

# The Closet – 1







A very special idea I've been toying with for a while. If folks are interested, I'll continue to explore it. This series is built around the concept of spice IMMEDIATELY, so no free previews are available, I'm afraid.

Allie closed the door behind her and locked it.

The click echoed louder than it should have.

She turned slowly, the silence between them weighted, thick. John was already on the bed. Lounging in his slacks like he'd been waiting for her all night. One arm rested behind his head, the other resting lazily near the bulge in his pants.

"You know," she said quietly, "you're really lucky."

John raised an eyebrow.

"My husband doesn't go out of town often."

His smirk was instant. "I bet."

He looked her over without shame, his gaze crawling across the red lace stretched tight against her skin.

Lingerie chosen by her husband.

The same delicate see-through set he'd begged her to try on last week when he brought this idea up for the third time. And to complete the fantasy, she also wore the same shade of red lipstick Michael loved.

Allie stepped forward on quiet feet, her stomach tight, her breathing shallow.

John didn't know the whole truth. But that was part of the game. He didn't know about the closet. About her husband hidden only feet away, silent behind slatted doors, watching through a crack with wide eyes and a painfully hard cock.

Michael had begged for this.

Begged her to reach out to John. To invite him over. To let him believe she was cheating behind his back.

He wanted to see what another man could do to her.

Allie never would have imagined doing this on her own. Not in a million years. She had always lived a quiet, safe life. Timid and nervous, she was the kind of woman who had a hard time speaking up when ordering her coffee. But Michael hadn't just suggested it. He'd obsessed over it. Asked again and again, until something inside her cracked.

Now here she was. Standing in red lace, heart pounding, mouth dry. Wondering if she'd lost her mind. But she had to admit, the adrenaline was intoxicating.

"Damn," John said under his breath, his eyes locked to her chest as she stepped closer. "Your husband's a fucking idiot for leaving you alone."

Allie didn't answer. She couldn't. The air was too thick to speak through. Her eyes had fallen to his lap. To the heavy shape straining under those dress pants.

Her breath caught.

So the rumors were true.

There was a reason she'd never let herself flirt back at work. A reason she ignored his looks and lingering eyes when she passed his office. She hadn't let herself think about him because... in truth, she had always wanted to. John was confident, funny, handsome, and accomplished. The kind of man any woman would swoon after.

The kind of man Allie was certain would never so much as look in her direction.

Not until Michael brought up the idea.

Not until her husband told her how badly he wanted it. How much it turned him on.

"Just once," he had whispered. "I promise I won't get jealous. I want this."

"And now you're all mine," John said, his hand pressing down slowly along his own length.

Allie's throat tightened. She didn't glance at the closet, but her skin burned with the weight of his eyes. She knew he was watching. Knew this was what he'd wanted.

"After today," John murmured, "you're not gonna want anyone else's cock but mine."

The words landed like a punch. Crude. Confident. And terrifyingly hot.

Allie felt her legs weaken slightly.

It took everything in her not to look toward the crack in the closet door.

"W-what do you want me to do?" she asked.

Her voice sounded distant to her own ears. Shy, innocent, unreal. It was as if someone was speaking through her.

John sat up straighter, spreading his knees slightly as he looked her over with a hungry smile.

"Crawl."

The command wasn't loud. It didn't need to be.

Allie's body responded before her mind caught up.

She climbed onto the edge of the bed slowly. Knees sinking into the mattress as she moved toward him. The burn of nerves and arousal spread across her chest as she found her way between his legs. Her palms pressed into the sheets. Her lips parted slightly, innocently, instinctively.

He unbuckled his belt the rest of the way and let it hang.

"Unbutton me," He said coolly.

"O-ok..." Allie said softly. Her hands trembled just a little, and he noticed, his smirk deepening. He made no move to help.

"Good girl," He said.

The zipper came down.

And then she saw it.

His cock sprang free. Heavy, thick, veiny. Its curve absolutely perfect. It bounced once when released, as if impatient to be touched.

Allie's stomach flipped.

Jesus. She had never seen a cock so big. Michael didn't even come close.

Allie hesitated for just a second, then reached up with both hands, wrapping her fingers around the base. She couldn't close her grip all the way.

She looked up as John groaned under his breath. Their eyes locked, and he held her chin between his thumb and finger.

"Suck it," he said.

"O-ok..." She said, slowly lowering her lips. She felt him swell between her fingers as she tried to swallow him.

The head alone stretched her jaw painfully. She couldn't get more than an inch into her mouth before pulling back, saliva slicking her lips as she gasped for air.

"Good girl, you'll get used to it. Use your hands." John commanded.

Allie obeyed. Slowly at first, hands pumping steadily up and down the wet shaft, spit trailing in strings from her lips to his skin.

Her panties were soaked.

John's hips pushed upward, feeding more into her mouth than she could handle. His hand tangled gently in her hair, keeping her in place. Guiding her pace.

"Fuck... that's it," he murmured.

She moaned around him, barely able to take the tip. Her hands moved faster. Her breath came ragged.

Behind her, the room was still.

Allie didn't need to see the closet to know what was happening in the shadows. She could feel it. The idea that Michael was watching her choke on another man's cock. That he wanted this. That he had pushed for it.

That made her wetter than anything John was doing.

Her spit fell everywhere. Glossy strings connected her lips to his shaft as she pumped and sucked, trying to please him.

Wanting to please him.

Uncertain if she was.

Allie never knew how to be good in bed. She got embarrassed easily, had absolutely no clue what men liked, and rarely received any direction or praise from Michael.

Not like John was doing.

Her thighs clenched. Her jaw ached.

Still, she kept going.

She wanted him to moan.

She wanted her husband to hear it.

And she wanted to know, when this was all over, how long it would take for Michael to be able to look her in the eyes again.

John gripped her hair tightly.

Allie gasped as he pulled her head up, forcing her off his cock and onto his lips instead. The kiss landed hard. Wet and raw. His mouth crashing against hers as his tongue danced with her own. Allie moaned into him, tasting herself, tasting him, feeling her own spit smeared across her cheek as he deepened the kiss.

His hand found her tits and squeezed hard.

She clenched her thighs tightly.

John groped her like he owned her, like her body had been his all along, and he was just now claiming it. His other hand pressed against the small of her back, keeping her body flush against his. She could feel the length of his cock pulsing against her thigh, hot and insistent, rubbing through the soaked lace of her panties.

She wanted him. She had always wanted him.

She just never thought he would want her.

That truth hit like a slap.

And worse, she had never craved her husband the way she craved this man now.

John growled under his breath, then threw her onto her back.

“Well, it's clear I'm too big for your mouth, so we'll have to try something else,” he muttered.

He grabbed the center of her bra and yanked it down, freeing her breasts with one rough tug. Then, without warning, he slapped his cock down between them.

Allie gasped at the weight of him as her eyes trailed up his rippling abs.

“I want to know what these feel like,” he said. “Push them together.”

Allie stared in awe. Michael had never done something like this.

“O-okay,” she whispered, barely able to hear her own voice over the pounding in her chest.

Her hands moved on instinct, cupping her breasts from the sides, pressing them together around the thick length of him. His cock disappeared into the valley of her cleavage, and he let out a low groan as he thrust forward, slowly, savoring the sensation.

“Fuck... just like that.”

He rocked his hips into her with long, deliberate strokes. Sliding between her tits, slick with spit and precum. Allie's mouth hovered just above the top, tongue flicking out every time he drove forward. Unsure if he liked it. Her heart began to race as he closed his eyes in pleasure and quickened his pace.

“You are doing so good, now suck it while I tit fuck you.”

She did eagerly.

He groaned as her lips sealed around the top of his cock. Her hands squeezed tighter, pressing her breasts into a perfect cock sleeve, her spit sliding down the center of her chest and covering John's member.

His pace picked up, thrusts getting harder. Her tits bounced with every movement, her chest coated in sweat and saliva.

Nearly as wet as her panties.

The way he used her, the way he took control, it was more than she could have ever dreamed of. The dominance. The desire. The hunger. Her body was trembling.

Every thrust made her moan softly around him.

Every slap of skin traveled to the slits of the closet.

He was there. Watching.

And Allie wanted him to.

“Fuck, I'm gonna cum,” John growled. “Keep it in your mouth.”

Allie's eyes went wide. She had never had someone cum in her mouth, but she didn't stop him.

He pushed forward, cock throbbing between her breasts, balls clenching as he pushed deeper. Just enough to bury himself past her lips as the first thick pulse hit the back of her throat. She gagged, lips stretched, as she tried to swallow as much of him as she could.

It was too much.

She pulled off with a gasp just as the second burst of his hot, thick cum sprayed across her face. Wet stripes hit her cheek, her lips, her chin. He grunted above her, jacking himself with one hand as the rest of his load covered her chest.

Thick, hot, heavy spurts splashed across her tits.

It dripped between her breasts. Down her sides, glazing her soft skin.

Allie lay breathless, her whole body trembling with pleasure.

She turned her head slightly, eyes flicking toward the closet.

"Holy fuck," John muttered between gasps, still standing over her. "There is no fucking way I'm letting you go after that."

He leaned toward her cum covered face.

"From now on, whenever that husband of yours leaves... you're mine. Got it?"

Allie lay still across the sheets, drenched in John's cum, pulse thudding in her throat, panties soaked through.

"A-alright," she whispered.

"Good."

John grabbed his pants and pulled them on without much ceremony. His cock was still half-hard, glistening and thick, but he zipped himself up anyway. Allie blinked, dazed.

"W-wait," she said, slowly sitting up. "You're leaving?"

John smirked as he fastened his belt.

"I can't give it to you all at once now, can I?"

He leaned down and kissed her.

It wasn't gentle, hungry, possessive.

Allie's heart melted. He really did want her. He really did.

When he pulled back, he reached between her tits, scooping a thick stripe of his cum with two fingers, and brought them to her lips.

"Open."

She obeyed,

He pushed his fingers into her mouth. She sucked without hesitation, moaning softly as the salty taste hit her tongue.

John stepped back, gaze gleaming with satisfaction.

"You'd better get your husband out of the house soon. I'm not a patient man," His dark eyes lingered on hers. "I'll see you in the office."

Allie nodded eagerly, "Ok."

He left without another word.

The lock clicked behind him.

Allie sat in silence. Her chest rose and fell. Her whole body buzzed.

She didn't move.

Not yet.

Not until she heard the soft sound of the closet door finally creak open.

# The Closet 2 - A Good Meeting









































Allie adjusted her blouse for the third time before she knocked, tugging at the hem and then at her sleeves. Her pencil skirt clung tighter than it had the first time she wore it.

Two weeks had passed. Fourteen days since that night. And John hadn't so much as grazed her arm since.

It was probably just a fluke. A moment. A fantasy Michael had helped create, and now it was over. She should be grateful it had happened at all. Most women never got kissed by a man like that, not even once.

Still, the ache in her chest hadn't dulled. Every morning, she lingered a little longer by the elevators. Walked past his office several times in hopes he'd look up. But he never did.

So today she had chosen her tight, tailored white blouse. The one that cost more than she should've spent, and paired it with her tightest black skirt. She finished her look with just enough makeup to look polished, but not desperate.

She opened the door to John's office slowly.

He sat behind his desk, tie loosened slightly, sleeves rolled halfway up his tan forearms. He was on the phone, the warmth of his voice coasting along the lines of a conversation Allie barely registered. His lips moved, and she felt her stomach twist.

He looked good. Too good.

He hung up, just as her hand hesitated on the door.

"Allie," he said, his voice low and smooth. "Get the door, will you?"

Her breath caught.

"Y-yes." She shut it quickly, the latch clicking louder than it should have. When she turned around, John was staring at her.

Her skin flushed under his gaze.

His eyes weren't in a rush. They traced her from her face down to her chest, lingering there briefly, then down her hips and legs.

Her hands fidgeted as she let him take her in.

John walked around the desk with the same calm intensity he always had. Like the world never rushed him, and nothing ever surprised him.

"So," he said, stopping beside her, "the husband's back from his trip?"

She nodded. "Yes."

She fought for every word. Her gaze dropped to the floor, then back to him, then away again. Eye contact with John felt like looking into the sun.

"Good," he said, voice still soft. "Seems like it was a long one. I'm sure you two had some catching up to do."

Allie's mouth opened, then shut. She nodded again, cheeks burning.

He handed her a sleek blue folder, his fingers brushing hers.

"This is the latest market trend for Nano-Lux. Could use a second set of eyes," he said.

Allie took it gently, her fingers trembling slightly. "Of course," she said. "I'll get on it."

The conversation shifted. He moved back behind his desk and started typing. For several minutes, they exchanged nothing but small work notes.

Task priorities, delivery dates, market trends.

Allie nodded through it all, forcing herself to take notes she didn't need. The sound of his voice filled the office, and each time it dipped into that low, warm register, her skin prickled.

She wanted to be noticed by him again.

But he hadn't seen her. Not really. Not the way he had that night. Not the way he had when she was beneath him, gasping into his mouth while her husband watched through a crack in the closet.

She looked down at her tight outfit and suddenly felt incredibly stupid. Michael had told her to invite John again. Pushed her relentlessly for it. But she couldn't bring herself to ask. The idea of John gently, but firmly denying her with a look of pity, was more than she could bear. She already felt like that same poor, pale thing who'd gotten lucky once. She didn't need a reminder.

He probably only went for women with lean, long legs. The kind of women you saw in magazines and on yachts. Allie's figure had always been curvy. Large breasts, big butt. It was... obvious. Too obvious. The kind of body all the boys hungered for, but forgot about after they found something better. Something more conventional. She never fit properly in shirts or pants, and always felt her cleavage was on display, whether she wanted it or not. In the end, Allie always felt her body was more fitting for thirst traps and not much else.

She tightened her grip on the folder.

"Everything alright?" John asked.

"Yes... It's no problem. I'll see to it," she said quietly.

He nodded.

"You're the best, Allie." John pulled out his phone, thumbs tapping out a message she couldn't see.

Allie forced a smile that didn't reach her eyes.

"Right. Well... I'll be seeing you," she said, turning toward the door.

"Allie?"

She turned.

John stood relaxed, eyes transfixed on hers.

"Y-yes?"

"There's one more thing."

He took a step forward, and before she could answer, his warm, steady hand cradled the back of her head and pulled her towards him.

His full lips connected with hers.

Allie gasped into the kiss.

His lips were soft but firm, drawing her in with each break. Allie's knees weakened. She melted forward, hands clutching his shirt like it might vanish. She whimpered as her body crashed into his, mouth parting, tongue searching.

She couldn't help it. Her hunger roared to life, wild and uncontrolled.

His hands moved down her back, slipping beneath her waist.

He kissed her harder. His warm body pressed against hers, strong and solid. She felt small in his arms, weightless. His fingers traced the hem of her skirt, pushing it higher with easy confidence.

Her heart slammed in her chest as he reached her hips.

"John," she whispered against his mouth, her innocent blue eyes connecting with his.

"Don't worry, I'll take care of you. Just relax," He said with a smile, hand sliding between her thighs.

Allie's breath hitched as his fingers brushed over her red underwear. The pair she had hoped he would see. The pair she soaked through.

With one slow, deliberate tug, John moved the fabric aside.

And his fingers slipped into her with smooth confidence.

Allie arched into his touch with an involuntary cry, hands clutching the sides of his muscular arms as he thrust in a deep, steady rhythm. Hitting her perfectly as his other hand cupped the back of her neck, holding her in place.

"Allie," he murmured, pulling her close and kissing her neck gently. "You're soaked."

She gasped, lips trembling. "I—I didn't know if— if you wanted me again..."

He smiled gently.

"Who in their right mind wouldn't want you?"

She smiled as a wave of warmth overtook her.

"R-really?"

John nodded as his fingers exited her and swirled her clit before pushing back into her.

"I've been thinking about you, sweetheart. I haven't thought about much else."

She moaned softly as his fingers curled inside her, hitting just the right spot.

Her skirt was bunched around her waist. Her thigh muscles tensed as she bit her lip, trying not to cry out.

"Oh my gosh..." she whispered. Wincing at her own words. John caught it.

"What's wrong? Am I hurting you?" he asked. Allie laughed nervously and shook her head.

"Not at all, I... I just don't know how to act very sexy, sorry."

John stared at her a moment, then kissed her forehead softly.

"You are the most sexy woman I've ever met," He whispered, then pulled her in and kissed her again. Deeper, slower, his tongue claiming hers as his fingers thrust with devastating rhythm. Her body writhed against him, her breath ragged, lips trembling with each moan.

She was close.

Her moans began to grow louder as her thighs began to tremble.

"Not too loud," John whispered, his voice hot against her ear. "Wouldn't want your coworkers to hear."

Allie's body jolted, every nerve ending sparking. She clutched his forearm as her thighs pressed together, grinding softly against the motion of John's hand. She couldn't stop. Not even if she wanted to.

Outside the office, shapes moved behind the frosted glass.

Heels clicking, a laugh echoing faintly from the hall.

Inches of light and blurred silhouettes observing the fantasy she had played in her mind more times than she could count.

She and John only seconds away from someone forcing that door open and seeing her with her blouse half-open, skirt hitched to her waist, her boss's fingers buried deep inside her.

John's mouth brushed her neck again. He kissed the base of her cheek, then slid his tongue along her collarbone, slow and warm.

"You're close?" he murmured.

Allie's nod was breathless as her lips parted into his.

His fingers slowed. Pressing deep. Holding. Creating an ache that was maddening.

He kissed her again, this time fuller, rougher, lips parting hers as she whimpered in pleasure.

"You should call your husband," he said, his fingers withdrawing, only to begin stroking her clit with maddening, slow circles.

Her breath caught. "What?"

"You need to tell him you're working late tonight."

She blinked at him. Dazed and trembling.

It was happening. It was really happening.

With heavy lids, she nodded. "Ok."

She fumbled for her phone with shaky hands, her fingers slick against the screen as she opened her contacts. Her breath stuttered when John's fingers slipped back between her thighs, this time softer, more teasing. Circling, pressing, stroking her with inhuman precision.

She hit Michael's name and pressed call.

Her pulse pounded in her ears as the line rang. Every second stretching into oblivion.

"H-Hey sweetie," she said, too quickly. Voice cracking as John drove his fingers back inside her.

Her mouth opened in a silent moan. She slapped a hand over her lips.

"W-what?" she said into the phone. "No, no—there's nothing wrong, I'm just... a little out of breath, the elevator was broken so—"

John's fingers curled up and found her again.

That perfect spot.

Allie's hips jerked forward instinctively. Her hand gripped the edge of his desk, knuckles white. She fought to stay upright, fought not to fall apart.

"Yes, well—" she said, her voice shaking, "I have to tell you that I'm going to be late tonight."

John didn't stop. He didn't even flinch.

Her body rocked against him, every stroke of his fingers sending a jolt up her spine. She clenched around him, chasing the rhythm. She couldn't help it. The pleasure built like a tidal wave.

His other hand found her waist, fingers curling around her hip possessively. Holding her steady as her legs began to tremble once more.

She braced against his chest, her hand pressing into the broad plane of his flexing bicep.

"Y-Yes, I'm not sure when I'll be home so..."

Her voice cracked. She was so close. She could barely string the words together.

Her mind spun, Michael's voice drifted from her ear. Garbled, distant, asking something about dinner. She couldn't focus. Her whole body felt electric.

John's fingers pumped faster, more deliberate now, the heel of his palm grinding against her clit.

Her breath hitched. She nearly dropped the phone.

Allie stared at John in a daze. His dark eyes burned into her, watching her fall apart. There was no smugness. No gloating. Just calm, steady control. Like he'd always known she'd end up here.

Like he'd always known she was his.

She thought of Michael. Of what he would say if he knew.

It would be the exact kind of thing he'd want.

And still, it felt wrong. Like something that should be punished.

Maybe that's why it made her cum even harder.

John didn't slow. His fingers quickened, his mouth hot against her neck.

"Do you want to cum?" He whispered.

Allie looked deep into his eyes, phone pressed against her ear, and nodded.

"Then cum for me," he whispered.

She did.

Allie's orgasm hit her like fire in her veins. Her thighs locked tight, her head fell against his shoulder as she moaned. Soft and choked, just enough to be heard through the wood grain of the door. Her phone slipped from her hand and landed somewhere near her feet.

John caught her as her knees buckled.

He didn't pull his fingers out. He kept them inside her, gently moving as her body shivered through the aftershocks.

She couldn't breathe.

Couldn't think.

Her voice came in ragged whimpers, and John kissed her hair as she sagged into him.

When her eyes finally fluttered open, she saw him staring down at her like she was the only woman in the world.

"That was amazing. Thank you, sweetheart," he said quietly.

Allie's lip trembled as she fought back a wellspring of latent emotion.

Without a word, John bent down to retrieve her phone, placing it gently back in her hand. Then, he slid one arm beneath her thighs, the other around her back, lifting her like she weighed nothing at all.

She stared into his eyes as he gently laid her on his desk. Her skirt still hiked up, panties stretched at one side, legs parted slightly from the pleasure echoing through her thighs.

The coolness of the desk against her full, bare ass made her shiver.

John stood over her now, eyes trailing down the line of her body, jaw flexing once as he slowly began to unbutton his cuffs.

Allie tried to catch her breath, lungs stuttering as she lay sprawled across John's desk. It took a moment for the room to settle back into focus.

Michael's voice cut back through the speaker.

"H—hey, I'm sorry," Allie managed, breath quivering. "Some coworkers were... asking me some questions and... I got a little... distracted. What did you say? Oh... that sound?"

She froze.

John was sliding her soaked underwear down her legs, slow and deliberate, his eyes locked on hers. The thin lace clung to her for a moment before peeling away. She bit her lip as his hands wrapped around her thighs, pulling her closer to the edge of the desk.

Then he lowered his head.

Allie's breath hitched as she felt his tongue make contact with swollen, sensitive heat.

His tongue traced a slow, teasing line around her clit, never landing exactly where she thought he would. Her legs trembled instantly. Aftershocks still flickered through her from the orgasm he'd just wrung out of her.

"Look, I have to—" she choked out, her voice wobbling on an exhale as John sucked gently, "—I have to go. Something's... come up and... yes... there are still leftovers... okay... yes... I love you... bye."

She hung up faster than she meant to. Her phone clattered onto the desk.

John pulled back just a little, his lips glistening, his smile slow and dangerous.

"Didn't do a very good job hiding it," he murmured. "Hopefully, he doesn't leave you."

The words hit her harder than she expected.

"He won't leave," Allie whispered. Barely above breath. But confident.

John's brow lifted. A teasing, knowing smirk curled his lips.

"But you might."

The words stole the breath clean out of her lungs.

She didn't know what to say. Her throat closed around anything that might've resembled a response.

And then his mouth was on her again.

His lush, soft lips closed around her clit with firm, hungry precision. She gasped, back arching. His tongue stroked her with heat and skill she'd never imagined, never dreamed of. He mapped her, learned her, devoured her. Slow at first, then deeper, firmer, his mouth sealing against her in a way that unraveled every edge of her being.

Michael had never wanted to taste her. No man had. They all said it was “not their thing,” or that she was “too much,” too wet, too unrealistic.

And she had started to believe it.

But this man. This gorgeous, powerful, magnetic man was eating her out like she was the sweetest thing he’d ever tasted.

Allie's eyes fluttered shut, tears gathering at their corners as pleasure surged. She couldn't believe this was happening. Couldn't believe anyone could make her feel like this.

His fingers slipped back inside her.

Allie cried out, her hand flying to her mouth to muffle the sound. His tongue danced against her clit while his fingers thrust deep in a perfect, rhythmic harmony. She felt the orgasm building again.

Her thighs clamped around his head. Her body seized, back arching off the desk. She convulsed as the pleasure ripped through her, tears spilling down her cheeks.

John held her through it. Fingers steady, mouth relentless. Until she shuddered with one last wave and collapsed against the desk.

Only then did he pull away, rising over her and brushing the loose hair away from her eyes.

Then he kissed her.

She moaned softly against his mouth as his hands cupped her breasts through her blouse.

“God, your tits are so fucking huge,” he growled, squeezing them with firm, appreciative hands.

She kissed him harder.

She felt his thick cock straining through his slacks. Pressed against the inside of her thigh as he lifted her effortlessly off the desk. Her legs wrapped around him instinctively, his hands gripping her ass as he kissed her like he was starving.

Ravenous. Powerful. Consuming.

She wanted him. Wanted him to take her. Wanted him to fuck her so deeply she forgot her own name.

But John set her down gently, steadying her as she caught herself on shaky legs.

“I'd say that was a pretty good meeting,” he said lightly, a teasing warmth in his voice.

Allie flushed, eyes falling to the floor. She could hardly breathe, let alone speak.

John leaned in, his breath brushing her ear, voice dropping to that smooth, commanding whisper that melted her spine.

“And think twice before you wear sexy outfits like that. I've been trying to behave these last few weeks...” His fingers grazed her hip, then the bare skin of her thigh. “But you're not making it easy. Next time, I might not be able to control myself.”

A shiver ran down her body.

Allie blushed, biting her lip.

“I'll t-try to behave for you, b-but you don't make it easy either,” she said, her first attempt at flirting, timid but hopeful.

It made John smile.

He pulled her in and kissed her again. Deep, slow, heavy, his tongue sliding against hers as if to claim her all over again. She grew bolder, fingertips drifting down his torso, following the hard lines of muscle beneath his shirt. Reaching lower...

But before she touched the outline of him, John caught her wrist gently.

He kissed her once, then fixed her hair, smoothing it back into place with quiet tenderness.

"You'd better get back out there," he said softly.

She looked up into his dark eyes. Overwhelmed, dazed, and undone.

"Okay," she whispered.

"We'll have another meeting later tonight."

Allie's breath hitched. "O-ok..."

She turned, heart racing, legs trembling, and stepped toward the door. She straightened her blouse, smoothed her skirt, grabbed her folder, and did her best to remember what normal looked like.

Then, flustered and thoroughly ruined, she exited his office.

# The Closet 3 - Working Late













































The office was dead silent.

The overhead lights switched to half-power hours ago, the building slowly entering its nighttime hush like a church after mass. On either side of Allie were empty desks lined in quiet rows. Monitors dark. No motion but the soft, flickering blue light from the vending machine down the hall.

She was the only one left.

John had told her he'd come find her once the office cleared out. That was hours ago.

She kept checking the hallway. Waiting for the low, confident echo of his stride. But there was nothing. Only the click of her mouse as she mindlessly scrolled through her favorite online clothing stores.

Her anticipation, once electric, had begun to curdle into doubt.

What if he changed his mind? He wouldn't have been the first. Countless men had told her they would call, that they would meet her for dinner, that they would remember her birthday. None did. Even Michael, whom she was grateful to have, often would forget about her.

Why would someone like John be any different?

Allie closed her laptop softly and stood. She smoothed down her skirt, catching her reflection in her now black monitor screens. She looked away in embarrassment. Her outfit was ridiculously tight and revealing. No wonder so many women had glared at her, and so many men had looked away.

She glanced down the hall. It stretched into liminal dimness.

Then, with a deep breath, Allie slowly walked toward John's office, her heels muted against the carpet as she passed row after row of lifeless workstations. A glowing EXIT sign lit the far end of the office floor in red. From here, she could already see that John's office light was off.

Allie's heart sank. Then, as she turned the corner, she saw light spilling into the hallway from the glassbowl break room. And through the glass walls, she saw him.

John.

He stood by the kitchen counter, sleeves rolled, wavy hair slicked back perfectly, carefully arranging food onto plastic trays. There were takeout boxes, two paper cups, and utensils still wrapped in napkins.

Allie smiled and pushed the breakroom door open; a soft scent of spice and soy hung in the air.

"You found me," John said, not looking up as he aligned two egg rolls side by side with quiet precision.

Allie hovered in the doorway, surprised by the calmness of it all. Watching John's powerful hands work carefully.

"You were hiding?" She asked timidly.

John shrugged, finally glancing over. "Well, I wanted it to be a bit of a surprise. Figured you'd come looking."

She smiled and stepped inside.

"I didn't know if you were still here," she said. John looked up and caught the vulnerability in her eyes. He smiled, picked up the two beautifully arranged trays, and walked toward her.

"Where else would I be?" He said, handing her one.

They found their way to a sleek and polished table and sat across from one another. The room buzzed with soft electricity as John opened their utensils and began to dig in.

"Pad see ew," he said. "Hope you like it."

"I do," Allie replied warmly. She couldn't remember the last time someone had prepared a meal for her.

They ate quietly for a few minutes. Allie chewed slowly. The food was surprisingly good. Her appetite had been gone all night, but it now returned slowly. She snuck glances at John between bites. They caught each other's eyes every so often, laughing slightly when they did so. He looked calm, like always.

Then, with one last bite, John set down his fork.

"So," he said, "I need to ask something. And you don't need to answer if you don't want to."

Allie looked up mid-bite. A noodle comically hanging from her lip.

John smiled at her a moment before gently moving forward with his question.

"Why cheat on him?"

Allie froze.

She already knew she wasn't cheating. Not really. Yes, Michael didn't know the exact reason why she was working late, yet. But he wanted this. He was the one who had encouraged it, in fact. But John didn't know that. As far as he was concerned, this was an affair.

And Allie had to admit, there was something thrilling about this imagined tryst.

She swallowed.

"Well," she said slowly, "to be honest... I don't know if all my needs are being met."

John gave a faint smile. "So... sex?"

Allie nodded once. It wasn't the whole answer. But it was honest enough.

He studied her for a moment.

"He doesn't give you what you need?"

"No." Her voice was soft. "But I do love him. I don't want you thinking I'm evil or anything. I just—"

John lifted his hand. "It's fine."

They sat still for a moment.

"I imagine something like this..." he gestured gently between them, "...is hard to talk about."

Allie gave a quiet laugh. "A little bit."

"I get it." His voice was calm again, low. "For what it's worth, I don't think you're evil. Love is tricky. Messy. We'd all like to believe things are black and white, but they rarely are. Believe me, I'd know."

There was a quiet weight in his voice.

"Were you... married?" she asked.

John nodded. "Once upon a time, yeah."

She tapped her plastic fork on the edge of her plate.

"What happened?"

"She died," John replied calmly.

"Oh..." Allie's eyes dropped.

She hated how bad she was with these kinds of moments. There were things she wanted to say. Kind things. But none of them would come out right. She was never good with her words. So instead, she just sat there. Feeling the ache in her chest.

"It's fine, really," John said. "It's been many years now. I've moved on, for the most part."

"It must've been hard."

"It was. Still is, sometimes." He looked around the room. "It's why I work so much. It helps."

"I can understand that." She looked up at him. "I'm really sorry."

John gave a faint nod. His face unreadable, but softer now.

"If you'd prefer not to talk about it..." She said.

"Let's not," he said.

"Okay."

He exhaled slowly.

"Let's make a deal," he said, standing to clear their trays. "I won't ask questions about your marriage. And you won't ask questions about my past. Let's just enjoy the moment. Deal?"

Allie nodded. "Deal."

"Good."

He turned, placing their empty trays on the far counter. When he faced her again, his hands moved slowly, deliberately, to his belt.

The sound of the buckle loosening made her heart race.

"Speaking of enjoying the moment. I think you still need to finish me off," he said.

Allie's breath caught.

This man was unbelievable. A fantasy she had played in her mind countless times over. Her thighs pressed tightly together under the table as John stepped closer.

"Stand up," he said softly.

Allie obeyed without thinking.

John reached for her chin, lifting it gently with one finger. His gaze fixed on hers.

"Tonight," he murmured, "I'm going to make you forget all about your husband."

Her lips parted, a shallow breath escaping as John's hands slipped around her waist, and in one smooth motion, he lifted her, setting her on the edge of the table.

And kissed her.

Full. Deep. Possessive.

Allie melted into it. Her arms wrapped around his shoulders. Her knees pressed into the sides of his hips as the edge of the table bit into the backs of her thighs.

And for one long, breathless second, she forgot where she was.

She forgot everything but him.

John's lips explored hers, their kiss deepening like a storm. Emotions crashing between tangled tongues. Allie's breath was stolen in fragments. She barely registered when her back hit the breakroom table, or how fast his hands pulled at her blouse. It ripped at the seam with a sharp, startling sound. Buttons scattered to the floor as her cleavage burst from the shirt.

Her breath hitched.

John's thick fingers found their way to her breasts, squeezing them greedily through the thin lace of her red bra. Her nipples peaked instantly under the pressure, back arching into his palms.

The table shifted under them as she moaned softly.

Without warning, John lifted her again, arms wrapping under her thighs. Her head fell to his shoulder as he carried her across the room. The sleek couch at the center of the breakroom creaked under their weight as he dropped into it and set her onto his lap.

Her skirt rode high, the fabric gripping the curve of her thighs, exposing her red lacy underwear.

"John..." she whispered. He responded by pushing the hem higher, peeling it up to her hips.

Her pale skin glowed in the overhead light, smooth and flushed with heat. They stared at one another for a long, gentle moment. Neither speaking as John ran his hands along her thighs. Thumbs digging into her soft skin.

Allie began to grind against him, her pulse hammering as she felt his growing bulge press against her through his slacks. Her hands moved instinctively to his chest. The fabric stretched tight over thick muscle. She leaned forward, and her mouth found his again.

Tongues tangled. Teeth scraped. Her hips rolled forward before she could stop them.

As John squeezed her breasts together, Allie closed her eyes and looked up, her eyes catching on the black glass orb of the security camera above them.

"W-wait..." she gasped.

John's hands stilled immediately.

"What's wrong?"

She looked between him and the camera, heartbeat thudding in her ears.

"The cameras..." Her voice trembled. "Should we... should we worry?"

John followed her gaze. The faintest smile curled at the edge of his mouth.

"Afraid of getting caught?"

"Aren't you?"

He leaned forward, hand curling around her throat with gentle pressure.

"Maybe I like the danger," he said, pulling her in with a kiss that swallowed her thoughts whole.

She melted against him, fingers curling into his hair as their mouths collided again and again. Her hips rocked instinctively, grinding against the thick bulge beneath her. It only made her wetter.

John's hand slid up to her shoulder, tugging her bra strap down, then the other.

The cups fell to her waist.

Her breasts spilled out, heavy and flushed, pink nipples already stiff. He dipped his head and sucked one into his mouth, groaning against her skin as his hand squeezed the other. Allie felt herself quiver as his tongue flicked, and his face sank into the swell of her cleavage.

“John,” she whispered.

She was soaked and throbbing, her panties clinging to her sex.

John slipped his hand between them, fully undoing his belt with calm control. The soft clink of the buckle sent another jolt through Allie.

She glanced down and forgot to breathe.

Allie had nearly forgotten how thick John was. Veins traced along the shaft, flushed and full. Her breath came faster, chest heaving against his as he pulled her close. Her cleavage swallowed him as John wrapped both arms around her and crushed her body to his.

His cock pressed between her legs, sliding along the soaked fabric of her panties. She cried out softly as his shaft brushed her clit, the sensation of each deliberate thrust making her tremble.

They moved together with slow, rhythmic grinding. Her body rocking in time with his.

John’s hands found her ass, gripping each cheek with rough control, pulling her harder against him, forcing her to feel every inch of his cock.

Allie's nerves were frayed.

Her need was unbearable.

“Please,” she whispered. “Please.”

John’s mouth curved against her neck.

“You want me inside you?” He asked.

Allie nodded quickly, her voice gone.

John bit her bottom lip softly. His cock slid against her again, painfully slow.

“Don’t cum,” he said, “and you’ll get it.”

Allie stared deep into his chocolate eyes and nodded.

He threw her back against the couch cushions. Her spine curved against the slope, neck bending awkwardly as John raised her legs. He stood between her parted thighs, grabbed her hips, and pulled her closer. He pushed her underwear to the side and slapped his cock against her clit once.

Allie bit her lip, squeezing her eyes shut.

John began thrusting against her with long, measured strokes. The head of his cock gliding against her clit and back again. Wet. Hot. Teasing. Maddening.

She was going to break.

Her fists clenched the cushions. Her legs trembled. Her teeth dug into her lip as she closed her eyes tightly. Fighting against every fiber in her being not to cum.

Then, the thrusting slowed. Gently, John leaned down and kissed her forehead.

“You’re such a good girl,” he whispered.

He grabbed her tits in both hands and squeezed hard, then pushed forward in one, powerful thrust.

Allie couldn't fight it any longer. She came with a sob.

The orgasm ripped through her as her hips bucked against him. Her thighs clenched, her body shivering as her mouth opened in a soft, breathless cry.

John leaned in and kissed her cheek gently.

"That was pretty good. Maybe next time," he said softly.

Allie glanced down as he withdrew his cock.

She swallowed.

It was swollen. Veins bulging. Skin taut. It pulsed with every beat of his heart.

How had he not cum already?

Michael always came so fast, and had always told her that was normal.

But not John.

Allie bit her lip, eyes fixed on his heavy shaft.

Maybe he didn't find her attractive. Perhaps that's why he could last so long.

Maybe he was just helping. Giving her what she needed, like a favor.

Her heart kicked harder in her chest as she took a deep breath.

"D-do you want me... to finish you?" Allie asked, voice small, but hopeful.

John let out a calm, amused laugh. "Well... you lost the bet."

He casually began to stroke his hard, glistening cock. "But I'd be lying if I said I didn't want to fuck your tits again."

"Okay!" she blurted, too eagerly.

She promptly rose on her knees, moving between his legs on the couch, ready to offer him anything he wanted.

She began undoing her bra the rest of the way.

But his hand caught hers.

"Not like that," John said.

He first put Allie's bra straps back into place, then reached for her open shirt, inspecting the broken buttons with a smile.

"Guess I got a little excited," he said. Allie blushed.

"Guess so..."

He slowly did the buttons that remained, leaving the ones above and below her cleavage undone. Just enough to bind her tits together, creating a perfect valley framed in red lace and torn cotton.

He adjusted her slightly, tugging the fabric higher until it cradled her chest perfectly.

Allie looked up at him. "Like this?"

John's cock brushed her lips in reply.

“Just like that,” he murmured, pushing forward gently.

Allie parted her lips and let his length fill her mouth.

“Get my dick wet,” he said calmly.

She obeyed, tongue moving eagerly, worshipfully. She started slowly, with seductive licks and tentative suction. But John grabbed the back of her head and thrust deeper. Her throat clenched with the sudden pressure, gagging softly.

He didn't stop as he began to pump into her mouth eagerly.

“Be messy,” he said. “Let it fall on your chest.”

Allie let her jaw go slack.

Saliva dripped freely, thick strands of spit and precum sliding down her chin and onto her blouse, slipping into her cleavage.

John groaned. “Good girl.”

He pulled out and slid his cock below her cleavage, thrusting it between her slick, squeezed-together tits. The slit in her blouse framed him perfectly. His cock disappeared into her softness with each slow, deliberate thrust.

Allie held her breasts tighter around him, biting her lip as she felt his long shaft slide against her. His cock moved effortlessly through her cleavage, wet from her mouth, wet from him.

The head kissed her chin with every pump.

She looked up at him, breath trembling, and opened her mouth. Just enough for his tip to slip past her lips. She moaned softly around it.

John growled and began to thrust harder.

His body snapped forward with brutal control, his cock sliding in and out of her tits like they were his own personal fuck toy. The couch creaked beneath him. His thighs tensed under her hands. She felt every ounce of his strength. She watched his abs flex and muscles tighten as sweat formed on his brow.

She'd never been so utterly attracted to a man in her entire life. In that moment, she would have let him do anything he wanted to her.

And then he broke.

He let out a rough, primal groan.

Allie gasped as his cock throbbed against her tongue, the first thick spurt of his cum hitting hard, forcing her to pull back as it spilled from her lips. It gushed across her face, down her chin, hot, heavy, and unrelenting.

John didn't stop.

He gripped her tits and fucked them hard, cock sliding through his own mess, spurting between her tits, erupting further as his head crested between her cleavage.

Cum streaked her blouse, soaking into the fabric of her red bra beneath it. Her lips parted in awe.

Michael never came like this.

It was always a few weak beads and nothing more.

She thought that was just normal.

She always assumed she simply wasn't attractive enough. That no one would ever really want her. Not like this.

But John was still going.

Still thrusting.

Still cumming.

Her tits were soaked, her chest and face painted with his seed. And when the last of his cum sprayed across her cleavage, John leaned down and kissed her.

It was full, passionate, and possessive.

Allie blinked up at him when he pulled away.

Breathless, face slick and shining.

"Was it good for you?" he asked, smirking.

She nodded. "Yes..."

His hand slid down to her thigh.

"Do you want me to finish you?"

Allie shivered. Her entire body clenched at once.

"Yes," she whispered.

John said nothing.

He simply dropped to his knees.

And as his broad shoulders disappeared between her legs, his mouth found her again.

Allie fell back against the couch with a dazed gasp.

# The Closet 4 - Dinner Date







































There was a knock at the door.

Allie's hand trembled on the knob as she glanced at the laundry room door behind her. It was silent, but through the thin angled slats, she could feel Michael's presence leaking through.

Her breath caught as she slowly opened the front door.

John stood there holding a bouquet, smiling like it was the first time he'd laid eyes on her.

Sunlight had long faded from the sky, but the patio lights behind him gave a faint golden halo to his broad silhouette. Allie stared longer than she should have.

John was tall and masculine in a way that made her knees soften instinctively. His sophisticated fashion sense wasn't helping. He wore a well-fitted pair of baggy slacks, leather loafers, and a loose dress shirt accented by a silver watch and necklace.

Allie looked down at the flowers and blushed.

"You shouldn't have..." she said bashfully.

Without hesitation, John leaned in and kissed her.

His lips landed against hers with slow, practiced gravity. A perfect balance of power and gentleness. One of his hands found her hip, and for a moment, Allie forgot how to breathe.

Then he stepped inside and handed her the bouquet.

"I absolutely did," he said, closing the door behind him.

John glanced around the living room while taking off his blazer.

Allie nervously glanced around the room herself, fearing she might have missed something. Michael always did say he liked a tidy home, always making sure to let her know when she forgot something.

She had dimmed the lighting. Tidied the sofa. Lit the candles. And made the cozy mid-century decor as spotless as possible. John looked back at her with a gentle gaze.

"I never did mention how beautiful your home was, you decorate wonderfully," He said.

"Oh... thank you. Here, let me take your jacket," Allie said, reaching for it. John pulled it away playfully.

"Absolutely not, your hands are full. I can manage the jacket." He walked over to the couch. "Is it alright if I set it here?"

Allie nodded. "Of course..."

The faint hum of a distant appliance filled the silence between them as Allie carefully placed the flowers in a jar resting in the center of the dining room table.

"The place all to ourselves again?" he asked.

Allie nodded timidly, eyeing the laundry room door.

"And no work tomorrow." John continued.

"Y-yes." Allie's voice barely held steady.

John smiled at her mischievously.

"That means we can take our time."

Allie felt her body respond before her mind did. A flutter deep in her belly, like a string being plucked. She nervously tucked her hair behind her ear.

"Y-yes... I also made dinner." Her words came out softer than she meant.

John's expression warmed. "You shouldn't have."

Allie laughed lightly, glancing away as she smoothed her skirt down.

"Here, sit," she said quickly, gesturing toward the couch.

John didn't argue. He sat, casual, relaxed, but his eyes never left her.

She wasn't wearing a dress tonight. She had gone with a soft white turtleneck and a short skirt, a choice that made her feel slightly exposed.

But for John, that's exactly what she wanted to be.

The fabric clung tight around her chest. Tighter than she realized when she'd first tried it on, and her thighs were bare from mid-hip down.

John didn't try to hide that he was looking. That made Allie's pulse race.

"You look beautiful," he said.

Allie bit her lip, glancing away.

"Thanks. Let me get our plates," She said, standing to head into the kitchen.

"You don't have to," John said, standing with her, gently taking her hand. Allie looked back at him.

"It's alright, I want to," She replied. John nodded and let her hand go. Allie turned and walked past the laundry room door slowly, her spine tingling as Michael's eyes followed her.

She smiled nervously at the dark slats as she passed, lips twitching with something caught between guilt and glee. His presence was a muted pressure. She couldn't look at it for long.

Once in the kitchen, Allie took her time laying out their plates carefully. Allie adjusted the parsley, fluffed the mashed potatoes with the back of her spoon, and inspected the roasted chicken's placement twice. It smelled good. A perfect mixture of rich buttery seasonings and subtle sweetness from the honey she'd brushed on as a glaze.

She'd asked Michael about this recipe more than once. Each time, he'd barely responded.

It's alright, he'd say, before returning to his video game room.

So, she'd kept trying. Practicing. Tasting. Wondering what it would feel like to make something a man actually wanted.

She lifted the plates carefully and turned back toward the living room, one in each hand.

Allie nearly tripped when she saw that John had been watching her.

She met his gaze only once, but couldn't bear the embarrassment and glanced away with a bashful smile. Allie passed the laundry door once more, nearly forgetting that Michael was still there.

With her heart still racing, Allie reached John and carefully handed him a plate. He took it gently.

"Wow, Allie." John leaned back slightly on the couch, plate resting in his hands as he looked up at her. His eyes moved from the food to her face, awestruck. "This looks amazing."

Allie laughed nervously as she set her plate down.

"Well, you haven't even tasted it yet..." She said, handing him a set of silverware wrapped neatly in a napkin.

John unfurled it and carefully brought a piece of chicken to his mouth.

His reaction was immediate. His brows lifted, eyes widening just a little before he even finished chewing.

"You didn't tell me you're a chef," he said.

Allie laughed, instinctively waving him off. "You're teasing."

"I'm serious." He took another bite, slower this time, savoring it. "Jesus..."

Her chest felt tight. "It's... good then?"

John looked into Allie's eyes.

"It's seriously amazing," John said sincerely.

Allie laughed again, softer this time. She turned toward the kitchen, suddenly restless.

"I'll grab some water," she said. "Are you ok with white wine?"

"Of course," John said.

She poured carefully. Making sure the presentation was perfect. Just like she had practiced for years. Two full glasses of wine. Two waters. Balanced precariously on a tray she absolutely should have taken in two trips.

Her arms strained slightly as she lifted it, heart fluttering with the quiet panic at the prospect of dropping something and proving, again, that she was nothing more than clumsy fingers. Michael's chastising voice echoed faintly in the back of her mind. An entire scene played like a movie reel as she crossed to the living room.

His frustrated sigh. His chastisement as she profusely apologized and found a towel to clean up her mess.

Allie swallowed and steadied her hands, taking a slow breath. She focused. Really focused. Taking one step at a time. She had almost made it back into the living room when John looked over his shoulder.

"Oh! Here, let me help," He stood immediately.

"No no!" Allie said quickly as he crossed the room. "It's... it's ok..."

He reached her and, slowly, lifted two of the glasses from the tray before she could protest again. The tray immediately became manageable as she steadied it in her hands.

John leaned in and kissed her softly on the cheek.

"I'm afraid I have to insist," he said.

Allie's breath caught.

"Ok..." she whispered.

They moved back to the couch together, close enough that their shoulders brushed when they sat. The room felt smaller now. Quieter, more intimate.

They talked.

About work. About nothing.

About things that didn't matter and things that did, without ever labeling them as such. Time slipped by unnoticed, leaving them both in a temporary state of eternity and bliss.

Allie forgot about Michael.

Forgot about tomorrow.

Forgot that John was supposed to be nothing more than someone she slept with.

“So you didn’t always have your heart set on being a Market Manager?” John asked, swirling his wine idly.

Allie smiled, shaking her head. “No. Did you?”

“No,” John said easily, a faint smile tugging at his mouth.

“What did you want to be?”

“An artist,” he said calmly. No hesitation. No embarrassment. “I still chase after it. I actually have several pieces going to auction next month.”

“Wow. That’s amazing,” Allie said. She could feel herself leaning in without realizing it, pulled closer by the way he spoke. John wasn’t boastful or apologetic. Just honest and confident.

“Not really,” he shrugged. “It’s a pipe dream. But someday, I’d love to do nothing but create art.”

“You can do it,” Allie said earnestly, the words coming out with eager sincerity.

John smiled and reached out, fingers gently caressing the side of her arm. The touch was light, absentminded even. Still, it sent a quiet shiver through Allie.

“What about you?” he asked.

Allie laughed nervously, lifting her glass for a sip. “Oh, I don’t know.”

“Oh come on,” he said gently. “You can tell me.”

She hesitated.

“I... I guess I never really had any dreams,” she admitted.

John raised an eyebrow curiously. “None?”

Allie shook her head. “Not really. There was never time to think about that.”

“What do you mean?”

Allie stared into her glass, watching the surface ripple slightly as her hand trembled.

“Well...” She said. “I had to help take care of my family. My parents were very traditional, and they had a lot of kids. They wanted me to learn how to take care of my younger siblings. Wanted me to learn how to cook, to help host.” She let out a small, self-conscious laugh. “And then high school was over, and I was married...”

John nodded slowly.

“But you never got to dream,” he said.

Allie glanced at the laundry door as her breath caught.

“O-oh! Well, it’s not all that bad,” she said quickly. “I-I’m happy, I just... well, I never really thought about it, I guess.”

The strange tremble in her stomach betrayed her.

“I see,” John said.

Dinner ended quietly after that. Allie and John cleared their plates together and poured their second glasses of wine. Back on the couch, their knees brushed now and then, neither pulling away when they did. The room felt warm.

John leaned back, swirling the last sip of wine in his glass. "You know," he said, "this might be the best night I've had in months."

Allie let out a laugh. "Oh, stop..."

"I'm serious," he said, smiling. "An amazing home-cooked dinner, wine, and someone who actually listens when I talk about my stupid art projects? Talk about living the dream."

Allie laughed again. A small, unguarded sound that surprised her.

John paused, taking a sip of wine before continuing.

"Plus, it's not every day you get to spend the evening with a beautiful woman."

Allie blushed and looked down for a moment, then over her shoulder.

The laundry room door was framed in the low living room light. Her smile faded instantly as her hands dropped into her lap.

John kept smiling, unaware.

"What?" He asked.

Allie didn't answer. She just kept staring.

The slats in the door seemed larger now. Each dark line a pair of eyes for Michael.

He'd seen it all. The smiles, their laughs, the way she'd leaned into John like she forgot there was anyone else in the world. He'd watched all of it in silence.

Suddenly, Allie's stomach lurched, and she felt sick. She turned back to the living room, afraid that if she moved another inch, something terrible would come crashing down on her.

John's voice cut gently through the silence.

"Hey..." he said softly, reaching over and guiding her chin toward him with his finger. "What's wrong?"

Allie forced a smile as she stared into his eyes.

"Oh... It's nothing."

"Are you sure?" John asked.

Allie nodded quickly.

"I'm sure," she whispered.

He looked at her like he could see straight through the answer.

"Do you want me to go?" He asked softly.

Allie shook her head. "No..."

John smiled.

"Come here." He wrapped his arms around her and pulled her gently into his lap. They looked at one another for a moment before he kissed her deeply. Allie immediately sank into his embrace, her hands gliding along his chest, her thighs pressing into either side of his legs as she straddled him.

They orbited one another, pulled by something deep within. John's hands found her breasts through the soft fabric of her sweater and squeezed them firmly. Allie thrust her pelvis into him, moaning softly as they broke their kiss.

“Oh John...”

John answered with the taste of his lips.

Allie lunged forward. Her thighs parted over his lap as she grabbed fistfuls of his shirt, crushing her mouth to his with a desperate, devouring kiss. There was no hesitation left in her. Her fingers dove into his hair, gripping tight, holding him to her like she was drowning.

Their mouths opened, their lips dragged. She gasped between swallows of him, her body alive with urgency. A low moan broke from her throat as Allie's hips began to move, grinding herself against the thick press of John's cock beneath his jeans.

John's hands slid down her sides, mapping every curve, every tremble, until he reached the hem of her skirt. Allie pushed her breasts into his face as she felt John's hands slide underneath.

He squeezed her soft ass with rough affection, pulling her against him as she moved.

“That feels good...” she gasped, breath hot against his lips. Her voice already quivering.

Her whole body trembled as she tightened her thighs around him. Her pussy soaked and pulsing as her clit dragged over the hardness beneath her.

She wanted him so badly it hurt.

“Please...” she whispered, lips brushing his ear now. “Please, John...”

John answered with another kiss. Slower this time, more deliberate. His full lips crashed against hers in a gentle torrent. Letting her know he was here, that he wanted it just as much.

His hands slid to his belt, undoing the buckle with practiced ease. Allie's breath caught as she felt it.

The thick, heavy heat of him, freed at last.

He was so hard. The head of his cock throbbed as it found the mess between her thighs, slapping wetly against the thin lace of her underwear. She gasped at the contact and instinctively rolled her hips, dragging herself across the length of him.

John let out a low groan as her arousal coated him. Then his finger slowly pulled Allie's underwear to the side, and he pressed his swollen shaft against her.

Allie gasped as she felt his swollen member push into her bare skin. She rocked against him with a steady pace. Pleasuring herself on his cock without taking him in. Letting him slide between her folds, his shaft catching on her clit with every pass.

Their hands explored one another.

Allie could feel the pulse of his cock against her.

Her soaked panties clung to one side, her skirt bunched high around her fat, full ass.

She was already close, and they hadn't even begun.

Her hands found his shoulders, bracing herself as her pace began to quicken. John gripped her waist, letting her grind against him, thrusting upward every so often.

She looked down at him and became lost once more in his gaze.

His mouth was open, eyes fixed on her as his body flexed beneath her. And when he playfully smiled at her, thrusting up once more, something inside Allie cracked.

"I've wanted this," she murmured, leaning forward and lowering her voice to a whisper.

"I always wanted someone like you."

John gripped her waist firmly, stopping her motion mid-grind, holding her still in his lap. His eyes locked on hers, their gaze holding speaking words neither dared say out loud.

"Allie," he said, voice low. Measured.

Her name landed heavily between them, a warning and a promise all at once. John reached down and, with one steady movement, lined his pulsing cock with her entrance.

Allie gasped as she felt his tip nudge against her entrance. Warm. Insistent. Teasing her open with the barest pressure. Her hips pressed downward instinctively, chasing the contact, but John's hands tightened at her waist, keeping her still.

Her whole body braced.

Every nerve pulled taut. Every thought vanished except the slow drag of his head against her slick folds.

She had wanted this for so long. Her body throbbed, begging to be filled. She could feel how close the moment was, and it made her shake.

She was about to be taken.

John's hands held her firmly, thumbs pressing into her full hips as he guided her down slowly. Deliberately. Inch by inch. Making her feel every second of his penetration. The head of his cock pressed into her, stretching her open with aching patience.

Allie moaned, breath breaking as her body clenched, the stretch of his girth sending a jolt through her spine.

Her mouth fell open. Her back arched.

The tip of John's cock slipped past her folds and into her warmth, stealing the breath from her lungs as her mind danced through the waves of newfound pleasure.

"Oh, John!"

She leaned forward instinctively, burying his face in her chest, her tits pressing against him through the fabric of her sweater.

Allie buried her hands in his hair, desperate for grounding.

And as her hips settled lower, as she sank deeper onto him, Allie's eyes lifted.

To the laundry room door.

Allie stared directly at it as John slowly filled her.

Finally.

# The Closet 5 - Filled















































Allie moaned as she sank slowly around the thick shaft pressing into her. Her thighs trembled as her mind caught up with reality.

John was taking her. He was making her his.

Allie's breath caught in her throat as John's veiny hands gripped her hips tightly and slowly set her on his cock. Her skirt bunched around her waist as John stretched her. He was only half buried and already bigger than anyone she'd ever taken.

Allie gasped, jolting slightly as John pushed deeper.

His hands moved gently along her waist, finding her large breasts and squeezing them tightly. Then, he pushed deeper. Allie tensed again. One of John's hands slid up to cradle her cheek.

"Are you alright?" he asked, voice low.

She nodded quickly, heat rising in her face. "Yes... I just... could you go slow?"

His thumb brushed across her lower lip. "Of course. Tell me if it's too much."

Allie pressed into his touch, smiling.

"Okay."

He kissed her softly as he pushed further. Their mouths pressed together as Allie exhaled in ecstasy. John's hands, powerful but patient, guided her hips lower as his cock inched deeper.

Then, slowly, he pulled out. Hovering at her entrance a moment before thrusting back into Allie. A slow, deliberate thrust that didn't go all the way in. It stretched her further. Allie's breath hitched as her fingers gripped his shoulders.

John stared into Allie's eyes. His gaze calm, powerful, and wanting.

He thrust into her a little deeper.

"Oh my god..." Allie breathed.

John smiled. "You want me to start fucking you?"

Allie nodded quickly.

"Say please," John said. Allie smiled nervously.

"P-please..." The word barely left her trembling body.

John laughed and kissed the side of her cheek.

"Take this off first," he said, reaching for the hem of her sweatshirt and peeling it slowly over her head. She laughed softly, shy and breathless as she raised her arms. Her full, round breasts dropped with a satisfying bounce as the sweatshirt came free, revealing the red, soft bra beneath.

John's eyes lingered on her chest as his meaty hands squeezed her ribs.

"That too," he said.

Allie's fingers hesitated against the clasp.

"I don't know..." she whispered.

"What is it?" John asked.

Allie blushed. "I'm... a little shy."

John smiled, warm and sure. "You have nothing to be shy about."

He pulled her closer.

"Let me see you."

John's eyes devoured her. There was no disgust. No awkwardness. Just hunger. Real, ravenous desire.

Michael never looked at her like that. He always suggested she should be skinnier. Then, when she would start to diet, he would suggest she should be thicker. Then more muscular, then back to skinny. It seemed wherever she ran, Michael didn't want it. And so Allie began to believe that it was simply her body.

But now, under John's gaze, that feeling was fading away.

"Will you undress for me?" John asked gently.

Allie nodded with trembling breath.

"Yes... will you... Would you get naked also?"

John laughed quietly.

"Of course." His hands moved to undo his shirt.

With each button undone, John slowly revealed his tan, chiseled chest. Allie stared at his defined musculature. His veins bulged along his arms, accented beautifully by the tattoos peeking near his collarbone. Allie's mouth went dry as John threw his shirt to the side.

Then, she began to unhook her bra.

Her breasts fell heavy and full, pink nipples tightening in the open air.

John's eyes widened slightly. "Fuck... you are gorgeous."

He promptly pulled his pants down, his thick cock, still slick from her wetness, pressed between her legs eagerly. Allie moaned as he latched onto her breasts for a moment. Fondling her. Taking his time with her. They made out again, slow and tender, while his hands eagerly squeezed every part of her. She could feel his length pushing against her clit, throbbing and pulsing as they moved against each other. Then John pulled away.

"Good girl," he said. "Now take off your skirt."

Allie bit her lip, shifting back to her knees just long enough to wriggle the skirt over her hips and slide it down her legs. She tossed it aside and looked at him with wide, eager eyes.

"Underwear too," John said, stroking her arm.

"Okay..." Allie whispered, sliding them off slowly. The elastic dragged over her hips, her skin goosebumping as she peeled them down her thighs and let them drop.

Now fully nude, she felt the lights against her skin. All of her on full display with nothing left to hide.

John's gaze traveled across her body in reverence. His arms flexed as his hands gripped the couch, as if he was stopping himself from lunging forward.

"God, you are so fucking beautiful," he said, eyes trailing along her body before meeting her gaze. "Your husband really is an idiot."

Allie bit her lip, blushing deeply. She wanted to laugh. But part of her wanted to cry, too.

Michael never looked at her like this. Not once.

"T-thank you... You also look— I mean, you also are very handsome," She said, fumbling on every word. John's hands trailed up her thighs.

"Thank you, now get back on me and ride my cock." He spoke with a firm, but gentle tone that made Allie's heart melt.

Obediently, she climbed onto him again, her thighs shaking slightly as she positioned herself over him. One hand guided his cock to her entrance, the other steadied against his shoulder.

She lowered herself onto him, and he slowly filled her once more. She wrapped around him tightly as an overwhelming wave of pleasure pulsed through her. She gasped as he pushed deeper, stretching her wide as he slid into her, inch by inch.

"Oh, John..."

"That's it, you're doing great," he whispered. "Let me fill you."

Allie moaned softly as she slowly sank down on the rest of his length. She felt John thrust up into her eagerly with a deep groan, burying his cock fully inside her. His tip touched her cervix, the first time anyone ever had.

"Wow, you are... so big," she gasped. John's hands slid up her waist as he began to pump slowly.

"You're taking me so well," he said. "Now bounce for me."

Allie obeyed. Her rhythm was slow at first. Just a shift of her hips and a flex. Then again. A soft upward push, and a fall. Her breasts bounced with each motion, soft slaps of skin against skin echoing in the room.

John moaned under her as his fingers dug into her waist.

"That's it, baby... show me how bad you want it," he said.

The command was like a spell. Allie began to ride him more boldly. Her hips found their rhythm. Her breath broke into short, panting gasps as she felt the tip of John's cock slam against her over and over. The pressure was unlike anything she'd known. She could feel him striking her deepest point, like her cervix was parting just for him. Every thrust felt like a kiss against the farthest edge of her body.

John lay back slightly, hands gripping her hips, his eyes locked to her swaying breasts. He looked at her like she was the only thing that mattered. Allie's lips parted as she felt her face flush.

Their rhythm built without them noticing. Their small shifts turned into aggressive thrusts. Allie dropped more deeply with her hips as John began to counter thrust. What had started slow and reverent now turned primal. Their flesh slapped together loudly. Allie found herself beginning to moan involuntarily as John pushed upwards with incredible power, each impact sending a blooming heat through her belly.

His hands slid from her waist to the small of her back and gripped firmly. Guiding her motion, urging her to fall fully onto his shaft. Allie's breath turned ragged as his tempo quickened. The couch creaked beneath them, the cushions dipping with the force of John's strength.

"Fuck Allie," he murmured—half in reverence, half warning—before his hips snapped harder.

Allie gasped, nails digging into John's shoulders as her body rocked forward. His powerful thrusts sent ripples through her body. Involuntary shouts of pleasure left her as John's cock hit a spot so deep it left her trembling.

Then he did it again. And again. And again.

"Oh John..." she panted. "I'm... I'm going to... you're going to make me—"

His jaw tightened. Sweat beaded across his temple, but his pace never wavered.

“You want to cum on my cock, sweetheart?” he asked, voice steady, hips still pistoning up into her with relentless force.

“Yes!” she cried, every syllable breaking apart. “Yes!”

He caught both her wrists, drawing them gently behind her back as he thrust. She could feel his strength as well as his control. He held her with just enough restraint to make her body arch, chest lifting, breasts falling to the sides as her back bowed.

“Cum for me, baby,” he said, an order wrapped in devotion.

The world peeled away.

The pleasure licked up her spine and burst through her chest. Ecstasy ripped through her so fiercely that Allie had to clamp her thighs around John. Her voice broke into a sharp, helpless cry. Her muscles contracted, pulsing around him, as a hot rush of her fluid spilled onto him.

She barely had time to gasp before liquid burst free, spraying messily across his pelvis and the cushions beneath them. She lurched upward with a strangled sound, overwhelmed by the force of it.

“Oh my god!” she screamed, breathless, body shaking uncontrollably. “Oh my GOD!!”

Allie had never felt a climax like this. She had never had a man cause her to lose control this completely and fully. Not once.

And he wasn't finished.

John didn't give her time to think. His mouth crashed against hers, swallowing her cries in a hungry, desperate kiss. He had lost himself, too. His hands gripped her hips and, as if she were weightless, John hoisted her up, turned her, and set her down onto the couch.

"Get on all fours, face away from me," He commanded. Allie obeyed with shaking limbs.

The cushions pressed against her cheek as her knees sank into the couch. Her round, full ass lifted instinctively as he positioned her. She barely caught her breath before he slid back inside her in one deep, claiming thrust.

Her back arched, a shocked moan ripping from her throat.

The angle from the back was mind-numbing. John filled her so completely it bordered on pain. Perfect pain. His hands gripped her hips as he drove into her, each stroke harder than the last. The couch protested beneath them, creaking loudly and skirting across the hardwood floor as he fucked her with incredible force. Allie's ass jiggled with every impact.

“John—” she whimpered, voice shaking and waning as she melted around him.

He was ruining her. No other cock would ever feel the same after this night, she knew it. Nothing would come close to this moment. Nothing. Her body was becoming his, and his alone.

"John..." Allie's voice jolted with his thrusts. Her words came out unevenly.

“That's right,” he growled behind her, breath hot against her shoulder. “Take it.”

Her body answered before her mind could. She pushed back into him, matching his rhythm, every thrust sending sparks racing through her nerves. Her moans grew louder, shameless, echoing off the room.

“Yes! Fuck me, John! Fuck me!”

He grabbed high on her arms and pulled, angling her hips. The new position drove him deeper, and Allie's cry turned wild.

He didn't stop.

In a blur, he flipped her again. Allie landed on her back and sank into the cushions, heart hammering. John hooked her thighs over his arms and dragged her toward him, folding her just as he had in the break room.

His massive body hovered over hers. John slid back inside with one smooth, ruthless thrust.

Allie's head fell to the side as she gripped his forearms.

Their bodies slapped together in a rhythm that devoured every thought. His gaze stayed locked on her face, watching every reaction, savoring every expression of ecstasy. John adjusted his angle, each stroke intentional and devastating.

"Allie," he murmured, voice tight. "Look at me."

Allie obeyed. His eyes held something that knocked the air from her chest. Beneath the hunger, something softer appeared. Possession tangled with care. A feeling that frightened as much as it nurtured.

She felt the pressure inside her climbing again. Allie's legs trembled against his shoulders. Heat built at the base of her spine, coiling, fierce and unstoppable.

"John—I'm—" she gasped, fingers clawing at the cushions. "I'm going to—"

"I'm cumming too," he grunted, thrusts sharp and relentless. Sweat traced down his throat and across his broad chest. His jaw locked, and he bottomed out.

The second orgasm broke over Allie like a wave. She cried out as her body clenched around him again, trembling from the inside out. Pleasure surged, stealing her breath.

John pulled free at the last second, hand wrapping around his shaft. His body jerked with the release as he spilled across her stomach. Thick, hot ropes painted her skin, splashing high enough to streak her breasts. She rubbed herself instinctively, chasing the last echo of her climax as he stroked himself through his. She sprayed wildly beneath him, her juices soaking into the couch cushions.

"FUCK!" he groaned, voice ragged, still pumping, still spilling until the final twitch faded.

Silence followed. Allie watched John's cum drip across her heaving breasts. She gazed at his throbbing, veiny shaft and watched the last of his cum spill out from his tip and fall below her belly button. John leaned over her, bracing one hand above her head, his chest rising and falling. The scent of his cologne and musk was intoxicating. Heat radiated from his perfectly sculpted body.

He was... perfect.

Still dazed and trembling with aftershocks, Allie's hand gently trailed down his chest and abs. She shifted and felt the damp cushions squish beneath her. Almost immediately, she turned her face away. John looked down curiously.

"What's wrong?" He asked.

"I'm... sorry about the mess," she whispered, cheeks burning. "I should've warned you... I know it's gross."

John smiled with empathy.

"Allie..." He said softly, leaning down and kissing her. Not rushed. Not hungry. His lips lingered, hands framing her face as he whispered against her mouth.

"You are the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. Nothing about you is gross."

"Really?" she asked softly.

He nodded, brushing his thumb along her jaw. "That was the best sex I've ever had."

Allie flushed a deep red. She turned her head with a shy laugh. "Oh, you don't have to say that."

"I'm serious," John said, standing and walking toward the kitchen. His naked form moved with easy confidence. Broad shoulders, toned back, thick legs. Allie's eyes followed him, dazed and dreamy. He returned with a few towels.

Allie took them, covering herself instinctively even as she wiped down the mess cooling across her skin.

"I feel the same," she murmured.

John paused, looking her over again.

"I don't think I'm done with you yet," he said. His smile turned wicked. "Care for a round two?"

Allie's heart fluttered. Every nerve in her body screamed yes. Her eyes drifted to the clock hanging in the living room.

"It's past one..." Allie whispered. John shrugged.

"We've got nowhere to be tomorrow."

Allie bit her lip, then heard a shift in the laundry room. It was subtle, perhaps nothing more than the house settling. But it made her stomach tighten all the same.

Michael was still there. Watching, listening.

Allie hesitated, her lips parting as fear formed in her chest.

"I... I'm not sure if.. it's just... Michael. He's—"

John stepped closer, cutting Allie off by tucking a strand of hair behind her ear.

"It's alright," he said gently. "We've got time. I can wait for round two."

Allie smiled faintly, touched by how easily he understood her.

"Thank you," She said.

"Of course," John answered. He gave her breast a playful squeeze. "It's going to be hard to wait."

Allie smiled as she rubbed his broad shoulder.

"I know," she whispered.

He kissed her again, then began dressing quietly. Allie watched him in silence. Feeling everything she wanted to say, but completely unsure how to say it.

She didn't want him to leave. Not yet. She wanted him to stay. She wanted to fall asleep in his arms. But instead, John was grabbing his jacket and heading for the door. He glanced back over his shoulder.

"Lock up behind me, yeah?"

Allie nodded, pulling the towel tighter around her chest.

"Drive safe," She said. John smiled and gave her a wink.

"Sleep tight, sweetheart."

The door clicked shut.

Allie sat in the quiet that followed, the scent of sex still thick in the room. Her legs still trembled. Her chest still rose and fell. The wet couch cushion grew cold beneath her.

And behind her... the closet began to open slowly.