Bob was offering to be Tom's proxy, a controlled environment for Jess to explore her desires while Tom remained informed, involved from a distance.

It was manipulative, yes. Deceptive toward Jess, absolutely. But wasn't it also exactly what Tom had been fantasizing about? A way to see his wife through another man's eyes, to witness her desires and reactions without the direct threat of being replaced?

Tom sat heavily in his office chair, the spreadsheet still open on his monitor, the numbers now even less significant than they'd been before. He checked his watch again. 11:08 AM. Jess wouldn't be home for at least another hour, probably longer.

An hour to decide how to handle this new development. Whether to confront Jess about what she might have told Bob. Whether to tell her about Bob's visit today. Whether to accept Bob's implicit offer of continued collaboration.

Or whether to simply let things unfold, to see where this path led without trying to control its direction.

Primrose Café buzzed with the particular energy of an Austin Saturday brunch, a carefully orchestrated chaos of clattering plates, enthusiastic conversations, and servers navigating the packed tables. Jess arrived five minutes early and managed to snag the last available table on the shaded patio.

She was halfway through her first mimosa when Madi's familiar voice cut through the ambient noise.

"There's my favorite married woman!" Madi announced, drawing glances from nearby tables as she approached. Her entrance was quintessentially Madi, confident, unapologetically loud, and impossible to ignore.

Jess stood to embrace her friend, immediately enveloped in Madi's signature scent of expensive perfume and whatever styling product kept her dark hair in those perfect waves. "You're late," Jess teased.

"Fashionably," Madi corrected, sliding into the chair across from Jess. She signaled a server with a casual flick of her wrist that somehow conveyed both entitlement and charm. "Traffic was a nightmare. Some farmers' market bullshit."

The server appeared at their table with impressive speed. Madi ordered a Bloody Mary, "extra spicy, double vodka," before even glancing at the menu.

"So," Madi said once the server departed, leaning forward, "it's been what, a couple weeks since I've seen your actual face? Tell me everything I've missed."

"We talked yesterday," Jess pointed out, laughing.

"Phone calls don't count. I need facial expressions, body language, the full Jessica Marshall experience." Madi reached for Jess's mimosa and took a sip without asking. "Oh, and that's flat. You deserve better."

Jess rolled her eyes but couldn't suppress her smile.

"Work's been intense," Jess offered, knowing this was the least interesting topic to Madi but the safest starting point. "The Savannah project is ramping up. I'll be traveling there in a few weeks for initial site assessment."

"Mmhmm," Madi hummed noncommittally, her eyes scanning the menu. "Skip the boring career stuff. How's Tom? Still working those ridiculous hours?"

"Better this week," Jess said. "He's still putting in extra time, but at least he's home for dinner most nights."

"Marriage," Madi sighed dramatically. "The slow death of spontaneity."

"Says the woman who's practically in a relationship with Brandon without the commitment," Jess countered.

"Speaking of my favorite non-boyfriend," Madi's eyes sparkled with sudden interest, "he mentioned running into you at the gym last weekend. Said something about having a fascinating conversation."

Jess groaned. "Let me guess, he told you I was wearing 'illegal' leggings and that we had some deeply meaningful exchange?"

"He might have waxed poetic about your ass for approximately ten minutes," Madi confirmed with a grin. "It was quite the soliloquy. Shakespeare would've been jealous."

"That man is hopeless," Jess said with a smile.

"That's part of his charm," Madi insisted as the server returned with her Bloody Mary and took their food orders. Once the server left, Madi continued, "Brandon's

insufferable, but he's consistently insufferable. You always know what you're getting."

"Unlike some men," Jess muttered before she could stop herself.

Madi's eyebrow arched with interest. "Trouble in paradise? Last we talked, you were telling me about Tom's little revelation. The whole 'gets turned on by other men wanting you' thing."

Jess shifted in her seat, uncomfortably aware of the other diners around them despite the relative privacy of their corner table. "It's not trouble, exactly. Just... unexpected."

"Unexpected how?" Madi pressed, her tone shifting from teasing to genuinely curious. She took a long sip of her drink, eyes never leaving Jess's face.

Jess hesitated. The rules she and Tom had established were clear. Privacy was non-negotiable, which meant not sharing details with friends, "no matter how close." But this was Madi, her best friend, who already knew about Tom's fantasies. Surely discussing the general concept without specific details wouldn't violate the spirit of their agreement?

"We went to Domino last Friday," Jess admitted, lowering her voice slightly. "After dinner at Vesper."

Madi's eyes widened. "Domino? That place is impossible to get into without connections. And it's definitely not Tom's scene."

"That's kind of the point," Jess said. "It was... an experiment."

"An experiment," Madi repeated, comprehension dawning on her face. "As in, testing Tom's fantasy in the wild? Holy shit, Jess."

"It was his idea," Jess clarified, feeling a strange need to defend both Tom and herself. "We had a really good talk at dinner about boundaries, about what we're comfortable with."

"And then went straight to a club where guys would inevitably hit on you," Madi finished. "That's quite the escalation from theoretical discussions."

Jess shrugged, aiming for casual though she suspected Madi could see right through the attempt. "We decided to start small. Public place, controlled environment."

Madi snorted. "Clubbing is your definition of 'starting small'? What would be a big step, a sex dungeon?"

"God, Madi," Jess hissed, glancing around to ensure no one had overheard. "It's not like that. We were just... exploring."

"And?" Madi prompted, leaning closer. "Don't leave me hanging. How did Mr. Corporate America handle watching his wife get hit on by strangers?"

"Better than expected, actually," Jess admitted. "Though we both drank way too much. The whole thing got a bit... intense."

"Define 'intense,'" Madi demanded.

Their conversation paused as the server returned with their food, avocado toast with poached eggs for Jess, chicken and waffles for Madi. Once they were alone again, Madi immediately picked up where they'd left off, undeterred by the interruption.

"So, intense how? Did you make out with someone? Give a stranger a lap dance? I need details, Jess."

"Nothing that dramatic," Jess said, though the memory of those hands on her body, those mouths close to her ear, made her cheeks warm. "Just dancing. But Tom was watching the whole time, and afterward..."

"Afterward?" Madi prompted, practically vibrating with curiosity.

"Let's just say we barely made it home," Jess said, taking a bite of her toast to avoid elaborating further.

Madi's delighted laugh drew more attention from nearby tables. "Jessica Marshall, look at you! All proper and professional on the outside, exploring kinky fantasies with your husband after dark."

"It's not kinky," Jess protested. "It's just... different."

"Honey, your husband gets turned on by watching other men want you. That's textbook voyeurism." Madi took a bite of her chicken and waffles. "Not that there's anything wrong with that. Brandon and I have explored all kinds of-"

"Please, spare me the details of your sex life with Brandon," Jess cut in quickly. "There are some things I prefer not to visualize."

"Your loss," Madi shrugged. "He's very innovative."

"So I've heard," Jess replied dryly. "About six thousand times."

They ate in comfortable silence for a few moments before Madi circled back. "So, this clubbing experiment. One-time thing, or are you planning a repeat performance?"

Jess hesitated, torn between her desire to share with her closest friend and her commitment to the rules she and Tom had established. "We're still figuring it out," she said finally. "The clubbing was educational, but maybe not the ideal approach."

"Too public?" Madi guessed.

"Exactly. Too many variables we couldn't control." Jess took a sip of her water. "We bumped into one of Tom's coworkers there. Nothing happened, but it could have been awkward."

"Yikes," Madi winced. "That's the problem with a city like Austin. Everyone knows everyone, or at least knows someone who knows someone. No such thing as true anonymity."

"That's what we realized," Jess agreed.

"So what's the alternative?" Madi asked. "If clubbing is too public, what's your next move?"

The question was weighted with implications Jess wasn't ready to discuss. Bob's name hovered at the edge of her consciousness, but sharing that particular development felt like crossing a line, even with Madi.

"We're not sure yet," she said instead. "Taking it day by day."

Madi studied her face for a long moment, her expression uncharacteristically serious. "Just be careful, okay?"

"Speaking from experience?" Jess asked, curious despite herself.

"Not personally," Madi clarified. "But in my line of work, I see a lot of marriages. The good, the bad, the about-to-implode. Some couples can handle exploration, some can't."

"We're being careful," Jess assured her. "Setting clear boundaries, checking in with each other. It's not just about the fantasy, it's bringing us closer in a weird way."

"That's good," Madi said, her expression softening. "As long as you're both on the same page."

"We are," Jess said, projecting more certainty than she actually felt. Were they completely on the same page?

Madi seemed to sense Jess's unspoken doubt but mercifully changed the subject. "So, about that double date Brandon mentioned. Are you and Tom free next Saturday?"

Jess mentally reviewed their calendar. "I think so. Tom hasn't mentioned any work obligations, and I don't have anything scheduled."

"Perfect," Madi grinned. "I was thinking dinner at that new place on East Sixth, The Copper House? Then maybe arcade games at Punch Bowl Social. Something fun and low pressure."

"Sounds great," Jess agreed. "I'll confirm with Tom, but I'm pretty sure we're free."

"Brandon will be thrilled," Madi said, her smile turning mischievous. "He's been asking about you."

"About me?" Jess raised an eyebrow. "Or about my ass?"

"Can't it be both?" Madi laughed. "You know he's had a thing for you since forever."

"A thing he expresses by being thoroughly obnoxious every time we interact," Jess pointed out.

"That's just how he flirts when he knows someone's off-limits," Madi explained. "It's like a kid pulling a girl's pigtails on the playground. He can't help himself."

"He's almost thirty, not eight," Jess said, though there was no real annoyance in her tone. Brandon's persistent flirtation had become such a constant in their social dynamic that it was almost comforting in its predictability.

"Chronologically, yes," Madi agreed. "Emotionally? Debatable."

Their conversation drifted to other topics as they finished their meals, Madi's latest event planning crisis for a demanding bride, mutual friends they hadn't seen in too long, the new yoga studio that had opened downtown that was supposedly better than Jess's current one.

The server appeared with their check, ending the conversation as they both reached for their wallets. After a brief argument about who would pay, which Madi won, citing the need to expense client meetings, they gathered their things and made their way to the exit.

Outside, the afternoon sun had intensified, the heat shimmering off the pavement in rippling waves. Jess slipped her sunglasses on as they said their goodbyes, promising to confirm the double date details once she'd checked with Tom.

"One last thing," Madi said, hugging Jess. "Whatever you decide to explore with Tom, just make sure it's what you want too. Not just what he wants, not just what you think will make him happy. What makes you happy."

The words followed Jess to her car, echoing in her mind as she navigated the Sunday afternoon traffic. What did she want? The question seemed simple but revealed complex layers the more she examined it.

Bob sat in the shade of the patio umbrella, pretending to read a book while actually keeping watch for the telltale creak of the balcony door. Thursday again. Three weeks and five days since Jess had first come down in that red one-piece that had kicked off

their poolside routine. Six times now they'd shared these lunch breaks, each one pushing the boundaries a little further.

He'd been patient. Strategic. The confrontation with Tom about the nightclub had been a risk, but it had paid off beautifully. Tom never confronted Jess about the supposed confession, exactly as Bob had predicted. The seed of doubt was planted, and now Tom lived with a gnawing uncertainty about what his wife might be telling Bob that she wasn't telling him.

Perfect.

The balcony door opened right on schedule. Bob glanced up casually, as if just noticing her presence. Jess stood at the top of the stairs. She wore a white bikini today, the most revealing one yet. The material was thin enough to border on translucent, held together with flimsy strings that tied at her hips and behind her neck.

"Look what the sun dragged out," Bob called up to her, marking his place in the book he wasn't actually reading.

Jess descended the stairs, carrying her usual water bottle and a small canvas bag. "It's too beautiful to stay inside," she replied. "I needed to clear my head before my afternoon meetings."

"The pool does seem to be calling your name," Bob agreed, watching as she set her things on the nearest lounger. After multiple encounters, they had established a comfortable pattern. She would swim first, then they'd chat, then sunbathe. The progression had become a ritual of sorts, the predictability of it making each small escalation seem natural, inevitable.

"How's the yard coming along?" Jess asked, gesturing to the flower beds where he'd been working earlier.

"Those native plants I put in last week are taking root nicely," Bob said. "Another month and they'll be blooming."

"I have to say it again," Jess said, pulling her hair into a high ponytail. "I can't believe how much better everything looks."

"Happy to do it," Bob replied. "Gives these old hands something useful to occupy them."

Jess smiled at the familiar exchange before turning toward the pool. She jumped in, causing a small splash. Bob watched her swim, the strokes of her arms, the kick of her legs propelling her through the water.

There was an undeniable athleticism to her movements that he'd come to appreciate over these weeks. Not just the aesthetic beauty of her body, though that remained a constant, almost painful source of desire, but the functional strength, the physical capability. He'd learned she did weight training three times a week and yoga twice, a regimen that showed in the definition of her shoulders and the lean muscle of her thighs.

After a few laps, Jess emerged from the pool via the steps, water streaming from her body. The white bikini clung to her skin, the material now almost transparent. Bob had already prepared their drinks, iced tea for her, beer for him, and set them on the small table between their usual chairs.

"Working up an appetite, princess?" he asked, the endearment now flowing naturally.

"Always," Jess replied, reaching for the towel she'd left on the lounger. She dabbed at her face and hair, not bothering to fully dry off in the heat. "That tea is exactly what I needed."

She took the seat across from him, the familiarity of their positions now comfortable rather than awkward. These meetings had evolved from tentative to easy, a shared ritual that existed outside the normal boundaries of tenant and landlord.

"How's the Savannah project coming along?" Bob asked, taking a sip of his beer.

"Making progress," Jess replied. "The preliminary designs were approved yesterday. I'm flying out next week for an on-site assessment."

"Next week already?" Bob raised his eyebrows. "Time flies. Remind me who the developer is on that one?"

"Chris Webb," Jess said, a subtle tension entering her voice. It was slight, but Bob caught it immediately. "Skyline Austin was his project too."

"Webb," Bob repeated, as if trying to place the name. "I think I've heard you mention him before. You two work well together?"

Jess took a long sip of her tea, clearly considering her response. "Professionally, he's brilliant. He understands good design and gives me a lot of creative freedom."

Bob noted what she didn't say. The qualifier, professionally, and the careful neutrality of her tone told him everything he needed to know. "But?" he prompted gently.

Jess looked at him, seeming to debate whether to elaborate. Their conversations had grown increasingly personal over the weeks, but Bob was careful never to push too hard, allowing her to set the pace of their increasing intimacy.

"But sometimes he can be..." she paused, searching for the right word.

"A man?" Bob suggested, with just the right amount of self-deprecating humor.

That earned him a small laugh. "Exactly. A certain type of man, anyway."

"The type who confuses professional admiration with personal interest?" Bob suggested.

Jess's eyes widened slightly. "How did you know?"

Bob shrugged. "Been around a long time, princess. Seen enough men like that. Guys who have everything, money, power, success, start to believe they deserve everything. Including women who aren't available to them."

Jess stared at her glass. "I overhead him at a party once," she said, her voice quieter now. "Him and some other investors. They were talking about me."

"Let me guess," Bob said, leaning forward slightly. "Not discussing your design skills."

"No," Jess confirmed. "Not my design skills."

"I'm sorry," Bob said, injecting genuine concern into his voice. "That must have been uncomfortable."

"It was," Jess admitted. "Especially because I have to keep working with him. This Savannah project is a huge opportunity."

"So what's your plan?" Bob asked. "For handling him on this trip?"

Jess sighed. "Keep it strictly professional. Bring my assistant to meetings when possible. Focus on the work."

"Good approach," Bob nodded. "Men like Webb respond to confidence. Don't let him see any uncertainty." He paused, then added, "And if he does try something? Be direct. A man who deals in real estate understands clear boundaries."

"That's good advice," Jess said, looking genuinely appreciative. "I've been overthinking it."

"You'll do fine," Bob assured her. "You're not just talented, princess. You're smart. Capable. The kind of woman who can handle herself in any situation."

The praise settled on her exactly as he'd intended, a small smile warming her features. He'd been systematic about this aspect of his approach, learning which compliments resonated most. Professional validation always landed more effectively than remarks about her appearance, though he sprinkled those in too. She'd grown up beautiful, heard about her looks her entire life. But acknowledgment of her intelligence, her skill, her capability, those words carried weight.

“Speaking of handling myself,” Jess said, draining the last of her tea. “I should probably put on some sunscreen before I turn into a lobster. The sun feels stronger today.”

“Can’t have that,” Bob agreed, watching as she reached into her bag for the bottle.

Three weeks ago, she’d first asked him to apply sunscreen to her back. The week after, she’d repeated the request, but with her bikini top untied for better coverage. Two days ago, she’d allowed his hands to drift lower, to the backs of her thighs. Each escalation small, each one feeling like a natural progression.

“Would you mind?” Jess asked, holding out the bottle.

“Happy to help,” Bob replied, taking the sunscreen. He moved to sit on the edge of her lounger as she stretched out on her stomach, untying her bikini top and letting the strings fall to the sides.

The sight of her bare back never failed to send a jolt through him. The elegant line of her spine, the slight indentations above her tailbone, the gentle curve where her waist flared to her hips. He squeezed a generous amount of lotion into his palm, warming it between his hands before placing them on her shoulders.

“Good pressure?” he asked, already knowing the answer.

“Perfect,” Jess murmured, her voice slightly muffled against the lounger. “You’re getting really good at this.”

“Practice makes perfect,” Bob replied, his large hands working the lotion across her shoulder blades. He took his time, thumbs pressing into the muscles bracketing her spine with just enough pressure to draw a small sound of appreciation from her.

“You’re carrying tension right here,” he observed, focusing on a knot beneath her left shoulder.

“Mmm,” Jess agreed, not bothering to lift her head. “That feels amazing.”

Bob worked his way down her back, noting how she relaxed more fully with each stroke of his hands. There was power in this, in feeling her respond to his touch. His hands moved lower, to the small of her back, thumbs pressing on either side of her spine just above the waistband of her bikini bottoms.

“The legs too?” he asked, though he already knew she would agree.

“Might as well be thorough,” Jess replied, the smile evident in her voice even with her face turned away.

Bob poured more lotion into his palm, then placed his hands on the backs of her thighs. The skin here was soft, warm from the sun and smooth against his calloused

fingers. He worked methodically, starting just below the curve of her ass and moving downward toward her knees.

"These legs will look great on magazine covers someday," Bob said. "When your Savannah project makes you famous."

Jess laughed, the sound lighter and more relaxed than when they'd first begun these encounters. "I'm not sure interior designers typically make magazine covers."

"You would," Bob insisted. "You've got star quality, princess. Anyone can see that."

She made a noncommittal noise, but he could tell she was pleased. Bob continued his work, moving past her knees to her calves. Here, he increased the pressure, using his thumbs to work the muscle with greater intent.

"Oh, that's good," Jess breathed. "You know, if the contracting thing doesn't work out, you could have a future in massage therapy."

"You trying to give this old dog a new career path?" Bob teased.

"Just appreciating your particular talents," Jess replied.

Bob let his hands linger on her calves, working the muscle with steady pressure. Then, after a moment's consideration, he moved his attention to her feet, taking one in his hands and pressing his thumbs into the arch.

The sound Jess made was between a gasp and a moan. "Oh god, that's amazing."

"Pressure points," Bob explained, continuing to work her foot. "Everything's connected. Release tension here, it helps your whole body."

"Keep doing that and I might fall asleep right here," Jess murmured.

Bob smiled to himself, switching to her other foot. "We can't have that. What would Tom think if he came home and found you passed out on a lounger with me massaging your feet?"

"He'd probably ask if you do house calls," Jess replied with a small laugh. She flexed her foot in his hands. "Seriously though, you're really good at this."

"Just applying the right pressure in the right places," Bob said. "It's like plumbing. Once you understand the system, you know how to make it work properly."

"Did you just compare my body to plumbing?" Jess asked, mock offense in her voice as she glanced back at him over her shoulder.

"In the most complimentary way possible," Bob assured her, giving her foot a final squeeze before releasing it. "I think that covers everything... except..." He deliberately paused.

"Except what?" Jess prompted.

"Well, you missed a spot," Bob said, gesturing to her bikini bottoms. "But I figure that's your territory."

Jess considered him for a moment, her expression unreadable. Then, to his surprise, she said, "Might as well be thorough, right? I can't exactly see back there myself."

Bob kept his expression neutral despite the rush of blood to his groin. "You sure?"

"It's just sunscreen," Jess replied with a casual shrug. "And it's not like you haven't seen a woman's ass before."

"Fair point," Bob agreed, reaching for the bottle again. He squeezed lotion into his palm, then hesitated, giving her one more chance to change her mind. "Ready?"

"Just don't get any ideas," Jess warned, though her tone remained light. "This is purely functional."

"Nothing but professional sunscreen application," Bob assured her, placing his hands on the rounded curves of her ass. The material of her bikini bottoms was thin, the skimpy cut leaving the lower half of each cheek exposed. He worked the lotion in, careful to maintain functionality despite the surge of desire flooding his system.

"I notice you're being especially thorough," Jess commented dryly.

"Just making sure there's complete coverage," Bob replied. "Wouldn't want any burnt spots."

"Of course not," Jess agreed, the humor in her voice telling him she saw right through him but was choosing to play along.

Bob finished his task, removing his hands with reluctance. "All done," he announced. "You're officially protected from UV rays on all possible surfaces."

"My hero," Jess said, sitting up and retying her bikini top. "What would I do without you?"

"Probably pay for professional massages like everyone else," Bob suggested.

Jess laughed, adjusting her top. "Why pay when I have you right here?"

"Happy to be of service," Bob said, returning to his chair. "Though I may need to renegotiate my rent if massage therapy becomes part of my tenant responsibilities."

"I'm sure we could work something out," Jess replied with a wink. She stretched out on her back now, arms above her head. "So about this Chris Webb situation. Any other advice for a woman traveling to meet with an overly confident developer?"

Bob considered the question. This was the opening he'd been waiting for, a chance to position himself as a protector, an ally against the potential threat that Webb represented.

"I've been thinking about that," he said. "Men like Webb, they're predictable. They go after what they want directly, and they're used to getting it."

"That's been my experience," Jess agreed.

"The key is to never let him get you alone outside of professional settings," Bob advised. "No drinks in his hotel room, no private dinners, nothing that could be interpreted as interest."

"That's definitely my plan," Jess said.

"But if he does try something," Bob continued, "don't hesitate. Be direct. 'I'm married and not interested.' Most men will back off rather than risk rejection or, worse, harassment allegations."

"And if he doesn't back off?" Jess asked, a hint of genuine concern in her voice.

"Then you walk away immediately and make sure you're never alone with him again," Bob said firmly. "But also, trust your instincts. Women have good radar for dangerous situations."

Jess nodded, seeming to absorb his advice. "It's frustrating sometimes," she admitted. "Having to navigate all this just to do my job."

"It's not fair," Bob agreed. "But from what I've seen, you handle yourself well. You're smarter than guys like Webb. They see a beautiful woman, and their brains go straight to their dicks. They miss all the other qualities that make you exceptional."

"Thanks, Bob," Jess said, her expression softening. "It's nice to know someone sees beyond the surface."

"I suspect Tom does too," Bob said, careful to include her husband in the conversation. "He seems like the kind of man who appreciates all of you."

"He does," Jess confirmed. "Actually, he said I should own my beauty, use it as an advantage rather than trying to downplay it."

Bob seized the opening. "He's right. There's power in embracing all your assets, including your appearance. No point pretending you're not stunning. It's like having a sports car and refusing to drive faster than a minivan."

Jess laughed. "That's a... unique analogy."

“What I mean is, you’re gorgeous, smart, and talented. Why apologize for any of those qualities?” Bob said. “Men like Webb, they’re going to look regardless. The power comes from controlling what happens after they look.”

“That’s almost exactly what Tom said,” Jess observed. “That I can use the fact that they notice my looks to showcase my talent.”

“Great minds think alike,” Bob replied with a smile. “Sounds like you’ve got two men looking out for you.”

Jess didn’t immediately respond, and Bob didn’t push, allowing the concept to take root naturally.

“I guess I do,” she said finally. “It’s nice, actually.”

“What is?” Bob prompted.

“Having people who see the whole picture,” Jess explained.

“That’s what friends are for,” Bob said simply. “And we are friends, aren’t we, princess?”

Jess smiled. “Yes, we are.”

Bob glanced at his watch. “Speaking of time, it’s almost one. Don’t you have a meeting soon?”

Jess checked her own watch and sighed. “I do. Conference call at one-fifteen.” She stood, gathering her things. “Thanks for the sunscreen application and the advice. Both much appreciated.”

“Anytime,” Bob replied, also standing. “Good luck with your meetings. And if you need any more advice before your Savannah trip, you know where to find me.”

“I’ll keep that in mind,” Jess said. She hesitated, then added, “Maybe Tuesday before I leave? One more swim break?”

“I’ll be here,” Bob assured her. “Same time, same place.”

Jess nodded, then headed up the stairs to the balcony. Bob watched her go, appreciating the view as she climbed the steps, the white bikini contrasting perfectly with her tanned skin.

When she disappeared inside, Bob allowed himself a moment of satisfaction. Three weeks and five days of careful groundwork, of patient, incremental advances, each so subtle that they barely registered as changes. From a casual swim to a back massage to having his hands on her ass, a progression that felt natural rather than orchestrated.

And now, with the Savannah trip approaching, a new opportunity presented itself. Jess would be away from Tom, away from home, dealing with a man who made her uncomfortable. The perfect situation for her to turn to Bob for support, for advice, for the comfort of a friendly voice who understood her situation.

He gathered his book and beer bottle, heading back to his apartment. Inside, he moved directly to his office, where he opened his notebook to a fresh page and began documenting the day's interactions. Every detail mattered, from the white bikini to her willingness to let him touch her ass to her agreement that they were friends.

Friends. Such a useful word, so innocuous yet so full of potential. Friends shared confidences. Friends offered support. Friends blurred boundaries in ways that landlords and tenants could not.

Bob closed the notebook and leaned back in his chair, allowing himself to savor the memory of her skin beneath his hands. Patience remained his greatest asset. Pushing too hard, too fast would undo weeks of careful work. Tuesday's swim would be another incremental step, another small escalation that she would hardly notice happening.

And then she would go to Savannah, away from Tom's watchful eye, away from the safety of her routine. She would face Chris Webb and remember Bob's advice. She would call home to Tom, who would ask certain questions, harbor specific doubts, all planted by Bob.

And when she returned? The foundation would be laid for the next phase of Bob's patient campaign. The image of Jessica Marshall stretched out on his bed rather than a pool lounger, her golden skin against his sheets rather than a white towel, her voice calling his name rather than thanking him for sunscreen application.

Soon, Bob thought. But not yet. Not quite yet.

He stood and moved to the kitchen, pulling a beer from the refrigerator. He had work to do in the yard, plants that needed tending, a design that was slowly taking shape. Like his plan for Jess, the garden required patience, careful attention, and the ability to see the final result long before it actually materialized.

Bob smiled as he twisted the cap off the bottle. "Two men looking out for her," he murmured to himself. "And only one of us sees the whole picture."

The Bad Tenant Ch. 11

Bob Caldwell nursed his third glass of Jack Daniel's. He adjusted the volume on his laptop, careful to catch every sound that came through the hidden smoke detector camera. The visuals remained frustratingly limited but the audio more than compensated.

"Goddamn amateur hour," Bob muttered, taking another sip of whiskey. Weeks since installation, and he still kicked himself for the botched camera angle. A professional wouldn't be squinting at the corner of a bed, trying to piece together what was happening from fragments of movement and disembodied voices.

Bob had already seen Tom climb into bed about ten minutes earlier. The man had looked tired, dark circles under his eyes from too many late nights at the office. Not that Bob felt any sympathy. Tom Marshall with his corporate title and college degree, sleeping next to a goddess like Jessica Marshall while Bob sat alone in the basement with only a hidden camera for company.

The whiskey burned pleasantly in his throat as he adjusted himself through his sweatpants. The memory of Jess by the pool that afternoon had kept him half hard all evening. That white bikini, little more than string and tiny scraps of fabric, had showcased every curve and smooth plane of her body. When she'd asked him to apply sunscreen, he'd been certain his heart would stop.

And her ass. Jesus Christ, her ass. The firm, perfect roundness of it beneath his palms. The way she'd barely flinched when he'd suggested covering the exposed skin there, instead giving that casual little shrug. "It's just sunscreen. And it's not like you haven't seen a woman's ass before."

The bedroom door opened on the video feed, and Bob straightened in his chair. Jess's voice carried clearly through his speakers.

"You still awake?"

"Mmm," Tom's groggy reply. "Yeah. Just resting my eyes."

"I've got a surprise for you."

Bob's pulse quickened. Her tone carried that particular playfulness he'd come to recognize over weeks of surveillance. Something was coming. Something worth staying up for.

When Jess stepped into frame, Bob nearly dropped his whiskey. She was wearing the white bikini from that afternoon, the one he'd spent hours fantasizing about removing

from her body. The tiny scraps of fabric were even more striking in the soft lighting of their bedroom than they had been in the harsh sunlight by the pool.

"Holy fuck," Bob breathed, setting down his glass and looking for the notebook that typically recorded his observations. But tonight felt different. The notebook could wait. His hand moved instead to the growing bulge in his sweatpants.

"What the…" Tom's voice came through the speakers, shock evident. "Is that what you wore at the pool today? With Bob?"

Jess laughed, the sound light and teasing. "Maybe."

"Jesus, Jess." Tom's voice had lost all traces of sleepiness. "You actually wore that for him?"

She stayed in frame just long enough for Bob to drink in the sight of her back, the perfect curve of her ass barely contained by the bikini bottoms, before she crawled onto the bed and out of view.

"I did," Jess admitted, her voice playful. "You should have seen his face when I came down the stairs."

"I can imagine," Tom replied, his voice tight with what Bob recognized as that peculiar mix of jealousy and arousal that characterized their dynamic.

Bob tugged his sweatpants down, freeing his cock. Precum already beaded at the tip, his body's eager response to the memory of Jess in that bikini and the knowledge that she'd worn it for him.

"Tell me about today," Tom urged. "What did you talk about?"

"Well," Jess began, "we discussed the Savannah project. I told him about working with Webb and-"

"Skip to the good part," Tom interrupted, his impatience palpable.

Jess laughed again, the sound sending a fresh pulse of blood to Bob's cock. "Aren't we demanding tonight?"

"Come on, Jess," Tom pressed. "What happened after the swimming? Did he touch you again?"

"He did," Jess replied, her voice dropping to a more intimate register. "I asked him to put sunscreen on my back, like last time."

"And?"

"And he was so... thorough," Jess said, the slight emphasis on the final word making Bob's hand tighten around his shaft. "His hands are huge, Tom. But surprisingly gentle."

Bob began stroking himself slowly, remembering the feel of her skin beneath his palms, the slight give of muscle as he'd pressed into the knots of tension along her spine. The way she'd relaxed under his touch, the small sounds of appreciation she'd made when he'd found just the right spot.

"He worked out all the tension in my shoulders," Jess continued. "Made me moan a couple of times. He kept going lower and lower..."

The mattress creaked, suggesting movement on the bed. Tom's voice came next, rougher now. "How low?"

"All the way down my back," Jess replied. "And then..."

"Then?" Tom prompted when she paused.

"Then I let him do my legs."

"Like last time?"

"Mmhmm." Another creak of the mattress. "But today I also let him do my feet. God, Tom, he's got magic fingers. The way he pressed into the arch of my foot... I nearly fell asleep right there."

Bob's strokes became longer, firmer as he remembered that moment, the way she'd gasped when he'd first pressed his thumbs into the sole of her foot, the near moan that had followed.

"Is that all?" Tom asked, clearly unsatisfied with this tame recounting.

"Not quite," Jess replied, her voice taking on that teasing quality again. "I might have let him put sunscreen somewhere else too."

A pause, then Tom's voice, almost choked. "Where?"

"My ass."

"You let Bob touch your ass?" The shock in Tom's voice was unmistakable.

"Just the sunscreen," Jess clarified, though her laugh undercut the innocence of the statement. "He pointed out I'd missed a spot, and I figured, why not?"

"Fuck, Jess." The mattress creaked again, more vigorously this time.

Bob's hand moved faster on his cock, his breathing growing heavier as he remembered how her ass had felt beneath his hands.

“Did you like it?” Tom asked. “Having his hands on you like that?”

“I did,” Jess admitted. “It felt good. Different from when you touch me. His hands are rougher from all that manual labor.”

A wet sound came through the speakers, unmistakably the sound of kissing. Then a soft moan that Bob immediately recognized as Jess’s. He’d remembered her sounds over weeks of surveillance, learning to distinguish between her gasp of surprise and her sigh of pleasure, between the short, sharp intakes of breath when Tom touched her just right and the longer, deeper moans when he entered her.

“Was he hard?” Tom asked. “When he was touching you?”

“So hard,” Jess confirmed. “I could see it through his shorts when I first came downstairs. That white bikini nearly gave him a heart attack.”

“Did he… ah! Did he try anything?” Tom’s question was punctuated by what sounded like Jess doing something that caught him by surprise.

“No,” Jess replied. “He was a perfect gentleman. Kept it professional even with his hands on my ass.”

“Professional my… oh god, do that again.”

Bob’s hand moved faster, matching what he imagined was happening on the bed above him. The limitations of the camera angle had never been more frustrating. He could only see the very edge of the mattress, not the activities taking place upon it.

“Like this?” Jess asked, followed by Tom’s groan of approval.

“Fuck yes,” Tom gasped. “Just like that.”

Bob closed his eyes, imagining the scene. Jess straddling Tom, still in that white bikini, grinding against him. Or perhaps she’d removed it already, was naked now, taking Tom inside her while they discussed her afternoon with Bob.

“Tell me more,” Tom urged. “Did you think about taking it further? Letting him do more than just apply sunscreen?”

“Maybe,” Jess teased. “What do you think he wanted to do to me?”

“Everything,” Tom replied immediately. “Every fucking thing, Jess. The way you describe how he looks at you... he wants you.”

The mattress creaked rhythmically now, the pace increasing. Jess’s breathing came faster, little gasps and moans punctuating whatever movements were happening on the bed.

“You think he… oh! You think he jerks off thinking about me?” Jess asked.

“Every night,” Tom replied. “Probably right now.”

Bob nearly choked at the accuracy of Tom’s statement. If only they knew how right they were, how their tenant sat beneath them, cock in hand, listening to their most intimate moments while remembering the feel of Jess’s skin beneath his palms.

“You’re so hard right now,” Jess observed, her voice breathy. “Thinking about him thinking about me.”

“Can’t help it,” Tom admitted. “The idea of him wanting you, touching you, while knowing you’re mine...”

“I am yours,” Jess confirmed. “No matter who looks, who touches. I always come back to you.”

The rhythmic creaking accelerated, accompanied by the wet sounds of sex and heavy breathing from both participants. Bob stroked himself faster, timing his movements to the sounds coming through his speakers, imagining himself in Tom’s place, Jess’s body moving above his, her breasts bouncing with each thrust.

“Jess, I’m getting close,” Tom warned after several minutes of increasingly urgent sounds.

“Wait,” Jess said. The creaking stopped. “I want to taste you.”

Bob’s cock throbbed in his hand at her words.

“Oh god,” Tom gasped after a moment. “Fuck, that’s good. Your mouth is incredible.”

Bob could hear the wet sounds of Jess’s mouth, the occasional muffled moan from her as she worked. He slowed his own strokes, not wanting to finish too soon, wanting to savor this unexpected gift of auditory voyeurism.

“Do you ever think about it?” Tom asked suddenly. “About blowing Bob?”

Bob’s hand froze on his cock, waiting for her answer.

Instead of responding directly, Jess asked a question of her own. “Would you like that? Seeing me sucking his huge cock?”

Bob’s heart nearly stopped. His huge cock.

“You know I would,” Tom replied. “You know what it does to me.”

“I remember,” Jess said, her voice thick with suggestion. “You admitted that already. And look how hard you’re getting just talking about it.”

The wet sounds resumed, indicating Jess had returned to her task. Bob's hand moved again, faster now, his breath coming in short pants as he processed what he was hearing.

Then she paused again. "Do you think I could take him all the way? Like this?"

A particularly wet, deep sound followed, suggesting she was demonstrating her deepthroating skills on Tom.

"Jesus, Jess," Tom gasped. "You'd probably need to practice more for him."

Jess chuckled, the sound causing Bob's cock to twitch in his hand. "I enjoy practicing," she said. "I did a lot of practicing in college before you came along."

"You're going to kill me," Tom groaned.

Bob's strokes became almost desperate as he listened to the wet, sloppy sounds of Jess pleasuring her husband while discussing the possibility of doing the same to him. The fantasy was too perfect, too precisely aligned with what he'd been imagining for weeks.

"You know," Jess said between audible licks, "He must be so lonely down there."

"Mmm?" Tom prompted, clearly having difficulty focusing on conversation.

"Two divorces, living in someone else's basement, spending all his free time working on our yard." Jess paused, a soft slurping sound suggesting she was still attending to Tom during these breaks. "And obviously attracted to me."

"Obviously," Tom agreed.

"He seems like he was probably a good husband," Jess continued. "The kind who provided for his wives, learned to give massages for Sarah."

"And got taken advantage of," Tom added.

"Exactly," Jess agreed. "So I was thinking... maybe a couple of blowjobs each week would do him good. Let him feel a woman's touch again. What do you think?"

Bob nearly climaxed at her words, having to grip the base of his cock tightly to hold back. The casual way she'd suggested it, as if it were a realistic possibility rather than just dirty talk, made the fantasy almost unbearably arousing.

"I think," Tom replied, his words punctuated by heavy breathing, "that's hot as fuck, Jess, but you're playing with fire."

"Maybe," she acknowledged. "But that white bikini nearly gave him a heart attack. Actually blowing him might end with me calling an ambulance."

Both laughed at this, the sound genuine despite the circumstances.

"Seriously though," Jess continued, "what would you think if I teased him a little more? Not necessarily... that, but just pushed the boundaries a bit further?"

"Do it," Tom encouraged.

"You're using me," Jess accused, though there was no real accusation in her tone. "Using me to act out your fantasies."

"Is that so wrong?" Tom countered. "Our sex life has never been better."

"No argument there," Jess conceded. The wet sounds intensified, suggesting she was focusing on bringing Tom to completion.

"Oh god, I'm close," Tom warned. "Jess, I'm going to…"

His words cut off in a groan, followed by muffled sounds as Jess presumably finished him with her mouth. Bob's hand moved frantically on his cock, his release hovering just out of reach as he strained to hear every nuance, every wet sound and muffled groan.

"Mmm," Jess hummed after a moment of silence. "You taste so good."

"Jesus," Tom panted. "That was incredible."

"I bet Bob tastes bitter," Jess mused. "From all that beer he drinks."

Bob couldn't hold back any longer. The image of Jess swallowing Tom's cum while speculating about his own taste sent him over the edge. His cock pulsed in his hand as he came, thick ropes of semen landing on his chest and stomach in powerful spurts. He continued stroking through his climax, milking every last sensation as Jess and Tom's post orgasmic conversation continued in his ears.

"You know I was only joking, right?" Jess asked, her tone more serious now. "About actually blowing Bob."

"I know," Tom assured her. "We were just playing. Fantasy stuff."

"Good. I just wanted to make sure we're on the same page."

"We are," Tom said. "But need I remind you that you never actually said blowjobs were off the table in our rules. You just said no sex."

"Tom!" Jess laughed, the sound bright and surprised. "You're still horny? After I just finished you?"

"You make me this way," Tom replied, his voice warm with affection. The sound of a kiss followed, then rustling as they presumably settled into sleeping positions.

"Good night," Jess murmured. "Love you."

"Love you too," Tom replied. A click plunged the room into darkness on Bob's screen.

Bob sat back in his chair, chest heaving, cooling semen drying on his skin. The echo of their conversation played in his mind, particularly the reference to his "huge cock."

Grabbing a tissue from the box on his desk, Bob cleaned himself before reaching for his notebook. He flipped back through the pages, scanning entries from previous weeks. There, from the day before Tom's second San Diego trip, Bob had noted an interaction.

"Overheard J telling T that she hugged B and could feel his arousal through his jeans. J described it as 'impressive.' T seemed aroused rather than angry about this."

That explained it. Jess had felt him when they hugged. Relief flooded through Bob. For a moment, he'd worried that Tom had told Jess about catching Bob masturbating that first night, about watching through the window. But if Tom had shared that, Jess would have reacted differently to Bob's presence, would have been disgusted rather than increasingly flirtatious.

Tom was still keeping that secret, still protecting both himself and Bob from the consequences of that night's voyeurism. The knowledge reinforced Bob's confidence in the hold he had over Tom. That carefully maintained leverage would continue to be useful, particularly with Jess's Savannah trip approaching.

Bob closed the notebook and leaned back in his chair, considering the evening's revelations. Jess's joke about giving him blowjobs might have been just that, a joke, playful dirty talk meant for Tom's ears only. But the seed had been planted. In her mind and in Tom's. And seeds, when properly tended, had a way of growing into something substantial.

His eyes drifted to the photo of Jess in the red one-piece that he'd printed and framed, keeping it on his desk like a talisman. Soon, perhaps sooner than he'd originally planned, that photo would be replaced by something more intimate, more real. The fantasies they'd shared tonight wouldn't remain fantasies forever. Bob would make sure of that.

He shut down the laptop. Above him, Tom and Jess slept, unaware of the man beneath them who had just witnessed their most intimate moments, who had come to the sound of Jess's voice discussing him in terms no tenant should ever hear from his landlord's wife. The predator's patience was about to be rewarded.

On Saturday morning, Tom stared at his monitor, the Meridian implementation data blurring as his hangover pulsed behind his eyes. The remnants of last night's wine and impromptu living room sex with Jess remained in his body. A slight headache, dry mouth, and the pleasant ache of muscles used enthusiastically.

He rubbed his temples, trying to focus. Just a few more weeks and the Meridian nightmare would be over. The projected completion date was finally within sight, and with it, his promotion to Senior Consultant. More responsibility, more stress, but crucially, more money. Money they desperately needed after his cryptocurrency disaster had decimated their savings. Money that would let them start the family Jess wanted. The family he wanted too, if he was being honest with himself.

The spreadsheet on his screen demanded attention, but Tom's mind kept drifting to Thursday afternoon, Jess in that white bikini, letting Bob apply sunscreen to her ass. The mental image sent an unwelcome surge of arousal through him.

Their sex life had never been better. That was the unavoidable truth at the center of this strange new chapter in their marriage. The more Jess pushed boundaries with Bob, the more intense their connection became. Thursday night had been proof of that. The way she'd described Bob's hands on her body while finishing Tom with her mouth... Christ.

The doorbell's chime jolted Tom from his thoughts. He checked his watch. 10:48 AM. Jess was at the gym and planned to go grocery shopping afterward. "Without me, you'd just order takeout the entire time I'm in Savannah," she'd teased, pressing a kiss to his temple before heading out.

Tom saved the spreadsheet and stood, stretching his back. Probably a package delivery for Jess. Or maybe she had forgotten her keys, though that seemed unlikely.

As he descended the stairs, an inexplicable certainty settled over him. Bob was at the door. A premonition so strong it felt like memory.

Sure enough, when Tom swung the door open, Bob Caldwell stood on his porch in cargo shorts and a blue polo shirt that stretched across his broad chest and shoulders. The older man offered a casual smile.

"Morning," Bob said, nodding as though this were a planned meeting rather than an unexpected Saturday morning visit. "Got a minute?"

Tom hesitated. "What's up, Bob? Something wrong with the apartment?"

"Nothing like that," Bob assured him. "Just checking in. Figured since you never followed up on our last conversation, you weren't interested in updates."

Tom's pulse quickened. Their last conversation, Bob's revelation that Jess had told him about the club, about getting aroused dancing with strangers, the implication that Jess might be sharing more with Bob than with her own husband.

"What did you need to check in about, exactly?" Tom asked.

Bob glanced over Tom's shoulder, then back at his face. "Mind if we talk inside? Just need a few minutes."

His instincts told Tom to say no, to maintain distance, to keep whatever Bob wanted to discuss outside the boundaries of their home but curiosity overrode his better judgment.

"Sure," Tom stepped back, holding the door wider. "Come in."

Bob entered and like the last time, Tom left them standing there, not inviting Bob further into the house.

"So," Tom prompted when Bob didn't immediately speak. "What's on your mind?"

Bob rubbed the back of his neck, the gesture almost sheepish. "Been meaning to talk to you about Jess. About the pool sessions."

"Pool sessions?" Tom echoed, though he knew exactly what Bob meant.

"Yeah, you know. Started with the red one-piece a few weeks back. Then she wore the black bikini a couple times, blue one a couple times, that turquoise one a couple times." Bob's eyes met Tom's. "Now the white one on Thursday."

Hearing another man catalog his wife's clothing choices felt invasive, even if Tom had encouraged the very interactions Bob was describing.

"What about them?" Tom asked.

"Just wanted to make sure you're... aware," Bob said. "In case she didn't tell you the details. The sunscreen applications have been escalating too. Started with just her back. Then legs. Now..." He trailed off, raising his eyebrows significantly.

"Jess and I talk about everything," Tom said firmly, the statement both defense and reassurance, to Bob or to himself, he wasn't entirely sure.

"Good," Bob nodded, looking genuinely relieved. "That's good. Communication's key in marriage."

Bob hesitated, breaking eye contact to study the floor tiles. When he looked up again, his expression had shifted to something Tom hadn't seen before, a mixture of reluctance and resolution, like a man preparing to deliver bad news.

“Look, there’s something else,” Bob began, voice dropping slightly. “Something I probably should have mentioned earlier, but... well, it felt private. Between Jess and me.”

Tom’s chest tightened. “What are you talking about?”

Bob sighed, shifting his weight as though physically uncomfortable with whatever he was about to say.

“Jess has been... confiding in me,” Bob said carefully. “Since I moved in. I think she sees me as a shoulder to lean on. Someone who’s helpful with advice, around the house. We’ve gotten close, in a friendly way.”

The statement should have been innocuous. Of course, Jess and Bob would develop some kind of rapport given the amount of time they spent together. Yet something in Bob’s tone, in the careful way he was building toward some revelation set alarm bells ringing in Tom’s mind.

“Our conversations have started getting more personal,” Bob continued when Tom didn’t respond. “She’s been telling me things. About you two. About what you want.”

“What things?” Tom managed.

Bob met his gaze directly. “That you want to see her be sexual with other men. And that she wants that person to be me.”

The statement landed like a gut punch. Not because it was false, but because Jess had apparently discussed it directly with Bob, violating their rule about privacy, about keeping their exploration between themselves.

“I’m surprised Jess talked to you about it.”

“She didn’t plan to,” Bob said quickly. “It sort of came out during one of our poolside chats. She seemed relieved, actually. To have someone to talk to. If that makes sense.”

It didn’t make sense, not really. Jess had been adamant about privacy, had insisted that their exploration stay between them.

“What exactly did she say?” Tom asked.

Bob rubbed the back of his neck again. “She said... Christ, this is awkward. She said she wants to... repay me. For being supportive, for helping around the house. By doing me a favor… giving me a blowjob.”

Tom’s entire body went hot, then cold. The image flashed in his mind, Jess on her knees in front of Bob, taking him into her mouth the way she’d taken Tom on Thursday night. Arousal mixed with confusion, with a strange sense of betrayal that

had nothing to do with the act itself and everything to do with Jess supposedly discussing it with Bob without mentioning it to Tom.

"She said you'd already given the green light," Bob continued, his tone suggesting disbelief. "But she's conflicted. Worried about ruining your marriage and your future. Changing the dynamics. Screwing everything up."

Tom tried to process what he was hearing. Jess wanted to give Bob a blowjob? Had told Bob that Tom approved? None of it aligned with their conversations, with the careful boundaries they'd established.

"She suggested she could test your reaction," Bob added. "By roleplaying it with you. Telling you afterward she was only kidding."

That detail, so specific, so precisely aligned with what had actually happened Thursday night, solidified Bob's account in Tom's mind. How could he know that particular exchange unless Jess had actually discussed it with him?

"I don't understand," Tom said, voicing the confusion swirling through his thoughts. "We've been so careful about this. About boundaries. About privacy."

"I know," Bob nodded. "That's why I hesitated to bring it up. But it felt... dishonest somehow. To have these conversations with her without you knowing."

Tom studied Bob's face but all he saw was apparent concern, an uncomfortable man trying to navigate a difficult situation.

"Why are you telling me this now?" Tom asked.

"Because I care about you two," Bob replied without hesitation. "About your marriage. I don't want to see you hurting each other."

The answer seemed genuine, aligned with the Bob who had offered wisdom based on his own failed marriages, who had warned Tom about the dangers of pushing too far too fast with exploration.

"Remember what I said a few weeks back?" Bob continued. "About secrets in a marriage being normal? This is what I meant. Small things couples keep from each other, not out of malice but out of love. To protect each other."

Tom nodded slowly, the memory of that conversation still vivid. "You also said it could lead to problems. To relationships breaking down."

"Exactly," Bob agreed. "And I'll be honest with you, Tom. If things get messy between you two, I might have to move out. And I really don't want that. I like living here. You've both been good to me."

The statement carried implications that Tom couldn't fully unpack in the moment. Was it a threat? A genuine concern? Both?

"You've been keeping things from her too," Bob pointed out. "To protect her. And she's doing the same, out of love. But at some point, the secrets start causing more harm than the truth would."

Tom leaned against the wall, suddenly feeling unsteady. "What do you think I should do?"

"That's not for me to say," Bob shrugged. "I just thought you should know. This isn't about Jess feeling guilty or you feeling betrayed. It's about clarity. About understanding what you both really want."

Tom nodded.

Bob glanced at his watch, then toward the door. "I should let you get back to your Saturday. I've said what I needed to say."

He turned toward the door and gripped the doorknob. He then paused and looked back at Tom, voice softening. "Something is going to happen, Tom. And you can decide whether you want to know about it or not. If you change your mind, just knock on my door."

Bob began to turn the knob, preparing to leave.

"Wait," Tom said.

Bob turned back, eyebrows raised in question.

"Fine," Tom said. "How do you want to do this?"

Something flickered across Bob's face, satisfaction, triumph, relief, too quickly to identify with certainty. Then his expression settled into something more measured, more thoughtful.

"Let's be clear about what 'this' is," Bob said, releasing the doorknob and turning fully toward Tom. "From what I understand, you want Jess to be sexual with other men and tell you about it. Jess wants to please you. And I'm the lucky man she's chosen."

Put so plainly, it sounded both perfectly logical and utterly insane. Tom found himself nodding despite the conflict raging inside him.

"She's been escalating from the beginning," Bob continued. "Smaller bikinis each week. Asking for back rubs, then leg rubs, now ass rubs. Testing the waters, step by step, trying to figure out her own feelings."

Again, that matched Tom's understanding of what had been developing over the past weeks. The progression had been gradual, each step building naturally on the one before.

"Here's the thing, though," Bob said, his tone shifting to something more cautious. "She's told me she wants to please me with a blowjob. But I think that's too big a leap right away."

Tom's eyebrows rose in surprise. This wasn't the direction he'd expected the conversation to take.

"Escalation should remain slow," Bob explained. "Would I be happy to receive a blowjob from your beautiful wife? Of course. Any man would. But I worry it would cause major unforeseen issues."

"Like what?" Tom asked, genuinely curious about Bob's concern given the older man's apparent interest in Jess.

"Like emotional complications," Bob replied. "Physical intimacy changes relationships in ways that are hard to predict. Jess needs to trust you as her husband to lead her, to guide her. To help her explore safely."

There was something oddly reassuring about Bob's caution, about his apparent concern for the potential ramifications of what Jess had supposedly suggested. It aligned with the man who had warned Tom about his own experience with Sarah, about how exploration had eventually led to the dissolution of his first marriage.

"What are you suggesting?" Tom asked.

"That you encourage her to take it further, but in a way that gives her more control," Bob said. "Let me manage things in reality, keep it slower than she thinks she wants."

"What does that mean, exactly?"

"Instead of a blowjob, what if she got naked during our next massage?" Bob suggested. "Still a big step, but one that gives her time to adjust instead of rushing into something sexual."

The image flashed in Tom's mind, Jess stretched out on a lounger, completely naked while Bob's hands moved over her body. His cock twitched traitorously in his jeans.

"You'd need to initiate it," Bob continued. "Tell her that if she wants to get naked for Tuesday's massage, that would be absolutely okay with you. That it would even turn you on."

"And if she says no?" Tom asked.

"Then she says no," Bob shrugged. "Don't argue with her. Just plant the seed and leave it at that. Let her decide."

Tom considered the suggestion, turning it over in his mind. It felt manipulative, deliberately engineering a situation based on Bob's account of Jess's desires rather than direct communication between husband and wife.

"I know what you're thinking," Bob said, seeming to read Tom's hesitation. "It feels like we're manipulating her. But we're doing it together, for her safety, to ensure everything is done carefully."

"You're sure she wants this?" Tom asked, needing the reassurance despite the conflict twisting inside him.

"She wants to give a blowjob," Bob confirmed. "But this would be a better step to take. Safer."

The conviction in Bob's voice was persuasive, as was the apparent logic of his suggestion. A naked massage did seem like a more natural progression than jumping straight to oral sex.

"If you're not comfortable with it," Bob added, "we can go back to the way things were. I'll back off. Never reveal to Jess any conversations we've had."

The offer seemed genuine, another point in favor of Bob's apparent integrity. He wasn't pushing, wasn't demanding. Just offering possibilities and respecting Tom's agency in the decision.

"Think about how it's been between you two lately," Bob continued. "Jess has told me about the sex, the connection, the excitement. All because she's been pushing these boundaries, testing these waters. Imagine what happens when she feels truly free to explore."

The statement struck a chord. Their relationship had transformed over the past weeks, reconnecting in ways that had seemed impossible in the aftermath of the cryptocurrency disaster. The exploration had brought them closer, had reignited passion and communication when both had been fading.

"I don't want to hurt her," Tom said, the words emerging as more of a plea than a statement.

"Neither do I," Bob assured him. "That's why we go slow. Why we let her set the pace. Why we create a safe space for her to explore rather than sending her to nightclubs with drunk strangers."

The reference to the nightclub, to Domino, to that night of drunken dancing and potential disaster, reminded Tom that Bob knew about that expedition, that Jess had supposedly shared that experience with him. Another data point supporting Bob's account of their private conversations.

"What if she wants to stop halfway through?" Tom asked, still searching for reassurance.

"Then it stops immediately," Bob stated firmly. "No questions, no pressure. I back off, no hard feelings. This only works if she feels completely safe and in control."

"And after Savannah? What then?"

"We take it one step at a time," Bob replied. "See how this goes. See how she feels about it afterward. No rushing, no pressure."

The answer was reasonable, measured, focused on Jess's comfort and agency rather than Bob's desires. Tom found himself nodding slowly, the decision coalescing despite the warnings still echoing in the back of his mind.

"Okay," he said finally, the word surprisingly steady despite the magnitude of what he was agreeing to.

"Okay," Bob echoed, something like relief passing across his features. "I'll follow your lead on this, Tom. It's your marriage, your wife. I'm just here to help facilitate whatever you two want to explore."

Tom nodded.

"One last thing," Bob said, his hand returning to the doorknob. "Thank you for trusting me with this. I know it's not easy to let another man into your marriage, even in this limited way." He paused, eyes meeting Tom's directly. "She's an incredible woman. Smart, beautiful, talented. You're a lucky man, Tom. Never forget that."

With that, he opened the door and stepped outside, pulling it closed behind him with a soft click.

Tom stood in the foyer, pulse racing, mind reeling from the encounter. Had he really just agreed to encourage his wife to get naked for another man? Had Jess really been discussing giving Bob a blowjob without mentioning it to Tom?

None of it aligned with what he thought he knew about their relationship, about the careful boundaries they'd established. Yet Bob's account contained enough verifiable truth, the progression of swimwear, the escalating physical contact, the roleplaying during sex, that the parts Tom couldn't verify seemed credible by association.

He moved to the kitchen, pouring himself a glass of water and drinking it in long gulps. The house felt suddenly unfamiliar, as though the foundations had shifted beneath his feet while the exterior remained unchanged.

What was true? What was manipulation? The questions circled without resolution.

Tom set the glass down and leaned against the counter, trying to organize his thoughts. Bob's suggestion made a certain sense. If Jess truly wanted to take things further, a naked massage seemed like a natural next step, less overtly sexual than oral but still a significant boundary to cross.

And if she rejected the suggestion? No harm done. Just a husband expressing openness to his wife's exploration, leaving the decision entirely in her hands.

Yet something about the encounter left Tom unsettled, a persistent unease that couldn't be easily dismissed.

Tom pushed away from the counter, heading back to his office. The Meridian implementation still needed attention, still demanded his focus despite the turmoil swirling through his personal life.

As he settled back at his desk, Tom tried to concentrate on the spreadsheet, on the data points that would determine the success or failure of the project. But his mind kept circling back to Bob's revelation, to the suggestion of Jess naked under Bob's hands, to the larger question of what his wife might be hiding from him even as they explored these new territories together.

Trust was the foundation of their relationship, the bedrock upon which everything else was built. If that foundation was cracking, if Jess was confiding in Bob things she couldn't or wouldn't share with Tom, what did that mean for their future?

His thoughts spiraled through possibilities and implications. Would he really suggest to Jess that she get naked for Bob's next massage? The idea simultaneously aroused and disturbed him, tangling desire and unease into a knot he couldn't easily unravel.

Tom leaned back in his chair, gaze lifting to the ceiling as though he could see through it to some higher perspective, some clarity that eluded him at ground level.

He thought of Thursday night, of Jess describing Bob's hands on her ass while finishing Tom with her mouth. Of her joking about giving Bob blowjobs to let him "feel a woman's touch again." Had she really been testing Tom's reaction, gauging his response to a scenario she'd already discussed with Bob?

The unease lingered, but alongside it grew something else, anticipation, curiosity, a desire to see where this path might lead. Their exploration thus far had revitalized their marriage, had reconnected them in ways Tom hadn't thought possible after the

cryptocurrency disaster. Perhaps this next step, this boundary crossing, would deepen that connection further.

And if not? If it threatened rather than strengthened their bond? They could always step back, recalibrate, return to safer territories.

The spreadsheet beckoned, demanding his attention despite the distractions swirling through his mind. Tom forced himself to focus, to immerse himself in the data that would secure his promotion, their financial future, the family they both wanted.

By the time Tom heard Jess's Tesla pull into the driveway nearly two hours later, he had his answer. Whether it was the right one remained to be seen.

The front door opened, followed by the sound of grocery bags rustling. "Tom? I'm back! Come help with these bags!"

Tom saved the spreadsheet and stood, stretching muscles stiff from hours at his desk. He'd tackle the Meridian implementation later. For now, his wife needed help with groceries.

He'd made his decision. Whether it was truly his, or whether Bob had skillfully guided him toward it, didn't matter as much as what would happen next, what Jess would decide when presented with the suggestion, whether she'd cross that boundary or hold firm against it.

The future hung suspended between possibilities, between hope and fear, between the marriage they had built and the one they were becoming.

"Coming!" Tom called, descending the stairs to meet his wife, to help unload groceries, to continue the performance of normal married life while unseen currents pulled them toward uncharted waters.

Monday evening, Jess slid the roasting pan into the oven, the heat billowing against her face as she set the timer for sixty minutes. After shutting the oven door, she straightened up and wiped her hands on a kitchen towel, surveying the remaining prep work. The chicken would be the star, seasoned with herbs from the garden Bob had planted.

She moved to the counter where a half-chopped onion waited, her knife making quick work of it. The mindless task allowed her thoughts to drift to tomorrow's redeye flight and the three days that would follow.

A memory surfaced of Bob's advice by the pool. "Men like Webb, they're predictable. They go after what they want directly, and they're used to getting it." His words had

struck her as practical rather than judgmental, offered with the matter of factness of someone who'd seen enough of the world to understand its patterns.

"The key is to never let him get you alone outside of professional settings," Bob had continued. "No drinks in his hotel room, no private dinners, nothing that could be interpreted as interest."

Jess scooped the onion into a small bowl. The challenge with men like Webb wasn't that they wouldn't take no for an answer. Most weren't that stupid in the era of sexual harassment lawsuits and #MeToo. The real problem was navigating the subtle power plays without damaging professional relationships, especially when the man controlled a career defining project like Savannah.

She reached for a bottle of white wine, uncorking it. A glass now wouldn't hurt while she finished prepping.

Her phone buzzed with a text from Annie confirming their meeting time at the airport. Sam was already in Savannah, having flown out that morning to set up the temporary office space they'd use during the site assessment. Their team was small but effective, Jess as lead designer, Annie handling material specifications and vendor relationships, and Sam focusing on the technical aspects, ensuring their designs could actually be implemented within the constraints of a historical building.

Jess texted back a thumbs-up emoji before returning to her cooking, sliding chopped vegetables into a bowl and tossing them with olive oil, salt, and pepper. She'd need to add them to the roasting pan.

Her mind drifted back to Chris Webb. The man was brilliant at what he did, no question. His developments consistently pushed boundaries while remaining commercially successful, no small feat in an industry where innovative design often clashed with financial reality. If she could navigate his obvious interest without compromising herself, the Savannah project could propel her career to new heights.

And she would navigate it. Bob's advice had been helpful, but she'd been handling men like Webb her entire career. The combination of her looks and talent had always attracted a certain type of attention. She'd learned to deflect, redirect, and when necessary, firmly shut down advances while maintaining professional relationships.

The sound of the door opening interrupted her thoughts. Tom was home, his timing nearly perfect. Jess poured a second glass of wine and moved toward the stairs, warmth spreading through her at the thought of seeing him. Despite the complications of recent weeks, despite the strange new territories they'd been exploring, her love for Tom remained the bedrock of her life, steady and enduring.

He appeared, briefcase in hand, tie already loosened. The lines of fatigue around his eyes softened when he saw her.

"Hey, you," Jess greeted, extending the wine glass. "Perfect timing. Dinner's in the oven. Should be ready in about fifteen minutes."

Tom set his briefcase down and accepted the wine, taking a sip before leaning in to kiss her. "Smells amazing in here."

"Roast chicken with vegetables," Jess said, returning his kiss. "Figured we should have a proper dinner before I leave."

She wrapped her arms around him, feeling the familiar contours of his body against hers. Despite all the strangeness of recent weeks, the clubbing experiment, the poolside sessions with Bob, the heightened sexuality of their relationship, this simple connection remained unchanged.

"Go get comfortable," she urged, pulling back slightly. "I'll finish setting the table."

Tom nodded, taking another sip of wine. "I'll just change quickly. Be right back."

While Tom disappeared into their bedroom, Jess moved around the kitchen completing the dinner preparations. She set their usual places at the dining table, added a simple centerpiece of flowers from the garden, and checked the roasting chicken. Everything was progressing perfectly.

By the time Tom returned, now in jeans and a casual shirt, looking more relaxed, Jess was removing the perfectly browned chicken from the oven. The vegetables around it glistened with olive oil and herbs, caramelized edges promising depth of flavor.

"Can I help with anything?" Tom offered, refilling their wine glasses.

"Just sit," Jess directed. "Everything's ready."

Tom settled into his chair while Jess brought the food to the table, arranging it on the trivets she'd set out earlier.

"So," Tom said once they'd both filled their plates, "all packed for tomorrow?"

"Almost," Jess replied, cutting into a roasted carrot. "Just need to add my toiletries in the morning. I've got everything else ready."

"What time's your flight again?"

"Eleven PM," Jess said. "Redeye. We should land in Savannah around six Wednesday morning. Annie and I are meeting at the airport at nine."

Tom nodded, taking a bite of chicken. "This is delicious, by the way."

"Thanks," Jess smiled. "Bob's herbs from the garden made all the difference."

"So walk me through the schedule," Tom said. "What's the plan once you land?"

Jess set her wine glass down. "We'll check into the hotel. We're staying at the Gastonian, this gorgeous historic inn. I've been wanting to stay there for years, actually." She speared a Brussels sprout with her fork. "They let us check in early, so we can freshen up before heading to the site. Wednesday is the room by room walkthrough with the contractors and project managers."

"And Webb will be there?" Tom asked.

"He'll join us for part of it," Jess confirmed. "He's hosting a dinner Wednesday night with all the stakeholders. Investors, historical preservation committee, the mayor's office."

"Sounds like quite the production."

"That's Webb's style," Jess shrugged. "Everything's an opportunity to network, to solidify relationships. Thursday we'll focus on the kitchen and bar areas, which have special requirements. Those spaces need to feel authentic to the period while meeting modern commercial standards."

Tom topped off their wine glasses. "And Friday?"

"Friday is mainly team meetings to compile our findings, prioritize needs, establish the project timeline." Jess paused to take a bite of chicken. "At night there's a little cocktail party where they're officially announcing the hotel's new name, Magnolia House."

"Of course it is," Tom chuckled. "Could they pick anything more stereotypically Southern?"

"Hey, it tested well with focus groups," Jess defended playfully. "And it's better than the current name, the Weatherby Mansion, which sounds like a funeral home."

Their laughter mingled, the ease of their conversation a reminder of why they'd connected in the first place all those years ago in college.

"You excited?" Tom asked, his expression softening.

"Really excited," Jess admitted. "This project has everything I love and the exposure could be huge. The design blogs are already tracking Webb's progress on the building."

"You're going to kill it," Tom said with absolute certainty. "They're lucky to have you."

Jess felt a rush of gratitude for his unwavering support. Even when their marriage had hit rough patches, even after the cryptocurrency disaster that had decimated their savings, Tom had never wavered in his belief in her talent, her capability.

"Speaking of Webb," Tom said, his tone shifting slightly, "you feel ready to handle him? After what you overheard at that party..."

Jess straightened in her chair, remembering Bob's advice again. "Absolutely. I'm going in prepared. Keep everything strictly professional, maintain clear boundaries, never be alone with him outside of work contexts."

"Good plan," Tom nodded. "Though I imagine that's easier said than done when he's the client."

"I've dealt with men like Webb my entire career," Jess replied. "They're predictable once you understand what drives them." The words echoed Bob's assessment so closely that it gave her a moment's pause. "Besides, Annie and Sam will be with me most of the time. Webb might be bold, but he's not stupid enough to try anything with witnesses present."

Tom studied her over the rim of his wine glass. "You've thought this through."

"I have to," Jess said simply. "It's the reality of being a woman in a male dominated industry. You develop strategies."

"Well, for what it's worth, I think you'll handle him perfectly," Tom said. "Just like you handle everything else."

Jess smiled.

"I've been thinking about you all day," Tom confessed, the shift in conversation as natural as it was deliberate. "About Thursday night."

Heat bloomed in Jess's cheeks at the memory. Her in that white bikini, describing Bob's hands on her body while finishing Tom with her mouth. The intensity of his response, the depth of their connection.

"It's been like that all weekend," she admitted. "I've never felt so... I don't know. Seen? Present? Everything feels more vivid somehow."

"I know exactly what you mean," Tom agreed, reaching across the table to take her hand. "It's like we found a new frequency."

For all the complexities of their current exploration, the physical chemistry between them remained undeniable, perhaps even enhanced by the edges of danger they were flirting with.

They finished dinner with the comfortable silence of a couple who no longer needed constant conversation to feel connected. Together, they cleared the table, loaded the dishwasher, and stored the leftovers, moving around each other with the experience of years spent sharing the same space.

"I should finish packing," Jess said as they completed the kitchen cleanup. "Just a few more things to add to my suitcase."

Tom nodded, closing the dishwasher.

In their bedroom, Jess's suitcase lay open on the floor, nearly packed but still missing a few items. She moved to her dresser, pulling out the last few essentials while Tom settled on the edge of the bed.

"You're sure you've got everything you need?" he asked, watching her select pieces.

"Pretty sure," Jess replied, adding a few pairs of underwear to the suitcase. "Annie always overpacks, so if I forget anything, I can probably borrow from her."

Tom chuckled. "The Annie who brought two suitcases to the company beach weekend last year? Yeah, I think you're covered."

Jess smiled at the memory. "In her defense, she didn't know what the weather would do, and she wanted options."

"She had enough options to clothe a small village," Tom pointed out.

Jess laughed, folding the last few items into her suitcase. "There. Almost done. Just need to add my toiletries in the morning."

She zipped the suitcase and set it against the wall before turning back to Tom. "I'm going to grab a quick shower. Won't be long."

Tom nodded, settling back against the pillows. "Take your time. I'm not going anywhere."

In the bathroom, Jess stripped and stepped under the warm spray, letting the water wash away the cooking smells and the day's tension. She took her time shampooing her hair, then conditioning it.

As she washed, her mind returned to their conversation about Chris Webb, about handling him. She'd meant what she'd said about being prepared, about keeping things professional. But there was also a confidence in her approach that hadn't been there before, a certainty that she could manage the situation on her terms.

Part of that confidence, she realized, stemmed from the past few weeks with Bob. As strange as it might seem, those poolside sessions had reminded her of a power she'd always possessed but sometimes forgot, the ability to command attention, to control

a situation through the deliberate wielding of her presence. It was a skill she'd developed during her modeling days and had subsequently downplayed in her pursuit of professional respect.

But Bob had seen it, had recognized it. "You're not just talented, princess. You're smart. Capable. The kind of woman who can handle herself in any situation." His words had affirmed something she'd always known but sometimes doubted, that her beauty and her brains weren't separate assets but complementary ones, tools in the same toolkit.

Jess rinsed the conditioner from her hair, then shut off the water. She toweled herself dry, wrapped her hair in a second towel, and moved to the sink to complete her skincare routine. The familiar rituals grounded her, preparing her both for the night ahead with Tom and, more distantly, for the challenges waiting in Savannah.

Instead of reaching for her usual sleep shirt, Jess opened a drawer where earlier she placed lingerie, a matching set in deep red, a push-up bra with lace trim and barely there panties. Tom had bought it for her birthday earlier in the year, but she'd only worn it once. Tonight felt like an appropriate occasion to bring it out again.

She slipped it on, adjusting the bra to emphasize her cleavage, then removed the towel from her hair, letting the damp strands fall around her shoulders. A quick check in the mirror confirmed the effect was as intended, sexy as hell, a wife making an effort for her husband before a business trip.

When Jess emerged from the bathroom, Tom was already in bed, scrolling through his phone. He glanced up at her entrance, his eyes widening as they traveled down her body and back up to her face.

"Wow," he breathed, setting his phone aside. "That's... unexpected."

Jess moved toward the bed slowly, enjoying the intensity in his gaze. "I thought we should make tonight special. We won't have another chance until I get back Saturday."

"What about tomorrow?" Tom asked, though his attention was clearly more on her body than her words.

"We both know how those days go," Jess replied, reaching the edge of the bed. "You'll get home late from work, I'll be rushing to finish packing and get to the airport on time..."

Tom reached for her, his hand settling on her hip, drawing her closer. "Then I'm very glad you thought of this."

Jess climbed onto the bed, moving to straddle him over the covers, the position putting her breasts at his eye level. Tom's hands moved to her waist, then slid up her sides to cup her breasts through the bra.

"You look incredible," he murmured, thumbs brushing over her nipples through the thin fabric. "Red is definitely your color."

Jess arched into his touch, letting her head fall back slightly. "I thought you'd appreciate it."

Tom leaned forward, pressing his lips to the swell of her breast above the lace. "I more than appreciate it," he said against her skin. "I'm already imagining taking it off you."

Jess shifted, grinding down slightly against him, feeling his hardening cock through the covers. The friction drew a low sound from Tom's throat, a growl of approval.

"I don't think you'll have to imagine for long," she whispered, her hands finding his shoulders for balance.

Tom's mouth continued its exploration, teeth grazing the sensitive skin of her throat, tongue tracing the line of her collarbone. One hand moved to the back of her bra, finding the clasp. The garment loosened, and Tom pulled it away, exposing her breasts.

"Beautiful," he breathed, cupping one breast while his mouth moved to the other, tongue circling her nipple before sucking it between his lips.

Jess moaned, pressing closer, her fingers threading through his hair to hold him against her. The sensation of his mouth sent electric currents through her body, centering in the growing wetness between her thighs.

Tom switched his attention to her other breast, his hand now free to slide down her stomach, fingers tracing the waistband of her panties. Jess shifted, encouraging his exploration, nearly desperate for his touch where she needed it most.

His fingers slipped beneath the lace, finding her pussy already slick. "So wet already," Tom murmured against her breast, his finger circling her clit with teasing lightness.

"Your fault," Jess gasped, rotating her hips to increase the pressure. "You and that mouth of yours."

Tom chuckled. "My mouth can do a lot more than this," he promised, sliding his finger inside her, then adding a second.

Jess rode his hand, the dual sensation of his fingers inside her and his mouth on her breast building a delicious tension low in her belly. But she wanted more, wanted to feel him properly, to connect completely before her trip.

She pushed back slightly, creating space between them. “Lay back,” she directed.

Tom obeyed, removing his hand from her panties and shifting to lie flat. Jess moved down his body, tugging the covers away to reveal his boxers, tented with his erection. She hooked her fingers in the waistband and pulled them down, freeing his cock.

“Now who’s eager?” Tom teased as she tossed his boxers aside.

“You complaining?” Jess asked, one eyebrow raised in challenge.

“God, no,” Tom replied, his smile fading as she wrapped her hand around his shaft, giving it a slow stroke. “That feels amazing.”

Jess continued the motion, enjoying the weight and warmth of him in her hand, the way his breathing changed when she twisted her wrist just so. She leaned down, maintaining eye contact as she licked a stripe up the underside of his cock, ending with a swirl around the head.

“Fuck,” Tom groaned, his hips jerking upward involuntarily. “You’re so good at that.”

“At what?” Jess asked innocently, her tongue flicking out to taste the precum beading at his tip. “This?”

She took him into her mouth then, sliding down until he hit the back of her throat, then slowly withdrawing, her cheeks hollowing with suction. Tom’s hands found her hair, holding, a connection point as she established a rhythm.

“Yes, that,” Tom managed, his voice strained. “Fucking hell, Jess, your mouth is incredible.”

The praise sent a thrill through her, a surge of power at reducing him to breathless wonder with just her mouth.

“If you keep this up,” Tom warned, “things are going to end way too soon.”

Jess pulled off with a final, deliberate suck. “We can’t have that,” she agreed, moving up his body to kiss him deeply, letting him taste himself on her tongue.

As they kissed, Tom’s hands moved to her panties, pushing them down her thighs. Jess helped, kicking them aside before settling back on top of him, his cock now pressed against her wet pussy, separated only by the thinnest barrier of will.

“Wait,” Tom said, breaking the kiss. “Let me taste you too.”

Before Jess could respond, he was maneuvering them, flipping their positions so she lay beneath him. He moved down her body, pressing kisses to her stomach, her hipbones, the sensitive skin of her inner thighs. Then his mouth was on her, his tongue parting her folds to find her clit.

“Oh god,” Jess gasped, her back arching off the bed. “Yes, right there.”

His hands gripped her thighs, holding her open as he alternated between broad strokes and focused attention on her clit.

The pleasure built quickly, a testament to both his skill and her arousal. Jess’s hands found his hair, her hips moving against his mouth, chasing the release hovering just out of reach.

“I’m close,” she breathed, her body tensing. “So close.”

Tom redoubled his efforts, adding his fingers to the mix, sliding two inside her while his tongue continued its relentless attention to her clit. The combination pushed her over the edge, her orgasm crashing through her in waves of intensity that left her breathless and trembling.

Before she could fully recover, Tom was moving again, repositioning himself. But instead of covering her body with his as she expected, he turned, presenting his cock to her face while his mouth returned to her still-sensitive pussy.

The position required some adjustment, but soon they found their rhythm, Jess taking him deep into her mouth while Tom’s tongue explored her folds, his fingers adding pressure in just the right spots. The dual sensation of giving and receiving pleasure simultaneously was intensely intimate, a perfect circle of connection.

“You’re so good at this,” Tom murmured against her. “Love the way you suck my cock.”

Jess moaned around him, the praise sending another surge of arousal through her body. She took him deeper, relaxing her throat to accommodate his length, using her hand to stroke what she couldn’t fit.

“That’s it,” Tom encouraged. “Take it deep, just like that.”

The dirty talk had always been a part of their sex life, but in recent weeks it had evolved, become more explicit, more raw. Jess found herself responding to it with increased enthusiasm, her own inhibitions falling away in the face of Tom’s obvious arousal.

“You love sucking cock, don’t you?” Tom asked, pulling back from her pussy to speak clearly. “Tell me how much you love it.”

Jess released him from her mouth, her hand continuing to stroke. “I love it,” she admitted. “Love the way you feel in my mouth, the way you respond.”

“Show me,” Tom challenged, thrusting lightly against her lips.

Jess opened for him, taking him in again, this time with renewed determination. She hollowed her cheeks, creating suction as she bobbed her head.

Tom groaned. “Fuck, that’s good. So fucking good.”

His mouth returned to her pussy, his tongue circling her clit before dipping lower, teasing her entrance. The stimulation was overwhelming, building her toward another peak even as she focused on pleasuring him.

Eventually, Tom pulled away from her, his breathing ragged. “Need to be inside you,” he managed, moving to reposition himself. “Need to feel you.”

Jess released his cock, shifting to accommodate his movement. Tom settled between her legs, the head of his cock pressing against her entrance, slick with her arousal and his saliva.

“Yes,” Jess urged, her legs wrapping around his waist. “Please, Tom. I need you inside me.”

Tom pushed forward, entering her in a thrust that drew moans from them both. He stilled for a moment, allowing her to adjust to the fullness, their eyes locked in a moment of connection.

“I love you,” Tom said.

“I love you too,” Jess replied, her hands finding his shoulders, feeling the muscles tense as he began to move.

Tom established a rhythm, slow and deep at first. Jess moved with him, her hips rising to meet his, taking him deeper with each stroke.

“Feels so good,” she breathed, her nails digging slightly into his skin. “So deep this way.”

Tom’s pace increased, and soon he was going in and out rhythmically.

“Are you going to tease Bob tomorrow?” Tom asked suddenly, the question so unexpected that Jess almost missed the shift in context. “During the massage?”

The mention of Bob sent a jolt of shock through her. They’d talked about him during sex before, especially after the white bikini incident, but the directness of Tom’s question caught her off guard.

“Yes,” she admitted, remembering their previous conversation. “Like you asked me to.”

Tom’s thrusts deepened, his expression intense. “And what will you wear?”

“The white bikini again,” Jess replied. “You seemed to enjoy that one so much.”

“I did,” Tom confirmed, his voice strained with the effort of maintaining his rhythm. “And if you want to do something with Bob, you can tell me.”

The phrasing struck Jess as odd, but in the heat of the moment, with Tom’s cock moving inside her, she assumed it was just part of the fantasy they were building together. Tom got off on the idea of other men wanting her, touching her, while knowing she ultimately came back to him.

“Maybe I’ll let him massage my feet again,” Jess teased, playing into what she perceived as fantasy talk. “His hands felt amazing last time.”

“Yeah?” Tom prompted, his pace quickening. “What else?”

“Maybe I’ll tell him my butt is sore from all those squats I did at the gym,” Jess continued, the words flowing more easily now that she understood the game. “Ask him to work out the tension there too.”

Tom groaned, his thumb pressing harder against her clit. “He’d love that. Getting his hands on your ass again.”

“He would,” Jess agreed, her own arousal building both from the physical stimulation and the taboo nature of their conversation. “He’s got such big hands. They cover so much area.”

“You should get naked for him,” Tom said, the words sending a shock through Jess’s system.

For a moment, she thought she’d misheard, but Tom’s expression was serious despite the pleasure etched on his features.

“What?” she asked, though she didn’t stop moving against him.

“You should get naked for Bob,” Tom repeated, clearer this time. “For the massage tomorrow.”

“You’d like that?” she asked, playing along. “If I let Bob see what no man but you has seen in years?”

“Yes,” Tom hissed. “God, yes.”

“Maybe I will,” Jess teased. “Maybe I’ll let him see everything. Spread my legs and let him see how wet I get when he touches me.”

The words felt scandalous leaving her mouth, a fantasy she had no intention of actualizing but that clearly drove Tom wild. His pace increased, the sound of skin slapping against skin filling the room.

Tom’s groan was almost pained. “Fuck, Jess.”

“Or maybe I’ll let him massage my tits,” she continued, encouraged by his reaction. “He always tries not to look at them, but I catch him glancing when he thinks I won’t notice.”

“Would you let him touch your pussy?” Tom asked, his voice tight with approaching climax. “If he asked?”

“Maybe,” Jess whispered, the fantasy taking shape in her mind, safe within the boundaries of their bedroom talk. “If you wanted me to.”

“I do,” Tom groaned. “I want you to.”

Jess felt her own orgasm building, the combination of physical stimulation and forbidden fantasy pushing her toward the edge.

Tom’s rhythm faltered, his control clearly slipping. “What about his cock? Do you want to suck it, Jess? Do you want to take Bob’s huge cock in your mouth?”

The dirty talk was reaching new levels, and Jess felt herself responding to it, her pussy clenching around Tom as the forbidden images flashed through her mind.

“Yes,” she breathed, lost in the fantasy. “I’d love to. I bet he tastes different from you. Stronger, maybe.”

Tom suddenly pulled out, his expression almost desperate. “Show me,” he demanded. “Show me how you’d suck his cock.”

Jess didn’t hesitate, quickly shifting down the bed and taking Tom into her mouth again. She hollowed her cheeks, sucking hard, her tongue working the sensitive underside of his cock. She looked up, meeting his eyes, letting him see the enthusiasm on her face.

“Like this,” she said, pulling back just long enough to speak before taking him deep again. “I’d make it so good for him.”

Tom’s hands tangled in her hair, guiding her movements. “Take it deeper,” he urged. “Show me how deep you could take him.”

Jess relaxed her throat, taking him until her nose pressed against his pelvis. She held him there for a moment before pulling back, gasping for air, saliva trailing from her lips to his cock in a thin, glistening strand.

“I’d swallow every drop,” she promised, stroking him with her hand while she caught her breath. “Just like I do for you.”

“Fuck, I’m close,” Tom warned. “Don’t stop.”

Jess lowered her mouth again, one hand cupping his balls. She could feel him tightening, his cock swelling slightly, the telltale sign of his impending release.

"Jess," Tom gasped, his fingers tightening in her hair. "I'm going to-"

His words cut off in a groan as he came, pulsing against her tongue. Jess didn't pull away, swallowing each surge until he was spent, his body relaxing beneath her. Only then did she release him, placing a final gentle kiss on the tip of his cock before moving up to curl against his side.

As they lay together afterward, a comfortable silence settled between them. Jess traced idle patterns on Tom's chest, her mind drifting between contentment and the looming Savannah trip.

"I wasn't joking, you know," Tom said suddenly, breaking the quiet. "About tomorrow."

Jess lifted her head to look at him, confusion furrowing her brow. "What about tomorrow?"

"About getting naked for Bob," Tom clarified, his expression serious despite the absurdity of the statement. "I want you to do it. And if you want to do more, you can tell me."

Jess stared at him, trying to process the shift from fantasy to apparent reality. "You're serious?"

"Completely," Tom confirmed, his expression earnest despite the gravity of what he was suggesting. "If you want to, that is. It's entirely your choice."

Jess sat up, pulling the sheet to cover herself instinctively, suddenly feeling exposed in a way that had nothing to do with her nakedness. "Tom, that's... that's a huge leap from flirting in a bikini."

"I know," Tom acknowledged, sitting up beside her. "But we've been moving in this direction for weeks, and it feels like a natural next step. Not sex, just... a bit further than we've gone before."

Jess tried to organize her thoughts, which were scattered by both the recent orgasm and the shocking turn in conversation. "I don't know," she said finally. "That feels like a lot."

"It's okay if you're not comfortable with it," Tom assured her, his hand finding hers atop the sheet. "I'd never want you to do something that made you uncomfortable. I just wanted you to know that if you want to take things further with Bob, I'm okay with it."

“But getting naked is a big step from wearing a bikini,” Jess pointed out.

“I know,” Tom agreed. “And if it doesn’t feel right to you, then absolutely don’t do it. But I wanted you to know that it wouldn’t change anything between us. It wouldn’t make me love you any less or think differently of you. In fact, it would make things hotter.”

Jess studied his face. All she saw was earnestness, genuine desire, and something like vulnerability.

“This really turns you on, doesn’t it?” she asked softly.

“Yes,” Tom admitted. “It’s like watching you come alive in a new way. I love seeing you embrace this side of yourself, the confidence you had during your modeling days.”

Her modeling career, brief as it had been, had awakened something in her, a comfort with being seen, admired, desired. She’d buried that part of herself as she’d pursued her design career, determined to be taken seriously for her mind rather than her body. But in recent weeks, with the poolside sessions and even the clubbing experiment, she’d reconnected with that aspect of herself, found a way to integrate it into her identity rather than suppressing it.

“You think I enjoy being seen that way,” Jess said, not quite a question.

“Don’t you?” Tom countered gently. “The white bikini is practically see through. Bob must have seen your nipples when you came out of the pool.”

Jess felt her cheeks warm at the reminder. “He probably did,” she acknowledged.

“And that excited you,” Tom pressed. “Being seen like that, knowing the effect you had on him.”

The truth of his observation couldn’t be denied. There had been a thrill in it, a power in knowing exactly how her appearance affected Bob, in controlling that interaction while maintaining the upper hand.

“It would be the same,” Tom continued. “Just... more. More intense. And if it doesn’t feel right, you can stop at any point.”

“What about the touching, though?” Jess asked, the practicality of the situation asserting itself. “Getting naked for a massage means his hands would be on my skin. All of my skin.”

“Has Bob ever been inappropriate during the massages?” Tom asked. “Ever tried to touch you sexually?”

"No," Jess admitted after a moment's consideration. "He's been professional, even when his hands were on my ass last time. Thorough, but not creepy about it."

"So you trust him to respect boundaries," Tom observed. "To not push further than you're comfortable with."

Put that way, it did seem less daunting. Bob had proven himself to be respectful, if clearly attracted to her. He'd never pushed, never assumed, had always let her set the pace of their interactions.

"You're secretly an exhibitionist," Tom teased, his tone lightening. "Admit it. You get off on being seen, having that power."

"I am not!" Jess protested, though without much conviction. "It's just... there is something about it. About knowing the effect I have, about controlling that interaction. It does make me feel powerful in a way."

"Exactly," Tom nodded. "And this would be an extension of that. Completely controlled, completely on your terms."

Jess bit her lower lip, considering. The idea was both terrifying and undeniably intriguing. To deliberately cross that boundary, to let Bob see her completely, to feel his hands directly on her skin...

"I'm not saying yes," she said finally. "But I'm not saying no either. I'll think about it."

"That's all I'm asking," Tom assured her, pulling her close again. "That you consider it. The decision is entirely yours."

Jess settled against him, her head on his chest, listening to the steady rhythm of his heartbeat. The conversation had taken an unexpected turn, opening possibilities she'd never seriously considered. But there was comfort in knowing that whatever she decided, Tom would support her, would still see her as the same person, would still love her regardless.

"You know I love you, right?" Tom murmured, pressing a kiss to the top of her head. "No matter what. Whether you decide to do this or not, whether we explore further or step back, that won't change."

"I know," Jess whispered. Despite the complications of recent weeks, despite the strange new territories they were exploring, her trust in Tom's love remained unshaken. "I love you too."

They lay together in comfortable silence, both processing the conversation, the implications, the potential paths forward. Eventually, Jess felt herself drifting toward

sleep, her body relaxed from their lovemaking, her mind quieted by Tom's reassurance.

On Tuesday afternoon, Jess stood in the walk-in closet, naked in front of the full-length mirror. Her reflection gazed back, lean, tanned, the product of disciplined gym sessions and yoga classes. She looked at the subtle definition of her obliques, the gentle curve where waist flared to hip, the long lines of thighs honed through countless squats and lunges. She turned, studying her backside critically. The firm roundness of her ass showed no dimpling, testament to her consistent commitment to fitness.

At twenty-seven, her body reflected the dual advantages of genetics and dedicated effort. She was one of those women blessed with a naturally athletic frame, but maintaining it required work, work she'd embraced as routine.

"A body worth showing off," she murmured, echoing Brandon's frequent, obnoxious compliments.

The white bikini lay on the dressing table beside her, impossibly small scraps of fabric connected by delicate strings. Tom had bought it for her years ago, for a weekend in Cabo where the beaches were private enough, exclusive enough, that wearing something so revealing wouldn't invite unwanted attention. Even then, it had taken considerable coaxing for her to wear it, and only on their hotel balcony, never on the actual beach.

But today she was wearing it again for Bob and possibly taking it off for him.

The thought sent a complex rush of emotions through her body, excitement, apprehension, guilt, curiosity, each feeling a distinct note in the conflicting symphony playing in her mind.

She picked up the top, sliding her arms through it and fastening it behind her back. The thin material barely contained her breasts, the fabric straining slightly against their weight. She adjusted it, ensuring maximum coverage while acknowledging that "maximum" in this case still revealed more than it concealed.

Last night's conversation with Tom replayed in her head as she worked the triangular pieces into position.

"You should get naked for Bob," he'd said, as he moved inside her. Not a suggestion but a directive, spoken with conviction. And later, after they'd finished, he'd confirmed it wasn't just heat of the moment dirty talk. "I wasn't joking. About tomorrow. About getting naked for Bob. I want you to do it."

Jess slipped into the bikini bottoms, pulling the strings high on her hips to elongate her legs. The back was little more than a thong, the front a small triangle that barely covered her pubic mound. She'd waxed yesterday in preparation for her Savannah trip, leaving herself completely bare beneath the thin fabric.

She turned again, examining herself from multiple angles. The white material contrasted sharply with her tan, making her skin appear even more golden. With the high-cut bottoms and the push-up effect of the top, she looked like she'd just stepped out of a high fashion swimwear catalog.

"This is insane," she told her reflection.

She reached for her phone, opening her text messages to Tom. Her fingers hovered over the keyboard. What would she even say? 'Hey, just checking if you really want me to strip naked for our tenant?' The absurdity of the question made her set the phone back down. She already knew the answer. Tom had made his position abundantly clear. The decision now rested with her alone.

Jess moved to the bed, sitting on its edge. In less than twelve hours, she'd be on a plane to Savannah. This would be her last interaction with Bob before leaving, creating a natural "now or never" urgency that increased the stakes. Whatever boundary she chose to maintain or cross today would set the tone for what might follow when she returned.

She thought of the first time she and Tom had seriously discussed this topic, when he'd confessed his fantasy of her being with other men. The revelation had shocked her, then intrigued her, then awakened something she hadn't fully acknowledged in herself, a desire to be seen, admired, desired by more than just her husband.

And then there was the phone call. The one where she'd fabricated a story about going up to Chris Webb's hotel room, about him kissing her, about nearly staying the night. Tom hadn't reacted with anger or jealousy. Instead, he'd become aroused, had stroked himself as she spun out the details of an encounter that never happened.

Jess closed her eyes, remembering their conversation at Vesper, when they'd established their rules.

"I need to state upfront that I'm not interested in having sex with anyone else," she'd told him firmly. "I'm open to pushing some boundaries, to exploring the fantasy to a certain degree, but I don't want you to keep pushing me toward that endpoint."

Tom had agreed readily. "Understood. No pressure toward sex with others."

But wasn't that exactly what was happening now? The progression from flirting to bikinis to massage to... nudity. Where did it end? Would the goalposts keep moving?

After naked massages, what would come next? Bob's hands between her legs? His mouth on her breasts? Or perhaps what Tom had been fixated on last night, her mouth on Bob's cock?

She stood, too restless to remain seated. Their four rules echoed in her mind, a framework they'd built together to navigate these uncharted waters.

Communication. Nothing happens without prior discussion and mutual agreement. Full disclosure about all interactions.

They'd discussed it. Tom had made his position clear. If she chose to get naked for Bob, she would tell Tom everything afterward, holding nothing back.

Veto power. Either of us can stop anything immediately, no questions asked.

That power remained hers. If at any point during the interaction with Bob she felt uncomfortable, she could stop it. Put her cover-up back on. Leave.

Privacy. This stays completely private between us. No sharing with friends, no matter how close.

She'd maintained that boundary, despite Madi's persistent questions. Madi knew about Tom's fantasies but nothing about the specifics, nothing about Bob.

Emotional boundaries. No dating, no separate emotional relationships, no romantic connections outside our marriage.

This was the clearest line. What happened with Bob would be physical, not emotional. An exploration of boundaries, of desire, of this aspect of herself she'd suppressed for so long. Not a relationship. Not a romance. Just... experience.

Jess paced the room, her thoughts colliding and contradicting. On one level, the idea of stripping naked for Bob, a man nearly twice her age, a man who lived in their home, seemed absurd, inappropriate, reckless. On another, there was an undeniable thrill in it, a reclaiming of the exhibitionist tendencies she'd discovered during her modeling days, a kind of freedom in pushing against conventional boundaries.

But was it truly freedom if Tom was encouraging it? If her choice was shaped by external desires rather than internal ones?

Yet wasn't that oversimplifying? She did feel excitement at the thought of Bob seeing her naked, at the power such a revelation would give her. The thrill of being truly seen, completely exposed, yet remaining in control. Of knowing the effect she would have on him while deciding exactly how far the interaction would go.

Getting naked would be crossing a line, yes, but was it such a dramatic leap from where they already were? Bob had seen her in progressively smaller bikinis. Had

applied sunscreen to nearly every inch of her skin, including her ass. Had massaged her feet with such intimate attention that she'd nearly fallen asleep under his surprisingly gentle touch.

He'd been respectful throughout, never overstepping, never assuming. Even when she'd asked him to apply sunscreen to her ass, he'd hesitated, given her an opportunity to reconsider, proceeded with professional detachment despite the obvious effect it had on him physically.

She trusted him to respect her boundaries. She trusted herself to maintain them.

The question remained, what did she truly want? Not what Tom wanted. Not what Bob hoped for. What did Jess Marshall, beneath the layers of expectations and obligations and taboos, actually desire?

The answer came with surprising clarity. She wanted to explore this edge, to push against this boundary, to reclaim a part of herself she'd buried in pursuit of professional respect and conventional propriety. The part that had thrilled at being photographed in soaked white cotton lingerie, at commanding attention with nothing but her physical presence, at knowing the effect she had on men without being diminished by it.

Yet she didn't want to make that decision right now, in the safety of her bedroom. She wanted to let the interaction with Bob unfold naturally. If the moment felt right, if her instincts guided her there, she would cross that boundary. If not, she wouldn't. The choice would be hers, neither Tom's fantasy nor Bob's desire, but her own authentic response.

That thought steadied her. This wasn't about fulfilling Tom's fantasy or satisfying Bob's barely concealed longing. It was about her, about reclaiming a part of herself she had buried, exploring dimensions of her identity she had suppressed.

Jess glanced at her watch. Nearly noon. Bob would likely be in the yard by now, tending to the garden as he did most afternoons. She had a redeye flight to catch that evening, last-minute preparations to complete, a team to coordinate with. This was her last chance before Savannah to explore this particular boundary.

She reached for her cover-up, a sheer white piece that did little to actually cover anything but provided a thin veil of modesty. She slipped it on, leaving it open in the front, then grabbed her sunglasses, a water bottle, and the sunscreen.

From the dressing table, she picked up her phone, checking for messages. Tom had texted.

Tom: Thinking of you. Have a good afternoon. Love you.

Simple. Supportive. No explicit mention of what they'd discussed last night, but the timing made the subtext clear. He was thinking about her, about the decision she faced.

Jess typed a quick reply.

Jess: Love you too. Will call you later to let you know how the day went.

She set the phone aside, collecting her things. One last glance in the mirror confirmed what she already knew. She looked incredible, her body showcased to its best advantage in the white bikini.

Whatever she decided, whether to maintain this particular boundary or cross it, she would own the choice. She would be the one in control.

Jess moved through the bedroom and into the hallway, her steps lighter now that she'd settled into her decision, to decide in the moment, to follow her instincts, to reclaim her agency in this exploration.

In the kitchen, she moved to the sliding glass door that led to the balcony and stopped in front of it.

Jess took a deep breath, steadying herself, centering her thoughts. Then she slid the door open and stepped onto the balcony, the warm Austin air enveloping her immediately. The stairs led down to the backyard, to the pool, to Bob, to a choice she would make on her own terms, guided by her own desires rather than external expectations.

With her decision clear, to let the moment guide her, Jess began her descent to the yard below.

The Bad Tenant Ch. 12

Tom stared blankly at his monitor, the information on the spreadsheet barely registering. The clock in the corner of his screen read 12:23 PM. He'd just texted Jess and received her reply, and now his imagination was running wild with what might be happening at home.

Right now, this very moment, Jess might be stepping onto their balcony in that white bikini. She might be descending the stairs to the yard where Bob waited. Tom's knee bounced rapidly beneath his desk, a physical manifestation of the nervous energy coursing through him.

Would she do it? Would she actually get naked for Bob? The possibility sent a jolt through Tom's body that was equal parts arousal and anxiety.

He tried to focus on the spreadsheet, on the data points that would determine the success of the Meridian implementation, but his mind kept drifting back to last night, to Jess in that red lingerie set, to her mouth on his cock while they discussed Bob.

"You should get naked for Bob," he'd said, as he moved inside her. Not a suggestion but a directive, spoken with conviction. And later, after they'd finished, he'd confirmed it wasn't just heat of the moment dirty talk. "I wasn't joking. About tomorrow. About getting naked for Bob. I want you to do it."

Christ. Had he actually said those words? Had he actually encouraged his wife to strip naked for another man? The memory felt almost dreamlike, disconnected from reality.

But it had been real. And now Jess was at home, possibly contemplating that very suggestion. And he was here at work, unable to witness what might unfold.

Tom clicked aimlessly through tabs on his browser, pretending to work while his mind spun scenarios. What if she did it? What if, right now, Jess was revealing that white bikini to Bob? What if she was untying the strings, letting the tiny scraps of fabric fall away while Bob watched, his massive hands clenching with the effort not to reach for her?

Tom's cock stirred in his slacks at the images his mind conjured. Jess stretched out naked on a lounger, her golden skin on display, her nipples hard under Bob's gaze. Bob's hands on her bare back, moving lower, cupping the perfect roundness of her ass with no barrier between his palms and her smooth skin.

"Would you let him touch your pussy?" Tom had asked her last night. "If he asked?"

"Maybe," Jess had whispered. "If you wanted me to."

"I do. I want you to."

And he had meant it, in that moment at least. The heat of arousal, the forbidden nature of the fantasy, had overwhelmed any misgivings. The image of Bob's fingers slipping between Jess's thighs, finding her wet and ready, had nearly made Tom come on the spot.

But it was Jess's next words that had truly undone him.

"What about his cock? Do you want to suck it, Jess? Do you want to take Bob's huge cock in your mouth?"

"Yes. I'd love to. I bet he tastes different from you. Stronger, maybe."

The memory made Tom shift in his chair, his cock now fully hard. He'd pulled out, desperate for her mouth. "Show me. Show me how you'd suck his cock."

And she had. She'd taken him deep, hollowing her cheeks, looking up with enthusiasm that seemed entirely genuine. "Like this. I'd make it so good for him."

Then she'd told him "I'd swallow every drop. Just like I do for you."

Tom grabbed his water bottle, taking a long drink. His office suddenly felt too warm, too confined. He checked the time again. 12:27 PM. Four minutes had passed, yet it felt like hours.

What was happening at home? Had Jess made her decision?

The uncertainty was maddening. Tom considered texting her again but immediately dismissed the idea. She would tell him later, as promised. Interrupting now would only intrude on whatever was unfolding, might even disrupt the natural progression of events.

Tom's thoughts circled back to Bob, to their conversations over the past weeks. The first had been the most shocking, Bob confronting him about watching through the window that first night.

Tom had tried to deny it, but Bob had cut through his pretense. "Don't insult my intelligence. We both know what happened. I saw you that night, just like you saw me."

The memory still made Tom's stomach clench with shame. Being caught watching another man masturbate to photos of his wife. It should have been mortifying, should have been the end of any possibility of a normal tenant-landlord relationship.

But Bob hadn't reacted with disgust or anger. Hadn't threatened to tell Jess or demanded money for his silence. Instead, he'd offered understanding, even guidance.

"The fantasies you're having, Tom? They're normal. More common than you'd think. But they need to be handled carefully. With respect for the marriage, with clear boundaries."

Bob had positioned himself not as a blackmailer but as a mentor, someone who'd been down this road before and understood its pitfalls. He'd shared his experience with Sarah, his first wife, how their exploration had eventually led to the dissolution of his marriage.

The warning had seemed genuine, the concern real. And in the weeks since, Bob had proven himself to be respectful, patient, never pushing beyond what Tom indicated he was comfortable with. Even in their most recent conversation, when Bob had revealed Jess wanted to give him a blowjob, he'd suggested a more measured approach.

"She wants to give a blowjob," Bob had confirmed. "But this would be a better step to take. Safer."

A naked massage instead of jumping straight to oral sex. A natural progression, a controlled escalation. Bob had been thinking about their safety, about preventing the same mistakes that had cost him his marriage to Sarah.

And wasn't that exactly what Tom wanted? Someone who understood these complex desires, who could help navigate them without the risks of anonymous nightclub encounters?

Everyone would get what they wanted if Tom accepted Bob's offer of guidance. Tom would see his wife with another man, fulfilling a fantasy he'd only recently acknowledged even to himself. Bob would get Jess, an incredibly beautiful woman decades younger than himself showing him physical affection. And Jess would get to explore her sexuality with a man who respected her boundaries, who gave her advice about handling men like Webb, who made her feel safe.

She wouldn't leave Tom for Bob. That much was certain. Bob was old enough to be her father, a retired tradesman living in their basement apartment. Tom was her husband, her partner, the man she'd built a life with. What happened with Bob would be physical, not emotional. A safe exploration rather than a threat to their marriage.

Tom's phone buzzed, and he startled, half expecting it to be Jess. But it was a meeting reminder for the afternoon Meridian status call. Reality intruded, the responsibilities of his job momentarily overshadowing the sexual drama unfolding at home.

He needed to focus, needed to get through the workday without tipping off his colleagues to the turmoil in his mind. The promotion to Senior Consultant was nearly

within reach. Just a few more weeks of the Meridian implementation, and he'd secure the salary increase they desperately needed after his cryptocurrency disaster.

A few more weeks of intense work, and then they could start planning for the family Jess wanted. The family he wanted too, if he was honest with himself. Their future together, secure and fulfilling, with this exploration of boundaries as just one aspect of their multifaceted relationship.

The thought steadied him somewhat, providing perspective. What was happening with Bob was important, yes, but it wasn't the entirety of their lives. It was a chapter, not the whole story.

Tom took a deep breath, trying to center himself. Regardless of what decision Jess made today, they would handle it together. If she chose to cross that boundary, to let Bob see her naked, to let him touch her bare skin, they would process it together. If she decided to maintain that particular line, that would be okay too.

But the uncertainty remained unbearable. Tom checked the time again. 12:33 PM. Still probably an hour before he'd know what had happened, before Jess would call him as promised.

Tom couldn't sit here any longer, knee bouncing, mind spinning scenarios while pretending to work. He needed a distraction, something to occupy his thoughts beyond the endless loop of Jess and Bob and the boundaries they might be crossing at this very moment.

He stood abruptly, straightening his tie and smoothing his slacks, hoping the evidence of his arousal wasn't obvious. A few cubicles down, Miles was typing furiously at his keyboard, his forehead creased in concentration.

"Hey," Tom said, approaching Miles's desk. "Lunch?"

Miles glanced up, seeming surprised by the interruption. "What? Oh, yeah, I guess it is that time."

"That burger joint on Sixth?" Tom suggested. "I need to get out of the office for a bit."

"Sure," Miles agreed, saving whatever he'd been working on and standing. "Give me two minutes to wrap this up."

While Miles finished his task, Tom returned to his desk and gathered his wallet and phone. He checked the screen one more time, hoping for a message from Jess, but there was nothing new.

Bob Caldwell savored the condensation dripping down his beer bottle, the cold glass a welcome relief against his palm in the afternoon heat. He'd positioned himself in his preferred chair, angled toward the pool but still benefiting from the patio umbrella's shade. The white linen short-sleeve shirt he'd chosen, one of his better ones, not the usual work-stained tees he wore for gardening, felt almost too formal for poolside lounging, but today wasn't just any day. Today was the culmination of weeks of careful groundwork.

The jug of iced tea sat ready on the small table beside him, two glasses waiting. One for him, though he preferred his beer, and one for Jess. Princess. His princess, though she didn't know it yet. He'd prepared it just the way she liked, not too sweet, with that hint of fresh mint from the garden he'd planted.

Anticipation drummed beneath Bob's skin as he took another pull from his beer, the cold liquid doing little to cool the heat building inside him. Last night's surveillance had been particularly rewarding. The camera's angle might still frustrate him, but the audio had been crystal clear, each word from the Marshalls' bedroom reaching him as if he'd been right there with them.

"You should get naked for Bob," Tom had told Jess, just as Bob had suggested during their Saturday conversation. "I want you to do it."

Perfect. Fucking perfect. Tom had delivered the message exactly as instructed, planting the seed in Jess's mind while making it seem like his own idea.

Bob shifted in his seat, his blue shorts tightening as he remembered how Jess had responded, playing along, teasing about letting Bob see her naked while Tom fucked her. The fantasy talk had driven Tom wild, and Bob too, sitting below them, cock in hand, listening to every word.

He'd nearly blown his load early when their conversation took an unexpected turn, Tom's voice strained with arousal as he fucked his wife.

"Would you let him touch your pussy?" Tom had asked. "If he asked?"

And Jess had whispered back, "Maybe. If you wanted me to."

"I do. I want you to."

Bob had stroked himself faster then, his breathing matching the rhythm of their bed creaking above him. It was beyond his wildest expectations, Tom suggesting his wife let Bob touch her pussy, Jess responding with eager compliance. The line between fantasy and reality was blurring faster than Bob had dared hope.

But the real kicker, the moment that had sent Bob over the edge, was when Tom asked about his cock.

“What about his cock? Do you want to suck it, Jess? Do you want to take Bob’s huge cock in your mouth?”

Bob had almost laughed out loud at Tom using the exact scenario Bob had invented to manipulate him, the fabricated story about Jess wanting to give him blowjobs. The fantasy had come full circle, from Bob’s lie to Tom’s aroused suggestion.

And Jess’s response, “Yes. I’d love to. I bet he tastes different from you. Stronger, maybe.” had been enough to make Bob explode.

The wet sounds of her mouth on Tom’s cock had followed, her occasional gasps for air, Tom’s urging her to “take it deeper,” to show him “how deep you could take” Bob. Even now, remembering it sent fresh blood rushing to Bob’s groin. He adjusted himself in his chair, trying to maintain some semblance of composure despite the raging hard on threatening to burst through his shorts.

But had it been just fantasy talk? That was the question that had kept Bob on edge all morning, checking his watch, wondering when Jess would make her usual appearance by the pool. Today was her last chance before leaving for Savannah, her last opportunity to cross this particular boundary.

Would she do it? Would she actually get naked for him? The uncertainty was excruciating and exhilarating all at once.

Bob took another swig of his beer. He’d played it perfectly so far. When Tom had confronted him Saturday morning, Bob had feigned reluctance, had suggested taking things slow rather than rushing into oral sex, a fantasy he’d invented wholesale, claiming Jess had confided in him her desire to give him blowjobs.

“Instead of a blowjob, what if she got naked during our next massage?” he’d suggested to Tom, the words chosen carefully, planting the naked massage as the more reasonable, controlled option. “Still a big step, but one that gives her time to adjust instead of rushing into something sexual.”

And Tom, the fucking idiot, had actually agreed. Had actually gone upstairs and later told his wife to strip naked for another man, had asked her if she wanted to give that man a blowjob, had planted that seed in her head.

It wasn’t that Tom was stupid, exactly. Just vulnerable. And Bob had offered him a path, a twisted, manipulative path that served Bob’s needs far more than Tom’s, but a path nonetheless.

The sliding glass door opened upstairs, drawing Bob’s eyes to the balcony. His pulse jumped as Jess stepped out into the sunlight, the white bikini even more revealing than he’d remembered. The sheer cover-up she wore over it did little to conceal what

lay beneath. Her blonde hair was pulled back in a ponytail, sunglasses perched on her head.

Bob quickly looked away, not wanting her to catch him staring too openly. Let her come to him. Let her make the first move. That had been his strategy from the beginning. Never push, never demand, just create opportunities and let her step into them of her own volition.

He listened to her footsteps on the wooden stairs, the light pad of her sandals against the deck.

"Beautiful day, isn't it?" Jess called out when she'd reached the bottom of the steps.

Bob turned then, offering a casual smile as if he'd only just noticed her. "Can't complain," he replied, letting his eyes travel over her briefly before returning to her face. "Though it's about to get considerably more beautiful."

The compliment was enough to acknowledge attraction but still within the boundaries of their established banter. Jess' smile told him she wasn't offended by it.

"Charmer," she teased. "I see you've already made yourself comfortable."

"Someone has to test this chair to make sure it's safe for you," Bob replied, patting the arm of his seat. "Heavy responsibility, but I bear it."

Jess laughed, the sound light and unforced. It struck Bob again how comfortable they'd become with each other over these past weeks. The initial awkwardness of tenant and landlord had given way to something closer to friendship, or at least, that's what Jess would call it. Bob's goals were more complex, of course, but he'd cultivated that sense of easy companionship.

"I made tea," he added, gesturing to the pitcher. "Thought you might want some after your swim."

"You're spoiling me," Jess said, dropping her cover-up onto a lounger.

Bob allowed himself a moment to look, to appreciate the view before responding. "Figured you deserve a proper send off before your big trip."

"Speaking of which," Jess said, moving to the pool steps, "I'm almost ready. Just a few last-minute things to pack before the redeye tonight."

"Savannah awaits," Bob nodded.

"It does," Jess replied, stepping into the water.

Bob watched as she dove into the pool. The water seemed to both energize and relax her, providing a brief respite from whatever stresses occupied her mind.

Today, despite the impending trip, she seemed more relaxed than he'd expected. Perhaps the anticipation of professional challenges had overshadowed any anxiety about their poolside interaction. Or perhaps she'd already made her decision about getting naked for him.

The thought sent a fresh wave of blood to his groin, and Bob shifted in his seat, trying to maintain his casual posture despite his growing excitement. He watched her swim several laps, admiring the fluid movement of her arms, the occasional glimpse of long legs kicking beneath the surface.

When she finally emerged from the pool, water streaming down her body, the white bikini had become nearly transparent, sticking to her body in a way that left little to the imagination. Bob could see the outline of her nipples through the thin fabric, the slight indentation at the apex of her thighs where the material hugged her pussy.

He didn't bother hiding his appreciation this time, letting his gaze linger as she reached for a towel. Jess caught him looking and raised an eyebrow, a small smile playing at the corners of her mouth.

"See something interesting?" she asked, patting herself dry with unhurried movements.

"Just admiring the view," Bob replied honestly. "That white bikini is quite something."

"Tom picked it out," Jess said, wrapping the towel around her waist. "Years ago for a trip to Cabo." She settled into the chair beside him, reaching for the glass of tea he'd already poured. "Though I never wear it in public."

The casual mention of Tom might have been a gentle reminder of boundaries, but Bob chose to interpret it differently. She was establishing context, explaining the bikini's significance. And she'd added that she never wore it "in public," which meant this setting, with just him, wasn't considered public in her mind.

"Well, I'm honored to be among the select audience," Bob said, raising his beer bottle in a mock toast.

Jess took a sip of her tea, her expression appreciative. "Perfect as always," she commented. "You remembered the mint."

"Got to make use of that herb garden," Bob replied. "Otherwise those plants are just decorative, and they deserve better."

The conversation flowed easily, both of them settling into the comfortable rhythm they'd established over these poolside meetings. Bob asked about her final

preparations for Savannah, and Jess detailed the schedule she'd mapped out with her team, the site visits and stakeholder meetings that would fill her three days there.

"You nervous about any of it?" Bob asked, though he already knew the answer. They'd discussed the Savannah project extensively over the past weeks, including her concerns about handling Chris Webb.

"Just the usual pre-project jitters," Jess replied with a small shrug. "Plus, you know, dealing with Webb."

Bob nodded, recognizing his cue. "You feeling confident about that part? Handling him?"

"Much more so after our talks," Jess said, offering him a grateful smile. "Your advice was actually really helpful. Keep it professional, maintain clear boundaries, never be alone with him outside of work contexts."

"Men like Webb are predictable," Bob repeated, echoing his earlier wisdom. "They're used to getting what they want, which makes them easy to manipulate if you understand their patterns."

"That's exactly it," Jess agreed, leaning forward slightly. "It's about maintaining control of the situation. I can't afford to alienate him professionally, but I also can't give him the wrong idea personally."

"You'll handle him fine," Bob assured her, meaning it. From what he'd observed, Jess was more than capable of managing someone like Webb. She had a natural poise, a confidence that didn't require constant validation. It was one of the qualities that had drawn him to her from the beginning.

They fell into a comfortable silence for a moment, Jess gazing out at the garden while Bob stole glances at her profile. God, she was beautiful. Not just physically, though that was undeniable, but in the way she carried herself, the quiet assurance that infused her movements.

"I should thank you," Jess said suddenly, turning back to him.

"For what?" Bob asked.

"For the advice, the conversations. It's been... nice, having someone to talk to during the day when I'm working from home."

The sincerity in her voice made something twist in Bob's chest, an uncomfortable sensation he couldn't immediately identify. Was it guilt? No, not exactly. More like a momentary recognition that Jess saw him as someone entirely different from who he

actually was. She saw the helpful tenant, the friendly ear, the unassuming older man with landscaping skills and life wisdom to share.

Not the manipulator who'd installed a camera in her bedroom. Not the man who'd listened to her most intimate moments with her husband. Not the schemer who'd planted seeds in Tom's mind, exploiting the cracks in their marriage for his own benefit.

The discomfort passed quickly, replaced by the familiar thrill of deception. This was part of the game, part of the long con. Her trust was just another tool, another stepping stone toward his ultimate goal.

"Happy to help," he said, matching her sincerity with his own carefully crafted version. "It gives me purpose, something to focus on. And the conversations have been a highlight for me too."

Jess smiled. She stretched, arms reaching overhead, causing her breasts to push against the confines of her bikini top. The movement wasn't deliberately provocative, just a natural reaction to sitting in one position too long, but Bob felt his body respond nonetheless.

"I was hoping for a massage before I leave," Jess said, dropping her arms. The casual way she made the request suggested it had become routine, expected even, despite the intimate nature of the interaction. "If you don't mind. My shoulders are tight from hunching over my laptop all morning."

"Of course," Bob replied, keeping his tone equally casual though his pulse had quickened at her words. He set his beer aside and rose from his chair. "Let me get the lotion."

He moved to the small outdoor cabinet where they kept pool supplies, retrieving the bottle of sunscreen they'd been using for these massage sessions. His mind raced with possibilities. Would she stop at letting him massage her shoulders and back? Or would she take it further? Would she actually get naked for him?

When he turned back, Jess had moved to the lounger and was adjusting it to a flat position. She glanced up at him, something playful yet challenging in her expression.

"Don't get any ideas," she warned, though her tone was light, teasing. "This is purely therapeutic."

Bob raised an eyebrow, playing along with the pretense they both maintained, that these massages were simply friendly favors, nothing more. "Of course, princess," he replied. "Strictly professional, just like always."

Jess settled onto the lounger, lying on her stomach. She adjusted herself, arms folded beneath her head, turning her face to the side so she could still speak to him. The white bikini stood out starkly against her tanned skin, the ties at her neck and back thin and delicate, looking almost fragile against the smooth expanse of her back.

Bob allowed himself a moment to take in the sight of her. From her damp blonde hair pulled into a ponytail, to the elegant curve of her neck, the smooth plane of her back, the dip of her waist, and finally the perfect roundness of her ass barely contained by the white bikini bottoms. Her long legs stretched out, toned and golden from the sun, ending in perfectly manicured toes.

This was what patience had earned him, the goddess Jessica Marshall on a lounger, waiting for his hands on her body. Bob savored the moment, burning it into his memory.

"Ready?" he asked.

Jess shifted slightly on the lounger, settling more comfortably into position. "Ready," she replied.

The first touch of Bob's hands against her skin drew a deep, involuntary sigh from Jess's lips. She hadn't realized just how knotted her shoulders had become from hunching over design plans all morning. His fingers found the tension immediately, as if her body held a map he'd committed to memory over their previous sessions.

"God," she breathed. "Right there."

"Figured you might be carrying some stress," Bob replied as his thumbs worked circles into the tissue. "Pre-trip jitters maybe."

The lotion warmed quickly between his palms and her skin, creating a slick barrier that allowed his fingers to glide with just the right amount of friction. He applied firm pressure directly below her neck, his thumbs digging into knots that made her wince and then relax as they surrendered beneath his skilled touch.

"Always so tense right here," Bob remarked. "Designer shoulders. All that time at the desk."

Jess felt the lotion seeping beneath her bikini straps, wetting the thin white fabric. "Occupational hazard," she replied, echoing one of his frequent phrases.

"So much for not getting any ideas," Bob teased as Jess let out an involuntary moan. "People might get the wrong impression hearing those sounds."

Jess smiled against the lounger. “If Tom were here, he’d just roll his eyes. He knows I’m vocal about everything. Food, massages, you name it.”

“A woman who expresses her appreciation. Nothing wrong with that.”

Bob’s hands moved to her shoulder blades, thumbs digging into the tissue on either side of her spine. The pressure was perfect. Firm enough to reach the deeper muscles but not so intense that it crossed into pain. Jess felt herself melting into the lounger, tension draining from her body with each stroke from his strong fingers.

“Did you always know how to do this?” she asked, voice slightly muffled against her folded arms. “Or did you learn for Sarah?”

“Bit of both,” Bob replied, working his way down her back. “I had the hands for it, according to her. Just needed to learn where to put them.”

“Lucky Sarah,” she murmured.

“For a while, anyway.” There was no bitterness in Bob’s voice, just the acknowledgment of a marriage that had run its course. “Turns out massages aren’t enough to sustain a relationship.”

Jess heard the subtle self-deprecation in his words. “I’m sure there was more to it than that.”

“Plenty more,” Bob agreed, his hands sliding down to her mid-back, fingers spreading wide to cover the expanse of skin above the bikini bottoms. “But that’s ancient history now.”

His thumbs pressed into the dimples at the base of her spine, and Jess had to bite back another moan. That spot had always been particularly sensitive, a direct line to her core that seemed to vibrate when touched just right. Bob’s thumbs circled there, finding exactly the right pressure without instruction.

“You sure you weren’t a massage therapist in another life?” Jess asked, trying to keep her voice light.

“Just observant,” Bob replied. “Paying attention to what works.”

His hands moved to her arms, strong fingers encircling her biceps before sliding down to her forearms, then her wrists. The enveloping touch reminded Jess of how large his hands were, how completely they wrapped around her slender limbs. There was something primal about the contrast, his weathered, work-roughened palms against her smooth skin, his breadth against her slenderness.

As his thumbs pressed into her palms, kneading the muscles there, Jess's mind drifted to the previous night. To slipping into that red lingerie for Tom, the hungry look in his eyes when she'd emerged from the bathroom, the passion that had followed.

She remembered the way they'd talked about Bob while they fucked.

"Maybe I'll let him see everything," she'd told Tom, playing into the fantasy he so clearly enjoyed. "Spread my legs and let him see how wet I get when he touches me."

And Tom had asked, his voice strained with arousal, "Would you let him touch your pussy?"

"Maybe," she'd replied. "If you wanted me to."

"I want you to," he'd confirmed.

Those words had driven Tom wild. And later, as she finished him with her mouth, the fantasy had escalated further.

"Do you want to take Bob's huge cock in your mouth?" Tom had asked.

"I'd love to," she'd said, caught up in the moment, in Tom's obvious arousal at the idea. "I bet he tastes different from you. Stronger, maybe."

She'd taken Tom deeper then, showing him exactly how she'd do it. "I'd make it so good for him."

The memory mingled with the present sensation of Bob's hands, now returning to her lower back, blurring the line between fantasy and reality in a way that made her pulse quicken. His fingers brushed the edge of her bikini bottoms, careful not to stray beneath the fabric despite how low they sat on her hips.

Bob's touch sent a ripple of heat through her core, mingling with the strange thrill of transgression that had been building all day. Here she was, stretched out on a lounger in her backyard, wearing nothing but a white bikini so small it left little to the imagination, while Bob's hands moved over her body with professional attention that somehow felt more intimate with each session.

And Tom wanted it, wanted her to cross this boundary they'd been approaching for weeks, wanted her naked under Bob's hands, completely exposed to their tenant's gaze while her husband sat miles away in his office, imagining what might be happening.

"You're quieter today," Bob observed, his voice pulling her back to the present moment. "Everything okay?"

Jess realized she'd been lost in her thoughts, the usual commentary she provided during these sessions absent as her mind wandered through memories of the previous night.

"Just thinking," she replied.

"About Savannah?" Bob's hands continued their steady work, now focusing on the tight muscles bracketing her spine.

"Among other things."

Bob's hands stilled momentarily before resuming their rhythm. "Webb?"

"No," Jess said quickly. "I feel prepared." She paused, considering her next words carefully. "It's something else entirely."

In truth, she was distracted, but not in the way Bob might assume. Her mind kept circled back to Tom's suggestion, to the idea of getting completely naked for this massage.

Was she really considering it? Stripping bare for Bob, letting him see and touch her naked body? The line they'd been edging toward for weeks would be definitively crossed. There would be no going back.

Yet there was something undeniably compelling about the idea. Not just because Tom wanted it, not just because it would excite him to hear about later, but because a part of her, a part she'd kept carefully contained for years, wanted it too.

The exhibitionist thrill she'd first discovered during her modeling days, the rush of being seen, truly seen, and admired for her beauty. She'd buried that aspect of herself as she'd pursued her design career, determined to be taken seriously for her mind rather than her body. But in these poolside sessions with Bob, that dormant part of her had begun to stir again, to reclaim space in her identity.

And wouldn't it be better to cross this boundary deliberately, consciously, rather than continuing this gradual, almost inevitable progression they'd been on for weeks? Better to make a clear choice than to find herself sliding across the line without having fully decided to do so?

The white bikini already revealed nearly everything. Bob had seen those details, had observed her body with obvious appreciation even while maintaining his respectful demeanor. Would removing the last barrier really change so much?

The decision crystallized in her mind, not a surrender to Tom's fantasy or Bob's obvious desire, but a reclaiming of something she'd denied herself for too long. The

freedom to be both, the respected professional and the confident sexual being, the devoted wife and the woman who enjoyed being admired. She would do it.

"Bob," she said, her voice steadier now as the decision solidified within her. "This bikini's barely covering anything anyway. Would it bother you if I just took it off? Might be more comfortable for both of us."

His hands paused on her lower back, the sudden stillness making her aware of how warm his palms were against her skin.

"Are you sure that's okay with you?" The caution in his voice was clear, a boundary check disguised as a simple question.

"Yes," Jess replied. The single syllable felt significant, a deliberate step across a threshold she'd been approaching for weeks.

"Could you help with the strings?" she asked, unable to reach the ties herself from her position on the lounger.

Bob's fingers moved to the thin straps that crossed her back, tugging gently to undo the simple bow. The pressure released immediately, the fabric loosening across her back. She felt him hesitate at the second tie behind her neck.

"This one too?" he asked.

"Please," Jess confirmed.

His fingers worked the knot. As the second tie came loose, the top fell away completely, leaving her back bare from neck to the low riding bikini bottoms.

The thrill of exposure sent a pulse of heat straight to her core. She was topless in her backyard, the thin barrier of fabric that maintained propriety now gone. But why stop there? The bottoms were barely more than a thong anyway, a thin triangle of white that had been riding up between her cheeks as she lay on the lounger.

"Might as well take these off too," Jess said, lifting her hips slightly to assist.

Bob's hands moved to the thin strings that tied at her hips, pausing again as if giving her a last chance to reconsider. When she didn't speak, he carefully untied both sides and began sliding the bottoms down her legs. His movements remained controlled, professional, despite what had to be a significant shift in his perception of their interaction.

Suddenly Jess was completely naked under the Austin sun. Her pulse raced at the realization, a mixture of vulnerability and power coursing through her veins. The warm air caressed her bare ass, sliding between her slightly parted thighs to touch places that had been covered in public since her skinny-dipping days in college.

“Just let me know if anything feels uncomfortable,” Bob said, his voice maintaining that careful neutrality despite the seismic shift that had just occurred.

The statement was clearly meant to reassure her, to establish that he wouldn’t take advantage of her nakedness. Jess appreciated the sentiment, even as she registered the slight roughness in his tone that betrayed his own reaction to her nudity.

“I know,” she replied. “I trust you.”

The words weren’t empty. Despite the game they seemed to be playing, Jess did trust Bob to respect her boundaries. He’d proven himself consistently over these weeks, never pushing, never assuming, always letting her set the pace of their interactions.

Bob’s hands resumed their work, thumbs pressing into the tight muscles now unobstructed by the bikini. It was the same professional attention as before, but Jess could feel the subtle difference in his touch. A heightened awareness, perhaps, or a slightly increased pressure.

His fingers kneaded her bare hips with firm, controlled pressure. Each stroke felt more intimate than the last, her naked body responding to his touch in ways she couldn’t fully control.

“You have amazing muscle tone,” Bob commented. “The yoga and gym work really shows.”

“Thanks,” Jess managed, the word slightly breathless. The combination of his skilled touch and her complete nudity was more intense than she’d anticipated. Heat pooled in her core as his thumbs pressed deeper into the dimples above her ass, sending jolts of sensation straight to her clit.

She was acutely aware of how exposed she was, how vulnerable. Her pussy was bare, visible if he glanced between her slightly parted thighs.

“Still doing okay?” Bob asked.

“Mmhmm,” Jess confirmed.

Bob’s hands moved fully to her ass now, large palms cupping the firm flesh with slow, deliberate squeezes.

As his hands worked, occasionally his fingers would part her cheeks slightly, and Jess knew with absolute certainty that he could see her most intimate places. Could see how wet she was getting, how her arousal was manifesting physically despite the supposed therapeutic nature of their interaction.

The thought should have embarrassed her, should have made her want to cover herself or end the massage. Instead, it sent another surge of heat through her core, a perverse excitement at being so exposed, so vulnerable, yet still in control.

"This okay?" Bob asked again.

And "Mmhmm," Jess managed again, the sound more breath than word. "You've got magic hands."

Bob chuckled, the sound warm and genuine. "Years of practice. Both the massage and knowing when to check in."

His hands moved lower, to the back of her thighs, fingers digging into the strong muscles with firm, circular motions.

The tension was exquisite torture. Each stroke brought his hands near her pussy without ever quite touching it. The restraint, the professionalism he maintained despite what had to be a powerful temptation, only heightened her awareness of the boundary they were dancing along.

Jess bit her lip as his thumbs worked the sensitive juncture where thigh met ass, mere inches from where heat pulsed between her legs. Her clit throbbed with unfulfilled desire, each near-miss of his fingers sending another wave of arousal through her.

"You really do spend a lot of time in the gym, don't you?" Bob commented, his fingers finding a particularly tight spot in her hamstring. "These muscles are impressively developed."

"Three times a week," Jess confirmed, grateful for the mundane conversation despite the extraordinary circumstances. "Plus yoga twice weekly."

"It shows," Bob said, the compliment straightforward rather than leering. "Solid foundation, well-balanced development."

Jess smiled against her arms. Leave it to Bob to find a way to compliment her fitness in terms more appropriate to architecture than human anatomy.

His hands moved down her legs, working each muscle group. Calves, ankles, and finally her feet, where his thumbs pressed into the arches with a pressure that made her groan aloud.

"Oh god," she breathed. "That's incredible."

"Pressure points," Bob explained, his thumb finding a particularly sensitive spot that seemed to release tension all the way up her leg. "Everything's connected. Feet tell the story of your whole body."

"What story are mine telling?" Jess asked, curious despite herself.

"That you stand a lot. Designing, I'd guess." His thumbs pressed deeper. "And you wear heels too often."

Jess laughed softly. "Guilty on all counts."

"No judgment," Bob assured her. "Just observation."

His hands worked her feet for several more minutes, thumbs pressing into points that kept sending waves of pleasure up her legs. The sensation was both relaxing and oddly arousing, as if her body couldn't quite distinguish between types of physical pleasure in its current state.

Eventually, his hands stilled, resting lightly on her ankles. "That should do it for the back," he said. "You're all loosened up."

Jess lay still for a moment, savoring the lingering sensations. Her naked body felt loose, liquid, muscles having surrendered to his skilled touch. But beneath the physical relaxation ran a current of unreleased tension, a pulsing need centered between her thighs that had nothing to do with massage therapy and everything to do with the exhibitionist thrill of being naked under his gaze.

Jess's heart rate accelerated again. This was another decision point, another threshold. She could thank him, reach for her discarded bikini, end the session here. Or...

"Would you mind doing my front too?" she asked. "Might as well finish the job."

There was a pause, long enough for Jess to register the significance of what she was asking.

"You sure about that, Jess?" Bob's voice carried a note of caution, a final check before crossing another line.

"Yes," Jess confirmed, her decision clear despite the flutter of nervous anticipation in her stomach. "I'd like that. Go ahead."

Before she could second-guess herself, Jess held her breath and pushed up from the lounger, rolling onto her back, adjusting herself on the flat surface before settling into position. The movement was deliberate, a statement of intent rather than a surrender.

She was grateful for her sunglasses, allowing her to observe Bob's reaction without being obvious about it. His eyes did a quick sweep of her body, taking in her full breasts, her already hardening nipples, the flat and toned plane of her stomach, and the completely bare mound between her legs. His expression remained neutral, but she noticed the slight flare of his nostrils, the momentary tightening of his jaw before he composed himself.

There was power in that, in knowing the effect her body had on him while remaining in control of the interaction. It sent another pulse of heat through her, settling between her thighs where she was getting wetter by the minute.

"I'll start at the top again," Bob said as he positioned himself beside the lounger. "Same pressure as before?"

"Maybe a little lighter," Jess suggested. "Front's more sensitive."

Bob nodded, pouring more sunscreen into his palm before placing his hands on her upper chest, just below her collarbones. His touch was indeed lighter here, fingers working her muscles carefully, staying well above her breasts.

Jess closed her eyes behind her sunglasses, surrendering to the sensation. There was something profoundly liberating about lying here, completely nude under the open sky, Bob's hands on her body. A freedom she hadn't experienced in years, perhaps since those days of her modeling career when she'd first discovered the thrill of being seen, truly seen, and admired.

"Try to relax," Bob instructed.

Jess made a conscious effort to release the tension she was holding, to let her body melt into the lounger. It was harder from this position, her awareness of her nudity making her more self-conscious than she'd been while lying on her stomach.

The vulnerability of being naked on her back was entirely different from being naked on her stomach. There was nowhere to hide, nothing to shield her most intimate parts from his view. The knowledge that he could see everything, her breasts, her nipples, her bare pussy, sent continuous pulses of heat through her core.

"That's better," Bob encouraged as she exhaled slowly. "Just let gravity do the work."

His hands moved lower, tracing her sternum between her breasts without touching them directly. The restraint was both impressive and frustrating.

"Your skin takes the lotion well," Bob commented, his voice impressively steady. "No greasy residue. Must be all the moisturizing."

The mundane observation in such an extraordinary situation almost made Jess laugh. Here she was, completely naked, exposed to his gaze, and he was commenting on her skin's absorption properties as if this were the most normal massage in the world.

"Good genes, I think," she replied, playing along with the pretense of normalcy. "My mom has amazing skin too."

His hands moved to her abdomen, fingers splaying across her stomach with light, circular motions. The touch was different here, more of a gentle stroke than the deeper

pressure he'd used on her back. His thumbs traced the subtle definition of her obliques, following the natural lines of her body down toward her hips but stopping well short of her mound.

The restraint was both frustrating and exciting. Jess could feel herself getting wetter, her body responding to the careful touch and the forbidden nature of the situation. She shifted slightly on the lounger, a small adjustment that was part discomfort, part invitation.

"Still comfortable?" Bob asked, correctly interpreting her movement as potential unease.

"Very," Jess assured him. "Your hands feel amazing."

As Bob's hands worked her abdomen, Jess became aware of a new development. Looking through her sunglasses, she could see a significant outline of an erection in Bob's shorts, straining against the fabric in a way that was impossible to miss.

The sight sent another jolt of arousal through her. Seeing such clear evidence of his desire, even as he maintained his professional demeanor, was powerfully validating. She'd known he was attracted to her of course, the weekly pool sessions, the glances, the careful touches that never quite crossed the line, but seeing such undeniable proof was different.

"Careful with that thing, Bob," she teased lightly, nodding toward his obvious arousal. "You might poke someone's eye out."

Bob chuckled, the sound surprisingly genuine despite his embarrassment. "Occupational hazard when massaging beautiful women, I guess," he replied with a sheepish smile. "Sorry about that."

The apology seemed sincere, an acknowledgment that this wasn't supposed to be sexual, at least not explicitly. It reinforced the strange dance they were performing, her naked body under his hands, his obvious arousal, yet both maintaining the pretense that this was just a slightly more intimate version of their usual massage routine.

"No need to apologize," Jess said, keeping her tone light. "I'd be more offended if there was no reaction at all."

Bob laughed, the tension breaking slightly. "Well, I'm only human, after all."

His hands moved to her sides, tracing the curve of her waist. The touch sent small shivers through her body, the sensitivity of her skin heightened by her arousal.

"Cold?" Bob asked, noticing her reaction.

"No," Jess admitted. "Just... responsive."

Bob nodded, not commenting further as his hands continued their work. There was something intimate about the admission, about acknowledging that her body was reacting to his touch beyond simple relaxation.

Jess's mind drifted again to the previous night, to Tom's arousal as they'd discussed these very possibilities. "Do you want to take Bob's huge cock in your mouth?" he'd asked.

She was acutely aware of how wet she was now, how her arousal must be visible to Bob from his position. The thought was both mortifying and thrilling, the exposure feeding into the exhibitionist fantasy she'd been nursing since these poolside sessions began.

Bob's hands moved to her thighs, starting at her knees and working upward with firm, steady pressure. His thumbs traced the inner seam of her quadriceps, coming tantalizingly close to her pussy but never quite reaching it.

The restraint was maddening. Part of Jess wanted him to cross that final line, to slide those capable fingers between her thighs and touch her where she was aching to be touched. But the larger part, the part that understood exactly what they were doing and what it meant, appreciated the boundaries he was maintaining.

This wasn't about sex, not directly. It was about exposure, about vulnerability, about the power dynamics of being seen and desired while remaining in control. If his hands moved between her legs, if this became explicitly sexual, the delicate balance they'd achieved would be shattered.

"You've gone quiet again," Bob observed, his hands continuing their steady work on her thighs.

"Just enjoying the sensation," Jess replied, the statement true but incomplete. "You really are remarkably good at this."

"Years of practice," Bob repeated. "Plus, good material to work with."

The compliment, delivered casually, still made Jess smile. "Charmer."

"Just honest," Bob countered, hands moving to her calves.

As he worked the muscles there, Jess realized she was approaching a point of decision. The massage was nearing its natural conclusion, her lower legs being the last area to address unless...

Her breasts had been carefully avoided so far, a final boundary in a session that had already crossed so many. But hadn't that been the pattern of these interactions from

the beginning? Each week pushing slightly further, each session a little more intimate than the last?

Bob finished with her calves and moved to her feet, repeating the pressure point work he'd done earlier. The sensation was just as pleasurable from this angle.

"That feels incredible," Jess murmured as his thumb pressed into a particularly sensitive spot in her arch.

"Told you everything's connected," Bob replied. "These points affect your whole system."

Jess merely hummed in agreement, too caught up in the sensation to form words. His hands addressed each foot with careful attention before finally releasing them.

"Well," he said, resting his hands on his thighs. "That should do it. Covered everything."

Jess arched an eyebrow, visible above her sunglasses. "Not quite everything," she pointed out, the statement deliberate, a challenge.

Bob's expression shifted, understanding dawning. "Wasn't sure if that was... appropriate."

The word choice was interesting, suggesting that everything they'd done so far, her stripping naked, his hands on her body, her witnessing his arousal, somehow still fell within the bounds of "appropriate." But her breasts, those were a line he wasn't sure he should cross.

"You're spoiling me, Bob," Jess said, the teasing note in her voice disguising her own uncertainty. "Might as well be thorough."

She watched his face carefully, seeing the moment he made his decision. Without further comment, he poured a small amount of sunscreen into his palm, rubbing his hands together to warm it before placing them lightly on her ribs, just below her breasts.

The touch was cautious, testing, giving her every opportunity to change her mind. When she didn't object, his hands moved higher, finally cupping the undersides of her breasts.

The sensation was electric, sending currents of pleasure radiating outward from the point of contact. Jess couldn't suppress a small gasp as his thumbs brushed the sides of her breasts, not quite touching her nipples but close enough to make them harden further in anticipation.

"Good pressure?" Bob asked.

“Perfect,” Jess managed, the word more breath than sound.

His hands moved in slow, circular motions, cupping and releasing her breasts with a rhythm that was both relaxing and arousing.

When his thumbs finally brushed across her nipples, Jess couldn’t hold back a soft moan. The touch was brief, seemingly unintentional, yet it sent a jolt of pleasure straight to her core.

“Sorry,” Bob murmured, though his hands didn’t move away. “Didn’t mean to...”

“It’s fine,” Jess assured him. “Part of the territory.”

Bob nodded, continuing his movements, hands cupping and releasing, fingers tracing the curve of each breast. His thumbs brushed her nipples again, and this time the contact seemed less accidental, a deliberate inclusion in the pattern of his touch.

Jess felt her body responding, her back arching slightly. The movement was instinctive, a physical expression of the pleasure building inside her.

“You’re gonna have to stop being so good at this,” she said, trying to keep her tone light despite the fire coursing through her veins, “or I’ll never leave this lounger.”

Bob chuckled, the sound warm and genuine. “High praise from someone with your eye for quality.”

His hands continued their work, the touch maintaining that balance between therapeutic and sensual. Never lingering too long in one place, never focusing too intently on her nipples, yet somehow managing to send pleasure through her body with each stroke.

“That should do it,” Bob said finally, his hands slowing their movements before lifting away entirely. “Covered everything now.”

The absence of his touch left Jess feeling strangely empty, the sudden lack of contact a jarring return to reality. She lay there for a moment, eyes closed behind her sunglasses, processing what had just happened.

She had stripped naked for Bob Caldwell. Had lain on a lounger in her backyard, completely exposed, while his hands moved over her body. Had let him touch her breasts, had moaned when his thumbs brushed her nipples. Had gotten wet, embarrassingly wet, from the experience.

And all of it had been her choice. Not for Tom, though he’d certainly enjoy hearing about it later. Not for Bob, though his appreciation had been evident in every careful touch. But for herself, for the woman who’d been buried beneath layers of professional ambition and marital stability for so long that she’d almost forgotten she existed.

"Thank you," Jess said. "That was exactly what I needed before this trip."

"Happy to help," Bob replied, his tone returning to the casual friendliness that characterized their usual interactions. "You were carrying a lot of tension. Should feel better now."

Jess sat up slowly. There was no point in false modesty now, no reason to suddenly act shy after everything they'd just shared. She stretched, arms reaching overhead, aware of how the position displayed her breasts but not particularly concerned about it.

"Much better," she agreed, lowering her arms. "You have a gift, Bob Caldwell."

Bob chuckled, passing her a clean towel from the stack near the lounger. "Just experience," he deflected. "And a willing subject."

Jess accepted the towel, wiping the excess sunscreen from her skin before wrapping it around her torso. The covering wasn't motivated by sudden shyness but practical consideration. Her skin was slick with lotion, and she needed to shower before her final packing.

"Well, I should head up," she said, gesturing toward the house. "Still have a few things to finish before the flight tonight."

Bob nodded, his expression neutral despite the significant boundary they'd just crossed. "Safe travels, then. Knock 'em dead in Savannah."

"I plan to," Jess replied, a confident smile finding its way to her lips. "Webb won't know what hit him."

"That's my girl," Bob said.

Jess gathered her discarded bikini, not bothering to put it back on. Instead, she tucked the pieces into the pocket of her cover-up, which she draped over one arm rather than wearing.

With a final nod, she turned and made her way toward the stairs, aware of Bob's eyes on her as she walked. Each stair step sent tremors through Jess's body, the movement accentuating the wetness between her thighs, her skin still tingling from Bob's touch. She slid the balcony door closed behind her, the air conditioning raising goosebumps on her exposed skin.

Jess dropped the towel and her useless bikini onto the kitchen counter. Naked again, she felt a strange freedom moving through her own home without clothes, a continuation of the boundary she'd just crossed in the backyard.

Instead of heading straight to the shower as planned, Jess found herself drawn to the bed. Her body buzzed with unresolved tension, the arousal that had built during the massage demanding release. She sprawled across the bed, her naked body against the cool sheets a delicious contrast to the memory of warm sunshine on her skin. Her nipples still tingled from Bob's touch, the ghost of his fingers lingering on her flesh.

Reaching for her phone, Jess typed a quick message to Tom.

Jess: It happened.

Three syllables that contained multitudes, that would send Tom's imagination into overdrive. She set the phone beside her, not waiting for his reply before sliding open the nightstand drawer. Her fingers found the smooth silicone of her favorite dildo, the one Tom had bought her for those nights when work kept him late at the office. Seven inches of curved blue silicone, crafted to hit her g-spot with each thrust.

Her phone buzzed immediately, Tom's response popping up on screen.

Tom: What happened? Did you actually get naked for him?

The urgency in his message was obvious, his excitement palpable even through text. But Jess was already lost in her own need, the dildo now in her hand, her body demanding attention more pressing than Tom's curiosity.

She ran her free hand down her body, tracing the path Bob's fingers had taken. Over her collarbones, between her breasts, across her stomach, lingering at the places where his touch had been most electric. Her skin felt hypersensitive, every nerve ending alive and demanding attention.

Jess spread her legs wider, knees falling open, exposing herself to the empty room. She teased herself first, trailing the dildo's smooth head along her inner thighs, circling closer to where she needed it most without quite making contact. The anticipation heightened her arousal, her hips lifting slightly, seeking more direct stimulation.

Finally, she ran the tip of the dildo through her folds, collecting the wetness there. No need for lube. The massage had left her soaking, her arousal evident in the slickness coating her inner thighs. She circled the toy around her entrance, teasing herself further, imagining Bob's eyes on her as she performed this private act.

"Would you like to watch this, Bob?" she whispered to the empty room, the forbidden thought sending another pulse of heat through her core. "See what your massage did to me?"

The memory of Bob's hands on her body, the careful attention to her breasts, the restrained way he'd avoided crossing that final boundary despite her obvious arousal, had created a need that couldn't be ignored. She wondered if he'd gone back to his

apartment to take care of his own obvious arousal, if he was stroking himself right now thinking about her naked body beneath his hands.

Jess pressed the head of the dildo against her entrance, circling it in her wetness, building the tension with patience. Then she pushed forward, the toy sliding inside with almost embarrassing ease, her body accepting it greedily. A moan escaped her lips as she buried it to the hilt, the fullness exactly what she craved.

"Fuck," she breathed, holding it deep inside her, feeling her inner walls pulse around the intrusion.

Her phone buzzed again beside her, twice in quick succession. Tom's eagerness was evident, but Jess's focus had narrowed to the sensations rippling through her body.

She established a rhythm, sliding the dildo out almost completely before thrusting it back in. The curved head dragged against her front wall with each withdrawal, hitting that perfect spot that made her thighs tremble. She started slow, savoring each thrust, each sensation, before gradually increasing the pace.

"Yes," she hissed, her head falling back against the pillows, eyes closed as she lost herself in the feeling. "God, yes."

Each stroke sent pleasure through her body, building a delicious tension that coiled tighter with each thrust. Her free hand moved to her breast, fingers pinching and rolling her nipple the way Bob's touch had hinted at but never fully delivered. She imagined his larger hands replacing hers, his rough palms grazing her sensitive nipples, his thumbs applying just the right pressure.

In her mind, she replayed the massage, the memory heightening her arousal. Bob's large hands on her skin, his thumbs pressing into tight muscles, finding pressure points she didn't know existed. The way he'd worked around her breasts until she'd given explicit permission, then the attention he'd paid them, never lingering too long, never taking liberties. Always the professional, even as his erection strained obviously against his shorts.

"Fuck," Jess breathed, her hips rising to meet each thrust of the dildo, driving it deeper inside her. The fantasy shifted, her mind conjuring what might have happened if she'd given different signals, if she'd spread her legs just a little wider, if she'd asked him to touch her where she was aching to be touched.

Would his fingers have slipped between her thighs? Would his thumb have circled her clit while those strong fingers worked inside her? Would he have been gentle, or would the dam of his restraint have finally broken, leaving him hungry and demanding?

The image sent a fresh surge of wetness around the dildo, her pussy clenching with increased urgency. She fucked herself faster, the wet sounds of the toy moving in and out of her filling the room.

Jess pulled the dildo out completely, admiring how it glistened with her arousal. She brought it to her face, inhaling her own musky scent before bringing it to her mouth. She closed her lips around it, tasting herself, the salty-sweet flavor of her own arousal adding another layer to her pleasure. The act felt deliciously dirty, a private moment of abandon.

She sucked it deeper, taking it to the back of her throat as she'd done with Tom countless times, imagining it was Bob's cock instead of silicone. Bob's cock was certainly large. Unquestionably larger than Tom's. The thought made her empty pussy aching to be filled again.

Jess worked the dildo with her mouth, her tongue swirling around the head, her cheeks hollowing as she sucked. With her free hand, she circled her clit, light teasing touches that kept her arousal simmering without pushing her over the edge.

Her phone buzzed again. Tom, desperate for details, for confirmation of his fantasy turned reality. The thought of telling him everything, of describing how she'd stripped completely naked for their tenant, how Bob's hands had touched every inch of her body including her breasts, how wet she'd gotten from the experience, sent another wave of heat through her core.

She released the dildo from her mouth with a pop, a thin strand of saliva connecting it to her lips for a moment before breaking. Without hesitation, she returned it to her pussy, pushing it deep inside while her other hand found her clit again. The toy seemed to slide even more easily now, slick with both her arousal and her saliva.

"Oh god," she moaned, her back arching off the bed. "Fuck, yes."

She established a faster rhythm now, her patience eroded by the building need. The dildo moved in and out, hitting exactly the right spots. Jess circled her clit with increasing pressure, the dual sensation driving her higher.

In her mind, the fantasy shifted again. Now she imagined Tom watching from a distance as Bob's hands moved over her naked body. Tom's eyes dark with that mixture of jealousy and arousal she'd come to recognize, his cock hard in his slacks as he witnessed another man touching his wife. Would Tom stroke himself as he watched? Would he direct Bob where to touch her, how to please her?

"Yes," she gasped, the fantasy feeding her arousal. "Watch him touch me, Tom."

That image, Tom watching, knowing, encouraging, pushed her closer to the edge. She increased the pace, fucking herself harder with the dildo while her fingers worked her clit. The pressure built exponentially, her thighs beginning to tremble, her breath coming in sharp gasps.

"Tom," she gasped, the name a confession and an anchor, a reminder that no matter how far she pushed these boundaries, no matter how much she enjoyed Bob's attention, it was Tom she came home to, Tom she truly wanted, Tom whose love and understanding made all of this possible. "Oh god, Tom."

Her orgasm built like a tidal wave, each thrust of the dildo, each circle of her fingers on her clit adding to its height and power. When it finally broke, she shattered completely, her body seizing in ecstasy as fierce spasms gripped her core. The release ripped through her nervous system, setting every nerve ending ablaze with pleasure.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck," Jess chanted, riding the sensation, her hips bucking against her hand as she prolonged the release for as long as possible. Her toes curled. Her back arched off the bed.

The intensity gradually subsided, leaving her trembling and gasping, the dildo still buried inside her. Her body pulsed around it, aftershocks of pleasure making her twitch occasionally. But instead of the sated exhaustion that usually followed such a powerful orgasm, Jess found herself still hungry, still needing more.

She withdrew the dildo carefully, her body still sensitive from the powerful release. The emptiness that followed wasn't what she wanted. She flipped onto her stomach, then pushed herself up onto her knees, her chest pressed against the mattress, ass raised high in the air. The position made her feel deliciously vulnerable, exposed in a way that echoed how she'd felt lying naked on the lounger under Bob's gaze.

"Is this what you'd want to see, Bob?" she whispered into the pillow, the forbidden thought sending another surge of arousal through her.

She reached back between her legs, finding her pussy still swollen and slick with need. Two fingers slipped inside easily, curling forward. Her thumb pressed against her clit, adding a counterpoint of pleasure to the internal stimulation.

In this position, Jess could better imagine it was someone else's hand between her legs. She could almost feel Bob standing behind her, his large frame looming over her vulnerable position. Would he be gentle, still maintaining that professional restraint? Or would seeing her like this, open and wanting, finally break his composure?

"Please," she moaned, though no one was there to hear. "Please touch me."

She added a third finger, stretching herself further, fucking back against her hand as the fantasy took stronger hold. In her mind, Bob's hands gripped her hips, positioning her exactly how he wanted her. She imagined him testing her readiness with his fingers before replacing them with his cock, pushing slowly into her willing body.

"Yes," she gasped, driving her fingers deeper, her thumb working faster circles on her clit. "Just like that. Fuck me."

The second orgasm approached faster than the first, her body already primed and sensitive. Her fingers moved frantically now, chasing the release with single-minded determination. Her thighs trembled, struggling to maintain the position as pleasure built in her core.

She thought about telling Tom later, describing in explicit detail how she'd fucked herself after the massage, how she'd imagined it was Bob behind her, inside her. The thought of Tom's reaction, his arousal at her confession, was the final push she needed.

The orgasm detonated through her system, her inner walls clamping down on her fingers. A guttural cry tore from her throat as electric pulses of ecstasy seized her body in waves of escalating intensity. Her vision blurred, spots of light dancing behind her closed eyelids as her consciousness narrowed to a single point of all-consuming pleasure.

"Oh god, oh god, oh god," she chanted, collapsing fully onto the bed as the aftershocks rendered her limbs useless. She lay there, face pressed into the pillow, fingers still buried inside herself, feeling the rhythmic clenching slowly subside.

As clarity returned, Jess became aware of her phone buzzing again. She withdrew her fingers carefully, her body still quivering with aftershocks, and reached for her phone with her clean hand. Her legs felt boneless, her mind blissfully empty of everything except lingering pleasure. She took a deep breath and unlocked her phone.

Four messages from Tom, each more urgent than the last.

Tom: What happened? Did you actually get naked for him?

Tom: Jess? Did you really do it?

Tom: Please tell me what happened. I'm dying here.

Tom: Jess? Are you there?

She smiled, imagining him at his desk, trying to maintain a professional facade while internally combusting with curiosity and arousal. The power dynamic had shifted, with her holding the details he so desperately craved.

Jess: Sorry, was a bit... distracted. Yes, I did it. Full naked massage.

Tom's response came instantly.

Tom: Holy shit. Like completely naked? Did he touch you everywhere?

Jess considered how much to reveal via text. Better to save the full details for when they were together, when she could watch his face as she described each moment, each sensation.

Jess: Everywhere that matters. His hands are magic, Tom. But I'm not telling you the rest over text. Get home early if you want the full story.

Tom: I can't just leave in the middle of the day! Give me something more!

Jess grinned, enjoying the teasing.

Jess: Let's just say I'm very, very relaxed now.

Tom: Did he touch your breasts?

The direct question made Jess laugh. Tom's priorities were so predictable.

Jess: Yes. But that's all you're getting for now. I need to finish packing for Savannah. See you tonight.

Tom: You're killing me, Jess.

Jess: I know. Love you.

She set the phone down, the satisfaction of leaving him wanting more adding a layer of pleasure to her post-orgasmic glow. Jess stretched on the bed, her body loose and relaxed in a way that went beyond the physical release of orgasm. There was a psychological release too, a boundary crossed deliberately rather than accidentally, a choice made and owned without regret.

The clock on the nightstand reminded her that time was still moving forward. She needed to shower, to finish packing, to prepare for her trip. Reality reasserted itself, the everyday responsibilities that continued regardless of personal explorations or boundary crossings.

Jess rolled off the bed, taking the dildo with her to clean in the bathroom. Her legs felt slightly unsteady, the residual effect of her powerful orgasms. She caught a glimpse of herself in the bedroom mirror, her hair tousled, her skin flushed with lingering pleasure, her eyes bright with something that looked like satisfaction.

The woman in the mirror was familiar yet different, as if today's choice had revealed a version of herself that had been waiting to emerge. Not a replacement for the professional, ambitious interior designer or the loving, committed wife, but an

integration of those roles with something more primal, more honest about her desires and capabilities.

Jess smiled at her reflection, a private acknowledgment of this evolution, before turning toward the bathroom. There would be time later to process fully what had happened, what boundaries had been crossed, what it meant for her and for Tom. For now, the more immediate concerns of shower, packing, and preparing for Savannah took precedence.

But as she crossed the threshold into the bathroom, Jess knew with certainty that when she returned from her trip, things would continue to evolve. The exploration had begun long before today's naked massage, and it wouldn't end here. Whatever came next, she would face it with the same clarity and ownership that had guided her decision today, allowing herself to want what she wanted without guilt or second-guessing.

The Bad Tenant Ch. 13

Jess slipped the key card into the door of her room at the Gastonian. After hours of walking through every inch of the Weatherby Mansion, her feet throbbed in protest despite her sensible flats. She pushed the door open and was immediately enveloped by the cool air of her room.

"Finally," she muttered, dropping her leather portfolio on the antique writing desk.

Her room was exactly what she'd hoped for when booking the Gastonian. The historic inn had been meticulously restored to its period glory while offering modern luxuries. Her room featured soaring fourteen-foot ceilings, a crystal chandelier, and a magnificent four-poster bed draped in rich fabrics that wouldn't have looked out of place a century and a half ago.

Jess checked her watch. 5:03 PM. She had nearly an hour before her scheduled call with Tom. Plenty of time to decompress before Webb's stakeholder dinner at eight.

She slipped off her shoes first, groaning with pleasure as her bare feet sank into the plush area rug. Next came her blazer, which she hung carefully in the closet. She unbuttoned her blouse and unzipped her skirt, folding them neatly over a chair. Standing in just her underwear, she caught a glimpse of herself in the full-length mirror. Despite the day's exertions, she looked good, skin glowing, posture strong. The regular gym sessions and yoga classes had kept her body toned and defined.

Her eyes drifted to the bathroom door, left slightly ajar from her rushed morning preparations. The claw-foot tub had caught her attention the moment she'd checked in at dawn, its deep porcelain basin promising luxurious soaking. She hadn't had time to enjoy it then, focused instead on a quick shower before meeting Annie and Sam in the lobby.

"That tub is calling my name," she decided.

She unhooked her bra, letting it fall to the floor, then slipped out of her panties. Naked, she padded into the bathroom, flicking on the vintage-inspired light fixtures that cast a warm glow over the white subway tile. The bathroom, like the bedroom, balanced historic charm with modern convenience.

Jess bent over the tub, turned the brass fixtures, and watched as water thundered into the basin. She adjusted the temperature until it was just shy of too hot, then straightened to survey the collection of bath products arranged on a small marble shelf. The Gastonian had provided handmade lavender bath salts in a glass jar. She

measured out a generous portion, scattering it under the rushing water and watching as they dissolved into fragrant swirls.

Steam rose from the surface, carrying the soothing scent of lavender through the bathroom. Jess gathered her blonde hair into a messy bun on top of her head, securing it with the elastic from her wrist. She checked her phone, setting an alarm for 5:45 PM to ensure she'd have time to prepare for her call with Tom, then placed it safely on the closed toilet lid.

When the tub was three-quarters full, she turned off the taps and tested the water with her fingers. Perfect temperature. She stepped into the bath, carefully lowering herself into the hot water inch by inch, her body adjusting to the heat. A long, appreciative moan escaped her lips as she settled fully into the tub, the water rising to just below her neck.

"Oh my god," she breathed, her muscles already beginning to unwind.

She leaned back against the sloped end of the tub, closing her eyes as the warmth enveloped her. For the first time since leaving Austin, she allowed herself to fully relax, to let the day's tension dissolve in the fragrant water.

With her body at ease, her mind began to drift, inevitably circling back to yesterday. To Tuesday, To Bob. To lying naked on the lounger while her tenant's large hands moved over her body.

Until this moment, she hadn't had time to properly process what had happened. Tuesday night had been a whirlwind of packing and frantic sex with Tom as she'd described the naked massage in detail. Then the rush to the airport, the redeye flight, and immediately into the day's intense schedule of site inspections.

Now, floating in this cocoon of hot water, Jess allowed herself to truly reflect on what crossing that boundary had meant.

Surprisingly, guilt was nowhere to be found in her emotional landscape. What had happened with Bob felt like a natural progression, almost inevitable given the path they'd been on since that conversation a month and a half ago when Tom first revealed his fantasy. The confession that other men wanting her, potentially even being with her, aroused him had initially shocked Jess. But in the weeks that followed, they'd talked about it extensively, set boundaries, even established rules. They'd tested the waters at Domino, engaged in increasingly explicit dirty talk, and gradually escalated the poolside encounters with Bob.

Getting naked had been the culmination of this careful buildup, each step feeling small enough at the time but collectively leading to a significant boundary crossing. And though Tom had certainly encouraged it, had even explicitly told her to do it, Jess

couldn't blame him or feel manipulated. The decision had ultimately been hers, made with a clear awareness of what she was doing.

The truth, which she'd barely admitted to herself until now, was that she'd wanted to do it. Wanted to feel Bob's hands on her bare skin. Wanted to see the effect her nudity had on him. Wanted to reclaim that part of herself she'd carefully packed away when she'd hung up her modeling portfolio and committed to her design career.

That's what Tuesday had really been about. Not just fulfilling Tom's fantasy, but reconnecting with an aspect of herself she'd been denying for years. The exhibitionist thrill, the power of being admired, of being desired, had awakened something dormant inside her.

Jess's hands drifted through the water, fingertips gliding across her slick skin. The memory of Bob's hands ignited a rush of arousal in her pussy. His touch had been professional yet intimate, careful never to cross the line into sexual contact despite her obvious arousal and his equally obvious erection.

She thought about the weeks of dirty talk with Tom, the increasingly explicit scenarios they'd conjured together.

"Would you let him touch your pussy?" Tom had asked. "If he asked?"

"Maybe," she'd whispered. "If you wanted me to."

"I do," Tom had urged. "I want you to."

And then, later, as she'd taken Tom deep in her mouth, "Do you want to suck Bob's huge cock?"

"Yes," she'd admitted, lost in the fantasy. "I'd love to. I bet he tastes different from you. Stronger, maybe."

Jess's fingers slid down her stomach, tracing the path Bob's hands had followed during the massage. Over her ribs, across her abdomen, lingering at the spots where his touch had been most electric. Her skin still seemed to hold the memory of his fingers, large and strong yet surprisingly gentle.

Her own touch drifted lower, fingers between her legs before finding her clit. She was already swollen, sensitive, her body responding to the memories flooding her mind.

Closing her eyes, she recalled how exposed she'd felt lying on her back, naked on the lounger. There had been something intoxicating about that power imbalance, her completely nude, him fully clothed yet clearly affected by her nudity.

"Fuck," she whispered, increasing the pressure on her clit.

Her other hand moved to her breast, thumb brushing across her nipple in the way Bob's had, seemingly accidentally at first but then more deliberately. The memory of his large hands cupping her breasts, his careful restraint despite his obvious desire, sent another spark of arousal through her.

Jess's fingers moved faster now, circles tightening around her clit as she replayed Tuesday's events. She'd been so aroused after the massage that she'd barely made it upstairs before grabbing her dildo, fucking herself to two powerful orgasms while imagining Bob's hands on her body, his cock inside her instead of silicone.

"God," she gasped, her hips rising slightly from the bottom of the tub.

The combination of the hot bath, the lingering tension from the workday, and the vivid memories created a perfect storm of arousal. Her fingers found a rhythm that matched her quickening breath, pressure building with each circle around her sensitive bud. Her other hand continued teasing her nipple, pinching and rolling the way she liked, the way Tom knew she liked.

In her mind, the scene shifted, fragments of reality mingling with fantasy. Bob’s cock, which she'd only glimpsed as an outline in his shorts, freed from its confines, large and thick as Tom had described during their dirty talk.

"Would you really suck his cock?" Tom's voice echoed in her memory. "Show me how you'd do it."

And she had. She'd taken Tom deep, hollowing her cheeks, demonstrating exactly how she would please Bob if given the opportunity. The memory, combined with her fingers pushed her higher.

"Yes," Jess breathed, fingers moving faster now, her hips rising to meet her hand. "God, yes."

Her mind shifted to Tuesday night, to Tom's hunger when she'd told him about the massage, about Bob's hands on her breasts, about how wet she'd gotten from the experience. Tom had been insatiable, taking her against the wall as soon as they'd made it to the bedroom, then again on the bed after she'd finished packing. He'd never been so raw, so primal, so completely lost in desire for her.

The thought of Tom's reaction, of how her experience with Bob had fueled his passion, added another layer to Jess's building pleasure. This wasn't just about her, or about Bob, but about how this exploration was reshaping her marriage, rekindling a fire that had begun to dim beneath the daily pressures of career ambitions and financial setbacks.

"Fuck," Jess gasped. "Oh fuck, yes."

Her orgasm continued to build, her focus narrowing to the sensations radiating from her fingers. Her back arched, water sloshing dangerously close to the tub's edge as her body tensed in anticipation. Then the release hit, powerful contractions pulsing through her, forcing a strangled cry from her lips that echoed off the bathroom tiles.

"Yes, yes, yes," she chanted, riding the sensation as long as possible, her fingers gradually slowing as sensitivity overtook pleasure.

As the last tremors subsided, Jess slumped back against the tub, breathing hard. Her body felt loose, muscles surrendering completely to post-orgasmic bliss. The combination of the hot water, the release of tension, and the day's exhaustion created a delicious lethargy that made her limbs feel heavy, her mind pleasantly fuzzy.

She floated in that hazy state, letting her thoughts drift without direction. Images flashed behind her closed eyelids. Bob's hands on her skin, Tom's eyes dark with arousal as she'd described the massage, the intricate crown molding of the Weatherby Mansion, Webb's approving nod when she'd suggested solutions to the restoration challenges.

Her alarm jolted her back to the present, the phone vibrating against the toilet lid with a buzzing rattle that seemed obscenely loud in the quiet bathroom. 5:45 PM already. She needed to get ready for her call with Tom.

With reluctance, Jess pushed herself upright, reaching for the drain stopper. The water began to gurgle away as she stood. She stepped carefully from the tub and wrapped herself in the plush hotel robe that hung on a brass hook nearby. She then twisted her hair free from its bun, letting it fall around her shoulders.

A quick glance in the mirror revealed flushed cheeks and bright eyes, evidence of both her soak and her self-pleasure. She looked relaxed, refreshed, ready for the evening ahead. She padded back into the bedroom, checking her phone again. 5:50 PM. Tom would call in ten minutes.

Jess moved to the closet, surveying her options for Webb's stakeholder dinner. She'd narrowed it down to two choices before leaving Austin, a navy suit with a silk blouse or a more conservative gray pantsuit. The navy was ultimately her choice, the cut perfectly tailored to showcase professional confidence while still acknowledging her feminine silhouette. She laid it on the bed alongside matching lingerie, ready for after her call with Tom.

At precisely 6 PM, her phone rang. Jess smiled, settling into one of the room's antique armchairs before answering.

"Hey you," she greeted.

"There's my design superstar," Tom's voice came through, warm. "How's Savannah treating you?"

"It's incredible, Tom," Jess replied, unable to keep the enthusiasm from her voice. "This hotel is amazing. You'd love it. it's like stepping back in time but with great water pressure."

Tom chuckled. "I've got about twenty minutes before my next meeting. Tell me everything."

"Well, the room is straight out of a period drama," Jess began, glancing around at the details that had initially captivated her. "Four-poster bed, antique furnishings, period-appropriate wallpaper that somehow works. There's even a crystal chandelier."

"Sounds gorgeous," Tom said. "Almost as gorgeous as who's staying there."

Jess smiled at the compliment. "And the bathroom has this amazing claw-foot tub that I just took full advantage of."

"I bet. How's the mansion?"

"Tom, it's design heaven," Jess said, her professional excitement bubbling through. "The place is neglected, for sure. Peeling wallpaper, water damage in a few spots, decades of questionable decorating choices layered on top of each other, but the bones are incredible."

"Your favorite kind of project," Tom observed.

"Exactly. We pulled up a corner of the carpet today, and guess what? Original pine flooring underneath. Needs refinishing, but it's intact. And the crown molding is some of the most intricate I've ever seen."

"Speaking of crown molding," Tom said, "didn't you mention there was damage to some of it? How's that looking?"

"It's exactly what they found during the preliminary assessment a few weeks ago," Jess confirmed. "Some sections are significantly damaged, and the local restoration experts are booked solid for months."

"That sounds like a problem."

"It would have been," Jess said, "except I mentioned it to Bob about a month ago. He gave me a contact, a restoration specialist. I called them this morning, and they can actually fit this project into their schedule."

"Seriously? That's huge."

"I know! Webb was impressed I could solve the problem so quickly," Jess said, a note of pride in her voice. "It's funny how things work out. Taking in Bob as a tenant created this convenient ripple effect in my professional life. His contacts, his advice about handling Webb, it's all coming together perfectly."

There was a brief pause on the line. "Speaking of Bob," Tom said, his voice dropping slightly. "Yesterday."

The single word held a wealth of meaning, immediately shifting the conversation's energy. Jess adjusted in her chair.

"Yeah," she said. "Yesterday."

"I haven't been able to stop thinking about it," Tom admitted. "You naked. Bob's hands on you."

"Me neither," Jess confessed. "I was just thinking about it in the bath, actually."

"God, Jess," Tom groaned. "I don't regret encouraging it, you know. I only wish I could have watched it happen, been like a fly on the wall."

"I don't regret it either," Jess said, surprising herself with how firmly she meant it. "It was... freeing, in a way I didn't expect."

"How so?"

"Remember that conversation we had about a month ago? When we talked about how I'd suppressed the modeling side of myself?"

"I remember," Tom confirmed.

"It was almost theoretical when we talked about it, like we were analyzing a character in a book or something," Jess continued. "But now, after Tuesday, I actually feel it. That confidence, that power. It's strange, I've always gotten male attention, and I'm not a narcissist, but I know I'm beautiful. I've been told it my whole life. I see how people treat me differently."

"You are beautiful," Tom agreed. "Stunning."

"But there's something different now. It's like I'm integrating different parts of myself, the ambitious professional and this other part that I've kept buried. The flirty part that enjoys being seen, being desired, but on my own terms."

"That's incredible, Jess," Tom said, his voice warm with genuine appreciation. "I'm excited to see where this can go."

Jess paused, the phrase catching her attention. "Where it can go?" she repeated. "What do you mean by that?"

"I don't know, honestly," Tom replied after a moment. "I just know that whatever it is, I feel connected to you in a way I haven't in a while. Not just sexually, though that's been mind-blowing, but emotionally. Like we're seeing each other again, not just going through the motions."

Jess made a mental note to revisit this with Tom when they had more time. There was something in his phrasing that suggested expectations or hopes she wasn't entirely clear on.

"What about you?" she asked, steering the conversation. "How's the Meridian implementation coming along?"

"It's actually wrapping up faster than expected," Tom said, relief evident in his voice. "The core implementation will be complete in about two weeks. Still need to stay on as an advisor for about three months while they attempt to run it themselves but the heavy lifting is nearly done."

"That's fantastic," Jess said. "You've been killing yourself over this project."

"It'll be worth it when Davis makes the Senior Consultant promotion official," Tom replied. "The salary bump alone will put us back on track after... you know."

The crypto disaster. The financial catastrophe that had reset their timeline for starting a family, that had forced them to take in a tenant to help cover expenses, that had ultimately led to their current exploration of boundaries and desires.

"I know," Jess said softly.

"But how was Webb today?" Tom redirected. "During the walkthrough, I mean."

"Completely professional," Jess assured him. "Focused entirely on the project, asking intelligent questions about structural considerations, budget implications, timeline concerns. Not a hint of anything inappropriate."

"Good," Tom said, then added with a slightly different tone, "though if he did flirt with you, or if someone else at the dinner tonight does, and you wanted to flirt back a little... that would be… kinda hot."

Jess laughed. "I'm a professional, Tom. This is a stakeholder dinner with the historical preservation committee and the mayor's office. Not exactly a flirting environment."

"I'm serious," Tom insisted. "If there's dancing or something, it might be fun for you. To see how it feels in a controlled environment."

"There's no dancing tonight," Jess clarified. "Just a formal dinner. But the cocktail party on Friday will definitely have drinks and dancing." She paused, then added, "I'll think about it."

"That's all I'm asking," Tom said. "Just think about it. If it feels right, go with it. If not, that's fine too."

A notification sound pinged through Tom's end of the call. "Shit," he said. "Ten-minute warning for my next meeting."

"And I need to finish my hair and makeup," Jess said, glancing at the clock.

"You'll knock 'em dead," Tom assured her. "Call tomorrow, same time?"

"Perfect," Jess agreed. "Don't work too late. And Tom?"

"Yeah?"

"I love you. You know that, right?"

"I know," Tom said, his voice soft with affection. "I love you too. More than ever."

"Talk tomorrow," Jess promised.

"Looking forward to it. Bye, Jess."

The call ended with a gentle beep. Jess sat for a moment, still wrapped in her robe, processing the conversation. Tom's obvious excitement about Tuesday wasn't surprising, but his comment about "seeing where this can go" lingered in her mind. It suggested a trajectory, a progression beyond what they'd already explored. The question was, what exactly did Tom envision? And did she want the same thing?

Jess stood, dropping her robe as she moved to the bathroom to finish her hair and makeup. She had a stakeholder dinner to prepare for, a career milestone to solidify. The exploration of boundaries with Tom, the evolving dynamic with Bob, the integration of her suppressed exhibitionist tendencies, all of that would still be waiting when she returned to Austin on Saturday.

For now, she was Jessica Marshall, lead interior designer on the Magnolia House project, and she had a room full of influential people to dazzle.

Tom reached for another handful of almonds from the snack bag in his desk drawer, eyes never leaving his computer screen as he scrolled through the final test data from the Meridian implementation. Numbers aligned perfectly. Metrics hit targets across every department. The troubleshooting flowchart he'd developed had eliminated the last of the critical system errors.

"Fuck," he muttered, a rare smile crossing his face. "It actually works."

For the second day in a row, Tom was making exceptional progress at work. The Meridian implementation, which had devoured countless late nights and early

mornings over the past months, was finally coming together. The data migration issues that had plagued the project were resolving, one by one, each conquered problem feeding his momentum toward the next.

There was an irony to this sudden burst of productivity. With Jess in Savannah, his mind remained firmly at work rather than wandering homeward, conjuring scenarios of her potential poolside encounters with Bob. Her Tuesday and Thursday work from home days had become a special kind of torture since the exploration of his fantasies had begun, his imagination constantly disrupting his concentration with visions of Jess in progressively smaller swimwear, Bob's hands on her body, boundaries being tested and crossed.

But with Jess in Savannah surrounded by architecture and design challenges rather than their tenant's attentive gaze, Tom's focus had crystallized. Yesterday had been his most productive day in weeks. Today was shaping up even better.

He checked the time: 4:52 PM. Almost time for his call with Jess. Tom saved his work, shut down unnecessary applications, and gathered his notes. They'd agreed on 5 PM Austin time for their call today, which gave him time to secure a conference room for privacy.

The small conference room at the end of the hall was unoccupied, as it typically was at this hour when most people were wrapping up for the day. Tom settled into one of the chairs and dialed Jess on his cell.

"Hey, you."

"There she is," Tom said. "How's day two of the Savannah adventure treating you?"

"Exhausting but incredible," Jess replied. "We spent all day in meetings with local craftsmen, going through material options, restoration techniques, color palettes. The level of expertise here is amazing. These people have been restoring historic buildings for generations."

"You sound like you're having the time of your life," Tom observed, hearing the genuine enthusiasm.

"I kind of am," Jess admitted. "The history here, Tom, it's just everywhere. Every building has a story. The craftsmen were showing me techniques that haven't changed in a century and a half!"

Tom leaned back in the chair, picturing her surrounded by architectural plans and material samples, completely in her element. "What's on the agenda tonight? Another stakeholder dinner?"

"No, tonight's actually free. Annie, Sam, and I are going to grab dinner at some local place they've been recommending. Supposedly has the best shrimp and grits in the South."

"I'm jealous," Tom said. "I'll be eating whatever sad leftovers are in our fridge."

"Order something nice," Jess suggested. "You've earned it with all the hours you've been putting in."

Tom made a noncommittal sound, knowing he'd probably end up with a protein bar at his desk as he worked late into the evening. "How was last night's dinner? You barely had time to text."

"It was at this incredible restaurant called Elizabeth on 37th," Jess said. "Set in this restored mansion from the 1900s. The food was unreal. Southern cuisine but elevated. I had this rack of lamb with peach glaze that practically melted in my mouth."

"Sounds fancy," Tom commented. "Webb pulling out all the stops?"

"He definitely was," Jess agreed. "The whole crew was there. Webb, the other investors, including Richard Harrington and James Chen, you remember them from the Skyline party?"

"The ones you overheard with Webb talking about..."

"Exactly," Jess confirmed. "Plus representatives from the city, the historical preservation committee, the general contractor, restoration specialists, project managers, even local craftsmen. Annie and Sam were there too, of course."

"How was it seeing Harrington and Chen again? After what you overheard at Skyline..."

Jess laughed, the sound bright. "It's funny, at the time I was so shocked and angry about it, but now it almost seems... I don't know, weirdly serendipitous?"

"How so?" Tom asked, intrigued by her perspective.

"Well, if I hadn't overheard them, I wouldn't have been so upset. If I hadn't been upset, you wouldn't have asked what was wrong. If you hadn't asked what was wrong, we wouldn't have had that conversation, and if we hadn't had that conversation..."

"No naked massages from our tenant," Tom finished.

"Exactly," Jess said. "It's strange how one awful moment can lead to something unexpectedly... transformative."

Transformative. Not just exciting or arousing, but something that had fundamentally changed how they saw themselves and each other.

"So did Richard invite you on his private jet?" Tom asked teasingly, remembering what Jess had overheard at the Skyline party. "Wasn't that part of the speculation?"

Jess's laugh traveled through the phone line. "No, thankfully he kept it professional. Though he did pull me aside to talk about consulting on his personal penthouse renovation."

"And Chen? Was he behaving himself?"

"And he cornered me to discuss his Houston project," Jess said. "He's excited about having me on board. It's starting soon after this Savannah project kicks off."

"Sounds like you're going to be busy," Tom observed. "Skyline wrapping up, Magnolia House beginning, Chen's Houston project also beginning, and Harrington's personal penthouse?"

"I'm not sure I can take that one," Jess admitted. "The timing might be too tight, and I don't want to overcommit. But it's flattering to be asked."

"I bet it is," Tom said. "But it seems like they all want you for more than just your design skills."

"Maybe," Jess acknowledged. "But if they do, they're hiding it well. It was all strictly professional last night."

"Did you flirt at all?" Tom asked.

"Tom," Jess sighed, though he could hear the smile in her voice. "I told you, it wasn't that kind of party. I was there representing the design team, surrounded by people three times my age from the historical preservation committee."

"Just asking," Tom said innocently. "What about tomorrow? Who’s going to be there?"

"Same core group as last night, plus media, the potential hotel management team, other investors, some select community members. It's a bigger deal, being held in the grand ballroom here at the Gastonian."

"The hotel you're staying at?" Tom clarified.

"Yeah."

Tom's mind conjured an image of Jess in that four-poster bed, but not alone. The thought of her bringing someone up to her room after the party sent a jolt of arousal and jealousy through him.

"Convenient," he commented, trying to sound casual. "Stumbling distance to bed after the party."

"Yeah," Jess agreed, missing or ignoring his implication. "No ridesharing required. Though I'm planning to be very professional, so minimal stumbling."

"And there's dancing?" Tom asked, echoing their conversation from yesterday. "If there's music and dancing... might be fun to see how it feels to let loose a bit."

"There you go again," Jess laughed. "Your mind's always in the gutter. But yes, there will be dancing. It's a proper party, not just a formal dinner like yesterday."

"And?" Tom prompted.

"And like I said, I'll think about it," Jess conceded. "If the opportunity comes up naturally, maybe I'll test those waters. But I'm not going in with that as my objective."

"Fair enough," Tom said. His mind was already spinning scenarios of Jess in some elegant dress, moving on a dance floor with one of the investors, their hands finding excuses to touch her.

"Anyway," Jess continued, "what about you? How's Meridian looking?"

"Better than expected," Tom replied. "So much done today. Fixed the critical errors."

"So glad to hear that!" Jess exclaimed. "It's all coming together, isn't it? Your promotion, my projects..."

"And us," Tom added. "We're good, right?"

"We're better than good," Jess assured him. "Tom, I've never felt closer to you."

The sincerity in her voice soothed him. "Same."

A notification dinged on his laptop, reminding him of the 5:30 PM meeting with the Meridian team. "I have to go. Team meeting. I have to do a little prep."

"No problem," Jess said.

"I might not be able to call tomorrow," Tom warned. "There's a big client meeting that could run late."

"That's okay," Jess replied. "I'll be busy with party prep anyway. We can text."

"Speaking of which," Tom said, "send me pictures tomorrow? Especially what you're wearing to the party."

"Planning to fantasize while I'm dancing with billionaire investors?" Jess teased.

"Maybe," Tom admitted, not bothering to deny it. "Is that so wrong?"

"Not at all," Jess said. "I'll send pictures. But don't stay too late at the office tonight, okay? You need rest too."

"I'll try," Tom promised, knowing even as he said it that he'd likely be at his desk until well after dark. "Miss you."

"Miss you too," Jess replied. "Love you."

"Love you more. Talk tomorrow."

Tom ended the call and stared at the phone for a moment, processing the conversation. Jess sounded good. Happy. Excited about her work, committed to their relationship, open to continuing the exploration they'd begun. He should feel completely reassured.

But something gnawed at him. The image of Jess dancing with someone at tomorrow's party. The proximity of her hotel room to the ballroom where the event would be held. The collection of wealthy, powerful men who had already openly speculated about what she might be like in bed.

The conference room door opened, startling Tom from his thoughts.

"There you are," Miles said. "Meeting's about to start. Davis is already in the main conference room."

"Coming," Tom replied, gathering his laptop and notes. He pushed the thoughts of Jess and the party to the back of his mind. Work first. Fantasies later.

Tom closed another ticket in the Meridian system, marking the fifth major issue he'd resolved since morning. Friday was shaping up to match the productivity of the past couple of days, his focus laser-sharp despite the looming specter of Jess' cocktail party in Savannah later tonight.

He checked his watch. 2:17 PM. The party would start at 8 PM Savannah time, which gave him roughly five hours before Jess would be stepping into that grand ballroom, possibly dancing with investors who had already made their interest in her painfully clear.

His phone buzzed with a text. He grabbed it, expecting Jess, but found only a message from Miles about another meeting. Tom replied quickly, then flicked to his conversation with Jess. Their last exchange had been around noon.

No response since, which wasn't surprising. Jess had mentioned she'd be in back-to-back meetings leading up to the party, finalizing details for the official Magnolia House announcement. Still, Tom found himself checking his phone every few minutes, as if her silence might contain hidden messages about her intentions for the evening.

Tom turned back to his computer, forcing himself to concentrate on the next Meridian ticket. By the time he identified the problem, a simple but easily overlooked formatting inconsistency, another hour had passed.

Jess would be wrapping up her meetings soon, heading back to the Gastonian to prepare for the party.

As if summoned by his thoughts, his phone lit up with her name.

Jess: Finally free! Heading back to get ready. Nervous about tonight! So many media people will be there.

Tom: You'll dazzle them. You always do.

Jess: Hope so. Worried my dress is too much.

Tom's pulse quickened. Too much? What did that mean exactly?

Tom: Too much how? I need details.

Jess: Yellow. Bright yellow. Kind of low cut. Annie says it's perfect but I'm second guessing.

Tom: Low cut sounds perfect to me. Will you send a pic when you're ready?

Jess: Of course. Gotta jump in the shower now. Talk soon.

Tom set his phone down, suddenly finding it difficult to concentrate on the next ticket in his queue. Low cut. Bright yellow. The mental image began forming, Jess in a dress that showcased the body he knew by heart, drawing the eyes of everyone in that historic ballroom.

Would she dance tonight? If someone asked, Harrington or Chen, would Jess accept? Would she remember Tom's encouragement to test those waters, to explore the power of being desired?

The questions circled in his mind, tangling with the data migration issues he was supposed to be solving. He made himself focus, channeling his restless energy into the information on his screen.

By 6 PM, Tom had cleared his entire queue, a feat that would have seemed impossible just a week ago. He shut down his computer and gathered his things, suddenly desperate to escape the office. The drive home would give him time to clear his head before Jess's party began in earnest.

Traffic crawled, turning what should have been a thirty-minute drive into nearly forty-five minutes of stop and go frustration. Tom's fingers drummed impatiently on

the steering wheel. It was 6:47 PM by the time he pulled into his driveway. In Savannah, the cocktail party would be starting right about now.

The house felt emptier than usual as he stepped inside. He headed straight for the refrigerator, pulling out a beer. The cold liquid did little to calm the storm brewing inside him. He checked his phone again. Still nothing from Jess. She'd promised a picture. What was taking so long?

Tom pulled up his message thread with her and composed a message.

Tom: Hope you're having fun. Can't wait to see that dress.

He hit send, then immediately followed that up.

Tom: Remember what we talked about... dancing might be fun to try.

The message felt clumsy, too obvious in its encouragement. But subtlety had never been his strong suit where these fantasies were concerned.

Tom carried his beer to the living room and sank onto the couch, phone clutched in his hand. He flicked on the TV, more for background noise than entertainment. Some mindless reality show filled the screen, contestants bickering over trivialities that seemed impossibly distant from the tension gripping his body.

At 7:42 PM his phone buzzed.

Jess: You're so persistent!

A second message followed immediately, this one containing a photo.

Jess stood in what must be her hotel room, captured in a mirror selfie. The dress was a vibrant, sunshine yellow that made her tan skin glow and her blonde hair shine like gold. The neckline plunged deeper than he'd expected, showcasing the gentle curve of her breasts. The fabric hugged her waist before flaring slightly at her hips, ending just above her knees. She wore strappy gold heels that accentuated her long legs.

She looked spectacular. Radiant. The kind of woman who would draw every eye in the room the moment she entered.

Tom stared at the image, thumb tracing the outline of her figure on the screen. Pride mingled with arousal mingled with a spike of jealousy so sharp it nearly took his breath away. Everyone at that party would want her. The question was, would any of them have her?

Tom: You look absolutely stunning. Every man in that room is going to want to dance with you.

Jess: Got to go! Annie's knocking. Love you!

And then silence. The party would be in full swing now. Champagne flowing, music playing, Jess moving through the crowd in that yellow dress, drawing attention with every step.

Tom finished his beer and grabbed another, trying to distract himself with TV. He channel surfed restlessly, finding nothing that could hold his interest. By his third beer, he gave up on television entirely and just sat there, checking his phone every so often.

9:02 PM. 9:13 PM. 9:40 PM. 10:05 PM. 10:11 PM. No messages from Jess.

What was happening at that party? Was she dancing? Had she accepted an invitation from one of those investors? Was she right now pressed against some wealthy man's body, his hands at her waist, his mouth close to her ear as the music provided the perfect excuse for physical contact?

Tom's mind conjured vivid scenarios, each more elaborate than the last. Jess laughing at something Harrington whispered to her. Jess letting Chen guide her through the crowd, his hand at the small of her back. Jess sipping champagne, her lipstick leaving an imprint on the glass, the same shade she might leave on a stranger's collar.

His cock had hardened at the images in his mind.

Should he just jerk off? Release the tension building inside him?

He needed a distraction. Something, anything to pull his mind from the torturous loop of Jess in that yellow dress, dancing with strangers, maybe even...

He couldn't complete the thought. The possibility that had been lurking at the edges of his consciousness refused to take solid form. That Jess might invite someone back to her room. That she might cross the final boundary they'd discussed but never explicitly agreed to.

No. She wouldn't. She'd been clear about that line. Sex with others wasn't on the table. She was exploring exhibition, the power of being desired, but not infidelity.

Not that it would even be infidelity, Tom reminded himself. Not if he knew. Not if he approved. Not if it was part of their shared exploration.

By 11:20 PM, Tom had given up on distractions. He'd tried work emails and a mindless mobile game. Nothing could compete with the images playing in his head, so he slid into their empty bed.

11:47 PM. Still no word from Jess. The party must be over by now. Why hadn't she texted? Called? Was she still there, caught up in conversation? Or was she back in her room, perhaps not alone?

Tom tossed and turned, sleep evading him despite his physical and emotional exhaustion. Every time he closed his eyes, he saw Jess in that yellow dress, bathed in the warm light of the historic ballroom, surrounded by men who wanted her.

Time crawled. Tom checked his phone compulsively, the screen's light harsh in the darkened room. Still nothing. The longer the silence stretched, the more his imagination tortured him with possibilities.

Had she lost track of time? Was her phone dead? Or was she deliberately not contacting him, knowing that he'd ask questions she wasn't ready to answer?

By 12:27 AM, Tom had given up on sleep entirely. He sat up in bed, turned on the lamp, and grabbed his laptop. Work. He'd distract himself with work.

He was halfway through an email when exhaustion finally claimed him. Tom fell asleep sitting up, laptop still open on his legs, phone clutched in his hand.

The buzz of an incoming message jolted him awake. Tom blinked, disoriented, the room coming slowly into focus. 1:27 AM glowed from his bedside clock. He looked down at his phone, heart racing.

Jess: So sorry for going silent! Phone died and I left my charger in the room. Party was amazing. Everyone loved the announcement. Danced my feet off. Can't wait to tell you all about it tomorrow. Miss you terribly and love you more than anything. Can't wait to be home!

Relief crashed through Tom. She'd texted. Everything was fine. Her phone had died, that's all. Nothing nefarious, no boundaries crossed without his knowledge. Just a dead phone and a fun professional event.

But she'd danced. Actually danced. With whom? How many? How close? The questions immediately resurfaced, but with less urgency now that he had confirmation she was okay, was thinking of him, was excited to come home.

Tom set his laptop aside and slid down in the bed, phone still in hand. He read Jess's message three more times before typing a response, though he knew she was likely asleep by now.

Tom: Glad you had fun! Can't wait to hear all about it. Love you too. Sleep well.

He set his phone on the nightstand and turned off the lamp. In the darkness, the tension that had gripped him for hours began to dissipate. Jess was coming home tomorrow. Whatever had happened at the party, dancing, flirting, testing boundaries, she was coming back to him. To their life together.

That knowledge was finally enough to let sleep reclaim him, his dreams filled with Jess in that yellow dress, moving through a ballroom filled with faceless men who wanted what only he truly had.

Bob Caldwell paused at the edge of the Marshalls' property, taking a moment to admire the immaculate front lawn. The hedges stood in perfect formation, each one trimmed to match its neighbor in height and width. The flower beds he'd planted weeks ago had taken root beautifully, splashes of color framing the walkway. Even the grass itself showed the results of his dedicated care, lush, green, and mowed.

Not bad for a retired tradesman. The yard had been an embarrassment when he'd first arrived, victim to the neglect that came with two busy professionals and no time for proper maintenance. Now it served as a subtle but daily reminder of his value, his presence, his growing indispensability to the Marshalls.

Bob straightened the collar of his navy polo shirt. He'd selected it this morning, still casual, but a step up from his typical work-stained t-shirts. Not so formal as to seem out of character, but clean enough to alter perception. Today he wasn't presenting himself as Bob the handyman but Bob the experienced guide in marital exploration.

He'd been wanting to talk to Tom all week, to capitalize on Tuesday's breakthrough, but Tom's Lexus had been leaving early and returning late every day. The man was clearly burying himself in work while his wife was away, probably to avoid dwelling too much on what Jess might be doing in Savannah.

Bob checked his watch. 9:03 AM. Perfect timing. Not so early as to seem desperate, not so late that he risked Tom making other plans for the day. And with Jess due back sometime today, this was his window of opportunity.

He approached the front door, noting with satisfaction that even the porch planters showed evidence of his green thumb. He rang the doorbell and waited, hands casually in his pockets, expression neutral but friendly.

The door opened after about thirty seconds. Tom stood there in sweatpants and a faded t-shirt, hair slightly disheveled, coffee mug in hand. His expression cycled through recognition, realization, and resignation in quick succession. He clearly knew why Bob was at his door. This wasn’t their first Saturday morning conversation.

"Morning," Bob greeted.

"Bob," Tom acknowledged. "What's up?"

"Got a minute?" Bob asked. "Figured we should touch base before Jess gets back."

Tom hesitated only briefly before stepping back. "Sure. Come on up."

Bob noted the invitation immediately. In their previous conversations, Tom had kept him firmly in the foyer, maintaining a literal physical boundary between the tenant's space and the couple's private domain. This invitation upstairs represented a significant shift in their dynamic, a lowering of defensive walls.

Bob followed Tom up the stairs, taking his time, observing the home he'd been inside several times before but always with a specific purpose, consulting on renovation options, updating faucets, installing smoke detectors, never for a conversation like this.

Tom led him directly to the kitchen, where a coffee maker gurgled on the counter.

"Want some?" Tom offered, gesturing to the coffee.

"Sure," Bob replied.

Tom handed him a mug, nothing fancy, just a plain blue ceramic cup with the Davis & Associates logo. Bob accepted it with a nod of thanks, taking a small sip before setting it on the counter.

"So, how's Jess doing in Savannah?" Bob asked, keeping his tone conversational. "You two been in touch?"

"She's doing well," Tom replied, not elaborating. "We've been chatting every day."

"Good, good." Bob took another sip of coffee. "Big project for her."

"Yeah, it is." Tom leaned against the counter. "I'll be picking her up later tonight. Her flight lands at 8."

Bob nodded, filing away the information. "She must be excited to come home."

"She is," Tom confirmed. His posture remained tense, clearly eager to move past the small talk to the real reason for Bob's visit.

Bob decided not to drag it out. He set his mug down and met Tom's eyes directly. "I wanted to check in about Tuesday," he said. "Make sure everything's okay with you both. These kinds of explorations can bring up unexpected feelings."

Tom's expression shifted, becoming more guarded yet somehow more engaged. "Everything's fine."

"Good to hear," Bob nodded. "There's a lot of excitement when it comes to trying new things, but it can be overwhelming if it's too much too fast."

"Like I said, we're fine," Tom repeated. "Jess and I talked about it afterwards. At length."

Bob knew exactly how "at length" they'd discussed it. The memory of Tuesday night's recording played in his mind, Jess describing the massage in detail while Tom fucked her. Their shared excitement about the boundary they'd crossed had been unmistakable, even through the limited audio of his hidden camera.

"Tuesday was a big step," Bob observed. "Shows a lot of trust."

"I encouraged her, but Jess made the decision herself."

"That's how it should be," Bob agreed, his tone warm with approval. "Never push someone past their comfort zone. Only invite them to explore it."

Tom nodded, taking a long sip of his coffee.

Bob then leaned in slightly, lowering his voice. "I hope you don't mind me saying, but she was clearly... affected by the experience."

Tom's eyes snapped to his. "What do you mean?"

"I mean I could see signs of arousal," Bob said. "By the end of the massage, her pussy was almost leaking."

Bob had chosen the crude term deliberately, testing Tom's reaction to this more explicit framing of their arrangement. Tom didn't flinch or object, which told Bob everything he needed to know about how far the man's boundaries had shifted.

"There was this point," Bob continued. "Where I could tell she wanted to ask for something more but held back."

Tom's eyes widened slightly. "More?"

Bob nodded, his expression serious. "Women like Jess, intelligent, successful, confident, they often need explicit permission from their husbands before they can fully express their desires. She clearly wanted more but needed to know you were completely on board."

"She was definitely turned on," Tom admitted, eyes dropping to his coffee mug.

"That makes sense," Bob said carefully. "Sexual energy has to go somewhere."

Tom nodded, still not meeting Bob's eyes. "What do you think she wanted? During the massage, I mean."

"Release," Bob answered without hesitation. "I've been thinking about our conversation from a couple weeks ago, when I mentioned she'd expressed interest in... reciprocating."

Tom's face flushed slightly at the reminder of Bob's previous lie about Jess wanting to give him a blowjob.

"I still think that would be too much too soon," Bob continued, reinforcing his role as the voice of restraint. "Sarah was the same way at first, needed permission before she could truly enjoy herself. But there's a more natural progression."

"Which is?" Tom asked.

Bob took another sip of coffee. "The logical next step would be for her to experience pleasure during our next encounter. Not just relaxation."

Tom's brow furrowed. "You mean..."

"I mean allowing her to enjoy the massage more actively," Bob clarified. "Maybe focusing on areas that provide more... direct stimulation."

"Like what?"

"Her inner thighs," Bob suggested. "The underside of her breasts. Perhaps even her nipples more directly. All places I deliberately avoided or quickly went over on Tuesday out of respect for your boundaries."

Tom nodded slowly, processing this.

"To be clear," Bob added, "I'm not suggesting anything that crosses into sex. Just a more sensual experience that acknowledges her arousal instead of pretending it doesn't exist."

"And you think that's what she wants?"

"Based on her reactions Tuesday? Absolutely." Bob's confidence was unwavering. "But she needs to hear from you that it's okay. That you're excited by the idea, not just tolerating it."

Bob could see Tom was receptive but still hesitant. Time to reinforce his role as guide rather than predator.

"I want to be completely transparent here," Bob said. "My interest is in creating a safe space for both of you to explore. If Tuesday taught me anything, it's that you two have a solid foundation of trust. That's rare."

"I appreciate that," Tom said. "And I'm open to... more. To discussing next steps with Jess after she gets back."

"That's good," Bob nodded. "Communication is key."

Tom shifted his weight, fingers tapping against his coffee mug. "How would you suggest I approach that conversation? With Jess, I mean."

This was what Bob had been hoping for, a request for guidance, for instruction on how to manipulate his own wife. Bob kept his expression thoughtful, as if considering the question seriously rather than delivering the answer he'd rehearsed.

"Keep reinforcing that it's okay for her to take things further," Bob advised. "Your guidance is essential because you're her husband. She trusts you and wouldn't want to hurt you."

Tom nodded, absorbing this.

"Have you tried roleplaying in bed?" Bob asked, already knowing the answer from his surveillance. "Sometimes it's easier to express desires during intimate moments."

"We have," Tom admitted. "It's been... effective."

"That's a perfect opportunity then," Bob continued. "During those moments, suggest she ask me to touch her more explicitly next time. Or even take it much further, whatever you're comfortable with."

Tom took another sip of his coffee, his expression thoughtful. "And if she does ask? For more?"

"Then I'd follow her lead," Bob said. "But this is the critical part. It needs to be her idea, her asking me to touch her. That way, she doesn't feel like we planned it behind her back. Women hate that feeling of being manipulated."

The irony of this statement wasn't lost on Bob, but Tom simply nodded in agreement, completely ignoring or missing the hypocrisy.

"Obviously," Bob added, drawing a clear ethical line to appear principled, "I'd never touch her intimate parts directly without clear consent from both of you."

"Of course," Tom agreed quickly.

"This is completely your call," Bob said, spreading his hands in a gesture of deference. "I'm comfortable either way. If you decide this isn't the right direction, I respect that completely. The last thing I want is to cause any tension between you two."

Tom seemed to consider this, his expression thoughtful. "I appreciate your approach to all this, Bob."

"I'm honored you both trust me with this," Bob replied. "That means a lot."

He drained the last of his coffee and set the mug in the sink. "I should let you get on with your day. I've got some repairs to finish downstairs."

"Right," Tom said, straightening up from his position against the counter. "Thanks for stopping by. And for the... advice."

"Anytime," Bob replied. "We're in this together now."

Tom escorted him back downstairs, their conversation shifting to the upcoming summer heat, a sprinkler head that needed replacing. By the time they reached the front door, anyone observing would see nothing more than friendly small talk between landlord and tenant.

"Tell Jess I say welcome home," Bob said as he stepped onto the porch.

"Will do," Tom promised.

The door closed behind Bob, who maintained his casual demeanor until he was halfway across the lawn. Only then did he allow a small smile to tug at the corner of his mouth. The seeds he'd planted were taking root faster than he'd expected. Tom's invitation upstairs, his openness to "more," his request for guidance on how to approach Jess, all signs that the walls of resistance were crumbling.

Bob made his way around the side of the house to the basement entrance, mind already spinning with possibilities for the next encounter with Jess. Today's conversation had secured Tom's tentative blessing for more intimate touch but Bob's goal was more ambitious, Jess's active participation rather than passive reception.

He wanted her hands on him. Wanted her to cross that boundary herself, to take that first step from being touched to touching in return. Based on her self-pleasure session after Tuesday's massage and the things she'd said aloud to her empty bedroom, he suspected she was open to it.

As Bob entered his basement apartment, he mentally reviewed the progression he'd engineered. From casual poolside conversations to increasingly revealing swimwear. From innocent sunscreen application to full body massage. From clothed to nude.

Each step had been planned, each boundary tested and crossed carefully. The beauty of his approach was that neither Tom nor Jess could point to any single moment where he'd overstepped. He'd always waited for invitation, for permission. He'd always positioned himself as the reluctant participant, the voice of restraint and wisdom. It was a masterpiece of manipulation, if he did say so himself.

Rome wasn't built in a day. And Jessica Marshall wouldn't be his in one encounter. But she would be his eventually. Of that, Bob had no doubt.

Tom shifted his weight from one foot to the other as he scanned the steady stream of weary travelers emerging from the gate. The arrivals board showed Jess's flight had landed twenty minutes ago. Any minute now, she'd appear, back from her Savannah triumph, possibly carrying stories that would both torment and excite him.

His morning conversation with Bob looped through his mind for what felt like the hundredth time. Bob's words about Jess being "affected" by the massage, about how she "clearly wanted more," about how she needed Tom's explicit permission to fully express her desires, all of it rattled around in his skull, impossible to dismiss.

The most disturbing part wasn't Bob's obvious manipulation. Tom wasn't an idiot. He recognized the calculated nature of Bob's approach. What unsettled him was how effectively it worked despite his awareness of it. Bob wanted sexual access to Jess. That much was transparent. But was that so wrong? Wasn't that exactly what Tom himself had been encouraging? Hadn't he explicitly told Jess to get naked for Bob? Hadn't he jerked off to her descriptions of Bob's hands on her breasts?

If Jess enjoyed herself, if she explored these boundaries safely, if she ultimately remained committed to their marriage, did Bob's motivations even matter?

Tom's phone buzzed in his pocket. A text from Jess.

Jess: Just got my bag. Coming out now!

Tom pocketed his phone and straightened, eyes fixed on the exit.

Jess finally appeared, pulling her roller suitcase behind her with her purse slung over one shoulder. She looked tired, the kind of exhaustion that came from days of professional intensity followed by a cramped flight. But she also looked radiant somehow, glowing with the confidence of someone who'd conquered a significant challenge.

She wore simple travel clothes, dark jeans, a loose-fitting blouse, comfortable flats, but she carried herself with the same poise she'd exhibited in that yellow dress she'd sent him a photo of last night.

When she spotted him, her face lit up with a smile. It had only been three days, but the sight of her filled him with a mix of relief and anticipation.

"Hey, you," she called, quickening her pace.

Tom met her halfway, wrapping her in a hug that lifted her slightly off the ground.

"God, I missed you," he murmured.

"Missed you too," Jess replied, pulling back to look at his face. Her eyes were tired but bright with affection. She rose on tiptoes to kiss him, a brief but firm press of lips that promised more later.

"How was the flight?" Tom asked, taking the handle of her suitcase.

"Bumpy as hell," Jess grimaced. "Thunderstorms over Georgia. But we made it."

They walked toward the exit, Tom guiding them through the crowded terminal with his hand at the small of Jess's back.

Outside, the evening air was thick with humidity, the temperature still hovering in the mid-eighties despite the setting sun. Tom popped the trunk of his Lexus and loaded Jess's suitcase while she settled into the passenger seat. When he slid behind the wheel, she had already kicked off her flats and was massaging her feet.

"Airport floors are murder," she explained, catching his glance.

"Your feet going to be okay for heels next week?" Tom asked.

"They'd better be," Jess replied with a small laugh. "Margaret's not going to be impressed by me hobbling around in orthopedic shoes."

Tom navigated them out of the airport and onto the highway before bringing up what had been consuming his thoughts. "So... the party. How was it really?"

Jess laughed, the sound both weary and genuinely amused. "Cutting right to the chase, aren't we? No 'How was the trip?' Just straight to 'Did you dance with anyone?'"

Heat crept up Tom's neck. "That's not…"

"It's okay," Jess interjected, placing her hand on his leg. "I know what you're curious about. And I'll tell you everything, I promise. But I'm starving and desperately need a shower first. Can we shelve the party talk until I'm human again?"

"Of course," Tom said, covering her hand with his. "Actually, I made dinner. It's waiting at home."

Jess's eyebrows rose. "You cooked? Actual food?"

"Don't sound so surprised," Tom replied with mock offense. "Roast chicken, baked potatoes, asparagus. Nothing fancy, but it's edible… I think."

"You think?" Jess laughed. "Not filling me with confidence here."

"The chicken looked done. Mostly."

"Well, salmonella would certainly be a memorable welcome home."

"I followed the recipe to the letter," Tom assured her. "It should be fine."

"I'm impressed," Jess said, squeezing his leg. "Thank you."

As they drove through Austin's evening traffic, Jess filled him in on the non-party aspects of her trip in more detail than their phone call. The meetings with craftsmen, the walkthrough of the mansion, the material selections, the press conference announcing the project's official name.

"The Magnolia House is going to be incredible, Tom," she said, her face animated despite her exhaustion. "The bones of that building are just spectacular. And the budget is generous enough that we're not having to cut corners. We can use authentic materials, historically accurate techniques."

"A dream project," Tom commented, turning onto the highway that would take them home.

"It really is. And the Houston project is officially happening too. James Chen will be in Austin next week to finalize everything with the firm."

"That's huge, Jess. Congratulations."

"Two major projects running simultaneously," Jess said, a mix of pride and trepidation in her voice. "It's going to be hectic, but it's exactly what I've been working toward."

Tom glanced at her profile, catching the hint of worry beneath her excitement. "You can handle it. You're brilliant at what you do."

"Thanks," Jess said softly. Then, changing the subject, "How about you? How's work been?"

"Productive," Tom admitted. "Made huge progress on Meridian. Fixed all the critical errors."

"My absence must really be good for your focus," Jess teased.

Tom laughed, though there was truth to her observation. "Probably. I worked about fourteen hours Wednesday and Thursday. Ten on Friday."

"Tom!" Jess exclaimed, her tone shifting to concern. "That's insane. You need to rest too."

"I know, I know. But the project's almost done."

They fell into comfortable silence for a few minutes, the Austin skyline receding in the rearview mirror as they headed toward their neighborhood. Tom's mind drifted back to Bob, to their morning conversation.

As if reading his thoughts, Jess asked, "Have you seen much of Bob while I was gone?"

Tom kept his expression neutral, though his pulse quickened slightly. "Not really. I was barely home with those long hours. Though I did notice him outside earlier today working on the yard."

"He's done wonders with it," Jess commented. "Remember how embarrassed I was about the state of those flower beds? Now they're practically magazine-worthy."

"He definitely has a green thumb," Tom agreed. "The roses are thriving."

"And he put in those native perennials along the back fence," Jess added. "The ones that don't need much water. They're already filling in nicely."

They turned onto their street, the familiar houses signaling their approach home. Tom pulled into their driveway, killing the engine. For a moment, neither moved, both taking in the simple fact of being home together again.

"I really did miss you," Jess said, breaking the silence. "Even with all the excitement and running around, I kept wishing you were there to see it."

"Next time," Tom promised, reaching over to tuck a strand of hair behind her ear. "Once Meridian's done, I'll come with you on your next Savannah trip."

Inside, the house smelled of roasted chicken and herbs. Tom had left the oven on warm, maintaining the dinner he'd prepared. The dining table was set with their good plates, a bottle of wine already open and breathing.

"I'm impressed," Jess said, surveying the scene. "You went all out."

"Figured you deserved a proper welcome home," Tom replied. "Go shower. Food will be ready when you are."

Jess stood on tiptoes to kiss him again, this one lingering longer than the quick peck at the airport. "Give me twenty minutes," she murmured against his lips before heading toward their bedroom.

Alone in the kitchen, Tom busied himself with the final dinner preparations. He checked the chicken, relieved to find it perfectly cooked, skin crisp and golden. He arranged asparagus spears on a serving plate and removed the baked potatoes from the oven, slitting them open and adding a pat of butter to each.

By the time Jess emerged, hair damp and skin flushed from the hot shower, Tom had everything on the table. She wore comfortable clothes, leggings and one of his old t-shirts that had long ago migrated to her side of the closet, but the simple outfit did nothing to diminish her beauty.

"That smells amazing," she said, sliding into her chair. "I'm starving."

Tom poured wine for them both before taking his seat. "How was the shower?"

"Heavenly," Jess replied, closing her eyes briefly. "Hotel showers are never quite right, you know?"

"No place like home," Tom agreed, raising his glass. "To successful trips and homecomings."

Jess clinked her glass against his. "And to whoever taught you to roast a chicken."

"YouTube," Tom admitted with a grin. "I watched three different tutorials."

"Well, it paid off," Jess said after taking her first bite. "This is delicious."

They ate in comfortable silence for a few minutes, the simple pleasure of shared food after days apart requiring no conversation.

"So," Jess said after a few bites, catching his gaze. "You want to hear about the party."

Tom didn't bother denying it. "If you're ready to talk about it."

Jess took a sip of wine. "It was... educational."

"Educational?" Tom repeated, not quite sure what to make of the description.

"Mmm," Jess nodded. "Educational in terms of learning what I'm comfortable with, what I actually enjoy versus what I thought I might enjoy."

Tom's fork paused halfway to his mouth. "You're being very cryptic."

"Maybe a little," Jess admitted. "But not to torture you. I just want to get my thoughts in order before I share everything."

"Fair enough," Tom conceded. "Take your time."

Jess studied him for a moment, her expression softening. "You really want to know all the details, don't you?"

"I do," Tom admitted, seeing no point in hiding what they both knew to be true.

"It still surprises me sometimes," Jess said, reaching for her wine. "This thing between us. How much it excites you to imagine me with others. How much I've come to enjoy the power of being desired that way."

"Is that what happened at the party?" Tom asked, trying to keep his tone casual. "You enjoyed being desired?"

"Among other things," Jess replied, that enigmatic smile returning. "But let's finish dinner first. Then I'll tell you everything. I promise."

"Everything?" Tom pressed.

"Every detail," Jess confirmed. "The dancing. The conversations. The offers."

"Offers?" Tom repeated, his mouth suddenly dry.

"Patience," Jess admonished lightly, spearing a piece of asparagus with her fork. "Food first. Stories second."

Tom forced himself to take another bite of chicken, though his appetite had shifted from food to information. Whatever had happened at that party in Savannah, Jess was clearly enjoying her power to control its revelation, to dole out details at her own pace.

It struck Tom that something fundamental had shifted in their dynamic. When they'd first begun exploring his fantasy, he had been the guide, the one encouraging Jess to push boundaries, to flirt, to test waters. Now she seemed to be embracing that role independently, finding her own pleasure in the exploration rather than simply indulging his.

As they ate, Tom couldn't help but remember Bob's words from that morning. "Sexual energy has to go somewhere." Had Jess found somewhere for hers to go in Savannah? With one of those investors who'd been eyeing her since the Skyline party?

The uncertainty was both torturous and thrilling. Whatever Jess was going to tell him, whether it was just harmless dancing or something more, Tom knew it would fuel their evening in ways neither of them had anticipated just a few months ago.

Across the table, Jess caught his gaze again and held it. "You're imagining all sorts of scenarios right now, aren't you?"

"Can't help it," Tom admitted.

"Good," Jess replied.

They continued eating, the air between them charged with anticipation. Their exploration had always been primarily in Tom's mind, in their bedroom talk, in the scenario with Bob. But Savannah had been different. Jess had been on her own, making choices without Tom's immediate input or reaction.

As Tom refilled their wine glasses, he realized he was simultaneously desperate to know and terrified to find out exactly what educational experiences his wife had encountered in that historic southern city.

Tom finished rinsing the last plate and placed it in the dish rack. The dinner had gone well. His roast chicken had been a success, the wine complemented the meal perfectly, and Jess was finally home. But as he dried his hands on a kitchen towel, his mind remained fixed on what Jess had hinted at during dinner.

The party in Savannah. The dancing. The offers.

Ten minutes had passed since Jess excused herself to the bedroom. Yet something in her tone before she left, a hint of mischief perhaps, suggested she hadn't simply

collapsed into bed. Tom hung the towel on its hook and moved through the living room, anticipation building with each step.

At the bedroom door, he paused. The light inside spilled from beneath the door, a warm glow that promised something more inviting than sleep. Tom turned the knob and pushed the door open.

"Holy shit," he breathed, unable to formulate anything more eloquent.

Jess lay on her side facing the door, propped up on one elbow. She wore lingerie he hadn't seen before, a pink floral corset that cinched her waist and pushed up her breasts, paired with a tiny matching thong.

"Like what you see?" she asked, her voice a silky invitation.

Tom nodded. "Very much." He stepped into the room, closing the door behind him. "Is this new?"

"Bought it in Savannah," Jess confirmed, running her hand down the intricate floral pattern that adorned the corset. "Saw it in a little boutique near the hotel and couldn't resist."

"Excellent impulse purchase," Tom said, already unbuttoning his shirt.

Jess shifted onto her knees, the mattress dipping beneath her weight. "I thought about you when I bought it. About coming home, about showing you..." She traced the edge of the corset where it met the swell of her breasts. "About letting you take it off me."

Tom stripped off his shirt and unbuckled his belt, never taking his eyes off her. The sight of Jess in that pink corset, her confidence, her sensuality, all of it sent blood rushing to his cock. By the time he'd kicked off his pants and boxers, he was fully hard.

Jess's eyes dropped to his erection, and her smile widened with appreciation. "Missed me, did you?"

"You have no idea," Tom replied, joining her on the bed.

They met in the middle, both on their knees. Tom's hands immediately found her waist, feeling the rigid structure of the corset beneath his fingers before sliding down to cup her ass.

Jess leaned in, pressing her lips to his in a kiss that started gentle but quickly deepened. Her hand moved between them to wrap around his cock, stroking him with firm, confident movements that had him groaning into her mouth.

"God, I've missed you," he murmured against her lips.

Jess hummed in agreement, her thumb circling the head of his cock. "Especially after Tuesday, right? Leaving you with that to think about while I was gone..."

"Speaking of things to think about," Tom said, pulling back slightly to meet her gaze. "The party. You promised to tell me everything."

Jess's eyes sparkled with something between mischief and pride. "I did, didn't I? But can't a girl welcome her husband home properly first? Cuddle a bit before the inquisition?"

Tom laughed, planting a kiss on her forehead. "Cuddle it is."

They settled against the pillows, facing each other on their sides. Her hand remained on his cock, stroking softly. Tom's own hands roamed over her body, tracing the contours of the corset, exploring the exposed skin of her thighs, occasionally dipping between them to tease her through the thin fabric of her thong.

"You know," Jess began, her voice thoughtful despite the intimate touches they were exchanging, "I've been thinking about something since we started all this."

"What's that?" Tom asked, fingers drawing lazy patterns on the outside of her thigh.

"I've been thinking about sex a lot more. Like, constantly." Jess shifted to look up at him. "More than I ever did before."

"Is that a bad thing?" Tom's hand moved to cup her breast through the corset.

"Not at all," Jess replied. "But it's made me realize how... controlled I've been. For years, really."

"Controlled how?"

Jess was quiet for a moment, seemingly gathering her thoughts. "Remember when I told you on the phone about feeling different? About integrating parts of myself?"

Tom nodded. "You mentioned the modeling side of yourself."

"It's more than that," Jess said. "It’s like I said, I've always known men look at me. Always noticed it. But I learned early on to look disinterested, to keep my expression neutral or even a little bitchy."

"Defense mechanism," Tom suggested, understanding in his voice.

"Exactly."

Tom's fingers traced the edge of her corset, just barely brushing against the swell of her breast. "And that changed in Savannah?"

"It did," Jess confirmed, a new excitement entering her voice. "I felt free there in a way I don't in Austin. Like there were no expectations, no history. Nobody knew me as 'Jessica Marshall, interior designer' or 'Tom's wife.' I was just... me."

"So what did that freedom look like?" Tom asked, genuinely curious.

Jess smiled. "I smiled back when men looked at me. Something I never do in Austin. And they approached me because I was open to it, because I wasn't putting up those walls." Her hand began moving on his cock again, slow, teasing strokes. "I flirted. Nothing crazy, just showed interest, laughed at jokes, made teasing comments. Basic flirting. And it was fun, Tom. It felt good, especially knowing you'd love hearing about it."

Tom's cock twitched in her grip at her words. "Was there more than flirting?"

"No," Jess shook her head. "I didn't hold hands or kiss anyone or even give out my number, though everyone seemed to want it."

"Everyone, huh?" Tom grinned, finding her confidence impossibly arousing.

"Well, not everyone," Jess amended with a laugh. "But more than I expected, honestly."

Tom shifted, turning to face her more fully. "Tell me about the party. The cocktail party on Friday."

"It wasn't like Domino," Jess began, her hand still lazily stroking his cock. "Not a crowded nightclub with loud music and people grinding against each other. It was like the Skyline party, a professional crowd, at least at the beginning."

"You danced, though," Tom prompted, remembering her text.

"I did," Jess confirmed. "With quite a few people, actually. Chris Webb, for one."

"And?" Tom asked.

"He told me I looked beautiful. Said he was excited to work closely with me during the project." She paused, her eyes studying Tom's reaction. "He asked if I liked Savannah, mentioned that he owns a house there that I could stay at when I come back for site visits."

"He's propositioning you," Tom said.

"Probably," Jess acknowledged. "Though he phrased it like he was just being hospitable."

"I bet," Tom scoffed. "Who else did you dance with?"

"James Chen," Jess continued. "He kept things professional, mostly talked about the Houston project."

Tom nodded. "Was he handsy at all?"

"Not really," Jess said. "But Richard Harrington definitely was."

Tom's eyebrows shot up. "Was he?"

"Mmhmm," Jess hummed, her hand tightening slightly around Tom's cock. "He kept complimenting my looks, insisted I should work on his Austin penthouse. I had to explain how busy I'll be with Magnolia House and Houston."

"And did he back off?"

Jess laughed. "Not exactly. He asked me to fly back to Austin with him on his private jet."

"Seriously? What did you say?"

"I told him I already had my flight booked," Jess replied. "But he was pretty insistent."

"Did you consider it?" Tom asked.

Jess looked at him directly. "No. I know what would have been expected if I'd accepted that offer."

"Maybe it would have been interesting to find out," Tom suggested.

Jess's expression shifted to something more serious. "Tom, if I'd gotten on that private jet with Richard Harrington, I would have come home having fucked him. Is that what you want?"

"I... I don't know," he admitted.

"That's the difference between fantasy and reality," Jess said quietly. "In your fantasies, everything is perfect. Hot but controlled, sexy but safe. Reality is messier."

Tom nodded, understanding her point but still unable to resist asking, "Was Harrington the only... offer you received?"

"No," Jess laughed, her hand resuming its gentle stroking. "I danced with so many men. I was having a really good time, honestly. The older crowd, the investors, the historical preservation committee, the mayor, they all left around eleven. The party continued with a younger crowd for a few hours after that. I stayed until around two."

"And?" Tom prompted, sensing there was more to the story.

"There were two particularly bold guys," Jess admitted. "When the dance floor got crowded, one of them... touched my ass. Really grabbed and squeezed it."

"And you let him?"

"I did," Jess confirmed, watching Tom's face carefully. "I had a feeling it would turn you on when I told you about it."

"It does," Tom confessed, his cock now fully rigid in her hand. "What else?"

"He asked me to leave with him," Jess continued. "Said he didn't live far. I declined, politely."

"And the second guy?" Tom asked, sensing there was more.

"He was younger," Jess said. "Very handsome. We were chatting, and when I mentioned I was visiting from Austin, he asked where I was staying. I told him upstairs."

Tom's pulse quickened. "You danced with him too?"

"Several times," Jess nodded. "With breaks in between for drinks, conversation with other people. Toward the end of the night, he asked if he could walk me to my room."

"And you said yes," Tom stated, not a question.

"I did," Jess confirmed. "Even though I knew I wouldn't let him inside."

"Did he try?"

"He wanted to come in so badly," Jess laughed softly. "Practically begged. I told him I needed to wake up early for my flight."

"Did you want him to come in?" Tom asked, his voice low and intense.

Jess hesitated, then shook her head. "No. I didn't."

"But if you weren't married? If we weren't together?"

Jess met his gaze directly. "Then yes, I would have fucked him."

The confession sent a jolt of pure lust through Tom's body. He moved suddenly, pushing Jess onto her back. "I need to taste you," he growled.

His hands found the fastenings of the corset, working them with clumsy urgency. Jess helped, guiding his fingers to the hooks until the garment fell open, revealing her body inch by inch. When the corset was fully open, Tom slid it out from under her, leaving Jess wearing only the pink thong.

"So beautiful," he murmured, his hands cupping her breasts. "And all mine."

"All yours," Jess agreed, her back arching into his touch.

Tom lowered his head, taking one nipple into his mouth while his hand caressed the other breast. Jess's fingers threaded through his hair, holding him against her, a soft moan escaping her lips.

As he moved to her other breast, Tom's thoughts circled back to the subject that had consumed him all week. "We haven't talked about Tuesday," he said. "Not in person. Not since you left for Savannah."

"We haven't," Jess agreed, her voice slightly breathless from his attention. "Though we did talk on the phone about it."

"We did," Tom acknowledged, trailing kisses down her sternum toward her stomach. "But I've been thinking about it. A lot."

"What about it?" Jess asked, watching as he moved lower, his destination clear.

Tom hooked his fingers in the waistband of her thong, pulling it down her legs and tossing it aside, leaving her fully naked. "You said you didn't regret it," he reminded her, settling between her thighs. "That it was freeing."

"I meant that," Jess confirmed, spreading her legs wider to accommodate him. "It was... transformative, in a way I didn't expect."

Tom's hands slid under her thighs, lifting them slightly as he gazed at her pussy, already slick. "What you told me was so hot," he said. "Especially the part about you touching yourself afterward."

He leaned forward, his breath hot against her sensitive skin as he spoke. "I keep picturing you rushing upstairs, so turned on from Bob's hands on your body that you couldn't wait." Tom placed a light kiss on her inner thigh, intentionally avoiding where she wanted him most. "So wet that you grabbed your dildo and fucked yourself."

Jess made a small sound, a mixture of arousal and protest at his teasing. "That's not exactly-"

"Tell me I'm wrong," Tom challenged, his lips brushing against her other thigh.

Jess hesitated, then admitted, "You're not entirely wrong."

Tom grinned against her skin, pleased by the confirmation. He placed another kiss, closer to her pussy but still not where she needed him. "I've been thinking," he said, his fingers replacing his mouth on her thigh, "about what comes next."

"Next?" Jess echoed, her hips shifting restlessly.

Tom's fingers traced light patterns on her skin, circling closer to her pussy without quite touching it. "With Bob," he clarified. "After the naked massage."

"What about it?"

"Next time," Tom continued, his finger sliding through her wetness without penetrating, "you should ask him to give you an orgasm. Let him use those thick fingers on you instead of having to go upstairs to finish yourself off."

Jess's eyes widened at the suggestion. "Tom..."

"He'd do it," Tom pressed, his finger now circling her clit with the lightest pressure. "He might ask if you're sure, but he'd do it. He wants you so badly, Jess. You're giving that poor guy blue balls every time you meet."

"Poor guy?" Jess repeated with a small laugh that turned into a gasp when Tom's finger finally slipped inside her.

"He probably goes inside and jerks off immediately after seeing you," Tom said, adding a second finger, feeling her inner walls clench around him. "Especially after Tuesday. Seeing you naked, getting to touch your tits..."

"Oh god," Jess moaned as Tom began a slow, rhythmic motion with his fingers.

"You should help him out," Tom suggested, his voice deceptively casual despite the intimate nature of both his words and actions. "It would be the nice thing to do."

"The nice thing to do," Jess repeated, amusement mixing with arousal in her voice. "You want me to... repay the favor?"

"If you want to," Tom replied, curling his fingers to find that spot inside her that made her gasp. "I would want you to, but only if you wanted to."

Jess's hips moved in time with his fingers, her body responding to his touch. "Getting naked is one thing," she pointed out, breathless, "but letting him touch me intimately is crossing a completely different line."

"I'd be okay with it," Tom assured her, his fingers working steadily. "I'd be okay with anything you wanted to do."

"Anything?" Jess questioned, her voice sharp despite her arousal. "What does that mean, exactly?"

Tom looked up at her from between her thighs, meeting her gaze directly. "Anything," he repeated. "Whatever you're comfortable with."

"Even sex?" Jess pressed, her eyes never leaving his.

"Yes," Tom admitted. "Even that."

Jess propped herself up on her elbows to look at him more directly. "Tom, we talked about this. I've been clear that I don't want to have sex with another man."

"I know," Tom said quickly. "And you don't have to. Not if you don't want to. But... the option is there. You have my blessing, if that's ever something you decide you want."

Jess stared at him for a long moment, something unreadable in her expression. Then she fell back against the pillows with a frustrated sound. "Stop talking and just eat me, please."

Tom didn't need to be told twice. He lowered his head and licked a long, slow stripe through her folds, savoring her taste, her scent, the way her body instantly responded to his tongue. He settled into a rhythm, alternating between broad strokes and sucking her clit, his fingers still moving inside her.

Jess's hands found his hair, holding him against her, her hips rising to meet his mouth. All conversation ceased as Tom devoted himself to her pleasure, reading the signals of her body to adjust his approach. When her breathing quickened, when her thighs began to tremble, he increased the pressure, the speed, pushing her toward the edge.

"Oh fuck," Jess gasped, her back arching. "Right there, just like that."

Tom redoubled his efforts, his tongue sucking her clit while his fingers curled inside her. Jess's grip on his hair tightened almost painfully as she came, her entire body tensing before shuddering with release. Tom didn't let up, extending her orgasm for as long as possible until she pushed at his shoulders, too sensitive to continue.

He placed a final kiss on her inner thigh before moving up her body. "You taste so good," he murmured, kissing her deeply, letting her taste herself on his tongue.

Jess's hands came up to frame his face as she returned the kiss. When they finally broke apart, her eyes were dark with residual pleasure and renewed desire. "Get on top of me," she commanded softly. "I want to feel you inside me."

Tom positioned himself between her legs, the head of his cock pressing against her entrance. He pushed forward slowly, both of them groaning as he sank into her heat. Once fully seated, he paused, giving her a moment to adjust and himself a moment to regain control.

"Did he try to kiss you?" Tom asked suddenly, the question springing from some deep well of curiosity he couldn't contain. "The guy who walked you to your room."

"He did," Jess confirmed, her hands moving to his shoulders. "I turned my head. Let him kiss my cheek instead."

"Fuck," Tom breathed. He began to move, establishing a slow rhythm. "It turns me on so much, Jess. Hearing about other men wanting you like that."

"I know," Jess replied, her hips rising to meet his thrusts. "I could tell you what would have happened if I'd let him into my room."

"Tell me," Tom urged, his pace quickening slightly.

"I would have sucked his cock," Jess said, her voice taking on a purposefully provocative tone. "Would have taken him deep down my throat." Her nails dug slightly into his shoulders. "You know how much I love sucking cock."

The words sent a jolt through Tom's body, his hips jerking forward more forcefully. "Would you suck Bob's cock too?" he asked. "His huge cock?"

Jess laughed softly. "It's always back to Bob with you, isn't it?"

"I want you to," Tom admitted, his voice strained with the effort of maintaining his rhythm. "I really want you to."

"Maybe I will, then," Jess replied, her eyes locked on his. "Maybe he deserves it after making me feel so good with those massages."

The image, Jess on her knees, Bob's cock in her mouth, pushed Tom dangerously close to the edge despite having just started. He lifted Jess's legs, positioning them over his shoulders to change the angle, driving deeper into her.

The new position increased the intensity for both of them. Words became impossible, replaced by moans, gasps, the wet sound of their bodies joining. Tom's thrusts grew more erratic as he approached climax, fighting to hold back, to extend the pleasure.

When he could no longer maintain control, Tom pulled out suddenly, moving up Jess's body to straddle her chest. He wrapped his hand around his cock, stroking rapidly as Jess opened her mouth, her tongue extending in invitation.

"Fuck, Jess," Tom groaned, his entire body tensing. "I'm going to…"

His words dissolved into a guttural sound as he came, spurts of cum landing in Jess's open mouth and on her tongue. She swallowed what she could, her eyes never leaving his face, watching his pleasure with evident satisfaction.

When the last tremor subsided, Jess took him into her mouth, sucking gently to clean the final drops from his sensitive cock. Tom hissed at the sensation, almost too intense to bear, before carefully moving off her and collapsing beside her on the bed.

For several minutes, they lay in silence, both breathing heavily, bodies slick with sweat and other fluids. Tom reached out blindly for Jess's hand, finding it and threading their fingers together in a gesture both tender and familiar after years of shared intimacy.

"I missed you," Tom said finally.

"I missed you too," Jess replied, squeezing his hand.

Tom rolled onto his side to face her, studying her profile in the soft light of the bedside lamp. "I'm proud of you, you know. The Savannah project, Houston, all of it. You're amazing at what you do."

Jess turned toward him, her expression softening. "Thank you. That means a lot, especially coming from you."

Tom reached over to switch off the lamp, plunging the room into darkness. In the blackness, other senses heightened, the sound of Jess's breathing, the scent of sex in the air, the warmth of her body as she shifted closer to him.

"I love you," Tom murmured, wrapping an arm around her waist.

"I love you too," Jess replied, her voice already heavy with approaching sleep. "Even when you get weird ideas about me and Bob."

Tom laughed softly, pulling her closer. "They're not weird ideas if they turn us both on."

"Fair point," Jess conceded, nestling into the space between his neck and shoulder, her body fitting against his as if designed for exactly this purpose.

The conversation from dinner, the revelations about the party, the suggestions about Bob, all of it would be there in the morning, waiting to be examined in the light of day. But for now, in the darkness of their bedroom, they were simply Tom and Jess, husband and wife, finding their way together through this unexpected new territory of their marriage.

The Bad Tenant Ch. 14

Jess woke up Sunday morning feeling relaxed, muscles pleasantly sore from last night's reunion with Tom. She reached across the bed, expecting to find the warm solidity of her husband, but her fingertips met only cool sheets. Tom's side of the bed was empty.

Jess blinked away the last remnants of sleep, stretching her arms overhead. The distant clatter of cookware from the kitchen explained Tom's absence.

She swung her legs over the side of the bed. Physically, she felt fantastic, the kind of deep satisfaction that came from reconnecting with Tom after days apart. But mentally...

Tom's words from last night echoed in her mind.

"Even sex?" she'd asked, pressing him on what "anything" meant regarding Bob.

"Yes," Tom had admitted. "Even that."

The recollection triggered a sharp spike of uneasiness through her. Sex with Bob, or anyone else, had been off the table from the beginning. Their conversation at Vesper had been crystal clear on that point.

"I need to state upfront that I'm not interested in having sex with anyone else," she'd told Tom firmly that night. "I'm open to pushing some boundaries, to exploring the fantasy to a certain degree, but I don't want you to keep pushing me toward that endpoint."

Tom had agreed readily. "Understood. No pressure toward sex with others."

Yet here they were, just over a month later, with Tom casually offering his blessing for her to fuck their tenant. The shift was dramatic, unsettling. Was this what Tom genuinely wanted? Or was he just caught up in fantasy, saying things in the heat of the moment he hadn't properly thought through?

Jess stood. She grabbed her robe from the hook on the closet door, pulling it around her naked body and cinching the belt at her waist. A trip to the bathroom first, then she'd confront whatever conversation waited for her in the kitchen.

After splashing cool water on her face and brushing her teeth, Jess studied herself in the mirror. Her reflection looked back at her, bright-eyed despite the lingering fatigue of travel. No visible change marked her face, yet she felt different from the woman who had left for Savannah just days ago.

The scent of coffee grew stronger as she approached the kitchen, now mingled with the unmistakable aroma of bacon. Her stomach rumbled in response. She paused in the doorway, taking in the scene.

Tom stood at the stove, dressed in sweatpants and a faded t-shirt, flipping bacon with a pair of tongs. His hair stood up at odd angles, suggesting he hadn't bothered to shower yet. Two mugs of coffee sat on the counter beside him, steam rising from both.

"Since when did you become a regular chef?" Jess asked, stepping into the kitchen. "First dinner last night, now breakfast? Are you auditioning for a cooking show?"

Tom turned, his face lighting up at the sight of her. "Good morning to you too," he replied with a grin. "And I've always been able to cook. I just rarely had the motivation."

"Must be some powerful motivation," Jess teased, crossing to the counter and picking up one of the coffee mugs. She took a sip. Perfect. Exactly the way she liked it.

"Well, my wife just returned from a triumphant business trip," Tom said, turning his attention back to the bacon. "Seemed like a good reason to brush up on my culinary skills."

Jess moved to stand beside him, peering at the skillet. The bacon sizzled, already crisping at the edges. "It looks good," she admitted. "I'm starting to wonder if you've been replaced by a pod person. The Tom Marshall I know considers microwaving leftover pizza to be 'cooking.'"

Tom laughed, the sound warm and genuine. "People change, Jess. Maybe I'm evolving."

"Evolution usually takes millions of years, not a three-day business trip," she countered.

"You'd be surprised what a man can learn when his wife is away," Tom said. He gestured toward the toaster with his tongs. "Would you mind? The bread's already in there, just needs to be started."

Jess pushed down the lever on the toaster, then leaned against the counter, watching Tom work. There was something warm and cozy about the moment, both of them in the kitchen on a lazy Sunday morning, preparing breakfast together. It felt normal, the kind of comfortable routine that had defined their marriage before all the recent complications.

"So what else is on the menu?" she asked.

“Scrambled eggs with that fancy cheese you like,” Tom replied. “Should be ready in a few minutes.”

“Fancy cheese being...?”

“The white crumbly one.”

“Feta?”

“That’s the one.”

Jess shook her head, amused. “At least you remembered which one I like.”

The toast popped up, and Jess busied herself buttering it while Tom transferred the bacon to a paper towel lined plate.

Tom cracked eggs into a bowl, whisking them with a fork before pouring the mixture into the skillet still slick with bacon grease. “So,” he began, his tone suddenly more serious, “about last night... about Bob...”

Jess felt her muscles tense, the pleasantness of the moment fracturing. “Can we just have a normal Sunday?” she interrupted gently. “I need some time to process everything.”

Tom glanced at her. “Yeah, of course,” he said quickly. “Normal Sunday it is.”

“Thank you,” Jess said. “I’m not saying we can’t talk about it at all. Just... not right now.”

“Understood.” Tom focused on the eggs, stirring them with a wooden spoon. “So what does a normal Sunday look like for you? It’s been a while since either of us had one.”

It was true. Between Tom’s grueling work schedule and the demands of Jess’s projects, their weekends had become extensions of the workweek rather than actual breaks.

“Well, I’m thinking gym first,” Jess replied, carrying their plates to the small kitchen table. “I missed it yesterday. Then grocery shopping. We’re out of practically everything.”

“We’ve got eggs and bacon,” Tom pointed out.

“Yes, and beyond that, our refrigerator contains condiments, beer, and something in a takeout container that might have achieved sentience by now.”

Tom laughed as he brought the skillet to the table, spooning scrambled eggs onto their plates. “Fair point. What do we need?”

"Everything," Jess said simply. "I'll make a list. Thought I'd do meal prep for the week too, since you mentioned things are about to get intense with Meridian."

Tom settled into the chair across from her. "Yeah, these next two weeks are going to be brutal. The final stretch, which means all the last-minute issues are popping up."

"Hence the breakfast," Jess observed. "Trying to store up goodwill before you disappear into work again?"

"Something like that," Tom admitted with a rueful smile. "I'll probably need to put in a few hours today too, if that's okay."

"Of course it is," Jess said. "I'll handle whatever you need. This is your big push for the promotion, right?"

Tom nodded. "The salary bump alone will be worth the stress."

"Not to mention the title," Jess added, knowing how much Tom valued recognition for his work. "Senior Consultant Tom Marshall has a nice ring to it."

"Almost as good as Lead Designer Jessica Marshall," Tom countered, raising his coffee mug in a mock toast.

Jess smiled, taking a bite of the scrambled eggs. The feta gave them a tangy richness that elevated the simple dish. "This is actually really good," she admitted. "I'm genuinely impressed."

"Don't sound so surprised," Tom said. "I've been studying."

"YouTube tutorials?"

"And a couple of actual cookbooks. Remember those Christmas presents from your mom that we shoved in a drawer?"

"So that's where those went."

They finished breakfast, discussing the week ahead in broad strokes. Jess made a grocery list while Tom detailed the critical items on his Meridian to-do list.

After breakfast, they cleared the table together and moved to the sink, Jess soaping the dishes, Tom rinsing. It was their long-established routine, one they'd fallen into naturally years ago.

"I should probably get some work done," Tom said once the kitchen was clean. "Those last-minute issues won't solve themselves."

"And I should head to the gym," Jess replied. "Sunday mornings aren't usually too crowded."

Tom nodded. He knew the gym wasn't just about maintaining her physical fitness. It was where she went to think, to process, to work through the tangles in her mind. "I'll be in my office when you get back," he said.

"I'll try not to be too long," Jess promised. "Maybe a couple of hours including the grocery run."

They parted in the hallway, Tom toward his office and Jess toward the bedroom to change.

She pulled out her workout clothes with more care than usual, selecting a matching set in light blue, tight, high-waisted gym shorts that showcased her long legs and a sports bra in the same shade that accentuated her toned arms and flat stomach. The color complemented her tanned skin perfectly. She skipped the loose tank top she typically layered over her sports bras.

In the bathroom, Jess applied light makeup, just enough to enhance her natural features without looking like she was trying too hard. She brushed her hair and pulled it into a high ponytail, then stepped back to assess her reflection.

The woman who looked back at her was put-together, attractive, confident. She looked good, and she knew it. Jess turned sideways, noting how the high-waisted shorts accentuated her waist before hugging her ass. The outfit was appropriate for the gym, but it was definitely on the more flattering end of the spectrum. Was she dressing up for herself or for the attention she might receive?

Jess gathered her gym bag and water bottle, then stopped by Tom's office. He was already absorbed in his laptop, fingers flying across the keyboard, brow furrowed in concentration. She knocked lightly on the open door.

"I'm heading out," she announced. "Need anything from the store I didn't put on the list?"

Tom looked up, his focus momentarily broken. His eyes traveled over her, taking in the outfit. "No, I think you covered everything," he said. "You look really good."

"Just gym clothes," Jess replied with a casual shrug that contradicted the care she'd taken in selecting them.

Tom stood and crossed the room to her. "Have a good workout," he said, his hands finding her waist. He pulled her close, pressing his lips to hers in a kiss.

Jess responded in kind, her free hand coming up to rest on his chest. The kiss lingered, neither of them pulling away, until it had stretched well beyond a casual goodbye. When they finally separated, both were slightly breathless.

“What was that for?” Jess asked with a smile on her face.

“Just because,” Tom replied. “Drive safe.”

“I will,” Jess promised, reluctantly stepping back from his embrace. “See you in a couple of hours.”

The drive to the gym was quick, just under fifteen minutes on the Sunday morning roads. Jess found herself lost in thought, replaying the events of the past few days in her mind. The Savannah trip had been a professional triumph, certainly, but it had also marked a personal shift. She had flirted with strangers at the cocktail party, had enjoyed the power of being desired without feeling diminished by it. She had reconnected with a part of herself she’d long suppressed, the part that enjoyed attention, that thrived on admiration.

And then there was Bob. The naked massage had crossed a significant line, one that still left her both exhilarated and uneasy when she thought about it. She’d been completely nude, exposed to their tenant’s gaze, his hands on her body, even her breasts.

Now Tom wanted more. Wanted her to ask Bob to touch her “more explicitly.” Wanted to hear about it afterward. Had even given explicit permission for sex if that’s what she decided she wanted.

The parking lot at Elite Fitness was only about a third full when Jess pulled in, typical for a Sunday morning. She grabbed her gym bag from the passenger seat and headed inside, nodding to the familiar face at the front desk as she scanned her membership card.

Jess scanned the space, noting the scattered members, predominantly men with a few women interspersed. Her eyes lingered on the free weight area, half-hoping to spot Brandon but he was nowhere to be seen. A twinge of disappointment surprised her.

Jess set her bag down in an empty locker, secured it with the combination lock she always carried, and headed for the weight machines. Sunday was usually her upper body day, and she was determined to stick to her routine despite the emotional turmoil swirling beneath the surface.

She started with lat pulldowns, adjusting the weight to her usual setting. As she settled onto the seat, she caught the reflection of a man watching her in the mirror that lined the wall. He quickly looked away when she met his gaze, his attention suddenly focused on adjusting the weights on his own machine.

It was nothing unusual. Men looked at her at the gym. They always had. But now, after Savannah, after the naked massage with Bob, after all the conversations with Tom about his fantasies, Jess found herself more aware of these gazes, more attuned to their meaning.

What would happen if she smiled back? If she held eye contact a moment longer than necessary? If she gave any indication that she welcomed the attention?

In Savannah, she'd done exactly that. She'd smiled at strangers, had allowed conversations to develop. The freedom had been intoxicating, the anonymity of being away from home creating a space where she could explore without consequence.

But this was Austin. This was her regular gym, where she might run into the same people week after week. The stakes felt higher, the potential for complications more significant. What if she encountered these men in professional settings later? What if rumors started? What if someone recognized her as Tom's wife?

The questions churned in her mind as she moved through her workout, completing three sets of lat pulldowns before moving on to seated cable rows. She maintained her focus on form, on the burn in her muscles, on the steady rhythm of her breathing. Physical activity had always been her preferred method for processing emotional complexity, the clarity of movement providing an anchor when her thoughts threatened to spiral.

By the time she finished with the weight machines and moved to the free weights for bicep curls, Jess had drawn the attention of several men in the gym. None approached her directly, but she felt their gazes, tracking her movements, lingering when she bent to select a weight or reached up to adjust her ponytail. She wondered what Tom would think if he could see her, surrounded by male attention, the object of desire.

Would he be jealous? Aroused? Both? The boundary between those emotions seemed increasingly blurred in their relationship, each feeding into the other in a complex feedback loop that neither of them fully understood.

Jess completed her upper body routine in about forty-five minutes, feeling the pleasant burn of exertion in her muscles. She took a long drink from her water bottle and headed for the treadmills. A twenty-minute run would cap off her workout nicely, providing time for both cardiovascular benefit and continued reflection.

She set the machine for her usual interval program and began at a brisk walk, allowing her muscles to adjust before increasing to a jog. The rhythmic pounding of her feet against the belt created a meditative backdrop as her thoughts drifted to Savannah again.

The professional respect she'd received there had been deeply satisfying. The craftsmen, the restoration specialists, the historical preservationists, they'd all engaged with her ideas, had recognized her expertise, had treated her as a valued professional rather than just a pretty face. Even Webb, despite his obvious personal interest, had acknowledged her talent, had given her real authority over design aspects of the project.

That respect had coexisted with the more personal attention she'd received at the cocktail party. She'd been able to be both, the respected designer and the woman who enjoyed flirtation, who moved confidently on the dance floor, who felt the power of her own beauty without being reduced to it.

At home, Tom increasingly seemed fixated on her interactions with other men. She had initially felt in control of the exploration with Bob. But now Tom's suggestions were shifting the dynamic, nudging her toward actions she wasn't sure she would choose on her own. His statement that sex was on the table if she wanted it had moved the goalposts significantly, altering the parameters of their agreement without proper discussion.

The treadmill beeped, signaling a shift in the interval program. The speed increased, and Jess pushed herself harder.

Despite her concerns, despite the unease that lingered at the edges of her consciousness, Jess couldn't deny the genuine warmth she felt toward Tom. He had created a loving homecoming for her, had cooked dinner and breakfast, had shown interest in her professional accomplishments. He had supported her career consistently, had never tried to hold her back or diminish her success.

The contradiction left her dizzy, unable to reconcile the loving husband who prepared breakfast with the man who suggested she ask their tenant to give her an orgasm. Were they the same person? Was one more authentic than the other? Or was this simply a new facet of their relationship, a complexity they were still learning to navigate?

The treadmill beeped again, beginning its cool-down cycle. Jess gradually reduced her pace, her breathing slowing, sweat cooling on her skin.

After a quick shower in the gym's locker room, Jess changed into jeans and a simple blouse for her grocery run. She felt refreshed physically, but mentally she remained unsettled, the workout having provided temporary distraction rather than lasting clarity.

The drive to Whole Foods was short. Sunday mid-morning was busier than Jess would have preferred, the parking lot nearly full, but she managed to find a spot at the far end.

Inside, Jess grabbed a cart and began working through her list, starting with produce. She selected salad greens, vegetables for meal prep, fruits for snacking.

In the organic apple section, Jess was comparing two particularly appealing Pink Ladies when she became aware of someone watching her. She glanced up to find a man standing nearby, apparently examining the Honeycrisps but clearly more interested in her than the fruit.

He was attractive in a conventional way, tall, with dark hair, green eyes, and the kind of confident posture that suggested comfort in his own skin. When he caught her looking, he smiled rather than glancing away.

"The Pink Ladies are definitely better than the Honeycrisps this week," he said, his voice pleasantly deep. "If you're trying to decide."

Jess returned his smile, her decision made in that moment. This was exactly the kind of harmless flirtation she'd enjoyed in Savannah, the kind of interaction that would excite Tom when she recounted it later. "Is that so?" she replied. "Are you an apple expert?"

The man's smile widened, revealing perfectly straight teeth. "More of an enthusiast than an expert," he said, stepping closer. "I'm Daniel, by the way."

"Jess," she replied, placing the Pink Ladies in her cart. "And I'll take your recommendation under advisement."

"Always happy to share my produce opinions," Daniel said. "Though I'd argue my taste in wine is more reliable than my taste in apples."

"Is that your subtle way of suggesting we should discuss wine instead?" Jess asked, allowing a hint of flirtation to enter her voice.

Daniel laughed. "Not subtle at all, actually," he admitted. "I was hoping you might be interested in continuing this conversation somewhere that serves drinks rather than sells them."

"That's very direct," Jess observed, neither accepting nor rejecting the invitation.

"Life's too short for ambiguity," Daniel replied with a casual shrug. "Especially when you meet someone intriguing in the produce section on a Sunday morning."

Jess found herself genuinely amused by his approach, confident without being arrogant, direct without being crude. In another life, or if she weren't married, she might have been tempted to accept his invitation.

"I'm flattered," she said, "but I should mention I'm married."

Daniel glanced at her left hand. "I noticed," he said. "But I figured it was worth asking anyway. Some marriages have... flexibility."

Jess felt her cheeks warm slightly, but she maintained her composure. "Not mine," she replied.

"Fair enough," Daniel said, his smile never faltering. "Can't blame a guy for trying."

"No, you can't," Jess agreed, deciding to end the conversation before it became awkward. "Nice meeting you, Daniel."

"Likewise, Jess," he replied. "And remember, Pink Ladies. You won't regret it."

"I'll keep that in mind," she said, already turning her cart toward the next aisle.

Daniel didn't follow, accepting the rejection with good grace. As Jess continued her shopping, she found herself mentally composing the story she would tell Tom later. The handsome stranger, the flirtatious exchange, the dinner invitation she'd declined. She knew exactly how Tom would respond, with that mixture of jealousy and arousal that had become the hallmark of their intimacy lately.

The thought left her feeling both powerful and slightly manipulative. Was she flirting with strangers now specifically to provoke a reaction from Tom? Was she deliberately creating scenarios that would fuel his fantasies? And if so, what did that mean for their relationship?

The questions followed her through the rest of her shopping trip, lingering as she selected meat for the week's meals, pasta and rice for side dishes, snacks and beverages to restock their depleted pantry. By the time she reached the checkout line, her cart was full and her mind no closer to resolution than it had been that morning.

The cashier was young, probably in his early twenties, with dark-rimmed glasses and nervous energy. He smiled as Jess approached, the expression flickering across his face before disappearing into concentration as he began scanning her items.

"Did you find everything you were looking for?" he asked, the question clearly part of his required script rather than genuine inquiry.

"I did, thank you," Jess replied, her tone warmer than necessary.

"That's great," he said, his voice gaining confidence. "The Pink Ladies are excellent this week."

Jess laughed softly, surprised by the coincidence. “So I’ve been told,” she said. “Seems like everyone’s an apple expert today.”

The cashier smiled, the expression more natural this time. “My mom’s really into apples,” he explained. “She has like, six trees in her backyard. I grew up eating every kind you can imagine.”

“That sounds amazing,” Jess said. “Fresh picked apples are the best.”

“They really are,” the cashier agreed, scanning the last of her items. “Makes the store bought ones seem kind of sad by comparison.”

Jess handed over her credit card. “Well, these will have to do until I can find a friend with an apple orchard.”

“Or you could just come back next week,” the cashier suggested, a hint of nervousness returning to his voice. “We get new shipments on Thursdays.”

“Good to know,” she said neutrally, accepting her receipt. “Thanks for the tip.”

“Have a great day,” the cashier called as she pushed her cart toward the exit.

“You too,” Jess replied over her shoulder, already mentally shifting to the task of loading the groceries into her car.

The exchange had been minor, barely worth noting, yet Jess found herself adding it to the narrative she was constructing for Tom. The young cashier’s nervous attention, his apple anecdote, his suggestion she return next week. It would fit neatly into the story of her grocery trip, another example of male attention that Tom seemed to find so exciting.

As Jess loaded bags into her trunk, she caught herself wondering whether she’d emphasized certain details, downplayed others, to create the most effective story for Tom’s consumption. Was she curating her experiences now, filtering them through the lens of what would most excite her husband?

The thought wasn’t entirely comfortable. She closed the trunk, returned the cart to the collection area, and slid into the driver’s seat. Normality beckoned from home. Meal prep, laundry, the mundane tasks that formed the backbone of their shared life.

Beneath that routine, currents of complexity swirled. The boundary between fantasy and reality had become increasingly permeable, with Tom’s desires shaping her actions in ways both subtle and overt. The rules they’d established at Vesper were being rewritten, the goalposts moved without proper discussion.

As Jess started the car and began the drive home, she acknowledged a difficult truth that had been hovering at the edges of her consciousness all morning. A conversation

about Bob, about boundaries, about their relationship, couldn't be postponed indefinitely. Tom had respected her request for a normal Sunday, but the questions remained, waiting for answers she wasn't sure she had.

Jess nestled deeper into the corner of the couch, her bare feet tucked beneath her as she cradled a glass of red wine. The cooking competition on TV provided just enough background noise to fill what might otherwise be an awkward silence. Contestants rushed around, assembling elaborate dishes while judges offered commentary that neither she nor Tom were fully following.

Sunday night. The natural boundary between weekend and workweek. Tomorrow, they'd both return to their professional lives, Tom to the final stages of the Meridian implementation that had consumed him for months, and Jess to the conclusion of Skyline while simultaneously launching both Magnolia House and the Houston project. The weight of those responsibilities loomed, but they felt distant compared to the conversation Jess knew they couldn't avoid any longer.

She glanced at Tom, who sat at the opposite end of the couch, one arm stretched along the back cushions, fingers occasionally brushing her shoulder in an absent gesture of connection. His expression was relaxed. They'd cooked together, eaten a proper meal at their dining table, discussed mundane topics like Jess's parents' upcoming anniversary and Tom's friend's new job. They'd washed dishes side by side, shoulders occasionally bumping.

It had been nice, normal, the kind of Sunday that had once been their standard before careers and complications had intruded. But beneath that veneer of normalcy, questions had simmered in Jess's mind all day, refusing to be silenced by meal prep or grocery unpacking or TV watching.

She took a sip of wine, drawing strength from both the alcohol and the knowledge that this conversation couldn't be postponed any longer.

"Tom," she began, her voice cutting through the TV chef's enthusiastic description of a reduction sauce. "We need to talk about last night."

Tom's fingers stilled on her shoulder. He muted the TV before turning to face her more directly. "Okay," he said, his tone cautious but not defensive.

"Last night, you said something that's been bothering me all day," Jess continued, choosing her words carefully. "When we were talking about Bob, you said that sex was on the table. That if I wanted to have sex with him, you'd be okay with it."

Tom took a slow breath. “I wasn’t saying you should do it,” he clarified, “just that if you wanted to, I wouldn’t be opposed.”

Jess studied his face, searching for signs that he was backtracking, claiming it had been heat of the moment dirty talk rather than a genuine statement. She found none. “So you’re serious about that? You genuinely meant it?”

“Yes,” Tom said simply.

The directness of his answer unsettled her. She’d half-expected him to laugh it off, to claim it was just fantasy talk that had gone too far. “So if I decide to open my legs for Bob and he actually puts his penis inside me, you’d be okay with that?”

Her deliberately crude phrasing was designed to force reality into what she suspected Tom had relegated to fantasy. To her surprise, he didn’t flinch.

“Yes,” he repeated, meeting her gaze. “If that’s what you want.”

Jess set her wine glass on the coffee table, needing both hands free for the gravity of this conversation. “Tom, at Vesper we agreed sex was off the table. I made that point specifically because you had already brought it up before that, and I wanted to be crystal clear. You agreed to that.”

Tom leaned forward. “I know what I said at Vesper. And I meant it at the time. But things have evolved since then, Jess. We’ve both discovered things about ourselves, about what excites us.”

“And that gives you the right to change our agreement?” Jess asked, keeping her tone even despite the frustration rising within her.

“That’s not what I’m doing,” Tom protested. “What turns me on is seeing you explore your desires. I’m not pushing you to have sex with Bob or anyone else. I’m just removing my objection as a barrier if that’s something you might want.”

Jess let out a short, humorless laugh. “That sounds like lawyer talk, Tom. ‘I’m not pushing you, I’m just removing barriers.’ That’s semantics and you know it.”

Tom’s expression shifted, a flicker of defensiveness crossing his features. “I’m not trying to manipulate the situation, Jess. I’m trying to be honest about what I’m comfortable with.”

“Tom, this isn’t about adding sprinkles to ice cream. These are major boundaries in our marriage.” Jess ran a hand through her hair, gathering her thoughts. “You can’t just casually mention ‘oh by the way, sex is on the table now’ during pillow talk. That’s not how this works.”

Inside, Jess's emotions churned. Part of her appreciated Tom's honesty about his evolving desires. Another part felt increasingly uneasy about the pattern emerging, each boundary crossed leading immediately to testing the next one. Where would it end?

"When you say things like that, when you contradict agreements we've made, it makes me feel manipulated or pressured, even if that's not your intention," she continued, her voice softening slightly. "Have you noticed that every time we cross one boundary, you immediately suggest pushing the next one?"

Tom fell silent, his gaze dropping to his hands. After a moment, he looked up, something like realization dawning in his eyes. "I hadn't thought about it that way, but... you're right. I do get caught up in the excitement, especially after hearing about your experiences."

His voice took on an intensity as he continued. "But watching you become more confident, more in touch with that side of yourself, it's… intoxicating. When you told me about getting naked for Bob, letting him see all of you, even your most private parts, letting him touch your breasts, your nipples, and then going upstairs and touching yourself because you were so turned on..." He paused, swallowing visibly. "That was one of the hottest things you've ever told me."

Jess felt her cheeks warm at the reminder of her behavior last Tuesday afternoon. She couldn't deny that it had excited her too, and that sharing the details with Tom had been intensely erotic for both of them.

"And then Savannah," Tom continued, "hearing about how you danced with different men, let a man squeeze your ass on the dance floor, let a man walk you to your room. Last night you told me you would have fucked that guy if you were single, would have taken his cock down your throat."

His eyes locked with hers. "You talked about your confidence, about how you're constantly thinking about sex lately. These are fucking incredible things to hear from the woman I love, and yes, it makes me wonder what else we'd feel if things went further."

"That's exactly what worries me," Jess said. "Where does it end, Tom? If I did have sex with Bob, would you immediately start thinking about me with other men? Multiple men? In public?"

The questions weren't purely hypothetical. Jess could see the pattern forming, each new experience becoming normalized, then serving as the foundation for something more extreme. The progression from flirting to touching to potential sex seemed to have an internal logic that concerned her deeply.

Tom ran a hand through his hair. “I honestly haven’t thought that far ahead,” he admitted. “I’ve been focused on the moment, on the fantasy directly in front of me.”

“But that’s the problem, isn’t it?” Jess pressed. “You’re imagining this perfect scenario where I sleep with Bob, tell you all about it, and nothing changes between us. But real life isn’t that clean.”

“You’re treating sex like it’s just a physical act, like shaking hands but with genitals,” she continued. “But it’s not. It’s emotional, even when we pretend it isn’t. Sex is messy. It creates complications that can’t be predicted or controlled.”

Tom shifted closer on the couch, his hand finding hers. “I understand what you’re saying. But I’m only open to pushing boundaries and exploring this because I’m absolutely certain in our commitment to each other.” His voice was earnest, his grip on her hand tightening slightly. “I love you more every day, Jess. I’m not worried about other men because I know, without a doubt, that we would never leave each other.”

His gaze never wavered as he continued, “I see this part of our life as sexual exploration, a time to have fun and experiment before we become serious adults with kids. It’s not a permanent adventure, just a chapter in our relationship.”

Jess stared at him, surprise momentarily silencing her. She pulled her hand from his grip.

“Tom, we’re not college students on spring break,” she said. “We’re married. We’re building careers. When did having sex with other people become some kind of prerequisite to parenthood?”

The question held genuine bewilderment. Somewhere in their relationship, assumptions had formed that Jess hadn’t been party to, expectations she hadn’t agreed upon or even recognized until this moment.

Tom backpedaled slightly, his expression shifting to one of clarification rather than defense. “That’s not what I meant. I just...” He paused, searching for words. “Once we have kids, we won’t have the freedom to explore like this. Everything will be about schedules and responsibilities and putting the children first, as it should be. This feels like our window to experience things we might otherwise never get to.”

Jess shook her head, frustration rising. “But we already did that. We dated other people before we met. We chose each other, committed to each other.”

She thought about her past relationships, about the modeling days when men had looked at her. Those experiences had shaped her, certainly, but she’d never viewed

them as some checklist of sexual exploration that needed to be completed before she could fully commit to family life.

"I've never regretted choosing monogamy with you," she said softly. "It never felt like a sacrifice. Until recently, it never occurred to me that I was missing out on anything by being faithful to you."

"I don't think you've been missing out," Tom clarified. "And it's not that I feel I've missed out by being with only you. But now that we've started exploring this side of our relationship, I've realized how exciting it can be. How it can actually bring us closer together rather than driving us apart."

There was truth in what he said. Their sex life had never been more passionate, their communication about desires and boundaries never more honest. Yet the pattern of escalation troubled her.

Jess met Tom's gaze directly. "Even though you say it's entirely my choice, do you understand how all of this feels like increasing pressure to fulfill your escalating fantasies? How it feels like I'm disappointing you if I don't go further each time?"

Tom looked startled by the question. "That's never been my intention," he said quickly. "Your enjoyment is the whole point of the fantasy for me. If you're doing things just to please me rather than for your genuine pleasure, that kills the whole thing."

"But Tom, that's exactly what's been happening," Jess admitted. "Today at Whole Foods, I was flirting with this guy, Daniel, in the produce section. He was attractive, gave me a line about Pink Lady apples being better than Honeycrisp, asked me out for drinks. Then there was this young cashier who was clearly nervous around me, mentioned his mother growing apple trees, suggested I come back next Thursday when they get new shipments."

Tom's expression showed interest, but Jess wasn't finished.

"The whole time we were talking, I was thinking about how I would tell you about it later," she continued. "I was mentally crafting the story, highlighting certain details, planning how to present it to turn you on. I was performing."

Understanding dawned on Tom's face, followed by a conflicted expression. "I don't want you to perform," he said.

"Don't you?" Jess challenged. "Isn't that exactly what excites you? Hearing me describe encounters with other men in detail, asking for specifics about what they said, how they looked at me?"

Tom didn't deny it. "I love hearing those stories," he admitted. "But why can't it be both? Why can't you enjoy the experience and also know that sharing it with me later will be hot for both of us?"

The question was complex rather than accusatory. Jess considered it seriously before responding.

"Maybe it can be," she acknowledged. "But there's a contradiction in what you want, Tom. You say you want me to explore my sexuality, but only in ways that serve your fantasies. What if I develop desires or experience things you haven't anticipated or scripted?"

Tom's brow furrowed. "What do you mean?"

Jess leaned forward, holding his gaze. "What if I did sleep with Bob, and discovered I preferred sex with him? What if I found something with him you can't give me? What if I really liked his 'huge cock' as you put it? Are you prepared for that possibility?"

She expected defensiveness, perhaps even anger. Instead, Tom's expression showed something closer to excitement mixed with vulnerability.

"That's actually what makes it so exciting," he admitted, his voice dropping slightly. "The idea that you might experience something new, something I can't give you... but that you'd still come back to me. You'd still be mine."

The admission stunned Jess momentarily.

"So your fantasy only works if I try other men but still decide you're the best?" she asked, probing deeper. "What if that's not what happens?"

"I'm not worried because I know you love me," Tom said with surprising confidence. "Sex is just sex. What we have is deeper than that." He paused, then added, "I wouldn't even mind if you found someone who could give you twenty orgasms in an hour, as long as you come back to me and tell me everything."

Jess shook her head, amazed at the disconnect in their understanding. "Tom, our sex life has never been better since we started this fantasy exploration. That's because it's emotional for us. Sex and emotions aren't separate things." She reached for his hand again, needing the physical connection to emphasize her point. "Sex with Bob wouldn't happen in an emotional vacuum. There would be feelings involved. Mine, yours, and Bob's."

"I trust you," Tom said simply.

"I know you do," Jess replied. "And I appreciate that more than I can express. But this isn't just about trust. It's about understanding the consequences of what we're considering."

She paused, another question forming that had been lingering at the edges of her thoughts. "But why Bob, specifically? You seem fixated on him. A month ago, you were almost suspicious of him. What changed?"

Tom seemed to consider his answer carefully. "It's not just about Bob," he said finally. "It could be anyone else. Even Derek, your yoga teacher."

Jess blinked in surprise. Derek? The image of her yoga instructor's lean, muscular body and his gentle yet firm adjustments during class flashed through her mind. Unlike Bob's weathered masculinity, Derek possessed a refined, almost spiritual energy that she'd admittedly found attractive.

But the shift from Bob to potentially any man represented an expansion of what they'd been discussing. She made a mental note to return to this point later.

"Bob," Tom continued, apparently unaware of her surprise, "is someone we know, someone in our home, but not connected to our social or professional circles. There's less risk experimenting with Bob than with anyone else in our life."

He hesitated, then added, "And I think his age creates a power dynamic that's kind of exciting, the older man, younger woman thing. Plus, I know you'd never leave me for him."

The casual dismissal of Bob as a legitimate threat to their marriage bothered Jess in ways she couldn't immediately articulate. There was something reductive about it, as if Bob's age and status made him less than a full person.

"Have you considered what Bob might be thinking?" she asked. "He's not just a prop in our fantasy, Tom. He's a person with his own feelings."

"Oh, I'm sure he'd love nothing more than to be intimate with you," Tom replied without hesitation. "Remember that photoshoot when he moved in? He couldn't take his eyes off you that night. And he gets hard during the massages, Jess. Any man, especially an older divorced man, would love to touch someone as gorgeous as you."

Jess frowned slightly. "You can't know that for certain. You're making assumptions about what he wants."

"Are you seriously questioning whether Bob would want to have sex with you?" Tom asked, incredulity in his voice.

Jess sighed. “No, you’re probably right about that. He likely would be interested. But he’s been respectful and professional during the massages, even when I was completely naked.”

“Of course,” Tom replied.

She tucked a strand of hair behind her ear, organizing her thoughts. “The massage did turn me on,” she admitted quietly. “But that doesn’t mean I want to have sex with him.”

“I get that,” Tom replied.

Jess seemed to be studying his face, searching for something in his expression. “Is there something else going on here, Tom? Is this fantasy filling some void for you? Is our sex life not enough?”

“God, no,” Tom said emphatically. “Our sex life is better than ever. This just takes it to another level.”

His vehemence was reassuring, yet Jess couldn’t help wondering if there were deeper psychological drives behind his fantasies that neither of them fully understood.

“What about Tuesday?” Jess asked after a moment of silence. “What do you want to happen?”

Tom hesitated. “I’m hoping that you’ll get another nude massage, and...” He paused, visibly struggling to articulate the exact fantasy he’d shared the previous night. “That you’ll ask Bob to touch you more intimately. And that you might return the favor.”

The bluntness of his statement sent a jolt through Jess despite having heard the same sentiment the night before. Something about discussing it in the living room, fully clothed, with a cooking show muted in the background, made it feel more real, more consequential than when whispered during lovemaking.

“So the same thing you said last night,” Jess clarified, forcing Tom to confront the reality of his fantasy directly. “You want me to ask Bob to give me an orgasm? And then you want me to give him a blowjob? Is that what you’re saying?”

Tom met her gaze. “Yes,” he admitted. “But only if you’re comfortable with it. Only on your terms.”

Jess decided to push further, to make the abstract concrete with increasingly explicit language. “You want Bob, our divorced fifty-five-year-old tenant, to put his big fingers inside my vagina? Inside the place only you’ve touched since we got together? And you want him to finger me until I orgasm? And then, you want me to give him a blowjob in return? Is that what you’re saying?”

Tom swallowed visibly but didn't look away. "Yes," he said simply. "But only if-"

"If I'm comfortable," Jess finished for him. "You keep saying that."

She took a deep breath, trying to organize the tumult of emotions swirling inside her. Part of her was undeniably curious about what it would feel like to let Bob touch her more intimately. Another part was worried about the potential fallout, the complications that would inevitably follow.

"If I do this on Tuesday, and I'm not saying I will," Jess began carefully, "what happens next week? And the week after? Does Bob become a regular part of our sex life? Do you expect me to blow him every Tuesday and Thursday during my lunch breaks?"

Tom blinked, looking genuinely uncertain. "I... haven't thought that far ahead," he admitted.

"That's the problem," Jess pointed out. "You're too focused on the immediate fantasy without considering the long-term implications. What if Bob develops feelings? What happens if he expects more? Have you considered how messy this could get with someone who literally lives in our house?"

"Bob understands this is just physical," Tom said with a dismissively. "He's an adult who's been married twice. He knows the score."

"You can't possibly know what Bob is thinking or feeling," Jess challenged, irritation creeping into her voice. "You keep talking about him like he's some character in a porn movie who exists solely for our fantasy. He's a real person, Tom. With real feelings."

The conversation seemed to be circling, neither of them fully hearing the other. Jess decided to shift to more practical considerations.

"What about protection?" she asked. "Sexual health? What would be off-limits? Would he be allowed to kiss me? Would you expect details afterward? Would you want to watch or just hear about it later?"

Tom seemed taken aback by the rapid-fire questions but gathered himself quickly. "Definitely no kissing," he replied with firmness. "That feels too intimate, too emotional. And obviously protection would be non-negotiable." His expression softened slightly. "Beyond that, you could decide what you're comfortable with. But safety would be paramount. And yes, I would need to hear about every single encounter. The details are... important to me."

Jess nodded, processing this. The kissing prohibition was interesting. Where Tom drew his emotional line revealed a lot about how he compartmentalized physical

versus emotional intimacy. She understood the logic. Kissing was often more intimate than other acts, carrying emotional weight beyond the physical. Still, the arbitrary nature of these boundaries struck her as somewhat artificial, as if certain acts could be neatly separated from their emotional components.

Silence settled between them, both seemingly exhausted by the intensity of the conversation. On the TV, a contestant presented their dish to the judges, their nervous excitement visible despite the muted audio.

"So," Tom said finally, breaking the silence. "Tuesday. What are you thinking?"

Jess took a moment to answer, carefully choosing her words.

"Like I said, I did enjoy the massage with Bob," she said. "That's not something I can deny. It was exciting to be so exposed, to feel his hands on my skin, even on my breasts. But there's a huge difference between enjoying a massage and asking someone to touch me intimately."

Tom leaned closer. "But are you curious? Does part of you wonder what it might be like?"

The question cut to the heart of her conflict. Jess couldn't deny that a certain curiosity existed, a wondering about what Bob's fingers might feel like against her clit, inside her. The forbidden nature of it carried an undeniable charge, heightened by Tom's obvious excitement at the possibility.

"I can't pretend I haven't thought about it," she acknowledged. "But thoughts are different from actions. What do I want? I'm genuinely conflicted."

She shifted position, turning to face Tom more directly. "Honestly, Tom, part of me is a bit curious about what it would feel like to let Bob touch me. But we still haven't figured out what comes after, where this path leads."

"I feel like I'm on a train that's picking up speed, and I'm not sure I know where the tracks end," she continued. "But whatever I choose, I need it to be my choice, for my reasons, not just to fulfill your evolving fantasies. And most importantly, I need us to stop treating this like some inevitable progression. Each step should be its own decision, not just a stepping stone to something more extreme. Can you understand that?"

Tom nodded, his expression serious. "I do understand. And I support whatever you decide."

Jess remembered what Tom had said earlier that she'd flagged mentally to revisit. "You mentioned it could be anyone, even Derek. What did you mean by that? You've only ever talked about Bob in these terms."

Tom seemed to be considering his words carefully. “What would turn me on more than anything,” he began slowly, “is to actually give you all the power, to give you the green light to do anything you want with any man and not talk about it together beforehand.”

Jess stared at him, trying to process this significant expansion of their previous discussions. “That’s a huge shift from what we’ve been talking about.”

“I know,” Tom acknowledged. “But Friday night, when you were at that party in Savannah, I couldn’t sleep. I was so anxious but also turned on at the same time because it was real. You were just doing what you wanted to. That reality, that authenticity is what makes it so intense.”

“So you want me to cheat on you?” Jess asked, struggling to understand exactly what Tom was proposing.

“No,” Tom replied quickly. “It wouldn’t be cheating if you had my blessing and if you came home and told me everything.”

Jess studied his face, trying to reconcile this new information with everything she thought she understood about their arrangement. “Let me get this straight. You’re saying that beyond Bob, beyond the scenarios we discuss beforehand, you’d be aroused by the idea of me just... doing whatever I want with whomever I want?”

“Yes,” Tom admitted. “The thought of you making those choices without my input, without my approval, but with my permission, that’s... so fucking hot”

“Why haven’t you mentioned this before?” Jess asked, genuine confusion in her voice. “We’ve spent ages talking about Bob, about boundaries.”

Tom shifted in his seat, clearly struggling to articulate feelings he hadn’t fully processed himself. “I didn’t realize how strongly I felt about it until Friday night. When you were at that party in Savannah and I was here alone, not knowing what was happening... it was torture, but I was so turned on.”

“That doesn’t sound healthy, Tom,” Jess said carefully. “Being tortured by anxiety while getting turned on by it.”

“Maybe not,” Tom conceded. “But it felt real in a way our explorations haven’t. When you’re swimming in that bikini with Bob watching, when you got naked for him, it was exciting but also... safe.”

Jess felt a flicker of irritation. “So now what we’ve been doing is too tame? Too predictable?”

"That's not what I'm saying," Tom backtracked quickly. "It's been incredible. It's just that Friday night showed me there's another level to this. The complete uncertainty, not knowing what you might choose to do when I'm not there..."

"But wouldn't that be completely different?" Jess pressed. "If I'm with someone else without you knowing beforehand, without discussing it first, that's different from what we've been exploring. That's not you witnessing me with someone else, even second-hand. That's me having a separate sex life that I report back to you about."

"Yes. And for some reason I can't fully explain, that's so fucking hot to me."

Jess sat back, taking a long sip of her wine as she processed this revelation. This went beyond the fantasy they'd been carefully exploring. This was something else entirely. She shook her head slightly, still trying to wrap her mind around this shift. "This feels like such a leap from where we started. From exploration to... this."

"I'm not saying we should jump right to that," Tom clarified. "I just wanted to be honest about where my thoughts are."

"And where exactly do my thoughts fit into this scenario?" Jess challenged. "Have you considered that maybe I don't want complete freedom? That maybe the structure and boundaries we've established together are what make this exploration feel safe for me?"

Tom looked genuinely startled by this perspective. "I thought... I assumed more freedom would be appealing."

"That's the problem," Jess said. "You're making assumptions about what I want based on what turns you on. But relationships don't work that way, Tom. Even in this thing we're exploring, we need to make decisions together, not just default to whatever fantasy happens to turn you on at the moment."

"You're right. I'm sorry. I got carried away."

Jess softened slightly at his acknowledgment. "I understand these feelings and fantasies can be overwhelming. They've been intense for me too. But we need to be careful about letting your escalating fantasies drive our actual decisions."

"I know," Tom agreed. "And honestly, I'm not saying we should implement this anytime soon. It was just... a thought. A fantasy."

Jess considered him for a moment before asking, "Is this why you suddenly brought up Derek? Do you have specific men in mind that you'd want me to consider beyond Bob?"

Tom hesitated. “Not specifically, no. Derek was just an example because you’ve mentioned him a few times.”

Jess sat back, processing everything. After a moment, she said, “I think we need to table that particular fantasy for now, Tom. It’s too much, too fast. We’re still figuring out the dynamics with Bob. Let’s not complicate things until we’ve figured out what’s already on our plate.”

“That makes sense,” Tom agreed, looking relieved that she hadn’t shut down the conversation entirely. “One step at a time.”

“Exactly,” Jess said.

“And speaking of one step at a time...” Tom paused, bringing them back to the more immediate concern. “About Tuesday... what are you thinking?”

Jess considered her options carefully. The conversation had covered significant ground, revealing depths to Tom’s fantasies and her own mixed feelings that would require further reflection. But he was right that Tuesday loomed as a more immediate decision point.

“I’ll consider Tuesday,” she said finally. “I won’t promise anything specific, but I’ll be open to the possibility of exploring further with Bob.” She paused, fixing Tom with a serious look. “However, I need you to promise something in return.”

Tom nodded, eager. “Anything.”

“After Tuesday, regardless of what happens, if I want to take a break from the Bob massages, or if I decide to stop altogether, I need you to support that decision completely. No pressure, no subtle hints about what turns you on.”

“Absolutely,” Tom agreed without hesitation. “This is about you more than anything. I’ll support whatever you decide, no questions asked.”

Jess studied his face, looking for any sign of reluctance or insincerity, but found only earnest support. Whatever his fantasies entailed, whatever desires drove him, Tom genuinely seemed to value her agency in all this.

Tom leaned forward, closing the distance between them on the couch. His hand came up to cup her cheek as he pressed his lips to hers. Jess responded, her hand finding the back of his neck, fingers threading through his hair as the kiss intensified.

After several moments, they broke apart. Jess settled against Tom’s chest as he wrapped an arm around her shoulders. He unmuted the TV, returning them to the comfortable Sunday night, but Jess’s mind continued to churn with the implications of their conversation.

Could she really cross this line with Bob? What would it feel like to have his fingers inside her? Could she take his cock in her mouth? Would it destroy the delicate balance they'd established, turning their tenant-landlord relationship into something messy and complicated? And beyond the immediate questions about Tuesday loomed larger concerns about the path they were on, the boundaries they were dismantling one by one, the potential consequences neither of them could fully predict.

Tom seemed to notice her distraction. "You're thinking pretty hard over there," he observed, his fingers tracing idle patterns on her shoulder.

"Just processing," Jess replied, looking up at him, not ready to articulate the full extent of her concerns.

"Whatever you decide," Tom said softly, "it won't change how I feel about you. I love you, Jess. That's the one constant in all of this."

"I love you too," she replied, meaning it completely despite the uncertainties swirling within her.

They fell back into comfortable silence, the low volume of the TV the only sound in the room. Outside, darkness had fully claimed the neighborhood, streetlights casting warm pools on the sidewalk. Sunday night was deepening toward Monday morning, the workweek looming with its own demands and distractions.

Tomorrow, Jess would return to her office, immerse herself in the Magnolia House details, consult with Annie about material selections, review Chen's preliminary documents for the Houston project. Professional responsibilities would temporarily eclipse personal considerations, providing welcome relief from the circular thoughts that had occupied her weekend.

But Tuesday would inevitably arrive, her usual work from home day, with its laptop work, conference calls, and the now established poolside break where Bob would be waiting. What would she do? What did she truly want?

The question remained unanswered as Jess nestled closer to Tom's side, seeking comfort in the physical connection that had always been the simplest aspect of their relationship. Whatever complexity swirled around them, a basic truth remained. They loved each other, desired each other, were committed to finding their way through this uncharted territory together.

Whether that territory included Bob's hands between her legs on Tuesday remained to be seen.

"It's getting late," Tom murmured. "Bed?" he suggested.

"Bed," Jess confirmed, stretching slightly.

They moved through their nightly routine, turning off lights, brushing teeth side by side in the bathroom mirror. The ordinary tasks reminded Jess that beneath the extraordinary exploration of boundaries they'd undertaken, they remained Tom and Jess Marshall, husband and wife, partners in the mundane as well as the exceptional.

In bed, Tom's arm found her waist, pulling her closer in the darkness. "Thank you," he whispered.

"For what?" Jess asked, her voice equally soft in the quiet room.

"For being willing to talk about this. For considering Tuesday. For trusting me enough to explore this together."

Jess turned in his arms, finding his face in the shadows. "Thank you for listening," she replied. "For promising to support whatever I decide."

Tom's lips found hers, a gentle kiss that carried affection rather than demand. "I love you, Jess. More than anything."

"I love you too," she whispered back.

As Tom's breathing gradually deepened into sleep beside her, Jess remained awake, staring at the ceiling, thoughts circling back to Tuesday. The decision remained unmade, suspended in the space between possibility and commitment. She had time yet, hours to consider, to weigh her genuine desire against external influences.

What did Jessica Marshall want? The question followed her into dreams fragmented by naked massages, strangers offering apples, and trains accelerating toward unknown destinations.

Bob Caldwell checked his watch for the third time in the last fifteen minutes. 12:17 PM.

He shifted in his chair, adjusting his white short-sleeved button-up that was already sticking to his skin in the midday heat. His brown shorts rode up as he crossed his legs, then uncrossed them. The cold beer in his hand had grown warm, barely touched as anticipation overrode thirst.

Beside him on the small patio table sat Jess's iced tea, mint leaves floating on the surface, ice cubes slowly melting in the sun. He'd prepared it exactly as she liked it, not too sweet, brewed that morning and chilled to perfection. Every detail mattered. Especially today.

Bob had been waiting since 11:45 AM, positioning himself with a view of the balcony door. Jess typically emerged around noon on her work from home Tuesdays and

Thursdays, never later than 12:20 PM in all their previous sessions. The delay gnawed at him.

He could have engineered an "accidental" meeting on Sunday. It would have been easy enough, a convenient project in the front yard as she headed to the gym, or a timely appearance when she returned from her grocery shopping. But he'd deliberately chosen patience over opportunity.

From a strategic perspective, waiting for today maintained their established pattern. The poolside sessions had become a framework within which boundaries had already been successfully pushed. Each incremental escalation had occurred within this specific context, the red one-piece giving way to smaller bikinis, the sunscreen applications expanding from back to legs to ass, the massage evolving to a completely nude one.

Disrupting this pattern with a Sunday encounter risked appearing too eager, too obvious in his intent. The illusion of Jess being in control of the pace of their relationship was crucial to his strategy. He had carefully positioned himself as the patient, non-threatening guide rather than the aggressor.

The Saturday night conversation between Jess and Tom, captured by his hidden smoke detector camera, had confirmed the wisdom of his patient approach. Bob had reviewed his notes that morning, committing the key points to memory.

"I've been thinking about sex a lot more. Like, constantly," Jess had told Tom. A significant shift in her sexual mindset, indicating she was in a heightened state of arousal generally, not just with her husband.

She had described feeling "free" in Savannah. "Like there were no expectations, no history. Nobody knew me as 'Jessica Marshall, interior designer' or 'Tom's wife.' I was just... me." Her craving for anonymity, for freedom from reputation, was something Bob could leverage. She maintained defensive walls in Austin that had dropped in Savannah.

The conversation had revealed that Jess enjoyed flirting, specifically when it would excite Tom later.

Most crucially, Tom had been explicit about wanting Jess to ask Bob to touch her more intimately during today's massage. "Let him use those thick fingers on you instead of having to go upstairs to finish yourself off," he'd suggested. Tom had even framed it as Jess "helping out" Bob, doing him a favor, claiming Bob probably "goes inside and jerks off immediately" after their sessions.

The idea that Tom was actually encouraging Jess to seek sexual contact with him would have been laughable if Bob hadn't heard it himself. Tom had even explicitly

stated he would be okay with Jess doing anything with Bob. When she'd asked, "Even sex?" Tom had answered without hesitation. "Yes. Even that."

Jess had seemed genuinely surprised by this shift, referencing a previous agreement that sex with others was off limits. But despite her objection, she'd become extremely aroused discussing Bob's "huge cock," even agreeing to the possibility of oral sex. "Maybe I will, then. Maybe he deserves it after making me feel so good with those massages."

One detail from the conversation had soured Bob's satisfaction, the mention of other men. Jess had danced with multiple men at a party in Savannah, including Webb, Chen, and Harrington, the investors behind her projects.

Bob took a longer pull from his beer, his jaw clenching at the thought of these other men. Webb, Chen, and Harrington represented competition he couldn't easily overcome. They had everything he didn't, money, influence, luxury properties, private jets. Billionaire investors circling Jess like sharks, offering opportunities he couldn't match.

He'd have to find a way to remove them as competition. Perhaps by convincing Tom that wealthy men were more threatening to their marriage, that the power dynamics were more complex. Or by suggesting to Jess that men like Webb would never see her as an equal, only as a conquest.

Bob checked his watch again. 12:26 PM. The delay triggered a flicker of uncertainty.

Maybe something had changed. Maybe she and Tom had talked further after Saturday night. Maybe she'd decided to pull back rather than push forward. The conversation he'd overheard had been their private bedroom talk, not a formal discussion about boundaries and next steps. Perhaps in the cold light of day, Jess had reconsidered, had expressed doubts about the direction they were heading.

Or worse, maybe Tom had finally grown a spine. Maybe he'd come to his senses, realized what he was encouraging his wife to do with their tenant, and put a stop to it. Bob had been careful to maintain plausible deniability in all his interactions with Tom, positioning himself as the reluctant participant, the voice of restraint and wisdom. But there was always the risk that Tom might see through the manipulation, might recognize Bob's true intent.

By 12:38 PM, Bob's disappointment had solidified into resignation. She wasn't coming. Something had changed. She'd made a different choice.

He should pack up, head back to his apartment, regroup and reconsider his strategy. But something kept him rooted to the chair, some stubborn refusal to accept defeat until the last possible moment.

The sound of the sliding glass door opening sent a jolt through his system, his head snapping up toward the balcony.

Jess appeared. She wore her usual oversized sunglasses, a water bottle in one hand, and what appeared to be her sheer cover-up.

Bob's pulse quickened as he realized there was no flash of colored fabric beneath the translucent cover-up. No bikini. No swimsuit of any kind. Just Jess, apparently nude underneath the flimsy barrier.

She descended the stairs slowly, the fabric of the cover-up shifting with her movement, revealing tantalizing glimpses of bare skin beneath.

"Hey, Bob," Jess called out as she neared the bottom of the stairs, her tone casual despite her provocative appearance. "Sorry I'm late. Work call ran longer than expected."

Bob managed a nod, his throat suddenly dry. "No problem. I was just enjoying the sun."

Jess reached the bottom of the stairs and stood on the pool deck. Without hesitation, she untied the belt of her cover-up and let it drop to the concrete.

Jess stood in front of him completely naked, her body golden in the midday sun. The sight was almost angelic, her blonde hair gleaming like a halo, her skin smooth and flawless, her form the perfect blend of strength and feminine curves. The gentle swell of her breasts, tipped with pink nipples already tightening in the open air. The flat plane of her stomach with just a hint of definition at her obliques. The slight flare of her hips, the long, toned legs, and between them, the completely bare mound with just the slightest glimpse of pink visible between her thighs.

Bob felt his composure cracking for the first time in weeks of careful control. "Jess, I-"

"You've already seen everything last week," she said, as if her complete nudity were the most natural thing in the world. "I figured we could skip the pretense of the bikini this time."

Bob tried to formulate a response, but his brain seemed to have short-circuited, all his strategies and manipulations temporarily forgotten in the face of the goddess Jessica Marshall standing naked in front of him in broad daylight.

"I'm going to take a quick dip," Jess announced, turning toward the pool. "It's too hot to just sit around."

The view from behind was equally stunning, the elegant line of her spine, the dimples just above her tailbone, the perfect roundness of her ass, the long, shapely legs. Bob watched, transfixed, as she walked to the edge of the pool and dove in.

He remained frozen in his chair, watching as Jess surfaced and began to swim lazy laps. The water caressed her body, alternately concealing and revealing as she moved. Bob found himself holding his breath each time she turned in his direction, catching glimpses of her breasts, her stomach, her thighs through the clear water.

After a few minutes, Jess swam to the edge of the pool nearest Bob and rested her arms on the concrete, chin propped on her hands.

"The water's perfect today," she said, her voice light and conversational. "You should join me. It's the best way to beat this heat."

Bob shook his head, finding his voice. "Maybe next time. I'm comfortable here."

"Suit yourself," Jess replied with a small smile. She pushed off from the edge and continued her swim.

Bob took the opportunity to adjust himself discreetly, his cock hard in the confines of his shorts. The situation was beyond anything he'd anticipated. When he'd thought about today's possible scenarios, even his most optimistic predictions hadn't included Jess arriving already naked. He'd expected perhaps another bikini, smaller than the white one.

This complete nudity from the outset represented a quantum leap in their progression, not just the next incremental step he'd been carefully engineering. It suggested that either Jess herself had decided to accelerate their exploration, or Tom had been more persuasive than Bob had anticipated.

Either way, it required Bob to recalibrate his approach. The question now wasn't how to push further but how to seem appropriately surprised and cautious in the face of Jess's boldness. His role as the reluctant participant, the voice of restraint, needed to be maintained despite the overwhelming temptation to seize the opportunity presented.

After another few minutes of swimming, Jess made her way to the steps and emerged from the pool, water dripping down her body, accentuating every curve.

Bob rose from his chair and grabbed a towel from the stack by the loungers, offering it to her without a word.

"Thanks," Jess said, making no attempt to cover herself as she patted her skin dry. She worked methodically, starting with her shoulders and arms, then moving to her torso, her breasts, her stomach, before finally running the towel along her legs.

The entire process felt deliberately exhibitionistic, designed to allow Bob the opportunity to observe every inch of her body. When she finished, she draped the towel over the back of her usual chair rather than wrapping it around herself.

She sat down, completely naked, and reached for the glass of iced tea Bob had prepared. “You remembered the mint,” she noted, taking a sip. “Perfect as always.”

Bob returned to his own chair, struggling to maintain eye contact while fighting the urge to let his gaze wander over her body. It was a losing battle, his eyes dropping to her breasts, her stomach, her thighs, before he forced them back to her face, only to repeat the cycle moments later.

Jess seemed to notice his internal conflict and smiled. “You can look, you know,” she said, gesturing vaguely at her body. “You’ve seen everything already, and I’m sitting here naked.”

The permission, so casually granted, somehow made the situation more surreal. Bob allowed himself to look more openly, taking in the sight of Jess relaxed and nude in the chair across from him, iced tea in hand, as if this were the most natural thing in the world.

“So, how was your Savannah trip?” Bob asked.

“It was incredible,” Jess replied. “The Weatherby Mansion, soon to be Magnolia House, is an architectural dream.”

She launched into a detailed description of the preservation challenges they faced, water damage to some of the crown molding, compromised support beams that needed reinforcement without disturbing the historic structure, original pine flooring hidden beneath decades of carpet.

“Your restoration contact was a lifesaver, by the way,” she added, her expression warming with genuine gratitude.

“Glad it worked out,” Bob said. “Jim’s been in historic restoration for thirty years. There’s nothing he hasn’t seen when it comes to period woodwork.”

“He certainly knew his stuff,” Jess agreed. “It’s going to be gorgeous when it’s finished.”

As she spoke, Bob caught himself staring at her breasts again, the way they shifted slightly with her animated gestures, the nipples still hard in the open air. Jess followed his gaze and paused mid-sentence.

“Sorry,” Bob mumbled, dragging his eyes back to her face.

“Don’t be,” Jess said.

Bob took a long pull of his beer, buying time to collect his thoughts. “Besides the molding issue, what other challenges are you facing with the renovation?” he asked.

Jess accepted the redirection, describing the complexities of updating electrical systems, the challenge of incorporating modern HVAC, the negotiation with the historical preservation committee regarding which elements could be altered, and which had to be maintained exactly as they were.

Throughout her explanation, Bob forced himself to focus on her words rather than her body, asking pertinent questions, offering insights from his years in the construction business. It was the same easy back and forth they’d established over weeks of poolside conversations, except now Jess was completely naked.

After a moment of this contemplative silence, Jess stood. She stretched, arms reaching overhead, the movement emphasizing the length of her torso, the gentle curve of her waist, the firmness of her breasts.

Bob didn’t pretend not to look this time, his gaze openly tracking the lines of her body, appreciating the view she was deliberately offering.

Jess met his eyes directly.

“Bob,” she said, his name a statement rather than a question. “Would you mind giving me another massage? I’ve been thinking about it since last Tuesday.”

Bob felt his pulse quicken, his cock hardening again in his shorts at the memory of her naked beneath his hands last week and the prospect of touching her again today.

He knew this wasn’t just about a massage. The conversation he’d overheard between Jess and Tom had made that clear. This was about escalation, about crossing the next boundary, about Jess asking him to touch her more intimately, perhaps even giving her an orgasm as Tom had suggested.

“Of course,” he said.

The Bad Tenant Ch. 15

Jess arranged her towel on the lounger, smoothing out the wrinkles. A hint of mischief played at the corners of her mouth as she glanced up at Bob.

"I'll start face down," she announced, settling onto the lounger.

Bob nodded, outwardly composed despite the electric current buzzing through his veins. "Whatever you prefer, princess," he replied, his tone casual as if this were merely another poolside chat.

As he reached for the lotion, questions bounced through his mind. What exactly was driving Jess's boldness today? Was this purely her desire, born from her own curiosity and arousal? Or was she here primarily because Tom had encouraged it, perhaps even pressured her? The distinction mattered enormously.

If Tom's suggestions had driven this encounter, Jess might harbor residual resistance, a reluctance she'd pushed aside to please her husband. Such scenarios often led to morning-after regret, to women reframing experiences as violations rather than choices. But if her own curiosity or desire had propelled her here, she'd be more likely to rationalize afterward, to view this as her choice, potentially even to repeat the experience.

The possibility that Tom had actively encouraged this escalation amused Bob. The thought strengthened Bob's conviction that Tom fundamentally didn't deserve Jess, that he was merely a temporary custodian of something that rightfully belonged to men like Bob.

But Bob also recognized the delicate balance required here. Push too far too fast, and he risked not just today's progress but his entire campaign. If Jess felt violated or manipulated rather than pleasured and liberated, she could easily terminate their arrangement. He could lose both his access to her and his housing situation.

This awareness guided his every move as he placed a couple of cushions on the concrete beside the lounger and lowered himself to kneel on them, mindful of his aging knees.

While squeezing lotion into his palm, Bob performed a quick situational assessment. The privacy here was exceptional, another stroke of luck in what was proving to be a remarkably fortunate situation. The tall wooden fence surrounding the yard provided excellent screening. The neighboring houses, while two stories, didn't have windows with direct sightlines into this corner. The multiple patio umbrellas offered additional coverage.

Still, Bob remained acutely aware that sound carried differently than sight. He noted the ambient noise, birds chirping, distant traffic, the drone of a lawnmower several houses down, that should help mask their conversation if they kept their voices reasonably low.

"Comfortable?" he asked, warming the lotion between his palms.

"Mmm," Jess replied, her face turned sideways on the lounger, eyes closed.

Bob started with familiar territory, her upper back and shoulders. Immediately, he noticed subtle differences in her responses compared to previous sessions. Her muscles yielded more readily to his touch, her body sinking deeper into the lounger. The small sounds of pleasure she made weren't suppressed or muted as they had been before.

"God, that feels incredible," she murmured as his thumbs worked a particularly tight spot.

"Work stress?" Bob asked, applying firm, circular pressure.

"Among other things," Jess replied with a small laugh.

When he found a particularly sensitive spot, Jess provided direct feedback. "That's it, right there," or "Just slightly lower." Bob slowed his movements to focus on these areas, taking his time. Despite his primary goal of sexual conquest, he genuinely liked Jess and wanted to prolong her pleasure.

He'd liked her from the start. Her beauty had been the initial draw, certainly, but as he'd spent more time with her, he'd come to appreciate her quick intelligence, her humor, her passion for her work. Beyond her obvious physical attractions, Jess was incredibly compelling as a woman. In another life, in different circumstances, she would have been exactly the type of woman Bob would have married, not through manipulation but through honest courtship. He could envision her as his wife, carrying his children, her belly swollen with the evidence of their union.

As his hands moved down her back, both fell silent for several minutes, the only sounds being Jess's occasional sighs and the distant ambient noises of the neighborhood. Bob found himself curious about the conversations Tom and Jess must have had outside the bedroom, ones not captured by his hidden camera that had ultimately led to her making this bold decision.

Whatever those discussions entailed, the result had advanced his timeline considerably.

Bob's hands slowed slightly as he approached the curve of her ass. He paused briefly, then quickly slid his hands to her hamstrings, skipping over her ass entirely.

Jess turned her head to look back at him over her shoulder, one eyebrow raised. “You missed a spot,” she said, a teasing note in her voice.

“Just trying to be respectful of boundaries,” Bob replied.

“You can touch me anywhere today, Bob,” Jess stated, her voice calm despite the weight of her words. “That’s why I didn’t bother with the bikini.”

Bob felt a surge of triumph at these words. The moment felt like the natural result of Tom’s naïveté colliding with his own patience. The depth of Tom’s naivety both amused and disgusted Bob. What kind of man actively encourages his wife to explore sexually with another man? It contradicted Bob’s understanding of natural male possessiveness, of the territorial instinct that should prevent such encouragement.

“If you’re sure,” Bob said, moving his hands to Jess’s ass.

His large palms cupped each firm cheek, appreciating their roundness, their taut resilience. He applied firm pressure, kneading the muscle tissue as he would any other part of her body, maintaining the pretense of therapeutic massage despite the increasingly sexual nature of the encounter.

As he worked, he occasionally spread her cheeks with his massage movements, providing himself glimpses of her most intimate areas, her pussy and asshole, in the bright daylight. He noticed she was already showing signs of arousal, her pussy glistening.

Bob maintained his controlled exterior despite the fire building in his groin. While his hands worked, his mind drifted to fantasies of bending down and sticking his tongue into her asshole without warning. He silently bet that Tom had never eaten her ass. The pretty boy corporate consultant probably considered such acts beneath him.

This assumption flowed from Bob’s categorization of men like Tom, educated, upper-middle-class professionals whose sexual repertoires were constrained by their self-image as “refined” or “enlightened.” In Bob’s experience, gorgeous women like Jess who looked like they should be on runways and magazine covers secretly craved someone rougher like him to break through their polished exterior, to make them experience the dirty, raw sex they couldn’t get from their clean-cut, pretty boy husbands.

Bob reluctantly moved on from massaging her ass, wrapping his large hands around Jess’s upper leg. He worked in long strokes from just below her ass down toward her knee. With each motion, one of his hands moved up and down her inner thigh, perilously close to her pussy, nearing but never quite touching.

The teasing proximity was deliberate, his fingers avoiding direct contact with her pussy while gradually conditioning her to accept his touch in increasingly intimate areas.

When he reached her calves, he applied deeper pressure, remembering from previous sessions how she enjoyed having this area worked.

"You store a lot of tension here," Bob observed, his thumbs pressing into a tight spot in her calf muscle.

"Too many hours in heels," Jess replied.

"Your body pays for fashion," Bob said, moving to her feet. He kneaded the arches, drawing appreciative moans from Jess. "You designers and your impractical footwear."

"Heels are non-negotiable," Jess responded, her voice relaxed and slightly dreamy. "Can't command respect in the industry without looking the part."

Bob's thoughts turned to putting her toes into his mouth, sucking them one by one, tongue exploring the spaces between each toe, tracing the arch of her foot before licking her entire body clean, tasting every inch of skin that Tom considered his exclusive territory.

"One leg done," Bob announced, moving to the other side of the lounger and bringing his cushions with him. He knelt again, taking the lotion bottle and applying more to his palms.

He repeated the process, starting at the top of her other leg. His hands worked with the same thoughtful teasing, applying firm pressure along her hamstring and inner thigh, his fingers coming tantalizingly close to her pussy with each upward stroke but always stopping just short of actual contact.

The repeated near touches finally prompted Jess to speak.

"Don't tease," she said softly.

Bob paused his movements. "I just want to be absolutely clear about what 'anywhere' includes."

"I think I've been pretty clear," Jess responded, her voice betraying both arousal and a hint of vulnerability at having to verbalize her desire more overtly.

Rather than taking the opening she provided, Bob moved down to her calves and then her feet, delaying what they both knew was coming. This restraint built anticipation, reinforced his image as the reluctant participant, and allowed her desire to build to the point where she might become more explicit in her requests.

After thoroughly working her feet, eliciting more appreciative sounds, Bob finally spoke.

"I should do your front," he said. "Turn over when you're ready."

Jess complied without hesitation, rolling onto her back and resettling on the lounger. The movement exposed her breasts, toned stomach, the bare mound of her pussy to Bob's direct gaze in the bright afternoon sunlight.

Bob made no attempt to hide his appreciation as his eyes traveled over her magnificent body. By this point, his erection was prominently straining against his shorts, creating an obvious tent.

He caught Jess looking directly at his erection, her gaze lingering there before meeting his eyes.

"Sorry about that," Bob said. "It has a mind of its own sometimes."

"It looks uncomfortable," Jess observed, her eyes dropping back to the prominent bulge.

Bob saw the opening but proceeded cautiously. "It's constricted," he acknowledged. He paused before adding, "Would it be alright if I took these off? It's just the two of us here."

Jess hesitated visibly. Her gaze flicked from his face to his erection and back again, weighing the implications of this escalation. After this brief internal struggle played across her features, she nodded her agreement.

"Sure," she said.

Bob dropped his shorts with a lack of ceremony, stepping out of them as if this were the most natural action in the world. His erection sprang free, jutting proudly from between his thighs.

Bob's penis was fully erect, between eight and nine inches long with impressive thickness. It featured a pronounced upward curve, a substantial head, and heavy, visibly full balls.

Jess's reaction was unfiltered. Her eyes widened, lips parting slightly in genuine surprise.

"Jesus," she whispered. This was followed by a nervous laugh as she visibly collected herself. "Did you consider porn as a career alternative?"

Bob chuckled, acting as if her reaction were commonplace. "Got lucky in the genetic lottery, I guess," he said with a casual shrug. "Should we continue?"

Jess nodded, her eyes repeatedly darting back to his cock despite her apparent attempts to maintain composure. “Yes, go ahead.”

Bob knew Tom was smaller. He had seen Tom naked a few times through the hidden smoke detector camera in the Marshalls’ bedroom. This knowledge fed Bob’s sense of primal superiority. In Bob’s mind, his physical size represented both a weapon and a tool in his campaign to conquer Jess, a natural advantage that required no effort on his part yet created psychological impact.

Bob resumed the massage, starting at her feet and working upward.

As he worked, he noticed Jess’s gaze repeatedly returning to his cock, her fascination evident.

“I’ve never seen anything like it before,” she admitted suddenly, surprisingly candid. “I didn’t think they came in that size.”

Bob smiled. “Just got lucky, like I said.”

“How do women usually react to it?” Jess asked, curiosity seemingly overcoming her initial shock.

Bob considered his response. “Usually the same way you did,” he replied. “Surprise at first, then curiosity.” He tried to avoid sounding boastful, presenting his exceptional endowment as a simple fact.

“There’s typically a progression,” he continued, his hands now working her thighs, still avoiding direct contact with her pussy. “From intimidation to appreciation to... well, enthusiasm once they’ve adjusted to it.”

“Have you ever hurt anyone with it?” Jess asked directly, an understandable concern given his size.

“Not when I’ve been careful,” Bob replied. “Pain isn’t inevitable. It’s about patience, preparation. When a woman is properly aroused, when there’s enough lubrication, and when the introduction is gradual, it can be incredibly pleasurable rather than painful.”

His hands continued their steady work on her thighs as he spoke.

“The women who enjoyed it most were the ones who saw it as an experience to savor rather than an obstacle to overcome,” he added, positioning his size as a challenge Jess might want to prove herself capable of meeting.

“Has anyone ever actually refused after seeing it?” Jess asked, her gaze still fixed on his erection with a mixture of fascination and apprehension.

Bob leaned back slightly, allowing himself a small smile that balanced between pride and self-deprecation. “There was one woman,” he admitted. “First date. We got back to her place, things were heating up, and when I dropped my pants...” He mimicked an expression of shock. “She just froze. Said she ‘wasn’t prepared for it.’”

A laugh escaped Jess.

“Most women need a few encounters to fully adjust,” he continued, his hands still working up her thigh. “But the ones who stick around...” He paused, looking directly into her eyes. “They always say it’s worth it in the end.”

Bob watched Jess process this, noting how her throat moved as she swallowed.

“Honestly,” he said, lowering his voice, “my first wife Sarah still called me for years after our divorce. Second wife too.” He shook his head as if bewildered by his own irresistibility. “Both marriages ended over other issues, but physically? They couldn’t find a replacement.”

The lies flowed easily, crafted to plant an image in Jess’s mind, that his sexual prowess transcended even the bonds of failed marriages. In truth, Sarah had filed a restraining order after their separation, and Karen had moved states specifically to escape his controlling behavior. Neither had sought any contact since their divorces became final.

“What about you?” Bob asked, his expression shifting to one of innocent curiosity as his thumbs pressed into the muscle just above her knee. “Any experience with larger men?”

Jess’s demeanor changed suddenly. Her eyes darted away from his face, finding sudden interest in a distant tree beyond the fence. Her fingers plucked at a loose thread on the towel beneath her. The confident woman who had boldly arrived naked to their session seemed to retreat behind a veil of unexpected modesty.

“You don’t have to answer,” Bob offered, the perfect picture of understanding while inwardly savoring her discomfort. Nothing revealed truth like embarrassment.

“No, it’s fine,” Jess said, swallowing visibly before continuing. “There was one guy in college. A basketball player.”

Of course it was a basketball player for these gorgeous women. Always a basketball player or a football player or some other collegiate athlete whose locker room reputation preceded them. Never the philosophy major or the engineering student.

“We had this... arrangement for a few months,” she continued. “Nothing serious.”

"An arrangement," Bob echoed, his thumbs working deeper into her muscle, inching higher along her inner thigh. "That's an interesting way to put it."

"Friends with benefits," Jess clarified. "He was... substantial. Long like you, maybe, but not as..." Her eyes flickered to his cock again. "Not nearly as thick."

Bob nodded thoughtfully. "And did you enjoy your time with him?" His hand moved higher, his pinky finger just brushing the crease where thigh met hip.

A small shiver ran through Jess's body. "Yes," she said simply.

"What about it?" Bob asked. "Was it the size itself, or something more?"

Jess wet her lips, a quick dart of her tongue. "The fullness," she finally admitted. "When he was inside me, it was..." She trailed off, seemingly lost in a memory that still held power over her.

"It was what?" Bob prompted, stilling his hands, creating a moment where her focus narrowed to their conversation and nothing else.

"Intense," she finished. "Different." Her eyes met his briefly before dropping again. "And I liked..." She stopped.

"You can tell me," Bob encouraged, resuming his massage with renewed focus on the tender inner thigh. "No judgment here."

"I enjoyed giving him… oral," she said. "The challenge of it, I guess."

Bob felt his cock twitch involuntarily at her words, imagining those full lips stretched around him, her eyes watering with effort. He noted how her breathing had quickened, the rise and fall of her breasts accelerating as the conversation crossed into territory that clearly aroused her.

"So it was specifically with him?" he asked. "Or is that something you generally enjoy?"

Something shifted in Jess's eyes then, a flash of defiance replacing the earlier vulnerability. "I love it," she said, holding his gaze directly now. "It's my favorite thing, actually."

The declaration was bold and unmistakable. Bob recognized the psychological threshold she'd just crossed, moving from discussing abstract past experiences to revealing present desires, from detached description to raw confession.

"Well," he said, glancing down at his own rigid cock, "you're welcome to indulge that favorite thing anytime. This is a judgment free zone." He offered a smile that he hoped appeared playful rather than eager.

Jess's laugh came unexpectedly, a genuine burst of amusement that crinkled the corners of her eyes. "Don't push your luck, Bob," she warned, but the lightness in her voice carried no actual reproach, just the deflection of a beautiful woman accustomed to managing men's advances.

"Can't blame a guy for trying," Bob replied with an exaggerated shrug. "I imagine Tom can't compete in this particular department," he added.

Something protective flickered across Jess's face. "Tom and I have a great sex life," she said. "He's perfect for me in every way."

Her loyalty impressed Bob. She hadn't confirmed Tom's inadequacy, but neither had she denied it. The non-answer was answer enough. His hands moved to her abdomen now, feeling the subtle definition of muscles beneath her soft skin. The conversation had served its purpose, establishing her experience with larger cocks. Time to shift focus.

"So," he began, fingers working along her ribs, "I've been curious about something that might be obvious, but I want to be certain." His eyes met hers directly. "Your husband knows you're here with me like this, doesn't he?"

A flash of understanding crossed Jess's face as if she'd been expecting this question. She nodded. "Yes. We've been... exploring."

Bob nodded thoughtfully, as if this confirmed a suspicion he'd long held. "Let me guess," he said. "Tom gets turned on when you flirt with other men. When they look at you. When they touch you."

Jess's eyes widened slightly, her lips parting in surprise. The accuracy of this observation obviously startled her. "How did you know?" she asked.

"I noticed it that first night," Bob explained, referencing the poolside photoshoot. "I noticed how he watched me watching you. How he didn't seem jealous. He seemed excited."

Bob adjusted his position, moving his hands to her sides. "Then the swimsuits got smaller each week," he continued. "And you seemed perfectly comfortable with our massages getting more... intimate." His fingers brushed the outer curve of her breast as if to emphasize the point. "It wasn't hard to connect the dots… just fit a pattern I've seen before."

"You've seen this before?" Jess asked, surprise evident in her voice.

Bob nodded, his expression serious. "With Sarah, my first wife, actually. I went through something similar."

“Really?” Jess’s interest was piqued. “What happened?”

“Started with thoughts,” he said before pausing, as if searching for the right words, though he’d rehearsed this fabricated story countless times in his head. “I’d be out with Sarah, catch some guy staring at her. Started noticing that when we got home, our sex was... different. More intense.” His voice dropped lower. “And I realized that when men looked at her, I was... excited.”

Jess’s breathing had subtly changed, her chest rising and falling with slightly deeper breaths. Whether from his touch or his words, Bob couldn’t be certain, but he pressed on, sensing her engagement.

“Eventually, those thoughts expanded,” he said, his thumbs making small, firm circles just below her ribcage. “Started imagining her not just being looked at but touched. Kissed. Fucked.” He dropped the crude word intentionally, watching for her reaction.

Jess didn’t flinch or look away. Instead, she asked simply, “Did you ever act on it?”

Bob nodded, the lie flowing from him as naturally as truth. “We did,” he confirmed. “Took our time, talked it through. Set rules that felt right for us.” His hands slid slightly higher on her torso, approaching the underside of her breasts but not quite reaching them. “Started slow, just flirting at first, then more.”

“And?” Jess prompted. “What was it like? For your relationship, I mean.”

The directness of her question pleased Bob. He could practically see her mentally taking notes, comparing her situation to his fictional experience.

“Fucking incredible at first,” he said. “Our sex life exploded. It was like the first year we were together, but more intense.” He leaned in slightly, as if imparting wisdom. “Turns out there’s nothing quite like your wife telling you about another man’s hands on her body to make you appreciate what you have.”

Jess nodded, seemingly absorbing this. “But something went wrong,” she said.

Bob let a shadow cross his face, faking regret for events that never occurred. He looked away momentarily, as if gathering the courage to revisit difficult memories.

“We made mistakes,” he admitted. “Got careless about who we involved.”

His large hands finally reached the undersides of her breasts but instead of lingering as she might have expected, he skimmed past them to her collarbone.

“Friends were bad enough,” he continued. “But colleagues were worse. Much worse.”

His eyes took on a distant quality, as if seeing scenes from his past play out in front of him. “Sarah started with this guy from her accounting department. Just drinks at first. Then more.”

Bob's hands stilled briefly before resuming their steady pressure. "The problem started afterward. He couldn't separate their arrangement from their day-to-day work. Started expecting special treatment on projects. Would make these little comments, inside jokes that others picked up on."

"It created this impossible situation for her," Bob continued, his voice carrying conviction. "HR got involved. There was an investigation. In the end, it didn't matter that it had been consensual. The power dynamics, the workplace complications..." He shook his head. "Sarah ended up having to find another job. Her reputation was damaged."

"The problem with successful men," he said, "is they already think they're entitled to whatever they want. Give them an inch..." His fingers spread across her shoulders. "They take a mile."

Bob emphasized this point specifically because he wanted to eliminate Webb, Chen, and Harrington as potential partners for Jess, presenting them as dangerous choices that could damage her career.

Jess remained silent but Bob could see his words landing.

"But every couple eventually finds their own comfort level," Bob concluded, his tone softening. "Their own boundaries."

"That's exactly what we're trying to figure out," Jess said. "The right boundaries. The right... approach."

"Have you established rules?" Bob asked, his tone suggesting innocent curiosity while his intent was purely tactical. Knowledge of their rules would give him understanding of which boundaries he could exploit, which he must temporarily respect, and which might trigger alarm if violated too soon.

Jess hesitated. The pause gave Bob more information than she realized. She was questioning whether discussing their rules violated some agreement with Tom.

"We do have rules," she finally acknowledged. "Four main ones, actually."

Bob nodded encouragingly. "That's smart. Structure helps everyone feel safe."

"The first is complete communication," Jess began. "We tell each other everything." A slight blush colored her cheeks. "I tell Tom... everything. In detail."

Bob nodded, keeping his expression neutral. Of course they'd have a communication rule. He'd observed their closeness, the way they discussed every detail of their days together. This wasn't surprising, but it did reinforce the need for caution. Any

significant discrepancy between what he told Tom and what he told Jess could expose his manipulation.

"That's smart," Bob offered.

His mind flashed to the story he'd told Tom about Jess wanting to give him a blowjob. That particular lie still presented a tactical vulnerability. If Tom ever had a serious conversation with Jess about it outside their bedroom fantasy talk, her denial would reveal Bob's deception. He'd need to be more careful moving forward, ensure his stories to each of them could withstand cross-verification even when discussed soberly in the light of day.

"Second rule is veto power," Jess continued. "Either of us can stop anything straightaway. No questions asked. If Tom ever said he wasn't comfortable with what we're doing, that would be it."

"Absolutely essential," Bob agreed, his supportive tone masking his dismissal of this supposed obstacle.

Tom's theoretical veto meant nothing when Bob possessed the ultimate leverage, the knowledge that Tom had watched him masturbate to photos of Jess and then hidden this fact while encouraging her sexual exploration with Bob. If Tom ever attempted to halt their encounters, Bob could simply hint at revealing this deception. The threat alone would likely be sufficient to force Tom's continued compliance rather than risk Jess discovering his betrayal.

"What else?" Bob prompted.

"Privacy," Jess said firmly. "This stays completely between us. No friends or coworkers or anyone else in our social circles."

Bob couldn't suppress a small smile of approval. "That's perhaps the most important rule of all," he said. "Discretion is absolutely essential."

This particular boundary was a gift, the perfect protection for his developing influence over them both. The requirement for secrecy meant neither would discuss their arrangement with friends who might recognize the manipulation, who might offer outside perspectives or warnings. Their isolation from external viewpoints created the perfect environment for his continued influence.

"And the fourth?" Bob asked, his hands never ceasing their steady work.

"Emotional boundaries," Jess replied. "No dating, no separate emotional relationships, no romantic connections outside our marriage. This is physical exploration, not emotional."

Bob nodded thoughtfully, making appropriate noises of agreement while internally discounting this abstract limitation. Emotional boundaries were inherently subjective, impossible to clearly define or enforce. The line between physical pleasure and emotional connection was porous at best, especially for women. In his experience, regular physical intimacy inevitably created emotional attachment, regardless of intellectual frameworks constructed to prevent it.

"Tom's given me freedom to physically do whatever I want," Jess added, "except kissing. He says that feels too intimate, too emotional."

"Interesting where people draw their lines," Bob observed, hiding his amusement at this arbitrary distinction. It was exactly the kind of boundary someone with no real experience in these situations would establish, as if avoiding lip contact would somehow protect the emotional sanctity of a marriage while allowing every other physical exploration. In Bob's view, it was like locking the front door while leaving all the windows open.

"But I'm going at my own pace," Jess concluded. "I'm not interested in sex. That's a line for me."

Bob's hands maintained their steady rhythm without hesitation. Her prohibition was almost adorably naive. He knew better than to be disappointed by such declarations. They were simply part of the dance. Once Jess crossed enough preliminary boundaries, sex would become inevitable. The progression was as predictable as gravity.

Besides, he didn't need to persuade Jess directly. Tom had already given her explicit permission for sex. The husband had done most of the groundwork already, telling his wife that "even sex" was on the table. Bob just needed to continue nurturing Tom's fantasies, reinforcing the husband's belief that this was all his idea. Tom had proven remarkably susceptible to manipulation, eagerly embracing each suggestion Bob offered while believing he was in control of the situation. When Bob recalled Jess's earlier admission about enjoying oral sex, he felt even more certain of his path forward.

"That's remarkably common, you know," Bob assured her, his voice warm with validation. "The whole dynamic you're describing. Most husbands keep these desires secret because they're worried about being judged by their wives, by their friends, by society."

He leaned in slightly, his voice lowering. "The fact that Tom was willing to share this fantasy with you, to trust you with something so personal, says a lot about your relationship. That kind of honesty is rare."

“I hadn’t thought about it that way,” Jess admitted, seeming to turn the idea over in her mind. “It did take courage for him to bring it up.”

“Absolutely,” Bob agreed, moving his hands down her chest. He hesitated momentarily before finally cupping the full weight of her breasts in his palms, savoring their perfect firmness. Unlike last Tuesday, when his touches had been cautious and exploratory, today he approached with confidence, secure in the knowledge that this territory had already been charted.

He worked carefully, gently kneading the tissue. He avoided direct contact with her nipples, instead working around them, occasionally allowing his thumbs to brush tantalizingly close before moving away again.

Jess’s breathing became deeper, less regular. Then came the subtle shifting of her hips on the lounger, an unconscious seeking movement that told Bob more than words could. Her body was speaking to him, asking for what she wasn’t yet ready to verbalize.

When he saw her fingers curling into the towel beneath her, Bob finally relented, allowing his thumbs to brush directly across her nipples, which hardened instantly.

“Is this okay?” Bob asked, his voice dropping to a lower register despite knowing the answer.

“Yes,” Jess replied, the word breathy and quick.

With permission granted, Bob intensified his attention, now taking each nipple between his index finger and thumb. He alternated between gentle squeezing, rolling motions, and occasional firmer pressure.

“You’re so responsive,” he murmured.

Jess didn’t reply with words. Instead, she moaned softly.

Bob prolonged this phase, extending his attention to her breasts beyond what might have seemed natural in a progression, pausing to apply more lotion to his hands.

“Just need a little more,” he explained, squeezing a dollop into his palm and warming it between his hands.

When his hands returned to her breasts, her sigh of pleasure was unrestrained.

After what might have been two minutes or ten, Bob judged it time for the next progression. His hand drifted lower, fingertips trailing a path down the center of her abdomen. He moved unhurriedly, giving her ample opportunity to object if she harbored second thoughts.

His fingers paused briefly at her navel before continuing downward. The muscles of her stomach jumped slightly beneath his touch, but the tension seemed born of anticipation rather than apprehension.

When his hand reached the junction of her thighs, Bob paused again, palm hovering just above the bare mound of her pussy. The hesitation wasn't genuine uncertainty. It was performance, a final demonstration of restraint that paradoxically heightened the significance of what would come next.

He waited, breath held, for Jess to make the final decision.

Jess shifted her weight slightly on the lounger. Then, with intent that couldn't be mistaken for anything but conscious choice, she parted her thighs further, creating a clear invitation.

Bob felt a surge of triumph that he kept from his expression. This was her decision, her desire, exactly as he'd planned it to be.

The second his fingers made contact with her bare pussy, Bob felt a surge of power unlike anything he'd experienced in years. This wasn't just arousal or lust, though those were certainly present. This was victory, the culmination of weeks of manipulation, the moment Tom's authority over his wife's body was directly challenged and compromised. In this moment, the cocky consultant who had dismissed Bob as merely the older tenant was being replaced, his territory claimed.

Jess inhaled sharply when his middle finger slid between her labia, finding her clit.

"Is this okay?" Bob asked softly. He maintained his persona of respectful concern even as his finger began tracing small circles around her clit.

Jess nodded wordlessly, eyes closing.

After maybe thirty seconds of gentle, rhythmic circles around her clit during which her hips had begun making small, unconscious movements against his hand, Bob paused.

"Still good?" he asked, maintaining the pretense of ongoing concern despite the obvious signs of her arousal.

Jess opened her eyes, looking directly at him. Her cheeks were flushed but her expression carried a hint of exasperation alongside desire.

"Bob," she said, her voice carrying a note of irritation beneath its breathiness, "I told you, it's okay. You don't need to keep asking."

The slight edge in her tone made Bob want to smile. This was exactly what he'd hoped for, Jess actively taking ownership of this choice, rejecting the narrative of reluctant

participant that might later provide emotional cover. The more she insisted on her agency now, the harder it would be for her to claim manipulation later. She was burning the escape routes behind her with each assertion of her desire.

"Just making sure, princess," he replied, resuming his attentions.

With her permission firmly established, Bob shifted his focus entirely to technique. His thumb and forefinger gently spread her outer labia, exposing her clit more fully.

He began a teasing technique, alternating between direct stimulation of her clit and broader strokes that traced the length of her slit. With each pass, he collected more of her arousal on his fingers, using the natural lubrication to enhance the glide of his touch.

Jess responded beautifully. Her wetness increased, coating his fingers. The distinct, musky scent rose, primal and unmistakable.

When her thighs spread even wider without any prompting from him, Bob recognized his cue to escalate further.

He maintained rhythmic circles around her clit with his thumb while his middle finger traced downward, following the slick path to her entrance. There he paused, teasing the opening without penetration, gathering more wetness while building anticipation for this next escalation.

"You feel incredible," he murmured.

Jess made a small sound in response, something between acknowledgment and plea. Her hands clutched at the towel beneath her.

The sight struck Bob with sudden clarity. This was Tom Marshall's wife, the beautiful, educated interior designer with her perfect career and perfect life. The woman Tom had likely placed on a pedestal since college, had married and protected and considered his exclusive territory. Yet here she lay, completely naked on a poolside lounger in the middle of a Tuesday afternoon, legs spread wide for another man's touch, her pussy wet and open.

Bob slid his middle finger inside her slowly, savoring every inch of penetration.

Jess's natural responses told him everything he needed to know about her state of arousal. Her abundant wetness, the way her inner walls squeezed his finger, the small involuntary sound that escaped her throat, half gasp and half moan, all confirmed that regardless of whatever mental reservations she might harbor, her body welcomed him without hesitation.

Bob watched her face as his finger slid deeper. He searched for that moment when reluctance gave way completely to desire. He found it in the flutter of her eyelashes, the momentary un-focusing of her gaze as pleasure overrode thought.

"God," she whispered.

Bob began thrusting his thick finger, shallow at first, giving her time to adjust. With each movement, he pushed his finger a fraction deeper, testing her limits before pressing beyond them. Her inner muscles clutched at his finger when he withdrew, as if trying to keep him inside.

"So responsive," he murmured again.

He'd expected more resistance from someone like Jess, likely taught all her life to control her impulses. Like Tom, she was upper-middle-class. Women like her typically approached pleasure intellectually, analyzing sensations rather than surrendering to them. But Jess defied his expectations. She answered his touch with honesty, a primal truthfulness that delighted him.

Bob quickened his pace, watching as Jess's restraint gradually dissolved. Until now, she had maintained some semblance of control, her sounds of pleasure soft and contained. But when a full, unreserved moan resonated in the quiet afternoon air, Bob felt emboldened.

The neighborhood sounds faded away. The distant lawn mower, occasional passing car, birds chirping in nearby trees, all receded beneath that vocalization of pleasure from Tom Marshall's wife.

Bob withdrew his middle finger entirely, then pressed both his middle and ring finger together, returning to her entrance. The two thick digits stretched her pussy as he pushed inside, forcing her to accommodate substantially more girth.

Jess reacted instantly, another genuine moan tearing from her throat. Her eyes went wide, finding his with a look of shocked awareness at the sudden intensity.

"Too much?" Bob asked, maintaining pressure rather than withdrawing. The question forced her to make a conscious choice, to continue rather than letting her drift passively. He needed her to be complicit, actively participating rather than merely receiving.

Jess shook her head. "No," she managed, though her voice sounded strained. "It's... intense."

Bob nodded, understanding perfectly. She was exactly where he wanted her, at that threshold where pleasure borders discomfort, where sensation becomes almost too much to process. This space had always been where he operated best, the territory

where men like Tom, careful, considerate, afraid to cause even momentary discomfort, likely never ventured.

He resumed his rhythmic penetration, fingers stretching her pussy open. He could feel the pressure against her inner walls, stimulating nerve endings that likely rarely received such direct attention. With each thrust, he subtly altered the angle, searching for that specific spot that would…

There. Her entire body shuddered, hand flying to his forearm, fingernails digging into his skin. The sudden reaction told him he'd found exactly what he was looking for. Her g-spot.

"Fuck!" she gasped, the word bursting from her lips as if forced out.

Bob focused all his attention on that specific location, making sure his fingers pressed against it with each thrust. He observed her reactions, noting how her vocabulary reduced to those most primal expressions. "God" and "fuck" emerged as fragmented utterances between increasingly desperate gasps.

Her fingernails dug deeper into his forearm, leaving crescent indentations in his skin.

Recognizing her mounting arousal, Bob decided to maximize both her physical pleasure and psychological vulnerability. With his free hand, he grasped one of her legs at the knee and gently but firmly pushed it upward and outward.

Before she could adjust to this new position, he repeated the action with her other leg, reconfiguring her for optimal access. The position forced her knees apart and upward, leaving her entirely exposed, not just physically accessible but visually displayed in a way that heightened her vulnerability.

The afternoon sun illuminated everything, the glistening pink pussy lips, her engorged clit, the stretched opening around his fingers. The bright natural light was merciless, revealing every detail of her most intimate areas, creating a display that intensified the psychological impact for both of them.

Tom had never seen her like this, Bob thought with certainty. Not in this harsh, revealing light, not from this unforgiving angle. Even in their most intimate moments, they likely only made love in darkened rooms, beneath covers, with the protective filter of long familiarity softening the raw exposure that Jess now experienced with him.

Bob placed his free hand firmly on her pubic bone, applying steady downward pressure just above where his fingers penetrated her. The placement anchored her, preventing her from squirming away when sensations became overwhelming, and it

applied pressure to her g-spot from above, creating a sandwiching effect with his internal stimulation.

With both hands now positioned, Bob transformed his approach, a forceful up and down movement while maintaining deep finger penetration. With each upward movement, he curled his fingers in a "come here" gesture, targeting her g-spot directly.

The effect on Jess was instant. "Oh my god," she gasped, her voice breaking. "Bob-that's… oh!"

With each exhale came desperate, vulnerable sounds, more raw than simple moans, little "ah, ah, ah" noises that corresponded with each curl of his fingers.

Minutes passed with Bob maintaining this exact stimulation, watching as Jess's composure unraveled.

Her abdomen tensed visibly, the muscles beneath her skin contracting. Drops of sweat gathered along her hairline. Her breathing shortened, each exhale carrying a vocal edge that hadn't been there before, the unmistakable harbinger of approaching orgasm.

And then, just as her eyes began to lose focus, as her muscles visibly tensed, signaling imminent release, Bob withdrew his fingers completely.

The emptiness shocked her system. She blinked rapidly, confusion replacing pleasure.

"What-" she panted, disorientation evident in her expression. "Why did you stop?"

Bob didn't answer. Instead, he shifted his attention to her clit, tracing circles with his fingertip, applying pressure to maintain her arousal. The touch was insufficient, a pale shadow of the intense stimulation he'd withdrawn.

Her face reflected the frustration he intended to create. Brows furrowed, lips parted in protest, eyes pleading.

"Bob," she pleaded. "Please."

The desperation in her voice, the need. This wasn't just Jessica Marshall naked beneath his hands. This was Jessica Marshall begging. Tom had certainly never witnessed his wife in such a state of raw, unfiltered yearning.

Bob's cock throbbed. The prominence of his erection hadn't diminished at all. If anything, Jess's desperate plea had intensified his arousal.

Jess's gaze flicked momentarily to his erection before returning to his face, a silent acknowledgment of his obvious arousal that neither acknowledged verbally. In this

moment, her pleasure remained the focus, his restraint another demonstration of his control.

Bob waited another moment, prolonging her frustration. Then, without warning, he plunged both fingers back inside her.

She responded with something between a sob and a scream.

This time, Bob increased both force and speed. The obscene wet sounds of his fingers working inside her filled the yard, slick, rhythmic noises that left no question about the nature of their activity.

He brought her to the precipice again, recognizing the approaching climax in the change in her breathing pattern from regular gasps to irregular, hitching inhales. And once more, at the crucial moment when release seemed inevitable, he withdrew completely.

"Fuck!" The word exploded from her. "Please don't..."

Bob reached toward her face, his thumb brushing her cheek in a gesture that combined tenderness with subtle domination. The moisture on her skin might have been sweat or the beginning of tears, the line between pleasure and emotional overwhelm growing increasingly blurred.

"Patience," he murmured. "It'll be worth it."

The contrast between her desperation and his control further cemented the power dynamic between them. Each denial reinforced his authority, her ability to experience pleasure now dependent on his willingness to grant it.

The third time Bob inserted his fingers, Jess surrendered. Whatever internal restraint she'd maintained, whatever mental barrier that had separated the respectable professional from the woman overcome by physical need, dissolved entirely.

Her hands, which had been clutching the towel beneath her, released their death grip. They slid up her stomach to her breasts, squeezing roughly, her touch lacking all the finesse and control she typically embodied.

She no longer attempted to stifle her reactions. Small, choked sobs punctuated each curl of his fingers, sounds carrying an almost pained quality though Bob recognized them as indicators of pleasure. Her teeth caught her lower lip, biting down hard enough to leave marks.

"Oh my god," she gasped. "What are you doing to me?"

The question held genuine bewilderment. This reaction confirmed what Bob had suspected from the beginning. Tom's lovemaking, while perhaps tender and attentive,

had never pushed Jess to the edge of her physical capacity for pleasure, had never introduced her to this territory.

This revelation would inevitably alter her expectations moving forward. Everything that came after would be measured against this new standard, this revelation of what her body was capable of experiencing.

“Giving you what you need, princess,” Bob replied, his ambiguity allowing her to interpret his words however she required. The statement could reference physical pleasure, psychological release, liberation from the constraints of her persona, its meaning entirely dependent on what narrative she chose to construct around this encounter.

After two denials, each more frustrating than the last, each subsequent buildup more intense, Bob decided to allow her release. In his mind, her surrender had been achieved. Further denial would serve no purpose beyond unnecessary cruelty.

He abandoned the teasing approach, his fingers finding a relentless, consistent rhythm against her g-spot. The “come here” motion never varied, creating a steady, predictable pressure that allowed pleasure to build without interruption.

Throughout this final approach to climax, Bob maintained eye contact, forcing a connection at her most vulnerable moment. When her eyes began to close, he issued a quiet command.

“Look at me, princess” he instructed. “I want to see you when you come.”

The directive would have been inappropriately dominant earlier in their interaction, but now, with Jess teetering on the edge of orgasm, desperate for release after multiple denials, the commanding tone registered differently, not as overreach but as welcome guidance.

Her eyes locked with his, glazed and unfocused but obedient.

“Right there,” Jess gasped, her voice high and desperate. “Right there, don’t stop!” The words tumbled out between shallow breaths, each syllable strained with urgency.

Suddenly, she went rigid as if every muscle tensed simultaneously. Her mouth opened in a soundless scream. The tendons in her neck stood out as her head pressed back into the lounger, the directive to maintain eye contact forgotten in the storm of her release.

Bob withdrew his fingers from her pussy, wanting to witness her orgasm. The moment his fingers left her, Jess’s hips lifted off the lounger. She hovered there for a breathless second before collapsing back down, only to rise again as another spasm

took hold. Her thighs quivered uncontrollably, muscles engaging and releasing beyond her control.

Soft, uncontrollable giggles began spilling from her lips as she squirmed and shuddered with aftershocks. The contrast between her physical intensity and these almost childlike sounds of delight created an intoxicating vulnerability that fed Bob's sense of conquest.

Bob steadied her with one strong arm across her stomach, preventing her from tumbling off the lounger. The fingers of his other hand slid up and down between her wet pussy lips, never penetrating, just maintaining contact, extending her pleasure while keeping her tethered to his control.

As the initial wave began to subside, her breathing starting to regulate and the most intense spasms diminishing, Bob reinserted both fingers, returning to the exact rhythm that had triggered her climax.

"Oh god! Oh god! Oh god!" Jess chanted.

Her second orgasm came quickly, hips again rising off the lounger in desperate, uncoordinated movements.

"That's it," Bob encouraged as he held her in place. "That's it."

Jess continued twitching with aftershocks, each one making her squirm against his restraining hand.

"Does that feel good?" he asked.

Jess nodded, more giggles bubbling up from somewhere deep inside her as she managed a shaky "mmhmm." Her eyes, when they briefly focused on his face, held a mixture of wonder and embarrassment at her own uninhibited response.

As the second orgasm began its natural decline, Bob once more reinserted his fingers.

"No!" Jess's protest was immediate, her voice carrying genuine alarm. "Too much!"

This third penetration triggered a response entirely new to Jess's sexual experience. Her abdominal muscles contracted and seized in a spasm more intense than anything that had preceded it.

The orgasm manifested not just as muscular contractions but as an involuntary ejaculatory response. In other words, Jess squirted. With no warning, clear fluid gushed from her, expelling his fingers. The sudden release soaked Bob's hand, wrist, and forearm, creating a dark patch on the towel beneath her hips.

This unexpected squirting response triggered a final, overwhelming physical reaction. Jess's consciousness seemed to temporarily fragment. Her eyes rolled back, lids

fluttering. She convulsed in violent, uncoordinated movements, every muscle appearing to contract and release in chaotic patterns, beyond any conscious control.

Her hands clutched blindly at whatever they could find. The towel, the lounger, Bob's arm, seeking anchors against the tide threatening to sweep her away.

For nearly thirty seconds, this intense response continued, her body caught in a feedback loop of intense pleasure. Only gradually did the convulsions begin to subside, replaced by intermittent tremors that rippled visibly beneath her skin.

Bob watched with satisfaction. The power in this moment wasn't just sexual but psychological, not merely the conquest of her body but of her self-perception. After this, she could never again think of herself in quite the same way.

And most significantly, this revelation had come not from her husband of years but from Bob Caldwell, her older, twice divorced retired handyman tenant.

Jess started giggling again, expanding into laughter. Tears spilled from the corners of her eyes, streaming down her flushed cheeks.

Bob recognized this reaction, the physiological release that sometimes followed intense sexual experiences. The massive flood of endorphins had overcome her system's capacity to process them, creating this bizarre fusion of laughter and tears.

"Oh my god," Jess gasped between convulsive giggles. She raised a trembling hand to wipe away tears, embarrassment flashing across her face despite her continued inability to stop. "I'm… I'm sorry," she managed. "I don't know why I'm crying and laughing. I can't... I can't stop!"

Each attempt to regain composure failed as another aftershock rippled through her. The loss of control seemed to both alarm and fascinate her.

"It's the endorphins," Bob explained, adopting a calm, authoritative tone. Providing scientific context would help her rationalize this vulnerability, frame it as normal rather than alarming. "This reaction is completely normal."

She nodded, clearly comforted by this explanation that placed her seemingly disproportionate reaction within a framework of normal physiological response rather than emotional breakdown.

Her breathing gradually steadied, though her chest still heaved with residual exertion. Her gaze drifted downward, landing on the dark patch spreading across the towel beneath her. Confusion replaced the lingering euphoria as she registered this evidence of her reaction.

“Did I just…” she began. Her hand reached tentatively toward the wetness. “What was that?”

Bob gently took her wrist. “Jess, look at me,” he instructed, and she did. “That wasn’t piss,” he stated. “What you just experienced was a whole-body squirting orgasm. It’s completely natural.”

Jess’s expression transformed immediately, relief replacing embarrassment, followed by wonder and curiosity.

“Really?” she asked. “That’s an actual thing?” She glanced at the evidence on the towel. “I’ve never... nothing like that has ever happened before.”

Pride surged through Bob. A territory claimed, a first that should have belonged to her husband now irreversibly associated with him. He maintained his supportive expression, careful not to reveal the triumph he felt.

“I thought that was just in porn,” she continued, her voice tinged with genuine curiosity. “You know, something they fake for the camera.”

“It’s real,” Bob assured her. He allowed his expression to soften. “Not every woman can do it, and it requires technique.” He paused before adding, “Some men never learn how to bring a woman to that point.”

The implication was clear. Tom, despite years of marriage, had never discovered this capacity within her. Rather than defending her husband or dismissing the comparison, she remained silent, her expression unreadable despite the residual flush of pleasure still coloring her skin.

Without breaking eye contact, Bob raised his fingers to his mouth. He sucked them clean one by one, making a show of savoring the taste of her most intimate fluids. This crossing of yet another boundary, tasting her without seeking permission, served as both provocation and claim.

“You taste absolutely delicious,” he told her.

Shock flashed across Jess’s face, quickly replaced by something more complex. The boldness of his action clearly startled her, yet she raised no objection.

Bob stood, his erection still prominent. He moved to the patio table, conscious of Jess’s gaze as he poured iced tea from the pitcher into her empty glass.

He returned to the lounger where Jess remained sprawled. The graceful, coordinated woman who had descended the stairs less than an hour ago now appeared incapable of organizing her own body.

“Here, drink this,” he directed, offering the glass. “You lost a lot of fluid.”

Her hands trembled as she accepted the glass. She drank greedily, instinctively seeking to replenish what it had expended during her powerful release.

"That was incredible to watch," he said as she lowered the empty glass. "You're still feeling it, aren't you?"

Jess nodded, a small, almost shy smile lifting the corners of her mouth. "I think you broke my body," she said, attempting humor despite the truth contained in the statement.

Bob took the empty glass from her unsteady hands, setting it aside. "Just lean back and relax," he instructed, the directive gentle but unmistakably authoritative. "Take deep breaths. Your system needs time to reset."

Without hesitation, Jess settled back against the lounger, following his guidance. The shift in their dynamic couldn't have been clearer, her natural independence temporarily suspended in this vulnerable aftermath, his authority elevated beyond their previous interactions, his direction accepted without question.

Bob selected a fresh towel from the nearby stack, returning to kneel beside the lounger. With tender movements, he wiped away the wetness from her inner thighs, the intimate caretaking further establishing his dominance in this moment. His hands neither lingered inappropriately nor rushed through this opportunity for continued contact.

When he finished, Jess shifted to a more upright position. She pushed herself up on her elbows first, then managed to sit, her back straightening as she arranged her legs in front of her.

Her gaze drifted down to Bob's cock. "You've been hard this entire time," she observed, fascination evident in her voice. "Without even touching yourself."

The observation pleased Bob. Her attention to his erection now, after her own pleasure had been thoroughly attended to, suggested a certain reciprocity, a potential willingness to balance the scales between them.

"It's a bit of a superpower," he replied. He offered a self-deprecating smile. "Blessing or curse, depending on the situation."

Jess didn't immediately respond, her attention fixed on his erection. Bob could almost see the thoughts moving behind her eyes, the mental calculations and considerations. Her gaze moved from his cock to his face and back again, weighing options, contemplating boundaries, perhaps running through justifications or permissions already established with Tom.

The psychological moment was delicate. Bob understood that Jess stood at a crossroads far more significant than she likely realized. Whatever choice she made next would determine not just the immediate progression of their encounter but would potentially reshape how she viewed herself, her marriage, and her sexuality.

"Do you need some help with it?" she finally asked, the directness of her question surprising Bob.

Bob concealed his satisfaction beneath a mask of mild surprise followed by appreciation. "If you're offering," he replied, the phrasing chosen to place agency squarely with her.

The three simple words accomplished multiple objectives simultaneously. They confirmed his interest without appearing overly eager. They positioned him as recipient rather than aggressor. Most importantly, they framed whatever came next as entirely her choice, her decision, her responsibility, a psychological framework that would prove crucial if guilt or regret emerged later.

"We should trade places," Jess suggested, moving to stand from the lounger.

As she pushed herself upward, something unexpected happened. Her legs unexpectedly buckled beneath her, the aftereffects of her intense orgasms affecting her muscle control. The sudden weakness in her limbs caught her by surprise, her expression shifting from determination to alarm in an instant.

Bob's hands shot out, catching her under the arms before she could fall.

"Whoa there, princess," he said, steadying her.

Jess laughed. The sound transformed her face, softening the momentary fear into something lighter, more carefree. "Oh my god," she said, her voice carrying both embarrassment and amusement. "You actually made my legs stop working."

Bob joined her laughter, allowing genuine amusement to surface. "I'll take that as a compliment," he replied.

"You should," Jess agreed.

He guided her back to sitting on the lounger, his hands remaining supportive until she was safely settled. "Maybe give it another minute," he suggested.

After a few deep breaths, Jess looked up at him. "Let's try again," she said, accepting his supportive hand as she rose to her feet.

This time her legs held, though Bob noted a slight tremor still present in her thighs. He kept one hand at her elbow until she seemed stable, playing the role of concerned caretaker.

"I'm good now," she assured him.

Before taking his place on the lounger, Bob began unbuttoning his short-sleeved shirt. "Too hot for this," he explained as his fingers worked down the row of buttons. He shrugged it off his broad shoulders and tossed it aside, now fully naked in front of Jess.

This was the first time she was seeing his entire body without any clothing. Where Tom's build was lean and wiry, Bob's body told a different story. His shoulders remained broad, though they sloped slightly with age, and his chest, once impressively muscled, had softened beneath a layer of gray-peppered hair. His arms still carried the thick bulk of someone who'd spent a lifetime working with his hands, though the definition had blurred with time.

Most notably, his midsection had surrendered to middle age. A beer belly protruded, the result of countless evenings with six-packs, but the solid core strength remained underneath. He could still lift and carry what men half his age struggled with, but any trace of the six-pack he'd proudly displayed in his football days had long since disappeared beneath a layer of fat.

Bob settled onto the lounger, facing Jess, his legs spread. Uncertainty flickered through his mind about her intentions. The "help" she'd offered remained vague. Would she use her hand or her mouth? The latter seemed optimistic given their progression so far, but her boldness throughout their encounter suggested it wasn't entirely outside the realm of possibility.

Jess knelt down in front of him, her movements still carrying a hint of unsteadiness. The position placed her face level with his cock.

Jess reached for his penis with visible hesitancy, her initial touch tentative as she wrapped her fingers around his shaft. The first contact of her soft fingers against his rigid flesh sent a jolt of pure satisfaction through Bob's system. Not just sexual pleasure, though that was certainly present, but the deeper satisfaction of a goal achieved, a boundary crossed, a campaign advancing as planned.

"You're so hard," she murmured.

Bob remained silent, allowing her to explore at her own pace. He resisted the urge to direct her movements or to thrust upward into her touch. His strategy required her active participation, her conscious choice at each escalation.

Her grip tightened experimentally. These exploratory touches gradually transformed into more confident strokes as she became accustomed to his size and feel.

“It’s so heavy,” she observed with genuine fascination, her voice carrying a note of wonder that fed Bob’s ego. She seemed almost mesmerized by his substantial endowment, her eyes fixed on it as her hand moved up and down his length.

After several dry strokes created uncomfortable friction, Bob spoke up. “You might want to use some spit,” he suggested. “Makes it glide easier.”

Jess nodded, gathering saliva in her mouth before letting it fall in a controlled stream onto his shaft. Her hand spread her spit along his length, creating a slick surface that allowed smoother movement.

Jessica Marshall, who likely discussed color palettes and architectural details in corporate boardrooms, was now kneeling naked at his feet, spitting on his cock to facilitate her stroking.

When the natural lubrication eventually dried during her continued stroking, Jess added more without prompting, demonstrating her growing comfort with the situation. This unprompted adaptation, this willingness to maintain his pleasure without direction, represented another small victory in Bob’s campaign.

As her hand worked his shaft, Bob’s mind drifted to the conversations he’d overheard through his hidden camera, Tom telling Jess how exciting it would be if she gave Bob a blowjob, and later expanding to explicit permission for sex. Despite this knowledge, Bob recognized that pushing for full penetrative sex immediately would be tactically unsound, risking the considerable progress already made.

Instead, he took a measured approach. “That feels amazing,” he told her. “But your mouth would feel even better.”

Jess’s stroking rhythm faltered briefly at this suggestion, her hand pausing mid-stroke before resuming. She looked up at him, a mild scolding in her expression tempered by a playful smile. “I said don’t push your luck, Bob,” she said, though her tone lacked genuine reprimand.

Bob raised his hands in mock surrender, maintaining the light atmosphere. “Can’t blame a guy for trying,” he replied, then realized he was repeating the exact phrase he’d used earlier. The déjà vu made him chuckle. “I really need some new material,” he added. “I promise I’m usually more creative than this.”

The moment of self-awareness lightened the mood further, Jess’s smile widening at his acknowledgment of his transparent tactics.

To his genuine surprise and delight, Jess leaned forward and planted a wet kiss directly on the head of his cock. Unlike the tentative touch he might have expected, she pressed her lips firmly, holding the contact for several heartbeats. When she

pulled away, the loud, exaggerated smooching sound she made, part playfulness, part provocation, echoed in the quiet afternoon air.

"That's a thank you for making me feel so good," she said, her eyes meeting his with a blend of mischief and gratitude.

The gesture stunned Bob. This wasn't something he had engineered or suggested. This was Jess making an independent choice.

"Can I touch your balls?" she asked suddenly.

Bob laughed, genuine amusement breaking through. "You can touch me anywhere you want," he assured her, spreading his legs wider in invitation.

Her right hand maintained its rhythm on his shaft while her left moved to cup his balls, gently weighing them in her palm. "They're so big," she said.

"They've always been proportional to the rest of the equipment," Bob explained with a hint of pride. "Fair warning though. When I cum, it's going to make quite a mess."

Jess laughed, apparently dismissing his warning. "I can handle messes," she replied, completely unaware of what was coming.

Her confidence amused Bob. She had no frame of reference for what he was capable of, her experience limited to Tom and a handful of previous partners, none of whom likely matched Bob's natural endowment or ejaculatory volume.

Her technique evolved as she grew more comfortable, placing one hand at the base of his shaft while the other executed a twisting motion along his length.

"You're good at this," he said.

Jess acknowledged the compliment with a smile. "I've had practice," she replied, her eyes meeting his briefly before returning to her task.

The admission, casual and unapologetic, carried its own erotic charge. She wasn't embarrassed by her sexual expertise, didn't pretend innocence or hesitation. This comfort with her own sexuality, this willingness to acknowledge her skill at pleasing a man, added yet another dimension to Bob's evolving understanding of Jessica Marshall.

"Tom's a lucky man," Bob observed.

Her pace increased. "Does this feel good?" she asked, eyes flicking up to gauge his reaction.

"Fuck yes, princess," Bob confirmed, his breathing growing heavier to emphasize the point. "Your hand feels incredible."

She visibly brightened at this validation, clearly enjoying her ability to provide such intense pleasure.

"Tell me how you like it," she prompted, adjusting her grip slightly. "What feels best?"

Bob nearly smiled at how perfectly the dynamic was developing, Jess actively seeking his direction, positioning herself as student to his teacher, exactly the power differential his strategy required.

"Focus on the head," he instructed. "It's the most sensitive part."

The guidance was simple, direct, easy to implement.

Jess immediately adjusted her technique according to his directions. Her left hand gripped the base of his shaft firmly, while her right hand's thumb found his frenulum. She applied pressure in small circular motions that demonstrated either intuitive understanding of male anatomy or considerable previous experience, while simultaneously maintaining a twisting stroke along his upper shaft.

"Fuck yes, just like that," Bob encouraged, a genuine groan escaping him as pleasure built. The stimulation surpassed any handjob he'd experienced in recent memory. "You're going to make me cum if you keep that up."

As his climax approached, Bob allowed his entire body to react visibly, tensing his thighs, clenching his abdomen, his breathing becoming increasingly ragged. These physical responses weren't entirely an act. The pleasure Jess was providing with her skilled hands was genuine and intense. But Bob consciously amplified his reactions, providing clear feedback that would guide and motivate her.

"Jess, I'm about to cum," Bob warned, his voice urgent. "Don't stop."

She responded by tightening her grip at the base of his cock, almost creating a makeshift cock ring with her fingers, while her other hand increased both speed and pressure.

His face contorted with concentration as the pressure built to its breaking point. "Feels… so… fucking… good," he groaned. "Fuck… here it comes!" he managed as his entire body tensed in preparation for release.

When his orgasm finally erupted, a guttural groan emerged from his throat as his cock pulsed powerfully in Jess's grip. The first rope of cum shot upward with explosive force, a thick white jet that arced through the air, landing on his belly but catching Jess's hand and forearm.

She flinched in surprise but maintained her grip, though she tilted his cock away from her, directing subsequent ropes of cum onto his stomach and chest. Her expression transformed to amazement as ropes of cum continued to pulse from him.

"Holy shit," she exclaimed, eyes wide with astonishment as the pulses reached four, five, six.

The reaction was exactly what Bob had hoped for, genuine surprise at the volume and force of his ejaculation.

The last couple pulses oozed rather than shot, thick globs that flowed over her knuckles and between her fingers, coating her hand in white fluid.

Throughout his orgasm, Jess maintained her grip. Her attention remained focused on his cock, watching with fascinated attention, her fingers still working to extract every last drop from him.

"Fucking hell," Bob gasped when the intensity finally began to subside, his chest heaving from the exertion.

Jess stared at the results of his climax, her expression a mixture of awe and mild alarm as she released his cock. "I've never seen anything like that," she said, examining her thoroughly coated hand as the last drops emerged. "I didn't know that was possible."

The wonder in her voice confirmed another boundary crossed, another expectation shattered, another comparison implicitly drawn between Bob and every other man she'd encountered, including her husband.

She reached for a towel, wiping the thick semen from her fingers and palm. "That was like... a fire hose," she continued, laughing at the unexpectedness of the experience. "And it's so thick, almost like..." She trailed off, seemingly unable to find an appropriate comparison.

"Are you sure you weren't a porn star in your youth?" she asked, echoing her earlier question.

The question amused Bob, both for its implication of exceptional ability and for how it unwittingly aligned with his own framing. He wanted her to view him in precisely those terms, as possessing extraordinary sexual capabilities, as existing in a category separate from ordinary men like Tom.

Bob laughed, still catching his breath. "I did try to warn you," he reminded her.

"You did," she acknowledged, standing up and reaching for another towel to wipe her arm. "But words don't quite capture that experience."

Bob allowed himself a moment of private satisfaction as he watched her cleaning his semen from her skin. He'd marked her now, literally and figuratively. His semen on her skin represented physical claiming, a primitive male territorial marker, while the unprecedented orgasmic experience he'd provided represented psychological claiming equally significant.

Today's encounter had changed everything, creating a secret they shared that could never be undone, a memory that would inevitably color all future interactions between them. The shared transgression established complicity that both connected them and isolated them from others, particularly Tom, who despite his encouragement could never truly understand what had transpired without witnessing it.

Most importantly, he'd given Jess an unprecedented sexual experience, one that she would inevitably compare to her experiences with Tom, one that was already rewriting her understanding of what her body was capable of feeling. The squirting orgasm in particular represented a sexual Rubicon. After having experienced that intensity, that complete surrender of control, that overwhelming whole-body pleasure, mere conventional orgasms with Tom would inevitably seem inadequate by comparison.

The foundation was now firmly established. What came next would be built upon this moment, this shared transgression that had fundamentally altered the dynamics between not just the two of them, but the three of them. Bob, Jess, and the unsuspecting Tom, whose wife had just experienced pleasure beyond anything he'd ever given her.

Bob understood what many men never learn. The most significant sexual organ is the mind. By altering Jess's understanding of what pleasure her body was capable of experiencing, he'd changed her in ways that mere physical fidelity couldn't reverse. Even if she were to end their sessions immediately, her body would remember what Bob's fingers accomplished, what sensations they awakened. That physical memory could never be erased.

He accepted the towel Jess handed him and began wiping the semen from his chest and stomach. "Sorry about the mess," he said, though his tone carried no actual apology.

The statement was another example of his careful balancing act, acknowledging the extreme nature of his ejaculation while simultaneously taking pride in it. The false modesty maintained his image as considerate rather than arrogant while reinforcing the extraordinary nature of what she'd just witnessed.

"It's fine," Jess replied, helping gather the soiled towels.

As they finished cleaning themselves and the surrounding area, a noticeable silence developed between them. The euphoria of their intimate encounter had clearly subsided, and reality appeared to be reasserting itself in Jess's expression.

Bob observed subtle changes in her demeanor. Her eyes no longer met his directly, her posture subtly closed inward rather than remaining open as during their encounter. These physical cues told him everything he needed to know about her mental state.

The post-orgasmic clarity had arrived, bringing with it the inevitable questions, doubts, and potential regrets that follow boundary-crossing sexual encounters. This psychological moment was crucial. How Jess processed what had just happened, how she integrated it into her understanding of herself, her marriage, and her sexuality, would determine the trajectory of their future interactions.

"Would you like some more tea?" Bob offered, maintaining the casual, nurturing persona that had served him so well throughout their interactions.

The mundane question, the ordinary gesture, provided a bridge between the extraordinary experience they'd just shared and the routine world to which they must return. It offered comfort through familiarity, a reassuring signal that despite the boundaries crossed, some normalcy remained.

Without waiting for her response, he moved to the pitcher on the patio table and poured a fresh glass. He handed it to her as if they hadn't just fundamentally altered their relationship, as if mutual masturbation was simply another poolside activity like swimming or sunbathing.

"That felt natural," he commented, vague in his phrasing.

Jess accepted the glass with a small nod of thanks, her verbal response minimal. "Yeah," she said, the single syllable carrying neither enthusiasm nor regret, just acknowledgment.

Bob recognized she was conducting an internal dialogue far more significant than their external one. She was questioning her actions, likely cycling through justifications and rationalizations that would allow her to integrate this experience into her self-concept without destroying her image as a faithful wife.

In these moments after sexual transgression, women particularly engaged in psychological gymnastics to reconcile their actions with their self-image. They created narratives. "It just happened." "It wasn't really sex." "My husband encouraged it." The narratives allowed them to preserve core beliefs about themselves despite evidence to the contrary.

Bob had witnessed this process countless times, had learned to recognize its patterns and progression. More importantly, he'd learned not to interfere with it. Whatever story Jess needed to tell herself about what had just happened, whatever framework she required to process it without crippling guilt, would ultimately serve his purposes better than any narrative he might attempt to impose.

The psychological aftermath was fragile, and Bob knew better than to push for further physical connection or explicit acknowledgment of what they'd shared. Instead, he gave her space, moving to collect his discarded clothing and putting them on while maintaining a comfortable silence.

After several moments of this loaded silence, Jess set down her empty glass and reached for her discarded cover-up.

"I should get back upstairs," she said, slipping the sheer fabric over her shoulders. "I've got a call soon."

The excuse was transparent, but Bob accepted it without challenge. "Of course," he replied. "Don't let me keep you."

He understood that she needed distance, needed time alone to process what had happened.

She hesitated, seeming to search for appropriate words to acknowledge what they'd shared without explicitly naming it. "Thanks for..." she began, then paused. "For everything," she finished, offering him a small smile.

"Anytime," Bob replied.

He watched as Jess ascended the stairs to the balcony, noting with private satisfaction her slightly unsteady gait. Her thighs visibly trembled with each step, her balance requiring more concentration than usual.

As she disappeared through the sliding glass door, Bob allowed himself a moment of pure, unguarded triumph. A fist pump. His campaign continued exactly according to plan. The next phase would build on today's success, accelerating the process of separating Jess from Tom, not physically but psychologically. Tom might retain legal rights to his wife's body, but Bob had staked a claim on her pleasure that would persist regardless of what happened next.

As he headed toward his apartment, his mind was already mapping the next steps. Today had been a watershed moment but sustaining momentum would require careful calibration. Push too hard and she might retreat out of guilt or fear. Move too slowly and she might rationalize today as a one-time indiscretion rather than the beginning of a new chapter in her life.

Jessica Marshall represented something special. Not just because of her beauty, not just because she belonged to another man, but because conquering her represented a repudiation of the social hierarchy that had relegated men like him to the margins while elevating men like Tom.

Tom, with his college education and corporate title, his lean runner's physique and business wardrobe, represented everything society valued. While Bob, despite his strength and practical skills, his ability to build and repair, and satisfy a woman in ways Tom clearly couldn't, was viewed as less than, as subordinate, as someone who rented space from his social "betters."

But today had inverted that hierarchy. Today, Jessica Marshall had trembled beneath Bob Caldwell's touch, had experienced pleasure Tom had surely never given her, had knelt in front of him and served his needs.

In time, Jess would be irrevocably changed, her expectations permanently altered, her understanding of pleasure forever linked to Bob rather than her husband.

This wasn't just about sex. This wasn't even primarily about sex. This was about power, about reclaiming something Bob felt he'd been denied. About proving that beneath the veneer of education and social position, more primitive forces still determined the true hierarchy among men.

And in that hierarchy, Bob Caldwell was about to claim his rightful place above Tom Marshall, with Jessica Marshall as both the prize and the proof of his victory.

The Bad Tenant Ch. 16

Jess's phone alarm pulled her from a fitful sleep full of fragmented dreams. She'd tossed and turned all night, drifting between shallow sleep and anxious wakefulness, her mind refusing to settle. Tom's side of the bed was empty. He'd left for work already, his early morning departure a blur in her half-conscious state.

As she reached for her phone to silence the alarm, images from yesterday's poolside session immediately flooded her consciousness. Her naked body on the lounger, Bob's fingers inside her, the squirting orgasm, her hands on his cock, the mess of semen covering her hand and forearm.

"Oh god," she murmured, dropping the phone onto the bed and covering her face with her hands.

She couldn't think about it now. Not when she had a full day of work ahead of her, meetings to attend, decisions to make.

Jess dragged herself from the sheets and padded across the carpet toward the bathroom. In the mirror, her reflection startled her. She looked alive, vibrant even, when she should have looked tired from sleep deprivation. There was a flush to her cheeks, a brightness to her eyes that seemed completely at odds with her emotional turmoil.

She reached for her toothbrush, beginning her morning routine.

Stepping into the shower, she turned the water hotter than usual. As steam filled the glass enclosure, Jess closed her eyes and let the water wash over her face and body.

Her mind slipped back to yesterday afternoon, how she'd stumbled upstairs after the poolside encounter, legs trembling and unsteady.

She remembered racing to this same shower, desperate to erase the physical traces of their encounter. Her body had buzzed with residual pleasure, each brush of her soapy hands across her body sending echoes of sensation through her hypersensitive skin.

Yesterday's shower had also become a confessional booth. Unexpected tears had streamed down her face as guilt, confusion, shame and if she was honest, excitement, battled within her. She'd oscillated between rationalization and self-recrimination.

Tom had encouraged it. Tom had given permission. Tom wanted this to happen.

But she had enjoyed it more than expected. She had crossed a line that couldn't be uncrossed. She had experienced pleasure more intense than anything in her memory.

The squirting orgasm troubled her the most. She'd never experienced anything like that with Tom. Never had her body responded so completely, so overwhelmingly that she temporarily lost control of her legs. The realization had brought more guilt and confusion. Was there something fundamentally lacking in her and Tom's sexual connection? Or was it simply that the forbidden, transgressive nature of the encounter had heightened her arousal beyond normal levels?

Jess suddenly realized that the memory of yesterday's post-encounter shower had turned into an extended contemplation in today's shower.

Would this be her new normal? Her mind continuously looping back to Tuesday's events, analyzing what happened and what it meant for her marriage, her identity? How long until these memories faded enough to allow her normal routines without constant intrusion?

She needed to get ready for work. Jess turned off the water and stepped out of the shower, wrapping herself in a large fluffy towel.

Moving to the walk-in closet, she let the towel drop to the floor, the gesture similar to how she'd let her cover-up fall in front of Bob yesterday. Standing naked facing the full-length mirror, she examined her body.

Objectively, she looked good. Toned stomach, defined legs, smooth skin glowing with health. Her breasts remained firm, fuller than in her modeling days but still perky enough to make lingerie look exactly the way it was intended. Maintaining this body took discipline, careful food choices, consistent exercise, skincare routines.

She realized with a start that she hadn't been to yoga in nearly two weeks. Between the Savannah trip and everything with Bob, her regular routine had fallen by the wayside.

The thought of yoga brought Derek to mind, his lean, muscular physique, confident hands making subtle adjustments to her posture, calm voice guiding the class through challenging sequences. Then Tom's words from their recent conversation echoed through her mind.

"It could be anyone else. Even Derek, your yoga teacher."

The suggestion that her exploration could extend beyond Bob to include others had seemed abstract until now. But standing naked in her closet, the possibility suddenly felt tangible.

What would exploring boundaries with Derek feel like compared to Bob? Where Bob represented raw masculinity and dominant experience, Derek embodied mindful

sensuality and spiritual connection. Bob's approach was earthy and primal. Derek's would likely be centered on energy and awareness.

The contrast made her wonder if Tom truly understood what he was encouraging. Each man would access different aspects of her sexuality, drawing out different responses, awakening different desires. The potential complexity far exceeded what they'd discussed.

Jess shook her head, forcing herself to focus on the day ahead.

She selected a navy pantsuit and cream silk blouse, her armor of professional competence. After yesterday's experience of returning to her desk unable to concentrate, brain fogged with post-orgasmic haze and conflicting emotions, she needed the psychological reinforcement of her most authoritative look.

Beneath this corporate exterior, she chose matching silk underwear in deep burgundy, a private reminder of her sexuality that was just for herself.

She applied her makeup carefully, enough to enhance her features but not enough to draw undue attention. Pearl studs for her ears, her wedding ring, and a delicate gold watch completed the look.

After a quick breakfast, she headed to her car. Bob's truck was in the driveway, but she didn't see him anywhere, a huge relief. She wasn't prepared for that interaction yet, had no idea what their first post-encounter meeting would be like. Would there be awkwardness? Would they pretend nothing unusual had happened? Would his gaze hold new intimacy, new assumptions?

Inside her Tesla, Jess set her bag on the passenger seat and sat motionless for a moment.

Her mind returned to last night, the anxious hours waiting for Tom to return home, wondering how to approach the conversation they needed to have. She'd cleaned obsessively, dusting surfaces, vacuuming, wiping the kitchen counters to a shine. Physical order as desperate compensation for inner chaos. She'd avoided the laundry room though, unwilling to risk encountering Bob in that shared space.

She remembered rehearsing various versions of what to tell Tom, caught between complete honesty, protecting his feelings, and processing her own experience.

She'd been sitting in her car, lost in yesterday's memories again. She shook her head and backed out of the driveway. These extended mental replays were becoming a problem, pulling her from the present moment into an endless loop of analysis and second-guessing.

The drive to work passed in a blur of traffic and automatic responses. She found her usual parking spot in the underground lot at Austin Design Group, rode the elevator to the 11th floor, and entered the offices.

"Good morning, Jess!" greeted Caroline, the youthful receptionist. "Coffee's fresh, and there are scones in the break room."

"Thanks, Caroline," Jess replied with a smile. "How was your evening?"

"Oh, quiet as usual. Just me and my Netflix. You know how it is."

Jess nodded as if she understood, though her own evening had been anything but quiet or usual.

She went to the break room for coffee, exchanging pleasantries with colleagues who had no idea of her private life's transformations. Michael from accounting described his daughter's school play, Kayla from marketing asked about Savannah, Ryan from project management complained about contractor delays. Normal conversations, normal people, normal Wednesday morning.

Back at her desk, coffee in hand, Jess booted up her computer. She then opened her email and began sorting through messages, trying to force her mind into work mode.

Her desk phone rang. "Jessica Marshall," she answered.

"Jess, can you come to my office for a few minutes?" Margaret's voice came through the line.

"Of course. I'll be right there."

Jess made her way through the open workspace toward the corner office where Margaret DeVore, Austin Design Group's Executive Design Director and her mentor, presided over the firm's creative output.

Margaret gestured to the chair across from her desk as Jess entered. "Close the door, would you?"

Jess complied. Closed-door meetings with Margaret typically meant either exceptionally good news or problems that required discretion.

"I've been reviewing your Savannah preliminaries," Margaret said once Jess was seated. "Exceptional work, especially on the restoration specifications for the grand staircase."

"Thank you," Jess replied, genuinely pleased by the praise. "I was worried the balance between historical accuracy and functional requirements might be too weighted toward preservation."

"You found the perfect middle ground," Margaret assured her. "Webb called yesterday singing your praises."

The mention of Webb immediately triggered Bob's warning about workplace complications, about mixing personal entanglements with professional relationships. Despite the fact that nothing had happened with Webb, Bob's advice felt almost psychic given her current situation.

"That's good to hear," Jess replied.

Margaret studied her face, fingers steepled beneath her chin. "You seem focused lately. There's a clarity to your design decisions that's quite impressive."

Focused? When her mind felt scattered across continents? Clear? When confusion clouded every thought?

"I'm just fully invested in these projects," Jess replied.

"Well, whatever you're doing, keep it up," Margaret said. "I wanted to let you know that James Chen called this morning. He'll be in Austin next week to discuss his Houston project."

Jess nodded, processing this information. Chen's Houston project represented another significant professional opportunity. "Did he mention which days he'll be here?"

"Wednesday through Friday," Margaret replied. "I've already blocked your calendar for those days."

"Thank you for the heads up," Jess said, rising from her chair. "I'll start preparing the preliminary concepts right away."

As she turned to leave, Margaret called after her. "Jess? I know juggling these high-profile clients can be challenging. My door is always open if you need to discuss anything."

Something in Margaret's tone made Jess wonder if her mentor sensed her inner turmoil. "I appreciate that," she replied before closing the door behind her.

By mid-morning, the mental resistance she'd tried to maintain was crumbling. Between client calls and material selections, her thoughts returned to last night's conversation with Tom.

She'd been sitting on the living room couch, clutching a glass of wine when Tom had finally arrived home. His expression had transformed to intense curiosity as he loosened his tie. His question, "Did anything interesting happen today?" had unleashed a detailed interrogation about her encounter with Bob.

She'd recounted everything chronologically, starting with her decision to arrive naked beneath just the cover-up. Tom's questions had grown increasingly specific, his voice carrying unmistakable arousal.

When Jess had mentioned the massage, Tom's questioning had intensified. He'd wanted to know where Bob's hands went, how it felt, what she thought during each moment.

"Could he see everything?" Tom had asked. "Between your legs, I mean."

She'd answered honestly. "Yes, Tom. The way I was positioned, he definitely could see everything."

When she described Bob removing his shorts and revealing his erection, Tom's attention had intensified visibly.

"He was huge, Tom," she'd said. "Like maybe ten or eleven inches. But it wasn't just the length. He's thick. Really thick. And curved like a banana."

She'd described the edging, how Bob brought her to the edge three times before finally letting her finish.

What she hadn't told Tom, what she'd deliberately omitted, was the squirting, the overwhelming, total body orgasm that had temporarily robbed her of muscle control. In that moment of retelling, she'd suddenly felt protective, unwilling to share that Bob had unlocked something in her body that Tom never had. She'd justified it internally as "rule zero: Don't hurt Tom," reasoning that he deserved protection.

The omission now weighed on her as she sat at her desk. Their first rule was complete communication. Tell each other everything. Yet she'd violated that rule within hours of their first real boundary crossing. The contradiction troubled her. If she could justify this omission for Tom's protection, what other rules might blur under similar reasoning?

She'd admitted to returning the favor with a handjob and even kissing the tip of his cock. She'd described Bob's remarkable ejaculation but avoided any direct comparisons. Some instinct warned that while Tom might enjoy hearing about Bob's larger endowment, comparing their ejaculations might cross from fantasy enhancement into emasculation.

When Tom had asked if she'd wanted to put Bob in her mouth, she'd hesitated before answering truthfully. "Yes. I was curious. Wondered if I could take something that size."

"I wish you had," Tom had admitted.

Her phone buzzed with a text.

Tom: "Morning beautiful. Still thinking about last night. You're amazing."

Jess noticed how his initial concern for her well-being had quickly shifted to his own arousal.

During their conversation, she'd sought reassurance. "Do you still love me?"

"I love you more than ever," Tom had replied instantly.

When she'd asked if he was truly okay with what happened, Tom had immediately assured her he found her openness incredible while "imagining more."

That subtle encouragement for "more" created pressure she wasn't prepared to process. Tom had grown mildly frustrated when she questioned him, reminding her they'd discussed this "multiple times," reaffirming his "blanket consent" for anything, even sex.

She'd voiced her deepening concerns. What if she really liked it with Bob? What if he changed what she needed sexually?

Tom had dismissed these worries with surprising confidence. "Physical pleasure is just one aspect of our relationship, Jess. I know you wouldn't leave me for Bob regardless of how good the sex might be."

"What if I develop feelings for him?" she'd asked, testing the outer limits of Tom's acceptance.

This question had finally elicited hesitation. "Do you think that's likely?"

She'd shaken her head quickly. "No. Definitely not. But these situations get complicated, Tom. Emotions don't always follow rational paths."

"If that happened, we'd deal with it," he'd said after a moment's consideration. "But I trust you, Jess. I trust us. Our connection is about so much more than sex."

"We're playing with fire, Tom," she'd warned.

Back at the office, staring at her computer screen, Jess's mind kept circling the same question. Is this who I am now? Someone who gets sexually intimate with men other than my husband?

She had always been faithful to Tom, never even coming close to crossing that line during their six years together. Not during business trips when handsome clients had suggested drinks in their hotel rooms. Not during those months when Tom had been working fourteen-hour days, leaving her lonely and touch starved. Not when an ex-boyfriend had reached out, suggesting they meet for "closure." She'd taken her

wedding vows seriously, had genuinely believed that fidelity was an essential component of marriage. Faithfulness had been a core aspect of her identity, something she took pride in, a principle that defined her character as much as her professional integrity or her loyalty to friends.

This went beyond feeling like she betrayed Tom, especially since he had encouraged the exploration. It was about her identity, the woman she saw in the mirror. She wondered if this change was permanent or temporary, an expansion of identity or fundamental alteration. Had she become a different person yesterday? Or had she simply allowed herself access to a part of herself that had always existed but remained constrained?

The situation reminded her of those months with Marco, the basketball player she'd had a "friends with benefits" arrangement with in college, the one she'd mentioned to Bob. That relationship had been so unlike her usual approach to dating. One night after a campus party, she'd gone home with him on impulse, expecting a one-night stand.

The sex had been incredible, physically overwhelming in a way she'd never experienced before. She'd loved doggy style with him, loved riding him, even embraced the challenge of taking him down her throat, practicing until she conquered her gag reflex. She remembered how proud she'd felt the first time she'd successfully deepthroated him, the flash of power she'd felt at reducing this athletic god to a quivering, grateful mess.

She'd told herself it was just a phase, an experiment, yet the sex had been so good that she'd continued seeing him for nearly three months before finally ending things. She'd realized she was starting to feel attached, developing feelings for a man who treated her body like a temple but her heart like an afterthought. The risk to her emotional stability hadn't been worth continuing, no matter how good the sex was.

One month later, she'd met Tom, the love of her life, with his thoughtful intelligence and genuine interest in her as a complete person. While their connection was far deeper, far more meaningful, there had always been a small part of her that remembered those purely physical experiences with a bittersweet nostalgia.

Now Bob, with his massive cock that dwarfed even Marco's impressive endowment, with his skilled fingers that had given her the most intense orgasms of her life, represented a similar temptation. The parallels were impossible to ignore, except now she was married, had made promises that college-Jess never had to consider. The stakes were infinitely higher, the potential consequences far more devastating.

Could Bob be that for her now? Someone who was all about pure pleasure? The thought was simultaneously tempting and troubling. Marco had been her age, a peer.

Bob was more than double her age, old enough to be her father. The dynamics were different, the power balance more complex.

The phone on her desk rang. Annie's extension.

"Jess? Are you ready for lunch? We've got that reservation at Luca's."

Jess glanced at her watch, surprised to find it was already noon. "I'll meet you in the lobby in five minutes."

Luca's was a small Italian place two blocks from their office, popular with the business crowd for its quick service and private booths. As they settled in, Sam immediately began updating them on the final punch list for the Skyline project.

"The last set of appliances still isn't installed," Sam said. "They're promising delivery this week, but I'd expect early next."

"As long as it's done before the final walkthrough," Jess replied, scanning the menu without really seeing it. "Webb will lose it if it's not finished."

"Speaking of Webb," Annie interjected, "I heard there's going to be an official Skyline ending party at the end of the month. Apparently, he's renting out that new rooftop place downtown."

"That should be interesting," Jess commented. "I'll need to find something appropriate to wear."

"Like you don't already have a closet full of perfect cocktail dresses," Annie teased. "Some of us actually have to go shopping for these events."

The conversation shifted to Magnolia House, with Sam expressing both excitement and trepidation.

"Monthly trips to Savannah for the next year and a half," he said, shaking his head. "My girlfriend's already complaining, and we've just started."

"At least Savannah is beautiful," Annie pointed out.

"The Gastonian is gorgeous," Jess agreed. "And Magnolia House is going to be stunning once we're done. Those original hardwoods alone are worth the effort."

Their food arrived, momentarily pausing the conversation. Jess picked at her pasta, appetite diminished by the emotional weight of the past twenty-four hours.

"I still can't believe we're starting the Houston project next week," Annie said, cutting into her chicken parmesan. "Aren't you exhausted from Savannah?"

"That's the job," Jess replied. "James Chen isn't going to reschedule his entire development because we're tired."

"Tell me about it," Sam agreed. "I've been preparing the preliminary technical assessments all week. That place is massive. The engineering alone is going to be a nightmare."

"11 stories of mixed-use space," Annie recited, clearly having memorized the project overview. "Boutique hotel with 250 rooms on floors 3 to 30. 410 luxury residential units on the top 10 floors. Commercial and retail on the first floor, rooftop garden, and four levels of underground parking."

"Don't forget the 'distinctive Asian-influenced design elements blended with mid-century modern aesthetic,'" Sam added, mimicking Chen.

"It's ambitious," Jess acknowledged. "Going to be tough juggling it and Magnolia House for the foreseeable future."

"At least we're not bored," Annie said cheerfully. "I'd rather be overworked than underutilized."

"Speak for yourself," Sam retorted. "I've got a vacation scheduled for December that might need to be sacrificed to the design gods."

Their conversation continued, touching on the challenges of the historical preservation requirements in Savannah and the latest office gossip.

Back at the office, the afternoon crawled by in a haze of meetings. During a break, Jess's mind returned to last night's conversation with Tom, how it had transformed from tense discussion into something else entirely.

"I can't believe this is turning you on so much," she'd said, watching the prominent bulge in Tom's pants as she described her encounter with Bob.

"Everything about this turns me on," he'd admitted. "Hearing what happened, imagining you naked with Bob, knowing you did this for us..."

His use of "us" rather than "me" had struck her then as it did now, reinforcing the narrative that this was somehow strengthening their relationship rather than threatening it.

Before she could process this thought, Tom's mouth had claimed hers with a hunger that bordered on desperate. His hands yanked her against him, fingers tearing at her clothes with urgency.

When her bra clasp frustrated his trembling hands, he'd pulled the cups down, his mouth hot and demanding on her exposed nipples.

"Tell me more," he'd demanded. "I need to hear everything."

Jess had gasped when his teeth grazed her nipple, the sensation sharpened by the heightened state of arousal the storytelling had created. “What do you want to know?”

“Did Bob really make you feel that good?” Tom had asked, looking up at her. “Was it as intense as it sounded?”

“His fingers felt so fucking incredible inside me,” she’d confirmed, arching her back. “The way he curled them and found that spot... God, Tom.”

“And you got wet?” Tom had asked, tugging at the elastic of her cotton shorts.

“So wet,” she’d confirmed, lifting her hips so he could pull them down. “Nearly dripping before he even touched me.”

She remembered how she and Tom were on the couch, her completely naked, him still partially dressed, his pants open just enough to free his erection. The position had been awkward but neither had been willing to pause long enough to move to the bedroom.

“I did it for you,” she’d told him as he positioned himself between her legs.

Tom had groaned, pushing inside her. “Fuck, Jess.”

“I thought about you the whole time,” she’d continued. “It’s so hot knowing that you’ll be thinking about me every time I work from home now.”

That had driven Tom wild, his hips jerking forward. “I won’t be able to focus,” he’d panted, “knowing you might be coming on our big cock tenant’s fingers.”

She’d played along, recognizing the role she needed to fill in this moment. “That’s right,” she’d confirmed. “Your pretty wife playing with Bob while you’re stuck in boring meetings. Wondering if I’m being good or very, very bad.”

“Do you want to do it again?” Tom had asked breathlessly. “Take things further this time?”

She’d channeled the direct question into a deliberate provocation. “Maybe I should suck his cock next time,” she’d said, her tone carrying a hint of defiance. “Would you like to hear about that, Tom? How I struggle to get his thick shaft down my throat? How he fills my mouth until I can barely breathe?”

“Fuck, yes,” Tom had groaned immediately. “Jesus Christ, Jess. Yes.”

The exchange had felt simultaneously manipulative and liberating. She’d been using Tom’s fantasy to avoid deeper conversation about boundaries, yet there had been something powerful about voicing desires she’d genuinely felt, if only in fleeting moments.

Tom had been more vocal during their encounter than usual, his normally restrained expressions giving way to raw verbalization. "Are you wishing it was Bob's huge cock stretching you open right now?" he'd asked.

She'd found herself whispering things she'd never said before, words that emerged from some previously untapped part of her sexuality. "I'm scared his huge cock might ruin my tight little pussy forever," she'd confessed, feeling the words roll off her tongue with surprising ease.

These crude statements, so unlike her usual bedroom talk, had only fueled Tom's excitement. The boundary between what she actually desired and what she was saying to please Tom had begun to blur, creating a disorienting mixture of genuine arousal and performative sexuality.

"No matter who touches you," Tom had declared, "you're still mine."

"Always," she'd responded immediately, the affirmation instinctive and genuine. "Completely yours."

Something vulnerable had flashed across Tom's face then, a momentary lifting of the erotic haze to reveal an underlying insecurity. "You promise? No matter what happens with Bob or anyone else?"

The question had stopped her performance cold, breaking through to something authentic. "I promise, Tom," she'd said, her hand rising to cup his cheek.

"I love how open you are with me," Tom had replied, his expression softening. "How you tell me everything. It makes me feel so connected to you."

The irony of his statement hadn't escaped her then or now. She'd been explicitly withholding information about the squirting orgasm. The praise for honesty while she practiced selective disclosure had created a dissonance she still hadn't reconciled.

"You make me feel safe to explore," she'd told him, another statement that felt increasingly complex in retrospect.

Did she actually feel safe, or was she simply being carried along by Tom's enthusiasm? Was she exploring for herself or performing for him?

Tom had finished quickly, his control shattered by her confessions. She'd swallowed his release while maintaining eye contact, an act of connection despite the external forces reshaping their relationship.

The difference between Tom's modest ejaculation and Bob's overwhelming flood had been impossible to ignore, though she'd kept this observation private.

Afterward, wrapped in each other's arms, Tom had asked, "Do you regret any of it?"

"No," she'd answered. "But it was intense. I'm still processing everything."

"Take all the time you need," he'd assured her.

Jess suddenly realized she'd been staring blankly at her computer. Her meeting was in five minutes. She needed to collect herself.

During the call about budget constraints for Magnolia House, Jess drifted away, again lost in memories. Someone had asked a direct question about material alternatives, and Sam had stepped in when Jess failed to answer promptly.

"What Jessica is suggesting," Sam said smoothly," is that we can achieve the same visual impact with the alternative at roughly sixty percent of the cost."

After the call ended, Sam lingered. "You okay, Jess? You've been a million miles away today."

The comment startled her. Was her distraction that obvious? This was the first time her personal experimentation visibly affected her professional performance, creating anxiety about jeopardizing her career advancement.

"Just tired," she replied. "Didn't sleep well last night."

"Well, get some rest," Sam advised. "The Houston team needs you sharp for next week."

By the end of the workday, Jess had accomplished perhaps half of what she normally would. She packed up her things and headed for the elevator, desperate to escape the office where her lack of focus had become increasingly apparent.

In her car, Jess unlocked her phone and navigated to Madi's contact. Her finger lingered there, tempted. If anyone could help her make sense of this situation, it would be Madi.

She imagined the conversation unfolding, Madi's inevitable directness when faced with the full story.

"So you got naked and let your tenant finger you until you came so hard you squirted, then gave him a handjob?" Madi would say, her tone more impressed than judgmental. "And now you're confused about whether to see him again tomorrow? Girl, if you want to, do it. If you don't, don't. But stop overthinking."

"Look," imaginary Madi continued, "you're not the first woman to discover mind-blowing orgasms with someone who isn't her husband. And you definitely won't be the last. The difference is that your husband is actively encouraging it. Do you know how many women would kill for that setup?"

She could almost hear Madi's voice, practical and slightly amused.

"The real question is what you want. Not what Tom wants, not what Bob wants. What does Jess want? Because sweetie, you're the one who has to live in that body and with those decisions."

Jess lowered her phone without making the call. Breaking their privacy rule wasn't the only reason she decided against it. She simply wasn't ready to have her actions reflected back through someone else's perspective. She needed to understand her own feelings first.

She considered a yoga class but quickly dismissed the idea. Adding Derek into her already complicated emotional landscape would only make things worse.

When Jess pulled into the driveway, she felt a wave of relief seeing Bob's truck absent. She collected her things and headed inside, poured herself a glass of wine, and changed into comfortable clothes before preparing a simple pasta dinner.

Curled into the corner of the couch with her meal, Jess found herself in the same position as yesterday while waiting for Tom. The parallel was unmistakable but yesterday she'd been anxious about Tom's reaction to her encounter with Bob. Tonight, after having received Tom's enthusiastic approval, her conflict was entirely internal.

Tomorrow was Thursday, another work from home day, another opportunity for a poolside encounter. Would she go downstairs?

Tom had made his position clear. Bob had demonstrated both skill and restraint, progressing only when invited. The decision rested entirely with her.

What if she simply decided to stop? No more poolside sessions, no more exploration with Bob, just a return to their normal life. She could tell Tom she'd tried it, found it interesting but ultimately not something she wanted to continue. They could go back to being just landlords to Bob, maintaining polite distance, perhaps gradually allowing the awkwardness to fade.

But would that even be possible? How would Tom react if she called a halt to their exploration? He'd promised to support whatever she decided, but his enthusiasm was unmistakable. Would disappointment create distance between them? Would he feel she'd rejected not just the experience but a part of himself he'd finally felt safe enough to share?

And what about Bob? He had seen her naked. His fingers had been inside her. Her hand had been around his penis. These weren't experiences that could be erased or forgotten. Would he respect her decision to step back or would living in the same house with someone who had touched her so intimately, who had witnessed her in

moments of complete vulnerability, become unbearable? Would they need to ask him to move out? The practical complications seemed endless.

Jess took another sip of wine. The truth was, a part of her didn't want to stop. Yesterday, she had made conscious choices throughout, had actively participated in each escalation. No alcohol had clouded her judgment. No coercion had forced her hand.

Despite the confusion, despite the guilt, despite the fundamental questions about identity the experience had raised, she couldn't deny the physical pleasure had been exceptional.

And what would happen if she went down to the pool tomorrow? What would she say to Bob? Would it be awkward? Would Bob be smug or would he be as he had always been, patient, respectful, allowing her to set the pace?

That had been his approach from the beginning. Bob never pushed, never demanded. He made suggestions, created openings, but always allowed her to take the final step.

His restraint made her feel safe even as they ventured into dangerous territory. Unlike Tom's increasingly urgent encouragement toward more extreme scenarios, Bob seemed content to follow her lead, to take only what she explicitly offered.

Jess set her wine glass down and leaned back against the couch cushions, eyes closing as she tried to clarify her thoughts. She didn't want to have sex with Bob. That remained a hard boundary, a line she wasn't prepared to cross despite Tom's blanket permission. The physical act of intercourse still carried too much significance, represented too great a transgression against her understanding of marriage.

The sound of Tom's key in the front door interrupted Jess's thoughts. She gathered her plate and wine glass, composing herself as he made his way up the stairs.

"Hey," he called, his face brightening at the sight of her.

"Hi," she replied, moving toward him.

When they embraced, Tom's arms encircled her waist, his face nestled against her neck. For one fleeting moment, everything felt normal, as if yesterday's boundary crossing had never happened.

"I made pasta," Jess said, easing back. "There's plenty left if you're hungry."

Tom pressed a quick kiss to her lips. "Sounds perfect. Let me clean up first."

While Tom showered, Jess prepared his plate and set the table. When he returned in sweatpants and a t-shirt, his hair still damp, she took the seat across from him.

"How was your day?" Tom asked, twirling pasta around his fork.

Jess hesitated, measuring her response. “Challenging. I couldn’t concentrate. Kept thinking about yesterday.”

“Really? All day?”

“Pretty much,” she admitted. “Margaret actually commented that I seemed more focused lately, which felt absurdly ironic since I could barely follow conversations.”

Tom laughed softly. “Maybe she meant your design decisions, not your attention span.”

Jess watched him eat, gathering her thoughts. “I’ve decided I’m going down to the pool tomorrow.”

His gaze remained level. “I figured you would.”

“I’ve been thinking about it all day. Can’t pretend it didn’t happen and honestly...” She paused. “I don’t want to pretend.”

Tom nodded, approval evident in his expression. “I’m glad.”

“I’m nervous, though,” she confessed. “What’s the etiquette for the conversation after you’ve let your tenant finger you to orgasm and then jerked him off? Do I just walk down there like nothing happened?”

Tom smiled. “I don’t think Emily Post covered that particular scenario.”

“Exactly. I’m making this up as I go.” She ran a hand through her hair. “Should I acknowledge it? Discuss boundaries? Just see where things go?”

Tom sipped his wine, considering. “Remember how you felt walking down there with just the cover-up? Before anything happened?”

Jess thought back to that moment of decision. “Nervous. Excited. Powerful.”

“Powerful,” Tom echoed. “You weren’t being pushed or pressured. You were making a choice, taking control.”

His observation resonated with her.

“That confidence looks good on you,” Tom continued. “Maybe approach tomorrow the same way. Don’t overthink what to say but decide how you want to feel.”

“Okay. What if I approach tomorrow by being honest?” she suggested. “Not over-analyzing everything but not pretending it didn’t happen either.”

“Perfect,” Tom agreed. “Acknowledge it, be clear about what you want, but don’t turn it into a formal discussion.”

Something settled within her. “I’ll set boundaries if needed, but I won’t make it awkward by overthinking.”

“Exactly. You’ve got this.” Tom’s smile radiated warmth. “For what it’s worth, I think you’re handling all of this amazingly.”

His praise brought a flush of pleasure despite her lingering doubts. Tom’s approval provided a foundation beneath the shifting landscape of their relationship.

They drifted topics to his progress with Meridian, his upcoming promotion, the mundane details of their separate days. As they talked, Jess felt herself relaxing into familiar patterns.

“Chen’s coming to Austin next week,” she mentioned while loading the dishwasher. “Wednesday through Friday.”

“For the Houston project?”

“Yes. Margaret’s blocked my calendar, which means I won’t be working from home on Thursday. Won’t see Bob.”

Tom nodded. “You’ll still have Tuesday, though.”

“True,” Jess acknowledged.

When the kitchen was clean, Tom simply held out his arms. She stepped into his embrace, resting her head against his chest, finding comfort in the steady rhythm of his heart.

“I meant what I said about being proud of you,” he murmured against her hair. “Not just because of what you’re exploring with me, but because of who you are. Brilliant, compassionate, honest.”

“Thank you,” she whispered. “I needed to hear that today.”

Later, as they settled into bed, Tom’s arm found its way around her waist. She nestled against him, fitting herself to the contours of his body as she had countless nights before.

“I love you,” Tom whispered. “More than anything.”

“I love you too,” Jess replied, meaning it completely.

Jess stood in her walk-in closet, studying her reflection in the full-length mirror. After yesterday’s emotional turbulence, after questioning her identity and choices, the pink bikini she’d chosen fell somewhere between Tuesday’s complete nudity and the concealing one-pieces she’d worn in their early poolside sessions. The top revealed

ample cleavage while still containing her breasts. The bottoms rode high on her hips, elongating her already long legs while providing more coverage than a thong. A middle ground that allowed her to project confidence while reclaiming some control over the situation.

She turned, examining herself from various angles. The color complemented her golden tan perfectly. Her blonde hair was pulled back in a loose ponytail, a few wisps already escaping. She looked good.

Jess picked up her sheer cover-up, slipping it over her shoulders without fastening it. She took a deep breath, steadying herself.

The day had been busier than expected, but unlike yesterday, she'd managed to maintain her professional focus. Three conference calls back-to-back, revisions to the Magnolia House preservation documentation. She'd handled it all with a surprising clarity. Perhaps her acknowledgment of Tuesday's events, her conscious decision to return to the pool today, had freed some of the mental energy that yesterday's resistance had consumed. Still, beneath every decision, every conversation, lurked the awareness of this moment, this inevitable afternoon encounter.

Her phone buzzed on the dresser.

Tom: "Have you gone down yet?"

Jess: "About to."

Tom: "Can't wait to hear all about it. Love you."

She hesitated, fingers hovering over the screen. The "love you" felt sincere, but his excitement about her potential encounter with Bob created a strange discord. As if the declaration of love and the encouragement to be intimate with another man should naturally coexist. After a moment, she texted back.

Jess: "Love you too."

Jess checked her appearance one last time, applied a touch of lip gloss, and headed toward the kitchen. The sliding glass door to the balcony awaited, the threshold between safety and exploration, between her established identity and whatever she was becoming.

Her heart raced as she stepped onto the balcony. From this elevation, she could see the entire backyard. Bob was already there, sitting in his usual chair beneath the umbrella. Even from this distance, she could see he'd dressed carefully in a blue shirt and white shorts, a definite step up from the work-stained t-shirts he'd worn during their early encounters.

She noted the pattern. Tuesday's white button-up with brown shorts, today's blue button-up with white shorts. He was putting in effort, selecting his better clothes for these poolside meetings. The realization brought a small smile to her lips. Whatever else was happening between them, it mattered enough for both of them to care about appearances.

Jess descended the stairs, her sandals making soft sounds against the wooden steps. Bob looked up at her approach, his expression shifting to appreciation as their eyes met.

That moment of first eye contact carried significance. Neither could pretend Tuesday hadn't happened. His fingers inside her, her hand around his cock, the intimacy they'd shared, it all lingered, unspoken but unmistakably present.

Bob rose from his chair as she reached the pool deck, a gesture of respect. "Afternoon, princess," he said.

"Hi," Jess replied, suddenly unsure how to proceed.

An awkward silence settled between them, both aware of Tuesday's intimacy yet hesitant to reference it directly. Jess shifted her weight, feeling uncertain.

"I've been thinking about Tuesday," Bob said finally, breaking the silence with directness. His tone held neither embarrassment nor inappropriateness, just simple acknowledgment.

Jess felt a rush of relief that he hadn't pretended nothing had happened. "Me too," she admitted.

"I want you to know," Bob continued, his voice gentle, "that Tuesday can be whatever you want it to be. A one-time exploration or something ongoing. No pressure either way."

His words seemed chosen to validate her agency, to place control firmly in her hands. The approach resonated with how he'd handled their escalating intimacy from the beginning, creating opportunities but letting her make the final decisions.

"I appreciate that," Jess said. She set her water bottle on the small table beside his iced tea pitcher. "Tuesday was... unexpected."

"In a good way, I hope," Bob said, watching her face.

"It was intense," Jess replied, meeting his gaze directly. "But yes, good."

A small smile curved Bob's lips. "I'm glad."

Jess untied her cover-up and let it fall to one of the loungers, revealing the pink bikini beneath. She was acutely aware of Bob's eyes on her body, taking in the new swimwear.

"That's quite a swimsuit," he observed, his gaze traveling from her face down her body before returning to meet her eyes.

"Thank you," Jess replied.

"It suits you," Bob said. "The color, I mean. Against your skin."

Despite everything that had happened between them, despite the intimacy they'd shared, there was something uniquely satisfying about this traditional form of male appreciation.

"I think I'll take a swim," she announced, moving toward the pool steps. "It's too hot to just stand around."

The water welcomed her, cool against her sun-warmed skin as she descended the steps. She pushed off from the bottom, gliding beneath the surface before emerging with a refreshed gasp.

She swam several laps. Each time she turned at the far end of the pool, she noticed his gaze following her.

After several minutes, Jess swam to the edge nearest where Bob sat, resting her arms on the concrete.

"You know," she said, "on Tuesday I asked you to get in and you said 'next time.' Well, it's next time."

Bob laughed. "I don't recall making any promises about swimming."

"You absolutely did," Jess insisted, splashing water in his direction. The playfulness felt good, a lightness that contrasted with yesterday's emotional weight.

"I'm comfortable right here," Bob protested, though his expression suggested he was enjoying the banter.

"Come on," Jess urged. "The water's perfect." When he still hesitated, she adopted a mock-threatening tone. "Don't make me drag you in."

"I'd like to see you try, princess," Bob chuckled. Then, more seriously, "But I don't have swimming trunks with me."

"I've already seen you naked," Jess pointed out. "Unless you've suddenly developed modesty in the last forty-eight hours?"

Bob hesitated, studying her face. Something in her expression must have convinced him because he stood, setting his beer bottle aside.

"Alright," he conceded. "But I'm warning you, I'm not much of a swimmer."

He unbuttoned his shirt, revealing his broad chest with its covering of graying hair. The shirt joined her cover-up on the lounger. His hands moved to his shorts next, unfastening them and letting them drop to the concrete. He stepped out of them, standing completely naked in front of her once again.

His cock wasn't fully erect but neither was it completely soft, hanging impressively between his thighs.

Bob poured a glass of iced tea and grabbed his beer, placing both on the concrete edge of the pool near where Jess floated. The gesture suggested forethought, preparation for spending time in the water together.

He walked to the steps and entered slowly, his expression changing as the cool water rose up his body. When he was chest-deep, he moved toward the center of the pool but maintained a respectful distance from Jess.

This conscious spacing reassured her. Despite their intimacy on Tuesday, despite his current nudity, he wasn't presuming further contact. The ball remained in her court.

"Not bad, right?" she asked, floating on her back.

"Better than I expected," Bob admitted. He moved his arms through the water, creating gentle ripples. "It's been years since I've actually been in a pool."

They floated in silence for several minutes, adjusting to this new dynamic. The water created a strange intimacy, both bodies partially concealed beneath the surface yet more aware of each other than ever.

Eventually, they drifted to the shallow end where they could stand with the water reaching just above Jess's ribs.

"So how's work?" Bob asked, leaning against the pool wall. "Any developments since Tuesday?"

The mundane question felt refreshingly normal amid their unusual circumstances.

"Busy," Jess replied. "Skyline's wrapping up at the end of the month. They're planning some kind of rooftop party to celebrate."

"Wearing that pink number?" Bob asked with a grin.

"Not quite appropriate for a corporate event," Jess laughed. "Though I'm sure it would make an impression."

"And Savannah? Any progress there?"

"The restoration specialist you recommended has been fantastic," Jess said. "Already solving problems that had the local team stumped. I owe you for that connection."

"Happy to help," Bob replied.

"Beyond that, I'm preparing for Houston," she continued. "That project kicks off next week, actually. The developer's coming to Austin Wednesday through Friday."

"Sounds like a busy schedule," Bob observed.

"It is. I won't be working from home next Thursday," Jess explained. "Meetings all day at the office."

"Guess we'll have to make the most of today and next Tuesday, then," Bob said, his tone light though his meaning was clear.

Bob's casual scheduling of their encounters, as if penciling in appointments for intimacy, struck Jess. He'd mentally transformed their boundary-crossing experimentation into something structured, predictable, a standing engagement on her calendar. Part of her bristled at this sudden subjugation of what had felt dangerous and transgressive just days ago.

But hadn't she invited exactly this by returning today? By shedding her bikini on Tuesday? There was something simultaneously reassuring and unsettling about their intimacy being corralled into neat time slots, Tuesdays and Thursdays, work-from-home days, poolside sessions. What had felt like rebellion now threatened to become routine, excitement parceled into predetermined windows like any other recurring commitment.

"That assumes I'll be coming down next Tuesday," she said, keeping her tone casual.

Bob's expression shifted slightly, a momentary recalibration. "Of course. I didn't mean to presume."

"What about you?" she asked. "Any exciting developments in retirement?"

"Just the usual," Bob replied. "Working on the yard, doing some small repair jobs for former clients. Nothing as glamorous as your projects."

"I don't know," Jess mused. "There's something satisfying about your work. I spend so much time in the abstract, designing spaces that won't exist for months or years. You create immediate results."

"Never thought of it that way," Bob admitted. "But I suppose there's truth to that."

Their conversation drifted to the unseasonable heat, a local restaurant Bob didn't like.

“Race you to the deep end?” Jess challenged suddenly with a playful splash in Bob’s direction.

Bob’s expression shifted, a hint of discomfort breaking through his usual confidence. “I’ll pass on that one,” he said, his gaze drifting toward the far end of the pool where the depth increased to eight feet.

“Not a fan of the deep end?” Jess asked, noticing his hesitation.

“Not comfortable there,” Bob admitted with surprising candor. “Never had much opportunity to swim growing up. Was always working, even as a teenager. By the time I could afford a pool, I was too busy building the business to enjoy it much.”

This glimpse into his past, the suggestion of a childhood where work took precedence over recreation, added depth to her understanding of him. His vulnerability was oddly endearing, a humanizing crack in his otherwise confident persona. The man who had so skillfully manipulated her body to heights of pleasure was afraid of deep water. The contradiction was almost charming.

“Everyone has their weak spots,” Jess responded. “I’d be useless trying to fix a leaky pipe or repair a garage door.”

“True enough,” Bob acknowledged. “But I suspect you’d learn quickly.”

“Speaking of learning,” Jess said, “how about a quick lesson? Swimming’s not complicated once you get the basics.”

“At my age?” Bob chuckled. “Might be too late to teach this old dog new tricks.”

“Nonsense,” Jess insisted. “Let’s start with the easiest part, floating on your back.”

Bob looked skeptical but nodded his agreement. “Can’t promise I won’t sink like a stone.”

“I won’t let that happen,” Jess assured him. “Lean back slowly, arms out to the sides, chin up.”

Bob attempted to follow her instructions, but as soon as his feet left the bottom, his body began to sink.

“I told you,” he said, a hint of embarrassment coloring his tone. “Like a damn rock.”

“You’re tensing up,” Jess observed. “You need to relax, trust the water to hold you.”

“Easier said than done,” Bob replied.

“Let me help,” Jess offered. She moved to stand beside him. “Try again, and I’ll support you.”

Bob eyed her dubiously but complied, leaning back once more. This time, Jess placed one hand beneath his lower back and the other behind a knee, providing gentle support.

"Relax," she instructed. "Breathe normally."

Gradually, Bob's body began to ease into the position, his weight becoming lighter in her hands as the water took more of the burden. She could feel the tension slowly leaving his muscles as he gained confidence.

"See? You're floating," she encouraged.

Then she noticed it, the unmistakable sign of his arousal. Bob's cock had begun to stiffen, rising above the water's surface as he floated on his back. The sight was so unexpected, so incongruous with the swimming lesson context, that Jess couldn't suppress a laugh.

"Something funny?" Bob asked, still concentrating on maintaining his floating position.

"Um, you might want to check your... situation," Jess replied, nodding toward his erection.

Bob glanced down, immediately losing his floating position as he scrambled to regain his footing.

"Sorry about that," he said, making no attempt to hide it. "Just happens when a beautiful woman puts her hands on me, I guess."

Rather than feeling offended, Jess was strangely pleased by the evidence of her effect on him. His response was honest in a way words could never be, an involuntary acknowledgment of desire that couldn't be faked or exaggerated for effect.

"At least I know my swimming instruction technique is stimulating," she teased.

Bob laughed, the sound genuine. "Among other things."

This brief swimming lesson created an interesting power shift between them. Usually, he was the one guiding her, his experienced hands on her body during massages. Now she was the instructor, the one with knowledge to impart, while he was the novice following her lead.

Jess found herself enjoying this new dynamic, this temporary ascendance. It made Tuesday's surrender feel more like an exchange than a capitulation, as if they were establishing a balance where vulnerability flowed in both directions rather than just from her to him.

After about ten minutes, Bob's breathing grew heavier, the exertion clearly taxing him despite the water's buoyancy.

"I think that's enough for one day," he admitted. "Not as young as I used to be."

"You did well," Jess encouraged. "Better than most first-timers."

Bob nodded his appreciation. "I could use that drink now. Swimming's thirsty work."

"Me too," Jess agreed.

They moved to the edge of the pool where Bob had placed their drinks. Standing in shoulder-deep water, they each reached up to retrieve their glasses. The cool liquid was refreshing after the exertion, however mild it had been.

"So," Bob began after taking a long pull from his beer bottle. "Have you and Tom talked about what happened Tuesday?"

"We have," Jess confirmed. "He's supportive."

"Was he really okay with everything?" Bob asked, watching her face.

Jess considered the question. Tom had been more than okay. He'd been nearly euphoric, his excitement about the details bordering on obsessive. But the memory of his questions, his intense arousal as she described Bob's touch, felt too intimate to share.

"Yes, very okay," she replied, feeling no need to elaborate on the raw details of their conversation or Tom's response. "He and I had discussed the possibility before Tuesday. That's why I felt comfortable taking that step."

"He actually encouraged me to come down today," she added. "Like I said on Tuesday, this is something we're exploring together."

Bob nodded, seeming to accept her answer without pushing for details. "And what about you? How did you feel about Tuesday?" he asked, his attention fully on her now.

Jess took a moment to consider her response. "I was surprised," she admitted finally. "By the intensity of my response. I've never experienced anything quite like that before."

"It was pretty amazing watching you let go like that," Bob said. "Seeing you experience that kind of pleasure."

The heat of the afternoon sun combined with their extended time in the water had left Jess's skin prickled with goosebumps despite the warmth of the day. She rubbed her arms, noticing Bob's observant gaze.

“Would you like another massage?” he asked. “Might help warm you up after being in the pool so long.”

The question was weighted with significance beyond its simple phrasing. This wasn’t just about a massage. This was about choosing to continue what they’d started on Tuesday, about consciously crossing the line again with full awareness of what it might lead to.

“Yes,” Jess said after a moment’s consideration. “I would.”

Bob nodded. “Let’s get dried off first.”

They climbed the pool steps one after the other, water streaming from their bodies. As Bob emerged ahead of her, she noticed his full erection standing prominently away from his body. His cock somehow looked even larger than she remembered.

He made no attempt to apologize for it, simply reaching for the stack of towels kept nearby, handing one to Jess before taking another for himself.

She accepted the towel with a small nod of thanks, unable to stop glancing at the physical specimen. It was objectively remarkable, like seeing an anatomical anomaly that belonged in a medical textbook rather than attached to her tenant’s body.

She patted herself dry as Bob did the same. When they’d finished, Bob arranged one of the loungers, placing a fresh towel over its surface. He turned to Jess, the question unspoken but clear in his expression.

Jess looked down at her pink bikini, considering its significance. She’d chosen it this morning as a middle ground, a way to reclaim some control after Tuesday’s complete nudity. It had served its purpose during their initial interaction, giving her psychological armor as they navigated their first post-Tuesday encounter.

But now, after the swimming and conversation, after reversing their typical power dynamic during the lesson, the bikini felt like an artificial distinction. If she was choosing to continue their exploration, maintaining this symbolic barrier seemed pointless.

The decision wasn’t about pleasing Bob or fulfilling Tom’s fantasy this time. It was about her own authenticity, about acknowledging this new aspect of herself she was discovering instead of hiding behind a pretense of modesty that no longer applied.

Jess reached behind her back, unfastening her bikini top. The material fell away, exposing her breasts to the afternoon sun. She set the top aside on a nearby chair, then hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her bikini bottoms, sliding them down her legs in a single fluid motion.

“Don’t tease me this time,” she said, recalling how Bob had repeatedly brought her to the edge before allowing release. While intensely pleasurable in retrospect, she wasn’t sure she could handle that level of extended arousal again so soon.

Bob’s expression registered surprise followed by understanding. “No teasing,” he promised. “You have my word.”

Jess settled onto the lounger, positioning herself face down. The towel felt soft against her skin, the afternoon sun warm on her back. She could hear Bob moving around behind her, presumably gathering lotion and positioning himself.

As she lay waiting, Jess recognized the significance of this moment. Her second conscious choice to be naked with Bob, to allow his touch, to seek pleasure outside her marriage with Tom’s knowledge and blessing. Whatever happened next would determine whether Tuesday had been an anomaly or the beginning of a profound change in her life.

“Ready?” Bob asked, his voice close to her ear.

“Yes,” Jess replied.

Bob’s hands made first contact with Jess’s shoulders, large palms distributing the lotion in slow, broad strokes that immediately elicited a sigh from her lips. His touch was self-assured but gentle, fingers splaying across her shoulder blades before meeting at her spine, then traveling outward again in rhythmic patterns.

“How’s the pressure?” he asked.

“Perfect,” Jess murmured, her eyes drifting closed. The combination of the afternoon heat and his warm hands created an immediate sense of relaxation.

The familiarity of his technique after weeks of these massages allowed Jess to surrender more easily to the sensation, her body recognizing and responding to patterns now established between them. A private language of touch they’d developed across these Tuesday and Thursday sessions.

“So,” Bob said conversationally as his hands moved down to the middle of her back, “what did you enjoy most about Tuesday?”

The question was direct but delivered casually, as if he were asking about a movie they’d watched together rather than an intimate sexual encounter. Jess felt her cheeks warm despite her general comfort with him.

“The lack of teasing was nice,” she replied, deflecting with humor while her body melted beneath his attentive hands.

"Really? Because it seemed like you enjoyed the build-up quite a bit."

"I liked when you stopped teasing," Jess clarified, turning her head to glance back at him with a small smile. "The part where you finally let me finish."

"Noted," Bob said, and she could hear the amusement in his voice. "No more denial. Even though the payoff seemed worth it."

His hands slid lower, applying firm pressure to the small of her back. The contact drew another appreciative sound from Jess, pleasure she didn't bother to suppress. With each passing minute, she felt herself sinking deeper into a state of relaxation, mental barriers dissolving alongside physical tension.

"What about you?" she asked. "What did you enjoy most?"

Bob took a moment to respond, his hands never pausing. "Your vulnerability," he said finally.

"Most women maintain control even during intimacy," he continued, his voice thoughtful. "Always aware of how they look, what sounds they make."

His hands moved to her waist, large palms spanning her sides.

"But you," he said, "when you surrendered to what you were feeling, there was no performance. Just pure response."

The observation made Jess's heart race. He had identified something fundamental about her, something she'd never fully articulated even to herself. Throughout her adult life, she'd maintained a certain awareness during intimacy, a self-consciousness about her expressions, her sounds, her appearance. Even with Tom, in their most intense moments, some part of her remained an observer, monitoring her reactions.

But with Bob on Tuesday, particularly during those final overwhelming moments, she'd lost that self-awareness completely, had abandoned the observer role, becoming pure sensation without filter or control. The realization suggested a depth of connection she hadn't anticipated forming with Bob.

"That kind of authenticity is rare," Bob added, his hands now moving to the curve of her ass. "And incredibly beautiful to witness."

His assessment both disturbed and intrigued her. It suggested he'd seen through layers of her identity to something essential she rarely exposed. How had this man she'd known for only a couple of months perceived what longtime lovers had missed? The question lingered as his hands continued their movements.

His thumbs pressed into the muscle of her ass, kneading with firm pressure. Unlike Tuesday when his touch had maintained a semblance of therapeutic purpose, today his handling of her ass felt more openly appreciative, more clearly sexual in intent.

"God, that feels good," Jess murmured, allowing herself to voice the pleasure his touch provided. The verbal acknowledgment seemed to encourage him, his movements becoming more thorough in their exploration.

"You have an incredible body," Bob replied, his hands spreading her cheeks.

His thumbs occasionally brushed against her pussy during these movements, never lingering long enough to signal clear intent but making contact frequently enough that the touches couldn't be accidental. Each brief contact sent small electric currents through Jess's body, her arousal building gradually with the subtle stimulation. She found herself anticipating these fleeting touches, a slight internal tension building before each potential contact.

Bob's hands eventually moved to her thighs.

"I've been thinking about how different Tuesday was from our previous encounters," he said, hands working down toward her knees. "How smoothly we transitioned from massage to something more intimate."

Jess made a small sound of acknowledgment, uncertain how to respond. The progression had indeed felt natural, each escalation flowing logically from the previous step without awkwardness or hesitation. What might have been a series of uncomfortable thresholds had instead unfolded as an organic evolution, boundaries dissolving rather than being forcefully breached.

"It's rare to find such easy compatibility," Bob continued, his tone still conversational. "Especially between people in such different life phases."

His hands moved to her calves, thumbs pressing into muscle that drew another appreciative murmur from Jess. The reference to their age difference wasn't something they'd discussed directly before, and Jess found herself curious about his perspective on it.

"Does our age difference bother you?" she asked. The question had lurked beneath the surface of her awareness since their first massage, the nearly thirty-year gap between them impossible to ignore yet rarely acknowledged directly.

Bob's hands continued their steady rhythm on her calves. "Not at all," he replied. "Age becomes increasingly meaningless beyond certain points. You're a fully formed adult with established values and boundaries. The difference between twenty-seven and fifty-five means far less than between eighteen and forty-six."

His assessment made logical sense, though society certainly maintained different standards. Most people would raise eyebrows at their current arrangement regardless of their respective ages. The gulf between them represented not just years but generational experiences, cultural touchstones, technological fluency. Yet in this context, these differences seemed to fade against the more immediate reality of physical compatibility.

Bob's hands reached her feet, thumbs pressing into her arches in a way that made Jess gasp. He worked each foot thoroughly, paying special attention to pressure points that seemed to release tension throughout her entire body.

When he finally set her foot down, Jess felt a profound relaxation permeating her limbs. Her body felt both weightless and present, both freed from restriction yet acutely aware of every sensation.

"I can make you feel even better a different way," Bob suggested, his voice carrying a note of anticipation.

Jess tensed slightly. Despite the intimacy they'd already shared, despite Tom's explicit permission for "anything," her boundaries remained clear in her mind. She'd spent considerable time reflecting on where her personal limits lay, independent of Tom's encouragement or Bob's apparent talent.

"I'm not going to have sex with you," she stated firmly, wanting to establish this line clearly before further escalation. The declaration wasn't just for Bob but for herself, a verbal reinforcement of a boundary she'd determined to maintain.

"I remember," Bob assured her immediately. "You told me that was off limits, and I respect that completely." His tone held no disappointment or pressure, just simple acknowledgment. "I have something else in mind."

Curiosity mingled with apprehension in Jess's mind. The range of intimate activities that fell short of actual intercourse remained considerable, and she found herself mentally cataloging possibilities. His fingers inside her again? Perhaps guiding her hand to his cock as she'd done on Tuesday? Each option carried different degrees of participation and vulnerability.

"What are you suggesting?" she asked, trying to imagine what intimate act he might be proposing.

"I'd rather show you," Bob replied. His hands rested lightly on her calves, neither retreating nor advancing. "If you don't like it, I'll stop immediately. No questions asked."

The offer placed the control firmly in her hands, which Jess appreciated. His consistent respect for her boundaries had created a foundation of trust that, while still limited, allowed her to consider his suggestion. Every escalation thus far had included this option to halt proceedings, a safety mechanism that made exploration feel less threatening.

"Do you trust me?" Bob asked.

"Within limits," Jess replied after a moment's consideration. The qualification felt important, an acknowledgment that trust wasn't absolute but contextual. She trusted his restraint when requested, his willingness to respect clear boundaries. But she maintained healthy skepticism about his intentions, his underlying motivations. This parceled trust, specifically allocated rather than universally granted, seemed the most honest approach to their unusual arrangement.

"That's all I'm asking," Bob said.

Jess weighed the situation. She'd already decided to continue exploring with Bob. She'd already experienced intense pleasure through his touch on Tuesday. Tom had encouraged further exploration, had been aroused by the details of their previous encounter. The invisible line she was protecting seemed increasingly arbitrary given what they'd already shared.

"Okay," she said finally. "Show me."

Bob's hands moved to her hips, large palms cupping her pelvic bones. "Lift up a bit," he instructed gently.

Jess complied, raising her hips as directed. She felt Bob slide something soft beneath her, adjusting its position before guiding her hips back down.

It took her a second to realize he'd placed a rolled towel beneath her pelvis, elevating her hips and, by extension, exposing her pussy more prominently. The subtle shift in elevation altered the angle of her body, creating a presentation that felt intensely vulnerable.

Her mind immediately assumed he planned to finger her again, perhaps from a different angle that the new position facilitated. She prepared herself mentally for the sensation of his thick fingers entering her, the fullness and pressure that had driven her to such intense release on Tuesday.

What she felt instead was entirely unexpected. Bob's mouth made contact with her pussy, his tongue sliding along her folds in a slow stroke from her entrance toward her clit.

The sensation was so shocking that Jess instinctively rolled her hips to the side, nearly shrieking in surprise before covering her mouth with her hand. She looked back over her shoulder, eyes wide with astonishment and something adjacent to alarm.

“What are you doing?” she asked, voice tight with shock. The question was purely rhetorical. She knew precisely what he was doing, but the unexpectedness of the contact had temporarily scrambled her ability to form more coherent responses.

“Just relax,” Bob replied. “Let me make you feel good.”

He gently moved her back into position, large hands guiding her hips to center over the rolled towel. “If you want me to stop, I will,” he promised. “But I guarantee you’ll enjoy it.”

Jess remained frozen, caught between the sudden boundary crossing and her body’s immediate response to the brief contact. A part of her worried this represented a significant escalation, another barrier dismantled without sufficient consideration. Yet another part registered intense curiosity about how his mouth would feel, what sensations this new form of intimacy might unlock. The conflict created a momentary paralysis, her mind racing to evaluate implications while her body remained suspended between retreat and surrender.

“Close your eyes,” Bob suggested, his voice gentle but assured. “Just relax and let yourself experience it.”

Jess hesitated, then slowly settled back into position, allowing her eyes to drift closed as Bob had suggested. Her heart hammered in her chest, a mixture of apprehension and excitement pulsing through her veins. This represented a new threshold of intimacy, one she hadn’t consciously prepared to cross today. Yet the potential pleasure it offered was undeniable, the taboo aspect perhaps even enhancing her curiosity.

“Oh my god,” she muttered as she felt Bob’s hands spread her ass cheeks, exposing her most intimate places fully to his gaze and touch.

His tongue returned to her pussy, hot and wet as it traced the length of her slit. The sensation was shockingly intimate, more personal than his fingers. There was something primal about this connection, his mouth directly on her most sensitive flesh, tasting her essence in a way that transcended previous boundaries.

“Ohhh,” Jess breathed, the sound escaping.

Bob used his thumbs to spread her pussy lips, his tongue delving deeper with each stroke. The direct stimulation drew a moan from Jess despite her lingering uncertainty.

When his tongue suddenly moved higher, swiping across her asshole in a bold, deliberate stroke, Jess gasped in genuine shock.

"Jesus!" she yelped. Her entire body tensed then trembled as the unexpected sensation registered.

No man had ever touched her there with his mouth, the act having existed only in the abstract realm of things she knew occurred but never expected to experience personally. Tom had certainly never ventured that far in their explorations, maintaining an implicit boundary that neither had discussed.

To her surprise, the sensation was exquisite, nerve endings she'd barely acknowledged flaring to life. A shiver ran through her entire body, a response so visceral she couldn't have suppressed it had she tried. The transgressive nature of the contact perhaps enhanced its intensity, the taboo aspect creating an additional layer of sensitivity beyond the purely physical.

Bob seemed to sense her response, his tongue returning to circle the sensitive rim, alternating between her asshole and pussy in a rhythm that had Jess moaning softly into the towel beneath her. Each time his tongue returned to her asshole, she experienced a fresh jolt of surprised pleasure, her mind struggling to integrate this new source of sensation into her understanding of her own sexuality.

"I didn't know." She murmured, words fractured by sharp intakes of breath as his tongue continued its exploration. "I never- I never-ah!"

The dual stimulation created a more complex pleasure than she'd anticipated, sensations building in layers rather than direct peaks. Different nerve clusters activated, creating overlapping waves of response rather than a specific linear progression. Her mind attempted to process the boundaries being crossed but found itself increasingly overwhelmed by pure physical response. Analytical thought gave way to direct experience, her consciousness narrowing to the specific points of contact between Bob's mouth and her most sensitive flesh.

With a smooth motion, Bob rolled Jess onto her back. The sudden shift in position momentarily disoriented her, but his hands quickly resettled her.

"Here," he said, offering a fresh towel. "Bite on this if you need to muffle yourself."

The suggestion carried practical wisdom. Their location in the backyard, while private, wasn't entirely soundproof. Neighbors might be home, might hear unusual sounds carrying over the fence. The consideration demonstrated Bob's awareness of practical concerns that might not have occurred to Jess in the moment.

Jess took the towel, uncertain if she'd need it but appreciating the consideration. Bob positioned himself between her thighs, his large hands spreading her legs wider to accommodate his broad shoulders. His touch was confident, creating space for his access while ensuring her comfort in the new position.

From this angle, she could see his face clearly for the first time since they'd begun this new exploration. His eyes met hers briefly, a flash of something primal and hungry in his gaze before he lowered his mouth to her pussy once more. The direct eye contact created an unexpected acknowledgment of shared experience that transcended the purely physical nature of their interaction.

The stroke of his tongue from her entrance to her clit drew a gasp from Jess, her back arching slightly off the lounger. The new angle allowed him direct access to her clit, previously receiving only incidental attention. Bob maintained steady eye contact as he repeated the motion.

"Fuck," Jess whispered, her vocabulary reduced to basics as sensation overwhelmed her. She felt utterly exposed, spread open beneath his gaze and tongue in the bright afternoon light.

When he reached her clit, he altered his approach, tongue narrowing to focus pressure on the small bundle of nerves that sent pulses through her system. He seemed to read her body's signals with uncanny accuracy, adjusting pressure and speed based on subtle changes in her breathing and muscle tension.

Jess found the towel in her hand suddenly necessary as a flick of Bob's tongue drew a loud moan from her. She bit down on it, eyes closing as pleasure built.

Bob established a rhythm, his tongue alternating between strokes along her entire pussy and dedicated attention on her clit. Each cycle built upon the previous, creating an ascending spiral of sensation that quickly had Jess squirming. Her thighs trembled slightly against his shoulders, muscle tension accumulating as pleasure mounted.

"God, Bob," she panted.

When he added his fingers, sliding two thick digits inside her while his tongue continued its work, Jess felt herself approach climax. The dual stimulation created a synergistic effect greater than either sensation alone could have produced. His fingers curled, seeking and finding the sensitive spot along her front wall that had triggered Tuesday's explosive response.

Her mind began to drift, thoughts fragmenting under the assault of pure sensation. Images flashed behind her closed eyelids. Tom encouraging her exploration, Bob's fingers inside her on Tuesday, a college boyfriend who'd attempted oral sex with more enthusiasm than ability. These disjointed memories swirled together, creating a

kaleidoscopic backdrop to the mounting physical pleasure that demanded her complete attention.

Bob sucked on her clit, applying gentle pressure that sent Jess careering toward orgasm. Her thighs trembled on either side of his head, her body tensing as pleasure coiled tighter within her core.

"I'm close," Jess warned, voice muffled by the towel but the urgency unmistakable. "So close, please don't-oh my god, don't stop!"

The orgasm arrived with less explosive force than Tuesday's overwhelming experience but with greater depth, pleasure expanding rather than a single cataclysmic event, a sustained plateau of pleasure that extended the experience beyond a simple peak and decline.

"Oh god, oh god, oh god," she chanted before biting down harder on the towel. Her hands clutched at the lounger beneath her, seeking stability as her body rode pleasure that threatened to overwhelm her sense of bodily control.

Bob maintained his attentions through her climax, tongue gentling but not withdrawing as her body pulsed with aftershocks.

When Jess began to descend from the peak, she expected Bob to stop, to allow her to recover. Instead, he adjusted his position slightly, his broad shoulders pressing her thighs wider as he settled more firmly between them. The repositioning signaled his intention to continue, to maintain their connection rather than concluding the encounter after initial satisfaction had been achieved.

The continued stimulation prevented her from fully returning to baseline, maintaining a plateau of pleasure that kept her receptive to further arousal.

Within minutes, she felt another climax building, this one approaching more gradually but with greater intensity. Where the first had been a relatively quick release of initial tension, this second built, nerve endings already awakened now responding with increased sensitivity to Bob's continued attentions.

"How did you get so good at this?" Jess wondered silently.

Bob's skills raised questions about his past that hadn't previously occurred to Jess. Had he done this with many women? Did his ex-wives appreciate his oral abilities? Was this something he regularly offered the women he dated? The questions swirled through her mind without answers, dissolving into pure sensation as his tongue found a particularly responsive spot.

"You taste incredible," he murmured against her inner thigh, his breath hot against her sensitive skin. "I could do this for hours."

The statement held a note of genuine appreciation rather than obligation or performance.

This realization added another dimension to Jess's experience, knowing his enthusiasm was authentic.

This moment triggered a flash of memory. Despite Marco's impressive endowment and the physical chemistry they'd shared in college, she realized that he'd treated oral sex as a reluctant prerequisite to intercourse, a box to check before moving to activities primarily centered around his pleasure. Her practicing to overcome her gag reflex, her riding him while he lay back enjoying the view, her pushing back during doggy style.

Bob returned to her pussy with renewed focus, his technique shifting to longer, deeper motions that explored her entire length. When his tongue dipped inside her, mimicking the thrusting motion of his fingers, Jess felt a new sensation building.

"Oh god," she panted, eyes rolling to the back of her head. "What are you-ah!-doing to me?"

Pressure built, a fullness that demanded release. She recognized the feeling from Tuesday, the precursor to the squirting orgasm that had so surprised and overwhelmed her. The sensation was familiar from that recent experience yet novel in her broader sexual history.

"Bob," she warned, uncertain if he'd want to move away before what might happen next. The warning came from a place of consideration, an assumption that he might not welcome the potential mess her response might create.

"I think I'm going to-" She couldn't finish the sentence, embarrassment momentarily overriding pleasure as she realized what was about to happen. "You… you might want to-"

Rather than retreating, Bob doubled his efforts, fingers replacing his tongue, curling more firmly against her g-spot while his tongue worked her clit with increased intensity. The clear intent to trigger the same response she'd experienced Tuesday both thrilled and alarmed Jess. His pursuit of this reaction suggested not just acceptance but active desire for this expression of her pleasure.

"Oh fuck!" Jess gasped. "Bob, I can't-I can't-"

When she finally came, it wasn't as forceful as Tuesday's explosive experience, but liquid nonetheless escaped her body in a smaller but definitive gush. The sensation combined elements of traditional orgasm with a releasing quality entirely unique to this specific response, a simultaneous contraction and relaxation that created a complex physical experience beyond simple categorization.

"Yes!" The word emerged as both acknowledgment and celebration, her body trembling violently as pleasure crashed through her system. "Oh my god, oh my god," she repeated, the phrase becoming a mantra as she struggled to process the intensity.

Bob made a sound of approval against her pussy, his mouth and tongue working through her release without hesitation, clearly untroubled by the additional wetness. His continued attention through this response demonstrated commitment to her pleasure.

The fact that he not only accepted but seemed to appreciate this response eliminated any residual embarrassment Jess might have felt. The acceptance was powerfully affirming, validating a reaction she'd only recently discovered her body capable of producing. His enthusiasm transformed what might have been a moment of self-consciousness into one of celebration, a shared appreciation for her body's natural expression.

As her second orgasm subsided, Jess felt her inhibitions dissolving, her earlier apprehension replaced by a desire to fully inhabit the experience.

She reached down, hands finding the back of Bob's bald head. Her fingers slid across his scalp, threading together as she pulled him harder against her soaked pussy.

The action represented a significant shift from passive recipient to active participant. She wasn't merely allowing this intimate act but actively engaging with it, directing Bob's attention where she wanted it most. This assumption of agency altered the dynamic, transforming the encounter from something happening to her into something she was choosing and shaping.

Bob responded immediately to her guidance, adjusting his rhythm and pressure to match what her hands communicated. The collaborative nature of their interaction intensified the connection, creating a feedback loop of response and adaptation that drove Jess toward yet another peak.

This mutual engagement elevated the experience beyond simple physical pleasure, introducing an element of communication and shared purpose that deepened its significance.

"That's perfect," Jess encouraged, her confidence growing as she embraced this active role. "Just like that. Just like that."

She found herself moving her pussy against his mouth, seeking maximum contact. These motions emerged without conscious direction, her body instinctively seeking to optimize its pleasure through adjustments of angle and pressure. She wasn't just accepting pleasure anymore. She was taking it, using his mouth as an instrument for her satisfaction.

“Fuck, yes,” she hissed through clenched teeth, grinding herself shamelessly against his face. “Right there. Don’t fucking stop!”

This third orgasm built more slowly, her body approaching natural limitations after so much intense stimulation. When it finally arrived, it manifested differently than the previous ones, spreading through her body in gentle pulses rather than overwhelming waves, a gradual release that left her limbs heavy and mind beautifully blank. This gentler culmination created a sense of completion rather than interruption, a natural conclusion to the ascending intensity of their encounter.

“Mmmmm,” Jess hummed, the sound pure contentment as the last ripples of pleasure flooded her system.

As consciousness slowly reasserted itself, Jess became aware of Bob placing gentle kisses on her inner thighs, allowing her time to recover without completely breaking contact. These transitional touches helped bridge the intensity of sexual connection with the ordinary awareness that would eventually need to return, creating a gentle path back to normal consciousness rather than an abrupt shift.

His chin glistened in the afternoon sunlight. The sight should have been embarrassing but instead struck Jess as strangely beautiful, a representation of their shared intimacy, her pleasure literally visible on his face. The image carried a raw honesty that transcended conventional ideas of propriety or disgust, a celebration of physical connection without shame or judgment.

“You okay?” Bob asked, his voice gentle as he moved up to sit beside her on the lounger.

Jess attempted to form words but found her cognitive functions still offline so she settled for a small nod instead. A smile formed on her lips without conscious direction, muscles responding to biochemical signals of satisfaction her brain was still processing.

A small giggle escaped her lips, not the uncontrollable laughter of Tuesday’s experience but a lighter expression of endorphin-fueled happiness. The sound emerged without intention, a spontaneous expression of the chemical cocktail currently circulating through her system.

“I’ll take that as a positive review,” Bob said, humor warming his voice. His expression carried a mixture of self-satisfaction and genuine pleasure at her reaction, pride in his abilities balanced with appreciation for her response.

Jess found her words finally. “That was...” she began, then faltered, unable to articulate the complexity of what she’d experienced. Language seemed suddenly

inadequate, its discrete categories and sequential structure poorly suited to capturing the multidimensional nature of what had transpired. “A lot,” she finished.

Bob nodded as if she’d made perfect sense, his hand coming to rest lightly on her knee. The touch was comforting rather than sexual, a gentle connection as she regained her composure.

“Where did you learn to do that?” she asked when her breathing had finally normalized.

“Practice,” Bob replied with a small smile. “And paying attention. Every woman responds differently.”

The statement carried information about his previous experiences, confirming that he’d had enough partners to develop technique. It suggested an approach to sexuality based on observation and adaptation rather than assumption, a willingness to learn from each encounter rather than imposing techniques.

“You have a particularly beautiful response,” he added. “And you taste incredible. Like I said, I could probably eat you for hours.”

The crude phrasing somehow avoided vulgarity, his genuine appreciation transforming what might have been offensive from another man into something that felt almost like reverence. The directness contained a honesty that euphemism would have diminished, an authentic expression of desire that acknowledged the physical reality of their connection without unnecessary abstraction.

“How was it for you?” Bob asked.

Jess laughed softly, gesturing to her reclined position and clearly blissed expression. “I can’t even think straight,” she admitted. “But it was... incredible. Not like anything I’ve experienced before.”

This admission carried weight she hadn’t intended, a comparison to previous partners including Tom. She felt a flicker of guilt for the unspoken evaluation, the acknowledgment that Bob had given her pleasure distinct from what her husband provided. The comparison emerged naturally from her experience yet created a complicated emotional aftermath, a recognition that would inevitably color her perception of intimacy with Tom moving forward.

Bob nodded, accepting her assessment without pressing for elaboration. Jess waited for him to suggest reciprocation, to request his own pleasure in exchange for what he’d given her. The request seemed logical, expected given their previous encounter and the intensity of what they’d just shared. Their Tuesday dynamic had included mutual satisfaction, her hand on his cock following his fingers inside her. Today’s

experience had been far more intense, creating what seemed like a natural expectation of equivalent return.

It never came.

Instead, Bob reached for a fresh towel, offering it to Jess with a gesture that suggested she might want to dry herself. His consideration continued to surprise her, small moments of thoughtfulness that contradicted stereotypes about men his age, men with his apparent sexual appetite. These consistent acts of care, the offered towel, the concern for muffling her sounds, the gentle touches during her recovery, created a foundation of trust that transcended the purely sexual nature of their connection.

"We took a significant step today," he said as Jess dabbed the towel between her thighs. "You should probably head back upstairs, talk to Tom tonight, make sure you're okay with what happened."

The suggestion stunned Jess momentarily. Not only was he not requesting reciprocation, he was encouraging her to reconnect with her husband, to process the experience within the context of her marriage rather than lingering in this separate intimacy they'd created.

"You're not asking me to..." Jess gestured vaguely toward his erection.

"Not today," Bob replied simply. "Today was about you."

The statement carried neither martyrdom nor manipulation, just a straightforward declaration of intent that left room for future encounters without pressuring her current situation. The absence of expectation created space for her to process what had happened without the additional complexity of his satisfaction to consider.

Jess felt an unexpected rush of gratitude for his approach, for the space he was creating for her to process what had happened without additional complications. The consideration demonstrated a depth of understanding about her position that many men might have lacked. It acknowledged the emotional complexity of their arrangement, the need for integration rather than compartmentalization of these experiences.

"Thank you," she said, the words encompassing appreciation for both the physical pleasure and the emotional space he was now providing.

Bob nodded. He stood, reaching for his discarded clothes.

Jess gathered her own items, slipping the cover-up over her shoulders without bothering to retrieve her bikini. The symbolic protection they offered had been rendered meaningless by the intimacy they'd shared, making their recovery a pointless gesture toward a modesty long since abandoned between them.

As she prepared to leave, Bob's hand touched her arm lightly, a brief contact that captured her attention.

"Just so you know," he said, his voice pitched low and intimate, "whenever you want this again, however you want it, you only need to ask."

The offer was neither pressure nor instruction, simply information she could use or disregard at her discretion. It placed agency firmly in her hands, establishing that future encounters would require her initiation rather than assuming a pattern had been established by today's experience.

Jess nodded, acknowledging both his statement and the autonomy it preserved. "I'll remember that."

She gathered her things and moved toward the stairs, legs still somewhat unsteady from the intense pleasure they'd experienced.

When she reached the balcony, Jess turned for a final glance at the pool area. Bob stood beside one of the loungers, now partially dressed in shorts though his chest remained bare. He raised a hand in casual farewell, the gesture containing none of the awkwardness she might have expected after such an intimate encounter.

Jess returned the wave before sliding the glass door open and stepping inside. The cool air conditioning raised goosebumps on her skin. The contrast between the sun-warmed pool deck and the climate-controlled interior created a sensory dividing line between the experience she'd just shared with Bob and the ordinary domestic space she shared with Tom.

Her phone lit up with a text notification on the kitchen counter. Tom checking in again, no doubt eager for details about what had transpired. The anticipation evident in his repeated messages created an additional layer of complexity to process, the knowledge that her experience would soon become narrative, description, entertainment.

Jess ignored it for now, needing time to process her experience before attempting to translate it into words for her husband. She moved through the kitchen toward their bedroom, her mind already drafting and discarding potential narratives, wondering which aspects to emphasize, which details might overwhelm. The selection process itself represented a strange responsibility, curating another person's encounter with an experience they could never directly access.

The shower beckoned, offering time to organize her thoughts. Under the water, Jess allowed herself to fully process the physical aftermath of their encounter. Her body felt both depleted and energized, muscles relaxed yet somehow more present in her consciousness than usual.

As water cascaded over her body, Jess acknowledged a truth she'd been avoiding since Tuesday. Despite having just started, this exploration with Bob was already changing her in ways she hadn't anticipated.

This transformation wouldn't easily reverse once their exploration concluded. Knowledge, once gained, resists unlearning. Awareness, once awakened, rarely returns to slumber. Whatever boundaries she ultimately established with Bob, whatever decisions she and Tom made about the future of their arrangement, the internal shift had already occurred. She had changed, not externally in ways others might observe, but internally in her relationship with her own pleasure.

The implications of this change remained unclear. Would it enhance her intimacy with Tom, bringing new awareness and capacity for surrender to their established connection? Or would it create an unbridgeable gap, a standard of pleasure he couldn't meet despite his love and commitment? The question lingered as Jess finished her shower, water rinsing away the physical evidence of her afternoon while leaving the emotional and psychological impact intact.

As she toweled dry, her phone buzzed again from the bedroom. Tom's eagerness had apparently evolved into concern at her continued silence.

Jess wrapped herself in a robe and moved to the bed, sitting on its edge as she picked up her phone.

Tom: "Everything okay? Haven't heard from you."

She studied the screen, considering her response. How much should she share? What details would excite rather than overwhelm? Where was the line between honesty and consideration?

The questions multiplied without clear answers. This arrangement they'd created, this exploration they were navigating together yet separately, contained complexities they hadn't fully anticipated when they'd established their rules at Vesper. The reality proved messier than theory, boundaries less distinct, implications more far-reaching.

Jess began typing, her fingers creating and deleting several attempts before settling on a simple response that acknowledged receipt without providing details she wasn't yet ready to share.

Jess: "I'm here. Just took a shower."

She set the phone aside and lay back on the bed, staring at the ceiling. Her body still buzzed with residual pleasure, muscles loose and mind pleasantly hazy.

Beneath this physical contentment ran a current of uncertainty. What came next? How would this encounter alter their dynamic moving forward? What expectations had been created, what precedents established?

Her phone buzzed again.

Tom: "Can't wait to hear everything. Love you."

The message contained both affection and anticipation, the dual nature of their current relationship captured in its simple phrasing. She typed a quick response.

Jess: "Love you too."

This, at least, remained uncomplicated. Whatever boundaries they explored, whatever arrangements they negotiated, the foundation of love and commitment continued to anchor their relationship. This exploration might reshape aspects of their connection, might introduce complexities they hadn't anticipated, but the essential structure remained intact, a framework sturdy enough to accommodate evolution without collapse.

The Bad Tenant Ch. 17

Bob Caldwell sat at his desk Saturday morning, coffee steaming beside his laptop as the smoke detector camera footage from Thursday night played for the fourth time. His free hand lazily stroked his cock while he studied the bedroom scene unfolding on screen.

"I can't believe he did that," Tom was saying. "He actually went down on you?"

"Yes," Jess replied, her tone carrying a hint of shyness. "He did."

"And… did it feel good?"

"It felt really good," Jess admitted, then fell silent.

"Tell me everything," Tom pressed after several seconds of quiet. "From the start. Please."

Another pause. Bob pictured Jess gathering her thoughts, perhaps weighing how much to share, how to frame the experience.

"When I went downstairs," she began, "I was wearing that pink bikini. Not completely naked like Tuesday."

Bob smiled at the memory. The pink bikini had suited her perfectly, the color complementing her golden tan, the cut accentuating her long legs and firm breasts.

Jess described the initial awkwardness, how they'd acknowledged Tuesday. Bob nodded at his screen, appreciating her accurate portrayal. She mentioned their swim, her attempt to teach him floating, his unexpected erection.

Jess continued her story, explaining their exit from the pool, the offer of a massage. Bob resumed stroking himself as she described lying face down on the lounger, his hands working across her shoulders and back.

"After he finished my legs and feet," Jess continued, "he said, 'I can make you feel even better a different way.'"

Bob imagined Tom's expression at this revelation, the desire playing across his boyish features.

"I was turned on," Jess confessed, "knowing I was doing something naughty with someone who wasn't my husband. I was nervous and felt a bit guilty… but Bob has this way of making me feel relaxed, you know?"

Bob's chest swelled with pride at this assessment. Creating that atmosphere of safety within transgression had been a big goal of his, a balance of pushing boundaries while never appearing to force or demand. The payoff evident in Jess's words validated his approach.

"And then?" Tom prompted when Jess fell silent again.

"He had me turn over," Jess explained. "Then he… he used his mouth on me."

"And?" Tom pressed. "Was it good? I need details, Jess."

"It was… he made me come three times, Tom."

"Holy fuck," Tom breathed. "Three times?"

Bob's hand moved faster on his cock, the memory of Thursday's encounter intertwining with the recording of Jess describing it. Her taste still lingered in his memory, the way her thighs had trembled, the sounds she'd made as pleasure overwhelmed her.

"At first, I just let him do his thing," Jess continued, "but after the second orgasm, I actually put my hands around his head and pretty much grinded my pussy against his face."

Bob recalled that moment clearly. The shift from passive recipient to active participant had transformed their dynamic, elevating the encounter beyond simple physical pleasure.

"I was so into it," Jess added, "… that I just kind of took what I wanted."

"Are you jealous?" Jess asked after a pause.

"Yeah," Tom admitted. "But I'm also turned on more than ever."

The rustling of bedsheets indicated movement, likely Tom pulling Jess closer.

"So," Tom said, "how do you plan on repaying the favor next Tuesday?"

"Maybe I'll suck his big cock," Jess replied, her tone playful. "Would you like that? Would it turn you on to know your wife had Bob's huge cock in her mouth?"

"Fuck yes," Tom groaned.

The recording captured sounds of kissing, movement. Bob fast-forwarded slightly, resuming when the dialogue continued.

"I can't believe he put his mouth on you," Tom was saying, breathless now. "On your pussy. And you let him. That's so fucking crazy but so fucking hot."

"It was different," Jess admitted.

More movement, then the unmistakable sounds of penetration. Quick, urgent thrusts accompanied by Tom's increasingly ragged breathing. Bob grimaced at Tom's apparent lack of control or technique, the frantic pace suggesting desperation. Within minutes, Tom was panting.

"I'm gonna come," he warned. "Fuck!"

A grunt, then silence save for heavy breathing.

Bob smirked at the monitor. Five minutes, maybe less. Pathetic. The sophisticated business consultant with his college degree and corporate career, reduced to a quick shooting teenager at the mere description of his wife's pleasure with another man.

More rustling indicated movement. Muffled conversation followed.

"I love you," Tom said, his voice now soft, intimate. "You know that, right?"

"I know," Jess replied. "I love you too."

Their voices dropped lower, occasional phrases emerging from the gentle murmurs.

"… proud of you for exploring…"

"… still feels strange sometimes…"

"… never want to push you…"

"… grateful you understand…"

Bob stopped the recording, switching to Friday night's footage. Where Thursday had featured urgent, almost desperate sex following Jess's account, Friday showed a gentler, more connected intimacy between the couple.

They still referenced Bob, still incorporated their exploration into their intimacy, but the encounter seemed less dependent on the external stimulus. It was more about their connection to each other than Tom's arousal at his wife's experiences with another man.

"No matter what happens with this exploration," Tom had assured her, "you're my wife, my partner, my best friend. The physical stuff is just that, physical."

Jess had responded by initiating tender, unhurried sex. The extensive conversation afterward had focused on reaffirming their commitment and expressing continued enthusiasm for their evolving arrangement.

Bob stopped the playback, setting his laptop aside while continuing to stroke himself. A detail from the recordings demanded particular attention.

Through all the detailed recounting of Thursday's encounter, the description of his oral technique, the three consecutive orgasms, even Jess's assertiveness in guiding his head, one critical element had been conspicuously absent from her narrative.

Squirting.

She had never once mentioned the response he'd triggered, first on Tuesday with his fingers and again on Thursday with the combination of fingers and tongue. Bob had witnessed her climaxes, had felt the gush of fluid against his hand and face, had seen the evidence soak the towel beneath her. Yet in her recounting to Tom, this detail had been completely omitted.

By excluding her squirting response from her narrative, Jess was clearly shielding Tom's ego, preventing a comparison that might have highlighted the difference between her experiences with the two men.

Bob's hand moved faster. The intelligence gap between what he knew and what the couple shared created exploitable territory. Jess's unwillingness to reveal her full experience suggested both vulnerability and opportunity. Not only had she experienced unprecedented pleasure with Bob, but she'd actively concealed the extent of that pleasure from her husband. The lie of omission created potential leverage, a secret Bob might eventually utilize to deepen the wedge between husband and wife.

Jessica Marshall, the stunning blonde professional with her perfect life was keeping secrets to protect Tom's fragile male ego.

As his climax approached, Bob allowed himself to indulge the fantasy forming in his mind. Jess on her knees, those full lips stretched around his cock, her blonde hair gathered in his fist. Tom watching from a corner, pathetically aroused yet increasingly aware of his own inadequacy as his wife struggled to accommodate Bob's superior endowment. The younger man's expression transitioning from excitement to understanding that he was witnessing not just a sexual encounter but the redefinition of his marriage, the recognition that Bob had permanently altered Jess's expectations in ways Tom could never satisfy.

Bob came with a groan, his cum spurting across his hand and stomach. As the pleasure subsided, he reached for the box of tissues beside his laptop, cleaning himself while his mind shifted from fantasy to planning.

Tuesday loomed as the next opportunity. Would Jess follow through on the suggestion of oral sex she'd made during dirty talk with Tom?

But despite her genuine pleasure and participation on Thursday, despite the dirty talk, Jess would likely need time to process the rapid progression. Bob's patience had served him well thus far. Rushing or pushing now might trigger her defenses, might prompt an overcorrection that could set his campaign back weeks.

The wiser approach would be continued restraint. Let her come to him, let her initiate, let her believe each escalation represented her choice. If she offered a blowjob, he would accept with appreciation but not expectation. If she sought a repetition of Thursday's pleasure, he would provide it with the same apparent selflessness, building further trust through restraint.

Trust was his most valuable currency, the foundation upon which each escalation built. Jess returned to the back yard because she trusted him not to demand or pressure, trusted him to respect her boundaries while creating space for her to push those same boundaries when she felt ready.

Tom, too, trusted him, though with greater naiveté. The younger man had swallowed Bob's lies about Jess's supposed confessions, had accepted his portrayal as reluctant participant rather than manipulator. Tom's eagerness to believe whatever confirmed his fantasies made him the perfect unwitting accomplice in his own cuckolding.

The victory tasted sweeter for the younger man's active participation in his own dethronement. Tom genuinely believed this arrangement would strengthen their marriage, would satisfy his cuckolding fantasy while leaving their fundamental connection unchanged. The blindness reflected privilege. Men like Tom always assumed they could experiment without consequences, could bend rules without breaking them, could sample danger without suffering its effects.

Bob snorted at the delusion. Already, Jess was keeping secrets from her husband. Already, she'd experienced pleasure beyond what Tom had provided in years of marriage.

The foundation was cracking, hairline fractures spreading through what the couple believed unshakable. Soon enough, those cracks would widen, compromising structural integrity until collapse became inevitable.

With continued discipline, continued patience, continued psychological insight, Bob would achieve his ultimate goal, the complete sexual conquest of Jessica Marshall while her husband watched from the sidelines, trapped between arousal and the dawning recognition that he'd facilitated his own replacement in the most fundamental aspect of masculine identity.

Bob closed his laptop, tucking it into its drawer before standing to refill his coffee.

As he moved to the kitchen, he caught sight of Jess through the window, exiting the house in workout clothes, gym bag slung over her shoulder. Her blonde ponytail bobbed with each step, her leggings showcasing the long legs and perfect ass he'd so thoroughly enjoyed on Thursday.

Watching her climb into her Tesla, Bob nodded with satisfaction. Saturday was proceeding as anticipated. Jess to the gym, then grocery shopping. The patterns were predictable, reliable.

Tom saved the spreadsheet on his monitor and glanced at the clock in the corner of his screen. Four hours of focused work on the Meridian implementation had yielded impressive progress, but his concentration was beginning to wane. He leaned back in his chair, mind naturally gravitating to Thursday's development.

The thought still knocked him sideways. Bob had gone down on Jess. His wife had allowed their tenant to put his mouth on her most private area. Not just allowed it but enjoyed it immensely.

"I actually put my hands around his head and pretty much grinded my pussy against his face," she'd told him. The memory of her words sent blood rushing to his cock. "I just kind of took what I wanted."

That particular detail left Tom both aroused and unsettled. It created a complex emotional cocktail. Jealousy, dread, helplessness, and excitement all swirling together into something almost addictive. The discomfort itself had somehow become pleasurable, a psychological contradiction he couldn't fully unravel.

In some ways, it wasn't surprising that Jess had "taken what she wanted." She'd always been an active, enthusiastic partner in their own sexual encounters. She wrapped her legs around him during missionary, threw her ass back during doggy style, gripped his hair when he went down on her, guided his hand when she wanted something specific. Her confidence in expressing desire was one of her qualities. But hearing that confidence directed toward another man created that peculiar emotion, that mixture of jealousy and arousal he found himself increasingly craving.

Tom's mind wandered further despite his attempts to rein it in. If Jess had allowed Bob's mouth on her, what else might she eventually permit? Her repeated insistence that penetrative sex remained off the table was genuine. She'd made her position clear multiple times and he respected this boundary, at least intellectually.

And yet the forbidden nature of actual intercourse with another man formed the cornerstone of Tom's most private fantasies. When alone, he imagined Jess straddling Bob, hands on his massive chest, controlling the pace as she bounced up and down on

his massive cock. The image was both excruciating and intoxicating, a mental territory Tom revisited with increasing frequency despite the discomfort it generated.

Bob had also given Jess three orgasms using just his mouth and fingers. The achievement bothered Tom even as it fascinated him. He told himself that no random guy could navigate Jess's body like he could, that his years of intimate knowledge gave him an insurmountable advantage. But doubt crept in nonetheless. What exactly had Bob done to elicit such a powerful response? How did his technique differ?

Jess hadn't made any explicit comparisons during her recounting, had been careful to avoid direct contrasts. The consideration touched him, even as it generated immense curiosity about what differences existed that she'd chosen not to articulate.

Tom realized suddenly that Bob hadn't rung the doorbell for one of their "chats" in two weeks, not since before Jess's Savannah trip. Perhaps he should knock on Bob's door now to discuss Thursday's developments, explore what might come next, maybe prepare for Tuesday.

He dismissed the idea almost immediately. Better to maintain some distance for now, to let the situation evolve naturally rather than force conversation. Maybe next week, after he'd had more time to process everything.

His thoughts drifted to Jess's next work from home day, Tuesday. Would Bob escalate things even further? Would Jess? Would she actually give Bob a blowjob? The possibility seemed remote so soon after Thursday's boundary crossing but not entirely implausible. Bob had told him weeks ago that Jess had expressed interest in "repaying the favor," a claim Tom had initially doubted but now seemed increasingly credible given how things had progressed.

Despite his arousal at the possibility, Tom had no intention of pushing for anything specific. The most significant aspect of the thrill came from hearing about what happened in Jess's own words, understanding her perspective, learning how she felt in those moments. The authenticity made it more intense than anything he could orchestrate or direct.

His stomach growled. Tom checked the time again. 1 PM. No wonder he was hungry. He stood and headed to the kitchen, assembling a quick turkey and Swiss sandwich, then returned to his office.

As he ate, Tom opened his calendar, reviewing the week ahead. Jess would be meeting with James Chen Wednesday through Friday for the Houston project, missing the Thursday poolside session with Bob. The timing was actually fortuitous. This final week of the Meridian implementation demanded his complete focus, not distraction from thoughts of what might be happening at home.

Just one more week of triple-checking formulas, running data validation tests, and sitting through status meetings. Then the Meridian project would officially conclude on Friday.

Friday would also bring the team dinner at Akira, celebrating the successful completion of Meridian. Jess wouldn't attend. These team celebrations weren't her thing. She saved her energy for the larger corporate events that warranted both their presence.

The following Monday, he'd meet with Davis to formalize his promotion to Senior Consultant. He'd need to stay on as an advisor for three months while the Meridian team operated the system themselves, but that role would demand far less from him than the implementation phase had.

Tom picked up his phone and opened his banking app, checking their account balances. He noticed that $2,000 had been deposited yesterday. Bob's rent payment. Seeing that figure prompted Tom to reflect on how much had changed in the two months since Bob had moved in.

Before Bob, things had been strained between him and Jess. The cryptocurrency disaster had created a shadow over their relationship, a distance neither knew how to bridge. He'd been working fourteen-hour days, partly from necessity but also to avoid facing her disappointment when he came home.

Now, despite still working long hours, he and Jess felt more connected than they had in ages. Their sex life had transcended anything they'd experienced even during their early days together. The exploration had somehow revitalized their relationship rather than threatening it. What had begun as Tom's privately harbored fantasy had transformed into a shared adventure that brought them closer together.

The financial aspect couldn't be overlooked either. Between the rental income and the thousands they'd saved through Bob's renovations, the new kitchen and bathroom faucets, fixed sprinklers, back and front yard work, new kitchen backsplash, and new smoke detectors, all completed at dramatic discounts thanks to Bob's "connections," their financial situation had started to improve. With Tom's upcoming promotion and raise, plus Jess's continued success at work, they had breathing room after the crypto loss. The family planning they'd been forced to delay might be possible much sooner than expected, months instead of years.

Tom took another bite of his sandwich. Perhaps he should plan a celebration dinner for his promotion. It had been a while since he'd taken Jess out, and she loved when they both got dressed up for a night on the town. The last time had been their evening at Vesper followed by Domino, which had initiated this entire exploration.

He also needed to schedule that double date Jess had been mentioning. Madi and Brandon had been pushing for it but work demands had forced them to postpone

repeatedly. Now that the Meridian implementation was wrapping up, they could finally make it happen. Tom made a mental note to suggest some dates to Jess.

Looking further ahead, Tom anticipated how their arrangement might evolve once both of their schedules intensified. Jess would soon be immersed in both the Houston and Savannah projects concurrently. The demands on her time would increase dramatically, potentially leaving less opportunity for the poolside exploration with Bob. Would the reduced frequency intensify the encounters that did occur? Would the limitations create frustration or relief?

The Skyline project ending party loomed at the end of the month, another significant event on their calendar. Tom made another mental note to ensure his availability. Jess had been deeply disappointed when he'd missed the previous Skyline event due to Meridian demands. He refused to repeat that mistake, recognizing how important his presence would be to her.

The doorbell rang, followed by Jess's voice calling from the foyer. "Tom? I could use some help with the groceries!"

Tom stood, making his way downstairs to help his wife. He found her in the entryway, surrounded by reusable shopping bags.

"Looks like you bought out the entire store," he commented, taking several heavy bags from her hands.

"I got carried away in the produce section," Jess admitted with a smile. "But I found these amazing local strawberries that looked too good to pass up."

Tom leaned in for a quick kiss before heading toward the kitchen with his load. "Strawberries sound perfect."

As they unpacked groceries together, Tom felt a rush of contentment. The Meridian project, his promotion, even their arrangement with Bob were all important elements of their lives, but secondary to the partnership they continued to build together, one ordinary day at a time.

"So," Jess said as she placed eggs in the refrigerator, "I was thinking about that double date with Madi and Brandon. What about next Saturday? Meridian will be done, and we could both use a night out."

Tom smiled at the coincidence of their thoughts. "I was just thinking the same thing. Saturday works for me if they're free."

"I'll text Madi and check," Jess replied. "And I was thinking we should do something to celebrate your promotion once it's official."

"You read my mind," Tom said, marveling at how often their thoughts aligned despite the complexities they were navigating. "We definitely need to celebrate."

"It's been a long road with Meridian," Jess acknowledged. "You deserve to mark its completion properly."

"We both deserve it," Tom said, placing a bag of coffee in the cabinet. "Juggling everything these past months… we've been through a lot."

Jess paused. "We have, haven't we? And somehow we're stronger for it."

"Definitely stronger," Tom agreed.

"What's on your agenda for the rest of the day?" Jess asked as she wiped down the counter.

"A few more hours of Meridian prep," Tom replied. "Nothing urgent, but I want to stay ahead of this week's final push. You?"

"Meal prep for the week," she said.

"I'll help with dinner later," he offered. "Just let me know when."

"It's a deal," Jess said, reaching for his hand and giving it a quick squeeze before turning toward the refrigerator to organize ingredients for her meal prep.

Tom headed back to his office. The Meridian spreadsheet awaited, demanding his attention for a few more hours before he could fully engage with his weekend. As he settled back into his chair, Tom found his focus returning more easily than expected, enough to temporarily quiet the more provocative thoughts still lingering at the edges of his consciousness. They would return later, those thoughts, but for now, the ordinary demands of work provided structure amid the extraordinary evolution of his marriage.

Jess saved the Houston project presentation materials at 11:30 AM, satisfied with her progress. The design concept boards had come together faster than expected despite the project's complexity. The materials weren't just ready. They were good. Excellent, even. The kind of work that reinforced why she'd become a designer in the first place.

She closed the design software and stretched her arms overhead. Tomorrow, James Chen would arrive in Austin for their three-day meeting marathon.

Jess glanced at her phone, noting several texts from Madi about their upcoming double date. After weeks of postponements, they'd finally confirmed dinner for the coming Saturday. Madi's excitement bubbled through her messages.

Madi: FINALLY! Brandon was about to give up on you two hermits. Can't wait to catch up properly!

Jess smiled, typing a quick confirmation. The prospect of an evening out with friends carried more appeal than usual. Between her mounting project responsibilities and the complexity of their current exploration with Bob, she craved the simplicity of dinner with friends.

Though "simple" might be overstating things when Brandon was involved. His flirtatious nature, particularly toward Jess, added a layer of complexity to their social dynamic that predated their current arrangement with Bob. Brandon had made no secret of his attraction to her since college, maintaining a persistent campaign of suggestive comments and appreciative glances that straddled the line between flattery and impropriety.

In the past, she'd found his attention both annoying and oddly flattering, a predictable element of their friendship group that everyone acknowledged but never directly addressed. Tom had always seemed more amused than threatened by Brandon's overtures, laughing off the attention his wife received while occasionally reminding Brandon of boundaries through casual physical contact, a hand on Jess's waist, an arm around her shoulders.

Now, with their new arrangement, Jess wondered how Tom would respond to Brandon's flirtation. Would it trigger the same mixture of jealousy and arousal that Bob's attention generated? Would Tom encourage subtle reciprocation? The questions generated fresh uncertainty about social interactions she'd previously navigated on autopilot.

The weekend had been routine. Saturday evening's meal prep had extended into a cooking date. They'd laughed together over Tom's attempt at homemade pasta sauce, his dramatic dismay when he'd accidentally doubled the oregano. They'd watched an action thriller afterward, the kind with predictable plot twists they enjoyed guessing before they happened. Their lovemaking later had been satisfying.

Sunday had continued the pattern. Tom working in his office on Meridian while Jess attended yoga. She'd felt a flicker of disappointment finding a substitute instructor rather than Derek.

Sunday evening had mirrored Saturday's pattern. Dinner, another movie, more sex before bed. Throughout these routine activities, their recent exploration with Bob remained present yet unobtrusive, a background awareness that occasionally surfaced in meaningful glances or Tom's questions about her thoughts.

Monday had returned them both to professional demands. Tom deep into Meridian's final week, Jess finalizing Houston preparations and wrapping loose ends on Skyline.

They'd exchanged brief texts throughout the day and connected over a quick dinner at night.

Now it was Tuesday. Tuesday, with its established pattern of working from home. Tuesday, with its implicit invitation to the pool at noon.

Last Thursday's encounter with Bob had pushed her exploration into territory she hadn't anticipated crossing. His mouth between her legs, his tongue bringing her to heights she'd never reached before.

The memory still carried the power to raise her pulse, to create warmth between her thighs. Bob's skill had revealed capacities for pleasure she hadn't known her body possessed. The intensity had been almost frightening in its completeness, the surrender more absolute than anything she'd experienced before.

That total surrender represented both appeal and danger. She'd lost herself in those moments. The experience had altered something fundamental in her understanding of her own sexuality, creating a before and after division she was still processing.

Throughout the weekend, she'd found herself wanting to discuss this shift with someone besides Tom, someone who might offer perspective beyond his enthusiastic encouragement. Madi would have been the natural choice. Her best friend's straightforward approach to sexuality, her history of casual arrangements, her generally nonjudgmental attitude toward exploration, all would have made her an ideal confidante.

But their rule about privacy remained clear. "This stays completely between us. No sharing with friends, no matter how close."

The restriction made sense on multiple levels. Discretion protected their reputations, prevented potential gossip, maintained clear boundaries between their marital exploration and their broader social circle. Yet it also created an information vacuum where Jess's only sounding board was the person most invested in continuing their arrangement.

That said, the secrecy itself carried its own peculiar excitement. Knowing that she and Tom shared this private exploration, this intimate arrangement no one else understood, it created a conspiratorial intimacy that heightened the experience. Their secret bound them together in ways other couples might never experience, a shared transgression that paradoxically strengthened their connection.

Jess checked the time again. 11:40 AM. Twenty minutes until her usual pool break. Twenty minutes to decide her approach for today's encounter.

Would she reciprocate today? The question had circled through her mind since Thursday afternoon. Bob had given her incredible pleasure without requesting anything

in return, had stated "Today was about you" when she'd asked about reciprocation. The restraint had impressed her almost as much as his skill, creating space for her to process the experience without additional complications.

But reciprocity remained a foundational element in how she understood relationships. Receiving pleasure without returning it created an imbalance she'd been raised to view as inappropriate. Her parents had emphasized fairness and exchange in all interactions. You bring a gift to dinner parties, you write thank-you notes for presents, you return borrowed items promptly. This ethos had naturally extended to her understanding of sexual encounters. Pleasure given deserved pleasure returned.

Yet this situation defied simple application of established rules. Bob wasn't her boyfriend or husband. Their encounters existed within a framework negotiated with Tom, boundaries established through discussion. Any reciprocation would constitute another boundary crossing, another escalation in their already complex arrangement.

What would Tom expect? Their conversations throughout the weekend had touched on their exploration without addressing what might happen today. When Tom had asked about her plans for Tuesday, she'd replied honestly, "I haven't decided yet."

"Whatever you choose," he'd assured her, "I support."

Tom clearly hoped for further exploration yet remained careful not to push. The balance created room for her agency while maintaining the possibility of continued experimentation. Whether this represented genuine respect for her autonomy or subtle manipulation toward his desires remained a question without clear answer.

If she did choose to reciprocate, what form would that take? Her hand around Bob's cock again, as on their first intimate encounter? Or something more, the suggestion she'd made during dirty talk with Tom. "Maybe I'll suck his big cock."

The prospect generated that same complex emotional mixture that had become her constant companion in this exploration. Apprehension mingled with curiosity, anxiety with excitement. Taking Bob into her mouth would represent another significant threshold crossed, another experience that couldn't be undone or forgotten.

Jess stood from her desk, moving toward the bedroom. Whatever she decided regarding reciprocation, she needed to prepare for her usual noon swim. The routine aspects, selecting swimwear, filling her water bottle, provided structure amid the uncertainty of what might follow.

In the walk-in closet, Jess surveyed her swimwear options. The progression had moved from conservative one-pieces to increasingly revealing bikinis, culminating in her arrival completely naked beneath her cover-up last Tuesday.

A nude one-piece caught her eye, but she moved past it, fingers trailing toward her collection of bikinis instead. Most were designed for actual swimming or appropriate poolside lounging at resort hotels and public beaches. She'd need to expand her collection if these Tuesday and Thursday sessions continued.

Her fingers paused on the white bikini she'd worn for Bob before, the one Tom had originally bought for their Cabo weekend years ago. Barely more than strings with tiny triangles of fabric, it was the most revealing suit she owned. She remembered how it had become almost transparent when wet, how her nipples had been clearly visible through the thin material, how the bottoms had clung to her pussy in ways that left little to the imagination.

The suit had never seen a public beach or pool. She wouldn't dare wear something so revealing around strangers. Yet here she was, considering it again for Bob, knowing exactly what would happen when she emerged from the water.

Jess took it from the hanger, the decision made. There was something fitting about choosing this particular suit today. After Thursday's intimacy, after having Bob's mouth between her legs, worrying about visible nipples or camel toe seemed almost quaint.

Jess changed quickly, aware of the approaching noon hour. She observed her reflection in the full-length mirror, admitting to herself that the effect was exactly what the suit was designed for, creating desire. This wasn't an outfit for serious lap swimming but for being seen.

The freedom to choose her level of exposure, to set boundaries based on her comfort in the moment rather than rigid predetermined rules, had become an important aspect of her approach to these encounters.

Jess gathered her cover-up, slipping it over her shoulders without fastening it. She filled her water bottle in the kitchen before moving toward the sliding glass door that led to the balcony.

Jess took a deep breath, centering herself. In a moment, she would descend those stairs. What happened next remained entirely her choice. Swim only, another massage, permit his mouth on her again, offer reciprocation in whatever form felt right. The decision belonged to her alone, a freedom both terrifying and exhilarating.

She slid the door open and stepped onto the balcony.

Jess descended the wooden steps, each footfall bringing her closer to Bob.

Bob sat in his usual spot, a book resting on the table beside an untouched beer and the pitcher of iced tea. He looked up at her approach.

"And here I thought you might not come down today," he said, rising from his chair.

Jess noted his attire immediately. The white linen short-sleeve button-up and brown shorts represented a clothing upgrade from his typical yard work attire. His effort to appear presentable had become a recognizable pattern, a signal of his anticipation for these encounters.

"You're all dressed up again," she commented, a teasing note entering her voice. "If I didn't know better, I'd think you were trying to impress me."

Bob glanced down at himself as if suddenly noticing his own clothing. "This old thing? Just happened to be the cleanest option in my closet."

"Right," Jess laughed, setting her water bottle on the small table. "And I suppose that perfectly pressed collar just happened by accident too."

"You caught me," Bob admitted with a smile. "I make an effort for beautiful women. Particularly ones wearing my favorite bikini."

His gaze traveled across her body, taking in the tiny white triangles that barely contained her breasts, the thin strips of fabric that connected them, the tiny matching bottoms.

"That suit is something," he added. "Though I'm certainly not complaining."

"I figured after Thursday, modesty seemed a bit pointless," she said.

"Good point," Bob agreed. "But you'd look incredible in a paper bag."

Jess raised an eyebrow. "A paper bag? That's your compliment? I've heard better, Bob."

"I said incredible, not just good," he countered. "And it was a metaphor."

"A terrible one," Jess laughed.

The back and forth created a natural rhythm that helped normalize what might otherwise have been an uncomfortable encounter, the memory of his mouth between her legs transformed into just another aspect of their evolving connection rather than an awkward focal point.

"It's perfect pool weather," she observed, nodding toward the water. "Coming in today?"

Bob shook his head. "Think I'll stay dry this time. Not quite ready for another swimming lesson."

"Afraid I'll expose your complete lack of ability again?" Jess challenged.

"More concerned about my dignity," Bob replied. "One near drowning experience per week seems enough."

"You didn't nearly drown," Jess protested, rolling her eyes. "You just need practice."

"Some skills are best left unacquired at my age," Bob said. "I'll admire your swimming from here, where it's safe and dry."

Jess rolled her eyes but smiled. She then removed her cover-up, placing it on the lounger.

"Enjoy the view then," she said, turning toward the pool.

She walked to the edge of the pool and dove in cleanly, cutting through the water.

Jess swam several laps, letting the repetitive movement clear her mind.

After about ten minutes, she swam to the edge nearest where Bob sat, resting her arms on the concrete.

"You make it look easy," Bob observed, sipping his beer. "I'd be thrashing like a caught fish."

"I told you, it's about relaxation," Jess explained, pushing wet hair from her face. "The moment you tense up, you sink."

"Story of my life," Bob replied with a small laugh. "When in doubt, tense up and sink."

The self-deprecating humor revealed a vulnerability that didn't align with the confident persona he typically projected. These brief glimpses beneath his exterior fascinated Jess, creating a more complex picture of the man who had become such a significant presence in her life.

Jess pulled herself out of the pool, water dripping from her body as she stood. Her nipples were clearly visible through the thin material, the bottoms molding to her pussy's shape.

Bob held out a large towel, his expression unchanged despite her near nude appearance. The consistency suggested either remarkable self-discipline or genuine respect that transcended physical attraction.

"Thank you," Jess said, accepting the towel and blotting her face before working her way down her body.

"I made your tea," Bob mentioned, gesturing to the filled glass waiting on the table. "Just the way you like it."

Jess finished drying and draped the towel around her neck, reaching for the tea. The first sip confirmed he'd prepared it perfectly.

"Perfect as always," she commented, settling into her usual chair. "You've mastered the formula."

"It's not complicated once you know what someone likes," Bob replied, a statement that carried potential double meaning given their recent interactions.

They sat in comfortable silence, each sipping their respective drinks. The quiet held none of the tension Jess had anticipated. Their physical connection from Thursday seemed to have simplified rather than complicated their interaction, establishing a foundation of shared experience that eliminated the need for pretense.

"So," Bob said finally, setting his beer on the table. "About last Thursday."

"I enjoyed it," Jess said after a moment, meeting his gaze. "That probably was obvious."

"You seemed to," Bob agreed, the understatement drawing a small laugh from Jess. "I just wanted to make sure you were comfortable with everything. That it wasn't too much."

"It was unexpected," Jess admitted. "I hadn't planned on things progressing that way."

"Did you discuss it with Tom?" Bob asked.

"I did," Jess confirmed, wondering how much detail to share. "He was… supportive."

Bob nodded, taking another sip of beer. "That's good. Communication is essential with these arrangements."

The term "arrangements" established a framework around their interactions, a structured understanding that differed from conventional relationship models yet maintained clear parameters. The nomenclature itself created space for their continued exploration without suggesting either meaningless casual encounters or inappropriate emotional entanglement.

"It's all been educational," Jess said, the word insufficient yet the best available to describe her experience. "Learning things about myself I didn't expect."

"Like what?" Bob asked, seeming genuinely interested rather than fishing for compliments or sexual details.

Jess considered her response. "That I'm more complex than I thought. That pleasure and connection take different forms than I'd assumed." She paused. "That I enjoy taking control more than I realized."

"When you guided me," Bob noted, referencing her assertiveness during Thursday's encounter. "That was quite a moment."

"It surprised me too," Jess admitted. "I'm not usually that… direct."

"I liked it," Bob said simply. "Knowing exactly what you wanted, watching you take it. That kind of confidence is beautiful."

His framing transformed what might have felt like an embarrassing loss of restraint into an empowered choice, a claiming of pleasure rather than surrender to it. The perspective offered understanding she hadn't found in her conversations with Tom, whose responses to her descriptions had remained primarily focused on his own arousal rather than her experience.

"You didn't ask for anything in return," Jess noted, addressing the question that had circulated through her mind throughout the weekend. "Most men would have."

Bob considered her observation. "I'm not most men," he replied with a small smile. "And the experience itself was rewarding. Watching you let go like that…"

He trailed off, but his meaning remained clear. Her pleasure had provided its own satisfaction, not merely as prelude to his own gratification but as complete experience in itself.

"Still," Jess persisted. "I believe in reciprocity."

"I appreciate the thought," Bob replied. "But there's no obligation. No expectation."

"I know," Jess assured him. "That's why I'd want to, not because I felt obligated. There's a difference."

Bob studied her face, seeming to search for any sign of hesitation or uncertainty. Finding none, he nodded slowly.

"There certainly is," he agreed.

The conversation had progressed more naturally than Jess had anticipated, their discussion of Thursday's intimacy unfolding without the awkwardness or tension she'd feared.

"Would you give me another massage?" Jess asked.

"Of course," Bob replied, his tone measured despite what they both understood as potential continuation of Thursday's exploration.

Jess stood, moving toward the lounger that had become the site of their increasingly intimate interactions. She arranged a fresh towel across its surface, smoothing wrinkles.

Her back to Bob, Jess reached behind her neck and untied the strings of her bikini top. The garment fell away, dangling from the tie at her back until she released that as well, letting the top drop to the concrete beside the lounger.

Without turning, she hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her bikini bottoms and slid them down her legs before stepping out of them. Now completely naked, she sat on the edge of the lounger, turning to face Bob.

"I'm more comfortable without the swimsuit," Jess explained, though the statement was unnecessary given their previous encounters.

"Makes sense," Bob agreed. "Face down to start?" he suggested, maintaining the routine they'd established through previous sessions.

Jess nodded, positioning herself on the lounger. As she settled onto her stomach, the towel soft against her skin, she found herself experiencing neither the nervousness of their first naked massage nor the anticipation of Thursday's boundary crossing. Instead, she felt a curious calm, an acceptance of this evolving connection without predetermined expectations about where it might lead.

Bob moved to collect the lotion they'd used in previous sessions.

"Do you have any trouble spots today?" he asked, the question both practical and indicative of his approach, focused on her needs rather than his desires.

"Lower back," Jess replied.

Bob nodded, warming the lotion between his palms. "I'll take care of it," he promised, his hands poised above her shoulders.

"I know you will," Jess said softly, the words carrying trust that extended beyond the immediate context of the massage. Trust in his restraint, his respect for her boundaries, his attention to her experience rather than just his own desires.

She closed her eyes as his hands made first contact, large palms settling onto her shoulders with gentle but confident pressure. The sensation created immediate relaxation, muscle memory responding to the patterns established through their previous encounters.

As Bob's hands began their work, Jess allowed herself to surrender to the present moment, thoughts of what might follow temporarily suspended. The warmth of the afternoon sun, the pressure of Bob's hands, the distant sounds of neighborhood activity,

all combined to create a sensory experience anchored firmly in the present rather than anxious anticipation of what might come next.

"Right there," Jess murmured as his thumbs found a spot of tightness in her lower back. "That's perfect."

Bob applied more pressure, working the spot. "Here?"

"Mmm," she confirmed. "God, that feels good."

His hands moved lower, cupping her ass with a directness that bypassed their former dance of gradual escalation. Where once he'd approached this territory with restraint, today he kneaded the muscle, occasionally allowing his fingers to dip between her cheeks, brushing against places that sent sparks through her system.

Jess registered the difference in his approach, the increased confidence, the silent acknowledgment that their boundaries had shifted. After Thursday's intimacy, after his mouth between her legs, these touches represented continuation rather than escalation.

"Ready to turn over?" Bob asked after thoroughly working her back, legs, and feet.

"Yes," Jess replied.

She rolled onto her back, fully naked beneath the afternoon sun. No trace of self-consciousness remained.

His hands resumed their work, starting at her shoulders and working across her collarbones and down her arms. When he reached her breasts, he cupped them without hesitation, thumbs brushing across her nipples, which hardened immediately.

"Still good?" he asked, maintaining eye contact.

"Very good," Jess confirmed.

Bob massaged her breasts, occasionally pinching her nipples just firmly enough to make her gasp.

His hands continued their journey downward, across her stomach and to her thighs, avoiding her pussy. The teasing was done on purpose, Jess realized. Not denial but anticipation building, creating a hunger that would intensify whatever came next.

After working her thighs, Bob paused, his large hands resting just above her knees. With gentle pressure, he indicated his desire to part her legs further.

"May I?" he asked.

Jess nodded, then added verbal confirmation. "Yes."

Bob spread her legs wider, positioning himself between them. The exposure felt both vulnerable and thrilling, her most intimate places displayed for his direct view in the bright afternoon light.

He began kissing the inside of her right thigh, soft presses of lips moving gradually higher. The sensation triggered a memory of Tom doing something similar, how he'd tease her with kisses along her inner thighs before eventually finding his way to her pussy. The technique was similar, yet something about Bob's approach felt entirely different.

"You smell incredible," Bob murmured against her skin.

When his mouth finally made contact with her pussy, Jess couldn't suppress a gasp. His tongue traced her folds, exploring rather than rushing toward any specific destination. The directness of his approach surprised her. No tentative beginning, no gradually increasing intensity. He seemed to operate from complete certainty about what she would enjoy.

"Oh god," she breathed as his tongue circled her clit before sucking it gently between his lips. The sensation immediately curled her toes.

Bob's technique differed significantly from Tom's usual approach. Where Tom tended toward enthusiastic if sometimes unfocused attention, Bob displayed a more targeted approach that suggested familiarity with female anatomy generally, if not hers specifically. Each movement seemed intended to build response rather than simply provide stimulation.

"Just like that," Jess encouraged. "Right there."

His hands slid beneath her ass, lifting slightly to improve his angle of access.

"Fuck," Jess gasped as Bob's tongue pressed against her clit. "That's… uh… so good."

Her awareness narrowed to the specific points of contact between his mouth and her body, everything else receding into background. The exposure of being outdoors, the potential for neighbors to hear if they were close enough to their fences, nothing mattered beyond the building pleasure between her legs.

As the sensation intensified, Jess found herself moving against his mouth, seeking more pressure, more friction. Her hands moved to the back of Bob's head like the previous week, guiding him more firmly against her.

"Just like that," she urged, the words emerging between increasingly ragged breaths. "Don't stop. Please don't stop."

Bob increased his intensity in response to her obvious need, sucking her clit more firmly.

"Oh god," she moaned, hands pressing Bob's face more firmly against her as her hips lifted from the lounger. "I'm… I'm gonna-"

The orgasm hit with spectacular intensity. "Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck," she repeated as her thighs trembled against Bob's shoulders.

Before she could fully recover, Bob slid two thick fingers inside her, curling them to find the spot that had triggered her squirting response during their previous encounters. His mouth remained on her clit, creating stimulation that immediately rekindled her arousal despite the orgasm she'd just experienced.

"Oh my god!" Jess exclaimed, the volume of her response surprising even herself.

Bob lifted his head momentarily. "You might want to keep it down, princess," he whispered. "Sound carries."

The warning reminded Jess of their outdoor location, the potential for being overheard despite the privacy fence. She nodded, biting her lip as Bob's mouth returned to her clit, his fingers maintaining their pressure inside her.

When another loud moan threatened to escape, Jess clamped her hand over her mouth, muffling the sound. The restriction created its own erotic charge, the need for silence adding forbidden excitement to an already intense experience.

Bob's fingers quickened, pressing more firmly against her G-spot while his tongue worked her clit. The combination rebuilt her arousal, a second orgasm approaching despite the recent release.

As Jess teetered on the brink, a door slammed somewhere in the neighborhood, the sound startlingly close. Bob paused, lifting his head again.

They locked eyes.

"We could continue somewhere more private," he suggested. "If you prefer."

Jess hesitated, recognizing the significance of the suggestion. Moving indoors would represent another boundary crossed, another level of intimacy beyond their poolside encounters. Their shared space had thus far remained confined to the backyard, neutral territory belonging to neither's private domain. Entering Bob's apartment would change that dynamic.

Yet the potential for interruption or discovery had inserted itself into her awareness now, making it difficult to fully surrender to pleasure. The thought of continuing without that constraint held undeniable appeal.

"Okay," she agreed. "Let's go inside."

Bob nodded, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand before standing. The movement revealed his arousal, his erection tenting against his shorts in a way that was impossible to conceal.

A brief awkwardness descended as they gathered their things. Jess collected her discarded bikini and cover-up, wrapping the latter around herself. Bob gathered the sunscreen and their drinks.

They moved toward the sliding glass door that led into Bob's ground-floor apartment. She felt a strange nervousness as they approached the threshold, an awareness that this represented more than simple physical relocation.

Bob slid the door open, gesturing for her to enter first. Jess stepped inside, instantly enveloped by the cooler air of the climate-controlled space. She blinked, eyes adjusting to the dimmer interior light after the bright sunshine.

The apartment appeared much as she remembered from helping Bob move in two months ago, though now bearing signs of Bob's occupancy. The furnishings remained the same, the neutral couch and chairs she'd selected, the coffee table and side tables that had come with the property, the standard lamps and basic decorative items that formed the foundation of the rental space.

"You've kept it nice," Jess observed, noting the lack of clutter, the general tidiness of the space.

"I'm pretty minimal," Bob replied, setting their drinks on the coffee table. "Not much point accumulating stuff at my age. Just becomes someone else's problem eventually."

The comment carried a certain pragmatism, a perspective shaped by age and experience. Jess nodded, unsure how to respond.

"Make yourself comfortable," Bob suggested, gesturing toward the couch. "I'll get you a fresh tea."

Jess sat on the edge of the sofa, suddenly unsure how to position herself in this new environment. She remained wrapped in her cover-up, the garment providing minimal but psychological coverage as she adjusted to being inside Bob's private space.

Bob moved to the kitchen, opening the refrigerator to retrieve a fresh beer for himself. He also refilled her glass of iced tea.

He returned with their drinks, handing Jess her glass before sitting beside her, leaving enough space between them to avoid any sense of crowding or pressure. They each took a sip of their respective beverages.

"This is nice," Bob said, indicating the apartment with a gesture. "Private."

Jess nodded again, realizing she'd been uncharacteristically quiet since they'd come inside. The change of setting had disrupted the easy dynamic they'd established, creating a strange reset of their usual interaction patterns.

She became aware that she was waiting for Bob to take the lead, to direct their resumption as he had previous escalations. The pattern had become so established that she'd fallen into it automatically, Bob creating opportunities, Jess choosing whether to accept them.

The realization prompted re-evaluation. Why should he always initiate? Why position herself as responder rather than instigator?

The thoughts connected to her earlier reflection on Thursday's encounter, how she'd surprised herself by taking control, guiding Bob's head, directing his mouth where she wanted it. That assertiveness had felt liberating, empowering. Why revert to passivity now?

"Actually," Jess said, setting her glass down and standing. "I was thinking about repaying the favor."

Bob's eyebrows rose slightly, surprise flickering across his features before his expression settled into anticipation. "Oh?"

Jess stepped closer, then lowered herself to her knees in front of him. The position created an immediate power dynamic, one she found herself embracing rather than resisting. She placed her hands on his thighs.

"You've given me a lot of pleasure," she said, her eyes meeting his. "Seems only fair I return the favor."

Jess reached for the button of his shorts, unfastening it. She lowered the zipper next. Bob lifted his hips slightly, allowing her to work the shorts down his legs.

He wore no underwear underneath, a detail Jess had anticipated. When his shorts cleared his hips, his cock sprang free, fully erect and frankly intimidating in its size. She'd seen it before, had even touched it during their first intimate encounter last Tuesday, but the impression hadn't diminished with familiarity.

"Jesus," she murmured, an awed quality entering her voice despite herself.

Bob smiled, the expression carrying equal parts pride and amusement at her reaction. "Don't be intimidated," he said softly.

Jess wrapped her hand around his shaft, fingers unable to close completely around its girth. The flesh felt like iron beneath impossibly soft skin, a contradiction of textures that fascinated her. She moved her hand, stroking upward from base to head, watching how the foreskin shifted slightly with the movement.

The moment triggered memories of Marco from college. She remembered the almost obsessive fascination she'd developed when they first started hooking up, how she'd wanted to learn everything about pleasing him, how to take him deeper in her mouth, how to control her gag reflex, how to use her tongue to maximum effect.

She'd practiced on him for hours sometimes. The power she'd felt in those moments had been intoxicating, this tall, athletic man who could have had any girl on campus, reduced to trembling need by her mouth and hands.

Now here she was, married yet kneeling in front of another man, another impressive cock in her hand. The parallel struck her as both bizarre and oddly fitting, a circle completed that she'd never anticipated when she'd married Tom, when she'd committed to monogamy and traditional partnership.

Jess quickly established a rhythm, her hand moving up and down Bob's cock with increasing confidence. She remembered what he'd liked during their previous encounter, the pressure and pace that had drawn the most response, and incorporated those elements into her current approach.

"That feels incredible," Bob said.

"You like that?" Jess asked, adding a twist to her stroke as she reached the head.

"Fuck yes," Bob confirmed. "You've got magic hands, princess."

There was something both condescending and affectionate in the term, creating a complex emotional response that manifested as increased arousal.

She increased her pace slightly, watching Bob's face for reaction.

"Is this how you like it?" she asked, adjusting her grip to add more pressure. "Tell me what feels good."

"Just like that," Bob encouraged. "Not too fast. I want to enjoy this."

Jess followed his guidance, maintaining the pace that seemed to generate the strongest response. Her thumb circled the head of his cock on each upstroke, spreading the pre-cum that had begun to gather there.

"You're already leaking for me," she observed, a note of satisfaction entering her voice.

"Can't help it," Bob replied. "Not with those gorgeous hands on me."

Jess watched, fascinated, as another drop of pre-cum emerged from the tip. She spread it with her thumb, using the natural lubrication to ease her movement. The evidence of his arousal bolstered her confidence, confirming her effectiveness.

As she continued stroking, she noticed the friction increasing despite the pre-cum. She remembered how on Tuesday, Bob had suggested she use her spit for better lubrication. The memory triggered something primal in her.

"Need some more wetness," she murmured, then gathered saliva in her mouth.

Without breaking her rhythm, Jess leaned forward and let a long string of spit fall from her lips directly onto his cock. The thick strand landed on the head and slowly dripped down the shaft, creating glistening trails along the veiny surface.

"Fuck," Bob growled. "So fucking hot."

Jess smiled as she watched his reaction. She used her hand to spread her spit along his length, mixing it with the pre-cum until his entire shaft glistened with the combined fluids.

"You like it messy?" she asked, her voice taking on a sultry quality she hardly recognized as her own.

"God yes," Bob groaned.

The slick sounds of her hand gliding up and down his wet cock filled the room, obscenely loud in the quiet apartment. With each stroke, more pre-cum beaded at his tip, adding to the slippery mixture coating his shaft.

"I've been thinking about this," she admitted, eyes still fixed on her hand moving along his length. "After Thursday, I kept thinking about how to thank you properly."

"This seems like an excellent thanks," Bob said, his breathing increasingly uneven as she continued stroking him.

When the motion began to dry out again, Jess gathered more saliva, this time allowing it to pool visibly on her tongue before letting it drop in thick, viscous strands onto his

cock. The crudeness of the act surprised even her, yet she found herself aroused by her own boldness.

"Jesus Christ," Bob muttered, watching her.

Jess adjusted her position, moving closer between his spread legs. The new angle allowed her to use both hands, one continuing to stroke his shaft while the other cupped his balls.

"Fuck," Bob gasped, clearly not expecting it. "That's… goddamn, princess."

"You're very responsive," she noted, echoing a comment he'd made about her during one of their encounters.

"Only to skilled touch," Bob replied.

Jess continued stroking him, noticing how his cock seemed to harden further. Something about this visible response triggered a deeper desire, a curiosity about how he might feel in her mouth.

The thought surprised her. She'd included the possibility in dirty talk with Tom, had suggested she might suck Bob's cock as part of their fantasy exploration, but had never decided to follow through. Now, watching his response to her hand, the idea took root.

Jess licked her lips, the action unconscious but noticed by Bob, whose eyes tracked the movement of her tongue.

"I want to… " she began, then hesitated, suddenly aware of the irrevocability of what she was considering.

Bob said nothing, made no attempt to push or suggest, maintaining the pattern of patient waiting that had characterized their interaction from the beginning. The decision remained entirely hers, the power of initiation firmly in her control.

Jess kept her hands moving, building toward a decision that felt increasingly inevitable as her desire grew. The impulse wasn't about reciprocity anymore, not merely about fairness or exchange, but about genuine curiosity, about wanting to experience this aspect of him.

"I want to taste you," Jess said, meeting Bob's eyes directly. The words transformed the apartment's atmosphere in an instant.

Bob studied her face, searching for hesitation. "Are you sure?"

"Yes," Jess replied, the single syllable carrying certainty despite the magnitude of what she was proposing.

For a moment, Jess paused, her hand still wrapped around Bob's impressive shaft. This wasn't just a handjob, a continuation of their first intimate encounter. This was her mouth on another man's cock, a line she hadn't crossed with anyone but Tom since they'd gotten together. Once done, it couldn't be undone. Once experienced, it couldn't be unexperienced.

For a moment, she wavered. Was she doing this because Tom had encouraged it during their dirty talk? Because he'd confessed how aroused he'd be knowing she'd sucked Bob's cock? Or because reciprocity demanded it after Bob's generosity with his mouth?

No. The truth hit her with clarity. She wanted this. Not for Tom, not for Bob, but for herself. The weight of Bob's cock in her hand, the heat radiating from it, the way it pulsed beneath her fingers, she wanted to know how it would feel in her mouth, how it would taste, how far she could take him. Desire, not obligation, drove her forward.

Jess recalled their first encounter last Tuesday, how she'd given him a handjob, even placed a brief kiss on the head of his cock. That tentative beginning felt almost innocent compared to what she intended now.

Her gaze locked with Bob's as she leaned forward, her tongue extending to collect the bead of pre-cum that had formed at his tip. The taste was salty, slightly bitter, yet not unpleasant. Different from Tom's, more intense somehow.

"Mmm," she hummed, making sure Bob registered her approval.

"That's it, princess," Bob encouraged.

Jess began with teasing kisses, her lips pressing against the sides of his shaft, working from base to tip in a leisurely exploration. She took her time, learning the contours, the subtle variations in texture, the spots that drew the strongest reactions when her lips made contact.

Bob's breathing changed, becoming deeper, as if he were consciously controlling his response to her attentions.

Jess transitioned to long, flat-tongued licks up the underside of his shaft, from the base to the head. Each lick ended with a swirl around the sensitive ridge where the head met the shaft. The technique had always driven Tom crazy, and Bob's response suggested similar effectiveness.

"Fuck," Bob muttered as her tongue dragged along his length for the third time. "That's… god, that's good."

Jess smiled against his cock, pleased by his reaction. A strange competitive instinct surfaced. She wanted to impress him, wanted to demonstrate skill that surpassed whatever expectations he might have formed.

When she finally took him into her mouth, it was with showmanship, making eye contact as her lips parted to accept the head of his cock. The stretch was immediate, her jaw adjusting to accommodate his girth. She'd expected this based on her earlier handling of him, but the reality of having him in her mouth exceeded anticipation.

Tom's endowment was average while Bob's size presented a genuine challenge. The comparison wasn't something she wanted to dwell on, yet it forced itself into her awareness as her lips stretched wider than they typically needed to with her husband.

She focused on the head initially, sucking gently while her tongue worked the underside. Her right hand maintained a steady rhythm on his shaft, working in coordination with her mouth to create a continuous sensation.

Bob's hand moved to her hair, not gripping or directing, just resting lightly against her head. The contact felt like acknowledgment, appreciation rather than control.

After several minutes of attention on the head, Jess pulled back, her lips releasing him with a soft pop. A strand of saliva connected her lower lip to his cock for a moment before breaking.

"You taste good," she told him. "Really good."

Bob's expression registered obvious pleasure at the compliment. "You're pretty damn good at this," he replied.

"I still can't believe how big you are," Jess said, her hand continuing to stroke him. "I've never seen anything like it."

The admission wasn't just flattery. The sheer scale of his endowment fascinated her, creating both intimidation and determination. How much of him could she actually take? The question became a challenge she felt compelled to explore.

Jess returned her mouth to his cock, this time attempting to take him deeper. She relaxed her jaw and throat, techniques she'd perfected years ago with Marco but didn't need to employ with Tom. The memory of those college sessions, the pride she'd felt in conquering her gag reflex, mastering deepthroating, resurfaced unexpectedly.

She managed perhaps a third of his length before feeling resistance, her body's natural limits asserting themselves. Rather than forcing beyond comfort, she established a rhythm, bobbing her head while maintaining suction, her hand working the portion of his shaft her mouth couldn't accommodate.

"Jesus, Jess," Bob groaned. "Your fucking mouth feels so good."

The praise sent arousal through her. Tom's encouragement during oral sex typically centered on connection. "I love watching you," "You're so beautiful," "I love how you look at me." Bob's more explicit appreciation accessed something different, something primal that resonated with the raw nature of their encounter.

Jess pulled back again, catching her breath while continuing to stroke him. "Tell me what you like," she said. "How can I make it even better?"

The question represented another departure from her usual approach. With Tom, she relied on established knowledge, years of learning his preferences. With Bob, she found herself actively seeking guidance, wanting to optimize his pleasure through direct communication.

"You're doing everything right," Bob assured her. "Just seeing those gorgeous lips wrapped around me is enough."

Jess smiled at the compliment before returning to her task. She hollowed her cheeks to suck on his head while her free hand cupped his balls, gently rolling them between her fingers in a way that drew appreciative sounds from Bob.

"Fuck, you're good at this," Bob said, his hand tightening slightly in her hair. "Where'd you learn to suck cock like this?"

She released him to answer. "It's my favorite thing," she admitted, echoing what she'd told him during their first encounter. "I love sucking dick."

"I can tell," Bob said. "You're a natural cocksucker."

The term should have been offensive, should have triggered feminist objections, yet in this moment, with her on her knees and his cock wet from her mouth, it sent another surge of arousal through her.

"I'm your cocksucker," Jess replied, the possessive creating a false intimacy she recognized as dangerous, yet couldn't resist in the moment.

Bob's expression shifted, a flash of triumph quickly masked by pleasure as she took him in her mouth again. The potential significance of her statement registered in Jess's mind, the implications of claiming such a role, yet the concern felt distant against the immediate reality of her physical actions.

She established a more aggressive rhythm, taking him deeper with each downward motion, her gag reflex controlled through careful breathing and mental focus. Bob's breathing grew more ragged as she worked, his self-control visibly eroding.

"Look at me," he instructed. "I want to see those pretty eyes while you suck my cock."

Jess complied, lifting her gaze to meet his as she continued. The eye contact added intensity to the act, creating connection beyond the physical. This wasn't anonymous pleasure but purposeful exchange between specific individuals, each fully aware of who they were and what boundaries they were crossing.

Bob's praise continued, crude yet effective in fueling her efforts. "That's it, princess. Take that cock. You were made for this."

The contrast with Tom's typical approach struck her again. Tom praised their connection, expressed love, emphasized their relationship during intimate moments. Bob praised her skills, her appearance, her capacity for raw pleasure without emotional wrapping. The directness accessed something Jess rarely acknowledged, a part of herself that responded to being desired purely for physical attributes and abilities without the complications of deeper feeling.

Jess increased her pace, encouraged by Bob's increasingly vocal responses. The sounds of her mouth on his cock filled the apartment, wet and obscene.

"Fuck, princess," Bob muttered, his hips beginning to move slightly, small thrusts that met her downward motion. "You're going to make me cum if you keep that up."

The warning registered, but Jess maintained her rhythm, determined to bring him to completion. A perverse pride drove her forward, wanting to witness the full measure of her effect on him.

"You want that?" she asked during a brief pause, her hand continuing to stroke him. "You want to cum for me?"

"God, yes," Bob replied, his voice strained. "So fucking close."

Jess returned her mouth to his cock, working him with increased intensity. Her jaw ached slightly from the extended effort, but she pushed through the discomfort, focused entirely on bringing him to release.

Bob's hand tightened in her hair, anchoring as pleasure mounted. "I'm getting close," he warned. "Where do you want it?"

The question forced a decision Jess hadn't fully considered. Where did she want his cum? In her mouth? The thought was both intriguing and intimidating. She was curious about his taste, about completing this act of submission to its natural conclusion. Yet this particular boundary felt significant, a step beyond what she'd prepared herself to cross.

Before she could formulate a response, Bob offered an alternative. "Can I cum on your tits? I want to see my cum on those perfect breasts."

The request carried crudeness that somehow enhanced rather than diminished its appeal. Jess pulled back, continuing to stroke him as she considered. "Yes," she said.

Bob stood, positioning himself in front of her. Jess remained on her knees, her hand working his cock. She opened her cover-up, exposing her breasts completely.

"I'm close," Bob warned. "Fuck, so close."

Jess stroked faster, her eyes fixed on his cock, waiting for the moment. When it came, the intensity surprised her despite having witnessed his ejaculation during their first encounter.

The first rope of cum shot with force, landing in a thick stripe across her right breast. The second followed immediately, crossing the first to form an X on her chest. Each subsequent pulse delivered another generous portion, some landing on her breasts, others on her neck and collarbone.

"Jesus Christ," Bob gasped, his entire body tensing as his orgasm continued.

Jess stared in fascination at the amount of semen covering her. Tom typically produced a modest amount, a few small spurts that were easily managed. The volume and force of Bob's release created an entirely different experience, one that felt both primal and oddly arousing.

"Fuck," Bob muttered as the final spasms subsided. "That was… Jesus, you're incredible."

Jess looked down at herself, at the thick white ropes decorating her skin. The sight created complex emotions, pride in having generated such a powerful response, a strange excitement at being marked so visibly, concern about cleaning up before returning upstairs.

"What a mess," she said, a small laugh escaping her as she surveyed the evidence on her body.

Bob's expression held satisfaction as he gazed at his cum on her skin. "Consider it a compliment," he replied. "Fucking incredible."

Jess remained on her knees, the reality of what she'd done beginning to settle alongside the cooling semen on her chest. She'd just sucked another man's cock. Not only sucked it, but brought him to completion, allowed him to ejaculate on her body. Another line crossed, another boundary dissolved, another experience that couldn't be undone or forgotten.

And she'd done it because she wanted to. Not for Tom's fantasy, not from obligation to Bob, but from genuine desire to explore this aspect of herself. The realization carried both liberation and complication, an acknowledgment of agency alongside recognition of its potential consequences.

As Bob reached for a box of tissues, extending them toward her, Jess accepted while mentally cataloging this moment among the significant thresholds of her life. What she'd tell Tom, how she'd frame this experience, these questions would come later. For now, she existed in the raw aftermath, processing what she'd chosen and what it might mean moving forward.

"Thank you," she said, the simple phrase encompassing both the tissue offering and the larger experience they'd shared.

Bob nodded, understanding in his eyes that transcended the immediate context. "No, thank you," he replied.

Jess began cleaning herself, tissue after tissue collecting the evidence of their encounter. Each wipe removed the physical traces while leaving the experience itself intact, permanently incorporated into her understanding of who she was and what she was capable of desiring.

The Bad Tenant Ch. 18

Jess slid the glass door to Bob's apartment closed behind her. The sunlight hit her face as she moved toward the stairs.

Her body felt different. The woman who had descended those stairs was fundamentally different from the one who NOW returned.

The wooden stairs creaked under her feet as she ascended to her own balcony, each step creating physical distance from what she just did.

In the kitchen, her phone lay on the counter where she'd left it, screen dark. Jess picked it up, surprised to find only one text from Tom asking how her day was going. She had expected more, the near constant check-ins that had characterized the previous encounters. Perhaps Tom was truly focused on Meridian's final push.

She moved through the kitchen toward the master bathroom.

Once inside the bathroom, Jess locked the door, a meaningless gesture with no one else home, yet somehow necessary. She let the sheer fabric drop to the floor and faced the mirror. Her reflection startled her. Despite her efforts to clean up with tissues, dried remnants of Bob's semen still stuck to her skin, patches across her breasts and collarbone. She touched one spot with her fingertip, rolling the substance between thumb and forefinger, noting the viscousness. Different from Tom's. Thicker. More abundant.

She'd sucked Bob's cock. Not just touched it, not just stroked it, but taken it into her mouth and finished him with such enthusiasm that his cum painted her breasts in thick, ropy strands.

Jess turned on the shower, adjusting the temperature until steam began to fill the enclosure. As she waited for the water to heat, her mind replayed fragments of their encounter.

"I want to taste you," she'd said. Where had that boldness come from? That wasn't something she normally said, wasn't language she typically used. Yet in that moment, the words had emerged naturally, without hesitation.

She stepped into the shower, letting hot water wash over her. While the pressure rinsed away traces of Bob's semen, no amount of scrubbing could erase the memories of what she'd chosen to do.

Jess reached for her body wash, applying it liberally across her chest and neck. As she worked the soap into a lather, she remembered another moment, the sound of her own voice saying, "I'm your cocksucker." She'd never spoken that way with Tom, never claimed such an identity even in their most heated moments.

That version of herself felt both foreign and deeply authentic, a part of herself both discovered and remembered.

She rinsed the soap from her body, watching it swirl down the drain. Had that always been inside her? This raw sexuality, this craving for the forbidden, this capacity for boldness that transcended her sensible professional identity?

Maybe it had. Her relationship with Marco during college had certainly contained elements of this same uninhibited self. She'd approached sex with him as a student approaches a challenging course, determined to excel, to surprise and impress.

She remembered practicing deepthroating, how she'd overcome her gag reflex through sheer determination. The first time she'd managed to push her nose against his abdomen with his entire length lodged deep in her throat had filled her with an almost competitive pride. She could still recall Marco's loud groan and full body shudder as he came directly down her throat. That moment of triumph when she pulled back, mouth dripping with spit, looking up at him with satisfaction while he stared down at her in awe, muttering "Holy fuck, Jess" in disbelief.

That younger Jess had existed before marital stability and professional ambition had reshaped her identity, before she'd learned to package her sexuality into forms deemed appropriate for a devoted wife, a successful career woman. The girl who'd approached sexuality with enthusiasm unburdened by expectation or judgment, had never truly disappeared. She'd simply been submerged beneath layers of adult responsibility and social conformity.

What surprised Jess most wasn't that this part of herself existed but how easily it had re-emerged, how naturally it had expressed itself once given permission. Not Tom's permission, though that certainly mattered in the context of their marriage, but her own permission, her own acknowledgment that desire need not conform to prescribed patterns, that pleasure could exist outside conventional frameworks.

Jess turned off the water and reached for a towel. As she dried herself, her thoughts shifted to practical considerations. The clock was ticking. Chen would be arriving tomorrow, expecting thorough preparation for their three days of meetings. She needed to focus.

Life continued. Professional responsibilities remained regardless of personal complications.

Back in the bedroom, Jess dressed in comfortable work clothes, leggings and an oversized sweater. She gathered her hair into a messy bun and headed to her home office, determined to salvage something productive from the afternoon.

Opening her laptop, she was immediately confronted with the Houston material she'd been working on before noon, before she'd gone downstairs.

She checked her phone, noticing another message from Tom.

Tom: Did anything happen today? Been thinking about it all afternoon.

The question required an answer she wasn't prepared to formulate in a brief text. How could she possibly condense what had happened into a message? The intricacy of her experience, the nuances of her response weren't suited to digital shorthand.

Jess: Need to focus on work right NOW. Will tell you everything when you get home as always.

He immediately responded.

Tom: Can't wait. Love you.

Jess: Love you too.

She set her phone aside and forced herself to concentrate. Designs needed refinement and presentation structures required adjustment. Chen would have questions about everything, and she needed answers that demonstrated both creative vision and concrete understanding.

For the next couple of hours, Jess managed to immerse herself in work. Design specifications and material options provided structure amid the uncertainty of her evolving identity, a reminder that whatever she explored with Bob, her career remained solid ground.

By 5 PM, she had accomplished enough to feel prepared for tomorrow's meetings. She closed her laptop and stretched, her body reminding her of its earlier activities through subtle soreness in unexpected places. Her jaw, her knees, even her throat carried physical memories of what she'd done.

Tom wouldn't be home until around 9 PM. His final week of Meridian implementation demanded longer hours, leaving her with time to prepare for his return.

In the kitchen, Jess opened the refrigerator, surveying the ingredients. On impulse, she decided to make beef bourguignon. The recipe required time and attention, but the result never failed to delight Tom. After the long hours he'd put into Meridian, the coming promotion he'd earned through dedication, he deserved the gesture.

But as she removed beef, carrots, and mushrooms from the refrigerator, Jess acknowledged the other motivation beneath her culinary ambition. The elaborate meal represented a form of atonement, a counterbalance to her afternoon activities. The

recognition triggered a wry smile. As if cooking could somehow offset putting another man's cock in her mouth.

The absurdity highlighted the complication of their arrangement. Tom actively encouraged her exploration with Bob. Her activities that afternoon aligned with fantasies they'd discussed during intimacy. Why, then, did guilt still thread through her emotions?

Jess opened a bottle of burgundy, pouring some into a glass for herself before measuring a portion needed for the recipe. The first sip spread warmth through her system, counteracting the tension that had accumulated throughout the day.

She took her time with the preparation, browning the beef, sautéing onions and carrots, deglazing the pan with the wine. The process created space for continued reflection, her hands busy with ordinary tasks while her mind worked through the implications of her afternoon with Bob.

One thing seemed increasingly clear. The boundaries they'd established were proving more fluid than anticipated. What had begun as exploration of Tom's fantasy, his arousal at the thought of other men desiring her, had evolved into something that engaged her desires as much as his. She wasn't merely performing for her husband's pleasure anymore. She was discovering her own capacity for pleasure, her own cravings that existed independently of Tom's fantasy. When had that transition occurred? She couldn't pinpoint the exact moment, but its reality was undeniable.

This shift created both opportunity and danger. Opportunity for growth, for expanded understanding of herself, for deeper connection with her husband through radical honesty. Danger that this exploration might reveal incompatibilities previously masked by convention, might awaken desires that couldn't be contained within their established relationship.

What if she discovered sexual desires and capacities that found more natural expression with Bob than with Tom?

The possibility created immediate discomfort. It violated the narrative Jess had constructed about her marriage, about Tom being her perfect partner in all domains.

Yet honesty compelled her to acknowledge that the orgasms she'd experienced with Bob had transcended anything in her memory. Over years together, Tom had certainly brought her to climax countless times. Good, satisfying orgasms that she'd never questioned or found lacking. But the first time Bob had triggered that squirting response in her body, she'd entered an entirely different realm of pleasure, something so intense she hadn't known it was possible. Her muscles had betrayed her, trembling beyond her control. She'd been unable to form coherent thoughts.

It troubled her that Bob had unlocked this profound response after just a few sessions together, while Tom hadn't in all their years of intimacy. What did that mean? The total surrender she'd experienced, the freedom in her self-expression during those moments with Bob, raised uncomfortable questions.

Was the difference in her? In how she presented herself to each man? Was she more guarded with Tom, more concerned with maintaining a certain image?

These questions had no simple answers yet demanded consideration. Ignoring them wouldn't make them disappear, would only allow them to influence her unconsciously rather than through examination.

Tom had always been a considerate, attentive lover. He prioritized her pleasure, communicated openly, maintained connection during intimacy.

The comparison was certainly not about emotional connection. That remained infinitely stronger with Tom. Tom was her husband, her partner, her best friend. There was absolutely no universe where she'd ever leave Tom for Bob, no matter how skilled Bob might be sexually. Tom represented their shared history, their common values, their intertwined future. Bob was 55 years old, twice-divorced, their tenant. The notion of any real relationship with Bob beyond this exploration was absurd.

Bob had positioned himself as the ideal accomplice. Available without demands, skilled without expectations, present without pressure. Their arrangement seemed designed to minimize emotional entanglement while maximizing sexual exploration. In theory, this created the perfect laboratory for Jess to explore.

But something about reducing Bob to merely a sexual outlet troubled her. Their conversations held substance. His advice about handling Webb had proven valuable. His insights about relationships revealed depth. Bob had become something more complicated than just a vehicle for pleasure.

But maybe this middle ground offered exactly the safe space she needed. Tom for everything but Bob for specific sexual experiences that complemented rather than replaced marital intimacy. A specialized tool rather than a replacement for the full toolkit that Tom provided.

And what about Tom telling her she could explore with anyone, even Derek? Tom's expansion of their arrangement from Bob specifically to potential encounters with others had seemed abstract at the time, a theoretical extension. Yet she'd felt disappointment when Derek wasn't teaching her weekend yoga class, a reaction she hadn't fully examined.

Did that disappointment mean anything? Did it suggest a broadening appetite that might prove difficult to satisfy within their current framework?

Jess stirred the beef bourguignon, watching steam rise. She took another sip of wine, allowing the questions to percolate without rushing toward conclusions.

Did Tom truly understand what he was suggesting? The emotional complexity, the risk to their established relationship. Had he fully considered these dimensions or was he operating primarily from fantasy, from the arousal these scenarios generated without consideration of their real world implications?

Jess suspected the latter. Tom had discovered a kink that generated profound excitement, a fantasy of sharing that transcended conventional jealousy. But fantasy existed in controlled environments, discrete scenarios with defined beginnings and endings. Reality sprawled in a messy way, connections forming in unexpected directions, emotions developing without permission or plan.

She remembered his face when she'd described her encounters with Bob, the emotional cocktail that seemed to drive his encouragement. Tom found the idea of her with other men arousing, but how would he respond to the reality of her finding genuine pleasure with someone else?

The bourguignon needed to simmer for at least two hours. Jess covered the Dutch oven and reduced the heat, then refilled her wine glass.

She felt relieved that she wouldn't see Bob on Thursday. Her meetings with Chen would occupy her completely, providing distance to process everything that had happened. Time to reflect, to integrate, to determine next steps without the immediate pressure of Bob's presence.

Jess moved to the living room, curling into the corner of the couch with her wine. She allowed her mind to return to specific moments from her encounter with Bob, analyzing her own responses more carefully NOW that initial shock had subsided.

"I want to taste you," she'd said. "I'm your cocksucker," she'd claimed. She'd spit on his cock, had stroked him with confidence that seemed to emerge from muscle memory. These actions hadn't felt performative in the moment. They'd emerged naturally, expressions of authentic desire rather than premeditated moves in a game of sexual chess.

This authentic expression created complications for her conversation with Tom. If she described her encounter honestly, including her genuine enjoyment, would that wound him? Would the knowledge that she'd derived true pleasure from another man's cock in her mouth create pain that outweighed whatever arousal the scenario might generate?

Yet omitting this core truth would violate their agreement more fundamentally than hiding her squirting orgasms. That had been a detail, albeit a significant one. This was the essence of the experience itself, the transformation to participation.

Tom deserved the truth. He'd encouraged this exploration, had created space for her to discover aspects of herself previously dormant. Withholding her genuine response would deprive him of understanding the full impact of their arrangement, would create distance.

"Tell him everything," she decided aloud, the empty living room her only witness.

The resolution created immediate relief. Whatever boundaries they crossed with others, their emotional connection remained the core of their marriage, the foundation upon which everything else rested. Honesty, even uncomfortable honesty, strengthened that foundation. Deception, even well-intentioned deception, eroded it.

Jess sipped her wine, considering what "everything" entailed. She would need to acknowledge not just that she'd given Bob a blowjob, but that she'd enjoyed it immensely, that his size had presented a challenge she'd found thrilling, that she'd been unexpectedly vocal, unexpectedly crude.

And what about the comparison her mind insisted on making? Tom deserved honesty, but did honesty demand she articulate every private observation? Did complete communication include thoughts that served no purpose beyond potential harm?

Perhaps not. Perhaps complete communication meant sharing experiences and feelings, not every fleeting thought. The distinction felt important, a limit that preserved both honesty and compassion.

Jess finished her wine and returned to the kitchen to check the bourguignon. The apartment had filled with rich aroma, the scent of slow-cooked beef and red wine creating an atmosphere of comfort.

She stirred the bourguignon, checking the tenderness of the beef. She then began preparing the sides, buttery mashed potatoes, roasted asparagus, timing everything to be ready when Tom arrived.

As she worked, a curious calm descended. Whatever happened next, whatever Tom's reaction to her confession, whatever direction their arrangement took moving forward, she had learned something essential about herself today. Not just sexual capacity, but agency. Not just pleasure, but ownership of desire. Not just boundary crossing, but boundary redefinition based on genuine needs.

The woman who had taken Bob's cock into her mouth, that woman wasn't separate from Jessica Marshall, interior designer, Tom Marshall's wife. She was an integral part of the complex, multifaceted person Jess had always been, had always been becoming. The integration of these aspects, long compartmentalized, created not fracture but wholeness, not confusion but clarity.

Jess set the dining table, arranging plates and silverware with care. She lit candles, opened a fresh bottle of wine, created an atmosphere of celebration. Tonight's conversation would not be about guilt or justification but about discovery and connection, about shared exploration of territory neither had fully mapped before embarking.

At 8:58 PM, Jess heard Tom's key in the front door.

She took a deep breath and moved toward the entryway.

Tom appeared at the top of the stairs, his tie loosened, jacket draped over his arm, eyes lighting up at the sight of her.

"Something smells amazing," he said.

"Beef bourguignon," Jess replied. "I thought you deserved something special for your last week of Meridian."

Tom stepped closer, arms encircling her waist as he pressed a kiss to her lips. "You're the best," he murmured against her mouth before pulling back to meet her eyes. "But I suspect this dinner might have multiple motivations."

His perceptiveness didn't surprise her. Despite the complexity of their current arrangement, Tom remained attuned to her moods, her patterns, the unspoken language they'd developed over years together.

"Maybe," Jess acknowledged with a small smile. "We definitely have some things to talk about."

"I figured," Tom replied, his expression shifting to eager anticipation. "Today with Bob?"

"Yes," Jess confirmed, already noting the mixture of anxiety and excitement in Tom's face. "But let's eat first while it's hot. Then we can talk, without distractions."

Tom nodded, squeezing her waist gently before releasing her. "Lead the way."

Tom rinsed the last plate under the hot water before placing it in the drying rack.

What had happened today? The question had circled relentlessly since he'd walked through the door, finding Jess composed, almost suspiciously so. The beef bourguignon had been incredible. They'd shared dinner, discussed work and the upcoming weekend. She'd asked intelligent questions about the Meridian implementation, shared updates on her Houston preparations. Normal conversation. Too normal, perhaps.

Not once during dinner had she hinted at what might have transpired with Bob. When he had asked, Jess had simply said, "We'll talk after dinner."

The uncertainty twisted inside him. She'd gone down to the pool today, that much was clear. But what had happened? Had Bob's mouth found its way between her legs again? Had she reciprocated?

That thought ignited desire and dread, a volatile cocktail of emotion Tom had become increasingly familiar with over these past weeks.

Perhaps nothing had happened. Maybe they'd just swum together or had another massage. The bourguignon could simply be Jess's way of celebrating his upcoming promotion rather than preparation for difficult news.

But something in her demeanor suggested otherwise. A certain guardedness behind her eyes, a careful attention to neutral topics. Tom knew his wife, recognized the subtle tells most would miss.

Tom wiped down the countertop, his movements increasingly aggressive as anxiety mounted. Jess had gone to their bedroom ten minutes ago, claiming she needed to "get ready" for their conversation. What did that mean? What preparation could such a discussion require?

Unless she planned to show him something. The thought seized Tom's imagination. Perhaps she'd taken photos or video. The possibility both alarmed and aroused him.

With the kitchen spotless, he moved through the living room toward their bedroom. Tom paused at the threshold, gathering courage before pushing the door open.

The lights had been dimmed. Jess reclined against the pillows, the white bikini peeking out from beneath her partially open cover-up.

Tom froze in the doorway, mind racing. The white bikini. The one she'd worn for Bob before. Was this a reenactment? A visual aid for whatever story she planned to share? The staging felt premeditated to maximize impact.

"Are you coming in?" Jess asked, patting the space beside her on the bed.

Tom nodded wordlessly, stepping into the room. His hands moved automatically to his shirt buttons, undoing them.

"You wore that today?" he asked as he shrugged off his shirt. "For Bob?"

"Yes," Jess confirmed. "At first, anyway."

At first. Tom swallowed, continuing to undress, mind spinning ahead to what might have followed.

"Did you have a good massage?" Tom asked, the question innocuous despite the tension crackling through the air.

Jess's mouth curved in a small smile. "Among other things."

The cryptic response only heightened Tom's anticipation. As he stepped out of his boxers, his erection stood prominently.

Tom slid into bed beside Jess, hyperaware of the few inches separating their bodies. "So," he began. "What happened today? What did Bob do to you?"

"Actually, it's more about what I did to him today."

What I did to him. The phrasing immediately conjured images Tom wasn't prepared for despite having fantasized about precisely such scenarios.

"What do you mean?" Tom asked.

Jess reached out, fingertips trailing lightly along his chest. "Are you sure you want to know?" she asked. "Everything?"

"Yes," Tom replied immediately. "I need to know."

"Because once I tell you, I can't un-tell it," Jess continued, her eyes searching his face. "And it's a lot, Tom. More than before."

The warning only inflamed his curiosity. "Please," he urged, embarrassed by the need in his voice. "Tell me what happened."

Jess shifted closer, fingertips continuing their exploration of his chest. "I went down like usual," she began. "Wearing this bikini. Bob was waiting for me. We talked for a while, and I swam."

"After I got out," Jess continued, "he gave me another massage. Like Thursday, he used his mouth on me."

Tom's imagination supplied the details her words suggested.

"He made me come right there," Jess said. "He's so good at it, Tom. I came hard. So hard I cried out. Anyone could have heard if they were close enough to the fence."

"Jesus," Tom muttered.

"But this time," Jess added, her voice dropping slightly, "I wanted to reciprocate."

Tom's eyes widened. "You mean-"

"We went inside his apartment," Jess said.

"Inside?" Tom repeated.

Jess nodded. "I told him I wanted to repay the favor."

Tom's pulse hammered in his ears. The moment of revelation approached, yet Jess seemed to be prolonging the tension, drawing out details that heightened anticipation.

"So while he was sitting on his couch… I got on my knees in front of him," she continued.

"God… " Tom whispered.

"I took his shorts off," Jess said, her hand sliding lower on Tom's torso. "And I started stroking him with my hand, like that first time."

"Did you-" Tom hesitated, the question stuck in his throat.

Jess suddenly moved, pushing Tom on his back, throwing one leg over him to straddle his hips, the cover-up falling open to reveal the tiny white bikini. Jess looked down at him from her elevated position.

"Did I what, Tom?" she asked, grinding herself against his erection. "Did I take him in my mouth? Is that what you're asking?"

Tom nodded, incapable of voicing the question.

Jess leaned down, her lips brushing his ear. "Yes," she whispered. "I sucked his big fat cock."

Her words hit Tom like an electric current, making his entire body tense beneath her. The fantasy materialized into reality, crossing from imagination to actual experience.

"I licked the tip first," Jess continued, sitting back up. "There was already pre-cum there. I tasted it."

"No," Tom gasped, the denial automatic. "You didn't."

"Yes," Jess insisted. "I did that and more. Are you sure you want all the details?"

Tom nodded despite the growing discomfort squeezing his chest. "Everything," he managed. "Tell me everything."

Jess's eyes held his for a moment before continuing. "I started with kisses along the sides. Then I used my tongue to lick his whole shaft."

Tom's body responded to her touch as his mind constructed torturous images of Jess performing these same actions on another man.

"When I finally put my mouth on it," Jess continued, "I had to open wide. He's so thick, Tom. It was like a challenge."

The comparison was unavoidable despite her careful phrasing. The inadequacy he'd feared materialized in those words, in the recognition that his own more modest endowment presented no such "challenge."

"Did you really?" Tom asked. "You actually put his cock in your mouth?"

"Yes," Jess said. "I did."

"How much could you take?" The question emerged despite Tom's better judgment, morbid curiosity overwhelming self-preservation.

"About a third, maybe," Jess answered. "He's too big to take without practice."

Practice. The word suggested potential future attempts, a learning curve Jess might be contemplating.

"Keep going," he urged, masochistic fascination overriding discomfort.

"I used my hand on the rest of him while I sucked the head," she explained. "When it got dry, I used my spit to make it wetter."

She leaned down again, her mouth close to his ear. "I let my spit drip down onto his cock, Tom. It was so messy and so dirty and so fucking hot."

The crude language shocked Tom. Jess rarely used such explicit terms. This version of her, vulgar and unapologetic, represented yet another revelation.

"And I told him," Jess continued, whispering, "that I'm his cocksucker."

Tom's entire body stiffened. "You said what?"

"You heard me," Jess replied, running her tongue along his ear. "I told him I'm his cocksucker. And I meant it in that moment."

"Are you… are you making this up?" Tom asked, the scenario exceeding even his most elaborate fantasies. "Did this really happen? Did you actually say that to him?"

Jess sat back, meeting his gaze. "Every word is true," she stated. "I'm not making it up. This is what happened."

The confirmation created a strange vertigo in Tom. His wife, beautiful, elegant, accomplished Jessica Marshall, had got on her knees in their tenant's apartment, taken his cock in her mouth, and declared herself his cocksucker.

"When he was close," Jess continued, maintaining eye contact, "he asked where I wanted him to cum."

"Did you swallow for him?"

"No," Jess replied. "He came on my breasts."

"Would you have? If he'd asked?"

Jess hesitated, the pause itself an answer before she spoke. "Maybe," she admitted. "In the moment, I might have."

The visualization was excruciating yet undeniably arousing.

"You actually let him cum on you?" Tom's voice emerged strained, disbelieving.

"Yes," Jess replied. "There was so much of it, Tom. It just kept coming. Across my tits, some on my neck."

The comparison manifested again, unavoidable. Tom's ejaculations were normal. Nothing like Bob's voluminous production. Another area where he couldn't compete with their tenant.

"Did you enjoy it?" Tom asked, the question cutting to his deepest fear. "Be honest."

Jess considered him for a long moment before nodding. "Yes," she admitted. "I did."

The simple honesty gutted him more than any elaboration could have. His wife had derived pleasure from sexual contact with another man. Not merely participated to fulfill Tom's fantasy but actively enjoyed the experience.

"Why?" Tom asked. "Why'd you take that step today? Why NOW?"

"Because I wanted to," Jess replied simply. "That's the truest answer. Not for you, not for Bob. For me. I was curious. I wanted to taste him, to see if I could handle his size."

The explanation struck at something fundamental. For weeks, Tom had positioned himself as the architect of this arrangement, the one whose fantasy drove their

exploration. But Jess's words revealed a shift in agency he hadn't fully recognized until NOW. She wasn't merely indulging him. She was pursuing her own desires, making choices based on her own curiosity, her own pleasure.

The realization created both fear and strange relief. Fear that Jess's independent journey might lead places Tom hadn't anticipated. Relief that her participation wasn't performance for him but genuine engagement, authentic exploration rather than reluctant accommodation.

"I want you to know something," Tom said, suddenly needing to establish an emotional anchor amid the sexual details. "I love you. No matter what happened or happens, that doesn't change."

Jess smiled. "I know," she said. "I love you too. So much. Nothing about that has changed or will change."

"Was it better than with me?" Tom asked suddenly.

Jess frowned. "It wasn't better or worse," she replied. "Just different. The circumstances, the taboo aspect, his size, all created something that can't really be compared to what we have."

The diplomatic answer both reassured and disappointed Tom. He wanted concrete reassurance of his primacy yet recognized the impossibility of such comparison.

"Has this exploration changed what you want from me?" Tom asked, articulating another fear that had lurked beneath the surface of their arrangement. "Sexually, I mean."

Jess shook her head. "No. And it hasn't diminished what we share," she assured him. "If anything, I think it's enhanced our connection."

As if to demonstrate, Jess leaned down to kiss Tom.

"I want you right NOW," Jess murmured. "Does that answer your question about what I want from you?"

The directness bypassed Tom's intellectual anxieties, appealing to something more primal. Whatever had happened with Bob earlier, Jess was here NOW, choosing him, wanting him.

Tom's hands moved to her hips, gripping them through the cover-up. "Take it off," he said. "I want to see you."

Jess complied, shrugging the cover-up from her shoulders to reveal the white bikini in its entirety. This was the swimsuit she'd worn for Bob, the one that had precipitated

their first boundary crossing. Its presence NOW created an invisible connection to those encounters, as if Bob were somehow present in their bedroom through this fabric.

Tom reached up, fingers finding the knot at her neck. He undid it, letting the bikini top fall forward. He untied the second knot at her back, and the top fell away completely, revealing her perfect breasts.

"I need to be inside you," Tom said.

Jess nodded, lifting herself slightly to work the bikini bottoms down her hips. Tom helped push them the rest of the way off. When she settled back atop him, her bare pussy pressed against his erection, hot and already wet.

"Do you want me to taste you first?" Tom offered.

"No," Jess replied, reaching between them to position his cock at her entrance. "I just want you inside me. NOW."

She sank down, taking him completely. Tom gasped at the sensation, the hot tightness of her body engulfing him. Jess leaned forward, bracing her hands on his chest as she began to ride him.

"Do you like knowing where my mouth was earlier?" she asked, her voice tinged with arousal. "Does it turn you on to fuck me after I sucked his big cock?"

"Yes," Tom admitted. "It does."

Jess smiled, increasing her pace. "I knew it would," she said. "I thought about you while I was with him, how hard you'd get hearing about it."

Tom's hands moved to her hips, fingers digging into her flesh.

"Ride me," he commanded. "Show me how much you want me."

Jess's eyes lit with determination. She planted her feet on either side of his hips. The change created a squatting position above him, hands braced against his chest for balance. This new angle showcased the perfect view of her body, magnificent breasts bouncing freely, stomach muscles tightening with each movement, and most tantalizingly, the clear view of his cock disappearing inside her.

"Like this?" she asked, rising until he nearly slipped out before slamming back down.

"Fuck!" Tom gasped. "Exactly like that."

Jess established a rhythm, thighs flexing as she bounced on his cock. Each downward movement produced a wet, slapping sound as her ass connected with his thighs.

"Oh," she moaned, head tilting back. "So deep… this way."

Her fingernails dug into his chest as she increased her pace. The position required strength and control, muscles working as she lifted and lowered herself with growing urgency.

"Did you imagine this," Tom asked, hands moving to squeeze her ass, "while you were with him? Did you think about me fucking you?"

"Yes," Jess gasped, grinding her hips in a circular motion that made her shudder. "Unnghh… I knew how much it would turn you on… how hard we'd fuck tonight after I told you everything."

Tom thrust upward to meet her movements, driving deeper inside her. "Is my cock enough for you?" he asked.

"God, yes," Jess answered without hesitation. "Fuck… Tom… it's perfect."

Her breasts bounced rhythmically with each movement, nipples hard and begging for attention. Tom reached up, pinching one between his fingers.

"Tell me what you need," he demanded.

"Just… unnnghh… keep… touching me," she managed between bounces. "Feels so good when you… oh… pinch my nipples."

Tom obliged, alternating between her breasts as she rode him. Jess's movements grew more urgent, her breathing more ragged. She was chasing her pleasure with single minded determination, using his body exactly how she needed.

"That's it," Tom encouraged, transfixed by the sight of her taking her pleasure. "Take what you need."

"Oh… fuck," Jess groaned. "Tom… Tom… I'm getting close."

Her thighs were trembling with exertion, sweat glistening on her skin in the dim bedroom light. The concentration on her face, the way her brows furrowed and her mouth fell open with each downward thrust, created an image of raw beauty that seared itself into Tom's memory.

"Look at me," he commanded. "I want to see your eyes when you come."

Jess's gaze locked with his, creating an intimate connection that transcended the physical. Her movements became erratic, desperate.

"Oh god… Tom… oh god, oh god, oh god," she chanted, her voice rising. "Right there. Oh god, don't stop. Please don't stop!"

Tom thrust upward more forcefully, meeting her halfway, driving his cock deeper inside her. The added pressure pushed her over the edge.

"TOMMMM!" she cried out, her entire body seizing as her orgasm hit. Her pussy clenched around his cock, milking him, drawing him closer to his own release.

"Unnnghhh," she whimpered, continuing to move through the aftershocks. "So good… so fucking good."

The combination of her clenching muscles and the visual of her coming above him drove Tom toward his own climax.

"I'm close," he warned, his fingers digging into her hips. "Jess, I'm going to cum."

Without hesitation, Jess lifted herself off him completely. His cock, slick with her juices, slapped against his stomach, achingly hard and desperate for release.

Jess quickly repositioned herself between his legs.

She wrapped one hand around the base of his shaft and took him into her mouth. The sight of her lips stretching around him after she'd just been riding him was almost unbearably erotic.

"Oh fuck," Tom gasped.

Jess looked up, maintaining unbroken eye contact as she sucked him, her cheeks hollowing with the effort. Her tongue swirled around the head while her hand stroked the shaft with perfect pressure.

"I'm cumming," Tom managed to warn, his hips lifting off the mattress.

Jess took him deeper, eyes still locked on his as the first pulse of his orgasm hit the back of her throat. She continued to suck as the second and third spurts followed.

"Jesus… Jess," Tom panted, watching in awe as she drained him of every drop.

When his cock finally stopped pulsing, Jess gave one final, gentle suck before releasing him with a soft pop.

With deliberate ceremony, Jess swallowed, making the act visible, performative. She opened her mouth again to show him it was empty, then ran her tongue across her lips to collect any stray drops.

"Mine," she whispered, giving his softening cock a final, possessive squeeze before crawling up to nestle against his side.

Tom wrapped an arm around her, pulling her close as his breathing gradually normalized. She fit perfectly against him, her head finding its familiar spot on his shoulder, her leg draped over his.

Something profound had shifted between them tonight, boundaries pushed and crossed, yet somehow their connection felt intact, perhaps even strengthened by the honesty that had flowed between them.

"Are you okay?" she asked after a moment.

Tom nodded slowly. "I think so," he replied. "It's a lot to process, but… I'm okay."

"I need you to be honest with me," Jess said, turning to face him, reaching to stroke his face. "If this becomes too much, if what's happening with Bob crosses lines you're not comfortable with, you need to tell me. We can stop anytime."

The offer created a strange paradox. Tom had initiated this exploration, had encouraged Jess, had derived immense excitement from her experiences with Bob. Yet Jess NOW positioned herself as the potential instigator, the one who might need restraint.

The change reflected reality. Whatever had begun as Tom's fantasy had evolved into Jess's authentic journey. She wasn't merely accommodating his desires but pursuing her own, making choices based on her curiosity, her pleasure.

"I will," Tom promised. "But the same goes for you. This only works if we're both comfortable with where it's going."

Jess nodded, settling against her pillow. "No Houston project on Thursday means no pool session this week," she observed. "Maybe that's good timing. Gives us both space to process everything."

The reminder of Jess's meeting with Chen shifted focus back to their professional lives, the careers that existed alongside this exploration.

"And Meridian wraps on Friday," Tom noted.

"Our lives are pretty good, aren't they?" Jess asked, the question seeming to encompass more than just their careers.

Tom nodded, reaching to take her hand. "We are," he confirmed. "And whatever else happens, that's what matters most."

Tom felt his body relax despite the swirl of emotions still processing beneath the surface.

As Jess's breathing evened into sleep beside him, Tom stared at the ceiling, mind still active despite physical exhaustion.

But something about this evolution felt right, felt necessary. As if they'd needed this catalyst to move beyond patterns that had grown restrictive without either recognizing the limitation. Whatever uncertainties lay ahead, whatever adjustments their arrangement might require, the core connection between them had emerged stronger rather than diminished.

Jess brushed invisible lint from her skirt as the elevator ascended to the 34th floor. Her reflection in the polished doors showed a consummate professional. Charcoal pencil skirt and matching blazer, cream silk blouse buttoned appropriately high, hair swept into a sleek chignon, makeup subtle yet polished. No hint remained of yesterday's noon encounter with Bob or last night's passionate reconnection with Tom.

The elevator doors slid open, revealing the reception area of Austin Design Group. Caroline, the perpetually cheerful receptionist, looked up from her computer with a bright smile.

"Good morning, Jess! Margaret wants you in the boardroom right away."

"James Chen's here already?" Jess asked, checking her watch. The meeting wasn't scheduled for another forty-five minutes.

"No, not yet. Just prep work, I think. She's got Annie and Sam in there too."

"Thanks," Jess replied. "Any messages?"

"Nothing urgent. I'll forward anything to your phone if it comes through."

Jess nodded and headed down the corridor.

Margaret DeVore stood at the head of the table. Beside her, Annie arranged sample boards while Sam adjusted the projection settings.

"Jessica, excellent," Margaret said without looking up from her tablet. "We need to review our approach before Chen arrives."

"I thought we finalized everything yesterday," Jess said, setting her portfolio on the table.

"We did, but I received word from Ryan that Chen's recent Seattle project had some mid-development design conflicts. I want us positioned as the team that anticipates rather than reacts."

Jess slid into her usual seat, opening her laptop to access the presentation materials. "What kind of conflicts?"

"Cultural nuances in the design elements. Apparently the Seattle team missed several symbolic implications that required extensive revisions." Margaret looked up, surveying the three of them. "Let's be crystal clear about our roles today. Sam, you'll handle technical feasibility and timeline projections."

Sam nodded. "Got it. I've prepared alternative timeline scenarios based on material availability concerns."

"Good. Annie, you'll cover material options and sustainability features."

Annie flashed a quick smile. "Ready. I've organized everything from locally sourced options to import alternatives with environmental impact comparisons."

"Jessica, you'll present the overall design concept and aesthetic direction. Your work on Skyline impressed Chen. Capitalize on that connection." Margaret tapped something on her tablet. "I'll handle client relations and contract parameters."

Jess pulled up her presentation slides, double-checking the sequence. "The renderings for levels thirty through forty-two needed some adjustment. I finalized them last night."

"Show me," Margaret said, coming around the table.

As Jess clicked through the digital renderings, showcasing the residential components of the mixed-use development, her mind betrayed her, momentarily replacing the sleek apartment interiors with images from yesterday. Her lips stretching around Bob's cock. His face as he'd watched her spit to lubricate his shaft. The astonishing quantity of semen that had covered her breasts and neck afterward.

"-the translucent dividers here, Jessica?"

Jess blinked, Margaret's question pulling her back. "Sorry, what about the dividers?"

Margaret gave her a curious look. "I asked if you'd addressed Chen's concern about privacy versus openness in the communal spaces."

"Yes, absolutely," Jess recovered, clicking to the next slide. "We've integrated these adjustable panels. They provide the flexibility to create either intimate gathering areas or open flow, depending on the event or time of day."

Margaret studied the rendering, nodding slowly. "Good solution."

"It's important we understand that Chen isn't just a developer," Margaret continued, returning to the head of the table. "He's an art collector, a cultural enthusiast, and extremely well-connected in both American and Asian business circles. This relationship extends beyond this single project."

"He has properties in Seattle, San Francisco, and Miami," Annie added. "Plus, international developments in Toronto, London, Singapore, and in multiple cities in China. If we impress him here, it could mean global opportunities."

"Exactly," Margaret confirmed. "And Jessica, your work will be particularly scrutinized. Chen has an eye for aesthetic detail that borders on obsessive."

Jess nodded, feeling a flush of pride amid the pressure. Two years ago, she'd been handling minor corporate offices and mid-range restaurants. NOW she was lead designer on projects that spanned continents, working with developers whose portfolios were valued in billions.

As Sam and Annie discussed technical specifications, Jess's thoughts drifted again. Last night, she'd ridden Tom with newfound confidence, claiming him as thoroughly as she'd allowed herself to be claimed by Bob.

In both her professional and personal life, she stood at parallel thresholds. Career advancement mirroring sexual exploration, both demanding courage to step into unfamiliar territory, both requiring her to reconcile different aspects of her identity.

Caroline's voice came through the intercom. "Ms. DeVore? Mr. Chen and his associates have arrived."

"We'll greet them in the lobby," Margaret replied, standing immediately.

The four of them moved toward reception. As the elevator doors opened, James Chen emerged, flanked by two associates. Jess recognized Vincent Nguyen, Chen's project manager, from Savannah. The woman beside them, whom Jess hadn't met before, carried herself with an aura of someone who controlled financial purse strings.

James Chen stood approximately 5'9" but his presence expanded beyond physical dimensions. He was impeccably dressed in a black suit, white shirt, and black tie. His hair, cropped short with subtle gray at the temples, highlighted features that missed conventional handsomeness but achieved something more interesting, sharp intelligence evident in every glance.

"Margaret," Chen said, extending his hand. "A pleasure to see you again."

"James, welcome to Austin Design Group," Margaret replied, her formal tone warmed by professional familiarity. "You remember Jessica Marshall, our lead designer."

Chen turned to Jess. "Of course. Ms. Marshall's work on Skyline was impressive. And she proved quite knowledgeable about architectural preservation during our discussions in Savannah."

Jess offered her hand, which Chen took.

"Thank you, Mr. Chen. I'm looking forward to bringing the same attention to detail to your Houston project."

Margaret gestured to her right. "And this is Annie Davis, our materials specialist, and Sam Thompson, who heads our technical implementation team."

Annie stepped forward confidently. "Good to see you again, Mr. Chen."

"Ms. Davis," Chen acknowledged with a nod, shaking her hand.

Sam extended his hand next. "Mr. Chen."

"Mr. Thompson," Chen replied, his handshake firm.

Chen then turned slightly. "Allow me to introduce my colleagues. While I believe some of you may have crossed paths in Savannah, I don't believe proper introductions were made. This is Vincent Nguyen, my project manager."

Vincent stepped forward. In his early thirties, he stood an even 6' tall with the broad-shouldered, narrow waisted build of a collegiate swimmer who still found time for the pool. His navy suit, clearly bespoke, fit him with the exactness only serious money can buy, while his black hair was trimmed and side parted with meticulous attention to detail that bordered on vanity. Undeniably handsome, he possessed the kind of features and easy confidence that had likely opened doors for him since childhood.

He greeted each team member in turn, offering a professional handshake and appropriate acknowledgment.

"And Rosa Reinhart, my financial analyst," Chen continued. "She'll be evaluating budget implications for design decisions."

Rosa, a woman in her early forties, acknowledged each introduction with a nod. Her frameless glasses and muted pantsuit seemed intended to deflect attention, as if beauty were an inconvenience she'd found a practical workaround for. Beneath this camouflage of professional austerity, her high cheekbones and perfect symmetry were unmistakable. If she were to let down her hair, remove those glasses, apply even the

simplest red lipstick, and exchange the shapeless pantsuit for anything that acknowledged her form, she would transform from invisible to devastating.

"Shall we give you the office tour before settling in the boardroom?" Margaret suggested.

"I'd appreciate that," Chen replied.

As they proceeded through the office, Jess found herself walking alongside Chen while Margaret led the way, pointing out design features and introducing key team members.

"Your firm's reputation continues to grow," Chen commented. "The Skyline project has generated substantial buzz."

"Thank you. We're proud of how it balances modern luxury with local architectural influences." Jess indicated a scale model of the Skyline building as they passed the main studio space.

"Balance is essential," Chen agreed. "Though I find the challenge lies in knowing which rules to respect and which to break."

Something about his phrasing caught Jess's attention. Was he still talking about architecture, or had his meaning shifted?

"The most interesting spaces often exist at the crossroads of old and new," Jess replied.

"Precisely. Cultural fusion requires understanding boundaries before crossing them."

Before Jess could respond, they reached the materials library, where Annie eagerly launched into an explanation of the sustainable options ADG prioritized. The moment of ambiguous connection passed, yet Jess felt certain it had happened. There had been subtext in their exchange, a conversation beneath the conversation that she couldn't quite decipher.

When they finally settled in the boardroom, Margaret opened the formal proceedings. "Before we begin, I want to acknowledge that while this project officially launches in a few weeks, today's discussion lays critical groundwork."

Chen nodded, leaning back slightly in his chair. "I believe in establishing clear parameters early. Prevents costly misalignments later."

For the next two hours, the meeting progressed. Sam outlined technical approaches, Annie presented material options, and Margaret addressed contractual considerations. Throughout, Chen asked incisive questions that revealed both deep knowledge and specific expectations. Rosa took continuous notes on a tablet, occasionally exchanging quiet comments with Vincent in what appeared to be an ongoing cost-benefit analysis.

When Jess's turn came, she moved to the head of the table with her presentation remote. She'd given hundreds of design presentations over her career, yet nervousness fluttered in her stomach as she clicked to the first slide.

"The Houston project presents a unique opportunity to harmonize seemingly opposing elements," she began, advancing to a concept board showing architectural inspirations. "The challenge lies in creating spaces that honor both Eastern and Western design philosophies while avoiding stereotypical interpretations of either."

Chen's expression remained neutral as he studied the images. Jess continued, describing how different floors would transition between complementary aesthetics, creating a cohesive experience throughout the building.

"The building incorporates feng shui principles," Jess continued, displaying renderings of potential apartment layouts. "We've created spaces that feel both timeless and modern."

She noticed Chen lean forward slightly, the first change in his posture since the presentation began.

As she continued her presentation, Jess felt a subtle shift in the room's energy. Chen engaged more actively, asking questions that suggested genuine interest. Vincent occasionally nodded in apparent approval, while Rosa's notetaking seemed to intensify.

The nervous energy that typically accompanied client meetings had transformed into a quiet assurance that Jess knew exactly what she was doing.

When Jess concluded her portion, Chen turned to Margaret. "Your team has prepared thoroughly. I'm particularly impressed with Ms. Marshall's conceptual framework."

"Jessica has a gift for balancing innovation with respect for tradition," Margaret replied. "Her work on the Weatherby Mansion renovation in Savannah demonstrates the same sensitivity."

"Yes, I saw the preliminary designs during my visit there," Chen said.

The conversation shifted to scheduling considerations, with Margaret outlining the timeline for the project's official launch. As they discussed logistical details, Jess became aware of Chen studying her during moments when she wasn't actively presenting.

She recalled the conversation she'd overheard at the Skyline party, Chen discussing her with Webb and Harrington in explicitly sexual terms. Had that been merely performative male posturing? His current demeanor suggested none of that crassness, though she recognized such compartmentalization was common among powerful men.

As they wrapped up, Chen addressed the group. "I'd like to schedule an on-site visit in Houston next month. Ms. Marshall, your presence would be particularly valuable given your role in shaping the aesthetic direction."

"Of course," Jess agreed. "I'd be happy to coordinate with your team."

"Excellent," Chen said, standing. "Margaret, thank you for hosting us today. I look forward to formalizing our arrangement in the coming weeks."

As the group exchanged final pleasantries, Jess noticed Vincent approach Annie with questions about material suppliers, their heads bent close over a sample board.

"Ms. Marshall," Chen said, turning to her as the others dispersed. "A moment?"

Jess nodded, maintaining composure despite a flicker of unease.

"Your presentation today reminded me of a conversation we had in Savannah," Chen said, his voice pitched for privacy. "You mentioned an interest in Japanese minimalism and its application to residential spaces."

The conversation had been brief during their dance at the cocktail party. Jess hadn't expected him to remember such a detail.

"Yes, I find the principles of simplicity relevant to contemporary living," she replied.

"I've recently acquired several pieces by Isamu Noguchi for my personal collection. If you're interested, I could arrange for you to view them during your Houston visit. His approach to negative space aligns with what you're proposing for the atrium."

The offer seemed genuinely professional rather than a pretext for something inappropriate. "I'd appreciate that opportunity."

Chen nodded, apparently satisfied. "Vincent will coordinate the details." He paused. "Your confidence has evolved since Skyline, Ms. Marshall. It suits you."

Before she could formulate a response, he turned to rejoin the others, leaving Jess to wonder about the meaning behind his observation.

The remainder of Jess's day unfolded in a blur of follow-up tasks. She compiled notes from the meeting, drafted concept refinements based on Chen's feedback, and coordinated with Annie and Sam on immediate action items. Margaret stopped by mid-afternoon.

"That went exceptionally well," her mentor said. "Chen rarely expresses direct approval, especially during initial presentations."

"He had good questions," Jess replied, minimizing her contribution.

Margaret shook her head. "Don't downplay this, Jessica. You connected with his vision in a way that clearly impressed him. That's a significant achievement given his reputation for exacting standards."

The praise warmed Jess, particularly coming from Margaret, whose compliments were measured and therefore meaningful when offered. "Thank you. I spent a lot of time researching his previous projects and design preferences."

"It showed," Margaret said. "Keep this momentum going."

By 6:30 PM, Jess had wrapped up the most pressing items on her list. She gathered her things, said goodbye to the few colleagues still working, and headed for the elevator.

Jess pulled into her driveway twenty minutes later.

Tom had texted that he'd be working late, likely wouldn't be home until after ten. Another Meridian crisis that required his attention, another night of takeout at his desk and fluorescent office lighting.

Jess kicked off her heels at the door and padded up the stairs to the kitchen. The refrigerator yielded leftover bourguignon, which she reheated while changing into leggings and an oversized t-shirt.

As she ate at the kitchen island, Jess found herself thinking about Tom. Despite the complexity of their arrangement with Bob, Tom remained her center, her true north. His excitement at her experiences, his willingness to navigate this uncharted territory together, his vulnerability in sharing his deepest desires, these qualities had deepened her love for him.

She sent him a quick text.

Jess: Thinking about you. Don't work too late. Love you.

His response came immediately.

Tom: Counting the minutes until I'm home. Love you more.

Jess smiled at the screen, the simple exchange confirming what she already knew. They were navigating unfamiliar waters, but they were doing it together.

Jess swirled the remaining red wine in her glass as she sat on the living room couch. She checked her phone again. 10:22 PM.

The front door opened, and Tom's footsteps sounded on the stairs. He appeared at the entrance to the living room, tie loosened, jacket draped over one arm.

"Hey," he said. "Sorry I'm so late."

"Don't be," Jess replied. "I know it's crunch week."

Tom sank onto the couch beside her, leaning over to press a kiss to her temple. "God, I needed to see you. This day has been endless."

"Wine?" she offered, gesturing toward the bottle on the coffee table.

"Please."

Jess reached for the bottle and an empty glass, pouring a generous portion before handing it to him. Tom took a long sip, eyes closing briefly in appreciation.

"How was the Chen meeting?" Tom asked.

"It went well." Jess turned toward him. "Chen's… exacting. Every detail matters to him. The kind of client who spots a half-millimeter misalignment in a rendering."

"Sounds demanding."

"He is, but in a sophisticated way." Jess took a sip of wine. "He understands design at a fundamental level. Makes critique more meaningful when it comes from someone who gets what you're trying to accomplish."

"Did he say or do anything?"

Jess immediately understood the source of his question. "You're thinking about what I overheard at the Skyline party."

"Hard to forget men making bets about bedding my wife," Tom replied.

Jess shook her head. "No, he was completely professional but there might have been some double entendre in our conversation."

"Double entendre?"

"We were discussing design philosophy, and he made some comments about knowing when to maintain boundaries and when to reconsider them." Jess shrugged. "Could have been about architecture, could have been something more."

"It's funny," Tom said. "You've got the two major developers of your biggest projects both interested in sleeping with you."

"Ironic, right?" Jess laughed.

"Did Chen mention anything about Savannah? About dancing with you at the party?"

Jess shook her head. "Nothing specific, though he made a comment about my confidence evolving since Skyline. Said it suits me."

"That sounds like a line," Tom observed.

"Maybe," Jess acknowledged. "But he delivered it so straightforwardly, not like he was trying to flirt. He also invited me to view his Noguchi collection when I'm in Houston next month."

"His 'collection,'" Tom repeated skeptically, making air quotes with his fingers. "That doesn't sound like a euphemism at all."

"It's actually relevant to the project," Jess defended. "We're incorporating Japanese minimalist influences in the design."

"I'm sure that's exactly what he's interested in showing you," Tom said, the sarcasm plain. "His Japanese minimalist influences."

Jess laughed. "You're terrible."

"I'm right, though." Tom shifted closer. "Have you thought about what I suggested before? About maybe flirting back a little? Seeing where it leads?"

"I need to maintain professionalism, Tom. These aren't random men at a nightclub. They're clients who control projects worth millions. My reputation in the industry is on the line."

Tom nodded slowly. "I understand. I just wonder… you know Chen clearly wants you. Webb definitely does too. And Harrington even asked you to help with his penthouse, which was obviously just an excuse to get you alone."

"Which I declined," Jess reminded him.

"I know." Tom placed his hand on her thigh. "I'm not pushing. Just… thinking out loud."

Jess covered his hand with her own. "I know what you're thinking about."

"Tuesday?" Tom asked.

"Tuesday," Jess confirmed.

"When you told me you sucked Bob's cock."

"Yes," she said simply.

"That changed something," Tom admitted. "Knowing you'd crossed that line. That you'd gone into his apartment. It was different from the poolside stuff."

Jess nodded, unable to deny the significance of that threshold. "It was different," she agreed. "More intimate."

"And you enjoyed it," Tom added.

"I did," Jess said.

Tom's hand moved higher on her thigh. "It makes me crazy thinking about it. In the worst and best ways possible."

Jess leaned closer. "Tell me."

"I picture you there," Tom said. "Looking up at him while you suck his cock."

"I thought about you the entire time," she told him. "How you'd react when I told you."

His hand slid higher, reaching the apex of her thighs. "Show me again," he whispered. "Show me how you sucked his cock."

Jess moved without hesitation, sliding from the couch to kneel between Tom's legs. Her hands found his belt, unfastening it. The zipper followed, then she was tugging at his pants and boxers until his cock sprang free, already hard.

She looked up, maintaining eye contact as she wrapped her hand around his shaft. "Like this," she said, leaning forward to place an open-mouthed kiss on the head of his cock. "I started with kisses along the sides."

Tom watched, transfixed, as she demonstrated, lips trailing along his length. "Then what?" he asked.

"Then I used my tongue," Jess replied, providing a demonstration by licking a long stripe from base to tip. "Long, slow licks, up and down."

Tom's breathing quickened. "And then?"

"Then," Jess continued, positioning her mouth directly above his cock, "I took him in my mouth. Like this."

She wrapped her lips around the head of Tom's cock, sliding down until she'd taken him completely. She bobbed her head a few times before releasing him with a soft pop.

"I couldn't take all of Bob, though," she admitted, returning to stroking Tom with her hand. "He's too big."

The comparison only inflamed Tom further. His hands moved to her hair, fingers threading through the strands.

"Did you want more of him?" Tom asked, voice strained. "Did you want to take him deeper?"

"I wanted to try," Jess confessed. "I wondered how much I could handle."

Tom groaned. "Keep sucking me," he ordered. "Show me how you sucked him."

Jess returned her mouth to Tom's cock, establishing a rhythm that matched what she'd done with Bob. Tom's hands tightened in her hair, guiding NOW.

"I'm picturing it," Tom gasped. "You taking his huge cock in your pretty mouth. Fuck, Jess. It's too much."

The fantasy quickly pushed him over the edge. Tom's body tensed as he came, spilling into Jess's mouth without warning. She swallowed instinctively, continuing to suck gently until the pulses subsided.

When she finally released him, Tom's expression held both satisfaction and awe. "Come here," he said, reaching for her.

Jess climbed into his lap, straddling him. Tom's hands found the hem of her shirt, tugging it upward and off. Her bra followed, leaving her bare from the waist up.

The remaining wine sat forgotten as they kissed deeply, the day's stresses dissolving under more primal impulses.

Later, as they lay tangled in their bed, Tom's breathing evening out beside her, Jess found herself staring at the ceiling, mind turning toward tomorrow. Another day with Chen and his team.

Thursday morning arrived with a flurry of meeting preparations. James Chen and his team would be at the office from 9 AM until at least 5 PM, with a working lunch scheduled in the boardroom.

By noon, they'd worked through the initial concept presentations and were taking a short break before food arrived. In the break room, Jess checked her phone, finding two texts from Tom.

Tom: How's the Chen marathon going? Holding up okay?

Tom: Thinking about last night. Can't focus on Meridian data.

Jess smiled, typing a quick response.

Jess: Chen's asking a million questions but seems impressed overall. Last night was amazing. Miss you already.

As she sent the message, Jess realized the time. Thursday, noon. If James Chen weren't here, she'd be down at the pool with Bob right NOW.

What would she be doing? Where would the progression lead? Another oral exchange? Something more?

Bob would have probably used his mouth on her again, his tongue bringing her to climax, possibly triggering squirting orgasms. She'd have reciprocated, taking his cock into her mouth again, perhaps attempting to take more of his impressive length.

A part of her feared the normalizing of these encounters, the transformation of extraordinary boundary crossing into routine expectation. Yet another part of her wondered about taking things even further. Could she fully deepthroat him with practice as she'd once managed with Marco in college? The mental image of Bob's face, shocked and overwhelmed as she took his entire length, held unexpected appeal.

"Jessica?" Margaret's voice intruded on her thoughts. "Chen's asking for your input on the atrium renderings."

"Coming," Jess replied, shaking off the train of thought. She tucked her phone away and returned to the boardroom, forcing her attention back to professional matters.

The remainder of the day passed in a blur of design discussions, material selections, and budget considerations. By the time Jess returned home that evening, Tom was still at the office.

She texted him from bed, already half-asleep.

Jess: Long day. Headed to sleep. Wake me when you get home if you want.

His reply came immediately.

Tom: Might be very late. Don't wait up.

Friday brought the final day of meetings with James Chen. The morning focused on technical specifications, with Sam handling most of the detailed explanations while Jess occasionally clarified design implications. By mid-afternoon, they'd reached consensus on the overall direction, with specific refinements to be addressed in the coming weeks.

As they wrapped up the formal meeting, Chen surprised everyone with an unexpected suggestion.

"I believe this calls for a celebratory drink," he announced. "Would you join me? There's a rooftop bar at my hotel."

Margaret glanced at Jess, Annie, and Sam before responding. "That sounds lovely, James. Though I'll need to bow out due to a previous commitment."

Chen nodded, accepting her decline. "Of course. Would you three be available?"

The invitation, while including the entire team, seemed particularly directed at Jess. She considered declining but recognized the professional opportunity in strengthening their working relationship.

"I'd be happy to join you," she replied. Sam and Annie quickly agreed as well.

"Excellent," Chen said. "Shall we say 6 PM at The Overlook? I'll ensure they reserve suitable space for our group."

Jess texted Tom once Chen and his team had departed.

Jess: Chen invited us for drinks after work. Going with Sam and Annie. Should be home by 9-ish.

Tom's response followed a few minutes later.

Tom: Sounds good. Have my Meridian celebration dinner tonight with the team. Probably won't be home until 11. Have fun with the billionaire. Don't do anything I wouldn't do.

Jess smiled.

Jess: That leaves me a lot of options.

Tom: Exactly. Enjoy yourself. Love you.

The Overlook occupied the 20th floor of Chen's downtown hotel, offering panoramic views of Austin's skyline. Jess arrived with Annie and Sam a few minutes after six, finding Chen already seated in a reserved section with Vincent and Rosa.

"Welcome," Chen greeted them, rising briefly. "Please, join us."

A server appeared immediately to take their drink orders. Chen ordered the table a bottle of eighteen-year-old Yamazaki whisky.

The conversation flowed naturally from project-related topics to broader design trends. Chen proved knowledgeable about architectural history, particularly regarding the fusion of Eastern and Western influences. Jess found herself genuinely engaged, momentarily forgetting the comments she'd overheard at the Skyline party.

As the evening progressed, their group shifted configurations. Sam and Vincent discovered a mutual interest in sustainable building practices, moving to the adjacent high-top table for a spirited discussion of material innovations. Annie engaged Rosa in conversation about the Savannah project, leaving Jess and Chen momentarily isolated.

"Your approach to the residential floors impressed me," Chen said. "Most designers attempt superficial Eastern aesthetics without understanding the underlying principles."

"I've spent considerable time studying Japanese and Chinese spatial concepts," Jess replied. "The philosophy behind the design is as important as the visual outcome."

Chen nodded approvingly. "That perspective is rare and valuable. It's one reason I believe we'll work well together."

The statement carried potential double meaning, though his tone remained professional.

"Creative collaboration requires mutual respect," Chen continued. "Some find that challenging across cultural differences."

"Understanding often begins with listening," Jess replied.

"Precisely." Chen studied her face for a moment. "You possess an unusual quality, Ms. Marshall. An openness to experience. It's compelling."

"Balance is essential in most things," Jess replied neutrally.

"Indeed." Chen raised his glass slightly. "To finding the right balance, in design and beyond."

Jess met his toast, the crystal making a delicate clinking sound as they touched glasses.

By 9 PM, the gathering had reached its natural conclusion. Chen covered the substantial tab despite Annie's token protest, thanking them for their time and insights.

As the others exchanged final pleasantries, Chen drew Jess slightly aside.

"I look forward to our continued collaboration, Ms. Marshall," he said. "I believe we have much to learn from each other."

"I share that sentiment, Mr. Chen."

His handshake lingered perhaps a beat longer than strictly professional. "My personal number," he added, pressing a business card into her palm. "Should you have design insights that can't wait for formal channels."

Jess accepted the card with a professional nod, tucking it into her pocket.

After parting ways with Chen's team, Jess declined Annie and Sam's invitation for further drinks. "I should head home," she explained. "It's been an intense week."

Tom lurched through the front door, steadying himself against the frame for a moment as the world tilted pleasantly around him. The team dinner at Akira had evolved into something between a celebration and a wake. The death of months long stress, the birth of newfound freedom. What had begun with polite toasts quickly descended into sake bombs and whiskey shots.

The Uber driver had seemed amused by his condition, asking twice if he needed help to the door. Tom had declined, though NOW he questioned the wisdom of that decision as he fumbled with his keys, eventually managing to open the door.

The house was quiet, peaceful in its stillness. Glancing at his watch, he made out the fuzzy numbers. 1:37 AM. No wonder Jess had gone to bed.

He made his way upstairs, concentrating on each step to avoid making unnecessary noise. In the kitchen, he flipped on the small light above the sink, squinting at the sudden brightness.

Tom grabbed a glass from the cabinet and filled it with cold water from the refrigerator dispenser, drinking greedily. As he refilled it for a second time, he noticed an empty wine bottle on the counter, an empty glass in the sink. Jess had done some celebrating of her own, it seemed.

Tom drained the second glass of water and set it in the sink beside Jess's wineglass. He moved toward the bedroom, shedding his jacket as he went.

The bedroom was bathed in the soft glow of moonlight filtering through the blinds. Jess lay curled on her side, blanket pulled to her shoulder.

He stripped quickly, dropping clothes to the floor with an abandon born of intoxication and fatigue. When he was down to his boxers, he slid into bed beside her, trying not to disturb her sleep.

Despite his efforts, Jess stirred. Her eyes fluttered open, unfocused at first, then finding him in the darkness.

"Hey," she murmured, voice thick with sleep. "You're home."

"I'm home," Tom confirmed, leaning to press his lips against hers.

The culmination of professional achievement, alcohol-fueled confidence, and days of fantasizing about Jess with Bob ignited something in him. He deepened the kiss, one hand moving to cup her face.

Jess responded lazily at first, then with increasing enthusiasm as sleep receded. When they broke apart, she smiled up at him, eyes glinting in the darkness. "How was dinner?"

"Don't remember," Tom mumbled, more interested in kissing her again than recounting the evening's events. His mouth found hers, more insistent this time, tongue seeking entrance.

Jess laughed softly against his lips. "You're drunk," she observed without judgment.

"Maybe a little," Tom admitted. "You too?"

"Finished a bottle of cabernet," she confessed. "So yeah, a bit fuzzy."

Tom's hand slid beneath the blanket, finding Jess wearing only an oversized t-shirt and panties. His palm moved along her ribs, tracing her waist before settling on her hip. "Missed you tonight."

"Missed you too," Jess replied, arching into his touch.

Their lips met again. Tom pushed the blanket down, exposing more of Jess to the moonlight filtering through the blinds.

Without breaking the kiss, he slid his hand under her shirt, reveling in the warmth of her skin. His fingers traced upward until they found her breast, cupping it, thumb circling her nipple.

Jess moaned softly, her own hands NOW exploring his body, nails dragging lightly down his chest to the waistband of his boxers. "You feel so good," she whispered.

Tom tugged at her shirt. "Off," he commanded.

Jess sat up, crossing her arms to grip the hem of her shirt, pulling it over her head. The moonlight painted her skin silver, transforming her into something ethereal yet undeniably carnal.

Tom's boxers followed, tossed carelessly to the floor. He moved over her, positioning himself between her thighs, his cock hard against her panties. Their mouths met again, the kiss deeper, more urgent.

"These too," Tom said, sitting up, fingers hooking in the sides of her panties.

Jess lifted her hips, allowing him to slide it down her legs. When he'd removed them completely, she spread her thighs wider, inviting him closer. "I want you to fuck me," she said, words slurred slightly from wine and arousal.

Tom rubbed his hard cock between the folds of her pussy before positioning it at her entrance. "Like this?"

"Yes," Jess breathed. "Just like that."

Tom pushed forward slowly, watching her face as he entered her. Her eyes fluttered closed, lips parting on a silent gasp as he filled her. When he was fully seated, he paused, savoring the sensation.

"Mmmm," Jess hummed, her hands moving to his shoulders. "You feel amazing."

Tom began to move, establishing a steady rhythm. Jess matched him, hips rising to meet each thrust. Their bodies found a familiar dance, the product of years together, yet freshened by recent experiences.

"You're so wet," Tom observed. "So ready for me."

"Been thinking about you all night," Jess replied, her fingernails digging into his shoulders. "Waiting for you to come home and fuck me."

The admission pushed Tom to increase his pace, driving deeper into her. Jess responded with a low moan, her legs wrapping around his waist to pull him closer.

"What were you thinking about?" Tom asked. "When you were waiting?"

Jess's eyes met his. "Everything," she admitted. "You. Us. Tuesday."

"What about Tuesday?" Tom prompted.

"Mmmm," Jess moaned. "About how much I enjoyed it. How much you enjoyed hearing about it."

Tom's arousal spiked at her words. "What are you thinking about right NOW?" he asked, continuing to thrust.

Jess gasped, her back arching. "You," she said. "Your cock inside me. How good you feel."

"And what else?" Tom pressed.

Jess smiled. "What are you thinking about, Tom?"

The question turned the tables, forcing him to acknowledge the images that had been cycling through his mind since Tuesday night. "I'm thinking about you," he began.

"Tell me," Jess urged.

"I'm thinking about you sucking Bob's cock," Tom admitted. "I still can't believe you did that."

Instead of embarrassment, Jess's expression showed understanding, even excitement. "Do you like thinking about that? About me sucking his big cock?"

"Yes," Tom groaned, his pace increasing. "I haven't been able to stop imagining it since you told me."

Jess's hands moved from his shoulders to cup his face, ensuring he was looking directly at her. "Next time," she said, her voice low and intimate, "do you want to watch me? So you don't have to imagine?"

The suggestion made him falter momentarily in his rhythm. "Watch you?"

"Mmhmm," Jess confirmed, her eyes never leaving his. "Watch me take his cock in my mouth. See how much I can handle."

"Fuck," Tom breathed. "Would you really do that?"

"If you wanted me to," Jess replied. "He's so big, but I'd try to take as much as I could. So you could see."

Tom resumed his thrusting, more forcefully NOW, driven by the fantasy she was spinning. "You'd actually do that?"

"Yes," Jess said. "I'd do whatever you wanted, with whoever you wanted. I'll be a good cocksucker for you."

That specific term from Jess's mouth sent electricity down Tom's spine. "What about Webb?" he asked, testing the boundaries of her statement.

"I'd suck his cock for you," she replied.

"What about Chen? Or Richard Harrington?"

"Yes," Jess replied without hesitation. "All of them. At the same time if that's what you wanted."

"What about Derek?"

"Yes."

"What about Brandon?"

"Even him," Jess agreed, her breathing growing ragged as Tom's thrusts became more forceful.

The fantasy expanded, taking on dimensions Tom hadn't fully explored until NOW. Jess on her knees, surrounded by men, taking each cock in turn. The image was both disturbing and intensely arousing.

"Will you suck Bob's cock next week?" Tom asked, bringing the fantasy back to something potentially attainable, something real.

"Only if you want me to," Jess replied, her answer placing the decision firmly in his hands.

"But do you want to?" Tom pressed, needing to know her genuine desire separated from her willingness to please him.

"Yes," Jess admitted. "I want to do it again. I know I can go deeper."

The confession ignited something in Tom. The thought of Jess not just accommodating his fantasy but actively desiring it. "Would you go downstairs right NOW? Crawl into his bed?"

"Yes," Jess said. "If that's what you want."

"What exactly would you do?" Tom asked, his thrusts becoming shallower but more rapid.

Jess moaned before answering, the increased pace clearly affecting her. "I'd make it so good for him," she said. "So good he'd never forget."

"How?" Tom demanded, needing the details, needing to visualize what she might do.

"I'd spit on it," Jess said. "Lick it to get it nice and wet. Then I'd bob up and down, taking it deeper each time."

Tom groaned at the visual, his hands gripping her hips harder NOW.

"I'd take him down my throat," Jess continued, her words coming faster NOW, matching the urgency of their movements. "Until he cums. Then I'd swallow every drop because I wouldn't want to mess up his sheets."

"Fuck, Jess," Tom gasped, his control disintegrating under her descriptions.

"Fuck me harder, baby," Jess demanded, her legs tightening around his waist. "I want to feel you."

Tom complied, driving into her with force. The headboard began to hit the wall with rhythmic thuds, but neither cared about the noise. Sweat formed on Tom's brow as he maintained the demanding pace.

"What are you thinking about NOW?" Jess asked, her voice strained with pleasure.

"I'm wondering," Tom panted, "what would happen if it was Bob's huge cock fucking you right NOW."

Jess moaned. "I wouldn't be able to take him," she said. "Not right away. I'd need to ease into it."

"Go on," he demanded.

"His cock would stretch me out," Jess continued. "He'd ruin my little pussy for you, Tom. It might never go back to the way it was."

The words should have horrified him but instead, they pushed him toward the edge of control. "I'm gonna cum," Tom warned.

He pulled out abruptly, taking his cock in hand and stroking rapidly. Jess watched with heavy-lidded eyes as he came on her stomach.

Tom collapsed beside her, breathing hard as if he'd run a marathon. Jess reached for the tissues on the nightstand, wiping his cum from her skin before settling against him.

"That was incredible," Tom managed once his breathing had somewhat normalized.

Jess turned to face him, her expression softening in the dim light. "I love you," she said simply.

"I love you too," Tom replied.

They exchanged soft kisses, gentler NOW that the immediate urgency had been satisfied. Tom felt exhaustion washing over him, the combination of the long day, celebration, and sexual exertion claiming its toll.

Jess curled against him, her breathing already evening into sleep. Tom followed her into darkness, his final thought a strange mixture of anticipation and wonder at what they were becoming together, where this path might ultimately lead.

The Bad Tenant Ch. 19

Bob closed his laptop lid with a sigh and drank the last bit of cold coffee left in his mug. His notebook lay open in front of him, pages filled with observations from last night's bedroom recording of Tom and Jess. Today's notes had taken far longer than usual, his documentation interrupted by three separate masturbation sessions, an impressive tally for a man his age. Now he felt drained, his satisfaction giving way to vague disgust.

He glanced at his wastebasket overflowing with crumpled napkins. Each one contained clumps of semen that had erupted from his cock as he watched the Marshalls' most intimate moments.

"Pathetic," he muttered to himself. A fifty-five-year-old man jerking off repeatedly to recordings of a couple's dirty talk. It wasn't the surveillance that bothered him. That was strategic. It was the desperate quality of his response, the way Jessica Marshall reduced him to juvenile urgency.

About an hour earlier, he had watched both Tom and Jess climb into Tom's Lexus and pull out of the driveway. Their joint departure represented a Saturday anomaly worth recording in his notebook. Typically, Jess went to the gym alone in her workout clothes, returning hours later with groceries, while Tom remained home, presumably working. Today's deviation suggested either Tom's big project had concluded, freeing his weekend schedule, or Jess had finally convinced him to prioritize their relationship over work.

Bob flipped through his notebook, fingers tracing over the transcribed conversation that had driven him to such urgency this morning.

"I'd do whatever you wanted, with whoever you wanted. I'll be a good cocksucker for you."

The words still resonated, that term, "cocksucker," the exact phrase she'd used with him on Tuesday. She'd told Tom about it that night, and now she was using it again, incorporating it into her identity.

It wasn't surprising. Last week she'd admitted that sucking dick was her "favorite thing."

But what had truly staggered him were her responses to Tom's increasingly specific questions about other men.

"All of them. At the same time if that's what you wanted."

The phrase seemed incongruous coming from Jessica Marshall, professional woman, devoted wife. Yet the recording captured her words clearly.

Bob had wrapped his hand around his cock to the mental image of Jess on her knees, surrounded by men, her face and breasts painted with semen.

He scanned his notes where he'd documented each name that had emerged during their conversation. Webb, Chen, and Harrington, the real estate developers he'd already known about from previous recordings. But two new names had appeared. Derek and Brandon. Who were they? The uncertainty annoyed him.

Though Jess's willingness to service multiple men inflamed his desire, the expanding roster of potential candidates dampened his spirits. He'd positioned himself as the safe, controlled option, the logical choice for their exploration. These other men represented competition, complications, alternatives he hadn't fully accounted for.

Even more shocking had been the exchange about Tuesday. Tom had asked directly, “Will you suck Bob’s cock next week?”

Jess had responded enthusiastically. “Only if you want me to,” then, “Yes, I want to do it again. I know I can go deeper.”

Her words confirmed what he’d hoped. Tuesday’s encounter hadn’t been a one-time experiment but the beginning of ongoing physical intimacy. She wanted to repeat the experience, wanted to improve her technique, wanted to take more of him.

Tom had escalated further, asking if she’d go downstairs immediately and crawl into his bed.

Jess had affirmed that yes, she would, if that’s what Tom wanted. She’d described exactly what she’d do, suggesting that she was actively fantasizing about it, not merely responding to Tom’s prompts.

But nothing, absolutely nothing, had matched what came next.

“What would happen if it was Bob’s huge cock fucking you right now?”

Tom’s question had been direct, unambiguous. And Jess’s response…

“I wouldn’t be able to take him,” and “Not right away. I’d need to ease into it,” and “His cock would stretch me out,” and finally, “He’d ruin my little pussy for you, Tom. It might never go back to the way it was.”

That was the moment Bob had lost himself completely, stroking himself until semen shot from his cock in a high arc, spattering across his chest and belly. He’d replayed that segment again and again, masturbating twice more until his cock felt raw and his well had run completely dry.

He recognized the exchange as drunk fantasy talk, verbal foreplay meant to heighten their mutual arousal. But the seed had been planted. The threshold between oral sex and penetration was crumbling. How sweet it would be to finally conquer Jess, to slide into her heavenly pussy while her husband watched from the sidelines.

Bob flipped through previous entries, reviewing recordings from the past weeks. He’d initially planned to savor these surveillance materials, to analyze them for psychological insight and strategic advantage. Instead, he increasingly used them primarily for sexual gratification.

Was continuing this surveillance even necessary? The hidden camera in the smoke detector represented a genuine risk. If discovered, he faced not just eviction but potential criminal charges.

Despite his misgivings, Bob knew the recordings remained essential. They revealed what Jess told Tom about their encounters, how she framed these experiences, which elements she emphasized or omitted. They showed Tom’s reactions, his encouragement, the specific fantasies that aroused him most intensely.

This information was too valuable to abandon. The recordings provided context Bob couldn’t obtain through direct interaction, insights into their private discussions that shaped his understanding of their relationship.

But perhaps the risks now outweighed the benefit. Should he find a reason to remove it? Claim it was faulty and needed replacement?

No, he decided. The information gathered remained worth the danger.

Bob closed his eyes, conjuring Jess's image. No woman had ever affected him this way. He'd assumed his most intense sexual experiences were behind him, relegated to memories of younger days. Yet here he was, insatiable as a teenager, obsessed with a woman half his age, legally bound to another man.

But she wasn't just any woman. She was a goddess, a true exemplar of feminine perfection, the kind who somehow ended up with a dorky business consultant instead of a multimillionaire. This worked in Bob's favor. If Jess were relaxing on some billionaire's yacht in the Mediterranean, he'd never have access to her.

He'd never believed in divine intervention, but Jess's presence in his life sometimes felt like evidence of a benevolent cosmic force.

To think it had all started with him spotting Tom watching through the window that night. The cards had fallen perfectly from that moment onward, each step in his manipulation campaign yielding results beyond what he'd dared hope.

The blowjob last week had been a significant advancement. Jess had crossed a threshold he'd suspected she would hesitate to approach. She'd been so adamant about not having sex with him yet had voluntarily dropped to her knees and taken his cock in her mouth.

Anticipation for the coming Tuesday was already building. What would happen? Would she take him in her mouth again? Would she attempt to take him deeper, as she'd told Tom she wanted to? The possibilities multiplied in his imagination.

He should save up for it, he decided. No more jerking off to these recordings. Actually, no more jerking off at all. Better to channel that sexual energy toward their next encounter, to ensure that when Jess dropped to her knees again, and he had no doubt she would, he'd have an impressive load waiting for her.

Perhaps next time he'd come on her gorgeous face instead of her breasts. The image of his princess, Jessica Marshall, with his copious semen across her flawless features nearly triggered another round of self-pleasure, but he restrained himself. The real thing would be infinitely more satisfying than fantasy.

He flipped to the section of his notebook where he'd documented the rules Jess and Tom had established for their arrangement.

The first was complete communication. "We tell each other everything. I tell Tom… everything. In detail." That rule had already been compromised. Jess had hidden her squirting orgasms from Tom, a significant omission that created fertile ground for manipulation.

The second rule was veto power. "Either of us can stop anything straightaway. No questions asked. If Tom ever said he wasn't comfortable with what we're doing, that would be it." This rule might have concerned Bob initially but now represented little threat. If Tom ever attempted to exercise this veto power, Bob held multiple insurance policies. Not only had Tom concealed his voyeuristic observation that first night, but they had essentially colluded in pushing Jess toward increasingly intimate encounters. Their private conversations, Tom's eager acceptance of Bob's suggestions about what Jess "wanted," and his active encouragement of each escalation made Tom not just complicit but a co-conspirator. Tom could never expose Bob's manipulation

without revealing his own. The supposed veto power was effectively neutralized by a web of shared secrets that trapped Tom as thoroughly as they ensnared Jess.

The third rule was privacy. “This stays completely between us. No friends or coworkers or anyone else in our social circles.” This benefited Bob enormously, isolating the Marshalls from external perspectives that might recognize his manipulation.

The fourth rule was emotional boundaries. “No dating, no separate emotional relationships, no romantic connections outside our marriage. This is physical exploration, not emotional.”

She had added that “Tom’s given me freedom to physically do whatever I want, except kissing. He says that feels too intimate, too emotional.” Most significant was Jess’s next statement. “But I’m going at my own pace. I’m not interested in sex. That’s a line for me.”

Bob smiled at the memory.

He had never believed that boundary for a second. Not with how readily she crossed every other line they approached. Not with Tom’s constant encouragement toward more explicit encounters. Not with her own obvious enjoyment of their escalating intimacy. It was only a matter of time before he’d be inside her. Every indication pointed toward that inevitable conclusion. The fantasy talk between husband and wife confirmed it. Tom wanted it. Jess was curious about it. And Bob had positioned himself as the perfect partner.

But what then? What happens after he penetrates her?

The traditional narrative of infidelity suggested Jess might develop feelings for him, might eventually leave her husband for the superior lover. But Bob recognized the improbability of this outcome.

She would never abandon her ambitious young husband for a handyman in his fifties. Nor was that Bob’s objective. As much as he’d love Jess as a permanent partner, he maintained enough realism to know that wouldn’t happen.

What he wanted, what he could get, was her body, her complete submission, her full acknowledgment of his sexual dominance over her husband. He wanted Tom to witness his own replacement in the most primal arena of masculine competition. He wanted to reclaim something he felt had been denied him by society’s arbitrary hierarchies of value.

But once achieved, once Jess was regularly spreading her legs for him, would the mission be complete?

No, he realized. There remained one ultimate objective, one final act of conquest that would represent total victory.

He wanted to put a baby inside Jess.

The thought crystallized with perfect, terrible certainty. The natural conclusion to this dynamic, the inevitable fate of unwitting cuckolds like Tom, was to raise another man’s child. Not just any man’s child, a superior man’s child.

Bob felt a rush of determination. He flipped to a fresh page in his notebook and wrote it down in large block letters.

PRIMARY GOAL: GET JESS PREGNANT

He underlined it three times and added several exclamation points. The words stared back at him, transforming vague desire into concrete objective. His princess would carry his child while her oblivious husband believed it was his own.

Bob stood. He paced the room, restless energy coursing through him. His goal was clear, his strategy working, yet he felt an urge to accelerate the process. How might he further blur the boundaries between himself and Jess? What tools could accelerate their continued intimacy?

An idea struck. He returned to his laptop and navigated to a website. After searching through several pages of results and reading reviews, he made his selection and completed the purchases with expedited shipping.

The confirmation page appeared, and Bob leaned back in his chair. This would prove most useful in the coming weeks. A perfect addition to his campaign.

He closed the laptop again, already imagining Jess's reaction. She might resist at first, might claim it crossed some arbitrary line in her mind. But she'd accept it eventually, just as she'd accepted every escalation thus far.

Tom would undoubtedly encourage her, would frame it as exploration rather than transgression. The husband's eager participation made Bob's work almost effortless. Tom had become an accomplice in his own cuckolding, reliably urging Jess toward each new threshold.

All Bob needed to do was create the opportunity and wait. Patience had served him well thus far.

Tom flipped through channels. Nothing captured his attention for more than a few seconds. Not the game show, not the reality tv, not the news, not the documentary. His navy suit jacket lay draped over the armchair, ready to be donned at a moment's notice. He'd opted for a white shirt underneath, open at the collar. No tie tonight. This was supposed to be fun, not a business dinner.

The day had started late, both of them nursing mild hangovers from the previous night. Tom's head had pounded with each heartbeat. Jess had been quieter than usual, massaging her temples as she sipped her coffee. Over a light breakfast of toast and fruit, they'd briefly acknowledged the intensity of their dirty talk the night before.

"About last night," Jess had begun, eyes fixed on her coffee mug. "I said some pretty wild things."

Tom had nodded, wincing at the movement. "We both did."

"Just drunk talk," she'd said with a small smile.

"Right," Tom agreed, though part of him wondered which elements had been pure fantasy and which might eventually translate to reality.

By afternoon, aspirin and several glasses of water had done their work. They'd ventured to Whole Foods together, something they hadn't done in a month. Walking the aisles side by side felt like reclaiming a small piece of normalcy. Tom had studied Jess's profile as she debated between pasta brands, wondering how this woman who discussed sucking other men's cocks could also seem so perfectly ordinary, so fundamentally unchanged.

Jess had told him more about her drinks with Chen and his team, including the business card with Chen's personal number. "For design insights that can't wait for formal channels," she'd quoted with a raised eyebrow.

Tom had reciprocated with stories from the Akira celebration, the team's collective relief at Meridian's completion. After shopping, they'd retrieved Tom's car from Akira's parking lot, abandoned the night before when an Uber had seemed the wiser choice.

Now the clock on the cable box showed 7:25 PM. Their Uber to Solitaire would arrive any minute. Brandon and Madi had secured a reservation for 8 PM, with plans to hit Elektra for dancing afterward.

"Jess?" Tom called out. "Uber's going to be here in five."

"Almost ready," she called back from the bedroom.

Tom dropped the remote and stood, shrugging into his jacket. He checked his reflection in the decorative mirror by the entryway, adjusting his collar and running a hand through his hair. Not too shabby for a guy who'd been hunched over spreadsheets for the past nine months.

The bedroom door opened, and Tom turned.

Jess emerged in a burgundy dress that made his mouth go dry. The dress followed her form without restricting movement, ending just above her knees. The neckline formed a deep V, revealing cleavage that would definitely draw attention tonight. Long sleeves balanced the exposure.

She completed a turn, the dress flaring slightly with the movement. "Worth the wait?"

Tom nodded. "Absolutely worth it," he managed. "You look incredible."

Jess smiled. "Good. I wasn't sure about the sleeves, but I think they work."

"Everything works," Tom assured her. He stepped closer, taking her hand and spinning her once more. "I don't think we've been out with them since before Bob moved in."

"Two months at least," Jess agreed.

"Brandon will be thrilled to see you," Tom said.

Jess tilted her head. "Of course. But Brandon's always thrilled to hang out with women. He flirts with everyone."

"Not like he flirts with you," Tom responded.

Jess studied his face. "Is that going to be an issue tonight? Because Brandon's always been Brandon. Nothing's changed there."

"Everything's changed," Tom said.

"Maybe," Jess acknowledged. "But I'm not sleeping with Brandon or doing anything else with him."

"I know that," Tom replied quickly. "I just meant the dynamic might be different now that we're… exploring things."

"Nothing's going to be different," Jess insisted. "I'll handle Brandon the way I normally do."

Tom nodded, deciding not to press the issue. “Fair enough.”

His phone buzzed with a notification. “Uber’s here,” he said.

They gathered their things, Jess slipping a lipstick and her phone into a small clutch, Tom checking for his wallet and keys. At the door, Tom placed his hand at the small of Jess’s back, guiding her outside.

Inside the car, Jess leaned against him, finding his hand and intertwining their fingers. “Do you ever regret it?” she asked quietly.

“Regret what?”

“Telling me about your fantasy,” she clarified. “Starting all of this.”

Tom considered the question seriously. “No,” he said finally. “There have been moments of discomfort, uncertainty… but regret… not really.”

Jess squeezed his hand. “Good. Me neither.”

The rest of the ride passed in silence, the city lights painting moving patterns across their faces as they headed downtown.

The Uber pulled up to Solitaire precisely at 7:50 PM. Tom helped Jess out of the car, offering his arm as they walked into the restaurant.

The hostess checked their reservation. “The rest of your party hasn’t arrived yet. Would you like to wait at the bar?”

“That would be fine,” Jess replied.

Tom guided Jess to the bar that dominated one wall of the restaurant. The space buzzed with Saturday night energy, couples and groups dressed for an evening out, ambient music blending with the buzz of conversation.

They found two empty stools. A bartender approached immediately, his gaze lingering on Jess before turning to Tom.

“What can I get for you?”

“I’ll have an old fashioned,” Tom said.

“And for me, a dirty martini,” Jess added.

As the bartender moved away to prepare their drinks, Jess turned to Tom. “I can’t remember the last time we went out without an early morning alarm waiting for us. No work emergencies, no prep for presentations. Vesper, I think was the last time.”

“It feels strange,” Tom admitted. “Good, but strange.”

Tom surveyed the bar area, watching couples lean into intimate conversations and groups of friends laughing.

“They’re probably running late because Madi couldn’t decide what to wear,” Jess said, checking her phone. “She typically tries on half her wardrobe before settling on her first choice.”

Tom laughed. “While Brandon spends forty-five minutes on his hair.”

“Some things never change,” Jess agreed, her laughter ringing out, surprisingly loud against the restaurant’s ambient noise.

Several patrons turned at the sound, their gazes lingering on Jess. Tom noticed a man at a nearby table nudge his companion, both glancing in their direction.

“What?” Jess asked, noticing his observation.

“Just noticing how you light up a room,” Tom replied. “You’re by far the most beautiful woman here. I’ve caught at least five men looking at you since we sat down.”

The bartender returned with their drinks, setting them down with a smile. “Old fashioned for you, and a dirty martini for the lady.”

“Thank you,” Tom said, lifting his glass toward Jess. “To a night off.”

“To a night off,” Jess echoed, clinking her glass against his.

Tom took a sip, appreciating the alcohol.

“Remember last time we went out with them?” Jess asked. “Brandon ordered that absurdly expensive bottle of champagne because he’d just closed some deal.”

“And Madi spent half the night trying to convince you to quit your job and start a design firm with her,” Tom added.

“She still brings it up every few months,” Jess said, rolling her eyes affectionately. “As if running a business together wouldn’t destroy our friendship in about two weeks.”

“You’d kill each other,” Tom agreed. “Though you’d probably design a beautiful office before the homicide.”

Jess laughed again, the sound drawing more attention. A man at the end of the bar looked over, his interest obvious.

“That guy can’t stop staring at you,” Tom said, nodding subtly in the man’s direction.

Jess glanced over casually. “Just another Saturday night at a bar.”

“It made me think of something,” Tom said, leaning closer. “Have you ever heard of this game some couples play? They go to a bar separately, and the wife chats with a stranger, leads him on. Then right when he thinks he’s about to get lucky, the husband swoops in and they leave together, pretending they just met.”

Jess nearly choked on her martini. “What? Where on earth did you hear about that?”

“Miles mentioned it,” Tom said. “Apparently, his cousin and his wife do it sometimes. They say it adds excitement.”

“Miles told you this?” Jess set her glass down. “The same Miles who blushes when anyone mentions lingerie?”

“He was drunk,” Tom admitted. “Very drunk.”

Jess studied his face. “Wait, are you actually suggesting we try something like that?”

“I didn’t say that,” Tom replied, though his expression suggested otherwise. “Just thought it was interesting.”

“Interesting,” Jess repeated, eyebrow raised. “So this isn’t connected to your fascination with me and other men? Just a random topic of conversation?”

Tom shrugged. “It might be fun sometime, that’s all.”

“Let me get this straight,” Jess said, keeping her voice low. “You want me to flirt with some random guy at a bar, make him think I’m interested, and then what? You pretend to pick me up right in front of him?”

“Something like that,” Tom admitted. “The anticipation, the performance aspect… I imagine it’s quite a rush.”

“For who? Me, you, or the poor guy who gets led on?” Jess asked, but Tom could see a flicker of intrigue behind her challenge.

“For both of us,” Tom replied. “It’s controlled, safe. Just a game.”

“A game where I’m what, exactly? The bait?” Despite her skeptical tone, Jess hadn’t dismissed the idea outright.

“Think of it as acting,” Tom suggested. “Playing a role together.”

Jess took another sip of her martini. “You’re serious about this.”

“Just thinking out loud,” Tom said. “But yes, I’d be curious to try it.”

Jess leaned forward. “What would I say to him? How far would this flirtation go?”

“That would be up to you,” Tom said. “Part of the excitement would be not knowing exactly what you’re doing until I come over.”

“And in this scenario, we’re pretending not to know each other? What if he recognizes our wedding rings?”

“We could take them off for the night,” Tom suggested.

Jess blinked, visibly surprised by how quickly he’d answered. “You’ve thought about this more than you’re letting on.”

Before Tom could respond, Jess’s eyes darted over his shoulder. “Oh, they’re here.” She leaned closer. “This conversation isn’t over.”

Tom turned to see Brandon and Madi approaching from the entrance, the hostess gesturing toward the bar.

“We’ll talk about this later,” Jess said as she stood to greet their friends.

Tom stood as well, preparing for the greetings and the evening ahead.

“There they are!” Madi’s voice carried as she moved toward Tom and Jess, Brandon following close behind.

Tom stood to greet them, taking in Madi's appearance. She wore a midnight blue dress that complemented her brunette hair. Brandon looked his usual polished self in a gray suit with no tie.

Madi reached Jess first, throwing her arms around her friend. "God, I've missed you! Two years is too long!"

"It's only been a month since brunch," Jess laughed, returning the hug.

"That's still the longest we've gone without seeing each other in years," Madi countered, stepping back to admire Jess's dress. "And look at you! That burgundy is gorgeous."

Brandon moved past Madi to embrace Jess. "Stunning as always, Jess," he said, his trademark grin firmly in place. "Tom's a lucky man."

Tom shook Brandon's hand before receiving a hug from Madi. "The hostess mentioned our table should be ready," he said.

As if on cue, the hostess appeared. "Your table is ready now if you'd like to follow me."

She led them through the dining area to a booth tucked in a relatively quiet corner. Tom slid in first, Jess following. Brandon and Madi took the opposite side.

"So," Brandon began, settling back against the booth, "we finally managed to get you two out of the house. I was beginning to think Tom had chained you to that desk of his."

"Meridian has been all consuming," Tom admitted. "But it's finally wrapped."

"Which calls for a celebration," Brandon said, flagging down a passing waiter. When the man approached, Brandon didn't hesitate. "We'll have a bottle of the Dom Pérignon, 2008 vintage."

"You and your champagne," Madi said, shaking her head. "We could've started with cocktails like normal people."

"This isn't just any night out," Brandon replied. "Tom's been working on Meridian for what, almost a year now? That deserves proper recognition."

"Nine months," Tom confirmed. "And thanks, man. I appreciate it."

"Congratulations, Tom," Madi said. "Jess mentioned how brutal those hours have been."

"Worth it in the end," Tom replied. "But Jess is the one really killing it right now. Skyline's wrapping up, and she's launching not one but two major projects. Savannah and Houston."

"I know," Madi said with a grin. "We talk, remember? I'm fully updated on all things Jess."

"Which means I'll be essentially a bachelor while she's traveling," Tom said. He turned to Brandon. "We should get some golf in when she's away."

"Absolutely," Brandon agreed, his expression brightening. "I've been wanting to try that new course in Cedar Park. I'll get us a tee time when Jess is on one of her trips."

"You two are acting like I'm moving abroad," Jess said. "I'll be gone a few days at a time, maybe a week tops."

"That's more than enough time for Tom to destroy his handicap on the back nine," Brandon joked.

The waiter returned with the champagne, presenting the bottle for Brandon's approval before opening it. The cork came free with a pop, and the waiter poured four flutes.

Brandon raised his glass. "To Tom and the end of Meridian hell, and to Jess and her expanding design empire."

"And to friends who actually manage to see each other despite impossible schedules," Madi added.

They clinked glasses.

Tom took a sip, appreciating the flavor. Brandon might be flamboyant, but he knew his champagne.

"So," Tom said after they'd all taken their first sips, "what's new in the world of luxury car sales?"

Brandon's smile widened. "Sold two Lamborghinis to the same customer last week. The commission check alone will cover tonight."

"Two?" Jess asked. "Who needs two Lamborghinis?"

"A tech CEO with more money than sense," Brandon replied. "One for him, one for his twenty-three-year-old girlfriend. Both Huracáns, different colors."

"Let me guess," Madi interjected. "His is black and hers is pink."

"Close. His is matte black, hers is yellow." Brandon took another sip of champagne. "Either way, it's been a good month."

"Meanwhile, I'm just trying to get people to hire me for their parties," Madi sighed. "The event planning business is brutal right now. Everyone's cutting back on expenses."

"Nobody's cutting back on Lamborghinis," Brandon said with a shrug.

The waiter approached again. "Are we ready to order appetizers?"

Before anyone could respond, Brandon spoke up. "We'll start with the tuna tartare, the burrata with heirloom tomatoes, and the short rib croquettes."

The waiter nodded, jotting down the order before departing.

"You didn't even consult us," Madi said, nudging Brandon with her elbow.

"Am I wrong?" Brandon challenged, looking around the table. "Does anyone object to what I ordered?"

When no one spoke up, he grinned triumphantly. "See? I know what people want. That's why I'm good at my job."

"Or we're just too polite to object," Jess suggested.

"Please," Brandon scoffed. "When have you ever been too polite to tell me I'm wrong?"

Jess laughed, conceding the point with a tilt of her head. "Fair enough."

"So," Madi said, leaning forward slightly, "you two have been complete ghosts lately. What's going on besides work?"

Tom shrugged. “Work has been most of it, honestly.”

“How’s the new tenant?” Brandon asked. “Working out okay?”

Tom and Jess shared a glance.

“Better than expected,” Tom replied. “He’s done a ton of work around the house. Fixed things we didn’t even know needed fixing.”

“And he’s been respectful of our space,” Jess added. “It’s been a smooth arrangement.”

“Speaking of arrangements,” Tom said, “Are you two are together right now?” He gestured between Brandon and Madi.

Madi glanced at Brandon before nodding. “We’re currently in an ‘on’ phase but our relationship status changes more often than Brandon changes his hair product.”

“I don’t understand why you two don’t just date officially,” Jess said. “You’ve been doing this dance for years now.”

“It’s complicated,” Brandon replied, his typical cockiness momentarily subdued. “We’ve tried the traditional relationship thing. It never quite sticks.”

“Brandon has impossible standards,” Madi explained. “And commitment issues the size of Texas.”

“I’m simply waiting for Jess to come to her senses,” Brandon joked, winking at Jess. “Why settle when perfection might become available someday?”

Tom laughed.

“In your dreams,” Jess replied. “Besides, Madi would destroy you if you ever actually tried anything.”

“She absolutely would,” Madi confirmed, patting Brandon’s hand. “And they’d never find your body.”

The conversation paused as the waiter arrived with their appetizers, arranging the three plates in the center of the table along with small plates for each of them.

“This looks incredible,” Jess said, eyeing the tuna tartare.

“See?” Brandon said, gesturing toward the food. “I told you I know what people want.”

They each took portions of the appetizers. Tom had to admit that Brandon’s selections were spot-on. The tuna tartare was fresh and perfectly seasoned, the burrata creamy and complemented by sweet heirloom tomatoes, and the short rib croquettes were crispy on the outside with tender, flavorful meat inside.

“So,” Tom said, spreading burrata on a piece of grilled bread, “how’s the event planning business otherwise, Madi? Any interesting clients?”

“I’m coordinating a Sweet Sixteen next weekend that’s giving me gray hairs,” Madi replied. “The birthday girl’s changed her theme three times already. We went from Parisian chic to Hollywood glamour to… I kid you not, underwater kingdom.”

“Underwater kingdom?” Jess repeated. “What does that even mean?”

“Apparently it means spending an ungodly amount on blue lighting, hired mermaids, yes, actual people in mermaid tails swimming in a rented tank, and seafood appetizers that teenage guests won’t eat.” Madi took a sizable sip of champagne. “But her father’s a hedge fund manager, so the budget is essentially unlimited.”

Madi suddenly straightened in her seat, her words faltering for a split second. “And the… the decorations include…” She took a deep breath, composing herself. “Real coral and seashells imported from the Maldives.”

Tom glanced at Brandon, who was casually eating a croquette, a slight smile playing at the corners of his mouth.

The waiter returned to take their dinner orders. Tom selected the filet mignon, Jess chose the Chilean sea bass, Madi opted for the duck confit, and Brandon ordered the bone-in ribeye.

As the waiter walked away, Madi suddenly tensed again.

“You know what,” she said abruptly, setting down her glass, “I need to use the ladies’ room. Jess, come with me?”

“Of course,” she said, sliding out of the booth after Madi.

As the women walked away, Brandon pulled his phone from his pocket with a grin, showing Tom the screen. A simple app was open, displaying a slider currently positioned at about 60% intensity.

“You didn’t,” Tom said, a mixture of disbelief and amusement crossing his face.

“Oh, I absolutely did,” Brandon confirmed, sliding the intensity back down to zero. “Remote control vibrator.”

“And Madi’s just… wearing it? Right now?”

“She lost a bet,” Brandon explained, pocketing his phone. “Terms were she’d wear it tonight during dinner. I control when and how intense.”

“That’s why she just dragged Jess to the bathroom,” Tom realized.

“Exactly. I think she just needs a minute to compose herself.” Brandon looked entirely too pleased with himself. “I’m thinking of cranking it up when the main courses arrive.”

“You’re cruel,” Tom said, though he couldn’t help but be amused by the situation.

“She loves it,” Brandon countered. “Trust me.”

The conversation between the men moved to Tom’s upcoming promotion, with Brandon asking about the expected salary increase and benefits package. Tom explained the details, including the extended advisory role he’d maintain with Meridian for the next three months.

“Sounds like you’re set,” Brandon said. “Senior Consultant by thirty? That’s impressive, man.”

“If I’d known working seventy-hour weeks for months on end would do it, I might have pushed for it sooner,” Tom joked.

Jess and Madi returned, Madi looking composed but shooting Brandon a look that balanced between irritation and anticipation.

“Everything okay?” Brandon asked innocently.

“You’re dead to me,” Madi replied, sliding back into the booth.

“That’s not what you said last night,” Brandon countered.

The conversation flowed easily as they waited for their main course, jumping from topic to topic with the comfortable rhythm of old friends. They caught up on mutual acquaintances. Jamie and Michael had finally gotten engaged, Sara had quit her job to travel through Southeast Asia, Kyle had somehow landed a role in a Netflix series as “background doctor number three.”

When their main courses arrived, the conversation paused as everyone appreciated the beautifully plated dishes. Tom’s filet was perfectly cooked to medium-rare, accompanied by truffle mashed potatoes and roasted asparagus. Jess’s sea bass sat atop a bed of saffron risotto with a lemon butter sauce. Madi’s duck confit was served with a cherry reduction and root vegetables. Brandon’s massive ribeye came with bourbon-glazed carrots and potato gratin.

“This is incredible,” Jess said after her first bite of sea bass.

Halfway through the meal, Madi suddenly dropped her fork with a clatter, her face flushing as she gripped the edge of the table. She shot a murderous look at Brandon.

“Something wrong with your duck?” Tom asked, feigning concern.

“Everything’s fine,” Madi managed. “Just… remembered something I forgot to tell my assistant about tomorrow’s prep work.”

Brandon smirked while Madi inhaled sharply.

“So Brandon,” Jess said, clearly trying to distract from Madi’s predicament, “how’s the new apartment working out? It’s been about three months downtown, right?”

“It’s perfect,” Brandon replied. “Floor to ceiling windows, walking distance to basically everything.”

“And ridiculously expensive,” Madi added.

“But worth every penny,” Brandon insisted.

“I need to use the restroom again,” Madi announced suddenly. “Jess?”

“Of course,” Jess replied.

When they were gone, Tom shook his head. “You’re going to get yourself murdered.”

“What a way to go, though,” Brandon laughed, showing Tom the app again. The slider had been at maximum intensity.

“Jesus,” Tom said, unable to stop grinning.

“She agreed to it,” Brandon said. “And trust me, she’ll make me pay later.” He looked entirely too pleased at the prospect.

When the women returned, Brandon told stories about eccentric clients at the dealership, including a tech billionaire who’d purchased a Ferrari but insisted on test-driving it in his socks because he “couldn’t feel the pedals properly” with shoes on. Madi shared disaster stories from

events she'd planned, including a wedding where the ring bearer, a poorly trained corgi, had eaten the rings minutes before the ceremony.

By the time they'd finished their main courses, the initial bottle of champagne was long gone, replaced by a second that Brandon had ordered midway through the meal.

"Anyone want dessert?" Brandon asked as the waiter cleared their plates.

"I couldn't eat another bite," Jess said. "That sea bass was too good."

"Same," Tom agreed. "But I wouldn't say no to an espresso."

They ordered coffees all around, with Madi being the only one adding a chocolate souffle to her order.

"One bite," Madi offered, pushing the souffle toward the center of the table. "You know you want to."

They each took small tastes.

"So, Elektra after this?" Brandon confirmed, glancing at his watch. "It's nearly ten. The DJ should be starting his main set."

"I haven't been dancing in ages," Jess said, excitement evident in her voice. "Not since Vesper."

"A month is 'ages' now?" Madi teased.

"An eternity," Jess replied.

Brandon signaled for the check, waving away Tom's attempt to split it. "I told you, the Lamborghinis are covering tonight."

Once Brandon had paid, making sure they all noticed the platinum card he handed the waiter, they gathered their things and stood to leave.

Outside Solitaire, the night air had cooled slightly, though it still held the warmth typical of Austin evenings. The streets downtown were alive with Saturday night energy, groups of people moving between bars and restaurants, music drifting from various venues.

"Elektra's just two blocks that way," Brandon said, pointing down the street. "Perfect walking distance."

"That's why we picked it," Madi reminded him. "Some of us think about logistics."

The four of them fell into step, walking down the sidewalk together. Brandon and Madi led the way, with Tom and Jess following behind. Tom watched as Brandon casually draped his arm around Madi's shoulders, pulling her against his side. Despite their complicated relationship status, they moved together with the easy familiarity of longtime partners.

Tom reached for Jess's hand, intertwining their fingers. She smiled at him, giving his hand a squeeze.

"This was a good idea," she said quietly. "I've missed hanging out with them."

"Me too," Tom agreed.

Ahead of them, Brandon said something that made Madi laugh, the sound carrying back to them in the night air.

“I can’t believe Brandon bought a remote control vibrator for dinner at Solitaire,” Jess whispered, leaning close to Tom’s ear.

“I can,” Tom replied with a chuckle. “It’s exactly the kind of thing he would do.”

“And Madi agreed to it,” Jess added, shaking her head in amused disbelief.

“They’ve always had their own unique approach to everything,” Tom said.

They could see Elektra now, the club’s entrance marked by a blue neon sign and a line of people waiting to get in. Bass-heavy music pulsed from inside, audible even from half a block away.

Brandon turned back to them, walking backward for a few steps. “I got us on the VIP list,” he called. “One of my clients owns the place.”

“Of course he does,” Jess said.

The four friends approached the club, bass growing louder with each step, the night still young and full of possibilities.

Tom’s fingers danced over the keyboard, drafting a response to the implementation team about the final signoff procedures for Meridian. He glanced at his watch. 9:02 AM.

After months of grueling work, today would mark the official recognition of his efforts.

His inbox pinged with another message. Word had spread through the office grapevine despite Tom’s attempts at discretion. The meeting with Davis was still twenty-eight minutes away, and already colleagues were treating the promotion as fait accompli.

Tom’s phone vibrated with a text notification.

Jess: You’ve got this, babe! Davis would be insane not to give you everything you deserve. Call me the SECOND you’re done!

A smile crept across Tom’s face. Jess had been more excited about this meeting than he was, peppering him with encouragement since they’d woken up together.

This morning had felt almost nostalgic, both of them rising to the same alarm, a rarity in their household where Tom typically left while Jess was still wrapped in dreams.

The memory of their shower together sent a pleasant warmth through him. Jess had been particularly enthusiastic, backing against the tiled wall, one leg hooked around his waist as she’d begged, “Harder, baby. I want to feel you all day.”

He’d complied, their bodies moving together under the spray, her fingernails digging into his shoulders, her mouth murmuring encouragements that grew increasingly explicit. The marks she’d left on his back were concealed beneath his shirt now, private reminders of their connection.

Afterward, they'd eaten breakfast together at the kitchen island, a simple meal of eggs and toast, an ordinary moment made extraordinary by its rarity. Jess in her robe, hair wrapped in a towel, Tom in his suit pants and tank top.

"We should celebrate Friday," he'd suggested. "Dinner somewhere nice. Just the two of us."

"Like an actual date?" Jess had teased. "I vaguely remember those."

"It's been a while," Tom acknowledged. "Not since Vesper."

"Almost two months," Jess had said, placing her hand over his. "I'd love that."

She'd kissed him goodbye at the door, a gesture so ordinary yet so missed that it had carried him through the morning commute on a cloud of optimism.

Tom replied to her text.

Tom: Thanks for the vote of confidence. Will call you right after. Love you.

Jess: Love you more! Knock 'em dead!

He set his phone down and returned to his emails, but his focus drifted from work to the events of Saturday night.

Elektra had been packed, the music thundering through the club with sufficient force to make conversation nearly impossible. They'd secured a table in the VIP section thanks to Brandon's connection.

The four of them had ordered bottle service, though Tom couldn't recall what exactly they'd been drinking. What he did remember was the electric atmosphere, the flashing lights painting Jess's face in alternating colors as she laughed at something Madi said.

They'd started with shots, toasting to friendship, to success, to the night ahead.

The dance floor had beckoned immediately, all of them moving together through the crowd. Tom and Jess naturally paired off, his hands on her hips, pulling her close against him. Across from them, Brandon and Madi mirrored their position.

As the DJ transitioned between tracks, Brandon had suggested switching partners. Tom had danced with Madi while Jess and Brandon paired up nearby. There had been nothing inappropriate about it. They'd maintained respectful distance, no grinding or suggestive moves, yet Tom had watched Jess and Brandon over Madi's shoulder, fascinated by the image they created together. Brandon's confidence and Jess's natural elegance made them a striking pair on the dance floor.

After a few songs, Tom and Brandon had drifted back toward their table, leaving the women on the dance floor.

"I need another drink," Brandon had announced, dropping into his seat and signaling for service.

Tom had settled beside him, his eyes never leaving Jess as she and Madi continued dancing. Without their partners, the women had drawn immediate attention from other club goers. Two men had approached almost instantly, positioning themselves near Jess and Madi.

"Looks like our girls are having fun," Brandon observed, following Tom's gaze to the dance floor.

Tom had nodded, watching a tall stranger move closer to Jess, leaning down to say something in her ear. She'd smiled politely, her body language indicating friendly disinterest rather than encouragement.

"I should hit the bathroom," Tom had said suddenly, standing.

The path to the restrooms had taken him along an elevated section that offered a different vantage point of the dance floor. Tom had paused there, leaning against the railing, watching as Jess and Madi continued to dance. From this distance, in the flashing lights and artificial fog, there was something surreal about watching his wife. The alcohol in his system heightened the sensation, creating a disconnect between the woman he knew intimately and this mysterious, desirable stranger others saw.

Another man had approached Jess while Tom watched. Jess's rejection hadn't deterred the man from hovering nearby, watching her. Tom had found himself aroused by the scene, by Jess's obvious desirability, by the attention she commanded simply by existing in the space.

When Tom had finally returned to the table, Brandon was gone, having joined the women on the dance floor. Tom had sipped his drink, content to observe from a distance as Brandon sandwiched himself between Jess and Madi.

Eventually, Brandon had returned to the table, dropping into the seat beside Tom.

"Your wife," he'd said, nodding toward where Jess was still dancing with Madi, "is officially the hottest woman in this club."

"You think I don't know that?"

"You should have seen how many guys tried approaching her," Brandon continued. "I counted five just in the last five minutes. She shut them all down without breaking rhythm. It's impressive."

The night had ended around 2 AM, all four of them stumbling into an Uber, Brandon and Madi getting dropped off first at Brandon's downtown apartment.

Tom vaguely remembered trying to initiate something once he and Jess were finally alone in their bedroom, but alcohol had rendered them both too uncoordinated for more than a few clumsy kisses before sleep overcame them.

Sunday morning had dawned with matching headaches, the second hangover in as many days.

"We're getting too old for this," Jess had groaned, pressing a pillow over her eyes to block the sunlight.

"Speak for yourself," Tom had replied, though he'd winced as he sat up, his own head pounding in protest. "Okay, maybe you're right."

They'd laughed about it, finding solidarity in their mutual suffering, then spent the day in lazy recovery. Neither had been motivated to cook, instead ordering delivery and watching television from the couch.

Over lunch, the conversation had turned to the previous night.

"I can't believe Brandon and that remote vibrator," Tom had said, shaking his head in amusement. "Poor Madi."

“Poor Madi nothing,” Jess had laughed. “She absolutely knew what she was getting into. Did you see her face when we got into the Uber? She was practically dragging him into that apartment.”

“They have a strange relationship,” Tom had observed, “but it works for them somehow.”

“It was good to see them,” Jess had said. “I’ve missed hanging out, just the four of us.”

“We should do it more often,” Tom had agreed. “Now that Meridian’s wrapping up and I can reclaim my weekends.” He’d hesitated, then added, “It was also interesting watching Brandon dance with you.”

Jess had looked up, curiosity in her expression. “Interesting how?”

“Just… seeing another man’s hands on you.” Tom had felt his cheeks warm slightly. “It connected to what we’ve been exploring.”

“Is that what made you bring up that bar game?” Jess had asked. “About pretending not to know each other?”

Tom had nodded. “Partly. Something about the public aspect, the performance of it.”

“It’s risky,” Jess had pointed out. “What if someone we know sees us?”

“We could try it somewhere no one would recognize us. Maybe when you’re in Savannah or Houston for work,” Tom had suggested. “I could fly out and join you.”

Jess had seemed to consider this, taking a sip of her water. “Maybe,” she’d said, neither committing nor refusing. “It’s an interesting idea.”

“But we should get one of those remote vibrators,” Tom had said suddenly. “Like Brandon has.”

Jess had nearly choked on her water. “What?”

“Just… for us. For fun. I could control it while you’re grocery shopping or something.”

“Or during a client meeting?” Jess had suggested, her eyebrow raised in challenge though her eyes held a spark of interest.

“If you were feeling particularly daring,” Tom had replied, matching her playful tone.

The conversation had moved to the show they were watching, but Tom had noticed Jess’s thoughtful expression, as if she were genuinely considering his suggestions.

Despite his hangover, Tom had been unusually tactile throughout the day, unable to resist touching Jess whenever she was within reach. A squeeze of her hip as she passed him in the kitchen, fingers trailing along her shoulder as he sat beside her, a kiss dropped on her neck for no reason at all.

“Someone’s affectionate today,” she’d noted with a smile during one such moment.

“Just appreciating what’s mine,” he’d replied.

Instead of bristling at the claim of ownership, Jess had leaned into him, pressing her lips to his neck. “I like when you get like this.”

The entire day had carried an undercurrent of intimacy, punctuated by casual touches that built anticipation for later. They'd been watching some home renovation show when Jess had mentioned Bob for the first time.

"We should ask Bob about adding the under-cabinet lighting in the kitchen," she'd said. "And while he's at it, adjusting those cabinets that don't close properly."

"Good idea," Tom had agreed.

The mention of Bob had naturally led to an opening for discussion of Tuesday, though they'd kept it brief. Tom had simply told her he trusted her and that her freedom to choose was what thrilled him most. He didn't want to pressure her toward specific actions, didn't want her to feel she was performing to meet his expectations.

Throughout the day, Tom had waited for Jess to bring up their dirty talk from Friday night, her agreement that she'd service multiple men if that's what he wanted, her suggestion that he might watch her with Bob next time, the descriptions of what she'd do. But she never mentioned it so Tom didn't press.

They'd gone to bed early, their intimacy culminating in passionate sex where Tom had taken charge, pinning Jess's wrists above her head, driving into her with an intensity that had made her loudly cry out his name. Afterward, they'd exchanged "I love yous" in the darkness, falling asleep wrapped together, her head on his chest, his arm around her shoulders.

His phone pinged with a calendar notification. 9:25 AM. Five minutes until his meeting with Davis.

Tom stood and straightened his tie, checking his reflection in the glass of a framed certificate on his wall. He looked presentable, professional, worthy of the promotion that awaited him. The man staring back at him hardly resembled the overworked, desperate consultant who'd made that disastrous cryptocurrency investment months ago.

That mistake felt distant now, like something that had happened to someone else. He was no longer the man who gambled their savings on a get rich quick scheme. He was Tom Marshall, soon to be Senior Consultant, husband to a woman whose career was equally ascendant, owner of a home with a tenant who paid good rent and fixed things at minimal cost. The pieces had fallen back into place, better than before.

He took a deep breath and made his way through the office toward James Davis's corner suite.

The office itself intimidated by design. Floor-to-ceiling windows showcased a panoramic view of downtown Austin. The desk, a massive slab of walnut, dominated the space. Behind it sat James Davis.

"Tom," Davis said, removing his reading glasses as Tom entered. "Right on time. Have a seat."

Tom settled into one of the leather chairs facing the desk.

Davis reached into a drawer and extracted a manila folder, opening it to reveal printed performance metrics. Tom recognized some of the graphs from reports he'd submitted over the past few months, their positive trajectories now serving as evidence of his worthiness for promotion.

“The Meridian implementation has been a significant success,” Davis began, tapping a finger against one particularly impressive chart. “Your leadership throughout the process, particularly during the integration challenges in these final phases, has exceeded our expectations.”

“Thank you, sir,” Tom replied.

Davis leaned back in his chair, considering Tom with an evaluative gaze. “Effective immediately, you’re being promoted to Senior Consultant, with the salary adjustment we discussed previously.”

Though Tom had anticipated these words, hearing them spoken aloud sent a surge of satisfaction through him. “I appreciate your confidence in me,” he said. “And the opportunity.”

“You’ve earned both,” Davis replied. “But I should warn you. Things aren’t getting easier from here. The responsibilities of a Senior Consultant are substantially greater than what you’ve managed thus far.”

“I understand,” Tom nodded. “I’m ready for those challenges.”

Davis seemed satisfied with this response. “Do you remember our conversation three months ago? When I first mentioned the Senior position might be opening up?”

“Of course,” Tom said. “You mentioned potential expansion projects with clients outside Texas.”

“Exactly,” Davis confirmed. “We’re moving forward with one of those opportunities, a company based in either Colorado or California. We’re finalizing the contract details this week.”

Tom maintained his professional expression despite the implications. Out of state clients meant travel, potentially extensive travel.

“You’d remain based here in Austin,” Davis continued, as if reading Tom’s thoughts, “but there would be travel involved. Weeklong trips, sometimes two consecutive weeks, depending on the phase.”

“I understand,” Tom said.

“The new project starts next Monday,” Davis added. “Once we finalize which of the finalists we’re moving forward with, you’ll receive the full briefing package.”

“I’ll be prepared,” Tom assured him.

Davis stood, extending his hand across the desk. “Congratulations, Tom. Your work on Meridian has positioned you for this opportunity, but it’s your consistent performance that earned you the promotion.”

Tom rose to shake his hand. “Thank you, sir. I won’t let you down.”

“I know you won’t,” Davis replied. “That’ll be all for now. HR will contact you about paperwork and benefits adjustments.”

Tom nodded and exited the office, maintaining his composed demeanor until he’d cleared the administrative area. Once in the hallway, he allowed himself a brief, private smile of triumph. Senior Consultant. The promotion, the raise, the recognition, everything he’d worked toward these past nine months.

Back at his desk, he immediately pulled out his phone to text Jess.

Tom: Just got out. Official as of today. Senior Consultant with the salary we discussed. Starting a new project next Monday.

Jess's response came instantly.

Jess: OMG TOM!!! CONGRATULATIONS!! I'm so proud of you! Call me!

Tom glanced at his watch. He had fifteen minutes before his next scheduled meeting. Stepping into an empty conference room, he called Jess.

She answered on the first ring. "Tell me everything!"

"It went exactly as expected," Tom said, unable to keep the satisfaction from his voice. "Davis made it official, effective immediately. The salary is what he promised."

"Tom, that's amazing!" Jess exclaimed. Her enthusiasm radiated through the phone, warming him from the inside. "Did he say anything about your work specifically?"

"He mentioned the integration challenges during the final phases, said I exceeded expectations in handling them."

"Because you're brilliant," Jess declared with absolute conviction.

"It's not just good news," Tom cautioned. "The new position comes with more travel than I anticipated. Week-long trips, sometimes two consecutive weeks."

A brief silence followed. "That's… a lot," Jess finally said. "But we knew there would be travel involved, right? This is what you've been working toward."

"Right," Tom agreed, though the reality of spending weeks away from home felt different now than it might have a few months ago. Before Bob, before their exploration, prolonged absences seemed merely an inconvenience. Now, they represented missed opportunities, scenes he wouldn't witness, experiences he'd know only through second hand accounts.

The thought sent a ripple of emotions through him, concern about leaving Jess alone with Bob for extended periods, yet also excitement about the scenarios such absences might enable.

"I'll need something appropriately spectacular to wear for Friday," Jess said, excitement returning to her voice. "This deserves our full celebration mode."

Tom smiled at her enthusiasm. "Absolutely."

"I should probably let you get back to work," Jess said. "You're probably drowning in congratulations from colleagues."

"Just a few," Tom admitted. "News travels fast here."

"Go enjoy your moment," Jess encouraged. "We'll continue the celebration tonight at home."

"I like the sound of that," Tom replied. "I love you."

"Love you too, Senior Consultant Marshall," Jess said before she ended the call.

Tom pocketed his phone and returned to his office, where several colleagues had gathered to offer congratulations. He accepted their handshakes and backslaps with appropriate humility.

As colleagues filtered back to their desks, Miles approached, offering a coffee cup in congratulations. “About time Davis recognized what you’ve been contributing,” he said. “Though I’m not looking forward to you traveling all the time. Who’s going to help me with my analysis models when you’re gone?”

“You’ll manage,” Tom replied with a grin. “Besides, I’ll only be a phone call away.”

“It won’t be the same,” Miles lamented. “But seriously, congratulations. You’ve been killing yourself on Meridian for months. This recognition is long overdue.”

“Thanks, Miles,” Tom said, genuinely appreciative of his colleague’s support.

The promotion represented more than just recognition of his professional capabilities. It marked a transition in their lives, a shift from recovery mode back to forward momentum. The cryptocurrency mistake that had precipitated their entire arrangement with Bob now seemed like necessary pain, a catalyst for changes that had ultimately strengthened their marriage rather than weakening it.

Without that financial setback, they wouldn’t have needed a tenant. Without a tenant, they wouldn’t have met Bob. Without Bob, Tom might never have found the courage to share his deepest fantasies with Jess. The chain of events, seemingly disastrous at the outset, had led them to their current situation, stronger, closer, more honest with each other than ever before.

As Tom returned to his desk to prepare for his next meeting, his phone vibrated with another text from Jess.

Jess: Still can’t believe it! So proud of you. You’ve worked so hard for this. Can’t wait to celebrate tonight…

The message ended with a suggestive emoji that made Tom smile. However busy his day might be, however many congratulations he might receive from colleagues, the celebration that mattered most awaited him at home.

Jess stood in front of the full-length mirror in her closet, examining herself. The black lingerie set had been an impulse purchase months ago, stuffed into a drawer and forgotten until this morning when she’d been struck by a sudden certainty about what she wanted to wear for today’s encounter with Bob.

The demi bra barely contained her breasts, creating a perfect shelf that pushed them up and together. The material was transparent, nipples clearly visible through the black mesh. The matching thong was equally revealing, covering just enough to technically qualify as underwear while covering absolutely nothing.

She turned, glancing over her shoulder at her reflection. The thong disappeared between her perky ass cheeks. There was something particularly satisfying about seeing herself like this, provocative and unapologetically sexual.

Her phone chimed. A text from Tom.

Tom: Hope you’re having a good morning. Thinking about you…

Tom knew what day it was, knew what typically happened on her work from home Tuesdays. She typed a quick response.

Jess: About to head downstairs. Will tell you everything later.

Tom's reply came immediately.

Tom: Have fun. Whatever you want. Love you.

Jess set her phone down, Tom's words echoing in her mind. "Whatever you want." The same response he'd given last night when she'd asked what should happen today between her and Bob.

Last night, she'd rushed home from work, stopping at Whole Foods for ingredients to prepare one of Tom's favorite meals. Steak, garlic mashed potatoes, and roasted asparagus. A celebration dinner for his promotion.

When Tom had walked through the door, his smile had been the widest she'd seen in months, maybe years. The weight of Meridian had visibly lifted from his shoulders, replaced by the pride of achievement.

"Something smells incredible," he'd said, crossing the kitchen to kiss her.

"Senior Consultant deserves a proper celebration," she'd replied.

While she'd finished the steaks, Tom had set the table.

When they'd finally sat down to eat, he'd raised his glass. "To the next chapter."

"To Senior Consultant Tom," Jess had replied. "Congratulations, baby. You earned this."

"To the woman who made it possible," he'd countered, clinking his glass against hers. "And to your own accomplishments. Finishing Skyline, starting both Savannah and Houston. We're both killing it."

She loved that about him, how thoughtful he was and how he always elevated them both together. Even in his moment of glory, he'd found a way to celebrate her achievements alongside his own.

As they'd eaten, Tom had provided additional details about the promotion. The company would be in either California or Colorado, with the decision coming soon. The travel requirements were more substantial than Meridian. Weeklong trips, sometimes two weeks consecutively.

"With your travel to Savannah and Houston, we might both be away from home," he'd observed. "At the same time and in different time zones."

"That would be a first," Jess had acknowledged.

"We'll figure it out," Tom had assured her. "We always do."

After dinner, they'd moved to the bedroom where Jess had slipped into pink lingerie. Tom's reaction had been immediate and intense, his desire manifesting in a roughness she'd noticed increasing since she'd told him about giving Bob the blowjob.

He'd pressed her against the wall, his mouth demanding on hers, hands gripping her wrists to pin them above her head.

“On the bed,” he’d commanded. “Hands and knees.”

Jess had complied eagerly, positioning herself on all fours, back arched to present her ass. Tom had entered her from behind, one hand tangled in her hair, pulling it back while the other gripped her hip.

“Harder,” she’d urged. “Fuck me harder, Tom.”

He’d responded by tightening his grip on her hair, amplifying her pleasure. She’d always enjoyed rough sex, the primal nature of it, the unfiltered expression of desire. Tom had typically leaned toward the gentler end of the spectrum, but his recent shift toward a more dominant approach thrilled her.

“You’re mine,” he’d growled as he’d pounded into her, each thrust eliciting a gasp. “Say it.”

“I’m yours,” she’d managed between moans. “Always yours.”

Afterward, as they’d lain together, sweat cooling on their skin, Jess had broached the subject of today’s encounter.

“What should happen tomorrow?” she’d asked, her head resting on his chest. “With Bob?”

“Whatever you want,” Tom had replied. “Whatever feels right.”

When she’d pressed for specifics, he’d simply said, “Surprise me.”

That response had frustrated her. Tom had consistently placed the responsibility for escalation squarely on her shoulders, forcing her to make decisions about boundaries without clear guidance. The burden sometimes felt unfair, as if she alone were responsible for navigating the complexities of their arrangement.

But Tom had worked so hard to secure the promotion. Perhaps he deserved something special, even if that something was with another man. After all, this was his fantasy and it had taken considerable trust and vulnerability for him to reveal it to her.

Jess turned away from the mirror and walked out the bedroom, heading towards the kitchen, each step bringing her closer to the inevitable. The sliding glass door leading to the balcony waited, the barrier between her current life and whatever came next.

She slid the door open and stepped onto the balcony.

As she descended, she saw Bob sitting in his usual chair by the pool, book open in hand.

At the sound of her approach, he looked up, expression shifting to confusion as he registered her appearance. He set his book down and stood, eyes traveling from her face to the lingerie beneath her cover-up.

“Afternoon, princess,” he said, brows furrowing. “Didn’t realize we’re doing something different today. You planning to swim?”

Jess moved closer, maintaining eye contact despite the flutter of nerves in her stomach. “No swimming today,” she replied. “But since you’ve made me feel so good these past weeks, I thought today could be about you.”

“That’s not necessary,” he said. “I enjoy our usual arrangement.”

“I insist,” Jess replied. “You’ve given me some incredible experiences. I’d like to return the favor.”

Bob considered her for a moment, his gaze thoughtful. “If you’re sure.”

“I am,” Jess confirmed, glancing toward his apartment. “Can we go inside?”

Bob nodded, gathering his beer and her iced tea from the small table. “After you,” he said, gesturing toward the sliding glass door.

Jess led the way, conscious of Bob’s eyes on her as she walked.

Inside Bob’s apartment, Jess paused, taking in the space. Little had changed since her visit last week. Her attention was drawn to the couch, remembering her position in front of it, on her knees, Bob’s cock in her mouth.

Bob placed their drinks on the kitchen counter. “Can I get you something to drink?”

“No, thank you,” Jess replied.

She needed a moment to gather herself.

“Bob,” she said, turning to face him. “Would you mind waiting in the bedroom? I need a minute.”

If he found the request strange, he didn’t show it. “Of course,” he replied. “Take your time. No rush.” He disappeared down the hallway, leaving her alone with her thoughts.

Jess let the cover-up fall to the floor, now standing in Bob’s living room wearing only the black lingerie. Her heart thumped in her chest, nervousness flooding her system.

A deep breath steadied nerves that shouldn’t exist given what had already transpired between them. Why this lingering nervousness? She’d gone downstairs in increasingly revealing bikinis, culminating in the tiny white one that had concealed nothing, nipples and camel toe clearly visible through the wet fabric. She’d eventually abandoned even that, arriving completely naked beneath her cover-up.

Bob had touched every inch of her skin, every private place. His fingers had ventured inside her, drawing out orgasms so intense they’d made her temporarily lose muscle control. His mouth had been between her thighs, tongue exploring her most intimate places. She’d given him a handjob, then progressed to taking his cock in her mouth, stroking him until he’d erupted across her breasts.

These escalating acts should have eliminated any lingering anxiety about crossing lines. Yet something about today felt different.

Perhaps it was the premeditation. When she’d worn bikinis, even the most revealing ones, she’d maintained plausible deniability. She could be swimming or sunbathing, normal poolside activities. Even when she’d come down naked, it had been for a massage. The progression had always allowed her a mental escape hatch, a way to frame her choices as something other than sexual.

Lingerie offered no such alternative. It served one purpose, communicated one intention. By selecting this outfit, she was acknowledging her desire, accepting her choice rather than pretending it happened spontaneously or accidentally. It made a statement she couldn’t later deny, even to herself.

Tom wants this, she told herself. He'll love hearing about it tonight.

But the justification felt incomplete, a half-truth that avoided the more complex reality.

She wanted this too. Not just for Tom, not just to fulfill his fantasy, but for herself, for the awakening she'd experienced, for the rediscovery of parts of herself she'd almost forgotten existed.

College memories surfaced. The relationship with Marco had given her the freedom to explore sex. With Marco, she'd become more confident in the bedroom, had learned to deepthroat his impressive length, had sex in public places that added thrill from potential discovery, discovered her enjoyment of rough sex and dirty talk.

The sex had been phenomenal, educational, even if it hadn't been enough to sustain a relationship.

She was now in a similar position with Bob, but with crucial differences. First, the security of a loving husband provided a foundation beneath her exploration. Tom wasn't just aware of what she was doing. He actively encouraged it, got excited by it, incorporated it into their shared intimacy.

But beyond that, Bob had awakened sensations in her body she'd never experienced before. Those squirting orgasms had been a revelation. The memory of that first time with Bob's fingers inside her, the shocking gush of fluid, the way she'd both laughed and cried from the overwhelming intensity, it had altered something fundamental in her understanding of her own sexuality.

Then there was his cock. She'd never seen anything like it, not even with Marco. The sheer size of it, the prominent veins, the way the head flared. It had become an object of fascination for her.

What else might she explore with Bob? How much further could this go? The possibilities seemed endless, limited only by her willingness to continue crossing lines.

Before Bob moved in, before Tom's confession, intimacy had become routine. Tom working constantly, Jess immersed in projects, both too tired or too distracted for more than occasional, perfunctory sex.

Now they couldn't keep their hands off each other. This arrangement seemed to be strengthening their marriage rather than threatening it, a counterintuitive outcome that nonetheless proved true in practice.

She felt a peculiar power in how this exploration affected both men. Bob desired her and Tom loved her. She was the center, the catalyst, the essential component without whom none of this would exist.

There was excitement, too, in having this secret, shared only with Tom and Bob. No one in their professional or social circles would ever suspect Jessica Marshall, wife and successful interior designer, of being naked in her tenant's apartment while her husband worked in his downtown office.

Jess moved toward the hallway, approaching Bob's bedroom. The door stood partially open, an invitation.

She pushed it open fully.

Bob lay on his back on the bed, completely naked. His cock rested against his thigh, half hard, substantial even in its semi-aroused state. The rest of his body presented a glaring contrast to Tom's lean, runner's build. Bob resembled a burly lumberjack, all chest hair and raw masculinity. There was something almost bear-like about him, not the cuddly cartoon kind but the wild, powerful animal that commanded respect through sheer physical presence.

But despite his size and strength, Jess felt safe with him, completely at ease because of how respectful he'd been with her from the beginning. He'd never pushed beyond what she offered, never demanded or expected, simply accepted what she chose to give with appreciation rather than entitlement.

"Making yourself comfortable, I see," Jess said, smiling at his boldness.

"Seemed appropriate," Bob replied, his eyes traveling over her. "You look absolutely phenomenal."

Jess smiled and moved to the foot of the bed, confidence growing with each step. "You're a lucky man, Bob Caldwell," she said, placing her hands on her hips. "Do you know that?"

"I'm well aware," Bob replied, eyes never leaving her. "I know exactly how lucky I am."

"Do you like the lingerie?" Jess asked, turning slightly to give him a better view of how the thong accentuated her ass.

"I've never seen anyone so beautiful in my life," he said without hesitation.

Jess smirked. "Quite the charmer when you want to be."

"Not charm," Bob countered. "It's just the absolute truth."

Jess reached behind her back and unhooked her bra. She held it in place for a moment, letting anticipation build before letting it fall away, revealing her breasts to his eyes.

She then bent forward slowly, sliding her thumbs into the sides of her thong. She pulled it down her legs slowly, stepping out of it before kicking it aside.

"God damn," Bob muttered, his eyes wide as he took in her fully naked form.

"By the time I leave today," Jess said, "you're going to be very, very happy."

She got onto the mattress, one knee at a time, then crawled on all fours toward him with the grace of a jungle cat. She settled between his open legs, resting on her elbows and knees in a position that emphasized her perfect ass behind her.

"You're killing me here, princess," Bob said.

Jess smiled and wrapped her fingers around his cock, which hardened further at her touch. "I still can't get over how big this thing is," she said, studying it. "The head is huge. And look at these veins."

She stroked him slowly, as if conducting a thorough examination. Her fingers couldn't quite close around his girth, a detail that never failed to impress her.

“You could play baseball with this thing,” she joked, playfully swinging his cock from side to side.

Bob laughed, the sound rich with both amusement and arousal. “Never tried that particular sport with it.”

“Multiple options,” Jess continued. “Bat, club, police baton…”

“You’re terrible,” Bob said, though his grin denied any actual criticism.

Jess laid his cock flat against his stomach and moved her attention to his balls. “These are huge too,” she observed, cupping them gently in her palm. “When did you last come?”

“Saturday,” Bob replied.

“Were you saving up for me?” Jess asked, looking up at him.

Bob grinned. “Wanted to make it worth your while.”

“Good,” Jess said, gently squeezing his balls. “I want to see it come out of you today. I never knew cum could shoot like that before seeing it from you.”

She lowered her head and extended her tongue, licking one of his balls before taking it into her mouth. The musky taste filled her senses as she sucked gently, rolling the testicle with her tongue. After a moment, she released it and moved to the other.

Bob groaned. “Your mouth is magic.”

Jess released his testicle and wrapped her hand around the base of his cock, lifting it upright. She stuck out her tongue and slapped his cock against it several times, the playful act drawing another groan from Bob.

She gathered saliva in her mouth and let it fall onto his cock in a long strand. Using both hands, she spread the wetness along his shaft, creating slickness.

As she stroked, she noticed her wedding ring as her hand moved up and down Bob’s cock. The sight created a confusing mixture of emotions, guilt and arousal intertwined so completely she couldn’t separate them.

Jess opened her mouth, finally taking the head of his cock between her lips. The stretch returned, her jaw accommodating his girth. She hollowed her cheeks, creating suction as she began to bob her head, taking him deeper with each downward movement.

“Jesus Christ,” Bob muttered.

The taste of him filled her mouth, skin and the slight saltiness of pre-cum that leaked from his tip. Jess held the base of his cock with both hands, working them in tandem with her mouth’s movements.

“Your mouth feels incredible,” Bob praised. “Where’d you learn to do this?”

Jess couldn’t answer with her mouth full, but the question triggered memories of Marco.

As she continued, Jess forgot everything else. The Houston project, the Skyline completion, the Savannah restoration, all vanished from her mind. Tom’s promotion, their financial recovery, the

rules they'd established, all faded to insignificance. The world contracted to this moment, this act, this connection between her mouth and Bob's cock.

Saliva pooled and thickened, creating obscene wet sounds that filled the bedroom. Far from embarrassing her, the noises aroused her further, a primal soundtrack to her performance. She slurped the excess saliva and spat it back on his shaft, using it to maintain the slickness.

"God, princess, I had no idea you were so dirty," Bob marveled, watching her through heavy-lidded eyes.

Jess released him with an exaggerated pop. "There's a lot you don't know about me."

"I'm learning, princess," Bob replied with a grin. "My beautiful cocksucker."

She looked up, meeting his gaze while continuing to stroke him with both hands. "You remembered."

"Hard to forget something like that."

"Well, you're right," Jess said, maintaining eye contact. "I'm your cocksucker." She punctuated the declaration by taking him deeply into her mouth again, drawing a guttural moan from Bob.

When she came up for air, Bob spoke again. "Do you like my cock, princess?"

The question sounded almost childish, a naked appeal for affirmation that revealed an unexpected vulnerability beneath Bob's domineering exterior. Jess recognized it immediately. For all his size and age, for all his experience, Bob wanted her validation.

"I love your cock," she replied, deciding to indulge his ego. "It's magnificent. Biggest I've ever seen."

"What do you like best about it?" Bob asked.

Jess smiled, realizing she was engaged in a kind of roleplay, a performance meant to satisfy his pride. She didn't mind. In fact, she enjoyed the theatrical aspect, the freedom to express desire without restraint or judgment.

"The size, obviously," she said. "How it fills my mouth. How it makes me work for every inch." She punctuated her words with long, slow licks. "The way it responds to my touch." She demonstrated by squeezing upwards, watching as pre-cum formed at the tip. "How much you clearly enjoy what I do to it."

"Fuck, princess. You're too good at this," Bob groaned.

"I'm just getting started," Jess promised, lowering her mouth to envelop him again.

She established a rhythm, head bobbing, hands working in coordination.

After several minutes, Bob placed his hand on her shoulder. "Mind if I try something?"

Jess released him. "Depends what it is."

"Lie on your back," Bob instructed. "Head hanging off the edge of the bed. Helps open your throat."

Jess considered it, weighing the surrender of control this position would require. She'd done this before with Marco while practicing deepthroating. Something about giving up that control to Bob both thrilled and unnerved her.

"Alright," she decided, moving into position. Muscle memory guided her movements as she lay on her back, positioning her head at the edge of the mattress, neck extended.

Bob stood on the floor beside the bed, his cock level with her face. He stepped forward, guiding his cock toward her mouth.

Jess reached up, wrapping her fingers around his shaft to maintain some control over how deeply he entered. She opened her mouth, allowing him to slide the head past her lips.

"God, that's a beautiful sight," Bob muttered, beginning to move with shallow thrusts.

Jess relaxed her jaw and focused on her breathing.

"You're taking it so well," Bob praised. "Like you were born for this."

She pulled back, gasping for breath. "Try going deeper," she encouraged.

Bob obliged, pushing forward until his cock reached the back of her throat. Jess fought her gag reflex, focusing on relaxing her throat muscles.

"Jesus Christ," Bob groaned. "No one's ever taken me this deep."

The claim pleased Jess in a way she couldn't fully articulate, a competitive satisfaction at succeeding where others had failed. She pulled away again. "How far can you go?"

Bob's eyes widened at her challenge. "Are you sure?"

Jess nodded, opening her mouth in invitation.

Bob pushed forward cautiously, advancing deeper than before. Jess felt her throat constrict around his cock, her gag reflex threatening to activate. She fought it. Bob managed to penetrate about halfway before Jess turned her head aside, coughing.

"God," Bob said, genuine awe in his voice. "You're amazing. Absolutely amazing."

"Not bad for someone out of practice," Jess replied once she'd recovered.

"Out of practice?" Bob echoed, curiosity evident.

"It's been a while," Jess said vaguely. "Used to be better at it."

"I can't imagine better," Bob said. "You're already the most talented cocksucker I've ever known."

The crudeness of the compliment filled her with that same strange pride, a satisfaction at excelling at something many would consider degrading.

She reached forward, grasping his balls, drawing them toward her mouth. She ran her tongue over them, savoring the musky taste, the weight.

"Fuck," Bob whispered as she sucked one into her mouth.

Jess alternated between his balls, licking and sucking while her hand stroked his shaft. The power dynamic had shifted despite her seemingly submissive position. She controlled his

pleasure, determined what he would receive and when. This realization boosted her confidence further.

“Get off the bed,” Bob suddenly instructed, his tone commanding but not harsh.

Jess complied, moving to stand beside the bed, curious about what he had in mind.

Without warning, Bob bent down and grabbed her, one arm behind her knees, the other supporting her back.

“Bob!” Jess shrieked as he lifted her. “What are you- you’ll drop me!”

He flipped her upside down, holding her with her head near his groin, her legs over his shoulders.

“I’ve got you,” Bob assured her, his grip firm and secure. “Trust me.”

Before she could protest further, his tongue found her pussy.

Jess gasped, the unexpected pleasure momentarily silencing her objections. “Oh!”

Bob’s cock hung in front of her face, an invitation she couldn’t resist despite her precarious position. She reached for it, guiding it to her mouth.

They established a mutual rhythm, a standing 69 that showcased Bob’s remarkable strength.

“You taste incredible,” Bob murmured against her flesh.

The position was unlike anything Jess had experienced before. Her world literally turned upside down, perspective altered both physically and metaphorically.

Bob’s tongue focused on her clit, circling and sucking in patterns that showcased his skill. Meanwhile, Jess struggled to concentrate on pleasing him, the challenges of her inverted position and her mounting pleasure creating a delicious conflict.

After a few minutes, Bob carefully lowered her to the ground. “Legs were starting to tremble,” he admitted with a grin. “Can’t have gravity ruining our fun.”

Jess laughed, her head still spinning slightly from the inversion. “I’m impressed you managed that long.”

“Years of construction work builds useful muscles,” Bob replied, flexing an arm playfully.

Bob moved back to the bed, lying on his back. “Hop on,” he instructed, patting his chest.

Jess hesitated, uncertain what he was suggesting. “Bob… I’m not going to…”

“I want to taste you properly.”

Relief and renewed arousal flooded through Jess. “Oh. Okay.”

She climbed onto the bed and straddled Bob’s face, lowering her pussy onto his waiting mouth.

The position allowed Jess to control the depth at which she sucked Bob’s cock while grinding against his mouth at her own pace. The mutual give and take created a unique intimacy, a collaborative pursuit of pleasure.

Bob spread her pussy lips with his thumbs, exposing her completely. He sucked her clit, creating a pressure that sent electricity shooting along every nerve.

“God,” Jess gasped.

Bob’s technique was extraordinary, somehow identifying exactly how she liked to be touched, how much pressure, how much variation.

As the pleasure built from Bob’s relentless tongue, Jess found it increasingly difficult to concentrate on pleasing him. She stopped sucking, resting her head on his thigh while lazily stroking his cock with her hand.

“Focus on yourself,” Bob encouraged. “Let go.”

Jess obeyed, surrendering to the sensation.

“You taste so good,” Bob growled, his fingers digging into her ass cheeks as he pulled her more firmly against his face. “So wet for me.”

The familiar pressure began, that telltale sign of what would undoubtedly be the first of several climaxes if she remained on Bob’s face. She knew exactly how this would unfold. Bob would make her come, then immediately transition to inserting his thick fingers and that particular motion with his tongue that seemed designed specifically to trigger her squirting response. By the third orgasm, she’d be limp, satiated, and euphoric, possibly unable to walk straight, depleted of any urgent desire.

And suddenly, that outcome felt wrong. If she let Bob satisfy her completely, what would be left for Tom?

She wanted to be desperate for Tom tonight, to spend the afternoon in a state of simmering arousal. She wanted to bring him not just the story of her encounter with Bob, but the accumulated desire that remained unfulfilled, the edge of arousal maintained but not released.

Jess abruptly lifted herself off Bob’s face, leaving him looking surprised and confused.

“Today’s about you,” she explained, moving down his body. “Not me.”

“I wasn’t complaining,” Bob said, wiping her abundant wetness from his chin. “I was just getting started.”

“I know,” Jess replied, settling between his legs again. “But I want to finish what I started.”

She spat on his cock, creating fresh lubrication. She then wrapped both hands around it, one on top of the other, and began moving them in a circular motion while taking the head into her mouth.

“The way you do that,” Bob panted, “it’s incredible.”

Jess took his praise as encouragement. She experimented with different pressures, speeds, and rhythms, cataloging his responses to identify what brought him the most pleasure. When she discovered a combination that made his thighs tense and his breathing stutter, she focused on repeating it consistently.

Bob’s hands gripped in the sheets. “God, princess. If you keep that up, I’m going to cum.”

Jess looked up at him, maintaining eye contact as she continued. “That’s the idea,” she said before returning her mouth to his cock.

“Your technique is incredible,” Bob groaned, watching her.

Jess released him long enough to ask, “Where do you want to cum?”

“Your face,” Bob suggested immediately.

Jess laughed, shaking her head. “I’m not that kind of woman.”

“Your mouth?”

Instead of answering, Jess stroked faster, sucked harder. Bob’s breathing became ragged. Precum leaked more copiously now.

“I’m gonna cum,” he warned, his voice strained. “Jesus fucking Christ.”

Jess hesitated for a moment before taking him as deeply as she could, just as the first pulse of his orgasm erupted. The hot splash hit the back of her throat, followed immediately by several more. The volume overwhelmed her, thick cum filling her mouth faster than she could swallow. Despite her best efforts, cum spilled from the corners of her mouth, dripping down her chin and onto his shaft.

She pulled back, coughing, but continued stroking until Bob was completely spent.

“Holy shit,” Jess said, wiping at the excess cum on her chin. “That was a lot.”

“Good god, woman,” Bob managed between heavy breaths. “You’re something else.”

“Do you always produce this much?” Jess asked, genuinely curious. The sheer volume of his ejaculation far exceeded anything in her experience.

“Only when properly inspired,” Bob replied with a lazy grin. “Do you always swallow?”

Jess smiled. “Tom tastes so good that I always get every last drop.”

She gave his cock a final lick before rising from the bed. “I should clean up,” she said, moving toward the bathroom.

Inside, Jess confronted her reflection in the mirror. Thick globs of Bob’s cum clung to her chin. She instinctively licked her lips, tasting him again, before wiping away the rest.

Her cheeks were flushed, eyes bright with arousal and exhilaration. The woman staring back at her looked satisfied yet hungry, as if what she’d experienced had only whetted her appetite for more.

This encounter had been different from the previous ones. Each escalation before had maintained at least the pretense of incidental progression, a massage that became more intimate, a handjob that evolved into a brief taste. Today, she’d arrived with clear intent, had chosen lingerie over swimwear. There could be no pretending this was anything other than a purposeful choice to pleasure Bob.

The honesty of it felt refreshing. No more hiding behind plausible deniability. No more accidental boundary crossings. Just straightforward desire and its satisfaction.

When she returned to the bedroom, Bob had wiped the cum from his belly with his shirt and was now wearing just his shorts. Jess quickly retrieved her bra and thong.

“How was it?” she asked as she fastened her bra, suddenly curious about his assessment.

“You’re the most gorgeous woman I’ve ever been fortunate enough to spend time with,” Bob replied, his tone mixing awe with affection. “I can die happy now.”

Jess laughed, tugging her thong into place. “Let’s not be that dramatic.”

“Are we meeting this Thursday?” Bob asked, watching as she adjusted her lingerie.

“We’ll see,” Jess replied noncommittally, not wanting to make definite plans.

Bob nodded. “Of course.”

“I should head back upstairs,” she added. “Things to do.”

“Thanks for making my day,” Bob said as she moved toward the door. “Possibly my year.”

Jess smiled over her shoulder. “My pleasure.”

She quickly exited through the shared laundry room, navigating the short distance to the staircase that led back to her and Tom’s space.

She headed straight for the bedroom, grabbing her phone. Her body thrummed with residual arousal, thoughts already turning to Tom’s return.

She opened her messages and sent him a text.

Jess: I’m soooo fucking horny right now. You need to rush home and fuck me.

The Bad Tenant Ch. 20

.

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. “Muskier.”

“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 pleasured 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.

The Bad Tenant Chapter 21

At 5:30 PM, Tom Marshall loosened his tie as he climbed the stairs, a bouquet of long-stemmed white roses in hand. Jess's Tesla in the driveway had told him she was already home. The sound of the shower running in the master bathroom confirmed it.

He crossed to the kitchen, finding a crystal vase in the cabinet beside the sink. As he arranged the flowers, he tried to focus on the evening ahead. They had a 7 PM reservation at Xenia. The Uber would arrive in exactly one hour. He had chosen the roses carefully, wanting something elegant but not trite. White roses had significance to them. He'd given her white roses on their first anniversary.

The flowers arranged, he opened the refrigerator and pulled out a beer. He twisted the cap off and took a long pull, then made his way to the living room and settled onto the couch.

His mind wasn't on the restaurant. It hadn't been fully on anything work related since yesterday evening when Jess had described, in exquisite detail, her latest encounter with Bob. The images she'd painted had replayed in his thoughts throughout the day, distracting him during conference calls and strategy sessions.

Tom took another swig of beer, his free hand unconsciously adjusting himself through his pants as the memories returned. Jess in red lingerie, selected to entice their tenant. The multiple orgasms Bob had given her with just his fingers. The way she'd taken him in her mouth afterward, swallowing his cum.

It wasn't the first time Jess had mentioned multiple orgasms with Bob. That detail gnawed at Tom in odd moments, creating a strange mixture of arousal and competitive drive. How had Bob figured out her body so quickly? What techniques was he using that could bring Jess to climax repeatedly in a single session? Even Tom himself, after years together, couldn't claim the same consistency. Most of their intimate encounters ended with Jess having one orgasm, if that.

Did Bob possess some instinct for female pleasure that Tom lacked? The thought was uncomfortable yet undeniably arousing. Tom made a mental note to focus more on Jess's responses next time they were together. He wouldn't be outdone by a 55-year-old man, not when it came to pleasuring his own wife.

But what kept circling back, what continued to both haunt and arouse him, were the specific things she'd said during their coupling Thursday night.

"Bob suggested something I'd never even heard of before," she'd whispered. "Using my pussy on him without letting him inside."

He'd been confused at first.

“He called it a ‘pussyjob’,” she’d explained. “Like a handjob but with my pussy lips sliding up and down his shaft.”

Tom had felt her shiver against him.

“God, Tom, it feels so fucking dirty just saying that word.”

The term had been new to him too, though the concept made immediate, visceral sense. The mental image had formed instantly, Jess straddling Bob, her pussy gliding along his substantial cock.

“I straddled him and just slid my bare pussy up and down his bare cock,” she’d continued, her voice dropping to that register that told him she was reliving it as she spoke.

“You should have seen how wet I was, Tom. It felt so fucking good, the pressure on my clit... I was almost shaking.”

Tom had listened, enraptured, as Jess described how she’d ground herself against Bob’s cock.

“There was a moment where I was right over the tip of his cock,” she’d admitted. “All I would have needed to do was push down, and he would have been inside me.”

That revelation had sent a white-hot surge through Tom’s system. The line she’d drawn, no penetration, had almost dissolved in the heat of the moment. She’d hovered there, tempted, her body craving the fullness that Bob’s impressive size promised. Yet she’d chosen to maintain her boundary, to honor the limit she’d set for herself despite the overwhelming physical desire.

“I came so hard riding his cock like that,” Jess had gasped as Tom thrust into her. “I came on his cock, Tom.”

The phrasing had been deliberate, he knew. Not technically incorrect, she had orgasmed while grinding against Bob’s cock, but worded to maximize the impact, to blur the distinction between what had actually happened and what could have happened.

“Afterward, I went down on him,” she’d added, “and could taste myself on his cock.”

Jess had suddenly changed her position, planting her hands on his chest. She’d begun bouncing on his cock with an intensity they rarely reached, her movements urgent and almost desperate. Her eyes had closed, her breasts rising and falling with each forceful movement.

Tom had watched her face, the concentration evident in her furrowed brow, and found himself wondering if she was imagining Bob beneath her, his massive cock stretching her instead of his. Was she mentally replacing him in that moment? The possibility had felt like both betrayal and gift.

That final detail had pushed Tom over the edge. The image of Jess tasting herself on Bob's cock, the layers of intimacy involved in that act, the possibility that she was imagining Bob beneath her, had proven too much for him to withstand.

The shower shut off, pulling Tom back to the present moment. He realized he'd been lost in the recollection, his beer now empty. He set the bottle on the coffee table and stood, straightening his clothes before making his way to the bedroom.

He knocked once on the bathroom door before opening it. Jess stood in front of the mirror, towel wrapped around her torso, another smaller one around her wet hair. She looked startled for a moment before her expression shifted to amusement.

"I'm joining you," Tom announced, his hands already moving to his shirt buttons.

Jess laughed, a sound that still affected him even after years together. "There's no time," she protested. "We've got less than an hour before the Uber arrives."

"I'll be quick," Tom promised, stepping into the bathroom and closing the door.

"You're impossible," Jess said, but she was smiling as she brushed past him to exit.

Under the spray, he contemplated what their arrangement with Bob had become, how rapidly boundaries had shifted. What had begun as voyeuristic thrill had progressed to direct physical contact, oral sex, and now this latest innovation, the "pussyjob."

Tom shut off the water and toweled himself dry, then wrapped the towel around his waist and made his way into the bedroom. He noticed that Jess had laid out his navy suit on the bed, complete with a white shirt and his favorite blue grenadine silk tie. The gesture touched him. She'd done it without being asked.

He dressed quickly, listening to Jess move around in the walk-in closet. Through the partially open door, he caught glimpses of her in her underwear.

"How was your day?" Jess called from the closet.

"Productive," Tom replied, buttoning his shirt. "Wrapped up the last Meridian documentation. Had lunch with Davis and the executive team."

"Did they toast your promotion again?" Jess asked, amusement in her voice.

"Miles insisted," Tom replied. "You'd think I'd been named CEO instead of just Senior Consultant."

"You earned it," Jess said. "They're right to celebrate you."

Tom slipped into the suit jacket, adjusting it across his shoulders. "What about you? Houston materials come together?"

“Finally got approval on the lighting package for the residential floors,” Jess replied. “And Chen’s team confirmed the schedule for the site visit.”

Tom approached the closet doorway. “Will you be traveling to Houston?”

“Full week on-site for the first visit,” Jess confirmed. “The next week after I return from Savannah.”

“More travel than usual,” Tom observed.

“Says the man about to start flying to Colorado or California,” Jess countered without turning.

“Fair point,” Tom conceded.

He watched as she dabbed perfume at her wrists and neck. Even this ordinary moment felt significant somehow, a glimpse of Jess in her private ritual of preparation. He’d witnessed this countless times over their years together, yet tonight it struck him differently, as if he were seeing her with new awareness.

“I’ll wait in the living room,” he said, stepping away before she could catch him staring. “Uber should be here in about fifteen minutes.”

Tom returned to the living room, settling back on the couch. He reached for the remote and switched on the TV, finding a baseball game in progress. The players moved across the screen, a blur of motion and color that failed to capture his attention.

His mind drifted inevitably back to last night. After Jess had described the “pussyjob” in detail, after they had finished and lay in bed, Tom had asked the question that had been burning inside him since she first mentioned straddling Bob’s cock.

“Were you serious about fucking him?” he’d asked, his voice quiet over the pounding of his heart. “When you were hovering there over the tip of his cock... did you actually want to?”

Jess had gone quiet, her eyes finding his in the dim bedroom light. Then she’d nodded, the simple gesture more devastating than any verbal response.

“In that moment,” she’d admitted, “I really wanted to.”

Tom felt like he’d been hit by a train. He’d known it was the truth even before she spoke it. Jess couldn’t lie convincingly to save her life, but hearing it confirmed had unleashed something primal within him, a cocktail of anxiety and arousal so potent he’d barely slept afterward.

He both loved it and hated it. The thought of Jess wanting another man’s cock inside her, specifically wanting Bob’s massive cock stretching her open, created a confusing mixture of jealousy and unprecedented excitement. He’d never experienced anything so contradictory, so capable of making him feel threatened and aroused.

He'd been awake long after Jess had fallen asleep beside him, staring at the ceiling, replaying her confession. "I really wanted to." Four words that suggested a fundamental shift in their arrangement.

His phone buzzed with a notification, pulling him from his thoughts. The Uber was two minutes away.

"Jess?" he called. "Uber's almost here."

"Coming!" she replied.

He heard the bedroom door open and turned.

The sight of Jess rendered him momentarily speechless. She wore a black dress that transformed her from successful interior designer to femme fatale. It fell asymmetrically across one shoulder, leaving the other bare, the fabric following her silhouette before ending mid-thigh. A subtle slit allowed glimpses of her leg when she moved.

"What do you think?" she asked, executing a small twirl.

"You're stunning," Tom said.

Jess approached, reaching up to straighten his tie though it didn't need adjusting. "Not bad yourself," she said. "I see my selection worked out well."

"Your selection was perfect," Tom acknowledged.

He pulled her close, one hand at the small of her back, and kissed her. He meant it to be brief, but as her lips parted beneath his, he deepened the kiss instinctively.

"Careful," Jess murmured against his mouth. "You'll ruin my lipstick."

"Worth it," Tom replied, though he released her.

His phone buzzed again. "Uber's here," he said, offering his arm.

Jess took it, and they made their way down the stairs and outside to where the Uber waited at the curb. Tom opened the door for her, watching as she slid gracefully into the backseat.

Inside the car, they sat close. Jess's hand found his knee almost immediately. The city moved past the windows, Austin in the early evening, warm and golden as sunset approached.

Tom placed his hand over hers, their fingers intertwining naturally.

"Did Miles say anything else about the promotion?" Jess asked.

"He's already planning how to leverage my 'executive access' for his own projects," Tom replied. "I told him to focus on his deliverables first."

Jess laughed. “Classic Miles.”

“What about you?” Tom asked. “Any word from the Savannah contractors about those staircase materials?”

“They located an original supplier,” Jess said. “Same family business that provided the originals in 1897. They still have the molds.”

“That’s incredible,” Tom replied.

“It means we can maintain the exact original profile,” Jess continued. “Webb’s thrilled. It’s a major win for the project’s authenticity.”

Tom noted how her eyes lit up when discussing her work, the passion that made her such an exceptional designer. That passion extended to other aspects of her life as well, he reflected, including their recent explorations.

“I can’t believe how far we’ve come,” he said.

Jess gave him a look. “In our careers, you mean?”

“Among other things,” Tom replied with a slight smile.

Jess squeezed his hand. “It’s been quite a journey.”

They had indeed come far, professionally, financially, sexually. Tom reflected on how their relationship had evolved in ways neither could have anticipated months ago. Yet somehow, despite or perhaps because of these evolutions, they felt more connected than ever.

The Uber slowed to a stop in front of Xenia.

“We’re here,” the driver announced.

Tom thanked him and exited first, offering his hand to help Jess from the car.

“Ready?” Jess asked.

“More than ready,” he replied.

As they approached the entrance, the doorman nodded respectfully. “Good evening. Welcome to Xenia.”

Tom’s hand found its place at the small of Jess’s back. They stepped into the restaurant, ready to celebrate both his professional achievement and their evolving relationship.

Tom approached the host stand, Jess’s hand resting in the crook of his arm.

“Good evening,” Tom said. “Reservation for two under Tom Marshall.”

The maître d' looked up, his fingers scrolling through the evening's bookings. "Ah, yes, Mr. Marshall. Right on time." He glanced between Tom and Jess with a professional smile. "Please follow me."

He guided them through the restaurant, weaving between tables. Their table awaited in a secluded corner, a curved booth.

"Here we are," the maître d' said, gesturing. "Your server will be with you momentarily."

Tom slid into the booth after Jess. The restaurant pulsated with Friday night energy, glasses clinking in toasts, the low murmur of conversations, and the subtle notes of a jazz piano floating above it all. The décor married minimalism with warmth, rich wooden tables, brass fixtures, dim lighting, and abstract art in muted tones adorning the walls.

A young man approached their table. "Good evening, I'm Julian, your server tonight." He handed them each a menu bound in soft leather. "May I start you with still or sparkling water?"

"Still, please," Tom replied.

"Excellent. Today's specials include a pan-seared Hokkaido scallop with black truffle risotto and a Wagyu ribeye cap with bone marrow butter and roasted heirloom carrots," Julian recited. "Our sommelier recommends the 2016 Ornellaia with the ribeye. It's an exceptional pairing."

"That sounds perfect," Tom said. "We'll take a bottle of the Ornellaia."

"Wonderful choice, sir. I'll be back with your water and wine shortly."

As Julian departed, Tom settled more comfortably against the plush upholstery.

"This place is gorgeous," Jess observed, her eyes taking in the restaurant's ambiance. "No wonder it took weeks to get a reservation."

"Worth the wait, I think," Tom replied. He watched as she examined the menu, her lower lip caught between her teeth in that familiar expression of concentration.

Julian returned with their water, followed moments later by the wine presentation. The ritual of uncorking, pouring, and awaiting approval proceeded smoothly. When both their glasses had been filled, Julian withdrew, promising to return for their dinner order.

Jess lifted her glass. "To Senior Consultant Tom Marshall," she said. "To your hard work, your dedication, and this well-deserved recognition of your talent. I'm so proud of you, baby."

The sincerity in her voice touched something deep within Tom. Despite their recent boundary pushing explorations, moments like this reminded him of the foundation beneath it all, love and mutual respect.

“And to you,” Tom countered, raising his own glass. “To the woman who makes everything possible. Skyline finishing with rave reviews, Savannah restoration on track, and Houston about to transform under your vision. You’re the real star.”

Jess smiled as they clinked glasses. The wine was exceptional, rich, complex, with subtle undercurrents that revealed themselves gradually. Much like his wife, Tom thought.

“So,” Tom said, setting his glass down. “What are you thinking of ordering?”

They discussed options, comparing notes on the menu descriptions. When Julian returned, they were ready.

“I’ll start with the scallop special,” Jess decided. “And then the filet mignon, medium rare.”

“Excellent choice,” Julian nodded. “And for you, sir?”

“The lobster bisque to start, followed by the ribeye, also medium rare.”

Julian collected their menus. “I’ll put these orders in right away.”

Once alone again, their conversation drifted naturally to work matters.

Jess detailed the latest developments with the Skyline completion party scheduled for month’s end.

The conversation shifted to her Savannah trip next week.

Tom listened, fascinated by her enthusiasm. This was the woman he’d fallen in love with, brilliant, passionate about her craft, her eyes lighting up when discussing the architectural details most people would never notice.

Their appetizers arrived, creating a natural pause in the conversation.

As Julian departed, Tom decided to shift the topic. “Will you be seeing Bob on Tuesday before your flight?”

Jess glanced up from her scallop, her fork pausing midway to her mouth. “I’m not sure yet. Depends how busy I am with preparations.”

“But you’re considering it?”

“Maybe.” She took the bite, closing her eyes momentarily as she savored the flavor. “God, this is amazing.”

Tom watched her face as she experienced the dish, the way her features softened with pleasure, eyes shut, lips parting slightly. The expression was disarmingly similar to one he’d witnessed countless times during their intimate moments, and now, he knew, one that Bob had witnessed as well.

He wondered if she'd looked like that yesterday, grinding herself against Bob's cock until she came.

"I haven't been able to stop thinking about what you told me," Tom admitted after a moment. "About the 'pussyjob.'"

Jess's cheeks colored slightly, her gaze dropping to her plate. "Tom, we're in public."

"No one can hear us," he pointed out. "Besides, what's wrong with a husband discussing intimate matters with his wife over dinner?"

She took another bite. "Nothing, I suppose."

"How did it feel?" Tom pressed. "You said it felt good, but... compared to what?"

Jess took a sip of wine, considering. "It was... different. The friction against my clit was so intense, especially after the orgasms I'd already had. And feeling the size of him against me without him being inside... it created this tension..."

"And you wanted him inside you," Tom stated, his voice dropping lower.

Jess met his eyes directly. "In that moment, I did."

Her honesty still struck him, even after she'd admitted it the night before. The confirmation that his wife had genuinely desired another man's cock inside her created a strange response in his body, one he couldn't fully articulate even to himself.

"That's so fucking hot," Tom said, emphasizing only the arousal aspect of his reaction, omitting the anxiety that had kept him awake afterward. "The honesty of it, the raw desire."

"I didn't act on it," Jess pointed out.

"I know. But hearing that you wanted to... that's almost better than if you actually had."

Jess tilted her head, studying him. "Why's that?"

"Honestly, I don't know myself," Tom replied. "It's this perfect tension, this moment of possibility and… restraint."

"Hmm," Jess murmured, seemingly unconvinced by his explanation.

"Are you going to do it again?" Tom asked. "The pussyjob, I mean."

"I don't know," Jess replied. "Maybe."

"You should," Tom encouraged. "But maybe this time, tease him more. Get him right to the edge but don't let him finish. Make him wait."

Jess raised an eyebrow. "That sounds like you've been thinking about this a lot."

"I have," Tom admitted. "It's been on my mind all day."

They finished their appetizers, the conversation drifting briefly to other topics. When Julian cleared their plates, promising their main courses would arrive shortly, Jess leaned in closer.

“I think we should take advantage of this dinner to revisit our rules,” she suggested. “It’s been a while, and things have... evolved.”

“That’s probably a good idea,” Tom agreed. “Where should we start?”

“Communication,” Jess said immediately. “That was our first rule. Complete honesty, telling each other everything.” She twirled the stem of her wine glass between her fingers. “Do you feel like we’re doing that? Being fully honest with each other?”

The question created immediate discomfort for Tom, who had maintained significant omissions from the beginning. He hadn’t told Jess about seeing Bob masturbating to her photos that first night, about his conversations with Bob regarding how to push past her boundaries.

The deception had become foundational to their arrangement. How could he possibly confess now, months into their arrangement? The revelation would undermine everything they’d built, would cast every “choice” Jess had made in a different light. She would question whether her decisions had truly been her own or merely the result of careful manipulation by both men.

“I think our communication has never been better, especially sexually,” Tom replied, finding refuge in a true statement that avoided the question’s heart. “We’re talking about desires, fantasies, experiences more openly than we ever have.”

As he spoke, Tom recognized the hypocrisy in his response. Here they were, discussing honesty while he continued to hide fundamental truths about their arrangement.

“True,” Jess acknowledged. “I’ve shared things with you I never thought I could say out loud.”

Her eyes dropped momentarily to the tablecloth.

“Exactly. We’ve created this space where nothing is off limits,” he said.

Jess nodded.

“What about our second rule?” Tom asked. “Veto power. Either of us can stop anything immediately, no questions asked.”

“That one seems to be working well,” Jess said. “You’ve been incredibly respectful of my boundaries.”

“And you’ve been brave in exploring them,” Tom replied.

Jess nodded. “But sometimes I wonder if your enthusiasm for each new step makes it harder for me to use that veto power.”

Tom’s brow furrowed. “What do you mean?”

“Just that...” Jess paused, seeming to search for the right words. “When I tell you about something new with Bob, and I see how excited it makes you, it creates this... incentive for me to keep pushing further.”

“Do you feel pressured?” Tom asked.

“Not pressured exactly,” Jess clarified. “More like... I enjoy making you happy, seeing that excitement in your eyes. So there’s this natural momentum toward more.”

Tom reached across the table to take her hand. “If something doesn’t feel right for you, I want you to use that veto, regardless of how it might affect me.”

“I know that logically,” she said. “But emotions aren’t always logical.”

“True,” Tom acknowledged. “What about our third rule? Privacy. Keeping this between us.”

“That’s been challenging,” Jess admitted. “Especially with Madi.”

“You’ve wanted to tell her?”

“She’s my best friend, Tom. We share everything. We’ve always shared everything.” Jess sipped her wine. “I really wanted to tell her.”

“I think keeping this private is still important,” Tom said. “Not because it’s wrong, but because other people wouldn’t understand.”

Jess nodded. “I know.”

“And what about the fourth rule?” Tom asked. “Emotional boundaries. No dating, no separate emotional relationships, no romantic connections.”

Jess looked thoughtful. “That’s the trickiest one to define, isn’t it? Where does physical exploration end and emotional connection begin?”

“Do you think there are emotional boundaries being crossed with Bob?” Tom asked.

“Not romantic ones,” Jess replied quickly. “I’m not falling in love with him or anything like that.”

The immediate denial reassured Tom somewhat, though the qualification “romantic ones” suggested other emotional territories might be in play.

“But?” Tom prompted, sensing there was more she wanted to say.

“But I think any ongoing physical relationship inevitably creates some kind of connection,” Jess said. “We’re not robots. Separating sex from emotion isn’t always clear cut.”

“What kind of connection are we talking about?” Tom asked, needing specifics.

Jess took a moment before responding. “I care about his wellbeing. I enjoy our conversations. I feel comfortable with him in ways I didn’t expect.” She looked directly at Tom. “It’s definitely not love or romance, but it’s not nothing either.”

Tom nodded slowly, absorbing this. “That makes sense. Though it wasn’t what I anticipated when we started.”

“And what about kissing?” Jess asked suddenly. “That was your boundary. You said it felt too intimate, too emotional.”

Tom shifted in his seat, recalling that stipulation. “Has he tried to kiss you?”

“No,” Jess said. “He’s respected that boundary completely, all boundaries actually. I just wonder about the logic of it sometimes.”

“What do you mean?”

“Just that...” she gestured vaguely, “I can have his cock in my mouth but not his tongue? The distinction seems kind of arbitrary from a certain perspective.”

Tom considered this. “It’s not about what’s more intimate, I guess. Kissing just feels... different. More personal somehow.”

“I understand,” Jess said. “And I’ve respected that boundary. I’m just curious about how you see it.”

“It’s hard to explain,” Tom admitted. “But when I think about you kissing him, it feels different. Maybe because kissing is something we do casually, as part of our everyday connection. It’s not just sexual.”

“Compartmentalization,” Jess observed. “We’ve gotten good at that, haven’t we? Different versions of ourselves for different contexts.”

“Is that bad?”

“Not necessarily. But it can be exhausting. Sometimes I wonder who the real me is, the designer, the wife, or the woman who goes downstairs to Bob’s apartment in lingerie.”

“Maybe you’re all of them,” Tom suggested. “People are complex. We contain multitudes, right?”

“Quoting Whitman at dinner? Senior Consultant Marshall is feeling intellectual tonight,” Jess teased.

Their main courses arrived, Julian presenting each dish with a flourish that bordered on theatrical. Tom’s ribeye glistened under the restaurant lighting, accompanied by roasted potatoes and asparagus spears. Jess’s filet sat atop a pool of red wine reduction, a stack of truffle-infused potatoes alongside.

“This looks incredible,” Jess remarked once Julian had departed.

They each savored the first bites, the exceptional quality of the meat meriting a moment of silent appreciation.

“Perfect medium rare,” Tom commented. “Worth every penny of this ridiculously expensive meal.”

“Absolutely,” Jess agreed, cutting another piece of her filet.

After they’d eaten for a few minutes, Tom returned to their previous topic. “Can I ask you something?”

“Of course.”

“About your ‘no sex’ boundary,” Tom began, choosing his words carefully. “Is there something specifically meaningful about penetration for you? I mean, given everything else you’ve done with Bob, does that still hold special significance?”

Jess set down her fork, her expression growing more serious. “Yes, it does. For me, at least.”

“Why? I’m genuinely curious. Is it emotional? Physical? Symbolic?”

“All of those, I suppose,” Jess replied. “Penetrative sex feels like a line that, once crossed, can’t be uncrossed. Everything else maintains a certain... plausible deniability in my mind.”

“Plausible deniability?” Tom repeated, not quite understanding.

“It’s like...” Jess paused, gathering her thoughts. “With touching or oral, I can still tell myself I haven’t fully given myself to him. There’s still this final boundary that keeps what we’re doing in the category of ‘exploration’ rather than actual… infidelity.”

“But it’s not infidelity if I know and approve,” Tom pointed out.

“Logically, I know that,” Jess acknowledged. “But emotionally, there’s something different about actual sex.”

Julian appeared at their table, his timing unfortunately perfect. “How are you enjoying your meals?”

“Everything is excellent,” Tom replied. “The ribeye is perfectly cooked.”

“Wonderful to hear, sir. And your filet, madam?”

“Delicious,” Jess confirmed with a polite smile.

“Perfect. Please enjoy, and I’ll check back with you shortly.” Julian withdrew, seemingly unaware of the tension he’d interrupted.

They ate in silence for several moments, the conversation requiring a reset after the interruption. Tom watched Jess, noting the slight furrow in her brow that suggested continued contemplation of their topic.

“I’m not pushing you to cross that boundary,” Tom finally said. “I’m just saying the door’s open if you want to cross it. I hope you know that.”

“I do,” Jess replied. “But I also know how excited you get when I tell you about getting closer to that line. The way you responded when I told you I’d thought about letting him inside me...”

“Fantasy and reality aren’t the same,” Tom said, though he wasn’t entirely sure that was true.

“Aren’t they beginning to blur, though?” Jess asked. “What started as your fantasy has become very real.”

Tom couldn’t argue with her assessment. The boundary between fantasy and reality had indeed grown increasingly permeable. “You’re right. But that doesn’t mean every fantasy needs to become reality.”

“Have you thought about whether our arrangement has an endpoint?” Jess asked, changing direction. “I mean, did you imagine this as something temporary, an exploration, or as a permanent change?”

Tom hadn’t considered this question. The arrangement had evolved so naturally, each step following logically from the one before, that he’d never projected its ultimate trajectory.

“I haven’t really thought about it in those terms,” he admitted. “I never mapped out a specific timeline or endpoint.”

“Do you think that’s something we should discuss? Whether this is temporary or... something else?”

“Maybe,” Tom acknowledged. “But I’m not sure we need to decide right now. We could just continue following where it leads naturally.”

“That’s exactly what concerns me,” Jess said. “The natural progression’s moved very quickly. A couple of months ago, I was nervous about wearing a revealing bikini around Bob. Now I’m going to his apartment in lingerie and grinding on his bare cock.”

Tom couldn’t deny the rapid pace of their exploration. “Does that bother you? The speed of it?”

“Sometimes,” Jess admitted. “It feels like each step makes the next one easier, more inevitable. The boundaries keep shifting without clear discussions about them.”

“We’re having that discussion now,” Tom pointed out.

“True. But it’s usually after the boundaries have already moved.” She took another sip of wine. “I’m not saying I regret anything. Just that it might be worth being more intentional about where we’re going.”

Tom nodded, acknowledging the wisdom in her perspective. “You’re right. Though part of me has enjoyed letting things unfold organically.”

“I’ve enjoyed it too,” Jess conceded. “The spontaneity, the discovery.”

They continued eating, the conversation shifting to their upcoming travel schedules.

“We’re going to be ships passing in the night for a while,” Tom observed.

“At least with Bob there, the house is never empty,” Jess replied.

“That’s true,” Tom agreed. “Though I doubt home security was what convinced us to keep this arrangement going.”

Jess laughed. “Definitely not the primary benefit anymore.”

“When you’re in Savannah,” Tom said, his tone growing playful, “you’re welcome to flirt with others, you know. See if any of those Southern gentlemen catch your eye.”

“Tom!” Jess exclaimed, her eyes widening slightly.

“What? I’m just saying, you could have boyfriends in different cities. One in Savannah, one in Houston, one in Austin...”

“That’s ridiculous,” Jess said, though her lips quirked upward. “I barely have time to maintain one extramarital arrangement, let alone establish a national network.”

“Just putting it out there,” Tom said. “The option exists.”

“I’ll keep that in mind,” Jess replied. “Though I think I’d need an assistant just to manage my schedule if I took that approach.”

The joking eased the tension that had been building throughout their boundary discussion. Tom found himself grateful for Jess’s ability to find humor in situations that might otherwise become too weighted with significance.

“But,” Tom began, returning to a more serious tone, “when I start traveling, you’ll be home with Bob. Alone.”

“I suppose I will,” Jess acknowledged.

“Does that... interest you?” Tom asked, careful with his phrasing. “The idea of having more freedom, more privacy for your encounters?”

Jess studied him for a moment. “Are you asking if I plan to take advantage of your absence to cross more boundaries with Bob?”

“I’m just curious about your thoughts,” Tom said, though in truth, the image of Jess and Bob together in his absence created the usual response, arousal tangled with anxiety.

“I haven’t thought about it,” Jess replied, her tone suggesting this wasn’t entirely true. “But I imagine our Tuesday and Thursday routine will continue.”

Tom pictured Jess and Bob alone in the house for days at a time. Would they maintain the structure of their scheduled encounters, or would the artificial constraints dissolve? Would Bob sleep in their bed, in Tom’s spot beside Jess? The thought sent blood rushing to Tom’s cock even as it twisted something painful in his chest.

“Would you be upset if we didn’t stay strictly confined to Tuesdays and Thursdays?” Jess asked, watching his face closely. “If I saw him on a Saturday, for instance?”

“I... no, I wouldn’t be upset. As long as you told me about it afterward.”

“Really?” Jess pressed. “You wouldn’t mind if I spent a Saturday afternoon in Bob’s bed while you were away?”

Tom’s arousal intensified at the mental image. “I would want to hear everything,” he said. “Every detail.”

Jess nodded slowly, her eyes never leaving his face. “I’ll remember that.”

A silence fell between them, heavy with unspoken possibilities. Tom wondered if she was testing him, probing for his true feelings about her potential independence during his absence, or if she was genuinely contemplating expanding her encounters with Bob beyond their established schedule.

“Speaking of Bob,” Jess said, breaking the silence, “do we still need him financially? With your promotion and my projects, we’re in a much better position than when we first rented to him.”

Tom hadn’t considered terminating Bob’s tenancy since their arrangement had evolved. “I guess that’s true. Though the extra income still helps with rebuilding our savings.”

“Of course,” Jess agreed quickly. “I wasn’t suggesting we ask him to move out. Just noting that the original reason for having him there has become less… pressing.”

“It’s taken on additional value,” Tom observed.

“It has,” Jess confirmed.

Julian approached their table. “Have you saved room for dessert? Our dark chocolate soufflé is particularly exceptional this evening.”

Tom glanced at Jess, who nodded. “We’ll share the soufflé,” he told Julian.

“Excellent choice. Would you like coffee while you wait?”

“I’m fine,” Jess replied.

“None for me either,” Tom added.

When Julian departed, Jess leaned forward slightly. “Have you spoken directly with Bob? About our arrangement, I mean.”

Tom felt a flicker of panic at the question. His conversations with Bob had been strategic and essentially manipulative, focused on pushing Jess toward greater intimacy while maintaining the impression that these were her autonomous choices.

“Not recently,” he replied. “Why do you ask?”

“I’m just curious about what he wants from all this,” Jess said. “Where he sees it going.”

“What do you think he wants?” Tom asked, deflecting the question back to her.

“I don’t know,” Jess replied. “He’s been respectful of my limits, hasn’t pushed beyond what I’ve invited. But I wonder what he’s hoping for.”

Tom let out a short laugh. “Come on, Jess. He’s a 55-year-old twice divorced tradesman who suddenly gets to fool around with a gorgeous 27-year-old. He’s basically won the lottery.”

“That makes it sound so transactional,” Jess frowned.

“I don’t mean it that way,” Tom said. “But from his perspective, this has to be the fantasy scenario of a lifetime. Of course he wants to have sex with you. What man wouldn’t?”

“I wonder whether he sees it as just physical fun,” Jess continued.

“Have you asked him?” Tom inquired, curious about Bob’s presentation of his intentions.

“Not directly. But I get the sense that he values our connection beyond just the physical aspects.” She looked up, meeting Tom’s eyes. “He listens when I talk about work. Offers advice about handling Webb and the other developers.”

Tom felt a flicker of something uncomfortable. The idea of Bob positioning himself as Jess’s advisor, confidant, creating connections beyond the purely physical arrangement they’d established, represented a potential complication he hadn’t fully considered.

“That’s... interesting,” Tom managed.

He wasn’t concerned about Jess developing romantic feelings for Bob. A 55-year-old tenant living in their downstairs unit hardly seemed like genuine competition, but the emergence of a friendship complicated the clean boundaries he’d imagined for their arrangement. Physical exploration was one thing, a controlled experiment with clear parameters. Emotional connection was messier, less predictable.

What troubled him most wasn’t Bob specifically, but the precedent it established. If Jess formed connections with men in Savannah or Houston, professional peers closer to her age,

with shared interests and ambitions, the dynamics would be entirely different. Those men wouldn't be temporary accessories to their marital explorations. They would be independent entities in her life, potential threats in ways Bob simply wasn't.

"Is that a problem?" Jess asked, clearly picking up on his hesitation.

"No, not at all," Tom assured her quickly. "It's just not something I'd thought about."

Julian returned with their soufflé, rescuing Tom from further exploration of this uncomfortable territory.

"Enjoy," he said, placing two spoons beside the soufflé before departing.

The conversation naturally paused as they sampled the dessert. The exterior gave way to a warm, molten center that was indeed exceptional, as Julian had promised.

"Remember that bar game I mentioned?" Tom asked after several bites, returning to a topic he'd introduced during their night out with Madi and Brandon.

"Where couples pretend not to know each other, and one of them flirts with strangers?" Jess recalled. "Yes, I remember."

"I was thinking we could try that sometime." Tom watched her reaction. "Maybe tonight, even. We could go for a drink after dinner."

Jess set her spoon down, studying him. "I'm still not comfortable with the idea of involving unsuspecting third parties in our... explorations. Remember what happened at Domino?"

"They're not really involved," Tom argued. "It's just flirtation, a little harmless attention."

"But they don't know it's an act," Jess pointed out. "They think they might have a chance with me. It feels manipulative."

"I guess," Tom conceded, then leaned forward. "But isn't that part of what makes it exciting? The unknown element?"

"For you, maybe," Jess replied.

"Look, we'll just get one drink at The Fleming," Tom said, mentioning the hotel bar within walking distance. "If nothing happens, we leave. No pressure."

Jess raised an eyebrow. "The Fleming? You've clearly thought this through. I'm starting to suspect this whole dinner was leading to this suggestion."

Tom grinned, not denying it. "It's a beautiful hotel bar. Sophisticated clientele. Nothing like Domino."

"And what exactly would this involve?" Jess asked.

“You’d go in alone,” Tom explained. “Find a spot at the bar. I’d come in separately, sit across the room. If someone approaches you, which they will, you flirt a little, see if you can get him to buy you a drink.”

“And you’ll just be watching this whole time?” Jess asked.

“From a distance,” Tom confirmed. “We can text if needed.”

Jess twirled her wedding ring thoughtfully. “I assume I’d need to take this off?”

“That would help,” Tom agreed, reaching across to touch her hand. “Just for an hour or so.”

Jess looked down at her outfit. “If I walk into a bar looking like this, alone, someone’s definitely going to approach me.”

“That’s the idea,” Tom said with a smile. “The question is whether you’re willing to play along when they do.”

“What if someone gets handsy?” Jess asked.

“You know how to let men down gently,” Tom replied. “And I’ll be right there if things get uncomfortable. But...” he paused, “if you like the attention, you can go with it. Within reason, of course.”

Jess’s eyes widened slightly. “Within reason? That’s pretty vague, Tom.”

“That’s intentional,” he admitted. “I don’t want to script this. The spontaneity is what makes it interesting. Just go along with what feels right in the moment. Don’t overthink it.”

“So I’m supposed to walk into a bar, pretend to be single, flirt with strange men, and just... see what happens?” Jess summarized, though Tom noticed her tone contained more intrigue than outright rejection.

“Uh… yeah. No expectations. Just an experiment.” Tom took her hand. “And afterward, we go home together, and you tell me every detail.”

Jess was quiet for a moment, considering. “What if no one approaches me?”

Tom laughed. “In that dress? Impossible.”

She bit her lower lip, the gesture he recognized as her working through a decision. “One drink,” she finally said. “And I reserve the right to abort mission at any point if I feel uncomfortable.”

“Absolutely,” Tom agreed immediately. “You’re in complete control.”

“And you’ll be watching the whole time?”

“Every second,” Tom promised.

A small smile played at the corners of Jess's mouth. "You've really been thinking about this."

"A little," Tom admitted. "I think you might enjoy it too, once you're in the moment."

"You know I'm terrible at acting," Jess pointed out.

"You don't need to act," Tom assured her. "Just be yourself, minus the wedding ring and the husband. The rest will happen naturally."

They finished the soufflé in a comfortable but charged silence, the possibility of their after-dinner activity creating a new energy between them.

Tom reached for the bottle of Ornellaia, tipping it to pour the last of the wine into their glasses. The realization that they'd finished the entire bottle between them registered dimly.

"We've made quite a dent in this," Tom observed, setting the empty bottle at the edge of the table.

Jess nodded, lifting her glass. "It's been that kind of evening."

Tom wondered briefly if the alcohol was influencing their decisions, particularly this bar game he'd suggested. The idea had seemed so compelling at home, a natural extension of their boundary exploration, but would they be considering it so seriously if completely sober?

"Wait, are we too tipsy for this bar experiment?" he asked, offering Jess a chance to reconsider.

"Maybe just tipsy enough," she replied with a small smile that carried both nervousness and anticipation. "Liquid courage, right?"

Tom nodded, acknowledging the truth in her assessment.

When Julian brought the check, Tom reached for it immediately despite Jess's attempt to intercept.

"This was supposed to be my treat," she protested. "We're celebrating your promotion."

"And I'm celebrating you," Tom countered. "Your Skyline success, your leadership on Savannah and Houston."

"That's not how celebrations work," Jess argued, though her expression had softened.

"It is for me," Tom insisted, slipping his credit card into the leather folder. "Let me do this."

Jess relented with a small nod. While they waited for Julian to return with the receipt, Tom noticed her fingers tracing the outline of her wedding ring, as if already preparing for its temporary removal.

Julian returned with the receipt, which Tom signed with a generous tip. As they prepared to leave, Jess leaned close.

“If we’re really doing this, I need to visit the ladies’ room first,” she said.

“Take your time,” Tom replied, understanding she might need a moment to prepare mentally.

When Jess returned, her wedding ring was already absent from her finger. The sight of her bare ring finger created an unexpected pang in Tom’s chest, a visceral reaction to this small but significant alteration.

They slid out of the booth, Tom offering his hand to help Jess up. As they made their way through the restaurant, Tom noted several men tracking Jess, a preview of what awaited them at The Fleming.

The maître d’ bid them goodbye at the door, thanking them for dining at Xenia. Outside, the night air carried just enough coolness to be refreshing after the restaurant’s warmth.

“So how do we do this?” Jess asked as they stood on the sidewalk. “Do we walk to The Fleming together or separately?”

“Together,” Tom decided. “We’ll separate just before going in. You’ll enter first, I’ll wait a few minutes, then follow.”

As they walked toward the hotel, Tom’s arm found its place around Jess’s waist, drawing her against his side. “Having second thoughts?” he asked, noticing her unusual quiet.

“Not exactly,” Jess replied. “More like... first time nervousness.”

“That’s what makes it exciting.”

“What exactly am I supposed to say when someone approaches me?” Jess asked. “Do I make up a whole backstory?”

“Keep it simple,” Tom advised. “You’re in town for business. You don’t need elaborate lies, just omit certain truths.”

“Like the fact that my husband is watching from across the room?” Jess said with a nervous laugh.

“Exactly,” Tom agreed. “Just be yourself. That’s more than enough to hold anyone’s interest.”

As they walked The Fleming came into view.

“One drink,” Tom promised, his hands finding her shoulders. “If nothing happens or you feel uncomfortable, just text me and we’ll leave.”

Jess took a deep breath, then nodded. “Okay. I’m ready.”

“You look incredible,” Tom told her. “Every man in that bar is going to envy whoever gets your attention.”

Jess smiled. She reached up, kissing him briefly. “See you inside, stranger,” she said with a playful smile.

She disappeared inside, leaving Tom on the sidewalk.

Tom checked his watch, determined to give Jess at least five minutes alone in the bar before following. Five minutes seemed sufficient time for her to settle in, for the initial awkwardness to dissipate. Five minutes for men to notice her, for someone to perhaps approach. Five minutes for Tom to prepare himself mentally for what might follow.

He decided to circle the block, both to kill time and to calm his racing thoughts. The evening air had cooled further, carrying hints of approaching autumn despite Austin’s lingering summer temperatures. He loosened his tie slightly, feeling constricted suddenly by the formality of his attire.

As his shoes tapped against the sidewalk, Tom replayed their dinner conversation in his mind. Jess’s questions about the boundaries of their arrangement, about the progression that had unfolded with Bob, about potential endpoints or trajectories. Her observations were astute, as always. They had indeed been following where things led “naturally,” without explicit discussions about where it all might be heading.

But wasn’t that part of the appeal? The discovery, the sense of venture into unknown territory, each new experience building on the last? There was something thrilling about not mapping everything in advance, about allowing desire to guide them rather than rigid planning.

The experiment tonight represented yet another evolution. Unlike their arrangement with Bob, which had developed in stages through their shared space, this bar scenario introduced actual unpredictability. Random men, strangers with unknown intentions, interacting with Jess while Tom observed from a distance.

He was ceding control to chance, to Jess’s choices in the moment, to strangers’ initiatives. The thought created a peculiar mixture of anxiety and excitement.

What if no one approached her? That seemed unlikely given her beauty and the dress she wore, but still possible. Would they consider the experiment a failure? Would Jess feel rejected?

Or worse, what if someone did approach her and she found herself genuinely attracted? Not playing a role for Tom’s benefit, but experiencing actual interest in a stranger?

Four minutes had passed. Tom decided to head toward The Fleming’s entrance. The hotel itself was elegant, a blend of modern architecture with subtle nods to Austin’s historical aesthetic. The lobby would undoubtedly be just as tasteful, populated by business travelers and tourists rather than the raucous club-goers they’d encountered at Domino.

Tom entered through the revolving door, the air conditioning creating an immediate contrast to the night air. The lobby was all polished marble and tasteful lighting, a pianist playing something subdued in the corner. To his right, a sign indicated the direction of The Fleming.

He followed it, heart rate accelerating with each step. Through the bar's entrance, Tom could see a sophisticated space filled with leather chairs, dark wood tables, and amber lighting that cast everyone in a flattering glow. The bar itself dominated one wall.

Tom stepped inside, his eyes immediately searching for Jess among the patrons. For a terrible moment, he couldn't locate her. Had she changed her mind? Left without telling him? The thought triggered a wave of irrational panic. Then his gaze landed on her at last, seated at the bar, a man in business casual attire already positioned on the stool beside her.

Relief collided with a unexpected flare of possessiveness. Someone had approached her already, had claimed the space beside her, had potentially already ordered the cocktail she now held in her hand. The man looked to be in his early thirties, his suit jacket removed, tie loosened, sleeves rolled up. Not particularly handsome, but not unattractive either. Just... average. Ordinary in a way that somehow magnified Tom's discomfort.

Tom moved to the opposite end of the bar, positioning himself where he could observe without being obvious. "Whiskey, neat," he told the bartender.

She quickly poured his drink.

Payment made and drink in hand, Tom took a seat at one of the small tables positioned to afford a view of the bar where Jess sat.

Jess appeared engaged in conversation, her body angled slightly toward the man, maintaining polite interest without excessive enthusiasm. Even from across the room, Tom could read her like a book. The slight stiffness in her shoulders betrayed her nervousness despite her outward composure.

The man seemed to be doing most of the talking, gesturing occasionally with one hand while Jess nodded. Nothing about him seemed particularly compelling, at least not from Tom's perspective. An ordinary business traveler, probably in town for a conference, hoping to alleviate the loneliness of a hotel room by chatting up a beautiful woman at the bar.

Tom sipped his whiskey. As he watched, he noticed other men in the bar glancing at Jess. A pair in suits at a nearby table kept looking in her direction, one nudging the other and nodding. Another man, silver-haired and distinguished, cast repeated glances over his martini.

That's my wife, he thought. All these men watching her, desiring her, unaware that she belongs to me. The thought carried both satisfaction and a strange vulnerability. She was his, yes, but she was also her own person, making choices independently from him, capable of attracting other men's attention without his involvement.

Tom was distracted from these thoughts when the man beside Jess checked his phone. The man's expression changed, and he appeared to apologize to Jess before signaling the bartender for his bill. Whatever the message contained, it seemed sufficiently urgent to cut their interaction short.

After the man departed, Tom observed Jess's momentary solitude with fascination. She straightened her posture, smoothed her dress, and took a sip of her cocktail. The self-awareness in these small gestures revealed volumes about her mental state. She was conscious of being observed, of occupying a role unfamiliar to her usual identity. Yet even in her discomfort, she was magnificent.

The vacancy beside her didn't last long. Almost immediately, a second man approached. This one was altogether different from the first, tall, around forty, in a tailored suit. His dark hair was styled. Everything about him exuded confidence, from his straight shoulders to his smile.

This was no ordinary business traveler. This man belonged in spaces like The Fleming.

Tom fidgeted with his whiskey glass. This scenario suddenly felt vastly different from what he had imagined. The theoretical "strangers flirting with my wife" fantasy had manifested in the form of this handsome, obviously wealthy man who now occupied the stool beside Jess.

The man said something that made Jess laugh, her head tilting back in a gesture of unguarded amusement that Tom recognized from their private moments. The sound didn't carry across the bar's ambient noise, but Tom could visualize it perfectly, that rich, genuine laugh that transformed her features, that made her eyes crinkle at the corners, that invited others to share in her delight.

Jealousy cut through Tom's arousal. That laugh belonged to him, to moments between them, not to this stranger in his expensive suit with his charm. Yet even as this possessiveness flared, Tom's cock responded to the scene unfolding in front of him, his arousal intensifying alongside his anxiety.

Jess touched the man's arm briefly as she spoke, a gesture she employed naturally in conversation. Tom had seen her do it countless times, with friends, with colleagues, with clients. It meant nothing beyond her engaging personality, her instinct for connection. Yet in this context, observed by a stranger who might interpret it as flirtation, the touch carried different implications.

The man leaned closer to Jess, presumably to be heard over the bar's noise. The motion brought their faces nearer, created an intimacy in their positioning that excluded others. Tom's emotional response fluctuated wildly, arousal at witnessing his fantasy unfold in real time, anxiety about potentially losing control of the situation he had initiated.

A server momentarily blocked Tom's view of the bar, triggering a spike of irrational panic. What if Jess and the man had somehow disappeared in those few seconds? What if they'd moved elsewhere, beyond his sight, beyond his knowledge? The thought was absurd, Jess

would never leave without telling him, yet the alcohol combined with the heightened emotions of the scenario amplified his anxiety.

When his sightline cleared, they were still there, just as he'd known they would be. Yet his heart continued racing, his palms clammy around the whiskey glass.

Tom struggled to interpret their interaction from across the room. Their body language suggested mutual interest, but what were they discussing? What version of herself was Jess presenting to this stranger? Was she fabricating a persona, creating an alternate identity for this experiment? Or was she essentially herself, merely omitting her marital status?

As Tom watched, Jess checked her watch, then said something to the man before standing. The man remained seated, watching as she walked toward the hallway marked with restroom signs.

Tom immediately pulled out his phone, typing a message.

Tom: Everything ok?

Instead of a text response, his phone rang. Tom answered.

"Hey," he said, keeping his voice low.

"Oh my god, I can't believe we're doing this," Jess's voice came through, breathless and slightly giddy. The wine from dinner combined with the adrenaline of the scenario had clearly lowered her usual inhibitions. "This is insane, Tom. Absolutely insane."

"You seem to be enjoying yourself," Tom observed, trying to keep any hint of jealousy from his tone.

"It's... weird. But kind of exciting too," Jess admitted. "That first guy was boring, some marketing executive in town for a conference. But this second one is something else."

"I noticed," Tom said. "Who is he?"

"Frank Ellison," Jess replied. "He's from Dallas, here for an energy conference. He's staying in the penthouse suite."

"The penthouse?" Tom repeated.

"Yes, which he's already invited me to see," Jess said, her voice carrying a note of disbelief. "Can you believe that? We've been talking for like fifteen minutes, and he's already suggesting we go upstairs."

"Are you considering it?" he asked.

"What? No!" Jess exclaimed. "Why, are you asking me to?" Her tone suggested genuine shock at the implication.

"No," Tom said quickly. "Definitely not. I mean, the idea turns me on but also terrifies me."

“I was just surprised by how direct he was,” Jess explained. “I assumed men would flirt a little, maybe try for a phone number. I didn’t expect an immediate invitation upstairs.”

“Are you ready to leave?” Tom asked. “We can call it a successful experiment and head home.”

“Yes,” Jess confirmed. “I’ve had enough excitement for one night. I told him I needed to use the restroom, but I’m not sure how to extract myself without being rude.”

“I can play my role and come pick you up at the bar,” Tom suggested.

“Perfect,” Jess agreed. “Give me two minutes to get back out there.”

“Will do,” Tom replied.

The call ended, and Tom remained seated, waiting. He watched as Jess returned to the bar minutes later, resuming her conversation with Frank. Instead of immediately playing his role, however, Tom found himself hesitating. There was something compelling about the scene, something that kept him rooted to his spot despite their agreement.

He pulled out his phone again, this time to order an Uber. As he completed the request, Tom continued observing Jess and Frank. Their conversation appeared to have shifted subtly. Frank leaned closer, speaking directly into Jess’s ear. Her expression cycled through surprise, amusement, and something else Tom couldn’t quite identify from this distance.

Frank reached into his jacket, extracting what appeared to be a business card. He wrote something on it, his phone number perhaps, before offering it to Jess. She accepted it with a smile, tucking it into her small clutch.

Tom was about to finally approach when, to his shock, Frank stood and offered his arm to Jess. She accepted it, and they began walking toward the bar’s exit together.

Panic surged through Tom. Had they misunderstood each other somehow? Had she changed her mind about leaving with Frank? He stood, quickly pushing through the Friday evening crowd, heart hammering as he tried to catch sight of them again.

By the time Tom emerged into the hotel lobby, he was genuinely alarmed. His eyes darted frantically across the elegant space, scanning the concierge desk, the seating areas, the elevators. No sign of them. Had their game become something real?

Just as he pulled out his phone to call her, he spotted her, standing alone near the entrance. Relief flooded his system, followed immediately by confusion.

He moved toward her.

“That’s for taking so long,” Jess said with a mischievous smile.

“What just happened?” Tom demanded. “I thought you wanted me to approach you at the bar.”

“I did,” Jess confirmed. “But you were taking forever, so Frank suggested we ‘give your husband a scare.’”

Tom froze. “Your husband?” he repeated. “You told him you were married?”

“You’re not going to believe this,” Jess said. “He knew what we were doing. The whole time.”

“What do you mean he knew?” Tom asked.

“He said a man matching your description kept watching me with ‘anxious interest,’ as he put it,” Jess explained. “He immediately guessed I was married and that you were my husband.”

“Are you serious?” Tom shook his head in disbelief.

“Completely serious. We ended up having this bizarre conversation about hotwifing.”

“Hotwifing?” Tom repeated.

“Apparently, it means wife sharing,” Jess confirmed. “He said has some experience with it.”

Tom struggled to process this information. “So he knew the entire time that we were... experimenting?”

“Yep,” Jess said. “He told me it was ‘refreshing’ to meet a couple willing to explore their boundaries.”

“And he still propositioned you for sex? Even knowing I was right there?”

“The man was shameless, Tom,” Jess shook her head in wonderment. “He told me he was discreet, successful, and experienced. Said he’d been with several married women whose husbands knew about it.”

Tom ran a hand through his hair, still processing the unexpected turn of events. “Did you give him your number?”

“No, I gave him my name but a fake number,” Jess replied, opening her clutch to extract the business card. “Look what he wrote on the back, though.”

Tom took the card, turning it over to find a room number scribbled in blue pen. “2801,” he read aloud. “The penthouse suite?”

“That’s what he said,” Jess said. “He said the invitation was open if I changed my mind. Or if we changed our minds, I should say. He made it clear you’d be welcome too.”

“What did he mean by me being welcome too?” Tom asked, furrowing his brow. “Was he suggesting... what, a threesome?”

Jess looked at him with a mixture of amusement and disbelief. “Actually, I asked him the same thing. His answer was... interesting.”

“How so?”

“He said you could watch him, and I quote, ‘blow my mind.’ According to Frank, there’s nothing more erotic than watching your wife get satisfied by another man.”

“Jesus,” Tom muttered. “Pretty presumptuous of him.”

“It gets better,” Jess continued. “When I told him we weren’t looking for anything like that, he just smiled and said, ‘Tonight, maybe not. But the invitation stands.’” She shook her head. “Unbelievable.”

“It’s also a hell of a coincidence,” Tom remarked. “Of all the hotels in Austin, we happen to choose one where a guy experienced in ‘the lifestyle’ is staying. And of all the women in the bar, he approaches you.”

“I was thinking the same thing,” Jess agreed. “Though to be fair, I was the only woman sitting alone at the bar.”

“Still,” Tom insisted. “What are the odds that the first person to really engage with you would be someone who recognized what we were doing?”

Jess tucked the card into her clutch. “Maybe it’s not as rare as we think? Or maybe people like Frank have a radar for these situations.”

“A radar for experimenting couples?” Tom asked skeptically.

“Maybe we were more obvious than we realized. You weren’t exactly subtle with your staring.”

“I wasn’t staring,” Tom protested automatically.

Jess raised an eyebrow. “Tom, you practically burned holes through Frank’s back with your eyes.”

“Was it really that obvious?”

“To someone looking for it? Apparently so.” Jess placed her hand on his arm. “Don’t worry, I doubt anyone else noticed.”

Tom nodded, wondering how many other supposed coincidences in their lives might actually be patterns they simply hadn’t recognized.

“Is our Uber here yet?” she asked.

Tom checked his phone. “Two minutes away.”

They moved outside to await their ride.

“Are you upset?” she asked, looking up at Tom, studying his face. “About what happened with Frank?”

“Of course not,” Tom replied. “Just... processing, I guess.”

Jess laughed softly. “When I agreed to this little game, I didn’t imagine ending the night with a business card from a penthouse dwelling energy executive who offered to sleep with me in front of my husband.”

“Life’s full of surprises,” Tom said.

“The whole thing was surreal,” Jess continued. “Like we stepped into some parallel universe where these conversations happen casually at hotel bars.”

“Do you regret it?” Tom asked.

“No,” Jess replied. “It was educational, if nothing else.”

The Uber arrived, a silver Honda. They climbed into the backseat, Jess nestling against Tom’s side.

As they pulled away from the hotel, Tom glanced up at the building’s upper floors, wondering which windows belonged to penthouse suite 2801, where Frank Ellison was presumably returning now.

Lips entangled, bodies pressed together, Tom and Jess lay naked in their bed.

The ride home had passed in charged silence, punctuated by playful touches. They’d undressed, brushed their teeth side by side while exchanging mischievous looks in the bathroom mirror, then tumbled into bed.

Tom ran his hand along Jess’s side, tracing her waist, the flare of her hip. Her skin felt electric beneath his fingertips, responsive to even the lightest touch. She deepened their kiss, her tongue exploring his mouth.

Earlier that evening, before they’d left for Xenia, he’d made a mental note to focus on Jess’s pleasure.

Breaking the kiss, Tom began a slow journey downward, his lips trailing across Jess’s jawline, down her throat.

When he got to her breasts he took each nipple between his lips in turn, using his tongue and the edge of teeth until she squirmed beneath him. Her responsiveness tonight seemed heightened, perhaps from the night’s unusual events or the wine they’d shared at dinner.

“God, that feels amazing,” Jess whispered, her back arching off the mattress.

Tom continued his downward path, kissing across her stomach, dipping his tongue into her navel, his hands gently pressing her thighs apart as he settled between them. He glanced up, finding her eyes watching him.

Jess bit her lip, nodding, her eyes never leaving his.

Tom lowered his head, delivering a soft kiss to her inner thigh first, then the other, delaying contact. He could smell her, could see the glistening evidence of her arousal.

When he finally made contact with her pussy, Jess let out a soft gasp, her hands immediately finding his hair. Tom licked along her folds, tasting her, savoring the flavor. He took his time, wanting to make this about her pleasure.

“Right there,” Jess murmured as his tongue found her clit.

Tom obeyed. He sucked her clit gently between his lips. The sounds she made, soft moans, quiet gasps, fueled his determination.

Without breaking the contact between his mouth and her pussy, Tom brought his hand up. He slid two fingers inside her, feeling her immediate contraction around them. He began a steady rhythm, thrusting in and out while continuing to work her clit with his tongue.

“Oh fuck,” Jess gasped, her hips rising off the bed.

Tom increased the pace slightly, his fingers moving more quickly as his tongue pressed against her clit.

Somewhere in the back of his mind, a question arose. What exactly did Bob do differently? What techniques elicited those multiple orgasms Jess had mentioned? But Tom pushed the thought aside, focusing instead on the woman beneath him, on her responses, on what he knew she enjoyed.

It didn’t take long for Jess’s thighs to begin trembling, a tell that she was approaching climax. Tom intensified his efforts, fingers continuing their rhythmic thrusts as his tongue moved faster.

“Tom, I’m gonna…” Jess didn’t finish the sentence, her words dissolving into a cry as her body tensed.

Tom felt her pussy clench around his fingers. He maintained the pressure and rhythm, extending her pleasure as she came, her hips bucking against his face.

As her movements slowed and the tension began leaving her body, Tom eased back, placing soft kisses against her inner thighs while she caught her breath. He looked up at her flushed face, her closed eyes, satisfaction swelling within him at the sight of her pleasure.

“Come here,” Jess said after a moment.

Tom moved up her body, kissing her stomach, her breasts, her neck before reaching her mouth. She kissed him deeply, tasting herself on his lips.

He positioned himself between her legs, the head of his cock resting against her entrance. He paused, looking into her eyes.

Jess nodded, her hands sliding down to grasp his ass, pulling him toward her. “Fuck me,” she whispered.

Tom pushed forward, entering her warm and wet pussy. He quickly established a rhythm, not too fast, not too slow, watching her face.

Jess wrapped her legs around his waist, changing the angle, allowing him deeper access. “God, that’s good,” she sighed, her hands moving to his shoulders.

Tom leaned down to kiss her, maintaining the rhythm of his hips. There was comfort in this position, in its familiarity, yet tonight it felt charged with added significance after the evening’s events.

“Did you wonder what I might have done if I’d gone to his room?” Jess asked suddenly.

The question caught Tom off guard. “What?”

“Frank,” Jess clarified, her eyes locked on his. “Did you wonder what might have happened if I’d taken him up on his offer?”

“Yes,” he admitted.

“Tell me,” she urged. “Tell me what you imagined.”

Tom slowed his thrusts. “I imagined you going up in the elevator,” he began. “Wondering if you were really going to go through with it.”

“Mmm,” Jess encouraged.

“He’d open the door,” Tom continued, the fantasy building as he spoke. “The penthouse would be massive.”

“And then what?” Jess pressed, her fingers digging into his shoulders.

“He’d offer you a drink,” Tom said. “You’d accept.”

Jess’s breathing quickened as the fantasy unfolded between them.

“He wouldn’t waste time,” Tom went on. “He’d make it clear what he wanted. He’d take the glass from your hand, set it aside.”

“Would he kiss me?” Jess asked.

The question struck Tom. “No kissing” had been his rule, the emotional firewall he’d insisted on maintaining. Yet here was Jess, in the middle of their fantasy, pushing that boundary.

Tom felt that familiar twist of jealousy and arousal. Something about the fantasy, the heat of the moment, perhaps the wine still lingering in his system, made him want to cross even his own lines.

“Yes,” he said. “He’d kiss you, and you’d let him.”

Jess’s eyes widened slightly. “Even though that’s your rule?” she asked.

“Yes, baby,” Tom replied. When had their roles reversed like this? When had Jess become the one testing limits while he became the one yielding? “In this fantasy... yes.”

Jess moaned. “And then?”

“He’d undress you,” Tom said, the words coming faster now. “Revealing your body bit by bit. He’d touch you everywhere.”

“Where?” Jess demanded, her hands moving to Tom’s ass, pulling him deeper.

“Your tits first,” Tom replied. “He’d cup them, squeeze them, maybe suck your nipples until you moaned.”

“God, yes,” Jess gasped.

“Then he’d move lower,” Tom continued. “Your pussy would already be wet.”

“For him?” Jess asked, a glint in her eyes.

Yes,” Tom replied.

“What would he do next?” she asked.

“He’d want to taste you,” Tom said. “He’d go down on you, right there.”

Jess’s breathing grew more ragged. “Would I let him?”

“Yes,” Tom said. “You’d let him taste you, and you’d come.”

Jess moaned, the fantasy clearly affecting her as much as it was affecting Tom. Her pussy felt impossibly hot and tight around him.

“And then?” Jess prompted.

“Then he’d fuck you,” Tom said, his voice strained with the effort of maintaining control while discussing such provocative scenarios. “He’d push you onto the bed and drive his cock into you.”

“Would I like it?” Jess asked, her voice taking on a challenging edge.

“You’d love it,” Tom replied, matching her tone. “You’d wrap your legs around him like you do with me, urging him deeper, harder.”

The image burned in Tom’s mind as he spoke, the fantasy both torturous and intoxicating. The fictional Frank fucking his wife in a penthouse suite, Jess responding with the same enthusiasm she showed him.

“Enough,” Jess said suddenly, placing her hands on his chest. “Stop moving.”

Tom stilled, confused by the abrupt command.

“Get on your back,” Jess instructed.

Tom complied, withdrawing from her and rolling onto his back. His cock stood straight up, wet with her juices, almost painfully hard from their dirty talk.

Jess straddled him, but instead of sinking down onto his cock as he expected, she positioned herself so that her pussy rested against his shaft, not taking him inside.

“This is what I did with Bob,” she explained. “The pussyjob.”

She began moving, sliding her pussy along the length of his cock.

The physical sensation was incredible, but what truly drove Tom wild was the connection to what she’d done with Bob. This wasn’t abstract dirty talk about a hypothetical encounter, this was Jess showing him exactly what had transpired.

“Fuck,” Tom groaned, watching the point of contact where her pussy lips surrounded his shaft, her clit grinding against the underside of his cock.

“See how good it feels?” Jess asked, her pace increasing.

“Show me how you moved with him,” he urged.

Jess obliged, adjusting her position slightly to better stimulate her clit against his shaft. Her movements grew more urgent, more focused on her own pleasure. Tom watched, fascinated by her expression, by the way she took what she needed.

“I almost let him inside me,” Jess reminded him, her eyes locked on his. “I was right there, his cock head just barely touching my hole.”

“Jesus, Jess,” Tom groaned, his hands finding her hips.

“It would have been so easy,” she continued. “Just a tiny shift and he would have filled me.”

“Fuck, Jess, that’s so hot,” Tom muttered.

“I want you inside me,” she said, lifting her hips and reaching between them to guide his cock to her entrance.

She sank down, taking him fully. Tom groaned.

Jess began bouncing on him, not the teasing friction of before but full, deep strokes that took her to the base each time. Her hands braced on his chest, she worked herself on his cock.

“I love your cock inside me,” Jess said. “I love how perfectly we fit together.”

Tom's hands found her breasts, squeezing them gently as she moved. "You feel fucking amazing," he told her.

Jess increased her pace, bouncing on his cock with abandon, her breasts jiggling with each movement. The rhythm she established spoke of urgency, of need that transcended consideration for technique. Each downward motion drove Tom deeper inside her, his cock disappearing completely before she rose again, only to impale herself once more.

"God, you feel so good," she murmured, her voice fractured by the impact.

Tom watched, transfixed by the sight of his wife above him.

"Right there," she whispered, more to herself than to him. "Right fucking there."

"You're a goddess," he told her. "Look at you."

Jess met his gaze with an intensity that spoke of both their physical connection and something deeper. For a moment, the frenzy of their coupling paused as they watched one another, husband and wife engaged in this most intimate act.

Tom felt himself approaching the edge. The visual feast of her body in motion, the tight wetness of her pussy gripping him, combined into something he couldn't resist much longer.

"Jess," he warned. "I'm close."

Without hesitation, Jess lifted off him completely. Before Tom could protest, she had moved down his body, taking his cock into her mouth.

"Fuck, I'm coming," he gasped.

Jess maintained eye contact as she swallowed his cum, never breaking the seal of her lips around him, taking everything he offered. When the final spasms subsided, she released him.

"God damn," Tom breathed, feeling boneless against the mattress.

Jess moved up to lie beside him, her head finding its place on his shoulder, her hand resting on his chest.

As they settled into the quiet that followed lovemaking, Tom's mind refused to still. His heartbeat gradually slowed while Jess's breathing softened against his shoulder.

His thoughts rearranged themselves around a realization that had been forming throughout the evening.

He'd initiated this exploration with Bob, had confessed his voyeuristic fantasies, had encouraged each step. Yet tonight, Jess had taken control of their fantasy.

Her question about going to Frank's penthouse had emerged from her imagination, not his prompting. The fantasy she'd constructed wasn't meant just for his arousal but reflected her

own curiosity, her own desires.

When she'd asked about Frank kissing her, the boundary he'd insisted on maintaining, he'd felt himself yield. In that moment, the rule had seemed arbitrary, a distinction without meaning in the context of their shared imagination.

As sleep came, Tom wondered what other surprises awaited them. What other aspects of Jess's desires remained undiscovered? What boundaries might dissolve next, not through his encouragement but through her initiative?

Bob Caldwell sat at his kitchen table, carefully wrapping a package in rich blue paper. His fingers moved, folding corners, smoothing edges, applying tape. The gift itself, immaculately packed, represented over a week of painstaking work and several hundred dollars in materials.

Three failed attempts had preceded this final, perfect version. The first kit had yielded a product with air bubbles marring the surface. The second attempt captured his size but lacked the detailed veining he wanted preserved. The third nearly succeeded, but the base wasn't stable enough. This fourth attempt achieved perfection, an exact replica of his cock, from the prominent head to the thick shaft to the heavy balls.

"Perfect," Bob muttered, securing the final fold with tape.

He added a simple white ribbon, tied in a simple bow. Nothing garish or juvenile, nothing that suggested Valentine's sentimentality or birthday festivity. This was something else, a bridge between where they'd been and where they were headed.

Bob checked his watch. 2:37 PM. Jess's flight to Savannah departed at 6 PM. She'd likely be leaving for the airport at 4:30. The timing needed to be precise, late enough that she couldn't come downstairs to discuss the gift, early enough that she'd have time to inspect it properly before leaving.

He still remembered her text from earlier that morning.

Jess: Swamped with Savannah prep today. Won't make it downstairs. See you when I'm back!

He'd replied with casual understanding, giving no hint of disappointment. Better to seem unfazed.

Bob moved to his laptop, opening the folder of surveillance recordings from the past week. Tom and Jess's bedroom activities had intensified remarkably since Thursday's pussyjob encounter. Every night they'd come together, as if their exploration with him had awakened something dormant in their relationship.

Friday night's recording showed them returning from dinner, Tom in his suit, Jess in that stunning black dress. Their conversation had revealed an unexpected adventure. They'd encountered a man named Frank who had invited Jess to his hotel room.

The footage from Saturday night had been equally captivating, slower lovemaking punctuated by dirty talk referencing their experiences. Sunday night they'd fucked twice, once before dinner and once after.

Last night, Monday, they'd been at it again, with Tom bending Jess over the edge of the bed. Her face was not visible from the camera angle, but her moans had come through the audio feed. Later, lying in bed, they'd discussed her upcoming trip, with Tom suggesting she could "have fun" in Savannah if she wanted.

The suggestion had intrigued Bob. Was Tom actually encouraging Jess to explore with other men beyond their arrangement? Or was he simply feeding his own fantasy, knowing she wouldn't actually pursue anything?

Either way, the recordings provided invaluable intelligence. Each night revealed more about their dynamic, their triggers, their boundaries. Most importantly, they showed Bob exactly what worked for Jess, what made her gasp, what made her moan, what made her come.

And notably, what Tom couldn't do that Bob could.

The squirting remained a secret. Jess had experienced it multiple times with Bob, yet never once mentioned it to Tom. Bob had watched carefully for any hint that she might have revealed it, but it remained conspicuously absent from their bedroom conversations.

Bob found this omission particularly telling. In a relationship supposedly built on complete honesty about their sexual exploration, why hide this? The answer seemed obvious to Bob. She feared hurting Tom's ego. She didn't want her husband knowing another man could trigger responses he couldn't.

It created leverage, certainly. He could reveal this information to Tom at some critical juncture, potentially creating division between them. But was such manipulation even necessary anymore? Everything seemed to be progressing perfectly without additional interference.

The pussyjob had been a masterstroke. Bob had worried it might push boundaries too far, too fast. Instead, Jess had embraced it completely. He'd felt her wetness sliding along his shaft, had watched her face as pleasure overtook her, had noted how she'd hovered above his cock head, contemplating actual penetration.

Later that night, she'd confirmed it to Tom. "I really wanted to."

Their timeline had accelerated substantially. The final boundary, penetration, now seemed inevitable rather than aspirational.

Reviewing the footage had required discipline. Bob had not masturbated at all despite the temptation of the nightly recordings. He needed to maintain his reserves, to ensure his next encounter with Jess would be memorable, overwhelming.

The evidence of his self-control was apparent in his balls, heavier and fuller than usual. When Jess returned from Savannah, he'd have over a week's worth saved up for her.

Bob closed the laptop, turning his attention back to the wrapped package. The dildo would serve multiple purposes. On the most basic level, it would give Jess a way to experience his size during her trip, to familiarize herself with his dimensions without the pressure of actual intercourse. This familiarity would make the eventual penetration less intimidating.

More importantly, it established an escalation path. The dildo wasn't just a toy. It was a promise, a preview, an inevitability. By accepting it, Jess would implicitly acknowledge where they were headed.

Tom's reaction would be equally telling. Would he encourage Jess to use it? Would he want to watch? Would he incorporate it into their lovemaking? Each possibility revealed something about the dynamics at play.

Bob leaned back in his chair, running a hand over his bald head. These young couples, they thought themselves so progressive, so enlightened. They didn't realize they were merely acting out patterns as old as humanity itself.

Women were fundamentally designed to seek the strongest provider, the most capable protector for their offspring. Modern society had clouded this basic biological reality with notions of romance and partnership, but the underlying imperative remained unchanged.

Jessica Marshall was no different. She'd married young, choosing Tom with his college education and professional promise. A safe choice, a stable choice. But deep down, her body responded to more primal cues. Physical size, dominance, raw masculinity.

Bob had these in abundance. Where Tom was lean and boyish, Bob was broad and powerful. Where Tom hesitated, Bob commanded. Where Tom's performance lasted minutes, Bob could go for hours.

Jess's body recognized these differences even if her conscious mind hadn't yet caught up. Her responses, the squirting orgasms, the flushed skin, the trembling thighs, told the true story. Her body knew what her brain wasn't ready to admit.

The question was how to leverage this advantage, how to make the eventual transition seem like her idea rather than his manipulation. Getting her pregnant would be the ultimate victory, but that required careful groundwork.

He needed to position himself as the superior provider, the more capable protector. He needed to create contrast between himself and Tom, to highlight Tom's weaknesses while showcasing his own strengths.

Bob glanced at his watch again. 3:12 PM. Time was moving faster than he'd realized. He picked up the wrapped package, inspecting his handiwork one final time. The blue paper was smooth and unwrinkled, the white ribbon precisely tied. Nothing about the exterior hinted at the contents within.

He set the package down, mentally rehearsing what he would say when he delivered it. Too eager and he'd seem desperate. Too casual and the significance might be lost. The tone needed to be just right, thoughtful but not overly sentimental, suggestive without being crass.

Bob moved to his bedroom where he changed into a fresh button-down shirt, light blue, crisp, recently ironed. No unnecessary fanciness, but presentable.

He checked his reflection in the bathroom mirror, ensuring nothing in his appearance would detract from the moment. Presentation mattered, particularly when delivering something as significant as this gift.

Bob returned to the kitchen, where the package waited on the table. He picked it up, weighing it in his hands. Not heavy, but substantial enough to feel significant. Not so large as to be unwieldy, but big enough to command attention.

The minutes ticked by with excruciating slowness as Bob waited for the appropriate time to make his move.

At 3:58 PM, Bob decided the moment had arrived. He picked up the package and made his way through his apartment, out and around to the front entrance of the house.

Standing in front of the Marshall's door, Bob took a deep breath and pressed the doorbell. The chime echoed inside, followed by the sound of footsteps approaching.

When Jess opened the door, she looked surprised to see him. She was fully dressed in travel clothes, dark jeans, a comfortable looking blouse, and a light cardigan draped over her arm. Her hair was pulled back in a ponytail, her makeup minimal but flattering.

"Bob," she said. "I wasn't expecting you."

"I know you're busy getting ready for your trip," he replied with an apologetic smile. "But I wanted to drop this off before you left."

He extended the package toward her. Jess hesitated momentarily before accepting it, curiosity evident in her expression.

"What is it?" she asked, turning the package in her hands.

"Just a little something for your trip," Bob replied. "I thought you might enjoy it while you're away."

Jess's eyebrows rose slightly. "Should I open it now?"

"If you'd like," Bob nodded. "It's entirely up to you."

“Okay,” she said, carefully untying the ribbon.

Bob watched as her fingers worked at the tape, unwrapping the blue paper to reveal the plain white box beneath. She lifted the lid, pushed aside the tissue paper, and froze.

The color drained from her face, then rushed back as a deep blush. Her lips parted in shock as she stared at the contents.

There it was, an exact silicon replica of Bob’s cock, balls and all. The detail was impeccable, every vein and ridge captured perfectly. The size alone was unmistakable.

“Oh my god,” Jess whispered, looking up at him with wide eyes.

“Something to remember me by while you’re gone,” Bob said simply. “I figured if you couldn’t come downstairs today, I’d send a piece of me with you to Savannah.”

Jess seemed at a loss for words, her gaze dropping back to the dildo then rising to meet his again.

“I... I don’t know what to say,” she managed.

“You don’t have to say anything,” Bob assured her. “Just something to consider while you’re away. For you to use however you see fit.”

The implication was unspoken but unmistakable. Bob watched as Jess processed the gift, the flush in her cheeks deepening.

“I should let you finish packing,” he said, stepping back. “Have a safe trip, princess.”

He turned and walked away, resisting the urge to look back. He didn’t need to see her face to know the impact he’d made. The dildo would occupy her thoughts throughout her trip, would create a physical connection despite the distance, would prepare her body for what was to come.

Bob smiled to himself as he entered his apartment. The foundations were being laid. Jess might be going to Savannah, but a part of him, the most important part, would be going with her.

When she returned, he was confident they’d cross the final threshold. Not because he would push or pressure, but because Jess would come to the conclusion herself. The dildo was just one more step in that inevitable progression.

Taking a seat on the couch, Bob indulged in a moment of genuine optimism. Getting Jessica Marshall pregnant no longer seemed like a distant fantasy. It was becoming an achievable goal. Every encounter, every boundary crossed, every secret shared brought him one step closer to his ultimate objective.

By the time Jess returned from Savannah, she’d have spent four nights with his replica for company. Four nights imagining what the real thing might feel like inside her. Four nights

considering the possibilities.

The waiting game continued, but now the odds had shifted dramatically in his favor. The image of Jess's face when she'd opened the package, shock, embarrassment, and unmistakable curiosity, told him everything he needed to know.

The next move would be hers, but Bob had stacked the deck. The question wasn't if she'd take that final step, but when.

Bob moved to his window, watching as Tom's Lexus pulled into the driveway at 4:17 PM. The pretty boy consultant was home earlier than usual, likely adjusting his schedule to drive Jess to the airport. Bob observed Tom jogging towards the house.

What Bob wouldn't give to see Jess's face as she explained the gift, or perhaps she'd hidden it, tucked it away in her luggage where Tom wouldn't find it. That possibility sent a fresh wave of satisfaction through him. A secret between them, something she'd conceal from her husband.

Eleven minutes later, the front door opened again. Tom emerged carrying Jess's suitcase while she followed with her carry-on and purse.

Tom loaded the suitcase into the Lexus's trunk while Jess slid into the passenger seat. Their body language revealed nothing unusual, no tension, no awkwardness that might suggest a confrontation about the gift.

As Tom backed the car out of the driveway, Bob caught a glimpse of Jess's profile through the passenger window. Her expression was unreadable from this distance. Thinking about the gift, perhaps?

Bob stepped away from the window. Four days without Jess would be frustrating, but the anticipation would make her return all the sweeter. In the meantime, he had surveillance footage to review, plans to refine, and self-control to maintain.

When Jess returned from Savannah, he would be ready. His balls would be full, his patience perfected, his strategy honed. And if everything went according to plan, Jessica Marshall would soon be carrying his child, whether she realized it yet or not.

The image of her pregnant with his baby while naive Tom celebrated "his" impending fatherhood was almost too delicious to contemplate. The ultimate victory, the perfect revenge against all the young professional types who thought themselves superior simply because they had degrees hanging on their walls.

Biology didn't care about degrees. Biology responded to strength, to dominance, to virility. Jessica's body would recognize its ideal match, regardless of what her wedding ring symbolized.

Bob turned away from the window, humming tunelessly as he headed to the kitchen. He'd prepare something special for dinner tonight. After all, he had much to celebrate. The pieces

were falling into place, the chessboard arranged as he desired.

Tom Marshall may have won the first round, securing Jessica as his wife. But Bob Caldwell intended to win the game, to claim her body, to plant his seed, to assert the natural order that society pretended to have outgrown.

And Jessica? She was already halfway there, her resistance weakening with each encounter. The dildo would finish what their previous sessions had started. By the time she returned from Savannah, the last barrier would be psychological, not physical.

Bob smiled to himself. Jessica Marshall was about to discover exactly what she'd been missing all these years. And when she did, there would be no turning back.

The Bad Tenant Ch. 22

Jess kicked off her heels the moment she entered her room at the Gastonian, not bothering to place them neatly by the door as she normally would. She tossed her portfolio and bag onto the desk before collapsing face first onto the plush bed. Wednesday, 8 PM. Twelve hours of work behind her.

The Weatherby Mansion site had drained every ounce of energy. The grand staircase that had stalled progress for weeks finally had a solution, her solution, after she'd spent hours arguing with the foreman. Garrett, the bearded fifty-something who'd initially dismissed her suggestions with a patronizing "little lady, these stairs were built before your grandparents were born," had finally conceded when she produced historical documentation proving her approach was not only historically accurate but structurally superior.

"You might have a point," he'd admitted grudgingly, stroking his beard, the closest thing to an apology she'd get from the man.

That professional victory should have been enough to carry her through the evening on a high, but an undercurrent of anxiety had simmered beneath the surface all day, reasserting itself now that she was alone.

Every time her attention had drifted during meetings, every quiet moment, her mind had returned to the moment Bob had appeared at her door yesterday. The casual way he'd handed the box to her, as if it were nothing more extraordinary than a bottle of wine or box of chocolates.

"Just a little something for your trip. I thought you might enjoy it while you're away."

She'd stood frozen at her front door, the package open in her hands, brain struggling to process what she was seeing. A cock. Not just any cock. Bob's cock.

Tom had arrived home minutes later to drive her to the airport, leaving her no time to process what had just happened. Some instinct, whether panic,

curiosity, or a bewildering mixture of both, had prompted her to hastily wrap the dildo in a t-shirt and stuff it in her suitcase. She hadn't told him yet.

Going through airport security, she'd been mortified, irrationally certain they would pull the dildo from her suitcase. She'd pictured the scene, TSA agents holding it up, everyone staring, judging.

Jess rolled over with a groan, staring at the ornate ceiling of the historic hotel room. The Gastonian's charm, normally something she'd appreciate, barely registered.

Her suitcase sat in the corner where the bellhop had placed it.

With a sigh, Jess pushed herself upright and padded across the room. She unzipped the suitcase and dug beneath her clothes until she found the t-shirt bundle. She pulled it out, unwrapped it slowly, and there it was.

The craftsmanship was undeniably impressive, shockingly realistic, every vein and ridge captured in detail. She wondered about the process of making it, imagining Bob creating a mold of himself. The planning and effort involved struck her as both flattering and unsettling.

She turned it over in her hands, noting the weight. As she examined it more closely, she realized that a strong suction cup was integrated into the design, allowing it to be mounted on any flat surface.

Part of her recognized a playful, flirty element to the gift that aligned with their established dynamic. After all, she'd sucked his cock and slid her bare pussy against it. The gift wasn't entirely inappropriate within the context they'd established. She found it both audacious and slightly amusing, Bob's bold approach on full display. Yet it bothered her.

The dildo wasn't just a sex toy. Not a generic shape, not an approximation. This was Bob, captured in silicone. His cock. His balls. It was literally a replica of his body intended to be inside her.

The symbolism wasn't subtle. It represented an unmistakable step toward actual penetration, a bridge between their current boundaries and the final one she'd maintained.

It asked a direct question. If she could take a replica inside her, why not the real thing? A move toward penetration, and a clever one at that.

How would it feel inside her? Could she accommodate his size?

Her body responded to these thoughts despite her exhaustion, a warmth between her legs.

"Not tonight," she murmured to the empty room, placing the dildo back into her suitcase.

The decision wasn't final rejection, just a postponement while she processed its implications. Her exhaustion provided convenient justification, but she recognized it was also about maintaining some control over the trajectory of their arrangement.

Jess reached for her phone. She needed to tell Tom about this. The squirting had remained her secret, a choice she still questioned, but keeping yet another significant development from him would further erode their communication. Their first rule was complete honesty, and she'd already compromised that once.

Tom answered on the second ring. "Hey, beautiful. How are you?"

"Completely wiped out," Jess replied. "Flight was delayed an hour, so I didn't land until after midnight. Grabbed maybe four hours of sleep before the 7 AM site meeting. Then twelve straight hours of Weatherby Mansion chaos."

"That sounds brutal. Have you eaten anything?"

"Breakfast was a protein bar and some truly awful coffee from the site trailer. But I had lunch and dinner. Finally made it back to the Gastonian about half

an hour ago. I'm sprawled across the bed wondering whether I have energy to shower."

"The Gastonian still has those ridiculously comfortable beds, right?"

"God, yes. But how was your day?"

"Productive. Finally got things rolling with the new project."

"Oh right, I completely forgot to ask about that yesterday with the airport rush. How's it going?"

"Really well, actually. It's another healthcare system, based in Denver. Mile High Medical Group."

"Clever name," Jess quipped.

"Yeah, the marketing team really stretched themselves there," Tom replied. "It's the usual stuff, finding inefficiencies, streamlining processes, improving patient outcomes while cutting costs."

"But you're excited about it?"

"I am. The CEO seems sharp too, none of that corporate buzzword nonsense."

"That's fantastic, Tom. Sounds like a perfect first project for Senior Consultant Marshall."

"Let's hope so. I'll be flying out to Denver in two weeks for the initial meetings."

"Two weeks?" Jess sat up straighter.

"Monday through Friday, the week after next."

"Are you serious? That's when I'm scheduled for Houston."

"Is it?"

“We’ll be ships passing in the night,” Jess said, a familiar phrase between them these days.

“Looks like it. At least we’ve got next week together.” Tom paused before asking, “So what’s your schedule like this week in Savannah? All work and no play?”

“Pretty much. Site visits, meetings with contractors, material selections. The excitement never ends.”

“No fancy dinner and dance like last time?”

“No, nothing like that. Just daily briefings with the team, then probably grabbing dinner with Sam and Annie before collapsing into bed.”

“You’re going to be with them the whole time?” Tom asked.

“Most of it, yeah. Why?”

“Just wondering if you’d have any... free time.”

“Free time for what exactly?” Jess asked, though she knew perfectly well what he was suggesting.

“You know, to explore. Experience what Savannah has to offer a beautiful woman traveling alone.”

Jess laughed. “I’m not traveling alone. I’m with colleagues.”

“Not the whole time… or you know you could always download Tinder,” Tom suggested, his tone light but testing.

“I’m not getting on Tinder, Tom.”

“Just a thought.”

“A thought that’s staying a thought,” Jess replied. Though even as she said it, something flickered, not actual interest in downloading a dating app, but awareness that Tom was now suggesting she seek out strangers.

When had that become normal between them? When had her husband encouraging her to meet other men become a “thought” he just threw out casually?

“Besides,” she continued. “Between the foreman issues and Webb’s constant check ins, I’ll barely have time to breathe.”

“Has Webb been... attentive?”

“If by ‘attentive’ you mean ‘has he hit on me,’ then no. He’s been professional. Well, at least today.”

“That’s... good.”

“Are you actually upset that my client isn’t sexually harassing me?” Jess teased.

“Of course not. Just curious if your charms were working their usual magic.”

“My charms are currently buried under hours of construction dust and exhaustion,” Jess retorted. “Not exactly irresistible right now.”

“I don’t know about that,” Tom said. “You always look irresistible to me.”

“Smoothe.” Jess smiled. “Listen, don’t forget to actually cook while I’m gone. No takeout every night.”

“Yes, dear.”

“I’m serious. There’s that salmon in the freezer, and I prepped those chicken breasts with the marinade.”

“I’ll survive, I promise,” Tom assured her. “Though I miss your cooking already.”

“I miss you,” Jess said.

“I miss you too.”

“Tom. There’s something I need to show you,” Jess said when there was a natural pause. “Can we switch to video?”

“Of course.”

The screen changed, Tom’s face appearing. He was in their home office, his tie loosened at his neck.

“Listen,” said Jess. “I need to show you something. Bob gave me a... gift yesterday.”

“A gift?” Tom’s eyebrows rose.

Jess reached off-screen, retrieving the dildo. She held it up to the camera.

Tom’s eyes widened dramatically. His mouth fell open and for several seconds he seemed incapable of speech. A flush crept up his neck to his face as he leaned closer to his screen, as if not trusting what he was seeing.

“Holy shit,” he finally managed. “Is that... is that what I think it is?”

“A perfect replica of Bob’s penis,” Jess confirmed.

Tom leaned closer to his screen. “That’s... really detailed.”

“Yeah, it’s extremely realistic,” Jess agreed, turning it so he could see it from different angles.

“When did he give you this?”

“Yesterday, just before you got home to drive me to the airport. He showed up at the door with a wrapped package.”

“What exactly did he say when he gave it to you?”

“That it was ‘a little something for my trip’ that he thought I ‘might enjoy while away.’”

“And how did you respond?”

“I barely responded at all. I was in complete shock, and then you pulled into the driveway minutes later. I just wrapped it in a t-shirt and stuffed it in my suitcase.”

“Was it awkward afterward?”

“There wasn’t really an afterward. He left, and you got home. I haven’t chatted with him since.”

Tom was quiet for a moment, processing. “Have you used it?”

“What? Tom, no, I haven’t.”

“How did the gift make you feel? Were you angry? Excited? Uncomfortable?”

Jess paused for a moment, considering.

“All of those things, I guess. Flattered in a weird way that he went to all this effort. But also objectified, like I’m just a receptacle for his cock, real or fake. I’m definitely a bit uncomfortable with the presumption though. It’s not subtle, is it? It’s literally saying ‘put me inside you.’”

“It’s a pretty bold move,” Tom agreed, his eyes never leaving the dildo on screen. “What’s it made of?”

“Definitely silicon. High quality too. It’s got this realistic feel to it. And look,” Jess showed him the base, “it has a suction cup so it can stick to surfaces.”

Tom made a small noise. “So you could attach it to the shower wall? Or the floor?”

“I guess that’s the idea,” Jess said.

“How big would you say it is, compared to in person? Does it seem accurate?”

Jess examined it. “It seems exact. Same size, same shape, even the same curve. He must have taken a mold or something.”

“God, just imagining him doing that...” Tom trailed off. “That must have been a process.”

“He definitely planned it,” Jess said. “If I use this, if I get comfortable with it, then the argument against the real thing gets weaker.”

“And is that something you’re considering? Using it?”

Jess hesitated. “I don’t know. I’m exhausted tonight. But maybe. I’m curious, I won’t lie.”

“You should,” Tom said. “If you want to, I mean. I’d love to hear about it. What it felt like. Whether you could take all of it.”

“Would you want me to record it?” Jess asked, half teasing but watching his reaction.

Tom’s eyes widened. “Would you actually do that?”

“I don’t know. Maybe? If it would turn you on.”

“It would definitely turn me on,” Tom admitted. “I know we’re exploring and all, but creating a recording is... well, it exists afterward, you know? And if it ever got out somehow...”

“I’d only send it directly to you, and we’d delete it after,” Jess said. “But I haven’t decided if I’m even going to use it yet, so this might be a moot point.”

“Fair enough,” Tom said.

Jess studied her husband’s face on the screen. “You’re really okay with this? It doesn’t bother you at all?”

“It’s… complicated,” Tom admitted. “There’s something about it that’s weird but it’s also hot as fuck. The idea of you with it... with him, even a replica of him...”

“Do you think Bob expects me to tell him I used it when I get back?”

“I don’t know,” Tom said. “Look, I’ll support whatever you want. Just... keep me in the loop?”

“Of course. You’ll be the first to know.”

“But right now, you need sleep,” Tom said. “You look exhausted.”

“Thanks for that flattering assessment,” Jess said with a tired smile.

“Even exhausted, you’re the most beautiful woman I’ve ever seen,” Tom countered. “Big day tomorrow?”

“Meetings from 7 AM straight through to dinner. I probably won’t be able to talk much. But I’ll text.”

“I’ve got the Colorado briefing packets to get through anyway.” Tom’s expression softened. “I miss you.”

“I miss you too.”

“When I get back Saturday night...” Jess said, trailing off.

“I’ll be waiting,” Tom replied, something in his voice suggesting he understood exactly what she meant.

Had it really only been two days since they’d last had sex? Before the past few months, before their exploration, before Bob, two days without sex would have been normal, unremarkable, but their routine had changed. Daily sex had become the pattern. Two days now felt longer than it should.

“Love you, Jess.”

“Love you too.”

After ending the call, Jess sat on the edge of the bed for a moment, the dildo still in her hand. She turned it over, examining it one more time.

What had Bob been thinking when he made this? Not just the practical logistics of creating the mold, but the psychology of it.

Jess put the dildo down and headed to the bathroom for a shower.

The hot water felt incredible against her exhausted muscles, washing down her shoulders, over her breasts, between her legs.

Her hand drifted lower, fingers grazing the inside of her thigh. Warmth was there, buried beneath layers of exhaustion. Her body knew what it wanted, what it had become accustomed to, but she couldn't quite marshal the energy to pursue it.

It seemed like work right now, another task to complete. She was too tired, too mentally scattered. She let her hand fall away.

Tomorrow, maybe. After a full night's sleep.

Jess turned off the water and reached for the towel.

In bed, she found herself thinking more clearly than she had all day. This trip represented her first significant period alone since their exploration with Bob had turned sexual. The distance provided an opportunity for perspective that had been difficult to achieve in Austin, where both men's desires and expectations created a charged atmosphere.

She'd reached a crucial decision point in their arrangement. The trajectory was unmistakable now. Either they continued escalating toward inevitably crossing her final boundary, or she needed to establish firmer limits with both men.

Jess committed to making a choice rather than simply following the path of least resistance. Being away from Austin might provide exactly the perspective she needed.

Thursday morning arrived with Savannah's characteristic golden light filtering through the windows of the Weatherby Mansion's grand ballroom. The space, once a showcase of Southern opulence, now stood gutted, its potential visible only to those with trained eyes. Scaffolding climbed the walls where moldings would eventually be restored. Sheets of plastic covered sections of the original flooring. The crystal chandeliers, removed for restoration, left conspicuous empty spaces in the elaborate ceiling.

Jess stood at the center of this controlled chaos, portfolio open on a makeshift table, surrounded by a semicircle of contractors, her team members, and Chris Webb himself. She'd dressed for command in a black pencil skirt and cream blouse, her blonde hair pulled back in a sleek ponytail, her makeup minimal but precise.

"The medallions on the ceiling need special attention," Jess said, pointing upward with her pen. "We've located an artisan in Charleston who specializes in period accurate restoration. His team will be here next week to begin the mold making process."

Garrett, who'd finally conceded to her expertise yesterday, crossed his arms. "Those medallions look fine from here."

"They look fine until you get up there," Jess countered, unfazed. "The north corner has significant cracking that's not visible from floor level. Attempting to patch rather than restore will result in inconsistent appearance under the new lighting system."

"Which brings us to the chandelier placement," Sam added, stepping forward with a tablet displaying the lighting plan. Annie moved to stand beside him, her notebook open and ready.

Webb pushed himself away from the table, interrupting the discussion. "Ms. Marshall, perhaps you could walk me through the medallion restoration process in more detail? I'd like to understand the timeline impact."

“Of course, Mr. Webb,” Jess replied. She turned to Sam. “Could you continue with the lighting briefing?”

Sam nodded, taking center stage as Jess moved aside with Webb, guiding him toward the far end of the ballroom where a sample of the plasterwork had been removed for analysis.

Webb waited until they were out of earshot before speaking. “The foreman respects you now,” he observed. “Quite a change from your last visit.”

“Garrett required convincing,” Jess replied diplomatically.

“That’s a polite way of saying he was a stubborn ass until you proved him wrong,” Webb said with a small smile. “I appreciate how you handled it. No drama, just facts.”

“That’s generally the most effective approach,” Jess said. “The medallion restoration will add approximately two weeks to the timeline, but it’s necessary for historical accuracy and structural integrity. The molds will allow us to recreate any sections too damaged for preservation.”

Webb nodded, though his focus seemed less on the medallions than on Jess herself. “You have a unique ability, you know.”

“What’s that?”

“Seeing both the forest and the trees,” Webb replied. “Most designers get lost in either big picture aesthetics or microscopic details. You navigate both.”

The compliment, delivered without his usual flirtatious undertone, caught Jess by surprise. “Thank you.”

“It’s why you’re in the position you’re in,” Webb continued. He glanced around the ballroom. “You understand how each decision impacts the whole without losing sight of the significance of individual elements.”

Jess relaxed slightly, recognizing professional respect in his assessment. “The Weatherby deserves that level of attention. Buildings like this tell stories if we’re careful enough to preserve them correctly.”

“Speaking of buildings,” Webb said, transitioning, “I wanted to remind you about my offer from your first visit to Savannah.”

Jess tilted her head questioningly.

“My house here,” Webb clarified. “I mentioned you could stay there when visiting Savannah instead of the hotel.”

“Ah, yes,” Jess replied, remembering. During her first Savannah trip, he’d casually mentioned owning a home in Savannah’s historic district. “That’s very generous, but the Gastonian works perfectly for our team.”

“The offer stands,” Webb insisted. “It was built in 1797. Original pine floors, five fireplaces, and a courtyard garden that would give you more privacy than any hotel could offer. I rarely use it myself these days.”

The offer was tempting purely from a professional perspective, but Jess recognized the potential complications.

“Thank you,” she said. “The Gastonian is quite comfortable, but I appreciate the thought.”

Webb smiled. “Think about it for your next trip. You’d have the entire house to yourself, complete with a housekeeper who comes daily. Perfect for longer stays when you need space to spread out materials or even host meetings.”

Before she could respond, Annie approached with a question about the crown molding samples, saving Jess from having to more firmly decline Webb’s offer. Webb stepped back, returning to observe the overall meeting while Jess refocused on the technical discussion.

The morning progressed through various restoration challenges, whether to salvage or replace damaged wooden panels in the library, how to address

uneven settling in the east wing, the integration of modern climate control systems.

At around 10 AM, Jess shifted her weight and became suddenly, acutely aware of her underwear. Not uncomfortable exactly. Just present. The lace edge of her thong against her skin, a sensation that had been invisible all morning, now impossible to ignore.

She adjusted her stance, trying to find a position where the sensation would fade back into invisibility. It didn't work. The awareness only spread outward. The underwire of her bra against her ribs, the collar of her blouse touching her neck, her skirt's lining against her thighs when she moved.

"Ms. Marshall?" Garrett was waiting for her input.

"The original where possible," she said. "Reproduction only where structural integrity is compromised."

Garrett nodded, apparently satisfied.

As the meeting reached its scheduled end point, Webb announced, "Impressive progress, everyone. Let's reconvene in the afternoon to review the west wing assessment." His eyes found Jess. "Ms. Marshall, excellent work as always."

The group dispersed, contractors gathering their tools and plans while Webb's representatives huddled with him near the entrance. Sam approached Jess, Annie just behind him.

"Lunch?" Sam suggested. "There's a deli just three blocks away."

"I could definitely eat," Annie agreed. "My blood sugar's crashing after that three-hour marathon."

Jess checked her watch. 11:47 AM. "Sounds perfect," she said, gathering her materials.

As they left the mansion, Jess felt something she couldn't quite name. The project was going well, yes, but beneath the professional satisfaction ran a current of restlessness.

The deli Sam had recommended proved to be a small, busy establishment with checkered tablecloths and impressive sandwiches constructed from freshly baked bread and locally sourced ingredients. They secured a table after ordering, Annie and Sam discussing the morning's developments while Jess half-listened, her mind drifting.

The restaurant felt too warm despite the air conditioning running. Jess pulled at the collar of her blouse, seeking relief.

Then she noticed it was noon.

It's like her body had learned the pattern even if her conscious mind had been too preoccupied with work to remember. Tuesday noon, Thursday noon, for months, like clockwork. Her system had been primed for orgasm at this time, and the absence created a low-grade panic, like missing a meal when you're used to eating regularly.

Had she been in Austin, she would be descending those wooden steps to the pool area, probably wearing lingerie under her cover-up. The red set, maybe, that had gotten such a strong reaction last time. Or something new, something even more revealing.

Bob would be waiting, pretending to read but actually anticipating her arrival. He'd make some comment about her outfit. Then perhaps they'd start with a massage. Or maybe they'd skip the preliminaries entirely. Maybe she'd simply drop to her knees and take his impressive cock in her mouth.

He'd want another pussyjob too, she suspected. She remembered the heat and hardness of his shaft sliding between her pussy lips, the pressure against her clit with each movement, the way she'd hovered above him. How easy it would have been to sink down. How badly she'd wanted to.

Her thighs clenched involuntarily under the table.

“Jess? Earth to Jess.” Annie’s voice pulled her back to the present. “We’ve been asking about the molding samples for the drawing room.”

“Sorry,” Jess said. “Just running through the afternoon schedule in my head.”

Jess forced herself into the conversation. “The crown molding for the drawing room should match what we found in the east corridor,” Jess said, addressing Sam’s question. “We’ll need to create a custom mold, but it’s worth the investment for consistency.”

The conversation shifted to afternoon priorities as they finished their lunch.

Returning to the Weatherby Mansion, they were immediately absorbed into the afternoon’s challenges. The lighting fixtures debate consumed an hour, with the historical consultant insisting on period appropriate fixtures while the electrical engineer advocated for modern reproductions that could accommodate required safety features.

“We can have both,” Jess finally declared. “Original fixtures in viewable areas with hidden modern components, reproductions in transition spaces.” Her solution satisfied both parties, another example of her talent for finding the middle path that honored both history and practicality.

The paint color debate proved more contentious, with samples held against walls as the team attempted to match the original palette revealed during stripping. What appeared to be a simple cream shade contained subtle undertones. Manufacturing a precise match would require custom formulation.

At 1:15 PM, Jess excused herself to use the restroom. Inside, she locked the door and leaned against it, closing her eyes.

She felt a constant low-grade arousal between her legs that made concentrating on paint undertones feel absurd.

She wondered if she could make herself come right there. It was a genuine consideration. The bathroom was private, the door locked. She could slide

her hand into her panties and take care of this insistent ache in three minutes, maybe less given how sensitized she already felt.

She could return to the meeting calm, focused, professional again.

The fact that she was even considering it, masturbating in a construction site bathroom during a work day, should have alarmed her. A year ago, the thought would have been unthinkable. Two months ago, impossible. But now it felt almost... reasonable? Like a practical solution to a practical problem.

What did that mean?

She took a deep breath and returned to the meeting, where the historical consultant was still debating cream versus ivory.

At 2:07 PM, during the seemingly endless paint color debate, Jess crossed and uncrossed her legs for the third time in as many minutes.

She'd been doing this all afternoon, shifting her weight, adjusting her position, seeking some configuration that would alleviate the throb between her legs. Nothing worked.

The historical consultant held up another sample against the wall, droning about cream versus ivory undertones, and Jess found her attention drifting to the young contractor near the scaffolding. Will? Wilson? She'd heard his name but hadn't retained it.

He was maybe thirty, lean and sun-weathered, wearing a t-shirt that revealed muscular forearms as he adjusted a light fixture. Not handsome, exactly. Too rough around the edges. But something about the way he moved, confident, physical, unself-conscious, made her aware of him.

His forearms carried the kind of definition that came from years of physical labor. There was something about the way he used his hands. Not decoratively, not carefully, just functionally. Gripping the metal support beam, adjusting a bolt, wiping sweat from his forehead with the back of his wrist. His hands were tools he used without thinking about them.

Bob’s hands looked like that.

The contractor caught her looking. Their eyes met for two full seconds, long enough for him to register her attention. He didn’t smile. Just held her gaze with a directness that made her pulse spike. Not aggressive. Not flirtatious. Just... aware.

Jess looked away, heat flooding her face.

When had that become something she did? Held eye contact with strange men?

Before Bob, she wouldn’t have looked twice. Before their exploration, before Tom’s fantasy, before all of this, men like the contractor would have been invisible to her beyond their functional role on the project. She would have registered “worker, part of team, irrelevant to professional objectives” and moved on.

Now she was cataloging the size of his hands, imagining their texture. Wondering if he was rough in bed, whether he had a big cock, whether he’d be the type to pin her wrists above her head.

What was happening to her?

“Ms. Marshall?” The historical consultant was waiting for her input. “Your thoughts on the cream versus ivory?”

“The cream,” Jess said automatically. “It’s warmer. More authentic to the period.”

She had no idea if that was the right answer. But it sounded confident, professional, competent. The consultant nodded and made a note.

Performance, she thought distantly. Another performance. But this time she could see herself doing it, could hear the tone she was using, the diplomatic phrasing, the qualified certainty. Usually the performance was invisible, automatic. Now she was watching herself be Jessica Marshall.

By 5:30 PM, Jess's stamina was flagging. They'd made significant progress, final selections for the library's restored bookshelves, approval of the custom glass for the solarium.

"I think we've accomplished enough for one day," Webb announced, noticing the team's energy waning. "Let's pick this up tomorrow morning."

The relief was palpable as the group began gathering materials. Sam approached Jess as she reviewed her final notes.

"Annie and I were thinking of trying a seafood place near the Gastonian tonight," he said. "Want to join? Apparently their shrimp and grits is legendary."

Jess hesitated. She was tired, and part of her wanted nothing more than to return to her hotel room, take a long shower, order room service, and stop thinking for a few hours. But team dinners were important for morale, and she prided herself on being not just a project leader but a good colleague.

"Sure," she agreed. "What time were you thinking?"

"Seven?" Sam suggested. "That gives us time to clean up and decompress a bit."

"Perfect," Jess said.

As Jess prepared to leave with Sam and Annie, Webb caught her near the entrance. "I've been meaning to ask about your Houston project," he said conversationally.

"The project's just getting started," Jess replied. "But the conceptual phase has been fascinating. Blending Eastern and Western design principles into a cohesive whole."

"Chen appreciates meticulousness," Webb said. "And authenticity. He can spot fake appreciation of his culture a mile away."

“I’ve noticed,” Jess said with a small smile. “But he seems satisfied with our direction so far.”

Webb nodded. “Good. Between the end of Skyline, and now Magnolia House and Chen’s development, your portfolio’s expanding impressively.” He paused. “Should you ever consider starting your own firm rather than remaining with Austin Design Group, I’d be interested in discussing potential backing.”

The suggestion caught Jess completely off guard.

“That’s... unexpected,” she managed.

“Just something to keep in mind,” Webb said. “I’m not asking for an answer. Just planting a seed.” He checked his watch. “Your talent deserves the widest possible platform. Anyways, I should head out. Early flight tomorrow.”

“You’re leaving?” Jess asked, surprised.

“Just overnight. Meeting in Atlanta tomorrow morning that couldn’t be rescheduled,” Webb explained. “I’ll be back for the afternoon session. Richardson will oversee the morning meeting in my absence.”

They parted ways outside the mansion, Webb heading toward the waiting car while Jess walked back to the Gastonian with Annie and Sam, their conversation focused on the day’s achievements and tomorrow’s agenda.

Back in her room, Jess unzipped her pencil skirt and unbuttoned her blouse, changing into comfortable lounge pants and a soft t-shirt. She had an hour before meeting Sam and Annie for dinner, time to review her notes and prepare for tomorrow’s discussions.

Her gaze drifted to her suitcase where Bob’s gift remained wrapped in the t-shirt.

Jess turned away, forcing herself to focus on work.

At 6:45 PM, she applied light makeup and changed into a simple navy dress and sandals. She met Sam and Annie in the lobby, both similarly refreshed after the day's work.

The restaurant proved to be a short walk, a converted townhouse with exposed brick walls and a menu highlighting local seafood.

During the walk, Jess noticed a woman pushing a stroller on the opposite sidewalk. Young, maybe twenty-five, carrying a diaper bag while simultaneously managing her phone and steering around pedestrian traffic. The coordination required looked exhausting.

She looked away, focusing instead on Annie's story about a disastrous client meeting.

Once seated at the restaurant, Jess ordered a glass of Pinot Noir while Sam and Annie opted for local craft beers.

"To surviving another day of Webb scrutiny," Sam proposed, raising his glass.

They clinked glasses, the camaraderie of shared professional challenges creating a comfortable atmosphere.

"He was actually almost pleasant today," Annie observed. "I think you've won him over, Jess."

"I wouldn't go that far," Jess replied. "But he seems to have moved past seeing me as just a pretty face."

"Pretty face with a big brain," Sam said with a grin. "The way you handled Garrett yesterday was masterful. I thought the old goat was going to have a stroke when you pulled out those historical documents."

"He didn't expect a 'little lady' to come prepared with primary sources," Annie added, mimicking Garrett's gruff Southern drawl.

Jess smiled, appreciating their support. “He’s been marginally more respectful today, at least.”

Their food arrived, shrimp and grits for Jess and Sam, short ribs for Annie. The conversation shifted to technical challenges and creative solutions, the universal language of professionals who shared both expertise and purpose.

As they ate, Jess found herself enjoying the simple pleasure of colleagues who appreciated her for her abilities rather than her appearance. No hidden agendas, no underlying sexual tension, just mutual respect and genuine camaraderie.

“How’s Tom?” Annie asked during a lull in the project discussion. “Still working crazy hours on that healthcare project?”

“Meridian wrapped last Friday, actually,” Jess replied. “He got the promotion. He’s Senior Consultant now.”

“That’s fantastic!” Annie exclaimed. “You must be thrilled.”

“I am. He worked incredibly hard for it.”

“Does that mean normal hours finally?” Sam asked.

Jess laughed. “Not exactly. He’s already been assigned to a new project in Colorado. More travel, if anything.”

“The life of consultants,” Sam said, shaking his head. “Reminds me why I stuck with design.”

“You’ll both be traveling constantly,” Annie observed. “When will you actually see each other?”

Between her Savannah and Houston commitments and Tom’s new Denver project, they would indeed be spending time apart.

“We’ll figure it out,” Jess said, taking another sip of wine. “We always do.”

They finished dessert, a shared peach cobbler that lived up to the server's enthusiastic recommendation, then walked back to the Gastonian, the evening air warm.

As they approached the hotel, Jess noticed the small but elegant bar off the main lobby.

The sight immediately triggered memories of The Fleming and Frank, the energy executive from Dallas who'd seen through their game immediately, who'd recognized what they were doing.

"There's nothing more erotic than watching your wife get satisfied by another man," he'd said.

The memory created embarrassment, arousal, curiosity about what might have happened if they'd accepted his invitation.

She could say goodnight to Sam and Annie, return to her room to freshen up, then come back down. The Gastonian's bar would have men. Business travelers, probably, looking for distraction, men who would notice a beautiful blonde woman drinking alone.

Tom would be thrilled to hear about it. He'd been actively encouraging her to explore with other men, not just Bob but hypothetical strangers in Savannah or Houston.

"Thanks for joining," Annie said, stifling a yawn as they reached the lobby. "Even if we did drag you out when you probably wanted to crash."

"I'm glad I came," Jess replied honestly.

"Meet here at seven tomorrow?" Sam asked.

"I'll be here," Jess assured him.

They said their goodnights in the hallway, each heading to their separate rooms. Jess inserted her key card, pushed open the heavy wooden door, and stepped into her room.

Alone. Finally alone.

She immediately headed for the bathroom. Standing in front of the mirror, she began to undress, letting her clothes fall in a pile rather than hanging them neatly as she would at home.

Jessica Marshall, successful interior designer, Tom Marshall's devoted wife, the good girl who'd become the good wife who'd become the good employee.

She turned, examining herself from different angles. Her body looked the same as it had a month ago. Same breasts, same waist, same legs. But it didn't feel the same. It felt like a stranger's body, capable of things she hadn't known about, responding to triggers she didn't fully understand.

Bob had discovered the squirting. Tom hadn't, in all their years together. What did that mean? That Bob understood her body better? Or that her body had fundamentally changed, become something new, and Tom was still trying to navigate the old version?

She thought about the versions of herself she'd performed today. The competent professional who'd solved the medallion problem and mediated the lighting debate. The gracious team leader who'd had dinner with colleagues.

Which one was real?

She thought about Webb's words. "Your talent deserves the widest possible platform." Not ADG's platform. Her own.

She thought about Tom's words. "Whatever you want is what matters."

But what if she didn't know what she wanted? What if everything she'd built, career, marriage, self, had been constructed within frameworks other people designed, and she'd never questioned whether those frameworks fit until now?

Under the hot spray, she closed her eyes and let herself acknowledge what had been circling all day.

She was tired. Not physically, though that was true too. But tired of performing. Tired of being the version of herself each person needed.

Tom wanted the wife who told him everything. Bob wanted the princess who submitted to his touch. Webb wanted the protégée he could seduce. The contractors wanted the beautiful woman to look at. Sam and Annie wanted the professional colleague.

Everyone wanted something from her. Everyone had a version of her they preferred.

But what did she want?

She didn't have a concrete answer.

Eventually, she stepped out, wrapping herself in the hotel's plush robe. Her skin flushed from the hot water, hair damp around her shoulders, Jess moved to the bed and sat on its edge, reaching for her phone.

The time showed 9:41 PM. Not too late to call Tom, but she hesitated. She didn't want to discuss Bob's gift again until she'd made her decision, and Tom would inevitably ask about it. She needed this night to herself.

Jess typed out a text instead.

Jess: Long day at Weatherby. Made good progress but exhausted. Will call tomorrow. Love you.

The response came almost immediately.

Tom: Get some rest. Love you too.

Jess plugged her phone into its charger and turned down the bedcovers. She then glanced at her bag.

The dildo’s presence was impossible to ignore. She removed it from her bag and examined it again in the soft light of the bedside lamp.

Her body knew what it wanted. She could use it. That’s what Tom wanted to hear about. That’s what Bob intended when he made it. The perfect test run, familiarizing her body with his size, preparing her for the inevitable next step.

But something stopped her.

She was tired of doing things because someone else wanted to hear about them afterward. What if she used it and didn’t tell anyone? What if she kept something for herself? The thought felt like both liberation and betrayal.

But betrayal of what? Their rules said complete honesty, tell each other everything. But hadn’t she already violated that with the squirting? And wasn’t Tom keeping secrets too? She could feel it, sense it in the careful way he phrased things sometimes, in the gaps between what he said and what he meant.

What if honesty was just another performance, another framework someone else designed, and she was supposed to operate within it without questioning whether it actually served her?

She placed the dildo on the nightstand and reached for the light.

Jess woke violently, body jerking upright. Her heart hammered against her ribs, a frantic percussion that seemed to shake her entire body. Her t-shirt clung to her skin, soaked through with sweat.

The hotel room’s darkness disoriented her for a moment. She fumbled for her phone on the nightstand, the screen illuminating with painful brightness. 12:04 AM.

The dream was already dissolving, fragments escaping faster than she could hold onto them. She had been in their bedroom in Austin but something had

been off about it, the proportions wrong, the colors too saturated. Bob sprawled naked across their bed, his substantial cock erect and waiting. Tom sat in the corner wearing his navy work suit, writing in a notebook as if documenting a business meeting.

When she'd looked down at her own body, her stomach protruded, unmistakably pregnant. Neither man seemed to notice or care about this detail.

When Bob entered her in the dream, she'd immediately started squirting, liquid soaking the bed, spraying across the room in impossible quantities. Tom had just kept taking notes, nodding. She remembered tasting Bob's cum in her mouth even though he was inside her, the impossibility not registering as strange in the dream logic.

Then the bed transformed into scaffolding at Weatherby Mansion. She was naked, pregnant, teetering on the edge above Garrett and Webb and the workmen. She was going to fall. Everyone would see. She'd felt herself starting to fall.

That's when she'd jerked awake.

Despite the disturbing elements of the dream, or perhaps because of them, she felt a persistent ache between her legs, a sensation demanding to be filled.

She slid her hand down her stomach until her fingers slipped beneath the elastic waistband of her panties. The wetness there was immediate, coating her fingers.

If Tom were here, this would be simple. He'd wake to her pressing against him, his cock already hard from proximity and sleep. She'd climb on top, still half-asleep, and they'd fuck lazily until they both came. There would be no need to analyze dream symbolism or question her own desires. But Tom wasn't here.

Jess pressed against her clit, circling with the pattern she knew worked, had worked for years. Light pressure at first, consistent rhythm, gradual increase

in speed. Her body responded instantly. She'd perfected this technique as a teenager, refined it through adulthood, knew exactly how to touch herself.

When was the last time she'd masturbated? She tried to remember as her fingers continued their movement. About a month ago, after a session with Bob.

Before their arrangement with Bob, she'd masturbated when Tom traveled or if she was alone. Now there was rarely need. Her body had grown accustomed to regular, intense sexual contact. Self-pleasure had become an afterthought.

The room's darkness seemed less oppressive now as her eyes adjusted. She could make out the details of the antique furniture, the tall windows with their heavy drapes. The dildo was still on the nightstand where she'd left it before sleep. She could sense its presence even without looking directly at it.

Jess paused, hand still inside her panties. The decision felt weightier than it should. It was just a sex toy, after all.

She reached toward the nightstand with her free hand. She found the silicone shaft. Tom had essentially told her to use it during their video call from the previous night. "You should," he'd said. "If you want to, I mean. I'd love to hear about it."

She brought the dildo to her lips. The first contact was strange, silicone instead of skin, room temperature instead of body heat, inert instead of alive.

She pushed the head past her lips, jaw stretching. The taste was neutral, almost non-existent, nothing like the salty musky flavor of actual skin, nothing like Bob's distinct taste that she'd grown to recognize.

Tom's cock she could deepthroat easily. She'd done it hundreds of times over their years together. No challenge, no adjustment period. His length and thickness were perfectly suited to her mouth, as if their bodies had been designed with each other in mind.

This replica of Bob required effort. She had to relax her jaw, breathe through her nose, work up to taking more. The realistic girth stretched her lips wide. She pushed further, feeling the head bump against the back of her throat.

Her other hand moved from between her legs to her breast, squeezing through her t-shirt, fingers finding and pinching her nipple through the fabric. The sensation sent a corresponding pulse between her legs, reminding her how connected these pleasure points were.

She pulled the dildo deeper into her mouth, consciously relaxing her throat muscles. The gag reflex activated but she breathed through it, using the technique she'd perfected with Marco. She pushed further, holding the dildo in her throat, counting seconds in her head. One. Two. Three. Four. Her eyes watered. Five. Six. She pulled back, gasping, saliva connecting her mouth to the dildo in strands she could feel but couldn't see in the darkness.

A thought came uninvited, sending an unexpected thrill through her body. If Bob could watch her practicing on the replica of his cock like homework she was determined to ace, his reaction would be smug satisfaction, that characteristic smile. "That's it, princess. You're getting so good at this." And he'd be right.

But the dildo was a poor substitute. The real thing was warmer, responsive, alive. The real thing twitched when she did something particularly good. The real thing made sounds. The real thing erupted, flooding her mouth with cum she'd learned to swallow. The dildo just sat there, inert, waiting for her to project meaning onto it.

Jess pulled it from her mouth, wiping saliva from her lips with the back of her hand. What was she even doing? Practicing deepthroating on a dildo at midnight.

She slid her hand back between her legs while the dildo remained in her other hand. She pushed her panties aside. She found her clit again, already swollen and hypersensitive. The contact sent sparks through her nervous system, making her gasp in the empty room.

Jess shifted position, knees bent and falling open. The wet panties were annoying, restrictive. She pushed them down her thighs, kicked them off with an impatient motion. They landed somewhere on the floor, invisible in the darkness. She was naked from the waist down now.

She brought the dildo lower, between her legs, guiding it blindly. The head made contact with her entrance, and the sensation triggered a vivid memory of doing the pussyjob with Bob.

She slid the dildo along her slit, not entering, just external friction. The pressure against her clit was good but wasn't enough. It wasn't Bob's body heat, Bob's voice telling her "that's it, princess," Bob's hands controlling the pace. It wasn't Tom either, Tom's cock inside her, Tom's eyes on her face, Tom's voice saying "I love you" while fucking. This was just her, alone, rubbing silicone against herself and pretending it was intimacy. Functional but lonely.

She pressed the dildo more firmly against her clit. She ground against it, hips lifting off the bed. Her free hand pushed her t-shirt up, exposing her breasts to the cool air. She pinched her nipple harder than Tom would, not as hard as Bob might, finding a middle ground between pleasure and new discovery.

She could slip the dildo inside. That's what it was designed for, what Bob intended when he made it, what Tom wanted to hear about. She could find out right now if she could accommodate Bob's size, whether the stretch would be painful or pleasurable, whether her body was ready for what everyone seemed to assume was inevitable.

But something stopped her. Some last boundary she wasn't ready to cross alone in a hotel room at midnight. Once she knew what it felt like inside her, once her body had adjusted to that size, the argument against the real thing would evaporate completely. She'd have no logical explanation for why a dildo was acceptable but Bob's actual cock wasn't.

She set the dildo aside on the bed next to her and focused her hand between her legs. Two fingers slipped inside easily.

She pumped her fingers, pressed harder. Her breathing got ragged. The orgasm approached, pleasure building. But the squirting didn't come. Just regular sensation, normal pleasure accumulating until it released. She came with a quiet gasp, body tensing then relaxing, fingers slowing as the sensitivity became too much.

It was satisfying in the way that scratching an itch was satisfying. Relief. But it wasn't the overwhelming experience she'd had with Bob, wasn't the complete loss of control, the liquid gushing from her body, the trembling legs, the temporary inability to form coherent thoughts. This was just an orgasm. Fine. Adequate. Nothing she'd feel compelled to tell anyone about.

Jess pulled her t-shirt down, tugged the sheet over herself. The dildo could stay where it was until morning. Her panties were on the floor somewhere in the darkness. She'd deal with all of it when she woke up, when she'd have to decide what to tell Tom, how to frame this, whether to admit she'd used it at all.

Her body felt heavy now, the post-orgasm drowsiness settling over. She turned onto her side, pulling her knees up slightly, and closed her eyes.

Sleep came quickly, pulling her back down into darkness. This time, mercifully, without dreams.

Jess sank onto the king-sized bed at the Gastonian, wrapped in the hotel's plush robe after her hot shower. It was 8 PM on Friday night, and for the first time since leaving Austin, she could fully relax. No early alarm would drag her from sleep before dawn, no 7 AM meeting loomed tomorrow morning, no contractor disputes awaited resolution, no Webb scrutiny demanded her alertness. This night belonged entirely to her.

And tomorrow, her flight back to Austin wasn't until 1 PM, giving her the morning to herself.

The room service wine had arrived promptly, a decent Cabernet that complemented the glass she'd had at dinner with Sam and Annie. She took a sip, savoring the rich flavor as she leaned back against the pillows.

She'd woken up that morning feeling surprisingly refreshed despite the midnight disruption. The satisfying orgasm, however "adequate" she'd judged it in the moment, had apparently been exactly what her body needed.

The workday brought a different rhythm than Thursday's overwhelming distraction, more manageable but still present, like background music rather than a blaring alarm.

The final presentation to Webb and the full team at 2 PM had demanded her complete attention, and she'd delivered flawlessly, commanding the room with the same confidence that had won over Garrett earlier in the week. When 6 PM arrived and Webb dismissed them, Jess felt the satisfying exhaustion of work well done.

She exhaled deeply. The entire week had been productive. She'd proven herself repeatedly, built a reputation for excellence that transcended gender biases and youth prejudices. At times, she commanded rooms of men twice her age, not through force or intimidation but through expertise and calm conviction.

But personal clarity? That proved more elusive. In this moment of rare emotional freedom, Jess allowed herself to feel everything she'd been suppressing this week. And at the center of it all was the question she'd avoided last night. What did she want? Not what Tom fantasized about, not what Bob encouraged, but what did Jessica Marshall herself desire?

Earlier today, during her lunch break, she'd walked through Forsyth Park, seeking fresh air. The Spanish moss hanging from ancient oaks had created a peaceful canopy above her. But within fifteen minutes, she'd counted three visibly pregnant women, one pushing a toddler on a swing, another walking with her partner, a third photographing the famous fountain, her hand resting protectively on her round belly.

Each sighting had pierced Jess with a familiar longing. She'd once known with crystal clarity what she wanted. A baby. Their baby.

The sight of those rounded bellies had triggered an unwelcome memory of last night's dream. Her pregnant stomach, impossibly round. Bob inside her while Tom took notes. The squirting that wouldn't stop, soaking everything. She'd pushed the memory away in the moment, but even now it left a residue of unease she couldn't quite shake.

She'd dreamed of transforming their guest bedroom into a nursery, painting the walls a gentle yellow, arranging stuffed animals on shelves. She'd imagined watching Tom assemble the crib. She'd pictured rocking their child to sleep, Tom's arm around her shoulders as they both gazed down at their creation.

That dream had fractured when Tom's cryptocurrency gamble vaporized their savings. The money they'd set aside for a larger home, for her to take extended maternity leave, for their child's education, all of it gone. Though they'd never discussed it explicitly, both recognized the reality. Children would wait until they rebuilt their financial foundation.

Watching those women in the park, their faces glowing with purpose and connection, had awakened a familiar anger, not as sharp as in those first devastating weeks, but still present, a background resentment that occasionally flared. She took another swallow of wine, letting herself acknowledge this uncomfortable truth. Part of her still resented Tom for that mistake, for postponing her most cherished dream indefinitely.

Their exploration with Bob had begun in that shadow, financial necessity disguised as adventure, the renting of their downstairs unit a practical solution to a problem they should never have faced. But what had started as necessity had transformed into something neither had anticipated. Tom had confessed his voyeuristic fantasies. They'd embarked on a journey of exploration. Their sex life had reawakened from its work induced slumber.

Though the anger still flickered when she let herself examine it too closely, Jess found herself questioning the narrative she'd constructed. The

cryptocurrency loss had been devastating, yes. But sitting here in Savannah, successful project under her belt, Tom's promotion secured, their sex life revitalized... would any of this have happened if they'd gone straight into pregnancy and parenthood?

If they'd had their baby on schedule, she'd be deep into maternity leave right now. No Skyline completion. No Savannah restoration. No Houston development. No Webb offering to back her own firm. Her career trajectory would have plateaued at exactly the moment when doors were flying open.

And there would be no Bob. No exploration. No rediscovery of the sexual adventurousness she'd buried when she became "Tom's wife" and "successful professional Jessica Marshall." That part of herself would have remained dormant, possibly forever, as she transitioned into "devoted mother."

The cryptocurrency loss had hurt, yes, but it had inadvertently created space for both of them to prove themselves professionally, space for their relationship to evolve beyond the patterns they'd fallen into, space for her to remember she was more than her roles, that she contained desires beyond the socially approved script of career then marriage then baby.

She was 27. Not 35, not 40, not running out of time despite what the park bench observation had triggered in her. Having a baby at 28 or 29 was perfectly normal. She and Tom were both thriving now, earning more, saving faster. They'd recover what was lost and more.

The rationalization felt good, like permission to enjoy what she was discovering about herself, to prioritize her career momentum, to explore with Bob without the guilt of "wasting her fertile years."

But beneath the rationalization, something more honest stirred. The truth was simpler and less defensible. She was enjoying this exploration for herself, not because Tom's mistake had accidentally benefited her career. There was something genuinely thrilling about dancing with strangers at Domino months ago, flirting with Frank at The Fleming, and pushing boundaries with Bob. Though these experiences may have started as Tom's fantasies, they'd

awakened something dormant within her, a boldness and sexual agency from her college days with Marco that she'd forgotten she possessed.

With Marco, she'd been fearless, adventurous, uninhibited by convention. Somewhere along the way, she'd tucked that part of herself away, replacing it with professional ambition and domestic stability.

Now that younger Jess had resurfaced, demanding recognition. The woman who'd practiced deepthroating until she'd mastered it. The woman who'd had sex in library study rooms, in the backseat of Marco's car in public parking lots, in the shower of her shared dorm bathroom with the constant risk of interruption. That woman hadn't disappeared. She'd just been dormant.

The exploration with Bob had reawakened her curiosity, her willingness to transgress boundaries, her capacity for risk.

What did this all mean moving forward?

Jess rose from the bed, taking her empty wine glass to the mini bar. She poured the last of the wine and retrieved the dildo from her suitcase.

She sat back on the bed and placed the wine on the nightstand. She held the dildo in her hands, squeezing and stroking it.

Last night she'd practiced on it in the dark, working her throat around the girth.

Tonight she could actually cross the final boundary and answer the question that had been building since the moment she'd first seen his huge cock. She wanted to know how much pleasure that massive cock might deliver.

The practical considerations lined up neatly. Alone, privacy, time, liquid courage, no morning obligations. Everything required for crossing this threshold safely.

She'd allowed Bob's mouth on her most intimate places, taken his cock in her mouth, swallowed his cum, ground her bare pussy against his bare cock...

yet somehow, that final inch of penetration represented a boundary. What made this specific act different?

Jess turned the dildo over in her hands, imagining what it would feel like inside her versus what Bob himself would feel like. The dildo wouldn't make sounds, wouldn't breathe hard, wouldn't move with her or adjust its angle. It would just be there, an object she manipulated rather than a person who participated. Would that difference matter? Would penetration with this lifeless replica teach her anything useful about accommodating Bob's actual cock, or would it be as lacking as last night's practice had been for deepthroating, missing everything that made the act genuinely intimate?

Jess considered a truth she'd avoided acknowledging. Penetrative sex with Bob would create a direct comparison between him and Tom that blowjobs and other activities didn't create in quite the same way. Her reluctance might partially stem from fear that Bob could provide pleasure Tom couldn't match, and that this knowledge might fundamentally alter her sexual relationship with her husband.

The squirting orgasms Bob had already given her already represented a concerning precedent. How many other secrets would she keep to protect Tom's ego if she continued down this path?

When she thought about the practicality of sex, the reality was more complicated. If she were to actually do it, she'd need protection.

Back in college with Marco, she'd been on birth control pills, which had made spontaneity possible. She remembered how she'd either let him fill her pussy or she'd swallow it, depending on her mood. The memory of Marco groaning as he came inside her, that perfect moment of connection when his body tensed and then relaxed against hers was something she'd loved back then. The knowledge of his cum inside her had been intensely intimate in a way that was hard to describe.

She didn't want to go back on birth control now for health reasons. And the thought of going to a store and actually purchasing condoms for Bob mortified her. Would she order them online? Ask Tom to do it? Ask Bob to

do it? The practical aspects created complications she hadn't fully considered.

Then there was the question of expanding beyond Bob. If their exploration included different men as Tom had repeatedly suggested, Derek from yoga, hypothetical men in Savannah or Houston, despite how ridiculous that seemed, the dynamics would change entirely. Younger men closer to her age presented different complications than Bob did.

With Bob, the age gap created a natural barrier. The relationship had clear boundaries simply by virtue of their life stages being so different. But men her own age? Derek was in his early thirties, attractive, shared her interest in wellness and mindfulness. The contractor at Weatherby couldn't have been more than 30. Even Brandon was their contemporary.

These men weren't separated from her by decades of life experience. They existed in her world, shared cultural references and professional ambitions. The natural barriers that existed with Bob simply wouldn't apply.

Jess reassured herself that the exploration was fundamentally sex-based. She wasn't planning on having romantic dinners with these men, wasn't sharing her deeper thoughts and feelings, wasn't building the kind of day-to-day intimacy that formed the foundation of love. Plus, she was communicating everything with Tom, maintaining that primary emotional connection that anchored her.

Yet a small voice of doubt whispered beneath these reassurances. Hadn't she already shared certain things with Bob that she'd kept from Tom? If secrecy had already crept in, couldn't other boundaries blur as well? Sex and emotion weren't always as separate as she'd like to believe. Physical intimacy would create pathways for emotional connection.

Still, the risk seemed manageable, a theoretical concern rather than an immediate danger. She'd always been good at maintaining appropriate boundaries in other areas of life. This would be no different.

Jess glanced at her phone. She reached for it and texted Tom, not because she wanted to discuss these half-formed ideas at this moment, but because she missed her husband.

Jess: You up? Can we talk?

His response came immediately.

Tom: Of course. Everything okay?

Jess: Everything's fine. Just want to hear your voice.

She tapped his contact and waited. He answered immediately.

"Hey, you," Tom said, his voice immediately soothing her frayed nerves. "How was your day?"

"Productive," Jess replied, settling back against the pillows. "We resolved so many issues. Garrett, the foreman I told you about? He actually said I was right. Damn near fell over from shock."

Tom laughed. "The guy who called you 'little lady'? I'm surprised he didn't choke on the words."

"He practically did," Jess said, smiling at the memory. "But he's been marginally less condescending since I proved him wrong."

"That's my girl," Tom said. "How's the team doing?"

"Good. Sam and Annie have been amazing all week. We had dinner tonight at this place near the hotel. The fried chicken and crab soup were incredible."

"Sounds like a successful week all around," Tom observed.

"How about you? Still getting ready for Denver?"

"Yeah, diving into the preliminary assessment materials. It's interesting stuff. Their patient flow is a mess, but they've got some promising tech infrastructure we can build on."

“That’s good,” Jess said. “I’m glad it’s looking positive.”

“Webb been behaving himself?” Tom asked.

“Mostly professional,” Jess replied. “Though he brought up the Savannah house again.”

“The one he offered for you to stay at?” Tom asked.

“Yeah. Said it would give me more privacy than the hotel. Even mentioned it has a housekeeper who comes daily.”

“How convenient,” Tom said.

“I declined, obviously,” Jess said. “But then he surprised me with something else.”

“What’s that?”

“He offered to back me if I ever wanted to start my own firm.”

“Wait, what?” Tom sounded genuinely shocked. “Are you serious?”

“Completely serious,” Jess confirmed. “Said my talent deserves ‘the widest possible platform’ or something like that.”

“Holy shit, Jess. That’s... that’s a big deal.”

“It caught me by surprise,” Jess admitted. “Not something I’m considering right now, but...”

“But someday?” Tom finished for her.

“Maybe,” Jess said. “I want to finish these projects first. Skyline, Savannah, Houston. But down the road? I’ve thought about it.”

“I can picture it already,” Tom said, enthusiasm evident in his voice. “Jessica Marshall Design. JMD. The website, the awards, the magazine features. You’d be unstoppable.”

“You’re getting ahead of yourself,” Jess laughed, though his immediate support warmed her.

“I’m serious,” Tom insisted. “You’ve got the talent, the vision, and now potentially the backing. It’s something to think about.”

“I will,” Jess promised. “Just not tonight.”

A comfortable silence fell between them, the kind possible only between people who knew each other intimately.

“So...” Tom said after a moment. “Have you decided about Bob’s… gift?”

And there it was. The question she’d known was coming since she’d first called him.

“Not yet,” Jess replied. “I’ve been too exhausted every night. Early meetings, long days.”

The lie came easily, though it left a sour taste. She had used it, of course, but telling him now, over the phone while they were apart, felt wrong. This wasn’t something to share as casual conversation or phone sex fodder. When she finally crossed that threshold, when she actually used it the way it was intended, she wanted to be able to look Tom in the eye and have a real conversation about what it meant and where they were going. She needed that conversation to happen face to face, not filtered through a phone screen or reduced to dirty talk.

“But you’re thinking about it?” Tom pressed.

“I am,” Jess confirmed.

“I bet,” Tom said. “No meetings tomorrow morning, though, right? Could be the perfect opportunity.”

“Could be,” Jess agreed noncommittally.

“You know,” Tom said, “we could do it now. Together.”

“What do you mean?”

“Phone sex,” Tom clarified. “I could talk you through it, listen to you.”

Jess laughed. “That’s a sweet offer, but I’m still processing everything. This exploration has been intense for me, and I haven’t really had time to think about what it means to me personally.”

“Oh,” Tom said, sounding slightly taken aback. “That’s... that’s fair. What kind of things are you thinking about?”

“I’m not even sure yet,” Jess admitted. “Just trying to understand my own desires. I think I’d like to have a serious conversation when I get back to Austin.”

“Of course,” Tom said quickly. “Whatever you need.”

“Thank you,” Jess said, relieved by his understanding.

Tom hesitated, then circled back. “But you’re curious about it though, right? The dildo?”

“Yes,” Jess admitted. “I’m curious.”

“And what about the real thing?” Tom asked.

The question demanded honesty that felt both frightening and freeing. After a brief hesitation, Jess whispered, “Yes.”

That single word changed the energy of their conversation immediately.

“Holy shit,” Tom breathed.

“That doesn’t mean I’m planning to do anything,” Jess clarified quickly. “Being curious isn’t the same as acting on it.”

“I know,” Tom assured her. “I just... hearing you say that... it’s so fucking hot.”

Jess rolled her eyes, though Tom couldn't see her. "Of course you think it's hot."

"Is it just Bob?" Tom asked. "Or are you curious about other men too?"

"I haven't thought about it," Jess said, though this wasn't entirely true. She'd had fleeting thoughts about what it might be like with Derek or even Brandon, though she'd never admit that one to Tom.

"Actually, that's not entirely true," Jess admitted after a pause. "I have thought about it. Derek from yoga."

"Derek?" Tom's voice perked up immediately.

"Yes," Jess said. "He definitely likes me."

"Would you consider... exploring with him?"

"Maybe," Jess replied.

"You mean, like... ending things with Bob and starting fresh with Derek?" Tom asked.

"I don't know," Jess said. "Just thinking out loud.

"What about other guys?" Tom pressed.

Jess felt a spark of mischief at his question. "You mean like going downstairs right now to see if anyone hits on me at the hotel bar?"

"You wouldn't," Tom said confidently.

"Be careful what you wish for," Jess replied. "It's Friday night after a long work week. I've got two glasses of wine in me, and I'm horny."

"You're just saying that to work me up," Tom accused.

“Maybe,” Jess admitted. “Or maybe I’m remembering what you said about having boyfriends in different cities. One in Savannah, one in Houston, one in Austin. Your words, not mine.”

“Wait, are you actually considering going downstairs?” Tom asked, the confident dismissal in his voice suddenly replaced by uncertainty.

“Maybe I’ll find a date for the next time I’m in Savannah,” Jess continued, enjoying his reaction. “Someone to show me the local sights, someone I can stay with.”

“You’re just trying to get under my skin,” Tom insisted, though he sounded less convinced now. “You’re not going to do that.”

Jess laughed, finding his reaction hilarious. “How do you know? Maybe I’ll do something tonight, so I’ll have a story to share tomorrow when I see you.”

“Like going down to the bar to flirt with random men?” Tom asked.

“Yes, or maybe I’ll use the dildo and record it for you,” Jess offered.

“Would you really do that?” Tom asked eagerly, clearly thinking the dildo option was more probable.

“What would the rules be?” Jess asked, ignoring his question. “If I went downstairs, I mean.”

“You’re not going downstairs,” Tom said.

“But if I did,” Jess pressed. “What would the rules be? You might not like it if I keep a secret.”

Tom was quiet for a moment. “The usual rules, I guess,” he finally said. “Just... use your own judgment.”

“That’s dangerous,” Jess pointed out. “Giving me that much freedom.”

“That’s what makes it fun,” Tom replied.

Jess thought about this and realized she agreed. The uncertainty, the risk, the exploration of unfamiliar territory, these elements had been present throughout their arrangement with Bob. Maybe that was part of the thrill for both of them.

“Well,” Jess said, “I should probably hang up now. The hotel bar won’t stay open all night.”

“Wait. Are you seriously going down there?” Tom asked, the sudden alarm in his voice making her smile.

“Maybe,” she teased. “Or maybe I’ll just stay in my room and get acquainted with Bob’s gift. Either way, I’ll have quite the story for you tomorrow.”

“Jess...”

“Guess you’ll just have to wait and see,” she said. “I’ll text you before my flight.”

“I… okay.” Tom sounded completely thrown off balance. “Just... be careful?”

“Always am,” Jess replied. “Love you.”

“Love you too,” Tom said, his voice carrying a mix of confusion and arousal that made her laugh as she ended the call.

Tom Marshall sat in his Lexus, parked among dozens of other vehicles in Austin-Bergstrom’s cell phone waiting area. The dashboard clock read 6:37 PM. His phone, balanced on his lap, displayed Jess’s text from five minutes ago.

Jess: Just landed! See you soon!

Fifteen to twenty minutes, he estimated. Maybe less if the plane had parked at a close gate. No checked luggage meant she'd skip baggage claim, just deplane and walk straight through the terminal.

Around him, other people waited in their cars. An elderly man in a Ford checked his watch repeatedly. A young woman in an Audi applied lipstick using the rearview mirror, pursing her lips to check the color.

He'd woken early this morning, immediately reaching for his phone to text her. He'd been eager, perhaps too eager, to learn what she'd done the previous night after their phone call. The suspense had gnawed at him throughout the night.

He picked up his phone, scrolling back through the morning's increasingly desperate messages.

Tom: Morning! Sleep well?

Tom: What did you end up doing last night?

Tom: Jess? You're usually up by now.

Tom: Getting a bit worried here. Please text me when you see this.

As minutes stretched into hours with no response, his mind had spiraled into increasingly darker scenarios. Her uncharacteristic lack of response had triggered an alarm system in his brain that he hadn't known existed.

Maybe she'd gone to the hotel bar as she'd teased, had more wine than intended. Maybe someone approached her, offered to buy her a drink, and she'd said yes. The conversation might have continued, his attention flattering after a long week of work stress. Maybe he suggested they continue talking somewhere more private.

And then what? The scenarios spiraled darker. Her phone dying, or worse, being taken. An encounter that started consensual turning dangerous when she tried to leave. A hospital room where she couldn't reach him. A police

station where she struggled to explain what had happened. Or somewhere worse, somewhere he couldn't find her, couldn't protect her, couldn't help.

The progression from flirtation to danger had seemed so plausible in those anxious morning hours.

These thoughts weren't rational, he knew that. Jess was an adult woman fully capable of making smart decisions, even after a couple glasses of wine. The Gastonian was a respectable hotel in a safe part of Savannah. Nothing in their relationship history suggested she would act recklessly.

When her message finally appeared, he'd nearly collapsed with relief.

Jess: Sorry!!! Overslept. I'm fine just rushing to get ready and leave for the airport.

Tom: Safe flight. Text when you land.

Jess: Will do. Love you.

Tom: Love you too.

The scenarios his imagination had constructed vanished like smoke, leaving him feeling slightly foolish yet still unsettled. Her mundane explanation, sleeping in after an exhausting work week, was so ordinary, so reasonable, that it highlighted the absurdity of his catastrophizing.

Yet the fear hadn't been entirely irrational. The geographical distance between them suddenly made their exploration feel dangerously different, introducing variables he hadn't considered before. In Austin, when they'd experimented at Domino and The Fleming, he'd been close by, watching. Even when he was at work while Jess was with Bob, he'd been able to return home quickly if needed. The same safety net didn't exist in different cities. Hundreds of miles separated them, removing his ability to intervene if something went wrong.

His casual suggestion at Xenia about "boyfriends in different cities" now felt reckless, evidence of poor judgment clouded by sexual excitement. What had

he been thinking? The fantasy of Jess with other men had obviously affected his reasoning, making him suggest something potentially risky without considering the practical implications.

Tom leaned back against the headrest, closing his eyes briefly. The past three days had felt longer than they should have. He'd thrown himself into work to fill the hours, completing the preliminary Denver assessment ahead of schedule.

Meals had simplified to functional refueling. The television had remained untouched. He'd fallen into bed each night immediately after brushing his teeth. This monk like existence had yielded impressive professional results, but the sterility of it highlighted how much Jess's presence animated his life.

The house had remained unnaturally quiet during her absence. No music playing from her portable speaker in the kitchen, no distant sound of her on a work call, no cabinet doors opening and closing as she searched for a snack. The house wasn't a home without her.

His phone buzzed in the cupholder.

Jess: Coming out now! Can't wait to see you!

Tom shifted the car into drive and pulled away from the cell phone lot, joining the line of vehicles circling toward the arrivals terminal. Traffic moved slowly, each car stopping to collect its passenger before continuing the rotation.

Grandparents embraced grandchildren, couples kissed after separation, friends greeted friends with enthusiastic hugs. These reunions that would normally register as heartwarming barely penetrated the fog of his preoccupation.

What had Jess actually done last night? She'd teased him about going down to the hotel bar, about finding a date for her next Savannah visit. She'd been playful, enjoying his reaction, but beneath the teasing he'd sensed something else, a genuine consideration of possibilities he'd encouraged.

Their Friday night conversation kept replaying in his mind, particularly one moment that had fundamentally shifted something between them.

“And what about the real thing?” he’d asked. “With Bob, I mean.”

Her hesitation had been brief but meaningful. Then, quietly, “yes.”

That single word confirmation, that she was curious about actual sex with Bob, made his heart race whenever he remembered it. The confession had stunned him even though perhaps it shouldn’t have, given everything that had already transpired between them.

Was he truly prepared for that final boundary to fall? When aroused, the answer was obvious. The fantasy turned him on with an intensity like nothing else. The thought of Jess taking another man, experiencing pleasure, surrendering to sensations beyond what their marriage had contained, created a visceral response he couldn’t fully explain even to himself.

But in calmer moments like this, doubts emerged that couldn’t be dismissed. Once they crossed that line, there would be no returning to their previous state. The knowledge would always exist between them. Jess would have experienced another man inside her during their marriage. No amount of rationalization could erase the significance of that threshold.

What would it mean for them? Would it strengthen their bond through radical honesty and shared exploration, or would it introduce complications they couldn’t currently anticipate? The unknown created both excitement and profound unease.

Traffic inched forward.

Another aspect of Friday’s conversation weighed on him. Jess had mentioned wanting a “serious conversation” about boundaries upon returning. The phrasing had introduced a formality into what had previously been a more organic evolution.

What specific aspects of their arrangement did she want to discuss? The phrasing suggested potential limitations rather than expansions. “Serious

conversation about boundaries" implied reassessment, perhaps even restrictions of their current exploration.

Had Jess decided their arrangement with Bob had gone too far? Was she planning to end it? He'd become invested in their exploration, perhaps more than he cared to admit. The thrill of hearing about Jess's encounters, the renewed passion in their own lovemaking, the breaking of conventional restraints, all had become almost integral to their relationship in recent months. The prospect of returning to "normal" felt deflating, like abandoning a path of discovery mid-journey.

But maybe that was exactly what needed to happen. Maybe they'd pushed too far, too fast, without adequate consideration of the long-term implications. Maybe Jess had recognized something during her time away that he was still too caught up in the fantasy to see clearly.

Tom's mind shifted to Bob's gift, the dildo that had both fascinated and troubled him since Jess first showed it to him via video call. Something about it crossed a line he hadn't fully articulated even to himself.

There was an audacity to it, a presumption that felt different from their previous progression. Even with their ongoing exploration, giving your landlord's wife a perfect replica of your penis seemed wildly inappropriate. It suggested a level of intimacy that went beyond what their arrangement had sanctioned, a claiming of territory that hadn't been granted.

But despite his unease, Tom couldn't deny how the mental images aroused him. Jess alone in her hotel room, working that substantial dildo inside herself, discovering whether her body could accommodate Bob's impressive cock. How much of it could she take? Would she ease it in slowly, tentatively at first, then with growing confidence as her body adjusted?

The visualization was vivid, Jess on the hotel bed, back arching, toes curling, one hand working the dildo while the other squeezed a breast. She'd make those little sounds she made when completely lost in sensation, uninhibited and raw, and all of it with Bob's cock inside her, even if just a replica.

Traffic lurched forward another few feet. The line of cars continued its slow rotation, each vehicle briefly pausing at the curb before moving on.

Tom's thoughts circled back to what Jess had done last night. He realized with some discomfort that he couldn't decide which possibility he preferred. The dildo represented preparation for an eventual reality he'd encouraged. But the hotel bar scenario carried its own charge, the spontaneity of it, the element of genuine risk and unpredictability.

He thought about Frank Ellison, the energy executive they'd encountered at The Fleming. That night had marked their first attempt at the bar game, and Jess had seemed genuinely engaged during her conversation with Frank. She'd laughed at something he said, leaned in to hear him better over the bar noise, accepted the business card with his room number without hesitation.

If Frank had been creepy or aggressive, if the experience had left her uncomfortable, she would have shut down any future attempts at similar exploration. But she hadn't. When they'd discussed it afterward, she'd admitted finding the interaction interesting, even flattering. Frank had been smooth, perceptive, experienced enough to recognize what they were doing without making it awkward.

"The invitation stands," Frank had said, and Tom knew he'd meant it. Men like Frank, wealthy and confident, didn't make empty offers. If Jess had wanted to, she could have reached out during her Savannah trip. A man who owned a penthouse suite and traveled for energy conferences wouldn't have hesitated to arrange a meeting if she'd shown interest.

Had she thought about it? Did she keep the card?

Tom scanned the crowds gathering at the curb, looking for Jess among the travelers emerging with their rolling luggage and backpacks.

A car ahead pulled away from the curb. Tom advanced, now just a few vehicles from the pickup zone.

Then he spotted her.

Even among the chaos of the arrivals area, Jess commanded attention in a way that seemed effortless. She stood at the curb beside her rolling suitcase, and Tom watched as a man walking past did a double take. A moment later, another traveler slowed his pace, pretending to check his phone while stealing glances in her direction.

She wore dark jeans and a light cardigan, nothing remarkable, yet somehow the simplicity only amplified her natural beauty. Even exhausted from travel, even without the polished makeup and designer clothes she wore for meetings, she possessed an almost gravitational quality that bent the attention of everyone within her orbit.

But seeing her now, after days apart, after imagining scenarios both mundane and catastrophic, the sight of her hit differently. She stood there scanning the approaching cars for his Lexus, unaware or perhaps simply indifferent to the attention she drew, and something in Tom's chest constricted with an emotion too complicated to name.

Whatever had or hadn't happened in Savannah, whatever conversations they needed to have about boundaries and futures and the sustainability of their arrangement, the fact that he loved her remained true. The complexity of their current situation didn't change that fundamental reality.

Tom pulled the Lexus to the curb where Jess waited. The moment she recognized his car, her face transformed. The polite, distant expression she wore while scanning traffic dissolved into something radiant and unreserved, a smile that seemed to originate from somewhere deeper than mere social pleasantry.

He barely put the car in park before opening the door and closing the distance between them. Jess met him halfway, her carry-on forgotten on the sidewalk as she walked straight into his arms.

"Hi," she breathed against his neck.

"Hi," Tom replied, holding her tighter than an airport pickup probably warranted. "You scared the hell out of me this morning."

She pulled back just enough to meet his eyes, her expression shifting to apologetic. “I know. I’m sorry. I just crashed so hard and didn’t hear my alarm.”

“You’re okay?”

“I’m perfect,” she assured him, her hand coming up to cup his cheek. “Exhausted and ready to be home, but perfect.”

“I missed you,” he said simply.

“I missed you too… more than usual this time.”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah. The bed was too big. The room was too quiet. Everything felt off. We have things to talk about, but first I just want to go home. Is that okay?”

“More than okay,” he assured her.

He kissed her then, her lips soft and warm, tasting faintly of mint gum. When they separated, an airport security guard was eyeing them from twenty feet away, clearly preparing to tell them to move along. Tom released her, retrieving the rolling carry on she’d abandoned and hefting it into the trunk.

Jess slid into the passenger seat as he rounded the car and dropped back behind the wheel.

As he merged into the crawling airport traffic, her hand found his on the console, fingers interlacing with a naturalness born from years together.

The Bad Tenant – Ch. 23

Tom sat on the edge of their bed, body leaning forward, elbows on his knees, hands clasped loosely together. The house was wrapped in quiet, the only sound coming from the master bathroom, the steady rush of water as Jess showered.

The pleasant buzz from the wine they'd shared over dinner had mellowed the edges of his anxiety but hadn't eliminated it. Two glasses for him, slightly less for her, just enough to soften the day's accumulated tension.

His gaze drifted to Jess's suitcase positioned near the walk-in closet, still unpacked from her trip. Somewhere in that luggage was Bob's gift, the dildo. Its presence in their bedroom felt significant.

His mind wouldn't settle. It kept reaching for possibilities, constructing scenarios from the fragments Jess had offered throughout the evening. He'd picked her up from the airport about ninety minutes ago and since then, they'd engaged in conversation that circled around everything without landing on anything substantial.

He'd tried to read her body language all evening. She'd been thoughtful, not cold or distant, but somewhere else mentally. Her smiles came naturally when their conversation flowed but in the quiet moments between topics, her eyes would drift away mid-conversation to focus on something invisible.

She'd talked about the Weatherby Mansion chaos, Sam and Annie's support, Garrett's grudging respect, Webb's offer to back her own firm. But what she'd done after their call last night and the "serious conversation" she'd mentioned wanting remained untouched.

Every time Tom had tried to steer toward those topics, Jess had deflected with a playful smile. "Patience," she'd said over dinner. During cleanup, when he'd mentioned the serious conversation again, she'd turned from loading the dishwasher and kissed him softly before pulling away. "Soon," she'd promised. "I need to get cleaned up first. Then we'll talk. I promise you'll know everything."

He recognized the pattern they'd fallen into over recent weeks. Finish dinner together, clean up side by side, Jess excusing herself to shower while Tom completed the last of the kitchen tasks, then waiting for her to emerge wearing lingerie. This sequence had become ritual they both understood without needing to discuss.

But tonight felt different. Her absence this past week, her desire for a "serious conversation," the anxiety that had gripped him this morning when she hadn't responded to his texts for hours, her deflections throughout the drive home from the airport and during dinner, had built to this moment. Something was coming, a revelation, a decision, a boundary, and not knowing what it was twisted his stomach into knots.

The shower shut off. Tom heard the muffled sounds of movement behind the bathroom door, drawers opening and closing, the soft shuffle of bare feet on tile, water running briefly in the sink.

Minutes passed, each one amplifying his anticipation.

Finally, the bathroom door opened and Jess stepped into the bedroom. Tom's eyes

widened.

She wore white bridal lingerie, not just any lingerie, but the exact set she'd worn on their wedding night. The lace demi-cup bra with its small silk bow nestled between the cups, the matching white lace thong featuring intricate floral patterns, the garter belt with silk ribbons connecting to sheer white thigh highs. Every detail was as he remembered it from that night and the handful of special occasions when she'd surprised him with it since. But she hadn't worn it in years. The last time might have been their anniversary three years ago, maybe longer.

He stared, trying to understand what she was communicating through this choice.

She moved toward him slowly, giving him time to take in every detail, and stopped directly in front of him, a slight smile playing at her lips. She posed, one hip cocked slightly, hands at her sides. "Do you like what you see?"

“You’re the most beautiful woman I’ve ever seen,” he managed. “I’m not exaggerating, Jess. You look like a literal angel.”

“Do angels wear lingerie?” she asked, her smile turning playful. “I must have missed that in Sunday school.”

He gestured toward the lingerie. “Is there a reason you chose this set tonight?”

“I haven’t worn it in years,” she said, pausing briefly before continuing, “and I thought it’d be appropriate for tonight.”

Appropriate. Tom’s mind immediately seized on the word. Appropriate for what, exactly? She was about to tell him something significant, something that would change their relationship in some fundamental way, and she wanted him to remember first who they were to each other, husband and wife.

The questions crowded his throat. What happened in Savannah? Did you use the dildo? Did you meet someone at the hotel bar? Did you fuck someone else? Or are you about to tell me you want to end our arrangement with Bob?

But looking at her now, standing in front of him in white lace that represented their vows, their commitment, the life they’d built together, Tom decided the questions could wait. What mattered now was connection.

He extended his hand and she took it without hesitation, allowing him to guide her onto his lap. She straddled him, her thighs bracketing his hips.

Tom cupped the back of her head, fingers threading through her damp hair, and pulled her into a kiss. Her lips parted immediately. There was something almost desperate in the way they came together, as if they hadn’t seen each other for weeks.

When they broke apart moments later, both breathing harder, their foreheads touched. “I missed you,” Tom said.

“I missed you too,” Jess replied.

“I’ve been going crazy all day. Needing to know what happened in Savannah, what you did last night after our call.”

“You really want to know?” She pulled back just enough to meet his eyes properly, something teasing in her expression but serious underneath.

“I’m dying to know,” Tom confirmed.

“Why don’t I start with what I did after hanging up last night.” Tom’s heart hammered. “Tell

me.”

Jess opened her mouth but Tom stopped her. “Get on

the bed,” Tom said.

Jess slid off his lap and lowered herself onto the mattress, arranging herself comfortably on her back, head on the pillows, blonde hair fanning out around her.

Tom stood, pulling his t-shirt over his head and tossing it toward the hamper. He kicked off his jeans, leaving him in just boxers, then positioned himself between her legs.

“Tell me everything that happened last night,” Tom said. “While I make you feel good.”

He began kissing her inner thighs, starting near her knees and working slowly upward. Taking his time. Building anticipation as she gathered her thoughts to begin.

“After I hung up the call,” Jess said, her voice already carrying a slight breathiness, “I changed into a black dress I’d brought in case there would be an important meeting. Nothing too fancy, just something that looked good. I went down to the hotel bar. I hadn’t actually planned to meet someone, but I wanted to test myself. See if I could go through with it.”

Tom tried to form a mental image. Jess in a black dress, walking through the Gastonian’s elegant lobby. She would have drawn attention immediately, a beautiful blonde woman alone at a hotel bar on a Friday night.

He continued his slow exploration of her inner thighs, occasionally letting his breath ghost over her pussy through the thin white lace without making direct contact, teasing her, making her wait.

“The first man,” Jess continued, “was in his late twenties. Good looking in a conventional way, dark hair, nice suit, clearly nervous but trying to seem confidence. He asked if the seat next to me was taken.”

Tom’s fingers traced patterns on her thighs, still avoiding the area she most wanted touched.

“He bought me a drink,” Jess said. “Made conversation about being in Savannah for a tech conference. Something about cloud solutions. I wasn’t really paying attention to the specifics. He was nice enough. Polite. We talked for maybe ten minutes.”

Tom could picture some young professional around their age, working up the courage to approach the beautiful woman at the bar, hoping his conference talk would impress her, completely unaware she was married, testing boundaries her husband had encouraged her to explore.

“I could tell he was interested,” Jess continued. “But I realized I felt nothing. Not uneasy, not attraction, just… nothing. I thanked him for the drink and excused myself.”

While she talked, Tom finally pushed her thong to the side and made contact with his tongue, a single slow lick from her pussy entrance to her clit. She was incredibly turned on, very wet, her juices coating his tongue with that familiar taste, her scent filling his senses.

Jess gasped, her hips lifting slightly off the bed. “Fuck, Tom.”

“Keep going,” he encouraged, pulling back just enough to speak before returning his mouth to her.

“The second man was different,” Jess managed, her words coming faster now as Tom’s tongue began establishing a rhythm. “He was in his early forties. Very confident. A bit aggressive even. Someone who’d clearly done this before.”

Tom spread her pussy lips with his fingers, exposing her clit fully, and started focusing his attention there.

“He had silver at his temples,” Jess said, one hand moving to grip Tom’s hair. “Laugh lines around his eyes. A kind of presence that suggested competence and experience. He didn’t lead with his job or try to impress me. Just asked if the seat next to me was taken, ordered his own drink, and made me laugh within the first two minutes.”

Tom paused, looking up at her face. “Did they know you were married?” Jess met his eyes. “I told

them I was single. I didn’t wear my ring.”

The confession sent a jolt through Tom. He’d known on some level that removing her ring would be necessary for the scenario but hearing her confirm it felt more significant than the flirtation itself. His wife had walked into a hotel bar presenting herself as available, as unattached, as someone these men might have a chance with.

“Jesus, Jess,” Tom muttered against her thigh.

He returned his mouth to her clit, this time softly sucking it between his lips. Her grip on his hair tightened, her thighs trembling slightly against his shoulders.

“Did you… consider him?” Tom asked, pulling back just enough to speak clearly. “The older one?”

“I did,” Jess admitted. “For a few minutes, maybe. We talked for close to half an hour. He was interesting. Well-traveled. He’d lived in Singapore for three years, spoke fluent Mandarin. He asked intelligent questions about my work, actually seemed interested in the answers rather than just waiting for his turn to talk.”

Tom slid a finger inside her while his tongue continued working her clit.

“At one point,” Jess continued, her voice getting breathier, “he suggested we continue the conversation over dinner the next time I was in Savannah. He wasn’t pushy about it. Just offered an open invitation. And I felt tempted, Tom. I really did.”

“But?” Tom prompted, adding a second finger.

“But,” Jess said, “I kept thinking, then what? We’d have dinner, maybe end up in a hotel room. And then what? He’d go back to Singapore or wherever he came from. I’d go back to Austin. It would be kind of like a transaction, two people using each other for a night and then discarding each other. The thought left me a bit… cold.”

Tom paused, processing this. “What do you mean? Do you want to start dating men? Like having actual relationships?”

“No,” Jess said quickly. “Not dating. Not forming relationships. But I also don’t want to feel like a one-night stand.” Her hand tightened in his hair, guiding him back to her clit. “What I realized, sitting there with this attractive, interesting man, was that I didn’t want the complication of strangers.”

Tom resumed his work, his tongue working faster now, his fingers maintaining their rhythm inside her.

“So I excused myself,” Jess said. “Thanked him and returned to my room.”

“And then?” Tom prompted, knowing there was more, sensing they were approaching the revelation she’d been building toward.

“Then I was so fucking horny,” Jess admitted. “I’d been worked up all week, Tom. Thinking about our… exploration, about what I wanted. All the meetings and contractor disputes, all the professional responsibilities, and underneath it all was this constant awareness of my body. This persistent arousal I couldn’t satisfy.”

Tom increased the pressure of his tongue against her clit, his fingers thrusting deeper.

“By the time I got back to my room Friday night,” Jess continued, “after the bar, I was desperate. I went straight to my suitcase and got the dildo.”

Tom’s cock throbbed in his boxers at the mental image.

“I lay back on the bed,” Jess said, her hips beginning to move against Tom’s face now, seeking more friction. “And I tried to take it inside me.”

Tom’s fingers stilled inside her. His tongue paused. He looked up at her face, needing to see her expression as she continued.

“At first I could barely fit it,” Jess admitted. “I had to work it in slowly, inch by inch. But I was so wet from the bar, from the attention, from anticipating telling you everything.”

“Were you able to take it?” Tom asked. “All of it?”

“Yes,” Jess confirmed. “Honestly, Tom, it felt so fucking good… but incomplete.”

“Incomplete.” He knew where this was heading now, could feel the confession approaching like an oncoming train. His heart hammered so hard he could feel his pulse in his throat.

“You asked me something on the phone call last night,” Jess said, meeting his eyes. “You asked if I was curious about the real thing. With Bob, I mean.”

Tom nodded, remembering that moment. The hesitation in her voice, then that single devastating word. “Yes.”

“I told you yes,” Jess continued. “That I was curious.” “I remember,” Tom

said.

Jess’s gaze was unwavering. “I’m not just curious anymore, Tom.”

“What exactly are you saying?” Though he already knew. Some part of him had known from the moment she’d stepped out of the bathroom in that wedding lingerie, had understood this was coming.

“You know exactly what I’m saying,” Jess replied.

“I want to hear you say it. Not hints. The actual words.”

Jess held his gaze for a long moment, something passing across her face that looked like courage gathering itself. Then she spoke clearly, distinctly, leaving no room for misinterpretation.

“I want to fuck Bob,” she said. “I want to know what it feels like to have his huge cock inside me.”

Tom’s heart hammered so hard he felt lightheaded. She’d said it. Not during dirty talk, not as fantasy, but as genuine statement of intent. His wife wanted to fuck another man.

And suddenly he felt unsure.

He could stop this right now, use his veto power, say “I thought I could handle this, but it’s too much.” She’d respect that. They’d recalibrate, find other ways to explore, keep Bob at the boundary of blowjobs and pussyjobs.

But he’d been the one pushing toward this from the beginning. He’d confessed his voyeuristic fantasy first. He’d encouraged each escalation. He’d told her repeatedly he’d be okay with it, wanted it even. How could he pull back now when she was finally ready to give him exactly what he’d been fantasizing about?

The fear was real. What if Bob was better? What if this changed her in ways Tom couldn’t predict or control? What if he lost her to someone who could provide pleasure he couldn’t match?

But beneath the fear was trust that she’d come back to him, faith that their connection ran deeper than sex, belief that this shared transgression would bind them rather than break them.

And there was something else too, something he couldn’t fully articulate. A dark, primal thrill at the thought of his beautiful wife, the woman every man wanted, choosing to let another man inside her with his permission. It was the ultimate test of their bond, the ultimate expression of trust, paradoxically demonstrated through her fucking someone else.

Instead of answering immediately, Tom dove back between her legs. He worked her clit almost aggressively, sucking hard. His fingers thrust deeper inside her.

Jess cried out, her thighs squeezing around his head, her hand fisting in his hair hard enough to hurt. “Fuck! Tom! Oh god!”

He didn't let up. Kept the pressure constant, the rhythm relentless, driving her toward orgasm. Her hips lifted off the bed, grinding against his face. Her thighs trembled violently.

Bob might have a huge cock that would hit places Tom never could, but Tom had something Bob never would. Years of intimate knowledge. He'd learned her responses, her preferences, her signals that he'd found exactly the right pressure, the right rhythm. He'd eaten her pussy thousands of times, brought her to orgasm with his mouth more times than he could count, and never once failed to make her cum when he set his mind to it.
There was no chance, Tom thought with fierce certainty, that anyone in this world could be better at this than him. Bob could have his size, his age, his experience. This belonged to Tom alone.

"I'm going to come," Jess gasped. "Tom, I'm… fuck!"

The orgasm hit her hard. Tom felt her pussy clench around his fingers, heard her cry out loudly enough that Bob might hear downstairs. Her thighs squeezed his head so tight he could barely breathe, but he kept his tongue moving, drawing out her pleasure until she pushed at his head, oversensitive.

Tom gave her time to come down, placing soft kisses on her inner thighs while her breathing gradually normalized. When she'd stopped trembling, when her hands had released their death grip on his hair, he spoke.

"Why Bob specifically?" Tom asked. "Is it just about his cock?"

Jess looked down at him, her expression serious despite the post orgasmic flush on her face. "That's part of it," she admitted. "I can't lie. I've wondered about it since the first time I saw it. What it would feel like. Whether I could actually take it all."

"But?" Tom prompted.

"But it's more than that," Jess said. "I feel safe with him. Comfortable. Those men at the bar, they were unknowns. I'd have to build trust from zero, establish boundaries, hope they'd respect my limits. With Bob, that already exists."

Tom absorbed this reasoning as he moved up her body, positioning himself over her. She was right, of course. They'd been doing this for months now. Bob had never pushed beyond what she offered, never made her feel obligated, never violated the boundaries they'd established. He understood the arrangement.

It wasn't about Bob specifically, Tom realized. Bob was simply the known quantity, the controlled variable in their experiment, the devil they knew rather than the strangers at the bar who could be dangerous or disappointing.

Tom held her gaze. He could see everything in her eyes, hope, fear, desire, vulnerability. She'd laid herself bare in every sense. She'd been honest when dishonesty would have been easier.

He thought about all the steps that had led here, every boundary crossed, every confession made, every fantasy indulged.

They'd come too far to turn back now.

"Okay," he said, the word feeling both weightless and heavy enough to crush him. Jess's eyes searched his face.

"What do you mean, okay?"

"I mean okay," Tom repeated.

"Say it fully," Jess insisted. "The way you asked me to. I need to hear it."

Tom opened his mouth to respond, but Jess cut him off, her expression suddenly intense.

"Before you answer," she said, "you need to understand something. Once I do this, I can't undo it. There's no going back. It's permanent."

Tom nodded, understanding what she was saying.

“You’ll always know,” Jess continued, “that another man has been inside me during our marriage. This will change us forever in ways we can’t fully predict.”

Tom felt the weight of her words land in his chest, heavy and real. She was right. This wasn’t like the other boundaries they’d crossed. Those had been significant, yes, but this one carried different weight. More finality.

Tom met her eyes. “I want you to fuck Bob if that’s what you want… But right now, I need to fuck you.”

He reached down, shoving his boxers down his thighs and kicking them off completely. His cock stood fully erect, harder than it had been in recent memory despite having done nothing but use his mouth on her. The conversation alone had brought him to this state.

Jess spread her legs wider, making room for him between her thighs.

Tom positioned himself at the entrance of her pussy, feeling how wet she was, how ready. He easily entered her, both of them gasping.

“Fuck,” Jess breathed, her hands coming up to grip his shoulders. “You’re so hard.”

Tom started thrusting immediately, not gently, not building slowly. He fucked her with an intensity born from the conversation they’d just had, from the confession she’d made, from the future that awaited them.

He watched her face, this woman he loved more than anything, still wearing the white bridal lingerie that symbolized their marriage vows. Soon she’d be doing this with another man. The contradiction, the complexity, the intimacy of it overwhelmed him.

“I can’t believe you want to fuck Bob,” Tom managed between thrusts. “Believe it,” Jess

replied, her voice breathy but firm.

Tom increased his pace, his hips slamming against hers now. “How does it feel? To say out loud that you want another man inside you?”

“Terrifying,” Jess gasped. “And exhilarating. The most… fuck, Tom… the most terrifying and exhilarating thing I’ve ever said.”

“Have you imagined it?” Tom asked, knowing the answer but needing to hear her say it. “Imagined Bob fucking you?”

“Yes,” Jess admitted, her nails digging into his shoulders. “When I was using the dildo, I imagined it was Bob.”

The confession sent a bolt of intense arousal through Tom. His wife, alone in her hotel room, working a replica of their tenant’s cock inside herself while imagining the real thing.

“When?” Tom demanded. “When is this going to happen?”

“I don’t know,” Jess gasped, her legs wrapping around his waist, pulling him deeper. “But when it does, I’ll tell you every detail.”

Tom’s thrusts became erratic, his control starting to slip. “What if his cock stretches you out?”

“It might,” Jess replied, not sugar coating it. “It might happen, Tom.”

“I’ll still love you,” Tom said, the words emerging without thought, pure honesty. “No matter what.”

The dirty talk had pushed them both to the edge, each question and answer stripping away another layer of pretense until they were left with raw honesty and overwhelming arousal.

Tom felt his orgasm approaching. He increased his pace, slamming into Jess with enough force that the headboard hit the wall with rhythmic thuds. Her breasts bounced with each thrust, the white lace barely containing them.

“I’m going to cum,” Tom announced.

“Cum for me,” Jess urged, her eyes locked on his face.

Tom pulled out abruptly, kneeling over her as his hand wrapped around his cock. He aimed at her face, stroking himself. Jess wrapped her lips around the head of his cock just as he started to cum. She sucked him through it, swallowing each pulse as it hit her tongue, her eyes never leaving his face.

When the final spasms subsided, Jess released him slowly, making a show of swallowing one last time before opening her mouth to prove it was empty.

Tom collapsed beside her, both of them breathing hard. His mind was already beginning to spin with practical questions. When would this happen? Where? What about protection? The logistics alone created a maze of considerations he hadn’t fully thought through.

“So when are you planning…” he started to ask, but Jess placed a finger against his lips, stopping him.

“We’ll discuss all the details tomorrow,” she said firmly. “Right now I just want to be held by my husband.”

Tom understood. He nodded, pulling her against him. Her head found its natural place on his chest, his arms wrapping around her. She still wore the white bridal lingerie, garter belt and thigh-highs and all.

“I love you,” Tom said into her hair. “I love you

too,” Jess replied. “Thank you,” she added after a

moment. “For what?”

“For how patient you’ve been with all of this. How you’ve let everything develop slowly, given me time to process each step.” She paused, then added with a teasing note, “Though I specifically remember telling you not to push me toward sex, and you did exactly that.”

Tom smiled. “You’re not wrong. I’ve been secretly hoping you’d get here eventually.” “I know you have,” Jess said.

“And here we are.”

They fell quiet after that, wrapped around each other, questions deferred, decision made, future uncertain. Tom’s last conscious thought before sleep was wondering whether he’d made the bravest or most foolish decision of his life.

Either way, there was no turning back now. The wheels were in motion. Soon, very soon, another man would be inside his wife, and their marriage would be forever changed.

Tom stared into his half-empty coffee mug, watching the dark surface ripple as he set it back on the table. Across from him, Jess picked at a strawberry, cutting it into smaller pieces she didn’t actually eat. The remnants of scrambled eggs, bacon, and fruit sat largely forgotten as the conversation they’d been avoiding loomed.

He’d been up since dawn, his night punctuated by fragmented dreams and long stretches of staring at the ceiling. At some point in the middle of the night, he’d jolted awake, heart racing from a nightmare he couldn’t recall but that left him checking to make sure

Jess was still beside him. She'd been there, still wearing the white bridal lingerie, one hand tucked beneath the pillow, face peaceful in sleep.

Now it was 9:17 AM according to the microwave clock. They'd spent the last twenty minutes discussing Tom's upcoming Denver trip, Jess's Houston schedule, the weird noise the dishwasher was making, whether they needed to call someone to clean the gutters before fall rains started. All perfectly mundane topics that required no emotional vulnerability whatsoever.

Jess picked up her mug of coffee, took a sip, and set it down. "We're circling." Tom looked up. "What?"

"We're circling the actual conversation," she said. "We've talked about gutters, Tom. Gutters."

Tom smiled. "Gutters are important. Proper drainage-"

"Stop it," Jess interrupted, but she was smiling too. "You know what we need to talk about."

Tom took a breath. "Yeah. I know."

"So, let's talk about it," Jess said, leaning back in her chair. "You're the one who likes structure and planning. Give us a framework."

He recognized what she was doing, giving him the control he needed to feel grounded in the situation. The observation that he treated emotional complexity like a work project wasn't entirely wrong, and Jess knew it, had been with him long enough to understand how he processed difficult things.

"Logistics first," Tom said. "The practical stuff. Then we can get to the harder questions."

Jess nodded, wrapping both hands around her coffee mug. "Timing," Tom

started. "When's this going to happen?"

Jess didn't answer immediately. She took a sip of coffee. " I need time to mentally prepare," she said. "I don't want to feel rushed."

Tom felt relief or maybe just the postponement of anxiety. "Okay. That's… yeah, okay."

"But I also don't want this hanging over us forever," Jess continued. "I don't want to spend months building it up until it becomes this huge thing."

"So we need a window," Tom said. "Not a date, but a time period when it becomes possible."

Jess raised an eyebrow. "Look at you. Already turning this into a project timeline." "It's how I think," Tom said with a

smile.

Jess kept quiet, letting Tom continue.

"Next week we're both traveling," Tom said, working through it out loud. "I'm in Denver. You're in Houston. The week after that… we're both back. That could be when…"

"When it becomes a possibility," Jess finished for him.

Tom nodded. In two weeks, his wife might have sex with another man.

Tom's phone buzzed on the table between them, the screen lighting up with a notification. He glanced at it instinctively.

"Is that important?" Jess asked.

Tom picked up the phone, scanning the email. His boss had sent the full Denver assessment packet early, expecting Tom's usual weekend dedication. "It's the Denver stuff. I should probably..."

"Take a break," Jess finished. "We both need one anyway. This is..." She gestured vaguely between them.

"A lot," Tom supplied.

"Yeah. A lot." Jess stood, gathering their plates. "You work. I'll hit the gym. We can... talk more later?"

He wanted to keep going, to push through all the difficult topics until they'd reached some kind of resolution, but also recognized they couldn't sustain this level of emotional intensity indefinitely. "Yeah. Later."

Jess left the kitchen for the bedroom while Tom sat alone in the kitchen, staring at his phone. The conversation had barely started and already he felt exhausted, emotionally wrung out from just discussing timing. They had so much more to cover.

He forced himself to stand. He moved to his home office, opened his laptop, and pulled up the Denver assessment materials.

Three hours later, Tom heard the front door open and close. He glanced at the clock in the corner of his computer monitor. 12:36 PM. He'd been so absorbed in the Denver assessment materials that he'd barely noticed the time passing.

He emerged from his home office to find Jess drinking from a large water bottle, face flushed, ponytail disheveled from her workout.

"Hey," she said. "Hey.

Good workout?"

"Ran five miles." She set down the water bottle. "Then got some groceries. Want to make lunch together? Something simple?"

"Grilled cheese and tomato soup?" "Perfect."

They moved around the kitchen, Jess retrieving bread and cheese from the refrigerator while Tom found the canned tomatoes and chicken stock. The radio played softly in the background, some indie station Jess liked.

"From scratch?" Tom asked, holding up the tomatoes. "Why not?

We've got time."

Tom started dicing tomatoes on the cutting board while Jess buttered slices of sourdough bread. Here they were, making lunch like any other Sunday, except everything had changed.

"So," Jess said after several minutes of silence. "Location is obvious, right? Bob's apartment."

Tom's knife paused mid-slice. "His bedroom?" Tom asked.

"His bedroom," Jess confirmed, and Tom noticed color rising in her cheeks. "I mean, that's where it would happen. Where it makes sense."

Tom resumed chopping, focusing on making even slices. "Have you thought about what you'll tell him?"

“I’ll handle that Tuesday,” Jess said, arranging cheese on bread. “During our usual session.”

“What are you going to say exactly?”

Jess was quiet for a moment, the butter knife scraping softly against bread. “That things are evolving. That we’ve discussed it and we’re both comfortable with the next step.”

“What about protection,” Tom said abruptly. “We need to talk about that.”

Jess straightened slightly, her practical side engaging. “Condoms are non-negotiable. I’m not on birth control and I’m not willing to risk…”

She didn’t finish the sentence, but Tom understood what she wasn’t saying.

“Bob should handle it though,” Jess said. “I can ask him to get them Tuesday when I talk to him about everything else.”

“Makes sense,” said Tom. He added ingredients to the soup.

“If this becomes ongoing rather than a one-time thing,” Jess said, “I should probably go back on birth control. Relying solely on condoms feels risky.”

Tom caught the word immediately. Ongoing. “You’re thinking about this as ongoing?”

“I don’t know,” Jess admitted. “I honestly don’t. But we should admit the possibility. If the first time happens and we both want to continue, having that conversation about birth control makes sense.”

“We don’t have to decide now,” Tom said. “We see how the first time goes, then reassess before anything else happens.”

The soup began to simmer. Tom adjusted the heat while Jess placed sandwiches in the skillet. The sizzle of butter filled the kitchen.

He watched the soup bubble, the tomatoes breaking down, releasing their acidity into the broth.

“But if it becomes ongoing,” Jess continued, “we’ll need clearer boundaries about… frequency, expectations. But that conversation can wait.”

Tom appreciated her logic even as part of him wanted all the answers now, wanted to map out every possibility and contingency, but Jess was right. Some things couldn’t be decided in advance, could only be understood through actual experience.

Tom turned away from the stove to look at Jess. She was focused on the sandwiches, spatula in hand, seemingly calm about discussing the possibility of a regular sexual relationship with another man. How had they gotten here? How had this become a conversation they were having over grilled cheese? The normalcy of the moment contrasted so sharply with the subject matter that Tom almost laughed. Behind him, he heard the soup’s simmer, but he didn’t turn back, still watching Jess’s profile, still trying to reconcile the woman making lunch with the woman planning to-

The soup boiled over suddenly, foaming up and spilling onto the stovetop with a hiss. Both of them jumped, the moment of crisis breaking the tension.

“Shit!” Tom grabbed the pot, moving it off the burner while Jess turned down the heat. “Got it?”

“Yeah, yeah. Just made a mess.”

They looked at each other and something in the absurdity of the moment made Jess laugh. Not a nervous giggle but amusement. Tom laughed too.

“We’re a disaster,” Jess said, still smiling as she grabbed paper towels.

“Literally and figuratively,” Tom agreed.

They cleaned up the spill together, working side by side.

When Jess bent to wipe the lower cabinet, Tom stepped behind her and placed his hands on her hips. She straightened, her back pressing against his chest.

“Tom…” she said.

He kissed her softly on the side of her neck.

She turned in his arms, sliding her hands up his chest. “We’re supposed to be making lunch.”

“The soup needs to simmer some more anyway.” He lifted her, setting her on the counter beside the stove. She wrapped her legs around his waist, pulling him closer.

They kissed again.

“God, I want you so bad,” Tom breathed against her lips.

She slid her hand between them, palming his erection through his jeans. She squeezed, then released him. “Tom… the sandwiches are burning.”

Tom pulled back with a muttered curse, rescuing the grilled cheese from the skillet. Jess laughed, sliding off the counter.

“To be continued,” she said.

They plated the sandwiches and ladled soup into bowls. As Jess carried hers to the table, Tom stepped behind her, his hand finding the small of her back, then sliding lower to cup her ass.

“Tom…”

“Just appreciating,” he said, giving a squeeze.

They ate at the kitchen table, the soup salvaged and actually quite good despite the dramatic moment.

“Are you nervous about this?” Tom asked.

Jess laughed, but it carried no humor. “Beyond nervous. This isn’t like the other stuff we’ve done, Tom. This is different. I’ve never had sex with someone while in a relationship with someone else. I don’t know how to navigate that emotionally. What about you? Are you nervous?”

“I’m scared shitless,” Tom admitted. “But I’m also excited in ways that make me question my own sanity. I don’t know if I’ll be consumed by how fucking hot it is or destroyed by jealousy when it actually happens. I genuinely have no idea which will dominate.”

“You know, the veto power rule isn’t theoretical. If it’s too much, you use it.”

Tom wondered if he could actually use the veto. How could he stop something he’d encouraged from the beginning? How could he pull the plug when Jess was finally ready to give him the fantasy he’d been chasing for months?

Using the veto would reveal him as either a hypocrite who never meant what he said, or a coward who’d pushed them toward something he couldn’t actually handle. And perhaps it would mean crushing Jess’s courage just as she’d finally moved from accommodating his fantasy to claiming her own desire.

“I know,” Tom said. “But speaking of veto power, we should go through our rules again. Make sure we’re still on the same page.”

Jess set down her spoon, giving him full attention. “Communication, veto power, privacy, emotional boundaries. No kissing.” She ticked them off on her fingers. “I think we’re still aligned on all of it. Unless you want to change something?”

“No,” Tom said.

“Actually,” Jess said, “I was thinking about something.” Tom raised an

eyebrow. “What?”

“The kissing rule,” Jess said. “Can we talk about that again?” “What about it?”

“It doesn’t make sense,” Jess said. “I can have his cock in my mouth, his cock inside me, but I can’t kiss him. How does that logic work?”

“It doesn’t make sense,” he admitted. “I know that.”

“Then why maintain it?” Jess asked, not confrontationally but curious.

“Because like I said before, kissing feels too… intimate,” Tom said, struggling to articulate something he felt more than understood.

“More intimate than his cock inside me?” Jess challenged gently.

“No. That’s not it.” He set down his spoon, met her eyes. “I need something to still be just ours,” he said. But even as he spoke, he recognized this wasn’t entirely honest.

What he couldn’t say was that he needed her to sacrifice something she thoroughly enjoyed, needed proof that even while she was fucking another man, Tom still set limits she had to honor. The kissing ban wasn’t about protecting intimacy as much as it was about maintaining control, about ensuring that Jess’s pleasure remained circumscribed by boundaries Tom dictated.

The thought felt possessive and controlling in a way that made Tom uncomfortable with himself, so he kept it private, let Jess accept the surface explanation.

“Okay,” Jess agreed. “ No kissing.”

Their bowls soon sat empty, soup consumed, sandwiches reduced to crumbs. Outside, the world continued its normal Sunday rhythms. Inside, they were planning something that would forever change their marriage.

“We should do something,” Jess said, standing and gathering their dishes. “Get out of the house for a few hours.”

Tom looked up at her. “What did you have in mind?”

“I don’t know. Anything. We could rent bikes and ride around Lady Bird Lake? We haven’t done that in forever.”

Tom checked his watch. “That actually sounds perfect.” “Yeah?”

“Yeah. Let’s do it.”

They cleaned up quickly, then Jess disappeared to change out of her workout clothes while Tom grabbed his wallet and keys.

When she emerged fifteen minutes later, she wore jean shorts that showed off her long legs and a simple white tank top. She’d pulled her hair into a fresh ponytail and applied just enough makeup to look effortlessly beautiful. Tom stood from the couch where he’d been waiting.

“Ready?” she asked. “Let’s

go.”

The drive to Lady Bird Lake took about fifteen minutes. Tom navigated through the Sunday afternoon traffic while Jess controlled the music, scrolling through her phone to find the right playlist. She settled on something mellow that suited the late afternoon sun streaming through the windshield.

They rode in comfortable silence for most of the drive, Jess’s hand resting on Tom’s thigh in a gesture so familiar it was almost unconscious. When they hit a red light about halfway there, Tom glanced over at her. She was looking out the window, watching the city pass by, completely relaxed.

“What are you thinking about?” he asked.

Jess turned to him with a small smile. “Nothing, actually. That’s the point, right? Not thinking.”

“Good.” Tom squeezed her knee. “We deserve a few hours of not thinking.”

The light turned green and they continued toward the lake, the silence between them easy and unforced.

Tom pulled into the bike rental parking lot a few minutes later, finding a spot near the entrance. As they climbed out of the car, Jess walked around to his side and reached for his hand.

“Come on,” she said. “Let’s ride bikes and pretend we’re normal people for a couple hours.”

“We are normal people,” Tom countered.

“Then let’s pretend we’re simple people,” Jess amended with a grin. “People whose biggest concern is whether they’ll make it around the lake before the rental time runs out.”

The bike rental process was straightforward. Twenty dollars got them two cruisers for two hours, helmets included though neither wore them. They set off on the trail that circled Lady Bird Lake, joining the Sunday afternoon crowd of families, couples, exercisers, and tourists.

Austin spread out around them, familiar and beautiful. The downtown skyline rose to the north, glass and steel reaching toward a cloudless blue sky. To the south, neighborhoods climbed gentle hills dotted with live oaks. Paddleboarders glided across the water’s calm surface while kayakers navigated closer to shore.

Tom let himself relax into the simple pleasure of the moment. She’d been right. They needed this reminder that they were more than the complicated sexual arrangement they were navigating.

They didn’t talk much during the ride. Occasionally Jess would point out something, a dog chasing a frisbee, an impressive paddleboarder, the heron standing motionless in the shallows, and Tom would acknowledge it. But mostly they just rode, side by side.

About forty minutes into the ride, they stopped at one of the scenic overlooks. Jess leaned her bike against the railing and moved to stand at the edge, looking out over the water. Tom joined her.

“This was a good idea,” Tom said.

“We needed it.” Jess leaned her head against his shoulder. “Everything’s been so intense lately. It’s nice to just… be.”

They stood like that for several minutes, watching the city move around them, before remounting their bikes and completing the loop back to the rental shop.

By the time they returned to the car, it was approaching evening. Tom's legs felt pleasantly tired from the exercise, his mind clearer than it had been all day.

"Hungry?" he asked as they loaded the bikes back onto the rental rack. "Starving," Jess

confirmed. "Where should we go?"

"Tacos?" Tom suggested.

"Veracruz All Natural?" Jess's face lit up. "Yes!"

Twenty minutes later they secured a small table near the edge of the patio. They ordered generously, fish tacos, chips and guacamole, fresh agua frescas. The food arrived quickly, vibrant and aromatic.

"This is exactly what I needed," Jess said after her first bite, closing her eyes in appreciation.

"Me too."

They ate mostly in comfortable silence, occasionally stealing bites from each other's plates, commenting on the food, watching Austin move around them as evening settled in. The conversation stayed light. Nothing about Bob, Just Tom and Jess, eating tacos on a Sunday night, like any other couple in Austin.

By the time they finished and Tom paid the check, the sky had deepened to purple-blue, the first stars becoming visible despite the city's light pollution. They walked back to the car hand in hand, moving slowly, neither quite ready for the day to end.

During the drive home, Tom kept one hand on the steering wheel, the other on Jess's knee, then sliding higher on her thigh. She didn't stop him, just leaned back in her seat, eyes closed, a small smile on her lips.

By the time they pulled into their driveway at, Tom's body thrummed with anticipation. The entire day had been building toward this, toward getting Jess alone in bed.

They entered the house quietly, Tom locking the door behind them while Jess kicked off her sandals. In the living room, she turned to face him, her expression making his intentions clear.

He closed the distance between them without a word, cupping her face in his hands and kissing her deeply. She responded immediately, her arms coming up to wrap around his neck, her body pressing against his.

"Couch or bed?" Tom murmured against her lips. "Bed," Jess said.

Tom lifted her and she wrapped her legs around his waist. They moved through the darkened house, bodies aligned, Jess's lips trailing along his neck, his hands supporting her weight.

When he set her down beside the bed, they undressed without urgency until they stood facing each other in the moonlight filtering through the blinds.

Tom pulled her close, feeling the warmth of her skin against his, the steady beat of her heart.

When they came together, it was without the urgency of earlier encounters, without the dirty talk or fantasy scenarios that had colored recent intimacy. Just Tom and Jess, husband and wife, moving in rhythms learned over years together. She wrapped her legs

around him and they found their pace, kissing deeply, murmuring affirmations of love between gasps of pleasure.

Afterward, they lay tangled in sheets.

“Today was perfect,” he said quietly. “Exactly what we needed.”

“It was.” Jess pressed a kiss to his chest, right over his heart. “We should do this more often. Take a whole day together without overthinking everything.”

“We will,” Tom promised. “After Denver, after Houston, when we’re both back, we’ll make time for days like this.”

Eventually Jess’s breathing deepened, her body growing heavy against him. Tom remained awake longer, staring at the ceiling, his numb arm trapped beneath her, thinking about what would happen two weeks from now.

Tom closed his eyes and let himself drift, holding his wife a little tighter, stealing this moment of peace before everything changed.

Bob sat at his desk in the second bedroom he’d converted into his home office, laptop screen illuminating his face. It was 11:10 AM Tuesday morning. His notebook lay open beside him, pages filled with observations scrawled in his distinctive handwriting, annotations and underlines marking the most significant details.

The surveillance footage from the past several days demanded final review. He needed to ensure he hadn’t missed any detail that might inform today’s crucial encounter.

He opened Friday’s file, the recording that had shattered his weekend before it began. Tom walked into the bedroom,

mid-conversation with Jess.

“Derek?” Tom had asked.

Even now, days later and with the Derek crisis resolved, hearing that name sent a spike of residual anger through Bob’s system.

“Would you consider… exploring with him?” Tom had continued, his voice carrying a kind of casual curiosity that had made Bob want to put his fist through the laptop screen.

Then the question that had made Saturday morning nearly unbearable, “You mean, like… ending things with Bob and starting fresh with Derek?”

Bob had heard this live Friday night, sitting at this same desk. He’d replayed it immediately, convinced he’d misheard, that his paranoia was manufacturing threats where none existed. But the second listen confirmed what the first had captured. They were considering replacing him.

The conversation had revealed something else too, something Bob had almost missed in his initial panic about Derek. Tom had said something about Jess going downstairs to the hotel bar to flirt with random men.

Jess was teasing him about meeting other men, about exploring beyond just Bob, about having “boyfriends in different cities” as Tom had jokingly suggested weeks earlier during a recording Bob had captured.

The implications were clear. Their arrangement wasn’t limited to Bob specifically. They were treating him as convenient and available but ultimately replaceable. The exploration itself mattered more to them than Bob as an individual. Bob wasn’t special to them. He was just… there. Downstairs, accessible, willing, a safe option to test boundaries before potentially moving on to more appealing alternatives.

That night had been torture. Bob had barely slept, his mind cycling through worst-case scenarios and desperate contingency plans. When morning finally came, he'd paced his apartment for hours, fury building with each repetition of the recording.

He'd considered his nuclear option, confronting Tom directly, threatening to reveal their conspiracy to Jess, every private conversation where they'd pushed her toward escalation, trading his silence for guaranteed continued access to her.

But Saturday morning's fury had been about more than just Derek. It had been about recognizing this dispensability.

Sarah had left him. Karen had destroyed their chance at happiness. And now history was repeating itself. Jess, who'd never even been his to lose, was about to slip away. Not even his, yet somehow the loss that would hurt most.

His fury had been primarily directed at Tom, that scrawny, pencil pushing pretty boy who somehow believed himself worthy of a goddess like Jess. Tom, who couldn't even satisfy his wife completely, who needed another man to give her the orgasms he couldn't provide.

Bob clicked to Saturday night's recording, his mood shifting immediately as it had when he'd first watched this footage. This was the reversal that had salvaged everything.

There came the words Bob had now replayed more than any other segment in his entire surveillance archive.

"I want to fuck Bob."

Bob had been monitoring the feed live Saturday night when she'd said it. After Friday's Derek nightmare and Saturday's day-long anxiety spiral, Jess's declaration seemed too perfect, too exactly what he needed to hear.

"I want to know what it feels like to have his huge cock inside me."

The relief that flooded through Bob's system when he'd heard those words had left him actually shaking. He'd replayed the segment over and over, then spent the next hour in a state of euphoric disbelief.

She'd chosen him. Despite Derek, despite hypothetical men in hotel bars, despite having options her beauty made readily available, Jess wanted Bob specifically.

Bob had resisted the desperate urge to masturbate Saturday night despite his cock throbbing. Save it, he'd told himself. Save it for when it matters. Save it for when you're actually inside her.

He clicked to Sunday night's recording now, watching the limited visual feed show Tom and Jess's bodies feet visible at the bed's edge. Their encounter lacked the verbal intensity that had characterized recent sessions, no dirty talk or fantasy scenarios, just husband and wife reconnecting through intimacy.

Bob had recognized this Sunday night not as reconsideration but as psychological preparation. They were fortifying their marital bond before crossing the final threshold, affirming their relationship's foundation before transgressing it. People didn't shore up emotional foundations unless they planned to test them.

Monday night's recording had provided the most strategically valuable intelligence.

Bob leaned closer to his laptop now, listening again to the section that had shaped his entire approach for today. Their dirty talk had resumed, Tom asking Jess questions about her plans with Bob while fucking her.

"I think you should tease Bob over the next two weeks," Tom had suggested. "Get him absolutely desperate to fuck you by the time it happens."

Two weeks. Two weeks gave them space to reconsider, time for doubt to accumulate, opportunities for Derek to materialize from whatever corner of their lives he occupied,

time for Tom's encouragement to transform into protective jealousy. Cold feet developed during delays, not during momentum.

Bob couldn't allow two weeks to pass. He needed to collapse the window between decision and action, had to strike while Jess's arousal remained fresh and her resolve hadn't been undermined by overthinking or alternative possibilities.

Today, their regular session, the perfect opportunity to accelerate the timeline before competing options could materialize.

Bob closed his laptop and shut his notebook. His surveillance review was complete, all intelligence gathered and analyzed. The emotional journey from Friday's devastation to Saturday's salvation to Monday's strategic planning had brought him to this moment. Now came implementation.

He stood from his desk and moved toward his bathroom, understanding that today's session carried stakes far beyond any previous encounter. Everything he'd worked toward for months would culminate in the next few hours.

Inside the bathroom, Bob stripped completely and examined himself in the mirror. His reflection showed fifty-five years of hard living without apology or self-deception. Powerful shoulders and arms from decades of physical labor, substantial belly, graying chest hair covering his broad chest, skin weathered from years working outdoors under Texas sun.

Bob looked at his completely bald head. He'd initially hated the thinning that began in his early forties, had briefly considered options to address it before deciding such vanity was beneath him. Now he recognized the baldness as emphasizing raw masculinity rather than diminishing it, a marker of maturity and experience rather than age-related decline.

He looked every one of his fifty-five years. Nothing about his physique suggested conventional attractiveness by modern standards that favored Tom's lean feminine build.

Bob's gaze dropped to his cock, hanging substantially even in its flaccid state. This was the anatomical gift that had served as his ultimate advantage throughout adult life, the genetic lottery win that equalized all of Tom's youth and education and professional success.

This is what matters, Bob thought. When a woman's legs are spread, genetics trump degrees and corporate titles every time. Sarah and Karen might have left him but neither had ever complained about this particular asset.

Bob allowed himself a moment of bitter fantasy while staring at his reflection. "If I were twenty-five, she'd leave Tom for me," he muttered to the empty bathroom.

With this cock and this knowledge and this skill set but in a younger body, Jess would recognize him as the superior choice without hesitation. All of Tom's advantages would evaporate like morning dew under Texas sun.

But age resentment served no purpose beyond poisoning his mood. Bob dismissed it. He wasn't twenty-five and never would be again. But Jess still chose him over every option her beauty made available, still came downstairs twice weekly seeking what Tom couldn't provide.

Bob stepped into the shower and turned the spray to cold initially, letting the shock wake him fully before gradually adjusting to warmer temperature. He soaped his substantial frame, paying particular attention to his cock and balls. Everything needed to be perfectly clean for what he hoped would happen within the next hour.

He was mid-rinse, water streaming over his bald head and down his chest, when he heard the unmistakable sound of his sliding glass door opening.

Bob froze under the spray. He listened intently over the sound of running water, his heart rate accelerating as his mind processed the intrusion.

Then he heard her voice. “Bob? Are you in the shower?”

Jess. Her tone carried playful energy rather than nervous uncertainty or professional formality. The contrast between this confident entrance and the tentative woman who’d first come down for massages months ago struck Bob as evidence of how completely their dynamic had evolved.

Bob let out a breath. “Yeah, princess,” he called back, his voice carrying through the bathroom door he’d left slightly ajar. “Just finishing up.”

Footsteps approached. Bob’s cock began to harden, his body responding to her proximity and the implications of her early arrival.

She’d never simply walked into his apartment before. The shift in her approach suggested a fundamental change in how she viewed their arrangement, a claiming of access that went beyond their established patterns.

Jess appeared in the bathroom doorway. She wore dark jeans and a simple white blouse, but what captured his attention was the object in her hand.

The dildo. She held it casually at her side, her expression amused as she took in the sight of Bob showering behind the frosted glass door.

“Preparing for me?” she asked, her smile turning teasing.

Bob grinned back through the water-streaked glass. “Cleanliness is next to godliness,” he replied, the casual banter masking how his mind raced through implications of her mood and the dildo’s presence.

Jess leaned against the doorframe, shifting her weight to one hip. She held up the dildo between them. “I wanted to thank you for the gift.”

Bob’s eyes tracked from her face to the dildo and back. “Did you enjoy it?”

Jess’s smile turned mischievous in a way that made Bob’s cock throb. “It was very realistic,” she said, not answering his question directly. “The attention to detail was impressive. You must have spent a ton of time on it.”

Bob recognized she was dancing around whether she’d actually used it, playing a game that both frustrated and excited him. “I wanted you to have something to remember me by while you were away,” he said, his hands resuming their path across his soapy chest.

Jess pushed off from the doorframe and moved closer to the shower. “I wanted to compare it to the real thing,” she said, her eyes finding his through the glass. “Side by side. You know, for accuracy.”

Bob felt his cock throb at the suggestion, recognizing this as the opening he needed. “Well, the original is right here if you want to do a proper comparison.”

“That’s very generous of you,” Jess said, her tone playful. “But I should probably wait until you’re done.”

“Or,” Bob said, reaching for the shower door handle, “you could join me and we could make that comparison right now.”

Jess laughed, the sound genuine and delighted. “You just want to get me naked.”

Bob didn’t bother denying it. “Can you blame me? It’s been a week since I’ve seen you, princess.”

“A whole week,” Jess agreed. “How did you survive?” “Been counting

the days,” replied Bob.

Jess’s expression softened slightly at his admission. “I missed our sessions too,” she said. “Savannah was all work and no play. Could have used a massage.”

“Then you definitely need to get in here,” Bob said. “Consider it making up for lost time.”

Jess tilted her head. “I actually wanted to talk to you about something,” she said. “After the shower.”

Bob’s pulse quickened. This was it, the conversation he’d been anticipating. “Sounds serious,” he said, keeping his tone light despite the adrenaline now flooding his system.

“It’s just… something we should discuss. But shower first?”

“Shower first,” Bob agreed, pulling the door open wider in invitation.

Jess set the dildo on the bathroom counter and her fingers moved to the top button of her blouse. “So Savannah was good?” Bob asked, watching as Jess’s fingers worked down the buttons one by one.

“Savannah was exhausting,” she admitted, the blouse parting to reveal smooth skin and the white bra underneath. “The foreman fought me on everything until I proved him wrong. The grand staircase alone consumed days of meetings.”

Bob’s eyes tracked her movements as she shrugged out of the blouse and dropped it to the bathroom floor. The simple white bra somehow looked more erotic than elaborate lingerie would have. “Sounds like you really do need a massage,” he said, his gaze traveling over the exposed skin.

“God, yes,” Jess agreed, her hands moving to the button of her jeans.

Bob continued watching as she unfastened her jeans and worked them down her long legs, stepping out of them to stand in just her underwear. His cock stood fully erect now, water streaming over it.

Jess reached behind her back and unfastened her bra, the straps sliding down her shoulders before she pulled it away completely. She then hooked her thumbs in her plain white cotton panties and slid them down, stepping out of them to stand completely naked in his bathroom.

Bob took in the full sight of her. Gorgeous face with high cheekbones, naturally full lips, flat stomach showing subtle muscle definition from her gym routine, abs that flexed slightly as she moved, long legs that seemed to extend forever before reaching the apex where her pussy waited, freshly waxed as always, firm breasts that defied gravity despite their size, the kind of natural perfection that couldn’t be purchased or maintained through surgery, a plump ass he’d squeezed and spread repeatedly but never actually fucked.

This is what Victoria’s Secret models look like, Bob thought. This is what Tom gets to come home to every night and somehow still can’t satisfy properly.

Jess picked up the dildo from where she’d set it on the counter and stepped toward the shower. She paused at the threshold, water beginning to spray onto her feet, and grinned at him. “So let’s see how accurate you were.”

Bob reached for the dildo but Jess pulled it back slightly, her free hand reaching down to wrap around his cock instead. “I’ll hold both,” she said, positioning the dildo beside his cock while maintaining her grip on his shaft.

She took her time with the comparison, her eyes moving between the replica and the flesh original. Water streamed over both of them now, plastering Jess’s blonde hair against her head and shoulders, droplets running down between her breasts.

“Perfect match,” Jess confirmed, her thumb brushing across the head of Bob’s cock in a way that made his hips jerk. “How did you do it exactly?”

“There’s a kit,” he managed. “You mix the material, coat yourself, wait for it to set, then pour the silicone into the mold.”

Jess set the dildo on the shower's built-in shelf, both her hands now wrapping around Bob's cock, stroking softly. "Must have been quite the challenge," she said, her eyes lifting to meet his. "Getting hard enough for the process, then maintaining it through the molding."

Bob recognized the teasing in her tone, the playful challenge. "Thinking of you made it easy," he replied, which wasn't entirely true but sounded better than admitting he'd used porn to maintain his erection through the molding process.

"My goodness," Jess said smiling, rolling her eyes. "Do you use that line on all the girls?"

"Just the ones worth making molds for," Bob shot back.

"And how many of those have there been?" Jess asked, her hands still stroking his cock.

"You're the first and only," Bob said. "This was a custom project just for you, princess."

Jess laughed. "I should feel honored then."

"You should," Bob agreed. "Though I have to say, the replica doesn't quite capture the full experience."

"Oh?" Jess's eyebrow arched. "And what's it missing?"

"The responsiveness," Bob continued. "The real thing reacts to your touch. You can feel it respond when you do something it likes."

"Like this?" Jess asked, her grip tightening and her stroke increasing in speed. Bob groaned. "Exactly like that."

Bob reached for the soap. "Since you want a massage, we should get cleaned up first." He lathered the bar between his palms until white foam covered his hands, then reached for Jess's shoulders.

His soapy hands ran over her shoulders and down her arms in long strokes, cleaning her but clearly taking pleasure in the contact. His palms slid along her sides, fingers spanning her narrow waist.

Bob soaped her breasts thoroughly, thumbs brushing across her nipples until they hardened completely. His hands moved lower, across her flat stomach, fingers tracing the subtle definition of her abs.

"You're very thorough," Jess observed.

"Can't do a job halfway," Bob replied, his hands sliding even lower.

Jess responded by lathering her own hands and reaching for his chest. Her smaller hands spread soap across his broad shoulders and down his substantial frame. Her fingers trailed through his graying chest hair, worked across his belly, and finally wrapped around his cock again.

Bob's soapy hands slid between Jess's legs. His thick fingers found her pussy, soaping with thoroughness. He worked his fingers along her slit, feeling her heat even through the soap and water, before moving back to circle her asshole.

He felt Jess tense slightly at the touch but she didn't pull away. Her own hands continued stroking his soapy cock, her grip firm and confident.

"Turn around, princess," Bob instructed.

Jess complied without hesitation, turning to face the shower wall while Bob's soapy hands worked down her back in long strokes. His palms moved to her ass, squeezing before

spreading her cheeks slightly. He pressed his soapy cock between her ass cheeks, his shaft sliding between them.

Jess responded by pushing her ass back against him, sliding it up and down his length in a teasing motion that made Bob's cock throb. "Someone's eager," she commented, looking back over her shoulder with a smile.

Bob wrapped his soapy hands around her breasts from behind, squeezing them while his hips began moving, humping his cock between her ass cheeks. The soap provided perfect lubrication, his shaft sliding up and down her cheeks, the head pressing against her lower back on each upward stroke.

After several moments of this friction, Bob adjusted his angle, bending his knees slightly, pushing his cock down so it slid between Jess's thighs instead. From this position, his shaft rubbed against her pussy with each thrust, a kind of standing version of the pussyjob they'd done before.

Bob felt Jess go quiet, her body stilling except for the slight trembling in her thighs. The water continued streaming over them, washing away soap, leaving just flesh sliding against flesh.

"That's a dangerous position," Jess finally said, her voice carrying an edge that Bob couldn't quite identify as warning or invitation.

Bob knew she was right. From this angle, an upward adjustment would result in penetration. His cock was positioned perfectly. But stopping felt impossible when her pussy was right there, hot and wet against his shaft.

For a split second, Bob considered it. He could grip her hips, make a slight adjustment, one small movement, and he'd be inside her.

The temptation was overwhelming but the logical part of his brain that had gotten him this far screamed at him to stop.

If he "accidentally" penetrated her now, she'd pull away, probably leave his apartment immediately. The trust he'd built would shatter. Tom would hear about it tonight. The whole arrangement would collapse.

"Just enjoying how you feel," Bob murmured against her neck, slowing his thrusting.

Jess turned around abruptly, her hands coming up to press against Bob's chest. "That's enough of that," she said, her smile taking any sting out of the rejection.

"You're right, princess," Bob said, his hands moving to her shoulders in what he hoped appeared as casual rather than possessive. "Got a little carried away there. Let's finish getting cleaned up."

They rinsed off the remaining soap together. Bob took his time rinsing Jess's breasts and between her legs.

"So this conversation we're having after," Bob said as the water streamed over them. "Should I be preparing myself for anything specific?"

"Just… keep an open mind," Jess said. "It's a good thing, Bob. I promise. I think you'll be delighted."

"I'll be delighted, huh?" Bob asked.

"We can talk about the specifics after," Jess said quickly.

When they'd finished rinsing, Jess surprised Bob by sinking to her knees on the wet shower floor without him asking or suggesting. Water streamed over her upturned face as she looked up at him, her hands reaching for his cock.

"Before the massage," she said, wrapping both hands around his shaft, "I think I owe you some attention."

“You don’t owe me anything, princess.”

“I want to,” Jess replied, her tongue extending to lick the head of his cock. “Is that okay?”

“Fuck yes, that’s okay,” Bob managed.

Jess took his cock head into her mouth. One of her hands wrapped around his shaft, stroking what wouldn’t fit in her mouth, while her other hand cupped his balls.

Bob braced one hand against the shower wall, his other hand threading through Jess’s wet blonde hair. He watched water stream over her beautiful face, droplets running down her cheeks and chin as she worked his cock like she was worshipping it, her mouth and hands coordinating to provide constant stimulation.

After thoroughly servicing his cock, Jess moved lower. She took his balls into her mouth one at a time, sucking each while her hand continued stroking his shaft. Bob groaned, hips jerking slightly despite his efforts to remain still.

When Jess moved back to sucking his cock head, Bob felt his orgasm building. The feeling of Jess’s mouth combined with days of abstinence created a pressure in his balls.

Bob’s entire body screamed at him to let it happen, to thrust deeper into her willing mouth, to flood her throat with the cum he’d been saving, to watch her swallow it down like she had before.

He’d gone over a week without coming. Jess was worshipping him on her knees, water streaming over her gorgeous face, her mouth stretched around his cock, everything he’d fantasized about during those long, frustrating nights while she was in Savannah.

Just let go, his body pleaded. Finish in her mouth. You’ve earned this. You deserve this.

But the part of his mind that had manipulated this entire situation from the beginning forced clarity through the fog of pleasure. If he came now, he’d blow the best opportunity he might ever get for actual penetration.

She was here in his apartment, already naked, already aroused from their shower play. The surveillance had confirmed she wanted to fuck him. If he emptied himself down her throat now, the moment would be gone. He’d give her a massage and she’d leave. The window would close.

But god, stopping felt impossible. Her mouth was heaven. Her tongue swirled around his cock head in ways that made his knees weak. Her hand cupped his balls. His orgasm was right there, seconds away from crossing the point of no return, pleasure building to that critical threshold.

“Hold on, princess,” Bob forced himself to say as he pulled back from the edge despite every instinct howling in protest.

His cock emerged from her mouth, a strand of saliva connecting her lips to his cock head. His shaft throbbed, angry and red, still rock-hard. He was so close to finishing that pulling away felt like torture, his balls aching with the need to release.

Jess looked up with a questioning expression, clearly surprised by his restraint. “You don’t want to finish?” she asked.

Bob helped her to her feet, his hands steadying her on the slippery shower floor. “I want to take my time with you today,” he said. “No rush. Let’s dry off and move to the bedroom. Then we’ll have that conversation you mentioned.”

“The conversation,” Jess repeated. “Right.”

Bob turned off the shower and stepped out, water dripping from his frame. He grabbed towels from the rack, handing one to Jess before taking another for himself. They dried off in silence.

Jess wrapped her towel around herself, tucking the edge between her breasts to hold it in place. Bob simply draped his around his waist, his cock creating an obvious tent.

“About that massage,” Jess said, wringing excess water from her hair. “I really do need one. All that standing, all those meetings, my back is killing me.”

Bob nodded toward the bedroom. “Right this way, princess. I’ll take care of you.” He led her out of the

bathroom and down the short hallway toward his bedroom.

In the bedroom, Bob retrieved a large, thick towel from his dresser drawer, shaking it out before laying it on the edge of the bed. He smoothed the wrinkles with his palm, working from one corner to the other. The cotton fabric was designed to absorb significant moisture, a practical consideration given what he anticipated would happen in the next hour.

Jess stood watching, still wet from the shower. Without ceremony, she dropped her towel to the floor and climbed onto the bed. She positioned herself face down, arms at her sides, face turned to one side with eyes closed.

Bob retrieved massage oil from his nightstand, the same bottle he’d used during their previous poolside sessions. He positioned himself beside the bed and poured a generous amount into his palm, rubbing his hands together to warm the oil.

He placed his oiled hands on Jess’s shoulders and began working her muscles with firm pressure. Her body instantly responded, a long exhale escaping her as tension visibly drained from her body.

“God, that’s exactly what I needed,” Jess murmured, her voice already heavy with relaxation. “Those endless meetings killed my back.”

“Just relax, princess,” Bob said. “I’ll take care of you.”

Bob worked down her spine, adding more oil whenever the glide diminished. Jess made small appreciative sounds as his hands found tight spots. When he reached her lower back, Bob paused, his hands resting on her hips.

“I need to adjust your position,” he said, his voice professional. “To better access the areas that need attention.”

Jess didn’t open her eyes. “Okay.”

Bob retrieved a pillow from the head of the bed. “Lift your hips for me,” he instructed.

When Jess complied, he slid the pillow beneath her pelvis. The placement elevated her ass several inches off the mattress, tilting her pussy upward at an angle far more sexual than therapeutic. Her position put everything on display, her pussy lips glistening from residual shower water and arousal, her asshole visible between the spread of her cheeks.

“This feels different,” Jess commented, glancing back over her shoulder. “Is this really necessary for the massage?”

Bob poured more oil directly onto her elevated ass, watching it run down between her cheeks. “This angle gives me better access to your lower back and glutes,” he explained, his hands already cupping her ass. “They take a beating from all that standing during site visits.”

Jess laughed. “Right, and it has nothing to do with you wanting a better view.”

Bob grinned, not bothering to deny it. “Would be lying if I said the view wasn’t a significant bonus. You’ve got a perfect ass, princess.”

He worked her ass thoroughly, squeezing and kneading. Jess sighed contentedly, clearly enjoying the attention.

As he continued massaging her ass, his fingers brushed tantalizingly close to her pussy before retreating. Each near-touch was purposeful, building her awareness of where his hands weren't going rather than where they were.

He moved from her ass to her upper thighs and back again, each time bringing his fingers marginally closer to her pussy without actually making contact. Jess's breathing grew heavier, small sounds of frustration mixing with her sighs of pleasure. She shifted slightly, her thighs parting wider, a subtle invitation Bob immediately recognized.

Instead of taking the bait, Bob worked down her legs to her calves and feet, temporarily breaking the concentrated arousal around her pussy. He took his time with her feet, pressing his thumbs into the arches and working each toe individually.

"Oh god," Jess groaned with relief. "I was on my feet for hours each day. That feels amazing."

Bob worked his way back up her legs slowly, his oiled hands gliding along her calves to her thighs. When he approached her pussy again, his thumbs brushed against her outer lips for a fraction of a second before moving away.

Jess made a small, frustrated sound that Bob pretended not to notice.

"So, the thing I wanted to talk about," Jess said abruptly, her voice carrying nervous uncertainty.

Bob's hands paused on her thighs. "I'm listening," he said, his voice calm despite his racing pulse.

"Tom and I have been talking," Jess began, then stopped, seeming to search for words. "Things between us have... evolved."

Bob remained silent, giving her space to continue.

"We've been discussing taking our arrangement to the next level," she continued, her voice halting as she searched for the right phrasing. "We've talked about the possibility of you and me having actual sex, not just touching and... oral."

The words came out in a slight rush, as if she was pushing through embarrassment.

"We were thinking it would happen in about two weeks," she added quickly. "Tom will be in Denver next week for work, and I'll be in Houston for a project. That's part of why we thought two weeks made sense. It gives us both time to come back and... mentally prepare for that next step."

Bob stayed silent for a moment, as if thinking deeply, before responding. "Is this definitely something you want?" he asked. "Or is Tom pushing you toward it?"

"No, this is what I want," Jess insisted. "Tom's been supportive, but this is my choice too."

Bob moved his hands to her lower back, maintaining physical contact while they talked. "I'm incredibly flattered," he said. "I'd be honored to be your first experience outside your marriage. I promise to take good care of you when the time comes."

This is it, Bob thought. The critical moment where months of surveillance-informed strategy must converge into a single devastating psychological assault. This is the culmination of everything, game 7 in the finals, championship or elimination, win now or lose her forever.

He could feel the window closing even as it opened. If he let her leave this apartment with the two-week timeline intact, she might never return to cross this threshold. Tom's encouragement might waver, Jess's courage might fade, Derek might materialize, some

charming businessman in Houston might catch her eye. Or perhaps the two-week delay would breed doubt and reconsideration.

The variables were too numerous, the competition too real, the opportunity too fleeting. This moment, right now, with her naked on his bed, was his shot. If he failed to convert this opportunity, all the surveillance, all the manipulation, all the careful boundary-pushing would amount to nothing. He'd have come this close to possessing the most beautiful woman he'd ever known only to watch her slip away because he couldn't seal the deal when it mattered most.

His objective was singular and immediate, collapse the two-week timeline and achieve penetration today. Everything else was secondary.

"I think it's beautiful that you and Tom have built such trust," Bob said. He paused before continuing. "But princess, I want to be completely honest with you, even if it's uncomfortable."

"About what?"

Bob continued massaging her as he spoke, his hands working the muscles of her back. "What you're describing reminds me vividly of my experience with Sarah. When we discussed opening our relationship for the first time, we also scheduled a specific date for her first experience with another man."

Jess shifted on the bed, turning her head further to look at him. "What happened?"

"When we finally decided Sarah would sleep with another man, we picked a date a few weeks out," Bob explained. "We convinced ourselves the delay was about being responsible and thoughtful. Sarah was nervous but excited, similar to how you seem now."

He continued his slow, steady work on her muscles as he spoke.

"As the scheduled day approached, Sarah got more and more anxious. The anticipation built until she couldn't think about anything else. By the time the actual day arrived, she was so wound up that the experience was... disappointing. She couldn't relax or enjoy it. She was too in her head."

"What happened after that?" Jess asked, clearly invested in the story.

"We talked about it afterward," Bob said. "We realized that scheduling it like an appointment, building it up into this monumental event, had created too much pressure. The anticipation transformed what should have been exciting into something anxiety-inducing."

Bob added more oil to his hands before continuing both the massage and his narrative.

"It actually hurt our relationship for a while. Things became tense between us because of the pressure. Remember, like you guys, we went into this kind of thing blind, with no one to guide us." Bob's voice took on a thoughtful quality. "But then I realized that Sarah needed to control the reins, that my job was just to support her. So I gave her permission to act whenever it felt right rather than on a predetermined schedule. And then the second experience months later was completely different, transformative for our relationship. Our sex life exploded afterward. We couldn't get enough of each other."

Jess went quiet, likely processing what he'd said. Bob added more oil to his hands and continued massaging, letting his fake story sink in.

"Do you think the same thing would happen to me if we wait two weeks?" Jess asked tentatively, genuine concern in her voice.

Bob responded carefully, recognizing he'd successfully planted the seed of doubt. "I can't know for sure, but I've noticed patterns from my own experience and what I've heard about these situations. Building something up too much often creates performance anxiety, especially for women who are naturally thoughtful like you."

His hands slid down to her ass again.

“I’ve seen you relax more over our time together, becoming more comfortable exploring your sexuality without overthinking it. Your natural instinct is probably healthier than scheduling this like a business meeting, which seems more like how Tom thinks than how you think.”

Jess made a small sound that might have been agreement.

“There’s another pattern I noticed with Sarah that seems relevant,” Bob continued. “When Sarah was younger, before our marriage, she was more sexually adventurous, more willing to explore. When we got married, she felt she needed to be more reserved, more controlled, more appropriate. The exciting, daring woman got buried under expectations.”

Jess turned to look at him. “You’re very perceptive.”

Bob felt a momentary nervousness. Had he been too precise with information gleaned through surveillance? He recovered quickly. “I’ve noticed something similar with you. You’ve mentioned being more sexually adventurous in college. I wonder if, like Sarah, you felt the need to suppress that adventurous side when you became Tom’s wife, if being a devoted partner meant taming the more exciting aspects of your sexuality.”

Jess didn’t respond immediately. Bob let her process this as he moved his hands to her lower back, then down to her ass again. His fingers again brushed against her pussy.

“Do you really think I’ve been suppressing part of myself?” Jess asked.

“I’ve seen you come alive over these past months in ways that suggest you’ve been starving for this kind of exploration,” Bob said. “You’ve gone from nervous about wearing revealing bikinis to showing up at my apartment in lingerie, from hesitant touches to enthusiastically sucking my cock in the shower today, from boundaries to grinding your pussy on me.”

Bob moved his fingers closer to her entrance, still not penetrating but making clear contact now.

“This progression tells me you’re not just discovering new desires but rediscovering desires that were always there,” he continued. “I’m sure your sex life has improved at home too. I bet Tom can’t get enough of you since you started this exploration.”

Jess made a small sound of acknowledgment.

“You’re incredibly lucky to have what you have,” Bob pressed harder. “Most women in your position would have to choose between exploring their sexuality and maintaining their marriage. But you have a husband who loves you enough to encourage your exploration, who’s secure enough in your relationship to support this part of yourself. You get to have it all, the excitement of sexual exploration and the safety of going home to a man who loves you.”

Jess turned her head to look back at Bob again. “Do you really believe waiting two weeks is a bad idea?”

Bob met her eyes directly. “I can’t make this decision for you. Only you know what’s right. But with Sarah, the difference between the scheduled encounter that went badly and the spontaneous one that went well was night and day.”

He continued working her muscles as he spoke.

“When it happened naturally, when Sarah acted on her desire in the moment rather than approaching it like an obligation she’d scheduled, she was able to be present and enjoy it. The spontaneous encounter felt like her choice, her empowerment, whereas the scheduled one felt like something she was doing to meet expectations.”

Bob began stroking along the edges of Jess’s pussy lips, noting how wet she’d become, her arousal unmistakable.

“Was the two-week timeline your idea or Tom’s?” he asked.

“It was mutual,” Jess replied. “We both agreed two weeks made sense.”

“But did Tom suggest it first?” Bob asked gently. “I’m just trying to understand the dynamic.”

Jess thought for a moment. “Yes, Tom suggested it initially. He said we both needed time to prepare mentally.”

Bob nodded as if this confirmed his suspicions. “Tom probably means well, but he might be more comfortable in the situation knowing exactly when it’s happening. But what’s comfortable for Tom might not be what’s best for you, though.”

“Tom has been very supportive,” Jess protested.

“I agree he’s been supportive,” Bob said. “But are you making this choice for yourself, or because you’re trying to be the ‘good wife’ who respects her husband’s timeline? Is the two-week wait about what you want, or about not wanting to seem too eager, too sexually adventurous, too willing to cross this line without appropriate reluctance?”

Jess went quiet, and Bob knew he’d struck a nerve.

He continued massaging, his hands now including her pussy in their movements. He slid his oiled fingers along her slit, stroking her pussy for a moment, feeling her wetness coating his fingers, before sliding a single finger inside.

Jess gasped, her body tensing momentarily before relaxing into the sensation.

Bob started gently thrusting his finger into her pussy before adding a second. He curled his fingers, finding the spot that had made her squirt during previous encounters.

Jess’s breathing became ragged. She grabbed fistfuls of his bedsheets and began moaning. Bob maintained pressure with both hands, working them exactly as he’d learned produced the most intense response. Her wetness increased, coating his hand beyond the oil he’d applied.

Jess turned her head to bury her face in the mattress, muffling her increasingly vocal response. Bob recognized she was approaching orgasm and maintained exactly the same pressure and rhythm.

Just moments later, her entire body went rigid. Bob felt the first pulse around his fingers, then the gush of fluid that sprayed across his hand and onto the towel beneath her. The squirt was substantial, soaking through the towel to the sheets below. Jess cried out despite her attempt to muffle it against the mattress, the sound raw and uncontrolled.

Bob didn’t let up. He aggressively curled his fingers, coaxing out another squirting orgasm. More fluid gushed from Jess’s pussy, her body convulsing. The second orgasm seemed to blend with the first, creating one extended wave of overwhelming sensation.

As Jess squirmed with pleasure, Bob withdrew his fingers and smoothly flipped her onto her back. He immediately lowered his mouth to her pussy.

Jess gasped loudly, her hands flying to Bob’s bald head. “Oh god! Bob!”

Bob gripped Jess’s thighs, spreading them wider, his tongue sliding along the length of her pussy. The taste of her flooded his mouth, sweeter than he’d remembered.

Bob lifted his face briefly to look up at Jess. She had one arm thrown across her eyes, the other hand gripping the sheets. Her breasts rose and fell with each rapid breath, her stomach muscles contracting. “You taste incredible, princess.”

Jess made an incoherent sound that might have been agreement or just pure reaction to sensation. Bob returned his mouth to her pussy, this time focusing exclusively on her clit. He sucked it between his lips, applying the pressure he’d learned she responded to most intensely.

Bob reached up while continuing to work Jess with his tongue, hands squeezing her breasts. He pinched her nipples firmly and Jess arched into the sensation, her hips lifting off the bed.

Jess's moans became continuous now, her hips beginning to move against Bob's face. He could tell she was building toward another orgasm, the third in rapid succession. He maintained the rhythm that was clearly working.

Jess cried out suddenly, her entire body going rigid. Then came the gush of fluid, spraying directly onto his face this time, coating his mouth and chin, some of it going into his nose and making him snort reflexively to clear it. He kept his tongue on her clit through the squirting, drawing out the orgasm as long as possible.

Jess squirmed and twisted, her hands covering her face as she experienced the powerful orgasm. Her thighs trembled against Bob's head, her hips bucking involuntarily.

When the spasms finally subsided, Bob lifted his face. Jess's fluid dripped from his chin and cheeks. He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, then used a corner of the towel beneath Jess to dry his face more thoroughly.

Jess lay on the bed, her chest rising and falling rapidly from the intensity of her orgasms. Her legs remained spread, thighs trembling slightly. Bob could see her pussy glistening, the towel beneath her soaked through to the sheets.

Bob let his towel fall to the floor, standing completely naked now. He positioned himself between Jess's spread legs, his cock fully erect. He didn't penetrate, just rested his shaft on her pubic mound, letting it extend up her stomach. The visual was unmistakable, his cock reaching past her belly button, the thick shaft creating a clear measurement of exactly how much of him would eventually be inside her.

Jess lifted her head to look down at her own body. Her eyes widened as she saw his size laid out against her stomach. "You're huge." She said as she gasped for air. "How big are you actually? Like fifteen inches or something?"

Bob grinned at the obvious exaggeration. "Not fifteen inches, princess. More like nine or ten. Maybe eleven on a really good day."

He paused, his eyes traveling over her naked body. "Today definitely qualifies as a really good day, given the view I'm currently enjoying."

Jess laughed nervously, the sound breathless. "Nine or ten inches is still massive."

Bob shifted his position slightly, his cock now resting directly against her pussy. The heat between them was almost unbearable. He began sliding his shaft between her pussy folds, recreating the pussyjob they'd done during the previous encounter. The sensation sent electricity through his system.

Jess held her breath. "Bob... be careful."

Bob maintained a slow rhythm, letting her feel every inch of his length sliding against her most sensitive areas. She's close, he thought. So fucking close to giving in. The surveillance had told him she wanted this. Her body was telling him she wanted this.

Bob shifted his weight slightly, reaching for his nightstand drawer. Inside sat the box of condoms he'd purchased the day after hearing Jess's Saturday night confession to Tom. He'd been so certain this moment would come that he'd bought them first thing Sunday morning, selecting the largest size available.

Bob extracted a single condom and looked at Jess. They made eye contact as he tore the wrapper and Bob saw a flash of panic cross her face before it gave way to something else. Resignation? Acceptance? Desire?

As Bob rolled on the condom, he briefly considered whether he should have punctured it, creating the possibility of "accidentally" impregnating her. But he'd rejected this approach. Strategically, he'd rather have regular sexual access for months before

attempting pregnancy. This moment might be his only opportunity, but pregnancy would surely end access. The long-game risk-reward calculation didn't favor sabotage yet. He was playing for sustained access to this goddess's body, not a single pyrrhic victory.

Jess stared at Bob's cock with the condom on, her chest rising and falling rapidly. She swallowed visibly. "Bob..." she said.

Bob ignored her hesitation, sliding his shaft between her pussy folds again, building the friction. He then guided the head of his cock to her opening, applying just enough pressure to communicate intent.

"Bob..." Jess said again, her voice uncertain. Bob asked directly,

"Do you really want to stop?"

Jess didn't answer immediately. Her expression showed the internal war playing out in real time, desire battling against whatever mental barriers remained. She bit her lower lip, clearly torn between desire and hesitation. She briefly closed her eyes, then opened them.

Bob maintained the position, the head of his cock pressed against her entrance, just enough pressure to keep her focused on the sensation.

"I don't know if I can handle it," Jess finally said in a breathless rush. "Your cock is no joke, Bob."

Bob smiled, recognizing this as fear of pain rather than actual refusal. "I'll go slow, princess."

Jess attempted weak humor, her voice carrying nervous energy. "Your sex life must be terrible because no one can handle your penis."

Bob laughed genuinely, appreciating her attempt to lighten the moment. "You'd be surprised what people can handle when they want to." He applied slightly more pressure, the head of his cock beginning to spread her entrance. "Do you want to, Jess?"

Jess's heart was visibly pounding, her chest rising and falling rapidly. She nodded, the movement small but unmistakable.

Bob began pushing forward slowly, watching Jess's face. She was tight despite her wetness, despite the multiple orgasms, despite her obvious arousal.

Jess gasped as the head of his cock pushed past her entrance. Her hands fisted his sheets tightly. "Oh god, oh my god."

Bob paused with just the head inside. "How does it feel?" "It's so much," Jess

responded. "You're stretching me."

Bob spread Jess's legs wider, pressing them down and out to create maximum space. The position opened her completely, allowing him to sink deeper. He watched his cock disappear into her pussy inch by inch, the visual nearly as arousing as the sensation.

Jess shut her eyes tight and moaned as Bob began a slow rhythm, pulling back slightly before pushing forward, each thrust going incrementally deeper than the last. He wasn't trying to bottom out yet, just gradually opening her to accommodate his size.

"Yes. God. So deep. Can't... too much... don't stop," Jess's vocalizations became continuous, a stream of moans and half-formed words.

Bob maintained his pace, steady and relentless, going deeper with each thrust. Sweat began forming on his bald head despite the relatively moderate exertion. At fifty-five and overweight, his body wasn't designed for sustained sexual performance the way it might have been even a decade ago. His knees ached from standing beside the bed. His lower back protested the angle. But he pushed through, driven by the knowledge that this was everything he'd worked for.

Jess's pussy gripped his cock with each thrust, the tightness almost overwhelming. She feels incredible, Bob thought. Better than Sarah at her best, better than Karen in those first months. This is what heaven feels like.

"Oh my god," Jess moaned gutturally. "You feel so fucking good."

Bob finally bottomed out, his entire length buried inside her. He paused, savoring the moment. Months of work, months of manipulation and patience and strategy, and now he was completely inside the most beautiful woman he'd ever known.

Jess's eyes flew open. "Oh my god. You're… all the way in. I can feel you everywhere."

Bob remained still for a moment, then began thrusting again, pulling nearly all the way out before pushing back in completely. The pace remained moderate but the depth was complete now.

Jess's vocalizations increased in volume and frequency. "It feels amazing," she told him. Her eyes rolled to the back of her head and she closed them again, lying there with heavy-lidded eyes, her face showing pure satisfaction. She was completely surrendered to the sensation, to the overwhelming fullness of his cock inside her.

Bob maintained the rhythm, his hips driving forward with each thrust. His breathing became labored, sweat dripping more freely now. His body continued to protest the sustained effort, but he pushed through.

Jess's pussy continued to grip his cock with each thrust, her wetness coating his shaft and making obscene wet sounds with each penetration. The sounds filled the bedroom, a soundtrack of conquest that Bob knew he would remember forever.

As he continued thrusting into this goddess, Bob felt the telltale tightening in Jess's pussy that signaled her approaching orgasm. He increased his pace slightly despite his growing exhaustion. "I can feel you getting close. Are you going to come on my cock, princess?"

Jess didn't answer. Her entire body went rigid, her back arching. Then came the gush, fluid spraying around Bob's cock and soaking his balls, running down his thighs and pooling on the already-saturated towel beneath them. Her pussy clenched rhythmically around his shaft, milking him with contractions that nearly triggered his own orgasm.

Jess had tears in her eyes as she twisted and squirmed, then started giggling. Her whole body trembled as she managed to say, "Oh my god. Oh my god. You made me squirt. With your cock."

Bob grinned triumphantly, his chest heaving. "I've made you squirt with my fingers, with my mouth, and now with my cock."

Bob repositioned her and started thrusting again. His pace had slowed slightly out of necessity, his body genuinely fatigued now, but he maintained the depth and rhythm. Each thrust went all the way in, his balls slapping against her ass with wet sounds.

Jess reached for Bob's arms, her nails digging in. "It's too much. I can't… it's so intense."

Bob recognized this as overwhelm rather than genuine request to stop. He continued thrusting. "You can handle it," he told her. "You're already handling it."

Jess's eyes were unfocused, her expression dazed. "What are you doing to me?"

Jess's next orgasm built faster than the first. Her vocalizations shifted from words to pure sound, moans and cries that communicated pleasure beyond language.

Bob felt his own orgasm approaching. His thrusts became harder despite his exhaustion, driven by a primitive need to finish. The steady rhythm gave way to more aggressive movement, his cock now slamming into her with force.

Jess cried out with each strong thrust now. “Oh, oh, oh, oh.”

Bob’s breathing became ragged, his frame shaking with effort. “I’m getting close, princess. Where do you want it?”

Jess’s eyes were closed, her head thrashing from side to side. “I can’t… anywhere. Anywhere.”

Bob recognized that Jess was too overwhelmed to make coherent decisions. He made the choice for her, pulling out suddenly. He pulled off the condom and tossed it aside, his hand immediately wrapping around his cock and stroking as he positioned himself beside her head.

Jess opened her eyes, looking up at Bob just as his orgasm hit.

Bob’s cock erupted, the first rope of cum shooting across Jess’s face and landing across her forehead and left eye. The second, third, and fourth followed immediately, coating her lips and chin. The volume was substantial, over a week of saved-up semen painting her beautiful features.

Bob continued stroking, his orgasm seemingly endless. More cum shot across Jess’s cheeks, into her open mouth, across her jaw and down her neck. His balls contracted with each pulse, delivering everything he’d been holding back.

Jess gasped, trying to close her mouth but not quickly enough. She swallowed reflexively, then again as more cum landed on her tongue.

When the spurts finally subsided, Bob’s cock was still rock hard, glistening with remnants of his orgasm. He guided it to Jess’s mouth.

Jess parted her lips without being asked, taking Bob’s cock head into her mouth and sucking gently. She swirled her tongue around the tip, cleaning him, drawing out the final drops of cum still leaking from his slit.

Bob groaned, his hips jerking slightly at the oversensitivity. “Fuck, princess.”

Jess released his cock after several seconds of this cleanup service, her face still coated with his cum. She scooped his cum off her face with both hands and opened her eyes, blinking through the semen across her eyelid.

“Jesus,” she commented, breathing hard, looking at the volume on her hand. “Are you taking something that makes you cum this much?”

Bob laughed, also still catching his breath. “All natural, princess. Just been saving up for you.”

Bob’s chest heaved, sweat still dripping from his bald head. He felt genuinely exhausted, his fifty-five-year-old body having just performed at levels he hadn’t sustained in years. But the satisfaction coursing through him transcended physical fatigue. He’d done it. Collapsed the timeline, achieved penetration, made her squirt with his cock, completely overwhelmed her with sensation. This victory tasted better than anything he could remember.

He moved to sit on the edge of the bed, his breathing gradually slowing. He wiped sweat from his face with the back of his hand. “How was it for you?”

Jess remained on her back for a moment. Bob’s cum began to drip down toward her ears and hairline. “Everything is a blur,” she finally managed.

Bob noticed Jess made no immediate move to wipe her face clean, just lay there processing what had happened. The sight satisfied something primal in him. She was so overwhelmed she couldn’t even think about cleaning up yet, just lay there marked by his seed, her body still trembling from the intensity.

Jess finally sat up slowly, cum dripping from her chin onto her breasts. She took the drenched towel beneath her and wiped cum from her face. “I can’t believe you made me squirt with your cock.”

The statement carried wonder. Bob felt another surge of satisfaction. Making her squirt with his cock was the ultimate validation, proof that he could provide something Tom couldn’t.

Jess reached down and touched her lower abdomen, pressing her hand against an area several inches above her pubic bone. “I felt it there, like you were going all the way inside me.” She shook her head slowly. “It felt so fucking good but almost too much at times. I almost wanted to tell you to stop.”

Bob reached over and placed his hand on Jess’s knee, the gesture almost tender. “I told you I’d take good care of you.”

Jess nodded but didn’t respond verbally. Bob recognized this as his cue to say nothing more, to let her process without filling the silence with words that might break whatever spell she was currently under. Talk too much and she’ll start rationalizing, start questioning, start regretting. Let her leave while she’s still in this overwhelmed headspace and she’ll report to Tom while everything is raw and undigested.

Bob stood from the bed, his legs slightly unsteady. “You’re welcome to use my shower to clean up.”

Jess shook her head quickly, already moving toward the edge of the bed. “I’ve got to go upstairs to prepare for a meeting.” The excuse sounded flimsy but Bob didn’t challenge it. She needed to escape, to process what had just happened. Running away from the intensity was exactly what he’d expected.

She stood on shaky legs and moved toward the bathroom where her clothes remained scattered from their shower earlier. Bob watched her go, cum still coating parts of her face and dripping down her neck and chest, her pussy glistening with their combined fluids. The sight was perfect. She was marked, claimed, thoroughly fucked.

Bob remained in the bedroom, naked, his cock finally beginning to soften. He wiped himself down with a corner of the towel from the bed but made no move to dress or follow Jess. Give her space. Let her run. She’ll be back.

“Bye Bob,” Jess called out as she exited through the shared laundry door.

Bob went out to his living room. He stood alone in his apartment, naked, his body aching from exertion but his mind racing with triumph. He’d done it, he’d possessed her, the most beautiful woman he’d ever known.

Bob moved to home office, to his desk, and opened his notebook, adding today’s date and a single word in large letters.

SUCCESS.

He underlined it three times, then closed the notebook and set down his pen.

The Bad Tenant Ch. 24

Jess stood motionless in the master bathroom, both hands gripping the edge of the marble counter, staring at her reflection in the mirror. Her chest rose and fell rapidly as she examined herself. Bob's cum remained visible, matted in her hair, splattered at her temples and neck, smeared across her chin, a streak along her jawline she hadn't fully wiped away. Her hair was disheveled. She looked exactly like what she was, a woman who had just been thoroughly fucked.

Between her legs, she felt something unusual, an internal sensation, a kind of phantom fullness exactly where Bob had been. It wasn't pain or discomfort. It was awareness, like her pussy couldn't forget the sensation of being utterly filled and was still trying to grip something that was no longer there, muscles contracting around absence, seeking what had pleasured her so completely.

With trembling fingers, she scooped a bit of Bob's cum from near her temple. She held it in front of her, suspended between her face and the mirror, studying the fluid that had minutes ago been inside a man who wasn't her husband. She brought her finger to her lips and sucked the cum into her mouth. The taste flooded her senses, triggering an immediate recall of Bob above her, his throaty groan, the warmth of his cum hitting her face before she even registered what was happening.

Tom had never done that, had never even asked. That existed outside their sexual repertoire entirely. Marco had given her occasional facials back in college, but she preferred swallowing while looking into a man's eyes, then opening her mouth to show she'd consumed it all. That had always felt more intimate, more connected.

But Bob's loads were something else, maybe five Tom loads, probably five Marco loads too. The sheer volume still shocked her despite having witnessed his forceful ejaculations multiple times now.

She'd always thought facials were degrading in a way that didn't appeal to her. They were performative, something men wanted because they'd seen it in porn. Yet this time, she'd liked it, liked her pretty face getting marked with his cum. The realization didn't disturb her as much as the ease with which she'd accepted it, how natural it had felt in the moment.

Some distant part of her brain registered that she needed to shower, needed to wash away the evidence, needed to return to her desk and get back to work.

She shook her head and stepped into the shower, turning the water to hot. The water rinsed away their combined bodily fluids but instead of relief, a flutter of anxiety gripped her.

She hadn't just had sex with Bob. She'd had sex with Bob without Tom's knowledge or consent that it was happening today. The two-week timeline hadn't been casual or approximate. It had been something they'd established together, and she'd violated it. She'd made a unilateral decision, taken that power for herself.

Their whole arrangement had been predicated on mutual decision making and absolute transparency. She'd shattered that foundation in a moment of desire.

"Oh my God," she whispered.

Tom doesn't know. The thought repeated like a drumbeat. Tom doesn't know what I just did. Tom doesn't know his wife just got fucked by another man.

Her chest constricted and she couldn't get enough air. The steam from the shower made it worse, made her feel like she was drowning. She felt lightheaded, braced both hands against the shower wall.

"Stop," she whispered to herself. "Stop."

She forced herself to take deep breaths. In through the nose for four counts, hold for seven, then out through the mouth for eight, the 4-7-8 breathing pattern Tom had taught her.

A moment of clarity broke through her panic. What exactly had she done? She hadn't cheated, not in any traditional sense. Tom had given her permission to have sex with Bob. They'd talked about it extensively, fantasized about it together. Tom had frantically thrust into her just days ago while saying "I can't believe you want to fuck Bob" with unmistakable arousal in his voice.

The violation wasn't the act itself but the timing. They'd agreed on two weeks, and she'd collapsed that timeline without discussion. It was like arriving at a dinner party at 7 instead of 8, inconsiderate, perhaps, but hardly catastrophic, not something that warranted this level of existential dread.

Gradually, the tightness in her chest eased. The walls stopped closing in. The water became just water again, not a suffocating prison.

She straightened up, leaning back against the tile. She needed to think, needed to understand what happened, how she'd gotten here.

She closed her eyes and reconstructed the sequence of events. Normally, her sessions with Bob were at noon, but nervous energy had driven her to go down half an hour early. She'd intended to talk to Bob about the two-week plan and to get a massage after an exhausting week in Savannah.

But when she'd let herself into his apartment, she'd heard the shower running. She'd walked straight to the bathroom with the dildo, making that stupid joke about comparing it to the original.

Things had escalated faster than she'd anticipated. The shower, the teasing, the blowjob, had all built the kind of arousal that made rational thinking difficult.

Then came the massage, and soon after she was on her back looking up at Bob.

She remembered the Sarah story, Bob's anecdote about his ex-wife's scheduled sexual encounter versus spontaneous one, how the scheduled encounter created anxiety, how the spontaneous one was transformative.

The story had resonated with her. Bob had articulated exactly what she'd been feeling without her needing to say a word. That was what made Bob special, his intuitive understanding of her feelings, his ability to see what she needed even when she couldn't fully express it herself. The connection she felt with him wasn't just physical, it was about being truly seen.

The story had to be genuine. Bob had told it so naturally, the details flowing without hesitation. It wasn't the kind of story someone made up on the spot. And it had given her exactly what she needed, permission to follow her desire rather than adhere to an arbitrary timeline.

There had been a moment, she remembered now. Bob had positioned himself at her entrance, the head of his cock pressing against her. He'd asked directly, "Do you really want to stop?"

That was the fork in the road. Everything before could be rationalized as momentum, as things escalating naturally, but that question had forced a conscious decision.

She could have said yes, could have pulled back, gotten dressed, maintained the two-week timeline. Bob would have accepted it. She knew he would have.

But she'd looked at him, at his massive cock with the condom already rolled on, at his face full of desperate want, and she'd said no.

The sex had been amazing, though "amazing" felt woefully inadequate to describe what she'd experienced, like calling the Grand Canyon "a hole in the ground."

At first, Bob had pushed into her slowly. She'd thought she'd reached her limit when he was a little more than halfway in. The stretch had felt complete, impossible to expand further.

Then he'd adjusted his angle, shifted his hips, and somehow pushed the remainder inside. She remembered the exact moment, the psychological shock of realizing he was fully inside her, all of him, filling her completely

His cock had touched areas deep inside that had never been touched before, that probably should have stayed untouched.

The sensation had blown her mind so absolutely she'd lost the ability to form coherent thoughts. She'd just laid there, mouth open, unable to process what her body was experiencing. It was everything she'd ever wanted sexually without knowing she'd ever wanted it.

Bob hadn't flipped her into elaborate positions or demonstrated complicated techniques. He had simply held her legs open and thrust his big cock into her over and over again. The approach was shockingly basic, almost primitive in its simplicity, yet profoundly satisfying.

What had she said during it? She tried to remember through the haze. Fragments returned. "Too much… don't stop… so deep… oh god…" Incoherent gasps and moans.

The sex had only lasted about ten to fifteen minutes, but she'd lost count of how many times she'd come. Five? Six? Seven? More? They'd blurred together into one continuous peak.

There was something about Bob's shameless desire for her that turned her on immensely. He consumed her like he couldn't get enough, like her pleasure was his pleasure, like making her lose control was his singular objective. Watching his face during sex was like watching a starving man finally receive food after prolonged deprivation.

She'd seen the effort in his expression, the concentration, the determination, the subtle desperation. His body had fought him. At fifty-five, overweight, out of shape, he'd been visibly struggling, sweat dripping from his bald head, breathing labored, body trembling with exertion, but he'd pushed through, driven by pure determination to make her come.

But it wasn't just during penetration. Bob's eagerness to please her had always been apparent in how he'd take his time with massages, teasing her until she wanted to beg. When he finally used his fingers, he wouldn't stop until she came, sometimes multiple times, his focus entirely on her pleasure rather than rushing toward his own.

And god, his mouth. When he'd make her squirt with his tongue, instead of pulling away in surprise or disgust, he'd let her fluids spray against his face. He'd lick and slurp her juices without restraint or shame. He'd even circled his tongue against her asshole that one time, a sensation she hadn't exactly disliked.

And then today, he'd made her squirt with his cock.

One moment crystallized above all others.

Bob had been deep inside her, so deep she could feel him everywhere, when something changed. She'd felt it building, that pressure she now recognized from his fingers and tongue, but this was even more overwhelming, more inevitable.

Bob had asked if she was going to cum on his cock.

She'd tried to answer but couldn't form words. Her entire body had gone rigid, every muscle locking as the sensation crested beyond anything she'd experienced.

Then it happened. The release had been explosive, fluid gushing from her in a way that shocked her as it happened, her body completely beyond her control.

Tears had sprung to her eyes from the sheer intensity. She'd twisted and squirmed, unable to stay still, and then she'd started giggling, not from humor but from overwhelming sensation, from her brain short circuiting under pleasure it couldn't process. Her whole body had trembled as she'd managed to gasp out, "Oh my god. Oh my god. You made me squirt. With your cock."

The pride in Bob's voice had been unmistakable. "I've made you squirt with my fingers, with my mouth, and now with my cock."

Jess opened her eyes, recognizing that while Bob was fucking her, she'd been entirely present in the moment. She hadn't thought about Tom even once. Not during penetration, not during the orgasms, not when Bob came on her face. Tom's existence had vanished from her consciousness.

She'd had a profound sexual experience and Tom's absence hadn't diminished it. In fact, his absence might have enhanced it because she wasn't performing for anyone. She wasn't in her head, translating the experience into a narrative for Tom, wasn't considering which details would arouse him most, wasn't shaping her responses to create the story he'd want to hear later. She was just experiencing pure sensation.

Tears began welling up, then rolling down Jess's face, mixing with the shower water.

The tears weren't from guilt or fear but from the realization of how significant this moment was. There was Before, when she'd been Jessica Marshall, exploring boundaries with her husband's knowledge and encouragement, when sex with Bob was just fantasy and dirty talk. And After, when she knew exactly what it felt like to have him inside her, when she was someone who'd had sex with a man who wasn't her husband.

The marriage she'd woken up in this morning was gone. Even if the new version might be better, more honest, more aligned with who she was becoming, the old version was dead.

She'd already done so much with Bob before today. She'd sucked his cock with increasing enthusiasm, swallowed his cum. She'd straddled him naked, grinding her bare pussy against his

shaft, hovering at the edge of penetration. She'd admitted to Tom that she wanted to fuck Bob, that she'd wanted to know what it would feel like to have his huge cock inside her.

All of that had been framed as exploration within Tom's fantasy. She'd told herself she was accommodating his desires, being the adventurous wife he wanted. The framework had been comfortable. Tom wanted this, Tom encouraged it, Tom got aroused hearing about it. She was just following where he led, responding to what he wanted.

But today was different. Today, she'd chosen her desire over their agreement.

She'd fucked another man because she wanted to. The blunt truth of it allowed no linguistic gymnastics, no comfortable euphemisms, no "exploring boundaries" or "accommodating Tom's desires."

What she mourned wasn't the death of her "good girl" identity itself. That version of herself had been dead for months. She mourned the ability to pretend, the comfortable cognitive dissonance that let her act on her desires while avoiding responsibility for them by attributing them to Tom.

That safety was gone. She'd have to own this now, all of it, own who she'd been becoming since the first moment Bob's hands had slid up her thighs during a "massage."

Specific memories surfaced as she stood there, moments now permanently recontextualized.

The first time she'd told Tom she loved him, a couple months into their relationship. They'd just finished making love in his college apartment. The sex had felt transcendent, like their bodies fit together perfectly, like they'd found something rare and precious.

The night Tom proposed, he'd promised to "give her everything," and she'd believed sexual fulfillment was included in "everything." That promise now felt naive, as if emotional and practical partnership should automatically translate to complete sexual satisfaction.

A moment last year, their anniversary trip to that bed and breakfast in the Hill Country. They'd had sex four times in one day, and she'd thought it was the best they'd ever had. She'd felt so connected to him that night, so certain that their sexual compatibility was solid.

With Tom, sex had always been about connection, communication, the interplay between two people who knew each other intimately. It was reciprocal, collaborative, often tender. She would guide his hand, he would adjust his angle, they would find rhythm together. She had always felt content, satisfied. That's what she'd believed great sex felt like.

What Bob did to her body wasn't collaborative. It was conquest. He didn't ask what she wanted, but made her body confess it. She didn't guide him to her pleasure, but he dragged her there whether she was ready or not. Bob had shown her the difference between contentment and delirium, between satisfaction and complete dissolution.

She now knew, not suspected or wondered, but definitively knew, that Bob could give her sexual pleasure Tom could not. These weren't subtle differences or minor variations. These were fundamental disparities in capability.

She suddenly remembered that the Houston project materials were waiting on her desk. The Chen development needed her attention, and she'd been standing in the shower for who knows how long.

Jess turned off the shower and reached for a towel. As she dried herself, another truth demanded acknowledgment.

She wanted more. Not in two days or two weeks, but now. The hunger was physical, located in her pussy, in her skin, in her mouth. She could taste him still, could feel the absence of him inside her. This appetite hadn't existed before today.

She wanted to try again in different positions. Doggy style especially, her favorite. Her pussy throbbed at the mental image of her on hands and knees, Bob's thick fingers gripping her hips, that relentless fullness driving into her from behind. And riding him, she wanted to straddle that large frame, sink down onto his cock inch by inch.

Standing naked in the bathroom, Jess slid her hands between her legs. She discovered she was already aroused again. Her fingers confirmed it immediately.

This troubled her. She'd just had multiple intense orgasms less than half an hour ago.

The appetite wasn't for sex generally but specifically for that complete dissolution of self-consciousness, for being so overwhelmed she stopped performing, for her body doing things she didn't know it could do.

She could go back downstairs, could knock on Bob's door right now. Nothing prevented it except her choice. Bob would let her in. Bob would fuck her again. The realization that she could do this, that the only barrier was her decision, created a dizzying sense of power and danger.

But she wouldn't, not without talking to Tom first, not without honoring at least that much of their agreement. She'd already violated the timeline they'd established together. She wouldn't compound that by going back for more before Tom even knew what had happened once.

Jess forced herself to get dressed. She chose black slacks and a simple white blouse, transforming back into interior designer Jessica Marshall rather than the woman who'd been thoroughly fucked by her tenant.

She then moved to her home office and sat at her desk. The Houston project materials were open on her laptop exactly as she'd left them before going downstairs.

She tried to focus on the words, but they blurred. Her mind kept returning to what just happened in Bob's apartment.

Her phone lit up on the desk, the screen interrupting her thoughts with a text notification. Tom's name appeared.

Tom: How did the conversation with Bob go? Have you talked to him yet?

Jess picked up her phone and stared at the message. How should she respond? What combination of characters could possibly convey what had happened?

'Yes, I talked to Bob. Also I fucked him. Also, he made me squirt with his amazing cock. Also it was the best sex of my life. Also I came so many times I lost count. Also it wasn't long enough and I want to do it again right now.'

Seconds extended into a minute, then two. She remained frozen, phone clutched in her hand, staring at those innocent words from a husband who had no idea what had transpired this afternoon.

Every potential response felt inadequate, each approach either too blunt or too evasive. Nothing in their years together had prepared her for this moment. There was no precedent, no template for how to tell your husband you'd just had mind-altering sex with another man weeks before the agreed-upon timeline.

Her mind kept cycling through approaches, direct confession, partial truth, complete omission, but none seemed right. Words simply failed to materialize, as if language itself had abandoned her in this crisis.

She wondered if they didn't have the honesty rule, would she tell Tom at all?

Her immediate, gut response was no.

Not because she wanted to betray him, but because the prospect of how to tell him felt insurmountable. How did you tell your husband that another man's cock had given you pleasure you'd never had with him? How did you explain that you'd been so overwhelmed you forgot he existed? How did you frame that conversation without hurting your husband?

Without the rule forcing disclosure, she would absolutely choose silence, would carry this secret alone, let the weight of it settle into her bones, maybe tell him years from now when they were old and it mattered less, or maybe never. Without the rule, she'd proven she wasn't naturally honest. She was naturally self-protective. She'd keep secrets if allowed.

Nausea rose in her throat. Throughout their entire relationship, she'd thought of herself as fundamentally honest, someone who valued truth above comfort. She'd criticized friends who kept secrets from their partners, had mentally categorized them as weaker, less ethical. Now she was confronting the uncomfortable truth that given the choice between painful honesty and comfortable deception, her instinct was to choose comfort.

What did that mean about who she was? What did it mean about their marriage?

This was the first time she'd consciously acknowledged that this part of herself existed, the part that would keep something significant from her husband if given the choice, the part that would choose comfortable lies over devastating truth.

Was that cheating? Not the sex itself, but this impulse toward concealment?

Their entire exploration had supposedly been built on radical honesty, on sharing everything, on maintaining communication as the foundation even as they pushed other boundaries. But that framework only worked because Tom had made it work by establishing the rule.

But even if she wanted to keep this secret, even if the honesty rule didn't exist, she couldn't.

Tom might discover the truth from direct physical sensation.

When they have sex later tonight, would he feel different? She had no frame of reference for this situation. She'd never had sex with two different men in one day before, never had sex with someone Bob's size, then hours later been with Tom.

Would her pussy feel looser to him? Less tight? Would his cock slide in too easily, meeting less resistance than he was accustomed to?

She knew vaginas were elastic, that they returned to normal quickly. But how quickly was quickly? Hours? Days? And what was "normal" after being stretched around something that

substantial? The dildo had been one thing, something she eased in halfway. Bob had been different, relentless, holding her open, pushing deeper than she thought possible, all the way inside.

The dirty talk she and Tom had engaged in, about Bob "stretching out" her pussy, "ruining" it for Tom, had been fantasy, arousing precisely because it existed in the realm of the hypothetical.

But what if it wasn't fantasy? What if there was truth beneath the exaggeration? Not permanent damage, maybe, but temporary evidence? Tom knew her body intimately, had been inside her thousands of times over their years together. He would notice differences she couldn't hide. The way she felt around him, the sounds their bodies made together, even the angle that usually worked best, all of it might betray what she'd done.

And if he noticed before she told him? If his face changed during sex, if confusion crossed his features, if he pulled back and asked "Is everything okay? You feel different"? The violation would be doubled. Not just the sex itself but the deception, the allowing him to discover it through his own body rather than her confession.

Finally, she typed a response.

Jess: Had an interesting encounter with Bob. Let's talk about it tonight. Love you.

It wasn't a lie, but it wasn't the full truth either. It was a bridge to the conversation they needed to have.

The decision of what to tell Tom, and when, and how much, suddenly felt more significant than the sex itself. She couldn't afford devastating his ego. This choice would define what their marriage became next.

She stood. She needed to talk to someone. She was trapped alone with knowledge too big to carry, too complicated to process, too dangerous to share.

Madi wasn't an option.

The privacy rule prevented it, but beyond that, Madi would immediately know something was wrong. Best friends developed that instinct through years of reading each other's voices, detecting distress in the spaces between words.

And Jess would break. She'd spill everything, confess it all in a rushing stream of words. Madi would listen, would maybe even understand, would offer perspective that Jess couldn't access alone in this spiral of confusion.

Madi would keep the secret, yes, but secrets had a way of reshaping relationships. Once Madi knew this about her, knew Jess had fucked their tenant and loved it, their friendship would be different. Madi would see her differently.

Tom was the only person she could tell, and Tom was the person she most feared telling. She was utterly alone with this.

Staring at her phone, Jess realized she needed a plan for when Tom came home. Her mind shifted to practicalities, searching for structure amid emotional chaos.

All previous boundary crossings with Bob had resulted in intense arousal for Tom. This would likely be no different, probably even more intense given the significance of the boundary they'd crossed.

She should prepare properly, create the right setting, not treat this like a somber confession of wrongdoing but as the culmination of a fantasy they'd built together, just on an accelerated timeline.

Jess checked the time. She had a few hours before Tom would be home. She'd make his favorite dinner, something special but not so elaborate that she'd be distracted from the conversation they needed to have. The food would create a sense of normalcy before she shared news that would fundamentally shift their relationship.

One thing she knew for certain was that regardless of how she framed it, Tom's primary reaction wouldn't be anger. It would be arousal.

Tom opened the front door at 7:04 PM, the rich aroma of cooking steak hitting him immediately. His stomach growled in response, partly from hunger after a long workday, partly from recognition that Jess had prepared his favorite meal.

He'd texted Jess around lunch asking how the conversation with Bob went. Her cryptic response had left him both intrigued and anxious. They'd exchanged several messages throughout the afternoon, but she'd kept the conversation focused on her Houston project preparation. Nothing about Bob, nothing about what "interesting encounter" meant.

Now home and desperate for details, Tom felt anticipation building with each passing second. What had their conversation entailed? Had they merely discussed the two-week timeline, or had something more happened? The possibilities had been cycling through his mind all afternoon, distracting him from client calls and progress reports.

He removed his shoes and began climbing the stairs. His heartbeat accelerated with each step, the rhythm almost uncomfortable in his chest.

Entering the kitchen, Tom found Jess at the stove wearing worn jeans and one of his old t-shirts, the faded blue one with the stretched-out neck that hung off one shoulder. Her hair was tied in a messy bun. A nearly empty wine glass sat on the counter beside a wooden cutting board, evidence she'd already started drinking.

The full meal preparation surrounded her, a seared steak resting on the cutting board, mashed potatoes in a pot, gravy simmering in a small saucepan, and asparagus roasting in the oven. The scent of rosemary and garlic permeated the air.

Jess turned at the sound of his entrance, a wooden spoon in her hand. "Perfect timing," she said. "Everything's almost ready."

Tom crossed the kitchen and gave her a quick peck on the cheek from behind. "Smells amazing." He hesitated only a second before asking the question that had consumed his thoughts all day. "So how did it go with Bob? Your text had me curious all afternoon."

Jess stirred the gravy once more before setting the spoon down. "Let's eat first," she said. "Why don't you get changed? Dinner will be on the table when you come back."

Something in her tone sent his pulse racing, an unusual combination of nervousness and excitement that suggested whatever had happened was significant. He wanted to press her, to demand answers immediately, but she'd clearly put significant effort into this meal for him, and he could respect the ritual of dinner first.

"Okay," he agreed, though it killed him to wait longer. "I'll be quick."

In their bedroom, Tom stripped off his work clothes, tossing his tie onto the dresser and hanging his suit jacket over the chair. Despite his eagerness to return to the kitchen, he decided a shower would help center him for whatever conversation awaited.

Under the hot spray, he tried to prepare himself for various scenarios. Maybe Bob had declined. That was unlikely. Maybe he needed time to think. Maybe they'd set a specific date.

After drying off, Tom pulled on comfortable jeans and a fresh t-shirt, ran a hand through his damp hair, and checked his reflection briefly before returning to the dining room.

The transformation stopped him in his tracks. The overhead lights were dimmed, candles flickered on the table, and their good plates, the ones typically reserved for anniversaries and special occasions, were arranged on the dining table. His plate already contained steak, a generous portion of mashed potatoes with a pool of gravy in the center, and roasted asparagus arranged artfully. A bottle of red wine stood open on the table, two glasses already poured.

"This feels more significant than a casual Tuesday dinner," Tom said, gesturing at the elaborate setup.

Jess looked up from placing her own plate on the table. "We deserve a nice dinner together," she said. "Next week we won't see each other."

Tom noted they were sitting across from each other rather than their usual casual side by side arrangement. The formal positioning created distance between them, like an important business meeting.

He sat down and took a sip of wine, recognizing it as a bottle more expensive than their usual weeknight selection. The rich, complex flavor confirmed his suspicion. This was from their "special occasion" rack in the pantry.

"This is so good," he said, cutting into his steak. The first bite was perfectly cooked, exactly how he preferred it, seared crust outside, warm pink center. Despite his anxiety, he couldn't help but appreciate her culinary skill. "Really really good."

Jess smiled.

They ate in silence for several minutes, the clink of silverware against plates the only sound in the room. Tom's mind raced with questions, but he respected her desire to ease into the conversation.

"So, the Skyline completion party is this Friday," Jess finally said. "You're definitely coming, right?"

"Absolutely," Tom replied. "I wouldn't miss it, especially after missing the other one."

"It starts at seven. I figured we'd Uber there together," Jess continued. "It's at that hotel downtown. Margaret and the whole design team will be there, plus Webb and other key clients."

Tom nodded, recognizing her attempt to normalize the evening. “My flight to Denver is at six Monday morning,” he said, playing along. “I’ll take an Uber rather than wake you up at four in the morning.”

“I don’t mind driving you,” Jess countered.

“No, really, it’s fine. You need your sleep.” He took another bite of steak. “When’s your Houston flight?”

“Monday evening at nine,” she replied. “I’ll be home all day prepping.”

“That’s such a short flight,” Tom observed. “What, forty-five minutes?”

“Less than an hour,” Jess confirmed. “I was actually thinking I might come back Friday evening after work instead of staying the night.”

“That would be nice,” Tom said. “I’ll be back Saturday morning, so we’d only miss each other by a few hours.”

“Exactly,” Jess said. “And honestly, sleeping in hotel beds gets old fast. I’d rather be home.”

They returned to eating, the conversation trailing off into silence. Tom attacked his plate, cutting his steak into quick, efficient bites. The food that had seemed so appealing when he first sat down now felt like an obstacle between him and the answers he desperately needed.

Jess picked at her asparagus, moving it around her plate more than actually eating it. Her wine glass made regular trips to her lips.

Tom finished his steak in record time. He pushed his plate slightly away, the gesture marking his completion not from satisfaction but from impatience. His fingers drummed once against the table before he caught himself and stopped.

Across from him, Jess set down her fork, her meal only half-finished. She reached for her wine glass again.

Tom couldn’t wait any longer. He set down his fork and gave her his complete attention. “Jess, what happened with Bob today?” he asked directly. His voice remained steady despite his hammering heart. “What was the ‘interesting encounter’?”

Jess’s fingers played with the stem of her wine glass, a nervous tell he recognized from years together. She took a sip before responding, clearly gathering her thoughts.

“I went down around eleven-thirty to talk to Bob about our two-week timeline,” she began. “I was nervous about the conversation and wanted to get it over with.”

Tom nodded, maintaining eye contact.

“When I got down there, Bob was in the shower,” Jess continued. “I… decided to join him. I brought the dildo along.”

Tom felt his cock stirring at the mental image of Jess entering Bob’s shower, dildo in hand. He tried to maintain a neutral expression, allowing her to continue without interruption.

“Things escalated in the shower,” she said, her eyes focused on her wine glass rather than his face. “We soaped each other up. I teased him with the dildo. I ended up giving him a blowjob.”

“In the shower?” asked Tom.

“Yes.”

“And then?”

“After we got out and dried off, we went to his bedroom,” Jess continued. “He gave me a massage.”

Tom’s mind filled in visual details she wasn’t providing, imagining every moment, every touch, every expression.

Jess paused, took another sip of wine, then met his eyes directly. “Things escalated during the massage,” she said. “One thing led to another.”

Tom’s heart rate spiked, a sudden rush of adrenaline making his hands shake slightly. He knew what was coming but needed to hear her say it.

Jess took a deep breath. “Tom…”

“Say it,” he said. “I need you to say it.”

“We… we had sex,” Jess said quietly. “Bob and I had sex today.”

Her voice trembled slightly on the words. Her shoulders tensed visibly as she awaited Tom’s reaction, eyes darting between his face and a point just past his shoulder.

Tom felt like he’d been slapped in the face. Multiple contradictory emotions surged through him at the same time, shock, arousal, hurt, excitement, confusion, jealousy. They arrived all at once, creating an overwhelming internal chaos that prevented him from immediately responding.

His throat constricted, making speech difficult. He swallowed hard. When he finally managed words, his voice came out almost shaky. “You… fucked Bob? Today?”

Jess nodded, confirming it. “Yes.”

Questions flooded Tom’s mind all at once. Why today? What happened to the two-week timeline they’d agreed on? Did Bob pressure her? Did they use protection? How long did it last? Was it good? Did she come? Did she enjoy it more than sex with him? Each question felt both desperately urgent and impossible to ask given his current emotional state.

“We said two weeks,” he finally managed, focusing on the most immediate thought in his mind.

“I know,” Jess replied quickly. “But Bob told me something that changed my perspective.” She leaned forward slightly. “He told me about his ex-wife Sarah.”

Tom listened as Jess recounted Bob’s story about Sarah’s scheduled sexual encounter that went poorly due to anticipation anxiety, contrasted with her later spontaneous encounter that supposedly transformed their relationship. Part of his brain was already questioning whether this story was real or manipulation.

“The story really resonated with me,” Jess explained. “It made me question whether the two-week timeline was serving me or just creating pressure and anxiety.”

Tom struggled to identify his primary emotion. Was he angry? A bit, but not really. Should he be angry? He couldn’t tell because he was also intensely aroused. His cock was rock hard beneath

the table, a reaction that embarrassed him given the circumstances. The internal conflict between fantasy fulfillment and violation of their agreement left him unmoored.

He realized he should address the boundary violation first but couldn't help asking for details. "How did it start? How did you go from massage to… him inside you?"

Jess took a deep breath. "His hands were all over my body during the massage," she explained. "He used oil, and I was getting really turned on."

Tom's breathing had gone shallow, waiting for more.

"Eventually he flipped me onto my back," Jess continued. "He was on his knees between my legs. I watched him roll on a condom. Then he pressed his… himself at my… entrance and asked if I wanted to stop."

The image crystallized in Tom's mind, Jess on her back on Bob's bed, legs spread, Bob kneeling between them with that massive cock in his hand, looking down at her as he asked the question that would change everything.

"And you said no?" Tom asked.

"I said no," Jess confirmed. "I didn't want to stop."

Tom felt a strange mix of devastation and arousal at her admission of choice. This wasn't coercion. This was his wife actively choosing to have sex with another man.

"And then?" he asked.

"He started in missionary," Jess explained. "The stretch was intense. It took time to… adjust."

Tom noted she was being somewhat vague about her pleasure, describing logistics more than sensation. He pushed for more. "But did it feel good?"

"It felt good," Jess admitted, her cheeks flushing slightly.

"Tell me exactly what it felt like," Tom pressed, needing more detail. "The first moment he pushed inside you… what was going through your mind?"

Jess looked uncomfortable but answered. "It was… overwhelming. The stretch was intense, almost too much at first. I remember thinking he's too big."

"Did you keep your eyes open? Were you looking at his face or did you close your eyes?"

"Both, I guess," Jess said. "Sometimes I watched his face, saw his expression… how focused he was. Sometimes I closed my eyes."

"How long did it last?" Tom asked. "The whole thing, from start to finish?"

"Maybe fifteen minutes of actual… penetration," Jess said. "It wasn't that long."

"Did you come?"

"Yeah…"

"How many times?"

"I don't know… a couple times," she said.

“Where did he finish?”

“He pulled out,” Jess explained. “He came on my… my face.”

Tom’s eyes went wide. “Holy fucking shit,” he muttered. The mental image of his wife’s beautiful face covered in another man’s cum was devastating.

Jess looked down at her plate.

“He came on your face,” Tom repeated. “That’s… wow. We’ve never done that.”

“I know,” Jess said quietly.

“Did you want him to? Did you ask him to? Or did he just do it?”

Jess hesitated. “It happened in the moment. He pulled out and I just… stayed where I was.”

“Was there a lot?” he asked. He remembered Bob’s voluminous ejaculations from the window incident months ago, that shocking quantity that had seemed almost inhuman.

“Yes,” Jess confirmed. “A lot.”

Tom felt his pulse hammering in his ears. “What did you do with it? Did you clean it off immediately?”

“I cleaned it off right away,” Jess told him.

“How long after it happened before you came upstairs?”

“Maybe five minutes,” she replied. “I left right after.”

“So you showered upstairs?”

“Yes.”

Tom peppered Jess with more questions, his words tumbling out almost faster than she could answer them. What positions did they use? Just missionary, she claimed. Did Bob talk dirty to her? Not really, he was focused on what he was doing. Was she vocal? She made some noise but nothing dramatic. Did Bob’s size start to hurt? There was stretching but no real pain.

Their dinner sat largely abandoned, neither particularly hungry anymore.

The silence that followed felt thick and oppressive. Tom stared at his plate. His mind raced with even more questions, but he didn’t want Jess to feel like she was being interrogated.

Jess sat motionless across from him, fingers still on her wine glass stem, eyes unfocused.

Tom reached for his wine glass and drained it in three long swallows.

“My stomach is in knots,” he admitted.

Jess looked up, meeting his eyes for the first time in several minutes. “Mine too.”

Tom gestured toward the living room. “Let’s talk somewhere more comfortable.”

Jess nodded, picking up her wine glass.

Tom brought the bottle and his own glass, refilling both as they settled on the couch. He sat close to her, needing physical proximity despite the emotional complexity, and took her hand.

“I’m trying to process all this,” he said, attempting to organize his chaotic thoughts into a coherent response. “I know I pushed for this. I wanted it. That’s on me.” He paused, squeezing her hand gently. “But we said two weeks, Jess. That gave me time to… to prep. I needed to be a part of when it happened not just what happened.”

“I know,” Jess replied, voice dropping. “Tom, I’m really sorry. That was unfair to you.” She set her wine glass down, turning to face him more fully. “I should have called you, should have talked it through.”

Tom said nothing, giving her space to continue.

“But…” Jess bit her lip. “You’d already given me permission. For months you’ve been encouraging exactly this, telling me you wanted it.” She spoke faster now, the words tumbling out. “And the two-week thing started feeling like pressure, like this huge event looming over us, over me. Bob’s story about Sarah… it made me realize I was waiting because I thought I should wait, not because I actually needed to.”

“We agreed on two weeks, Jess,” Tom said. “That wasn’t just for you. It was for both of us.”

“But was it really?” Jess asked, not defensively but genuinely questioning. “Or was it about your comfort? Because standing in Bob’s bedroom… it felt like I was managing your anxiety instead of my own readiness.”

Tom felt the validity of her point but couldn’t quite accept it. “It was about us making decisions together. That’s what we’ve always done.”

“I understand that,” Jess said. “But Tom, if we schedule it, it becomes this huge thing. Too much pressure. What if that day comes and I’m not feeling it? What if I’m stressed about work or just not in the mood? Then it’s awkward for everyone. Bob’s waiting, you’re waiting, and I’m supposed to just… perform on command?”

“So you’re saying it needs to be spontaneous?”

“Not necessarily spontaneous, but… natural,” Jess explained. “Today felt right. I didn’t know he was going to be in the shower when I went down. I joined him and it was fun. The massage followed naturally from that. Everything just… flowed. That’s not a guarantee for Thursday, or any other day. It has to feel right in the moment.”

“But that leaves me completely in the dark,” Tom protested. “I’m just supposed to wonder every Tuesday and Thursday if you’re fucking him?”

Jess winced slightly at his bluntness. “I don’t know what the answer is, Tom. I’m trying to figure this out too. All I know is that today felt right in a way that counting down to a scheduled date wouldn’t have.”

Tom took a breath, trying to find solid ground. “So, what happens if Thursday doesn’t feel right? Do you just leave? How does that work?”

“I guess we’d just… do what we usually do,” Jess said. “Massage, maybe other things. But not necessarily sex. It depends on how we both feel.”

“Both feel,” Tom repeated. “So, Bob has a say in this too.”

“Of course he does,” Jess said, looking confused. “It’s not just about what I want. He’s a person, not a… a service I’m using.”

Tom fell silent, processing her words. He wanted to argue, to insist that their agreement mattered more than her in-the-moment feelings. But looking at her face, seeing the conflict there, he recognized she wasn’t being cavalier about their timeline. She was trying to articulate something real about how this actually worked versus how they’d theorized it would work.

“I get it,” he finally said. “I do. The two-week thing was me trying to control something that maybe can’t be controlled that way.” He ran his hand through his hair. “It’s just… harder than I expected. Being on the outside of the decision.”

“I know,” Jess said softly. “And I should have at least texted you when I realized it might happen. Given you a heads up. That was wrong of me.”

Tom nodded, accepting this much.

“Okay,” he said. “No more scheduling. You do what feels right when it feels right. But you have to tell me after. Every time. That’s non-negotiable.”

“I will,” Jess promised. “Always.”

They sat with that agreement for a moment, the tension between them easing. Tom squeezed her hand again.

“So,” he said, shifting his approach. “Was today everything you’d hoped it would be?”

Jess took a deep breath. “I don’t know,” she answered. “I didn’t go in expecting to have sex today. I hadn’t even considered it a possibility when I woke up this morning, or when I went down.”

Tom swallowed hard before asking the question that terrified him most. “Was he better than me?”

Jess’s expression shifted subtly. “That’s not fair, Tom. They’re different experiences.”

“Different how?” He pressed, needing something more concrete than pleasant evasion. “I’m not asking you to rank us on a scale. Just… was it better?”

Jess took a sip of wine. “I’m not going to make that comparison, Tom. It wasn’t better or worse. Just different.”

Tom nodded, accepting this even if he didn’t entirely believe it. The protection felt more about what she didn’t want to say than what she was preserving.

“If I used my veto right now,” Tom asked hypothetically, “would you respect it?”

“Absolutely,” Jess said without hesitation. “I’d end things with Bob immediately if you asked.” She studied his face. “Is that what you want? Do you want me to stop?”

“No,” he admitted. “I don’t want it to stop.”

They both again went silent for a moment.

Tom spoke first. “Did Bob pressure you at any point?”

“No.” Jess’s response was immediate. “He gave me chances to stop.”

Tom felt a strange gratitude toward Bob for this even while resenting him.

“You know, this changes everything,” said Tom. The words came out harsher than he meant. “I mean not in a good or bad way, just that this isn’t me living out a fantasy through you anymore. This is yours now, your thing with him.”

Jess didn’t answer right away.

“That’s what you wanted though,” she said finally. “For me to want it.”

She was right. He recognized that this was what he’d wanted from the start, for Jess to take ownership of her sexuality. The danger and fear were part of the appeal, even as they created real anxiety.

“I did,” replied Tom. He shifted to logistics. “Will you see him Thursday?”

“Probably,” Jess confirmed. “Unless you… object.”

She bit her lower lip, an unconscious gesture.

“I don’t object… but what will you do? Will it be sex again?”

“Maybe, if we both want to,” she replied.

“Do you think he’ll want to continue?”

Jess laughed slightly. “Bob seemed very satisfied with how things went.”

Tom felt a spike of jealousy at her confidence about Bob’s satisfaction. “Will you always use condoms?”

“Absolutely,” Jess said firmly. “That’s non-negotiable unless I go on birth control.”

“And are you planning to go on birth control?”

“If this becomes regular, it might make sense.”

“How often is ‘regular’?” Tom asked.

“I’m not sure,” Jess replied thoughtfully. “Maybe our usual Tuesday and Thursday schedule. It depends how we both feel.”

Tom suddenly realized Bob might be fucking his wife twice a week or more on an ongoing basis. The reality hit differently than the fantasy had.

They again sat in silence for a moment, the conversation finding a natural pause. Tom’s eyes traced over Jess’s face, taking in details he’d memorized years ago but which now carried new significance. The slight flush still visible on her cheeks from the wine. The way her lips were slightly parted, her breathing not quite steady. The loosened strands of blonde hair.

His mind conjured an image of Jess on her back in Bob’s bed, legs spread, that same blonde hair splayed across a pillow that wasn’t theirs. Her face showing that expression, the one she made during sex when pleasure overwhelmed her, the expression that was supposed to be his alone to witness.

Another image replaced the first. Jess on her knees beside the bed, Bob standing over her, his hands stroking his huge cock. Her beautiful features obscured by thick white cum, not delicate

droplets but substantial coverage. Her eyes closed, mouth slightly open, that gorgeous face transformed into something pornographic.

Tom's breathing grew heavier. The arousal was a physical need that obliterated rational thought.

"Come here," he said.

He took her hand and pulled her onto his lap. Jess came willingly, straddling him on the living room couch, her weight settling directly over his erection.

They kissed with an urgency that bordered on desperation, tongues dancing together. The kiss grew sloppy, graceless, all technique abandoned in favor of raw need. Saliva slicked their lips and chins. Their teeth clicked together. Jess greedily sucked on Tom's tongue while he groaned into her mouth. It was messy and desperate and perfect in its lack of polish.

Jess ground down against him, the friction creating sensation even through the layers of clothing between them. Tom's hands slid under her shirt, finding bare skin, warm and familiar.

He broke the kiss abruptly, breathing hard. "Bedroom. Now."

Tom straightened up, braced himself and stood, lifting Jess with him. She wrapped her legs around his waist instinctively, her arms circling his neck for balance. Their mouths found each other again as he carried her through the living room, navigating around furniture more from memory than sight.

He bumped into the doorframe entering their bedroom, the impact jarring them apart for a moment. Jess laughed softly against his neck.

Tom moved to the bed and dropped her onto the mattress. She bounced slightly, her hair splaying across the pillows, looking up at him with flushed cheeks.

He reached for the hem of his shirt, pulling it over his head, tossing it aside without looking where it landed. Though they'd had sex a thousand times, his heart hammered in his chest. He was more nervous now than the first time they'd had sex.

Jess sat up, her own hands reaching for the hem of her shirt. She pulled it off slowly, maintaining eye contact with him as she revealed the simple white bra underneath. Nothing special, nothing seductive, just everyday cotton. Had she worn something nicer for Bob? Black lace maybe? The question flashed through his mind.

Tom kicked off his pants and boxers together, nearly losing his balance in the process. His cock stood fully erect, harder than he could remember being in recent memory. He felt hypersensitive, as if he might come from just looking at her. Jess's eyes dropped to it, then back to his face. Was she comparing, noticing the obvious size difference? The thought made his stomach twist.

She reached behind her back and unclasped her bra, letting it fall away. Her nipples were already hard. Had Bob made them that hard too? Had he sucked them? Bitten them? Tom hadn't asked about these details.

He moved forward, climbing onto the bed and positioning himself over her.

Jess hooked her fingers into her waistband, lifting her hips to slide both her jeans and panties down. Tom helped, pulling them the rest of the way off and letting them drop to the floor beside the bed.

Now she lay completely naked beneath him, exactly as she'd been with Bob just hours ago. The parallel was inescapable, overwhelming.

He began kissing her deeply again, trying to pour all his love and desperation into the connection. Jess responded enthusiastically, her hands fisting in his hair, her body pressing against his. Tom noticed she seemed particularly responsive, already highly aroused.

"You're so beautiful," he whispered, meaning it completely while wondering if Bob had said the same thing. Had Bob called her beautiful? Had he used other words? Dirty words? Had he called her princess while he was fucking her?

Tom moved down her body, kissing her neck. He lingered at her breasts, taking each nipple into his mouth, sucking hard, nibbling, then biting, noting how Jess responded more sharply than usual. Had Bob done the same thing earlier? He couldn't stop these thoughts even as he tried to focus on pleasing her.

When he reached between her legs, he found her incredibly wet. His fingers slid through her folds easily. The wetness was excessive even for Jess's usual arousal level, coating his fingers instantly.

"You're so wet," he murmured, partly aroused, partly questioning.

"For you," she whispered back.

An intrusive thought struck him. Was some of this from earlier? Was Bob's cum inside her somehow? No, she'd showered and Bob had used a condom. The paranoid thought was his anxiety talking, not reality. Plus, Jess would never do that to him.

Still, his hand trembled slightly as he slipped one finger inside her. It slid in smoothly, perhaps marginally easier than usual, though he couldn't be certain if this was real or his anxious mind creating phantom evidence.

He added a second finger immediately. She felt warm, incredibly wet. Was there less resistance than normal? Or was this exactly how she always felt and he'd never paid such forensic attention before?

He searched for concrete proof of difference but the truth was, he couldn't definitively say she felt looser or stretched. She felt like Jess. Wet, warm, responsive. Maybe fractionally more accommodating than usual, maybe exactly the same and his paranoid mind was manufacturing evidence that didn't exist.

The uncertainty was almost worse than finding obvious change would have been.

"Does that feel good?" he asked.

"Yes," Jess moaned, her hips lifting slightly. "So good."

He withdrew his fingers slowly, then pushed them back in, testing. Still couldn't tell.

Tom lowered his head between her legs and was immediately struck by the significance of what he was doing. His mouth was now exactly where Bob's cock had been hours earlier. The thought

created a strange cocktail of emotions, revulsion mixed with arousal. There was something primitively intimate about this, something that spoke to deeper instincts than rational thought.

Where another man might have recoiled, Tom found himself drawn closer, more determined. The fact that he still craved this connection, still wanted his mouth on her after she'd been with someone else, revealed something fundamental about his love. It transcended conventional boundaries, existed outside normal definitions of possession and jealousy.

His devotion to her pleasure in this moment felt like both surrender and reclamation, acknowledging what had happened while asserting his own irreplaceable role in her life.

With his fingers still inside her, he began licking her pussy. He focused entirely on her pleasure, using techniques he'd perfected over years together. He ran his tongue up and down her slit, sucked her clit into his mouth, applying the precise pressure he knew she loved, flicking his tongue in the pattern that usually made her thighs tremble.

Jess moaned, her hands gripping his hair, her hips moving against his face. "Oh god, Tom. Yes, right there."

Tom tried to gauge if her responses matched what she'd shown before. Her vocalizations seemed more pronounced, her movements more exaggerated. Was she performing? Compensating? Trying to reassure him? Or was she simply more aroused after her experience with Bob?

The taste of her seemed different too, or was that his imagination?

Tom maintained the pressure and suction, determined to make her come hard, to prove something to himself if not to her. He thought about Bob, about his massive cock, about how he could never compete in size but could in skill, in knowledge of Jess's body, in determination to please her.

No one will ever eat her pussy like I do, he thought with fierce determination, a thought that had crossed his mind multiple times recently.

Jess's breathing shifted first, becoming shallower and more rapid. Her thighs began trembling against his cheeks. Tom felt her fingers tighten in his hair, not quite pulling but gripping hard enough that he knew she was close.

"Oh god," she breathed out, her voice going thin and high. "Tom, I'm… I'm coming."

He didn't change his rhythm. That was the key, maintaining exactly the same pressure and speed even as her body started to tense. Her pussy clenched around his fingers in small preliminary contractions, her hips lifting off the mattress as she chased the sensation.

"Don't stop, don't stop, don't…" The words dissolved into an sharp cry as the orgasm finally bloomed.

Tom felt it happen in stages. First the sudden rigidity, her body going taut, back arching off the bed. Then the release, her pussy contracting around his fingers, inner muscles pulsing in waves he could feel distinctly. Her thighs clamped around his head.

She was vocal but not screaming, breathy gasps and moans that sounded genuine rather than performative. Her fingers maintained their grip in his hair, keeping his mouth exactly where she needed it while her hips rolled against his face in small, instinctive movements.

Tom kept his tongue on her clit through all of it, feeling each aftershock that made her body jerk.

After maybe twenty seconds, her body finally began to relax. The grip in his hair loosened. Her breathing remained ragged but the gasps became more controlled. She made a small, overwhelmed sound and gently pushed his head away, clearly too sensitive for continued contact.

“Come here,” she whispered, breathing heavy.

Tom gave her pussy one last soft kiss, then moved up her body. She pulled him into a deep kiss immediately, her tongue sliding against his. He knew how much she loved tasting herself on his lips. This had always been one of her favorite parts of oral sex.

“Thank you,” she whispered, her hand coming up to cup his cheek. “That was amazing.”

Tom didn’t respond with words. He positioned himself between her legs, his cock at her entrance.

This was it, the moment of truth. His fingers had left him uncertain, unable to detect definitive change, but this would be different. His cock would tell him what his fingers couldn’t. Years of intimate knowledge had taught him how Jess felt, the specific pressure and grip of her body around him, the particular resistance at initial entry before she opened fully to accommodate him.

He looked into Jess’s eyes, then pushed forward slowly.

The lack of resistance was what he’d expected after his fingers, but experiencing it with his cock made it viscerally, undeniably real in a way fingering hadn’t fully captured. He slid all the way inside her in one smooth, uninterrupted movement. No pause for adjustment, no careful easing past initial tightness. Just a warm, wet welcome that offered no opposition.

This is what Bob did, he thought.

Tom stopped moving, frozen inside her, trying to catalog exactly what was different. It wasn’t that she felt “loose.” She felt… accommodating, as if her body had been prepared, trained to accept more. The sensation was still pleasurable, still warm and wet and wonderful, but slightly different from their usual sex.

Jess looked up at him with concern, her hands on his shoulders. “Are you okay?”

Tom realized he’d been still for several seconds. “I’m fine,” he lied, forcing himself to resume movement.

He established a rhythm, trying to focus on the sensation rather than the context, on the present rather than the past. But each thrust only reminded him that someone else had been here first today, someone much larger, someone who had stretched her in ways he couldn’t.

“You feel so good,” Jess encouraged, her hands running down his back. “I love how you feel inside me.”

Tom suspected performance, her reassurance too perfectly timed, too specifically addressing his fears. Was this guilt? Compensation? Had she moaned these exact words to Bob hours earlier?

He tried to last, tried to make this good for her, but anxiety and arousal combined into a perfect storm. His orgasm was building far too quickly, pleasure spiraling through him before he was ready. He thought about basketball stats, about work presentations, about anything to distract himself, but the psychological weight of fucking Jess after Bob had overwhelmed all distraction techniques.

“Jess,” he gasped, warning her, feeling his control slipping. “I’m… I can’t…”

“It’s okay,” she whispered, seeming to understand his struggle without him having to explain. “Let go, baby. It’s okay.”

Her permission, her understanding broke the last of his restraint. Tom pulled out with a groan, taking himself in hand and ejaculating several spurts onto her stomach. The release was intense but dull, tainted by the knowledge that he’d lasted maybe five minutes.

Rolling onto his back beside her, Tom threw an arm over his eyes, breathing hard, shame washing over him in nauseating waves. Fifteen minutes was how long Jess had said Bob lasted. Fifteen minutes of that fat old man’s huge cock inside her, and he’d managed barely five. Bob had given her “a couple” orgasms with his cock and he’d managed one, and not with his cock.

The comparison was devastating. A fifty-five-year-old overweight tradesman had outperformed him by a factor of three. Tom was twenty-seven, in decent shape, and he’d lasted a third of the time. The humiliation settled deep in his bones.

He felt Jess shift beside him, heard the rustle as she reached for tissues from the nightstand and wiped his cum from her stomach.

Finally, Jess spoke. “I love you,” she said quietly. “Today was… I know today was hard. But I love you.”

Tom heard what she wasn’t saying. Not “that was perfect” or “that was amazing” because they both knew it wasn’t. Just acknowledgment of difficulty and affirmation of love.

“I love you too,” he managed.

They lay together in silence, Tom’s arm around her shoulders, his hand absently stroking her hair.

“Are you okay with everything?” she asked. “Are we okay?”

Was he okay with her having sex with Bob? With her breaking their timeline? With what just happened between them? With what would happen Thursday? With what their marriage was becoming?

“We are,” Tom assured her, because what other answer could he give? “We’ll figure this out together.”

He reached over and turned off the lamp on the bedside table, plunging the room into darkness. The blackness felt appropriate. He was navigating without map or compass now, feeling his way forward in a landscape forever altered.

Minutes later, Jess’s breathing deepened, her body going slack against him. Tom remained awake, staring at the ceiling, his mind unable to quiet.

Tom thought about Thursday, about Jess planning to fuck Bob again in just two days. He tried to imagine how he'd handle knowing it was happening while he was at work.

He'd be distracted, unable to focus on the Denver project materials. Everyone would notice his preoccupation, might draw comments or concern. He'd have to pretend everything was normal while knowing his wife was being fucked.

The performative aspect disturbed him, maintaining a professional facade while internal chaos reigned. His entire life was becoming a performance, husband at home, consultant at work, cuckold in private. Each role had different scripts, different acceptable emotions, different masks to wear.

Would ignorance be easier than the detailed knowledge she'd share afterward?

He didn't actually want ignorance considering the details were what fed his arousal, but he questioned whether his psychological system could sustain this level of intensity. How long before arousal gave way to insecurity? Or did arousal protect him from fully feeling the insecurity?

He considered whether he should tell Jess about watching Bob masturbate that first night. He felt hypocritical judging her timeline violation when he'd kept this secret for months. But he decided against confession, recognizing it would only complicate an already fragile situation.

A physical sensation intruded on his thoughts, his cock stirring again despite his recent orgasm. Just thinking about everything had triggered renewed arousal. He felt pathetic, his body responding sexually to circumstances that should devastate him emotionally.

He questioned what this said about him psychologically, whether he was broken in some fundamental way. He tried to remember when this kink first emerged, when he first noticed arousal at other men desiring Jess. He couldn't identify a specific origin point. It seemed to have always been there in nascent form.

Tom watched Jess sleep, her face peaceful. He felt overwhelming love mixed with fear of losing her. He recognized she was changing, becoming someone he didn't entirely know. The woman who went to Bob's apartment today wasn't the same woman he'd married. She was more sexually autonomous now, more willing to follow desire over agreement.

He wondered where this evolution would lead, how far she'd go, what other boundaries would fall. Part of him wanted to wake her, ask all the questions still burning in his mind. He resisted this urge, recognizing she needed rest, needed space to process too.

Time passed unmeasured, twenty minutes or forty, he'd lost track. Tom continued staring at the ceiling, eyes adjusted to the darkness. The bedroom felt both familiar and alien, like returning to a childhood home after years away. Everything looked the same, but nothing felt the same.

He remembered Jess saying Bob used a condom and felt grateful for this protection. Then he imagined an alternative scenario, Bob coming inside her raw, his cum staying inside her for hours, Tom fucking Jess with Bob's semen still coating her insides, mixing with his cum. The image created intense arousal despite knowing it didn't happen.

He forced his mind away from these fantasies, recognizing them as dangerous territory.

He couldn't complain about getting exactly what he'd requested. Except getting what you wish for often reveals you didn't want it quite this way.

Exhaustion settled into his bones. He was tired of analyzing, tired of questioning, tired of processing. He wanted to feel something simple and uncomplicated for five minutes.

But emotions refused simplicity, arriving in contradictory clusters, arousal-shame, pride-humiliation, trust-betrayal, love-fear. He couldn't experience one without its opposite, couldn't find a clean emotional state.

He should try harder to sleep. Tomorrow was Wednesday, and he still had work obligations. The Denver project materials were waiting for review, meetings were scheduled, expectations needed to be met. He couldn't arrive at the office looking haggard and sleep-deprived without inviting questions.

He closed his eyes and mentally reviewed the Denver project scope, healthcare system inefficiencies, proposed solutions, implementation timeline. He managed maybe two minutes of focus before his thoughts drifted back to Jess and Bob.

He wondered what Bob was doing right now, if he was also awake thinking about what happened. No, Bob was probably sleeping peacefully, satisfied from a good fuck, no guilt or anxiety to disturb his rest. Bob had no stake in Tom and Jess's marriage, no investment in their emotional wellbeing. He just got to enjoy Jess's body without carrying any of the relationship weight.

The asymmetry infuriated Tom. It seemed fundamentally unfair that Bob received physical pleasure while Tom shouldered the emotional labor of processing. But Tom chose this arrangement, invited this exact dynamic. He couldn't complain about rules he wrote, a game he initiated.

Exhaustion finally began to overcome anxiety, his eyelids growing heavy. The last thought that crossed his mind before sleep was that in just over twenty-four hours, Jess would be with Bob again, and there was nothing he could do, or even wanted to do, to stop it.

Tom woke to the sound of his phone buzzing on the nightstand. He reached for it groggily, squinting at the too-bright screen. 9:47 PM. A text.

Miles: Need those Denver files ASAP. Client moved meeting up.

He sat up, rubbing his eyes. He reached for Jess instinctively, his hand finding only cool sheets where her warmth should have been.

"Jess?"

No answer.

He listened for sounds from the bathroom, running water, the toilet flushing, anything, but heard only silence.

A faint sound drifted up from outside the bedroom door, not distinct enough to identify, but definitely movement.

Tom slipped out of bed and walked to the door. The hallway seemed longer than usual in the darkness. He passed Jess's home office, then reached for his office door handle.

It was locked.

Tom frowned. They never locked interior doors. He tried again, jiggling the handle. Definitely locked.

Maybe he'd grabbed the wrong door in the darkness.

He turned back toward the bedroom, but the hallway had somehow extended. How many doors were there? Four? Seven? He suddenly couldn't remember.

A sound drifted up from downstairs. Not quite music, not quite voices, but rhythmic and muffled.

Tom moved toward the stairs, each step feeling slightly wrong, like walking on a boat deck that tilted under his weight. At the top of the staircase, he paused. Looking down, he couldn't see the bottom. It was too dark.

He descended anyway, one hand on the railing. The sound grew clearer. A woman's voice, breathless, moaning loudly.

The foyer appeared finally, looking as it should, but there was a door where no door belonged, set into the wall beneath the stairs. Light leaked from the crack at the bottom. The sounds were coming from behind it.

Tom reached for the doorknob. It turned easily, soundlessly, and the door swung open.

Bob's bedroom materialised in front of him. And there on the bed, Bob's substantial frame covering Jess's smaller body, her blonde hair splayed across the pillow, her face visible over his shoulder.

Her eyes were closed, lips parted, expression showing pure ecstasy. Her hands gripped Bob's broad back, nails digging into his skin. The rhythmic sounds were her moans, perfectly timed with the movement of Bob's hips.

Tom tried to speak. His mouth opened but no sound emerged, as if he'd been muted. He stood in the doorway, completely still, unable to move forward or back.

Bob's hips moved with steady, relentless rhythm. As he pulled back, Tom saw Bob's massive cock emerge from Jess's pussy, thick, glistening, coated with a ring of white frothy cream.

No condom, Tom's mind registered. He's fucking her raw.

When Bob thrust back in, Jess cried out loudly. Her back arched off the bed, breasts bouncing with the impact. More of that white cream emerged as Bob withdrew again, coating his shaft in a thick layer that mixed with her wetness.

Tom's cock throbbed. He shouldn't be aroused by this but watching that massive, cream coated shaft disappear into his wife over and over again created an overwhelming mixture of horror and desire that made his knees weak.

"Please," Jess gasped, her voice breaking. "Please, don't stop, don't stop, oh god!"

Then her eyes opened. They found Tom immediately, locked onto him with perfect clarity. For a moment, he thought she'd stop, thought recognition would break the spell, but her gaze passed through him with complete indifference, as if he were a piece of furniture, a mirror, a window, something that existed but held no significance whatsoever.

Her eyes fluttered closed again as another moan tore from her throat. Bob's rhythm never faltered.

Tom's perspective began to shift, pulling back against his will. The doorway receded. He tried to step forward, to enter the room, to make them acknowledge him, but his body wouldn't obey. The door started to close, slowly, inevitably, while Bob continued fucking his wife with that massive, cream coated cock.

Just before the door shut completely, Tom saw Bob's body tense, saw him bury himself completely inside Jess, heard her scream.

Tom suddenly jolted awake, heart pounding. His cock was hard. Sweat dampened his hairline and the back of his neck despite the cool room. For several seconds, he stared at the dark ceiling of their actual bedroom, disoriented, struggling to separate dream from reality.

He reached automatically for Jess, a primitive need to confirm her presence. When his fingertips found warm skin, relief flooded through him. She was here, not in Bob's bed, but beside him where she belonged.

Tom lay motionless, listening to Jess breathe beside him, trying to slow his hammering heart. His throat felt painfully dry. The wine, intense conversation, and sex had left him desperately thirsty.

He checked his phone on the nightstand. 4:03 AM. No messages from Miles. It was still dark outside, hours before either of them needed to wake for work.

Tom carefully slid out of bed, trying not to disturb Jess. He navigated through the darkened house without turning on lights, knowing every step by muscle memory. In the kitchen, he found evidence of their abandoned dinner, plates with food not fully eaten.

He quickly wrapped their plates with plastic wrap and placed them in the refrigerator, then retrieved a glass from the cabinet. The sound of water from the filtered dispenser on the refrigerator seemed unnaturally loud in the nighttime silence.

He drank the entire glass in long, continuous gulps, then refilled it immediately, drinking the second more slowly.

The dream's specifics were already dissolving the way nightmares do, images fragmenting into disconnected pieces that made less sense with each passing second. But the feeling remained. It wasn't fear exactly, or even jealousy. It was the terror of irrelevance, of standing in a room while the most important person in his life looked through him as if he'd already ceased to exist in her world. He could feel it still, that moment when her eyes had opened and found him completely unremarkable, already replaced by someone who mattered more.

Tom heard soft footsteps behind him before he saw her, recognizing Jess's gait instinctively. He turned to find her entering the kitchen completely naked, hair mussed from sleep, eyes heavy with lingering drowsiness. For a moment, she was the woman from his dream, the one who looked through him rather than at him.

"Can't sleep?" she asked, voice soft with concern.

Tom set his glass in the sink and turned on the tap to rinse it. "Bad dream," he admitted, though he didn't elaborate. "Just needed water."

Jess crossed the kitchen floor, bare feet silent on the cool tile. She didn't speak, didn't ask questions, just moved toward him. She wrapped her arms around his torso from behind while his hands were still in the sink. Her naked breasts pressed against his back, warm and soft. He could feel her nipples against his skin, already hardening from contact.

Despite his earlier orgasms and emotional exhaustion, Tom's body responded to her proximity. His cock stirred as Jess's hands slid down past his waist. One hand moved lower, finding him already half-hard, wrapping fingers around his shaft, beginning strokes that brought him quickly to full erection.

Her lips found his shoulder blade, pressing soft kisses across his back. Neither spoke, the moment held in silence broken only by his breathing and water still running in the sink. Tom turned off the tap, then turned in her arms.

"I love you," she whispered before he could speak. The words felt more significant at 4 AM after everything than they would have in daylight.

Tom cupped her face in both hands, thumbs brushing her cheeks. He kissed her deeply, trying to communicate what words couldn't capture. His hands slid down to cup her ass, pulling her against him. He could feel his erection trapped between their bodies, her stomach warm against his cock.

Jess broke the kiss, took his hand, and led him without words back through the darkened house. They reached the bedroom and slid under the covers together.

Tom moved over her and kissed her again, then positioned himself at her entrance.

When he pushed inside, he did it slowly, feeling every inch of the warm wetness enveloping him. He didn't analyze how she felt or search for differences. He just wanted this connection, this physical confirmation that they still belonged to each other.

Tom pulled back slowly, then pushed in again, establishing a rhythm that prioritized connection over intensity. He wrapped his arms around her shoulders, pulling her close, eliminating any space between their bodies. Jess responded immediately, legs wrapping around his waist, arms circling his back, nails pressing into his shoulder blades.

They moved together with the synchronization of years of practice, bodies knowing exactly how to fit, how to move. Tom's hips rolled forward in steady, deep strokes while Jess met each thrust with a slight lift of her own hips, creating a rhythm that felt natural, unforced.

Their mouths found each other again and again between gasps for air. The kissing was messy, graceless, their lips and tongues sliding together with no concern for technique. At one point Jess bit his lower lip.

"Fuck, I love you so much, Jess," Tom said against her lips, the words coming out broken between kisses and thrusts.

"I love you too," she responded, her nails digging into his back.

Minutes passed. Tom's arms began to shake from holding his weight up, his shoulders burning, but he didn't change position. Jess's legs tightened around him, heels pressing into the small of his back, pulling him deeper with each stroke.

Their rhythm increased slightly, Tom's thrusts becoming incrementally faster, more forceful. Jess moaned, the sound raw and unfiltered, her head tilting back into the pillow. Tom could feel sweat forming between their bodies where skin pressed against skin.

Tom's orgasm was building, but differently than earlier's desperate sprint to the finish. This felt earned, constructed from actual intimacy rather than performance anxiety.

"Don't stop," Jess breathed. "Please don't stop, right there, just like that."

Tom maintained his exact rhythm and angle, giving her what she needed.

When Jess came, she cried out his name. "Tom! Oh god, Tom!"

"Come with me," Jess urged. "I want to feel it, want to feel you."

The request, shattered Tom's restraint. "I'm… fuck, Jess, I'm…" He buried himself as deep as possible, his entire body going rigid as his orgasm hit. His cock pulsed inside her, pumping cum deep into her pussy while she clenched rhythmically around him, her inner muscles milking him, drawing out every drop.

They came together, mouths locked, swallowing each other's sounds. Tom stayed inside her as the sensations faded, their combined fluids starting to leak out around his shaft. Finally, he rolled off, both of them breathing hard, sweat cooling on their skin.

They lay on their backs side by side, shoulders touching, both staring at the ceiling. Tom felt the pleasant exhaustion of genuinely satisfying sex rather than the shame-tinged depletion from earlier. His legs felt heavy, muscles loose and warm.

Then awareness shifted to the practical implication of what they'd just done. He'd come inside her without protection, and she wasn't on birth control. The risk suddenly felt very real in the post-orgasmic clarity.

"Jess," he said, concern threading through his voice.

She turned her head to look at him, reading his expression even in the dim light.

"I know," she said, understanding immediately what worried him. She reached down between her legs, feeling the wetness there, his cum already starting to leak out of her. "It's probably fine. I should be safe. It's not really the right time in my cycle."

"Probably isn't definitely," Tom pointed out, the consultant in him needing more certainty. "We should get Plan B tomorrow, just to be safe."

Jess nodded agreement, but something in her expression suggested ambivalence.

"Maybe I should just go on birth control," she suggested. "If this is going to be ongoing with Bob, it would make things simpler."

The casualness with which she referenced "ongoing with Bob" created a strange feeling in Tom's chest. They were already assuming regular sex with their tenant was just part of their life now.

"We can decide that later," Tom said. "Let's just get the Plan B tomorrow and then figure out the longer-term plan."

"Okay," Jess agreed.

She got up and went to the bathroom to clean up. Tom lay in bed, waiting. She returned five minutes later, settling beside him, draping one arm across his chest, her leg hooking over his. Tom wrapped his arm around her shoulders, pulling her closer.

He felt better than after their earlier encounter, less humiliated, more connected. The sex was slower, lasted much longer, felt more like them and less like comparison.

They fell silent again, both lost in their thoughts. Tom could feel exhaustion finally winning its battle against anxiety. He fell asleep feeling content for the first time since learning what had happened between Jess and Bob earlier that day.