

# The Rules We Break 1 – Orbiting

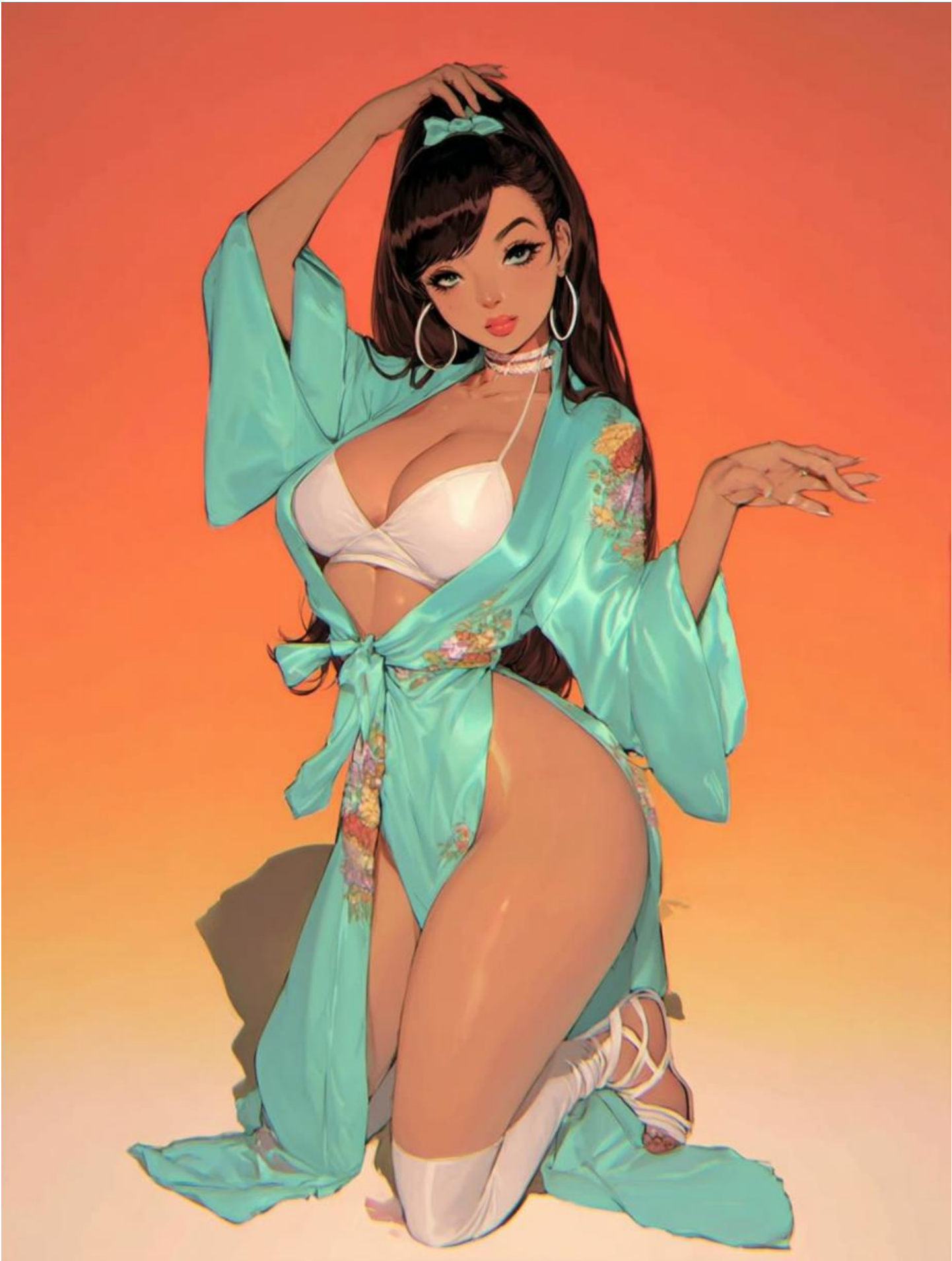




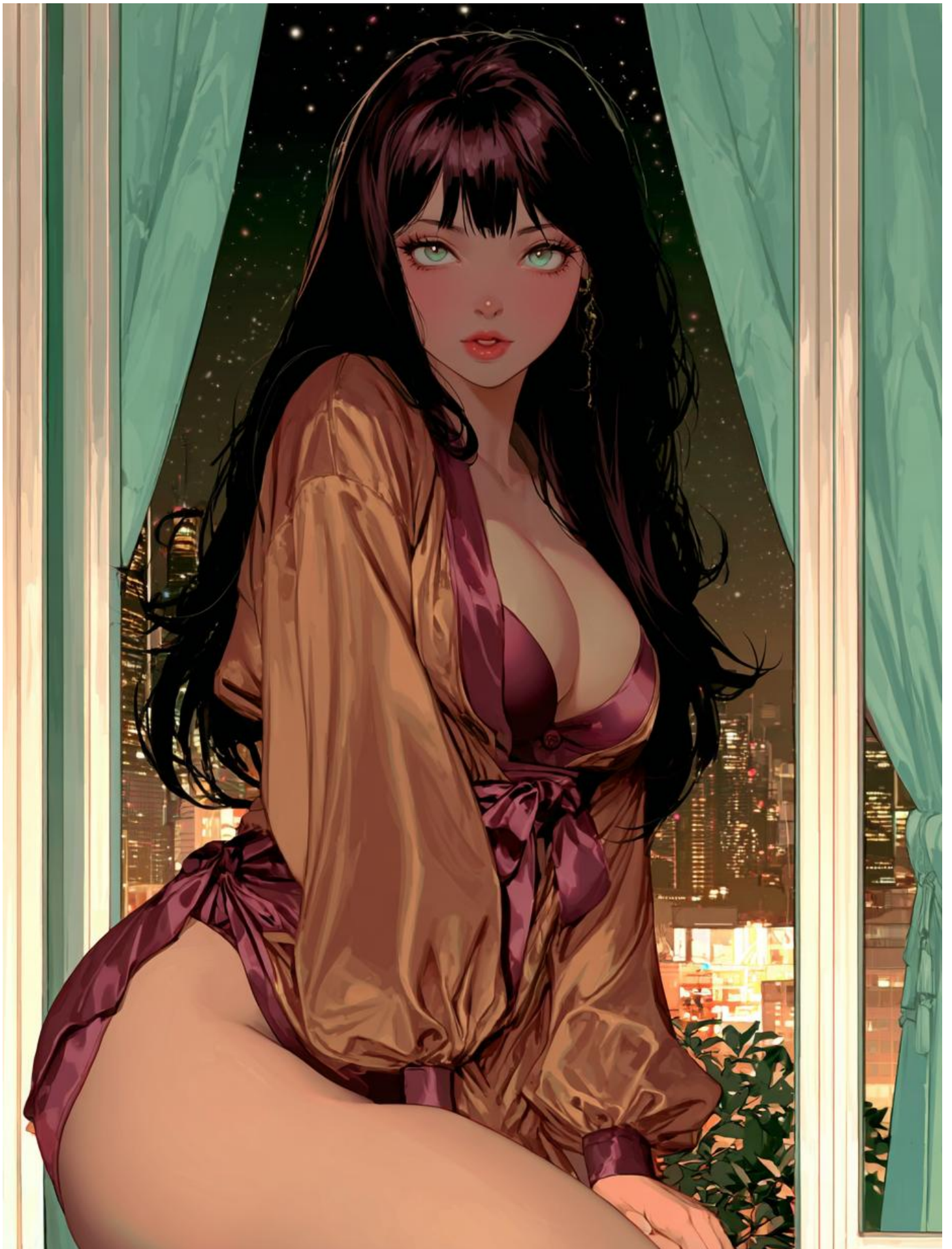




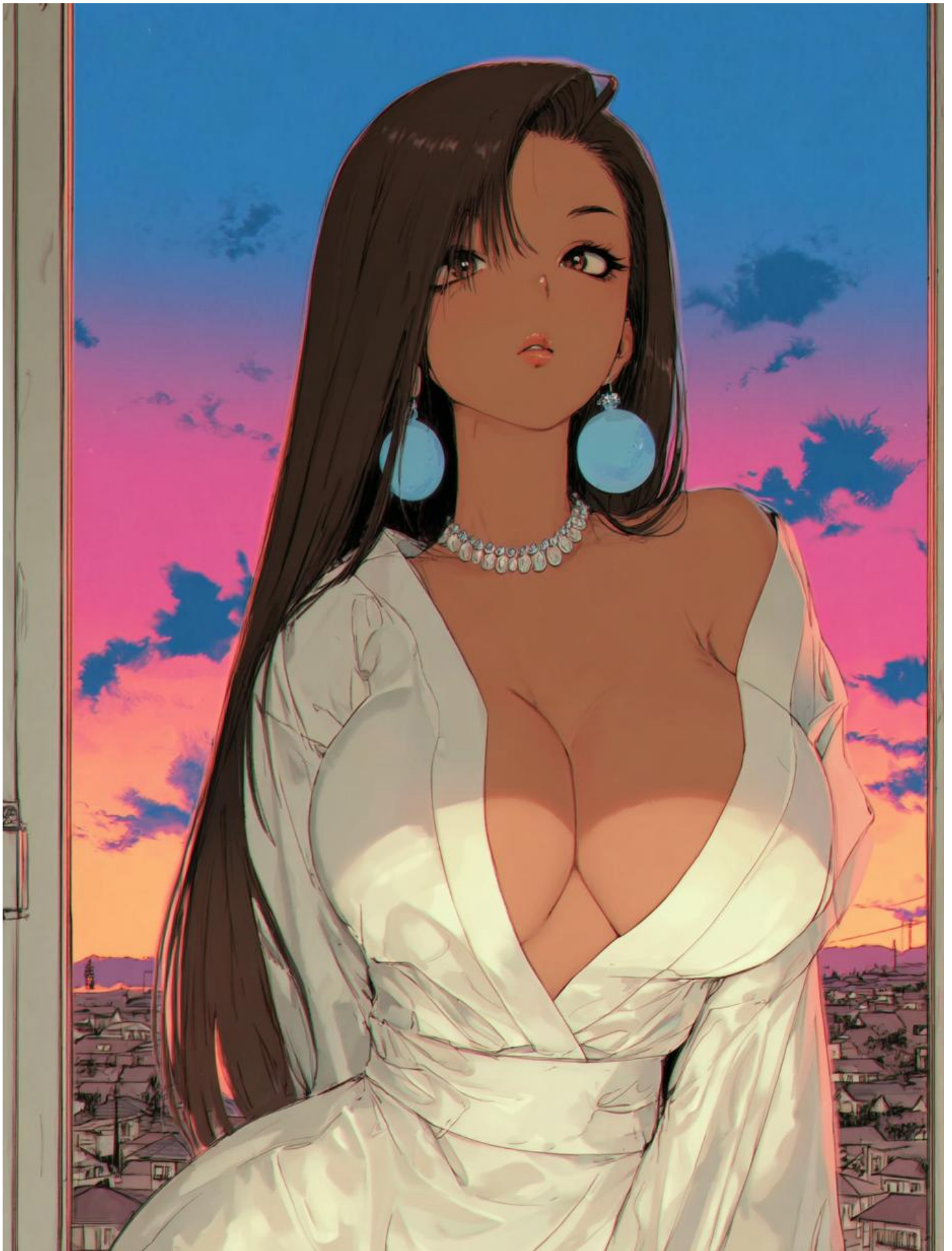








































1. My husband needs to be able to watch
2. It can only happen once a month
3. I can say no to anything
4. My husband can say no to anything
5. No penetration

The rules were simple. Sage's husband had encouraged her to write whatever would make her feel comfortable. She had them penned out on a piece of paper, her handwriting neat and elegant. Rules were everything to Sage. Order and control were everything. If she was going to do this, it would be on her own terms, not anyone else's. She slid the paper across the kitchen table to her husband, Jeremy, with a single finger.

"So you're really serious about this?" He asked her.

"I think so. Are you?"

"I think so," Jeremy replied. He smirked. "It would be kinda hot."

Sage scoffed and rolled her eyes. His confidence never seemed to leave him, no matter what the situation. Already in his late twenties, Jeremy had achieved a level of success that most wouldn't in a lifetime. He was a man of determination, decorated with smiles, good looks, and charm.

Every facet of his life was perfect and in control. It was why Sage had married him. She tapped the table with her nails.

"You're absolutely sure you want me to?" She asked.

They had been dancing around the subject for a few weeks now.

About whether or not she would finally visit their neighbor, David, after he had seen her naked through her bedroom window. Sage had always hated how the back of their houses were exposed to each other. And of course, the one night she decided not to close the blinds was the one night David was staring, dumbfounded, through his living room bay windows.

They locked eyes.

David took a sip of his whiskey as his gaze slipped to her breasts. Sage, for her part, didn't move. She told herself it was shock. But the truth was far more nuanced than that. She liked seeing him enraptured and wanted to see how long he would stare.

She watched as his hand went to his crotch, and she would have continued to watch if it weren't for Jeremy's call from the kitchen. It snapped her to attention, and she turned promptly from the window.

And just like that, her neighbor had seen. Sage wanted to put it behind her, but something inside her knew that wasn't going to happen. The following morning, David caught her leaving for work and apologized.

"I'm really sorry about that," he said, clearing his throat. She remembered his disheveled beard and poorly tucked-in shirt. And his eyes still trailing to her chest.

Sage, in response, pushed her chest out and pretended she didn't notice.

"Oh, it's nothing. It happens."

And she was right. It did happen. It happened often. And just like every time before, David had become intoxicated. He let out a gruff laugh as the buttons on Sage's blouse strained against her chest.

"I... it shocked me so much. I kind of froze in place," He looked at her hungrily. "I don't mean disrespect, but you really are something."

Sage smiled. "It caught me off guard, too. But it's behind us."

The attention was nice, yes. But she would never pursue it further. The two went on with their lives. Only now, David consistently and conveniently found ways to keep bumping into her. It started with happenstance greetings from across the yard that turned into long conversations. Then, at a local estate sale, he stumbled into her while she was exploring a table of antiques. She found an old clock that wasn't working, and David offered to fix it for her.

"It's a hobby of mine," he said.

Sage didn't believe him, but found his obsession... charming.

Then he asked for her number.

"So I can text you when it's done."

Sage smiled. She had heard many lines like that before. It was nothing new.

"Sure," She said.

David never did get the clock to her.

But he did start texting her randomly at night. And finally, inevitably, the text Sage had been anticipating arrived.

David: You know, if you ever wanted to put on another peep show for me. I wouldn't mind.

It was abrupt, but unsurprising.

Sage: What kind of woman do you think I am?

She replied immediately and absolutely. While the attention was cute, she wanted to make it clear to David that he was not in control. This was a game to her, and nothing else. Still, she hoped that he would keep playing.

David: Ha. Relax, it was a compliment.

Sage: Great, but keep it to yourself.

David: Ur fiesty, arent u? Sure thing Princess

"Princess..." Sage mumbled the word in disgust.

She sat with it a moment, and realized that not disclosing all of this to Jeremy wouldn't be much farther from cheating. David clearly wasn't going to give up. And while Sage appreciated his bull-headedness, she wasn't going to jeopardize her relationship for him. She went to Jeremy the next day and told him what was happening. She expected him to be appalled, perhaps even angry with her. All of which she would have understood. In fact, Sage had anticipated it. And was planning to make it up to him with dinner and sex.

But instead, Jeremy's eyes perked up in interest.

"What if you did show him again?" Were his exact words.

Sage stared, dumbfounded.

"What do you mean?"

Jeremy shrugged with that casual laugh of his.

"I don't know, it's kinda hot, right?"

"Jeremy, what the fuck is wrong with you?" Sage said with a tempered, but humored, tone. Jeremy laughed and shrugged.

"I'm just saying!" He looked at her with his perfect smile. It always disarmed her. "What, you don't think the guy's hot?"

"He's old!"

"So what?! He's handsome, right?"

Sage shook her head. David wasn't ugly. She might even call him attractive for his age. He had a burly build about him. A body that had played football once upon a time, perhaps.

But he was also an objectifying pig. She could see it in his overly polite, assertive mannerisms. In the way every conversation they had inevitably began orbiting around her looks. By the fact that, not once since their little occurrence, had he ever asked a single question about her.

"I would never give him the satisfaction," She said, more coldly than she would've liked.

"Well, what if you didn't?" Jeremy offered casually.

"Jeremy, I'm doing that right now. If he saw me naked again, I'd be giving him exactly what he wants."

Jeremy waved her off.

"Noooo. Trust me, you wouldn't," He said.

"I'm sorry, am I missing something?"

"He wants to fuck you, Sage," Jeremy said. "He already saw you naked."

Sage shook her head, unamused. "Yes, and?"

Jeremy leaned forward. "So he doesn't want to see you naked again. He wants you. He's trying every angle to get it." Jeremy smirked. "And that's kinda hot."

Sage stared for a moment, surprised at how excited she was.

"Fine, let's say you're right and I get naked again for him. What does that accomplish, exactly?"

"It lets you tease him," Jeremy said.

Sage liked the sound of that.

"Go on," She said.

"You never give him what he wants. You string him along. You try to make him beg." Jeremy leaned back and raised his hands as if he'd won some great argument.

"And you find hot?" Sage asked teasingly.

"Don't you?" Jeremy said.

Sage scoffed and looked away. She looked back at Jeremy to see if he was joking, but he seemed genuine.

"So what? I make a game out of it? I string him along but never fuck him?"

"Nope."

Sage shook her head. "He'll just give up."

Jeremy laughed loudly.

"You really don't get it, do you?" He put his hands behind his head. "No man in their right mind would give up on you."

Sage's lips pursed. She liked that sound of that, too. She wanted to see how true that statement was.

"So, how do you imagine this? I give him little strip teases?"

Jeremy nodded, "That's a start."

He paused for a moment.

"You could... You know... push the envelope too, if you want. You are in control, after all."

Jeremy was right. She was in control.

And with that one conversation, Sage's marriage was forever transformed. It started with keeping her blinds open each night while she changed. At first, David didn't notice. Then, eventually, he passed through his living room at exactly the right time.

He stopped in the center of his living room and stared up at her.

They made eye contact as Sage slowly undid her bra.

He never missed a day after.

It became their routine. Sage would go upstairs while Jeremy watched his sports or played his games with his friends in the living room. She would turn on her light and step towards the window. David would be there on his couch, whisky in hand. Watching as Sage slowly began to undress.

And inevitably, watching led to stroking.

Until finally, David pulled out his cock while Sage pulled down her underwear.

Even from a distance, his size was shocking.

Sage had never seen one that big. Even David's own beefy hands seemed small compared to its girth.

And that big cock wanted to be inside her.

As time went on, Sage began to look forward to their nightly ritual. She would take longer to undress, watching as David stroked himself slowly. She began to make a game out of it. She would take off each article of clothing as she swayed her hips. Then, Sage would leave, relax on her bed for a while, and return to see if David was still there.

He always was. Still stroking his massive, pulsing member.

Part of the ritual was also disclosing to Jeremy what was happening. He would often ask for details, and she would give them.

And then they would fuck like animals.

Things escalated naturally. Sage would squeeze her breasts for David the same way Jeremy liked. She would bend over and present her ass. Wiggling ever so slightly.

She watched between her legs as David came onto his stomach.

Again.

And again.

That night, Sage had never fucked Jeremy more. She was insatiable. She imagined Jeremy was twice his size. Pulsing and filling her.

Worshipping her.

She came while imagining it was David cumming inside her.

The texts came after.

David: When will u let me fuck u?

It was an inevitable question. Sage knew that. But when it finally happened, she was unsure what to do with it. She walked downstairs to show Jeremy the text and found him dabbling in his latest hobby: book binding.

"Hey, honey, do you think I should use the red string or the blue string for this one? I feel like the red pops, but I'm afraid it's too much," He asked as she walked into the dining room.

"I saw him cum," She said flatly.

Jeremy looked up, the book and thread dropping from his hands.

"Stop, really?"

Sage nodded.

"So like what, on his couch?" Jeremy asked.

"While drinking whisky," Sage said.

Jeremy let out a short laugh. "What made him pop?!"

Sage smiled. "I wiggled my ass."

Jeremy threw his head back. "That is crazy! I didn't think the dude would actually bust!"

"Can you believe it?!" Sage joined her husband in laughter. Then, she paused for a moment. "He wants to fuck me too."

Jeremy's laughs faded, and he cleared his throat. Hunger and fear mixed in his eyes. Sage waited a moment, then asked the question that was making her heart race.

"Should I let him?"

Jeremy's head jerked back in surprise.

"Wait, wait... do you want to fuck him?" He wasn't hurt. If anything, he seemed intrigued.

Sage shrugged. "I don't know, I'm asking. Do we want it to be more?"

Jeremy let out a long breath and shook his head.

"Wow, fucking our neighbor, huh?"

"I mean, I don't have to," Sage crossed her legs and leaned back. "Definitely don't have to."

"But you want to?"

Sage laughed. "You know, it's funny, I don't know if I do? I think I like the tease more."

That much was true. While David's cock was something to behold, what Sage really loved was seeing a man like David fall prostrate to her. He had literally rearranged his entire living room so that the couch faced the windows.

He had made an altar out of his home to worship her.

To orbit her.

Just for the chance to have her body to himself.

He wasn't any different than all the other men in her life.

Who had taken. Who had hurt.

And gotten away with it.

But now, Sage would make sure that never happened again.

"So, you don't want to fuck him?" Jeremy asked.

"Maybe. I don't know. Not till we say so, at least," Sage said with a smile. Jeremy rubbed his chin.

"This makes me feel bad for the guy."

"Well, he could always say no," Sage said.

"Yeah, but he won't," Jeremy said.

"Well, that's his problem. He's a grown adult."

"And what if he gets upset?"

"Then fuck him!" Sage said loudly.

"I thought the point was to not fuck him?"

They both laughed. Sage felt a wave of goosebumps flow through her arms.

"You aren't doing this just for me, right?" Jeremy asked. "I don't know if I could stomach it if you were just doing this for me."

"No... It's definitely not just for you. I didn't expect it, but... this teasing? It is kind of hot."

Jeremy smirked. "Right?!"

"Settle down," Sage said with a laugh.

"So how do we bring it up to him?"

Sage thought for a moment. "I guess I could write up a contract."

"You are so type A, I swear to god," Jeremy said.

"You're one to talk."

"No, no, you're right. A binding contract is absolutely the way to go." Jeremy said sarcastically. Sage playfully slapped his shoulder.

"Don't tease!"

"I'm serious! I mean, I'm giving you shit, but really, it's a good idea. Not just for him, but for us."

"Good, I'm glad you agree. I'll write something up." She leaned over and kissed his cheek. Then looked at the book resting on the table. "I'd use the red string, by the way."

Sage had the rules written up in less than a day.

"And you are sure you're ok with me meeting him?" She asked.

"Yeah, I mean, what's the worst that could happen, right?" Jeremy always liked playing with fire. It's why Sage fell for him in college. A wild, long-haired guitarist she could tame into something more stable and controlled.

"I'm a little surprised," Sage said. "Not that I'm complaining, but I thought these things would've been stamped out of you by now."

Jeremy's laugh softened.

"Guess not."

Sage felt exhilarated. This was the hottest thing that had happened to their sex life in years. But she wouldn't give in to impulse. Even if they moved forward with this, it had to be precise and thought out. Sage needed to make sure this wouldn't disrupt her life. She had worked too hard to get to where she was, and the last thing she was going to do was blow it up for an old man next door.

"You know the kinds of things he's said to me. Even if I give him these rules, he's probably going to try for more once I'm in his house."

As Jeremy heard the words, his eyes dropped to Sage's body. He was absolutely transfixed in fantasy. Sage had grown accustomed to it. Nearly every man she met acted the same way.

And she was also smart enough to know why. Sage had won the genetic lottery.

Full lips, smooth olive skin, long brown hair, curvy figure, huge breasts, and stunning green eyes. Everywhere she went, the eyes followed.

She remembered being on the volleyball team, looking out into the crowd after dominating the entire game, expecting to see faces praising her performance. Only to find a bleacher full of horny men staring at her ass while women glared in contempt. And could she blame them? She looked like a model. In fact, during college, she had modeled a bit.

It almost took her to California.

With him.

Sage eventually came to accept that this was simply the way of things. That no matter how much she excelled, her looks would supersede her ability.

It was why Jeremy was now transfixed on her body rather than her words.

"Are you even listening?" She asked. Her tone was playful, but tempered.

Jeremy blushed. "Oh shit, I'm sorry, Sage... I was getting a little too excited."

Sage loved the wrinkles that formed in the corners of Jeremy's eyes whenever he smiled.

"I can tell!" Sage glanced down at his pants, an obvious bulge forming.

Then, a thought came to her mind as she stared at her husband's cock.

"You want more to happen, don't you?" She asked.

Jeremy looked like a deer caught in headlights.

"I do," he admitted. Sage's ears began to ring.

"How far... how far do you want it to go?"

Jeremy raised his brows and shook his head slowly as he leaned back.

"You know? I have no idea. And yet..."

Sage bit her lip.

"Do you want to see him... You know... with me?"

Jeremy glanced at her for a moment. His eyes said everything. Sage leaned forward.

"You really want to see it?!" She asked.

"I don't know, maybe?!" Jeremy replied jokingly.

"We can't take any of it back once it's over," Sage said, "Even if it's just him groping me, we can't take it back."

"Wait, are you going to let him grope you?"

"Focus, Jeremy!"

"I know I know..." Jeremy said with a sigh. "That's not the part I'm most worried about, though. What if he gets, I don't know, violent?"

Sage felt a shiver.

"You think he would?"

"I mean, the guy seems nice enough. But you never know, right?"

"No, you're right... I didn't think about that..." Sage glanced out the windows that faced David's home.

"What if you watched?" She asked. Jeremy perked up at the question.

"Watch?"

"Yeah, to make sure nothing weird happens. Plus, I mean..." She looked at him for a moment. "You did say it was kind of hot, right?"

She would never forget the look that formed on his face that night. It was like that single sentence had turned on a switch that could never be turned off.

And for Sage, it was like she'd tasted the greatest drug on the planet.

"So..." Sage said, looking deep into Jeremy's eyes. "Is that a yes?"

"Where should I watch?" He asked softly.

"The bedroom. David set up his living room to watch me. You can see everything from there. I will make sure we stay by the window. I'll let him know you're watching. It will keep me safe," Sage stepped toward Jeremy and let her fingers trail down his tight stomach.

"You want to keep me safe, don't you?" She said.

Jeremy nodded.

"How... how far do you think you're going to want to go?" He asked.

Sage didn't know the answer to that question. Or perhaps, it felt too soon to admit the truth. Even to herself.

"Oh, I don't know. Maybe some touching. Maybe some kissing. Definitely no fucking. That is, if he even goes for this arrangement."

"Right. No, yeah, of course. He might not even go for it," Jeremy said, blinking rapidly for a moment as he rubbed his shoulder.

"But Sage already knew David was going to go for it. Every straight man in her entire life had tried to go for it.

Even the ones that weren't supposed to.

"Either way, he'll be kept on a tight leash," Sage said. Jeremy nodded.

"So, are we doing this?"

"I'm in if you are," Sage said.

Jeremy was silent for a moment as he thought through it.

"Ok," He said. "Let's schedule this thing. But it can't be this Friday."

"What, why not?" Sage asked.

"Because the boys and I are raiding the East Cavern and I can't miss it."

Sage laughed and shook her head. "Ok, I'll see if he's free on Wednesday."

# The Rules We Break 2 - Say Please







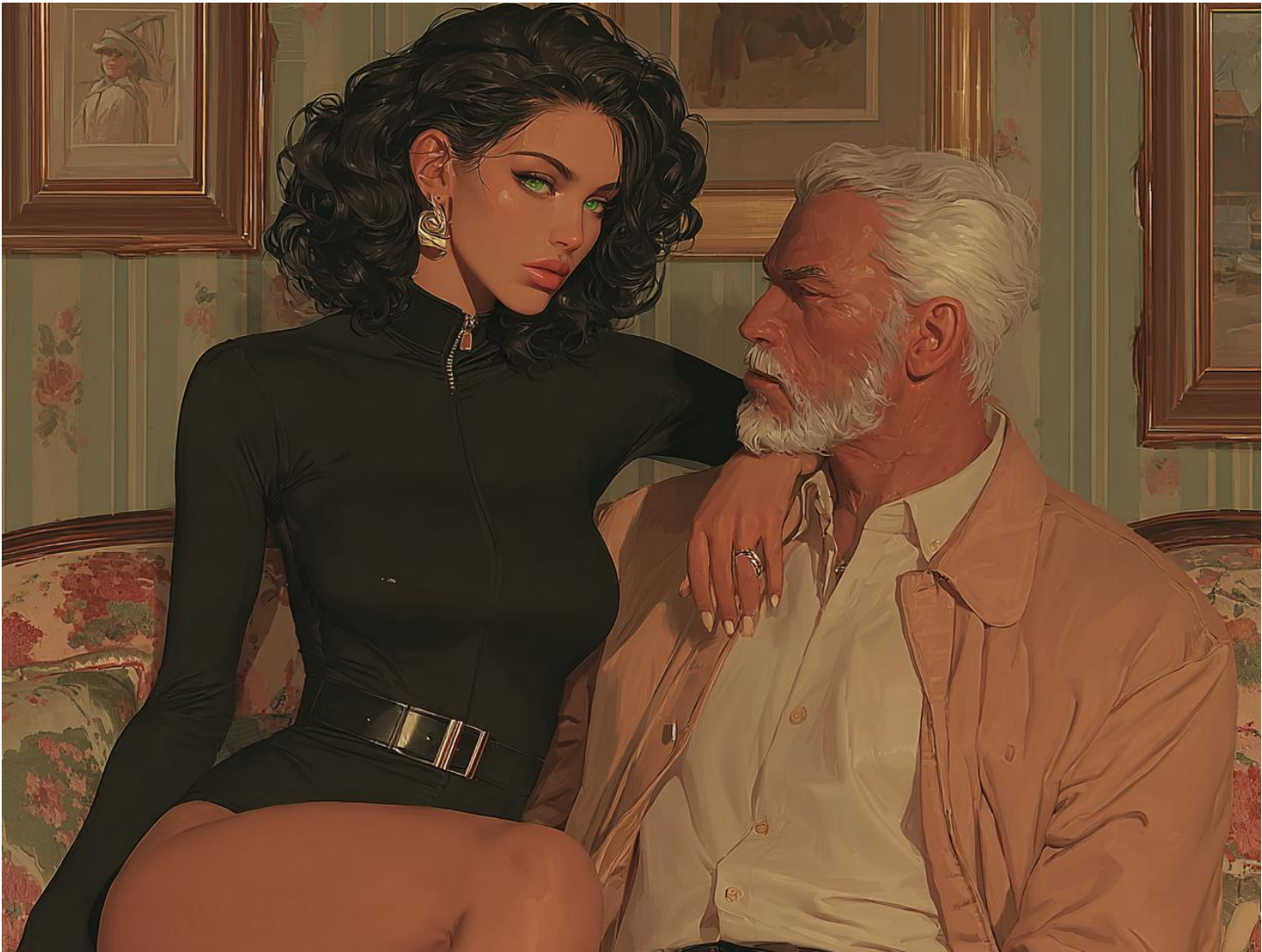










































Sage sat on a bench outside the airport, strumming her fingers against her suitcase. This was it, the beginning of her new life. She looked down at her plane ticket, rubbing her finger over the destination.

LAX

She was going with him. The love of her life. At first, he was reluctant to have her join him. He worried about everything, told her it wasn't a good idea more times than she could remember.

"What about college?" He said.

"I'll drop out."

"That's stupid," he said.

"Then I'll transfer."

"I'll be busy, I won't be able to coddle you out there."

"I don't need coddling."

On and on it went. Until one day, he threw his hands up and relented. Sage was elated. They would finally find their way out of this hellhole and start something new together.

Now, she sat at the airport, waiting patiently for his arrival, just as he had requested.

"I have a lot going on with the movie deal right now. Get yourself there."

Sage understood. He was busy. He had done what few others couldn't. He had crawled his way out of poverty, out of their small, drug addicted town, and now he was about to live his dream.

He was going to be an actual movie star.

Sage couldn't have been more proud. She always knew he could do it. And she felt privileged to go with him. And she wouldn't be a burden to him, either. Sage wouldn't let him down. She would do whatever he wanted. She'd pull her own weight, have his kids, and take care of his house. She would be the perfect wife for him.

He just needed time to see it.

He pulled up in a black taxi a few hours later, paid the driver, and walked past her without a glance.

Sage buried the embarrassment and heartache as she scrambled to her feet.

"H-hi!" She said.

He continued walking.

"I... I got my ticket!" Sage said, overenthusiastically.

He stopped and glared at her.

"Why did you do that?" He snapped.

"Because... I thought it'd be cute to go on the same plane..."

"Jesus Sage... we agreed on this."

"I-I know, we agreed we're going together..." Sage said.

"Since when?"

"We... talked about it. Remember?"

"What the hell are you going to do out there? You're not the one who got the movie deal."

"Well, I mean, I modeled before. I figured I would—"

"You would what? Just become an LA model? Jesus, Sage, this is so fucking like you. You can't just go to a place like LA and expect them to hand you the world. You're going to end up fucking homeless, and I'm not going to be your fucking piggy bank."

Sage felt a stab in her heart. She laughed. What else could she do? A gentle, pleading laugh as she pretended he was just giving her a hard time and was a little grumpy.

"Even if the modeling thing didn't work out, I'd find something after college. I won't be a problem. I promise."

"You are always a fucking problem!" He snapped. "I fucking told you I'm going to LA, and what do you do?! You make it all about you! This isn't your fucking dream, Sage, it's mine. MINE!"

Sage melted away. He was right, it was his dream. She felt selfish for remembering all the times she had spotted him money. All the times she had gone into debt and skipped meals so he could make trips out to California. All the times he took her and told her he loved her.

"It'll be worth it," he would always say. "You'll see, one day, this will all be worth it."

Now, it was that day, and Sage was smiling through trembling lips.

"You're just upset... we can—"

"What is it you're not getting right now?"

"I'm just trying to—"

"You do realize I was just using you, right? You get that this was a fucking fling, right?"

Sage stared at him, dumbfounded. She could barely make out his face. He was so tall, she remembered that much.

"Jesus... this is why I don't date college girls." The man rubbed his hand through his hair. "Look, Sage, you're hot. But that's all you have going for you. And I'm not sticking around to see you lose the one thing that made you remotely interesting."

Tears formed in Sage's eyes. She hated that she cried in front of him.

"You don't mean that," She said.

But he was already turning, heading for the airport doors and towards his new life.

She was just a stepping stone for him. A stupid woman who thought they had more.

She opened her mouth to cry after him and shot up in her bed.

Sage's body shook as she wiped the cold sweat from her brow. She looked over and saw Jeremy fast asleep. He was still there. He would never leave. Sage let out a breath as she quietly left the bed and grabbed her phone. She checked it as she made her way down to the living room. To no surprise, a message from David was waiting for her.

David: I need to see you again.

Sage wiped a tear from her eye as she began typing back.

Sage: What would you say to an in-person meeting?

To her surprise, David replied almost instantly.

David: Right now?

Sage scoffed and shook her head.

Sage: It's 1am. I'm not a booty call

David: didnt mean it like that. I want u.

Sage: What are you doing Wednesday?

David: You

Sage: Such a smooth talker. I'll be over at 6pm

David: Really?

Sage: Yes.

Sage didn't bother reading his reply. Frankly, it didn't matter. She would never let a man like David be anything more than a fun distraction. Sage's bare feet touched the cold wooden floor as she passed into the living room. She read until she fell asleep on the couch.

This routine was nothing new. Ever since she had gotten her promotion. Ever since life had started to slow down, the nightmares had increased. Gradually growing worse as the pressure of life eased. And, more and more, Sage grew accustomed to Jeremy gently caressing her awake.

Sage opened her eyes and found her husband looking down at her.

"Hey there, babe," she said. He leaned down, kissed her softly on the lips, and turned to open the curtains.

"Nightmares again?" He asked her.

"Ugh... they won't stop," Sage said, twirling on the couch.

"Is it the one about the monster?" Jeremy asked.

"Yes," Sage said. She could never admit the monster was the man who had torn out her soul. "What time is it?"

"Eleven."

Sage shot up. "Eleven?!"

Jeremy laughed. "I decided to hang out in the office and let you sleep for a little bit."

"Ugh," Sage dropped back onto the couch. "I'm so sorry, babe. I don't mean to keep you cooped up in there."

"You don't need to be sorry. It's not your fault you can't sleep," he walked over to her and kissed her forehead.

"Hey," She said, grabbing his wrist. "Come here."

She pulled him in and kissed his lips tenderly.

"You want some coffee?" He asked, pulling away.

"Yes, please."

"Latte or drip today?"

"Ooooh, a latte sounds nice."

"You got it."

Sage shifted and peeked over the back of the couch. She watched as her shirtless husband made her coffee. She loved his lean, athletic build. Though she could do without the tattoos on his arms. But that was Jeremy's wild side. She needed to let him have his little forms of expression.

She smiled, arms outstretched, as he returned with a mug in hand.

"I feel like I got the little leaf pretty good this time!" He said with a triumphant smile. Sage laughed as she took the mug and examined his work.

"It's perfect, thank you."

And it was. Curated perfection, just like Jeremy, just like their home and their life. Delicate, poised, and put together.

"So, what's the news with David?" Jeremy asked.

Sage glanced up.

"We are good for Wednesday."

Jeremy let out a breath.

"Ok, so it's happening. Are you ready?" He asked.

"I am, if you are."

Jeremy smirked. "I'm so ready."

"Oh, are you?" Sage asked sarcastically.

Jeremy dropped onto the couch next to her. "I think it's going to be kinda hot."

Sage pushed him playfully. Jeremy responded by pulling her to him.

"Ah! Jeremy careful you'll make me spill!"

"Oh, right, we wouldn't want that!" Jeremy teased.

"No, really! This couch was eight grand, we can't be spilling!" She said. The words came out before she could catch them. Sage placed her cup onto the coffee table while Jeremy watched. There was a pause, only a second, but for Sage it felt like eternity.

"Sorry... I know, I'm annoying," she said.

"Awe babe, it's fine," Jeremy said while rubbing her back. "You're just type A."

Sage buried her head in her hands. "I wish I wasn't."

"You're too hard on yourself," Jeremy said. "I mean, look at what we're doing right now."

Sage glanced over as Jeremy raised his eyebrows. She laughed softly.

"God, you are something else..." Sage said.

"Nothing wrong with being a little wild, as long as it's controlled, right?" Jeremy said.

"I suppose... speaking of keeping this controlled. Are there any rules we should discuss before I go over there?"

"Such as?"

"Well, for starters, is there anything off the table?"

Jeremy rubbed his chin. "Oh man, good question. I don't think so?"

"Are you sure?"

"Pretty sure..."

"Jeremy, you can't be 'pretty sure' with stuff like this. Like, if he actually tried to fuck me, or if I sucked his dick, would you—"

"Are you going to suck his dick?!"

Sage laughed loudly.

"I don't know! I'm trying to see what I can and can't do, that's all." She paused for a long while. "I don't want this to fuck up what we have. That's all."

Jeremy reached for Sage's hand. "It won't. I promise."

Sage looked up at him.

"Are you sure?" She asked.

Jeremy nodded.

"I'm sure. Just do whatever you're comfortable with. I get the feeling neither of us necessarily wants you to fuck him tonight. So let's just start there?"

"I can work with that," Sage said.

"And, if anything bothers me, I'll call you, alright?"

Sage let out a breath. "Ok, I like that also."

"Ok," Jeremy squeezed her hand. "What about you? Are there any boundaries you have for me?"

Sage shook her head. "Just... be honest with me. If something is wrong, please let me know. Alright?"

"It's a deal," Jeremy said. "I guess now all you have to do is head over there."

Sage interlocked her fingers with Jeremy's.

"I guess so."

—

When Sage walked up to David's door, she didn't really know what she was going to say. She didn't know him that well. Before this strange development, they had only ever been distant neighbors. And Sage already knew what she was to David.

She was his fantasy. The woman he thought he would get to fuck tonight.

But Sage wasn't certain who David was to her.

It was a moving target, a wordless desire that went beyond something carnal.

She knocked on his door before finding the answer.

David opened it slowly, staring in disbelief when he found Sage dressed in a tight, black dress.

"Sage," David said.

"David," Sage replied coolly.

Sage took him in. David was more handsome than she liked to admit.

A rugged, broad-shouldered man who still managed to keep his looks through the years despite the extra pounds and apparent lack of self-care. His square jaw was covered in peppering stubble that matched his disheveled hair.

"You came," He said with a nod.

His deep voice had an air of indifference. Sage didn't know why she found that so attractive. She stared in silence, curious to see what David would do.

He stared right back.

He was more confident than Sage had anticipated. The way he begged over texts made her think he would be a pushover. After a few moments, Sage relented and spoke.

"I did," She said shortly.

"Took you that long to say two words, huh?"

Sage's fists clenched.

David laughed. "I'm joking with ya, come on. I'll get you a drink."

David turned and fumbled into the kitchen. Sage, uncertain, stopped in the entryway. David's home was one floor. Comprised of a living room, bedroom, office, kitchen, and bathroom. Simple, straightforward, and something of a dingy relic.

"Do you like vodka soda?" He asked.

"Sure." Sage's eyes scanned the living room. His couch still faced her home. It made her smile.

David walked over with two foggy green glasses and handed one to Sage.

"Here you are," He said. Sage glanced at the glass David offered her, then looked at the one tucked to his chest.

"I'll have that one," She said, pointing to the glass meant for him. David chuckled and slowly stretched it toward her.

"All yours." He took the one meant for Sage and downed half of it with a playful wink. David moved to the couch and sat down. Sage followed him cautiously, standing with her back facing the windows.

David stared at her just like he had so many nights before. He drank slowly from his cup.

"So... you actually came over," David said with a painful amount of satisfaction.

"I did," Sage said flatly. She looked over at the broken clock on his table. The same one he'd promised to fix. It was taken apart and neglected for so long that dust had settled on its pieces. "I see you're making progress on my clock."

David glanced at it and chuckled. "Yeah, well... shit happens. I got to be honest, I didn't think you were coming over. Shoulda cleaned up more..."

"I don't think it would have made much of a difference," Sage replied.

"What the fuck is that supposed to mean? Of course it would."

Sage caught the aggressive inflection in his voice. She smirked and glanced back at the windows.

"So, what did Jeremy do to finally lose you?" David asked.

"He didn't," Sage said calmly. She looked up at their bedroom window. The lights were off. But she knew Jeremy was there.

"Listen, I don't know if anyone has told you this. But if you're cheating on your husband, that means he lost you."

Sage laughed softly and looked back at David. He was leaning back, his legs spread. Giving Sage a full view of the enormous bulge resting in his slacks.

"He knows David. He knows you saw me naked, he knows you've been texting me, and that you invited me over here."

"You invited yourself," David shot back.

David really had a fire to him. A defiance she eagerly wanted to break apart.

She never thought it would turn her on this much.

It was the smugness of his words, his entitled attitude, and that cutthroat nature Sage was all too familiar with. Someone who would do anything to get what they wanted.

But he wouldn't get his way with her.

Sage smiled politely.

"No, you invited me. You've been begging me to come over ever since you first came on that couch. I just finally agreed to it."

David scoffed.

"Whatever helps you sleep at night." He measured Sage for a moment. "So he knows, huh?"

"Yep."

"And what the hell am I supposed to do with that?" David asked.

Sage turned to the bay windows and opened the curtains fully with a sway of her hips.

"What are you doing?" He asked.

Sage looked at him.

"He's watching," Sage said, hanging on every syllable as her delicate fingers finished opening the curtains. She turned with a smile, folded her arms, and shifted her weight to her hip. David furrowed his brow, glancing between the windows and Sage.

"What, like right now?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

Sage sighed.

"Because it's one of our rules. My husband watches." She replied.

"There's... fucking rules?"

Sage pulled a piece of folded paper from her clutch and handed it to David with two fingers.

He took it slowly and leaned back on the couch as he unfolded it. He read it several times, glancing up at Sage.

"Is this serious?" He asked.

"Yes," Sage said.

David shook his head. "You couples are into some weird shit these days."

"Well, if you're not interested..."

"I never said that," David said quickly, looking at Sage. His eyes trailed across her body hungrily. "I never said I wasn't interested..."

Sage smirked. She already knew that.

They stared at one another in silence, waiting to see who would break the barrier between fantasy and reality first.

"So, now what?" David finally asked.

"Now you tell me what you want," Sage said. "Now... you beg."

David rolled his eyes. "Jesus fucking... no, I'm not doing that."

Sage paused. She wasn't going to play into David's hands. She needed to make it clear from the start that she was the one in control, not him. When she didn't answer after several moments, David chuckled and nodded slowly.

"Alright, fine, I get it." He looked her up and down. "Undress for me."

Sage's heart began to race.

"What do you say?" She asked.

David's jaw clenched as he swirled his drink and downed the rest of it.

"I don't beg, let me make that clear right fucking now."

"And I'm not a dog that listens to commands," Sage shot back.

"Jesus Christ..." David shook his head. "Look, if you don't want to do this, the door's right there."

He was stubborn. Almost as stubborn as Sage was. Part of her wanted to tell him to fuck off right then and there. Part of her wanted to step out that door and never look back.

But if she did, she wouldn't get the chance to break him. And the more they talked, the more she wanted that to happen. She would have to try a more subtle approach. Sage took a step forward, ran her fingers through her hair, and looked at David like he was the most important man in the world.

"I'm not asking you to beg, I'm asking you to be polite," she said far more gently than David deserved. He sucked his teeth.

"Fine, will you please undress for me?" David's words dripped with sarcasm.

"That wasn't so hard, was it?" Sage said, setting her drink down on the coffee table between them. David slowly reached for it and leaned back in his seat.

"Just do your thing," he said, taking a long drink.

It was right then that Sage was determined to break every facet of this man. And she would start by enrapturing him.

Her hands trailed up her body as she swayed gently. Her fingers undid the string around her neck, and the front of her dress fell.

Exposing her large, perfect breasts.

Sage watched with satisfaction as David fell under her spell.

# The Rules We Break 3 - Beg



































































Jeremy watched Sage enter David's living room, his brain still not fully accepting that this was actually happening.

He couldn't believe Sage had agreed to this. She was the woman who needed everything in perfect order. The woman who didn't want him touring the country once they had graduated. The woman who had their life plan set as soon as they were engaged.

So when she started entertaining the idea of messing around with their neighbor, it felt like a dream. Maybe she was finally starting to loosen up. Perhaps, Sage was finding her wild side again. Jeremy's heart raced at the thought.

He always felt guilty for wanting more. Sage was perfect, and he loved her deeply. Their life was perfect. A carefully curated construct in a million-dollar home. Safe from any form of danger.

Devoid of any risk and adventure.

And while he was grateful for what they had built together. It often left him gasping for air. But now, seeing Sage alone in another man's house. It was like a part of him was being resurrected.

It brought him back to the night he had met Sage. His band had killed their set, and through a haze of drugs and alcohol, he approached the most beautiful woman he had ever seen.

She seemed so out of place at that dingy venue. She looked like a California model wrapped in a designer dress. She had been staring at him all night, and he had stared right back on stage. She smiled brightly as he approached. Jeremy couldn't remember a single word he said.

But he remembered the laughter that followed.

And the carnal, passionate sex they had in the bathroom shortly thereafter.

At first, she seemed just as wild as he was. She followed him on tour, joined in on the drinking and partying, and was just as horny as he was.

They would fuck behind venues after shows. In his beat-up car in empty parking lots, in the bedrooms of house parties. She would flirt with men at the bars they frequented, and he would watch while playing on stage.

It was wild, and he loved it.

Then, slowly, the rope began to tighten. Sage wanted to settle down. And Jeremy knew it was reasonable. They couldn't do this forever, and graduation seemed like the perfect landmark to start growing up.

Still, it meant giving up a major part of who he was, and trading it for a life of corporate ladders he never fully understood. And as the years wore on, they ground Jeremy down. He hadn't realized how much of himself had slowly eroded away until now.

A spark had followed Sage into that house, and now Jeremy watched it grow.

The view from their bedroom was perfect. Jeremy could see everything. He debated turning on the lights, just to make sure David knew he was there. But that felt weird. So instead, he skulked around in the darkness. Jeremy wasn't sure if that was any better.

He grabbed a stool from Sage's vanity as she and David talked. He wasn't sure how he would react if they did something. The idea seemed sexy in theory, and Jeremy's heart raced as David's eyes trailed down his wife's body.

But his stomach also twisted sideways.

And when Sage's fingers rose to the back of her neck. When she delicately undid her dress and exposed her breasts to David. Jeremy felt the world stop.

David was taking a part of her. He was sitting only inches away as Sage peeled the dress off her body, swaying back and forth as it dropped to the floor.

Now, only in her underwear, she turned to face the windows.

She looked up into the bedroom and smiled as she slowly bent over.

Jeremy locked in place as his erection pushed hard against his pants.

She was actually doing it. Sage was letting this man have her, and she was looking up at him as she did.

The reality hit Jeremy like a bullet.

His hands shook as he clamored for his belt and quickly undid his pants.

Sage rose slowly and turned. She spoke to David for a moment. Jeremy couldn't make out what they were saying.

Then Sage glanced back at the windows before stepping between David's legs and turning slowly. She bent over and wiggled her ass inches away from his face.

Jeremy was disappointed when David didn't try to grope her. Sage must have told him not to.

David spoke as Sage slowly pushed her ass towards his face. She looked back at him and nodded.

His hands immediately latched onto her, and he groped eagerly. Squeezing hard enough to make Sage jump. Jeremy watched as her eyes closed. As she bit her lip while swaying back and forth. David gripped her hips and pulled her onto his lap. Sage fell back with wide eyes, but she didn't stop him.

With a few more words, David's hands slowly crawled up Sage's waist.

They stayed there for a moment as Sage slowly rubbed her ass in his lap.

Then, inch by inch, David's hands rose.

His fingers buried into her giant breasts as he squeezed greedily.

Jeremy's breath grew shallow as he began to stroke himself eagerly.

—

"Let me suck them," David said, squeezing Sage's breast so hard it caused her to gasp.

"That's something you earn," Sage shot back, grinding her bare ass against his slacks.

David was an animal who gripped her with an immeasurable amount of strength. He squeezed her nipples, gripped her thighs, and bucked wildly when Sage pressed herself into his lap.

Just like her ex used to.

He continued to play with her breasts as he unbuckled his pants.

"Ah ah..." Sage pulled away and turned.

"Jesus, what?" David said coldly.

"I don't remember saying you could take off your pants."

David smiled. "How else are you going to suck my cock?"

Sage laughed.

"Who said anything about sucking you off?"

David answered by unzipping his slacks. Sage watched as his pants slid down slowly.

"You don't like being told no, do you?" She said, staring as David's underwear caught against his thick, pulsing shaft.

Without a word, he pulled out his giant cock and let it fall against his bare thigh. It landed with a fleshy thud. Sage wanted to look away. She wanted to pretend it wasn't anything special.

Instead, she stared wide-eyed. It looked even more massive in person.

It was thicker up close, with a slight curve and a perfectly sized head.

David chuckled as he began to stroke it slowly.

"Uh huh... You fucking like that, don't you?" he said.

Sage tore her eyes off of it.

"Don't flatter yourself."

David grabbed Sage's thigh with this free hand.

Sage could have stepped away if she wanted. She should have. But David's giant hand felt good. It felt good when he pulled her close, when his hands found her hips.

When he tried to pull her back onto his lap.

Sage resisted, eyes still fixed on David's pulsing cock.

"What? You're going to stop now?" David said. His hand found its way to her plump ass. He gave it a firm squeeze.

"I'm not going to fuck you," Sage said with fleeting authority.

"Who said anything about fucking? I just want you to grind against my cock."

"And what makes you think I would do that?"

David smirked.

"Because you want to know what it feels like."

He pulled her again. Sage inched closer. She froze in place once more, determined not to let David win.

"You really think I'm that easy?" She said.

David rolled his eyes. "What the fuck is your fucking problem? You get off on begging, is that it? Is that what you do with your little husband?"

"Careful," Sage said. She tried to stay strong, but the smug look on David's face made it clear he wasn't buying her bluff. He could tell she liked this. And now, he was searching for cracks in her armor.

Without warning, David forcefully pulled Sage onto his lap. She landed awkwardly, her breasts pushing against his face as he adjusted her legs to straddle him.

Sage felt his throbbing cock push against her wet thong.

She gasped as he began thrusting slowly.

Over.

And over.

A soft moan escaped Sage.

"That's right, you dirty little slut." David said, squeezing her ass tightly with both hands.

Sage's skin burned. She hadn't been called that in years.

She didn't correct him.

"I bet you make him walk on all fours, don't you?" David said. "I bet you make him beg, right?"

Sage said nothing. She couldn't. The words she wanted to say were locked behind a wall of ecstasy. David laughed.

"That's what I fucking thought," He buried his face between her breasts. Then, he began to suck.

His tongue twirled around her nipple. The sensation made her shiver.

Sage lost herself in the moment. Grinding as David sucked and squeezed.

He began to pick up his speed.

His cock started pushing her underwear to the side.

Sage's juices mixed with his precum.

She could feel his throbbing cockhead come closer to her bare pussy.

They could do it.

Sage could let him stick it in right now.

Let him stretch her.

Let him ruin her.

For a split second, she almost did.

Then she looked down and saw that smug smile on his face.

There was no way in hell she was going to let this pig win.

She was going to ruin him.

She pushed off David's chest and stood. Her eyes dropped to his swollen, pulsing cock as he let out a frustrated groan.

"Get your fucking ass back over here," He said shortly.

"I'm not letting you cum like that," Sage said, crossing her arms. "I might not let you cum at all."

"There is absolutely no fucking way I'm not cumming," David said firmly.

"That's not how this works, David," Sage said.

"If you want this fat cock, that is exactly how this is going to work," He stroked himself slowly as he spoke. Sage rolled her eyes, feigning indifference.

She needed to gain the upperhand and make sure David learned his place.

"Do you have any idea how many fat cocks I've taken? Do you know how many fat cocks want to fuck me?" Sage stood, basking in David's worshipping gaze. The man was lost in his desire, and the power Sage felt was intoxicating.

David paused, measuring her bluff.

"That may be true," he finally said. "But how many of those cocks have a perfect view from your back windows?"

He glanced past Sage.

"Your little bitch husband would miss out." He continued.

"Careful," Sage warned again.

"Right, sorry. Wouldn't want to push the twink around too much, would we? Here's the deal. If you want to fuck around with me, I need to be getting something out of this. I'm not going to be blue balled while you two use me for your fucked up kink."

Sage contemplated the offer. She found herself hating this man more and more. And, somehow, that made it all the more intoxicating. She didn't want to give him an inch. She wanted him under her foot. Prostrate and begging.

They both already knew her answer. David's smug smile made that much clear.

But he hadn't won yet.

"You want me to make you cum?" Sage said. David snorted.

"Just get over here and fucking do it."

"I get to say how, not you," Sage said.

David chuckled and shook his head.

"Fine! Just fucking do it already." David sat back, motioning to his cock.

Sage walked towards him and stopped between his legs.

"See? It isn't so bad doing what you're told once in a while, is it?" David said.

Sage stared with a cold glare. David never broke eye contact.

"Aw, did I hurt the pretty girl's feelings?"

"You keep this up, and this might be the last time we see each other."

They stared at each other in silence. Sage could sense what this was. She had felt it many times before. He was seeing how much he could push and pull.

He was seeing how much he could break.

But this time, Sage couldn't be broken. She hardened long ago.

David sensed this and eased back.

"Fine, do what you want. I'm waiting." He nodded to the windows. "He is, too."

She had to respect how relentless David was. Sage glanced down at his veiny cock. A white droplet of precum beaded at the tip, then trickled down his long, thick shaft.

Sage forgot about their banter and slowly dropped to her knees.

She had to touch it. She had to know what it felt like.

Sage slowly reached for it.

It barely fit between her delicate fingers.

"That's fucking right," David said, thrusting eagerly between her hands. "Just like that."

Sage eyes shot up to David's. A carnal desire passed between them. Two humans regressing into an animalistic state. Sage wrapped both her hands around David's thick shaft as a tingling heat grew between her legs.

Sage bit her lip as David began to thrust upwards aggressively. He swore as his beefy hand found the back of her head.

"You should blow me," David said.

His eyes were glazing over. Sage smiled. She knew that look. A man lost in his lust, barely thinking straight. She felt him push hard against the back of her head, trying to guide her mouth to the tip of his cock.

"I never said I was blowing you," She said, playfully inching closer.

David eagerly thrust up, trying to make contact with her full, wet lips.

"You fucking want it. You want to know what it tastes like," David said. He tried to hide his desperation. Tried to pretend like he was in control.

Sage's fingers trailed up to his cock head. She squeezed it tightly as their eyes met once again.

"You want me to suck your cock, David?" Sage asked softly. Her hands never stopped moving. David seemed to be swelling with every stroke.

"Yeah, I do," David replied, his voice quivering with pleasure.

"You want my lips around this big dick, right? You want to know what they feel like?" Sage said.

"Yes, I want to— Oh fuck!" David's head shot back. He thrust again, nearly touching her lips. Sage pulled back just enough for him to miss and laughed softly.

"Beg," She said. David's jaw clenched. He remained silent. Sage laughed and slid her hands down David's inner thighs.

She dropped her lips inches away from his eager, pulsing cock.

"I said beg," She whispered.

David wasn't there. His brain had fully checked out. He thrust again, groaning in frustration when Sage backed away once more.

"I'm not a fucking dog!" He shouted.

"Come on... just beg for me," Sage said, wrapping her hand around the base of his cock. She began to stroke quickly.

"I promise I will make it worth your while."

Sage's warm breath radiated against him as she stroked with smooth efficiency.

And then, to her delighted surprise, David began bucking wildly as his large, swollen balls clenched.

"Oh FUCK!"

Hot cum erupted from David's tip into Sage's open mouth. The force of his shot caught her off guard. His first pump hit the back of her throat. She closed her mouth in response, and the second stream splattered against her lips.

Then, she lowered herself, closed her eyes, and let David cum on her face.

Over.

And over.

It was more than she ever thought possible, covering her in an even, white glaze. She smelled his musk as the hot liquid streamed down her face and dripped off her chin.

Sage continued to pump slowly. She needed to milk every last drop.

After a few more strokes, David began to grow soft.

"God Damn... what the fuck?! No one's made me cum like that before." David half murmured. He let go of Sage's head and slouched back into the couch with heavy breaths.

"Looks like you didn't make it, that's too bad," Sage said, slowly standing as she wiped away a thick layer of cum. "Jesus, it's in my eyes."

David chuckled. "If you'd put it in your fucking mouth, you'd be fine."

"You didn't beg. Only beggars get blowjobs."

"Yeah yeah... we'll see about that..."

Sage continued to wipe the cum from her eyes, but more replaced it.

"Jesus, do you have something I can clean up with?"

David pointed lazily over to his kitchen table. "There are paper towels on there."

"Christ, David..." Sage said, grabbing the roll and breaking off a few sheets.

"What?"

"You're living in a frat house."

"The joys of being single," He said dully. "You're welcome to play homemaker if you want."

"Ha. Very funny." Sage cleaned her face as best she could, left the wadded sheets on the table, and walked back over to the living room to dress herself.

David watched in silence.

"So, same time tomorrow?" he asked.

"Only once a month, remember?" She looked up at him just in time to see the frustration in his eyes. "Maybe if you had been better behaved, we might have—"

"Fine, next month," David said shortly.

"Perfect." Sage finished putting on her dress, fixed her hair, and walked toward the front door.

"You caught me off guard this time," David called out. Sage stopped and turned to him. He looked at her from behind the couch. "That won't happen again."

Sage smirked.

"We'll see." She left before he had a chance to reply. Her heels clacked against the concrete, echoing in the silent suburban night.

Sage's carnal desire was loud in the silence.

Drowning out a truth she couldn't admit to herself.

That before this was over, she wanted to be ruined by that fat cock.

# The Rules We Break 4 - Awakening



























Jeremy saw Sage leave the living room, and David sat alone on the couch. Breathing heavily with his pants undone. He stared at David longer than he meant to, and David seemed to stare right back.

With black, piercing eyes.

Jeremy slowly stepped away from the window and fumbled down the stairs, rushing to the front door as Sage opened it.

She kicked her heels off, and he embraced her.

They held tightly and kissed wildly. Both desperate to revive something they lost long ago.

"How was it?" Sage asked breathlessly.

"It was fucking amazing," Jeremy said. His hands fell to her waist as he pulled her close.

"Really?" Sage asked.

Jeremy answered by picking her up and throwing her onto the table. Sage laughed. It was like they were back in college. When life was wild, when he could breathe each morning and see hope in each day.

Sage looked at him now like she used to back then.

Jeremy pulled her panties off and threw them across the room. He pressed himself against her as they kissed. And, slowly, began to push himself inside her.

Sage moaned and dug her nails into his back.

"Fuck me," Sage said. Jeremy slammed into her. The table rocked. He closed his eyes and pictured her on top of David.

Being stretched wide by his massive cock.

Jeremy slid her dress up and clenched her thighs. Sage placed her hands on the side of his face and pressed her forehead against his.

"Fuck me, please," she said again softly.

Jeremy rammed into her until she shivered. They kissed as his tempo slowed.

He pulled her off the table, threw her onto the couch, and pulled her round ass towards him.

He looked over at David's house as he took her from behind.

David's living room windows were still open, and he was still there.

Watching.

There was no way he could see them. The lights in the living room were off.

And yet he stared.

Jeremy felt Sage reach back and run her hand down his abs. He looked down at her, eyes following the perfect dip of her spine. The jiggle of her ass cheeks. The sway of her breasts. He pushed forward and slapped her ass hard, imagining it was David doing it.

"You wanted him to fuck you, didn't you?"

Sage froze, looking back at him with a timid smile.

"It's ok, you can say it," Jeremy said, still pumping into her. He wanted her to let it out. He wanted her to wake up. To see the life they could have, to see the life they let go.

Sage bit her lip timidly. Jeremy leaned down to her ear.

"You can say it."

"Fuck, this is so hot..." Sage said, pushing her ass into him. "Yes... I did."

Jeremy stared into her vibrant green eyes.

"I wanted him to fuck my brains out," Sage said.

Jeremy lost himself. He slammed into her with all the power he had.

Sage's moans bounced off the walls as he came deep inside her, filling her womb.

They would only take a break for a few minutes before fucking again.

And again.

Until they grew exhausted, until they held one another in each other's arms, and fell asleep.

—

Jeremy walked off the stage covered in sweat. The crowd roaring as his friend Micky picked him up and hoisted him in the air.

"We fucking killed it, man!" He shouted.

An MC came onstage, popping a mic off its stand.

"The Skull Crushers, everyone! Give them a hand."

The roar of the crowd continued. Micky and Jeremy pushed their way to the bar. Through the fawning hands, through the screaming women. They found their other bandmates, Raven and Lee, sitting and waiting.

"The man of the hour," Raven said to Jeremy, offering him a shot. He took it with a nod and downed it with one swig.

"Man, if we can keep this kind of energy up, we'll definitely kill it in California," Lee said. Glancing out at the group. "We might even land ourselves a record deal."

"Wouldn't that be the dream," Jeremy said.

"It ain't a dream," Micky replied. "We can do it. This is it. Saundry from Relish Records already reached out, they'll have a scout out that way. We just have to nail it."

"They said that last year, and the year before that," Jeremy said.

"Yeah, but we weren't nearly as practiced as we are now. Besides, with school out of the way, we'll actually have some time to really focus on this thing," Raven said.

Jeremy looked down at his empty glass and put it on the bar counter.

"Guys... this is my last run."

The group all turned to Jeremy in unison. Eyes wide in disbelief. Micky was the first to speak.

"What the fuck are you talking about?" He said.

Jeremy couldn't bring himself to look at them.

“Sage and I. We decided... well, we decided that after college we wanted to settle down.”

The wilsence was long, deep, and cutting.

“You’re fucking joking, right?” Raven said.

Jeremy shook his head.

“Jeremy,” Micky interjected. “This is it, man, we are right at the edge of something great. We can’t quit now.”

“I’m sorry, guys, this is what I want.”

“Is it?” Raven pressed.

Jeremy said nothing.

“Jeremy,” Raven said again. He finally met her gaze. “Is it actually? Or is it what Sage wants?”

Jeremy remembered the looks on their faces so vividly. The disappointment, the betrayal, the disbelief. But they wouldn’t change his mind that night. They would go on to tour, they would find another lead singer, and they would land a record deal. They would never make it big, but they would make enough. They would make a life out of that dream. They would be something.

And so would he, with Sage. She arrived before he could speak.

“Hey, guys!” She said brightly, sneaking up behind Jeremy and wrapping her arms around his neck. The sweet scent of her perfume invaded his nostrils. “That was a great show!”

The group murmured in response, turning away and leaving them to their decision.

“Thanks, babe,” Jeremy said.

“Want to get out of here?” She asked with a wink. Jeremy glanced around the room, and all eyes fell upon them. The perfect couple. The lead singer and bombshell girlfriend. Pictureque. They escaped out the back of the venue. Tucking themselves away in the back alley. Kissing passionately.

Sage turned from him and pressed herself against the brick wall, lifting her short skirt.

“Fuck me.” She said.

“Please, fuck me.”

Jeremy entered her. With short breaths and fleeting thoughts.

He came in as the sound of guitars echoed through the wall.

—

Three weeks passed, and they were some of the best Jeremy had felt in a long time. He was lighter, and Sage seemed just as happy as he was.

The daily grind of work was tolerable once more. And for the first time in years, he could hear music in his head again. Beats, lyrics, strums, rhythms. He could hear it just like he used to.

The sounds grew so loud he was compelled to act. Jeremy went into their three-bay garage and pulled out the guitar case resting behind the Christmas boxes, the only one he had saved from his collection.

An acoustic Martin. One of a kind. The first real guitar he’d ever purchased. He hadn’t looked at it in years. He moved his hands across the strings, feeling their grunge. Jeremy closed the case, drove to the nearest music store, and bought a new pair of strings.

He was tuning it in the living room when Sage walked through the front door. She looked gorgeous as always, wearing a series of whites and creams that made her olive skin pop.

"Hey, babe!" Jeremy said, tuning a string as he plucked it.

"Hey!" Sage replied, putting her things down in the foyer, "You're home early."

"Yeah, well, meetings ran quick today. The product teams are running smoothly, so I dipped out."

"That's nice to hear."

"How about you?" He asked. Hitting another string and tuning it quickly. He then gently strummed through a few chords, letting the guitar breathe.

"Eh, work is work. Still busy with the spring campaign. I picked up some dinner from Maggie's."

"That's great darlin'," Jeremy said, strumming through a gentle rhythm. Sage finally looked at him as she walked to the kitchen counter and dropped the bag of food.

"Oh my god! You brought out the guitar! I thought that was music on the speakers!"

Jeremy laughed. "I did! I've been feeling in the mood."

"Have you now?" Sage said, walking up behind him and reaching over the couch. She leaned down and kissed the side of his neck. "My little musician's getting the bug again?"

"Something like that." Jeremy struck a chord. The vibration felt good on his fingers.

Sage wrapped her arms around his neck and listened to him strum for a while.

He followed the music; he didn't force it.

This was Jeremy's favorite way to play. It was how he had created nearly all of his songs. With which strum came a volley of memories. Of long road trips with the band he loved, of the endless stages they played on, of the long nights after sets.

"Sounds nice," Sage said.

"Yeah," Jeremy stopped at the sound of her voice. He let out a long sigh. "Feels good to play again."

"You should keep playing!" Sage said, her hands finding his back and rubbing it gently.

"You think?" Jeremy said, eagerness skipping off his voice.

"Of course! It's good to have a hobby."

"Right, yeah. A hobby."

"Come on, let's eat," Sage said, patting him gently.

Jeremy placed the guitar down and walked over to the kitchen table. He stared at the food for a moment, then looked at Sage.

"Something wrong?" She asked.

"Huh, no, nothing major, I just... You want to do something a little more fancy tonight?" He asked.

Sage perked up. "You know I love a little impromptu date. Where were you thinking?"

"How about Le Trisha?"

"Oh, sounds lovely! Let me go freshen up, and we'll go, alright?"

"Sounds good," Jeremy said.

The adventure felt good. It was the best their suburban sprawl could offer.

They ate in relative silence. Remarking on the flavors and their work.

"Oh, that reminds me," Sage said. "Amy and Ryan said they will be flying in next Wednesday. So I figure we should have a little barbecue party since the game will be on."

Jeremy glanced up from his meal. "Yeah, that could be fun. Who else did you have in mind?"

"We could probably invite Theo, and I could see if Tom and Jessica could make it?"

"I thought they had broken up again?"

"Yeah, well, they're back on again."

"Oh. Well then, yeah, that could work." Jeremy leaned back and let out a sigh. Sage raised an eyebrow.

"What's going on?" She asked.

"Huh, oh nothing."

"I know that look, you're dying in there."

"No, I'm not."

"Is it about... you know..."

Jeremy shook his head. "What? No! No..."

"How are you feeling about it?" Sage asked.

"Not bad." He stared as an idea began to form. "Your next visit with David's coming up, right?"

Sage perked up. "Hmmm? Oh, is it?"

Jeremy chuckled. "Like you didn't know."

"Stop," Sage blushed and looked away.

"It is coming up, though, right?"

Sage stabbed the steak on her plate. "Next week would be the week."

Jeremy drummed his fingers on the table.

"Maybe you should invite him, too."

Sage looked up in shock.

"Jeremy," she hissed.

"What?! He is our neighbor after all."

Sage leaned in.

"HE is also the neighbor I just started messing around with!" She whispered.

"I know, that's the point!"

"Jesus," Sage said, flustered. Jeremy loved to see it.

He loved the energy, he loved the danger. It turned him on more than he ever thought possible.

"I'm not saying you have to mess with him."

"Oh my god, Jeremy! We're not kids anymore," Sage was nearly shouting.

"I'm NOT saying that," Jeremy said quickly.

"Then what is the fucking point? I don't want to be his friend."

"Neither do I."

"Jesus, is this the teasing thing again?" Sage asked.

"Yup."

Jeremy could have left it at that. He could have let it lie.

But he couldn't contain the fire growing inside him anymore.

"And... if things go well, you could always sneak away with him," he said.

Sage's cheeks reddened as her lips parted.

"Jeremy..." She whispered.

"I'm just saying," Jeremy returned to his meal. "IF it happens, it could be hot."

A smile formed on his face as Sage watched him eat in silence.

—

Fucking David at their barbecue. Jeremy was getting as wild as he used to be. It reminded her of those countless nights on tour. The mixture of anxiety and arousal that she could never forget. Always watching him onstage, always wondering if he would leave her behind.

Just like he did.

But he hadn't. Jeremy had stayed, and now, his old side was reappearing. A wild side that never seemed to fully disappear. Sage hated to admit that she was grateful for it. He was always the one willing to push things, to grow, to step outside his comfort zone. And he would take her with him. Every step of the way. Despite her fears, despite her doubt, she would follow.

Only now, instead of stages, they had their neighbor.

Sage went through the formal invitations. She was glad to hear Jessica and Tom could make it.

And Theo was a given. As always, he responded as soon as she texted him.

Sage: Hey! Want to come to a barbecue on the 13th?

Theo: But the game is on!

Sage: Theo...

Theo: Sage...

Sage: We are literally having the BBQ for the game.

Theo: Oh, well I was going to come regardless

Sage: Uh-huh, sure.

Theo typed for a while, then stopped, and started again.

Theo: I would literally never miss anything with you guys

Sage shook her head and laughed.

Sage: Weirdo.

Theo: haha. What time?

Sage: People will start showing up around 3:30pm.

Theo: See you then :)

Theo, dependable as always. He'd been a high school friend growing up. He'd managed to get into the same state school as she. They had both pursued fashion and marketing. They both had brief stints as small-town models. They both had dreamed of making it big someday.

Theo had been there when her ex left.

But unlike her, she always thought he'd actually make it. And she couldn't believe it when he turned down the job of a lifetime in New York. It was a major acting role in a big TV show. He passed it up without a second thought.

"Why did you do that?!" Sage asked him.

"It's just not what I want," He had said.

"And you want to stay here instead?"

Theo looked at her for a long time. Then smiled.

"There are a lot of good things here," He said.

"Like what?"

Theo didn't answer.

"Theo, the best thing this place has to offer is the suburbs. And that's where people go to die."

"So grim," Theo said.

"It's true."

"Well, you're going to be out there."

Sage paused.

"I know." She remembered how empty she felt at those words. She remembered the feeling of defeat. Of all the times she had tried and failed. That there was nothing left for her to give, that she was nothing more than a pretty face. And soon, even that would fade.

She wanted to tell him he was so much more, that he could achieve so much more than she. But the words caught in her throat.

"If someone with as much life as you is moving out there, then that means it has to be worth something," Theo said.

Sage smiled and shook her head.

"Shut up."

He was the greatest friend she could have asked for. But she never fully forgave him for trading a dream to become a salesman. He said he liked it, and he was doing well. So Sage respected it.

It also meant he would stay around.

Sage hated how grateful she was for that.

Next came David.

Sage: Interested in a BBQ on Wednesday?

David: just us?

Sage: No, with the neighbors. For the game?

David typed for a while.

David: sure, when?

Sage: People will start arriving at 3:30pm.

David: I'll be there. Maybe we can have an extra conversation afterwards

Sage shook her head.

Sage: Haha, maybe.

She waited a moment, then gave in to a small temptation.

Sage: Still waiting for you to beg.

She could hear her heartbeat in her ears as David quickly typed back.

David: We'll see who ends up begging.

Sage let out a deep breath and tossed her phone onto the ottoman, slumping into the couch.

It was going to be a very interesting week.

# Rules We Break 5 - BBQ



















































David stood over the small tombstone, downing the last of his whisky and letting out a soft burp. The graveyard was quieter than usual, even for a weekday. David didn't mind. He was glad to see the flowers were still there. Sometimes the groundskeepers removed them after a day. He liked to think they made a difference, somehow.

But it didn't really matter; they would be removed eventually. David sighed as he knelt down and placed his hand on the polished stone.

"Sorry I couldn't quit drinking. I know I promised I would." He said dully. He gave the stone a pat. "Happy birthday, bud."

The drive home was long and silent. Only interrupted by his ringing phone. He glanced down at it while taking a turn, reading his ex-wife's name on the screen. He shook his head and quickly pressed the ignore button before throwing it aggressively across the car.

Then he parked, slammed his car door twice when it failed to latch, and glanced over at Sage's house.

The night she finally came over replayed in his head as he walked to his front door, what he wouldn't give for another distraction like that.

She was unforgettable, the kind of woman you'd see in a magazine and know you'd never find someone like that in real life. And yet, he had. By simply walking into his living room and looking up at the right time.

He remembered the way she looked at him. Like he was real, like he was there. And then she had done it again when she came over.

He'd forgotten what passion felt like. To feel desire and be desired.

It made him forget about everything else.

But after their meeting, she had stopped coming to the window. He would sit and wait, night after night, hoping she would show up again. She never did.

And yet, he'd wait all the same. Just like he would tonight.

He hated himself for that.

But what else did he have?

After one particularly difficult night and a bottle of whiskey, he had shot her a text.

David: Hey. It's been a minute. When am I getting another show again?

David assumed he was still the man he was long ago. Confident, built, handsome. He still believed that women melted when they saw him.

Then Sage had come along. And with every unanswered text, that fantasy was slowly beginning to crack.

Days later, she replied.

Sage: Been busy. Learn to wait.

David scoffed.

"Fucking bitch."

It was typical. David knew the type. Sage was the kind of woman who got plenty of attention and liked to play the field. He'd dated tons of them in the past, even married one.

And in the end. They were all the same. They'd leave as soon as shit got real.

David closed his eyes as a headache came on, signaling it was time for another drink. He stumbled into the kitchen and opened a new bottle of whiskey, downing a shot before quickly pouring another. He walked over to his couch, bottle and glass in hand, and stared at Sage's window.

If there was ever a night he needed her to appear, tonight would be it.

But, as usual, she didn't. The sun set, and the window never opened. David sighed and resorted to the next best thing he could think of. He opened his phone, found a pornstar that looked like Sage, and began jacking off.

He closed his eyes and remembered that night. He imagined her caving in, of her pushing her underwear to the side and straddling his cock.

He imagined her whispering in his ear softly.

"Put it inside me."

David imagined how tight her pussy would feel. A moan came from his phone. David erupted.

"Fuck!" David grunted as he sprayed onto his stomach. With another long sigh, he looked back up to Sage's window. Then, grumbling, downed another shot and walked to the bathroom.

He stopped and stared at his gut in the mirror.

He grumbled, then flexed for a moment, deciding to focus on his large arms instead.

It wasn't so bad. He still had the edge. He'd just lost it somewhere.

David gave in to fantasy, picturing his body just as it used to be.

He was going to do this.

He would be ready next time. She was going to fall for him in a way she never thought possible. He was going to turn this girl on her head.

Just like he always used to. When things were normal.

His phone rang again. David peeked his head out of the bathroom and watched it dance on the kitchen table. He walked past it lazily, hearing the ringtone stop as he downed another shot of whiskey.

As soon as it stopped, it started again.

"Jesus fuck!" He shouted, fumbling over to the table and grabbing his phone. "What?!"

"David."

His ex spoke softly, if not a little coldly. That same gentle voice he'd woken up next to for years.

David rubbed his eyes and let out a sigh.

"What?" he said more softly.

"I didn't see you at Ashley's volleyball game."

David grunted. "Yeah, well... I was busy."

"Were you drinking?"

"I was busy," David said, glancing at the empty bottles of whisky beside his trash can.

"Are you drunk right now?"

David didn't answer.

"I thought you said you were going to work on it."

"Jesus Christ, Martha, you already fucking left me, you can stop acting like my mother."

"I'm just worried about you."

"Uh huh... I'm sure. Worried about that check, right?"

"You know that's not fair."

"Sure, it's not. How's the new dumbass treating you?" David regretted every word that rolled out of his stupid fucking mouth. He regretted the venom and anger. He regretted the punched holes in the wall after it had happened. And the fact that, despite all the promises he had made to himself, he had turned into an exact copy of the monster who had raised him.

Martha didn't reply. She knew better. She would wait until the wellspring of rage in David's stomach drained like pus from a wound. Deflated, David leaned back and pinched his nose.

"I'm uh... I'm sorry that was... I shouldn't have—"

"It's fine."

"No, I—"

"It's fine, David."

The line went silent. David felt that old feeling. That old, painful feeling, and ran from it as fast as possible.

"I uh... tell Ashley I'm sorry. I'll make it up to her."

"You should. She misses you. They won, you know."

David laughed. "Did they?"

"Yes. And she was MVP for the third time in a row."

"Wow, no way!" David felt his breath waver. And those old, stupid fucking tears found his eyes. He cleared his voice and shook them off. "Well, uh... tell her I'll take her out to dinner. We'll go to her favorite spot. Smithies Steakhouse."

"David, she is vegan now."

"What? Since when?!"

"Since she saw a video about slaughterhouses last month."

"Jesus... well, alright uh... Let her know we'll go wherever she wants."

"Maybe you should."

"Yeah... yeah maybe I'll give her a text... yeah."

"Alright," Martha paused. "You sure you're doing ok?"

"I'm fine," David said. Praying she wouldn't say those fateful words that cut him up every single time he heard them.

"And David... you know... you know it wasn't your—"

"I got to go," David said. "Very busy."

"...Alright," Martha said. "I'll call next week, ok?"

"Yeah. Next week."

"You have any plans for tonight?"

"Yeah."

"I don't think it's good for you to be alone in that house."

"I'll be fine," David said quickly.

Martha paused again.

"Alright. Take care, David."

"Yeah..."

The line went dead. David closed his eyes tightly and tried to push the old pains down. The old memories that played over and over.

Of that funny little face looking up at him. Hands outstretched, waiting for David to pick him up and hold him. To take care of him. To protect him. A face filled with hopes and dreams and love.

A face buried six feet underground.

A face he wanted to forget, but could never let go of.

David began to crumble.

"Happy birthday, bucko..." He said. He went for the whiskey before the tears could catch up.

—

Sage walked through the sliding back doors, cake tray in hand, and promptly bumped into Theo as he turned from the cooler. She stumbled back, barely balancing her tray.

"Nice save," Theo said.

"Oh my god, I'm so sorry," Sage said.

"It's nothing, come here!!" He said, opening his arms wide.

"Hang on, I need to put this down," Sage said. Theo dropped his arms in disappointment, following her as they made their way across the finely manicured concrete patio.

Sage had been meticulous in its design. After Jeremy had received a fat bonus from work, they finally had enough to put the project into action. She pulled up the CAD file and handed it off to their contractor. And now, her dream was fulfilled. A sprawling, garden-style mix of concrete and natural stone connecting several patio sections and a vine-covered pergola equipped with a fireplace and TV. A perfectly manicured yard for a perfectly manicured life.

"When did you get here?" She asked.

Theo tore his eyes away from the game playing on the TV.

"Hmm? Oh, like three minutes ago. Also, I didn't know you were inviting Jessica and Tom," Theo said, glancing over at the alt couple sitting together in a garden nook.

The two looked like they belonged together. Skinny, tattooed, and dressed in all leather and black. They lived closer to the city limits and were still very much in the music scene.

"Yeah, well, you don't need to worry," Sage said. "They are back together, so there shouldn't be drama this time around."

"Wait, when did they get back together?" Theo asked. Still following a step too closely. Sage stopped at the circular table overlooking the pond and placed the tray down.

"Sometime last month?"

"But didn't she say she hated him?"

Sage laughed and shrugged. "I don't know. Jessica said they had figured things out."

They watched as Jessica pressed her head against Tom's. He, in turn, placed a hand over her heart.

"Ah, they're doing the soul-bonding thing again," Sage said.

"Guess we'll see how long they last this time," Theo said.

"Yes, we will..." Sage agreed. Theo took a swig of his beer and nodded at the grill.

"Who's the new guy?" He asked, watching David flip several burgers.

"That would be David," Sage said.

"Where'd you meet him? Kinda old, no?"

"He's our neighbor," Sage said, walking back over to the sliding doors.

"Neighbor? Since when are you inviting neighbors?"

Sage glanced back at Theo.

"You're a neighbor," She said. Entering the house.

"No, I'm a friend who happens to be a neighbor, that's different." Theo looked out the window at David. "What part of the neighborhood is he from?"

"He uh, lives next door." Sage tried not to sound flustered. There was no reason to make a big deal out of this. But Theo knew her too well.

"Right next door?" He asked inquisitively.

"Yup," Sage picked up a large salad bowl and made her way back out to the patio. Theo glanced at David as he followed Sage back outside.

"But why?" He said.

"He lives alone, ok? Just thought it'd be nice to invite him," Sage said. Her heart raced as she saw David approach with a plate of burgers. She ignored the intense stare Theo gave him. He never did well when he met her other male friends.

"Burgers are wrapped up," David said, glancing at Theo and giving him a nod. "Hey there, champ."

Theo glanced at Sage with that all too familiar look of disbelief. Sage held back a smile.

"Thanks so much for doing that, David. You can put them next to the plates."

"You got it."

"That's usually Jeremy's thing," Theo said. Watching as David put down the plate.

"Guess he should have been here then," David shot back.

"Right," Theo took another swig of his beer, staring coldly. David wiped off his hand and offered it to him.

"I'm David, by the way."

Theo glanced down at his hand and slowly took it.

"Theo."

Sage watched as the two men stared one another down. She rolled her eyes.

"Jeremy would have done it, but he's picking up Ryan and Amy from the airport," Sage said. "Did you get the hot dogs yet, David?"

"No," David said, letting Theo's hand go slowly. He never broke eye contact. "I'll get on those next."

"Thank you," Sage said.

"No problem," David said, giving Theo a nod before turning back to the grill.

"Thanks for the help, old timer," Theo said before turning to Sage. David looked back with a glare.

"Don't mention it, champ." He walked back to the grill and began throwing the hot dogs down.

"God, that guy is a fucking asshole," Theo said. Sage pushed him playfully as she walked past.

"Will you stop? At least he's actually helping. Come on, we need to get the appetizers."

"Why the hell are you bringing out this much food?!" Theo said.

The front door opened as they entered the kitchen. Jeremy, Amy, and Ryan spilled in amongst a collection of suitcases. As soon as Amy saw Sage, she dropped her things and approached with arms outstretched.

"Oh my god!! The queen!" She shouted, running over to Sage.

"Hey, babe!" Sage said, giving her a squeeze. She had to lean over, and Amy had to stand on her tiptoes. Amy was a small and mighty woman, her personality matching her red hair perfectly.

"It's so good to see you again," Amy said. She glanced over at Theo. "And I didn't know YOU were coming!"

"I live here now!" Theo said, hugging Amy tightly.

"What?! Since when?"

"Since last year!"

"Stop! I thought you were going to New York?" Amy said.

"Yeah, well, it wasn't quite what I wanted. How's the think tank going?" He asked.

The two continued to chatter as Sage stepped away and greeted Jeremy.

"Hey sweetheart," He said, kissing her cheek. "Sorry we're late."

"Oh, it's nothing," Sage said, looking over at Ryan as he dropped his suitcase and stood straight.

"Hey there, stranger," he said.

"Hey Ryan," Sage said, giving him a side hug. She had to reach up to do so. He was a mountain of a man, complete with a full beard and burly chest. The rural life suited him well.

"Are we the last ones?" Jeremy asked curiously. Sage nodded, knowing the double meaning behind the question.

"David decided to help cook," she said. Jeremy's eyes widened in shock.

"What? No, I could have handled it."

"I know, but he insisted. Wanted the food to be ready when you arrived," Sage said. Jeremy grumbled as he looked out the window at the grill.

"He better not have burnt the Wyagu burgers..."

"They looked just fine," Sage said, turning to Ryan. "Did you guys want to put your stuff upstairs and meet us at the dinner table? We're eating outside today."

Ryan grunted and looked over at Amy.

"Hey! We eating now or later?" he asked her. Amy glanced at him.

"Oh god no, we're eating now," She said.

Ryan looked back at Sage. "We're eating now."

Sage laughed and guided the group outside.

Dinner went surprisingly well. Ryan and Amy were the usual center of attention. Well, Amy was, at least. Ryan remained his usual stoic self. And Theo was Theo. A handsome face with quick jokes and far too attentive to Sage. Jeremy seemed right at home, too. He, Tom, and Jessica had started their own personal conversation about music in the city. And David, well, he was doing his best to fit in. He sat quietly across from Sage, eyeing her every so often as they ate.

"The burgers came out great by the way," Ryan said, giving David a nod.

"Thanks," David said.

"Remind me again, how do you know Sage?" Ryan asked. David looked over at her, barely hiding his knowing smirk.

"Oh well, I'm just the—"

"He's our neighbor," Sage said, staring intently. David's smirk widened to a smile.

"Yeah, what she said."

"Oh, like next door?" Amy chimed in.

"That would be correct," David said.

"Oh my god, so you're the peep show house!" Amy shouted. David looked over with wide eyes.

"Oh my god, Amy!" Sage said.

"Haha, we always joked about how your backyards connect. Gives you a full view of the back, right?" Amy asked.

David cleared his throat as everyone, except for Jeremy and Sage, laughed.

"That's right," he said.

"So, have you ever caught them naked?!" Amy teased.

"Amy!" Ryan shouted.

The group laughed. David's eyes never left Sage. He chuckled softly before grabbing another burger.

Thankfully, Jeremy was able to change the topic quickly. And before long, things were back on track. Sage eventually excused herself, grabbing a few plates and carefully stacking them on one hand.

"Here," David said. "Let me help." He grabbed a few more as Sage dismissed him.

"I got it," She said.

"Like hell you do, look, you're fumbling around," David said calmly, taking several plates from Sage's reluctant hands.

"That's what you get for not using disposable ones," Ryan said.

"Absolutely not," Sage said, walking to the house. Theo promptly began to stand, but Sage waved him off.

"Please, I don't need an entourage following me," She said. Jeremy looked too.

"You sure?" He asked. She knew what the question was actually for.

"Yes, enjoy the dinner," Sage said shortly. Catching Jeremy's eyes. He gave an affirming nod as she turned and stepped into the house.

David followed behind, stepping into the kitchen with Sage.

"You guys have a nice place here," He said.

"Uh-huh," Sage replied. Dropping the plates into the sink. David stepped close beside her and dropped his batch also.

"You know, today is the day. One month exactly." He said.

Sage glanced at him, then back to the plates. The sounds of laughter echoed from outside.

"Don't get any ideas," She said shortly. David chuckled.

"You don't think it'd be a little fun?" He asked, hand slipping onto her ass.

The touch was electric. Sage quickly glanced to see if they were visible from the sliding doors. Fortunately, the cabinets blocked the view. She looked into those dark eyes as he squeezed.

"You are aware that no means no, correct?"

"Are you telling me no?" David asked. His hand slid between her cheeks, pushing upwards and grazing her pussy. He leaned forward, close enough for Sage to smell the mixture of mouthwash and alcohol on his breath.

"Just say no, and I'll stop." He said.

Sage wanted to. She meant to. But that touch, his aggression. His belligerent nature.

It cracked open from long ago. His fingers pushed upward. The sensation made Sage moan. After a moment, David chuckled.

"Thought not." He reached for Sage's summer dress and lifted it, his fingers pushing her underwear slowly to the side.

"Oh fuck," Sage whispered, glancing around again and peering through the windows.

"Relax, they're all outside." David's thick fingers swirled perfectly around her clit.

"No penetration," She said, bracing herself against the counter. David gripped her waist with his free hand.

"You sure about that?" David asked.

"David..."

Sage moaned again as his fingers teased her entrance. As his hand slid up to her breast and squeezed.

"You still think about it, don't you?" David said. Sage gasped as he pushed two fingers in ever so slightly. Just barely entering her.

"I remember that you didn't beg," she said.

"How about you beg right now?" David asked.

Before she could answer, he pressed his lips against hers. They kissed, and he squeezed as his fingers danced. His tongue touched hers.

Sage grew lost. Moaning as the heat between her legs grew. David pushed his body into hers, squeezing her as his fingers began to slowly enter her.

He pushed Sage's leg open, and she thrust into him.

Then, the back patio door slid open.

"Hey, Sage!" Theo said. David and Sage immediately parted. She pushed her dress down and smiled nervously as Theo stared. Uncertain how much he had seen.

"Hey, Theo. What's uh. What's up?" She said.

Theo glanced at David, then back to Sage.

"Everything good?" He asked.

"Oh yes, everything is totally fine," David said with a chuckle. Slapping his hand on Theo's shoulder.

The same hand that was wet with her sex.

Theo stared at Sage as David's fingers slid against his shirt.

"You sure?" Theo asked.

"Oh yes, totally fine," Sage said. "What's up?"

Theo's eyes didn't leave David as he spoke. "We were wondering if you wanted to play cornhole." He said.

"Sounds like fun! You should go," David said.

Sage stared at him coldly.

"Thanks, David." She looked back at Theo. "I'll be right out in a minute, ok?"

"Uh, yeah... alright. We'll wait for you," Theo said.

"Sounds good."

Theo left, leaving David in his place. He leaned against the counter with a smug look.

"You'd better head out there; they might get worried," David said.

"I think it's time for you to leave," Sage snapped back.

"I was thinking the same thing." He pushed off the granite and walked towards Sage slowly, stopping in front of her.

"Gotta get ready for tonight."

"Oh yeah, and what's happening tonight?"

"You're sucking my dick."

"Am I?"

"You know you are."

"These parties tend to go late, I might not make it over."

"I'm sure you'll find a way," David said. He looked out the window. Sage followed his eyes to Jeremy, who was already throwing bags into holes. "Don't want to disappoint him, do you?"

"Won't mean much if he can't watch," Sage said.

David looked at her with a wicked smile. "I'm sure he'll find a way too."

Before Sage could say another word, David gripped her ass tightly and pulled her in for a kiss.

She resisted, only slightly. Then David pulled away and headed for the front door.

"And what if I don't make it over?" She asked. David stopped.

"Well, then I guess you're going to have to wait till next month," he said.

Sage scoffed. "Is that supposed to scare me?"

David opened the front door and glanced back at her.

"Guess we'll find out."

# The Rules We Break 6 - The Evening





































"That's so cool that you're touring again, man. I miss it," Jeremy said, putting down his bottle with a sigh.

"You could be doing the same," Tom said with a nudge. Jeremy shook his head.

"I'm so rusty. Plus, I don't even have a band anymore."

"You could do a solo run!" Jessica said. "That's what Tom is doing, expressive guitar rhythms." She turned to Tom with a worshipping gaze. "The crowd goes crazy for it."

The words dripped from her tongue as she nuzzled her nose against his.

"You are my starlight, you know that?" Tom said.

"You are my soul and purpose," Jessica replied, interlocking her fingers with his. They closed their eyes and shook subtly. Jeremy cleared his throat and looked away.

"Doing the soul-bonding thing again, huh?" He said.

"Don't judge what you don't understand," Tom said. "It's a next-level connection."

"It really is, like, I thought I knew what love was before, you know? I thought I knew what it meant to feel and be felt. And then we tied souls and..." Jessica trailed off with a laugh. "It's magical, right babe?"

"So magical. She's actually teaching classes now at her spirit shop."

"No kidding," Jeremy said, looking at Jessica. "Is it doing well?"

"VERY well. I'm going to get certified in spiritual healing next month."

"Wow," Jeremy watched as the two collapsed into one another.

They were a pair of complex emotions dressed in blackwear and tattoos. The kind of relationship that always seemed two steps away from implosion. And yet, when Jeremy watched them, he envied their energy. Their willingness to be who they are. The willingness to chase their dreams.

And to chase dreams meant to accept risk, and that was something Jessica and Tom never seemed to have a problem with.

In many ways, they were perfect for each other.

Jeremy's mind began to trail off. He stared at the guitar case resting against the back of the couch beneath the pergola, imagining himself going back onstage. Touring again, making music again. Pushing worry to the side to make room for a dream.

"Oh shit! Is that the old Martin!" Tom asked.

Jeremy snapped back to attention.

"Hm? Oh, yeah, it is. Dug it out of the garage the other day."

"So you're playing again?"

"I mean, a little bit, nothing crazy."

"Oh my god, Jeremy! You should play something for us," Jessica said.

"Oh no, I don't think—"

"Come on, Jeremy, I haven't heard you play in years!" Tom said.

Jeremy laughed. It had been so long. Even a small performance like this woke something up that he had forgotten long ago.

"Alright," he finally said.

"There he is!" Tom said as she and Jessica clapped. It drew the attention of the rest of the group, all watching intently as Jeremy walked over, found his guitar, dusted it off, and threw the strap over his shoulder.

He slipped his fingertips across the strings. They ached. The calluses he'd used to have were long gone.

But his fingers still remembered. And with a single strum, they brought Jeremy back in time.

He closed his eyes, and he saw it.

He saw the crowds, the freedom, the life that those strings had brought him.

He remembered looking into the bright lights overhead and imagining he had made it.

That he wasn't just playing at backwater bars.

That his music meant something.

That it touched people.

His hands moved as he strummed the chords.

The old chords from long ago.

And then, he opened his eyes, and he saw it again in his friends' enraptured stare.

The world he created in these fleeting soundwaves.

Jeremy played. He played and played.

Inevitably, the words followed.

"If I had known you were the one

I would have given it up before it begun.

Because you were my soul

My very soul

And you walked away

All the same."

As soon as it started, it was over. Jeremy put down his guitar, focusing on it for a second.

And then he looked up.

They all stared in shock. Stammered into silence.

Even David, looking onward from the sliding doors, had stopped to listen. Sage stood next to him. Jeremy didn't know when they had left the house. He didn't know how much they had heard, or how long they'd been alone together, or if it even mattered.

Music always had a way of making things small.

Sage looked at him longingly. Just like she used to.

Jeremy smiled back.

"Wow," Tom said. "Jeremy, you still have it."

Jeremy looked at him. "You think?"

"Are you fucking kidding me right now?" Jessica said. "Why the fuck did you ever stop?! That was you out of practice?"

Jeremy laughed in disbelief. They couldn't actually mean it. They were just being polite.

Because if they weren't. It would have meant he had turned his back on the one thing that had made him feel alive.

"Gotta say," David said, walking over to Jeremy. "You can play some mean guitar."

"Thanks," Jeremy said.

"No, I fucking mean it."

"Thanks," Jeremy said again. Standing up. "You staying to finish the game?"

"No, no..." David looked over at Sage. "It's probably time I take off."

He offered his hand to Jeremy with a smile.

"It was great getting to finally meet you."

"Yeah, likewise," Jeremy said, taking his hand. When he felt David squeeze, he squeezed just as hard right back.

"I'm sure you'll be seeing more of me," David said.

"I'm sure," Jeremy replied. With a smirk, David let his hand go and strode across the shared lawn to his home.

Tom and Jessica watched him for a moment.

"So remind me again," Tom said. "Why are you friends with your old neighbor?"

Jeremy looked away from David and cleared his throat.

"I don't know if we'd call him a friend..." he said.

"So we're just inviting any old neighbors then?" Tom asked.

"That's what you do in suburbia, Tom, you make friends with the neighbors."

Tom shook his head as he watched David walk away.

"Thank god I don't live in the suburbs," he said.

Jeremy punched him on the shoulder, knocking him back.

The night went on as expected. They had the same conversations, the same jokes, and the same laughs.

The same faces.

The same routines.

There was comfort to it. Jeremy couldn't deny that. Only now, his eyes kept shifting back to the Martin. The game ended, and the sun began to set, the warmth going with it.

As the group went on in conversation, Sage leaned into Jeremy's ear.

"That was beautiful, baby," She said.

"Hm? Oh, the guitar?"

"Yeah, what else would I mean?"

Jeremy smirked and shrugged. "Thanks."

"I haven't heard you play like that in a long time."

Jeremy stared at her for a moment. "You really liked it?"

"I loved it," Sage wrapped her arms around his. "I love you."

"I love you too," Jeremy said. He paused for a moment, foot tapping nervously. "Tom was saying I should pick up playing again."

"Oh?" Sage turned to him, surprised. "What, like shows?"

"Yeah, I guess he's doing a solo act. I thought... You know, something small and local might be interesting."

He could see that familiar fear in Sage's eyes. It was the same as always, and so he would tread carefully, like he always did.

"It wouldn't be anything serious," he said.

Sage nodded with wide eyes.

"No, I know."

"I mean it, I wouldn't be quitting my job or anything."

"You better not," She said with a nervous laugh.

He could tell she was working through it. It always took her a moment to process these things. Jeremy cleared his throat.

"It was just an idea," He said. Sage nodded.

"Yeah, no totally."

"We can talk about it more later, ok?"

"Alright," Sage forced a smile. She meant well despite her worry, Jeremy knew that. He glanced once more at David's home and decided to change the subject.

"So... you and David got the dishes squared away?" He asked. Sage's cheeks flushed.

"A little bit," She said teasingly. She glanced at the group and, satisfied they weren't listening, turned back to Jeremy.

"He wants to maybe help out later, too."

Jeremy's heart raced. "Does he now?"

"I wasn't sure if we'd be busy."

Jeremy thought for a moment and decided he could use a little more risk in his life.

"I mean, I'm sure we could make some time later," He said.

Sage tapped her fingers against her beer can before bringing it to her lips.

"What about Ryan and Amy?"

Jeremy smirked. "Guess we'll have to be careful."

Sage laughed and shook her head.

"Noted." She said.

The night went on. Jeremy thought of the guitar and touring again. He could make it work; he'd make sure it wouldn't get in the way of daily lives. He would make sure it didn't stress Sage. Maybe he could do it on weeknights.

No, the weekends wouldn't work. Sage always had plans for them.

And well, their evenings were often pretty packed too.

Plus, she'd worry. It always made her worry.

Jeremy sighed. He missed the days when they lived dangerously.

If nothing else, he would make sure that they did tonight.

"Uh, guys," Tom said. "Looks like your neighbor's back."

Jeremy turned with the rest of the group, watching as David's sliding door opened. He came out with a pack of beer, an open shirt, and pulled out one of his flimsy lawn chairs resting against his house. Then, with sunglasses on, he sat down, facing their direction.

"What the hell..." Theo said. "Does he normally do this?"

Sage and Jeremy looked at each other.

"That is so fucking weird," Tom said.

Amy shifted in her seat. "Should we invite him back over?"

"No," Sage said. "He'd come if he wanted to."

"But he's just... staring," Tom said.

"Yeah, well, it is his backyard, too," Sage replied. Turning from David and trying to make light of it.

"See? This is why I'd never have a home like this," Amy said. "That is a peeping tom house."

The group laughed.

"It's fine, really. Let him do his thing," Jeremy said, grabbing his beer and standing up. "Come on, let's head inside."

The group did so. Soon forgetting about David. And it wasn't long after that Tom and Jessica said their goodbyes.

"We should talk more, Jeremy!" Tom said, throwing on his jacket.

"For real," Jessica added. "If you're interested in a small show. Let us know, we could definitely hook you up with something."

"For sure, thanks, guys," Jeremy said as he saw them out the front door.

Theo left next. Giving Sage an overly affectionate and long hug. Then, passing Jeremy, nodded and cleared his throat.

"Nice seeing you as always," Theo said.

"Likewise," Jeremy spoke politely, but in truth, he couldn't wait for Theo to leave his home.

"That was some really good playing. I can see why you used to tour."

"Yeah."

Theo glanced over at Sage. "She always did have a thing for artists and celebrities, didn't she?"

They both looked in her direction, watching her make small talk with Ryan and Amy.

"That she did."

"You know, she wanted to be an actress once upon a time," Theo said.

Jeremy always hated it when Theo brought up little facts about Sage that Jeremy didn't know.

"Yeah, I know," he lied.

"Did you? She doesn't really talk about it that much," Theo said, calling Jeremy's bluff.

"We talk about everything, Theo," Jeremy turned to him. "We are married, after all."

Theo sniffed and looked away, nodding.

"Right... well, anyway, it was good seeing you guys. Catch you later," he said, turning and promptly leaving.

As Jeremy turned and walked towards Sage, Ryan yawned and stretched.

"God, I'm beat," Ryan said. "Think I'll turn in."

"Ugh, me too," Amy said. "This was so much fun, though, guys! Talk about a welcome party. Also, Sage, I LOVE the new outdoor space."

"Isn't it fantastic?! We are going to have so many parties out there," Sage said.

"We sure will," Jeremy said tiredly. He glanced through the windows, spotting David still drinking on his porch. Silhouetted by a single overhead light.

Jeremy had never been more grateful that the guest bedroom faced the front of the house.

As Ryan and Amy retreated upstairs, Jeremy and Sage started cleaning up. Slowly, they made their way back outside, only to be interrupted by David's sudden voice calling from the shadows.

"Need help?" He said, walking forward. Jeremy looked at Sage, who shrugged.

"Sure." She said gently. "We have guests upstairs, though."

David glanced at Jeremy.

"Then I guess he'll have to be our little lookout, won't he?"

Jeremy stared at Sage in shock. He couldn't believe David's brazenness. But even more so, he couldn't believe how excited Sage looked.

Sage, the woman who was always worried about the slightest risk. Sage, the woman who needed everything perfect and planned.

Was enjoying this.

"What do you think?" She asked.

Jeremy's heart raced as sweat covered his hands.

As the same feeling he got right before a show ran through his nerves.

"So what's the plan? You two would go back over to his place?" Jeremy asked.

David nodded.

"That's the plan, we could even close the blinds if you'd like." He looked at Sage. "Just to make sure those friends of yours don't get a show also."

"No, absolutely not," Sage said. "Jeremy has to watch. Remember?"

David chuckled.

"Then I guess it's up to you," he said, looking at Jeremy. "Think you can make sure we don't get caught?"

"Didn't you say I'd be a good lookout?" Jeremy countered.

David smiled wickedly.

"Well then," He said, looking at Sage. "Are we doing this?"

Sage, twisting on her feet, looked at Jeremy with a giddy smile.

"I guess we are," she said.

Jeremy nodded.

"Come on then," David said, offering his hand. Sage ignored it and started walking to David's house. Touching Jeremy's shoulder as she passed him.

"Enjoy the show," She said seductively.

Jeremy watched as they walked away.

As David grabbed Sage and pulled her close to his side.

As his neighbor turned to look back at him, grabbing Sage's ass firmly with a smirk.

As they faded into darkness.

Jeremy turned and rushed quickly through the kitchen and up the stairs.

Chasing the performance they were all about to share.

# Rules We Break 7 - Next Door























































Jeremy rushed upstairs, pleased to see that Ryan and Amy had already closed their door. Their guest bedroom was a full-on master suite, equipped with its own TV, bathroom, and balcony. Which meant, hopefully, they wouldn't come back out till the morning. It was the first time Jeremy was grateful they'd splurged on that addition.

He walked into his own bedroom, closing the door behind himself, breathing steadily as he slowly walked towards the windows.

He opened the blinds and watched.

Watched as David ushered Sage into the center of the living room, grabbing her ass between his meaty fingers, kneading it like dough. Then he kissed her, slowly tugging at her dress.

Then, as their kisses grew hungry and ravenous, David ripped the dress off her. The fabric sheared, and Sage stood stunned as he tugged it off her and threw it aside. He pulled her back into his arms, kissing her again as he undid her bra.

Then, he sucked on her breasts. Squeezing Sage tightly against his massive frame. She looked so delicate in his arms.

She didn't fight him this time. There was no talking. Sage simply parted her lips in ecstasy while David tasted her body. Then, David turned her around and pushed Sage into the windows.

Her large breasts flattened against the glass.

He dry humped with slow, powerful thrusts. Sage's breath began to fog against the window pane. And before long, Sage was on her knees. And David was unbuckling his pants.

Jeremy squeezed his throbbing erection, half considering unbuckling himself also.

Sage looked up into David's eyes, and they spoke.

David's cock pulsed. Sage took it in her hands.

Her lips inched towards it as her fingers wrapped tightly.

And just as her mouth opened to take him, Jeremy heard a knock on the door.

"Hey, Sage!" Amy said, peering into the room.

Jeremy fumbled for the blinds clumsily, closing them as fast as possible as he tucked his erection upwards. Praying to God that Amy didn't see any of it.

Thankfully, it seemed as though she didn't. Though she did jump at how flustered Jeremy was.

"Oh my god, Jeremy! I'm so sorry!" Amy said, pulling back slightly.

"Oh, it's... it's nothing I—"

"I really thought you two were both in here," Amy said.

"No, really, it's fine," Jeremy said, trying his absolute best to sound normal.

The window was burning a hole in his back as Jeremy tried to shake the image of Sage taking David's cock in her mouth.

Amy stared at him a moment and laughed.

"Sorry I barged in like this. I keep forgetting we're not in our college dorms anymore. We've come a long way, haven't we?"

Jeremy forced a smile and laughed with her.

“Ha yeah... I guess we have.”

Amy sighed and shook her head.

“I've got to say, Jeremy, you two have really done well for yourself. I'm proud of you guys.” She glanced around the room. “Where is Sage, by the way?”

“Oh uh...” Jeremy stammered over his words. “I... she had to step out to do some errands.”

“Oh,” Amy stared at him a moment. “Well, anyway, I'll let you have your evening. I think Ryan and I might hang out in the living room for a little bit if you want to join us.”

Jeremy felt heat trickle up to his ears as horror struck him.

“No!” He shouted.

Amy's eyebrows raised in surprise.

“No?”

“No. I... we... well... Sage and I were going to have some movie time, and—”

“Oh,” Amy waved him off. “Then don't worry about it. We'll stay in our room.”

“Are you sure? I'd hate to keep you cooped up.” Jeremy prayed to God that Amy wouldn't say yes. But he didn't want to rouse her suspicions either.

“Yes! Of course, I'm sure. You two have been such amazing hosts, and you've given us the best room in the house. We can manage.” Amy said, turning back to her room.

“Right, have a good night!” Jeremy called out.

“You too!” Amy said.

Jeremy let out a sigh of relief and promptly rushed down the stairs as soon as Amy's door closed.

He pulled out his phone and debated telling Sage to come home.

But... this was the best rush he'd felt in years.

Jeremy went into the living room and began closing the blinds quickly, stopping at the ones in the kitchen when he caught sight of David's living room once more.

Sage sat on the floor, her back pushed against the couch, head bent over the lip of the seat cushion. David had one leg raised, resting his foot just beside her head as he pumped into her mouth slowly.

Jeremy watched Sage's throat stretch with every long thrust.

He watched as David bottomed out, his giant, round balls pressing against her face.

He could see the glint of saliva streaming down Sage's chest, and envied that he couldn't watch it up close.

“Oh my god, I'm so sorry to bother you again, I forgot my phone!” Amy said. Jeremy quickly turned around, using his body to block the window as best he could.

But it was too large, and there was no way he could cover all of it.

He sat completely frozen in fear.

When he said nothing, Amy's smile faded.

"Hey, is everything alright?" She asked with concern.

"Huh? Oh... yeah," Jeremy said with a loud, nervous laugh. "Everything is totally fine."

Amy stood still for a moment.

"Are you sure?" She asked.

"Yup!" The word barely escaped Jeremy's lips. He swore he could hear Sage's gagging from across the lawn, and prayed desperately that Amy would move on.

But, by instinct, she tried glancing out the window behind him. Jeremy quickly stepped in her path.

"Are you sure that—"

"Why don't I help you look?" Jeremy blurted out.

"Uh... yeah, sure," Amy said, finally turning. As soon as she did, Jeremy feverishly closed the blind slats and stepped away from the window. Doing his best to keep both Amy and himself busy.

All while knowing Sage was devouring their neighbor's cock.

—

David pulled Sage by the hand into his living room, heart racing as he turned and faced her.

She gave him a sly smirk, and that was all he needed.

He didn't want games. He didn't want banter.

He wanted Sage.

David grabbed and pulled her close, erection popping immediately as he felt her full, warm lips against his. He grabbed her ass tightly, letting his hands sink into it. Letting himself be taken over by it.

Instinct took over. His fingers crawled up her smooth thighs, stopping at the thin fabric covering her body.

Then Sage moaned as she nibbled his lip.

David ripped her dress with one clean motion. He didn't even remember doing it. He didn't even remember throwing it off to the side, or taking off her bra, or throwing her against the window.

He just remembered how good she felt. How full her breasts were in his hands. How well his bulge fit between her ass cheeks.

And how badly he wanted her to suck his cock.

David pulled her to the center of the living room and forced her down onto her knees.

He looked into those beautiful, green eyes as he slowly unbuckled his pants.

"So," Sage said. "Does this mean you're going to finally beg?"

David wanted to say a thousand things in that moment. He wanted to give her lip and put her in her place. To make it clear that she wanted this just as much as he did. But he was too tired and too drunk to put up a fight.

So, he said what she wanted to hear to get what he wanted.

"Please," David said, unzipping his pants and letting his fat cock fall. "Suck my cock."

He watched Sage's eyes trail to his pulsing member. Watched as she slowly reached for it.

“Jesus... I can’t even get my fingers around it,” She said, biting her lip.

She looked up at him and began to stroke slowly.

David didn’t say a word, because he already knew exactly how to play her. Sage was the kind of woman who needed to feel in control. And tonight, he would let her believe just that.

Her lips inched closer. Close enough for him to feel her warm breath on the head of his cock.

“You want it in my mouth?” She asked.

David nodded, his heart thumping so hard he could barely hear her.

She leaned forward and kissed it. He felt her tongue slide along his shaft between her warm, parted lips. Then she kissed it again.

“Beg,” she said.

David’s jaw clenched. She smiled at the reaction. But he didn’t say a god damn word.

He’d make her regret all this another day.

“Please, suck it,” He said again.

Sage laughed gently and opened her mouth, slowly taking his head between her lips.

David gasped. He tensed as he felt Sage’s hands tighten their grip. As her tongue swirled around his shaft. She could barely fit it in her mouth.

With less than a third of him swallowed, Sage’s head began to bob slowly.

She let out a muffled moan, both hands stroking in rhythm. Saliva dripped from her chin, landing between her cleavage as David began to thrust back.

It was gradual at first, but his pace quickened ever so slowly.

Sage’s jaw loosened as he pushed deeper. As his massive girth spread her lips wide and made her gag. Before long, his hands found the back of her head. And he was using her like a fuck toy.

The pumpling sounds of the onslaught filling the room.

Glug. Glug. Glug. Glug.

He pulled himself out and let Sage gasp. Tears welled in her eyes, and strings of saliva trailed from her lips to his cock.

After a few short breaths, David shoved himself back in her mouth.

Over

and over.

Sage slurped. She pulled her lips off his cock and licked up and down his shaft. He looked down and smiled when he saw that she had moved her panties to the side and was rubbing herself.

She was just as lost in lust as he was.

David leaned down and hoisted her up, pushing her against the couch.

Sage caught his gaze, seemingly looking for direction.

David slapped his cock against her lips as an answer.

"Open wide," he said.

To his surprise, Sage did as she was told. And David promptly shoved his cock down her throat. After burying about half of his length into her mouth, he felt her push slightly against his thighs. He pulled off, letting her get a gasp of air.

"Jesus," She said, wiping the tears from her eyes.

"You good?" David asked.

Sage nodded. David thought for a moment, then decided to take a gamble.

"Just relax your throat, you can fit it."

And again, to his surprise, Sage nodded. Leaning her head back against the couch.

Sage parted her lips, and David's slick, pulsing cock slid between them. She gagged again. Clenching her fists and closing her eyes as he pushed himself slowly down her throat.

As he hilted, balls pushing against her chin.

—

Sage rubbed her clit as she took him. All of him.

As David pounded into the back of her throat, groaning deeply with every forceful thrust.

It had been a long time since someone had used her like this. But she still remembered what it felt like. To be gagged, to have a mountain of a man dominate her.

To be taken.

Her fingers moved in quick circles. Her legs began to quiver as she drew close to losing her breath.

Then David pulled out, and Sage gasped for another breath of air as he grabbed and threw her onto the couch.

"What are you doing?" Sage asked breathlessly. David grabbed her chin with his index finger and thumb.

Kissing her softly. Too softly.

"Put your tits together," He commanded, throwing his legs over her chest and slapping his shaft between her breasts.

Sage looked at him as she obeyed. As he slowly began to thrust forward. As she felt him pulse and close his eyes with pleasure. She looked down. For as large as her breasts were, they only covered two-thirds of his size.

"You make my tits seem small," She said, looking up at him.

David smirked.

"Better than any others I've had." He said.

And it was then that Sage realized how dangerous David truly was.

He was big, tall, handsome, and powerful.

Just like him. All those years ago.

David pounded, again and again. Slightly knocking the wind out of Sage as his pelvis hit her sternum.

"Open your mouth," David said.

Sage nodded and obeyed.

Just like she used to.

She caught the tip of his exposed length in her mouth. Her saliva lubricated him as he grabbed her head and pushed forward.

Abandoning her breasts and shoving his entire length down her throat once more.

Sage writhed and gagged. Then, relented.

She rubbed herself as he used her.

She shivered in a wild climax as he groaned and slammed himself so deep that she thought her jaw might pop.

She squirmed as he came.

Pouring himself down her throat.

Sage was reaching her limit. Still shivering, she pushed against David's legs.

But he continued to thrust. He continued to cum.

"That's right, fucking take it, you slut," He groaned.

He thrust again and again, and Sage swallowed every last drop.

"Take it..." He said once more.

Sage coughed. She gulped between breaths, drinking his salty cum. Her vision started to blur. But she didn't stop him. She didn't want him to. She was back there. In a place long ago. Back in place that wasn't supposed to exist anymore.

He thrust a few more times lazily, then, as he began to soften, David pulled out of her mouth. Spraying his last few shots of cum across her face.

Sage gasped and closed her eyes, still riding out an orgasm mixed with a head rush.

And as her senses came back to her, so did Sage's defenses.

"Jesus, David!" She said, forcefully pushing him off her.

He stumbled to the side of the couch and stared down at her in silence.

"What the fuck was that?" She asked, sitting upright.

"I uh... sorry... It's... been a while," David continued to stare as she slowly wiped the cum from her eyes. Sage, incredulous, glanced sideways at him before shaking her head in annoyance.

"What?"

"Nothing, you just... You look hot with cum all over your face."

Sage scoffed and pushed against his thigh, forcing him back.

"Don't get used to seeing it," She said coldly.

"Aw, come on, did I upset you?"

"You forced your dick down my throat."

"No, it wasn't... we were..."

"Take it? Really?" Sage said, storming past him to his table. She tore off several paper towels and began cleaning herself.

David watched her, transfixed by her glistening naked body.

"I'm... I'm sorry. I got carried away."

Sage didn't answer. David started to feel another headache coming on.

"You uh, want a drink?"

She glanced sideways at him as he entered the kitchen.

"Vodka soda," She said shortly.

"You got it."

David went into his fridge, pulling out a half-open jug of seltzer water, and lazily poured it over two generous shots of vodka.

"So," he said. "Did you like it?"

"Are you asking if I liked being your fuck toy?" Sage asked coldly, snatching the drink from David's hand as he offered it.

David laughed.

"So you're telling me you didn't?"

Sage drank in silence. David rolled his eyes.

"Well fuck, if you want me to return the favor..."

"I don't," Sage shot back coldly. David stared for a moment. He didn't buy it. There was too much defiance in her voice. Too much excitement hidden away. He smirked, cock beginning to swell again.

"You sure about that?"

"You're not fucking me, David," Sage said firmly.

"Never said I was."

"So what?"

"I could finger bang you," David said. Glancing down at her body. "You just have to beg."

Sage laughed loudly and dropped the half-finished drink onto his coffee table.

"You fucking wish." She walked over to her torn dress and picked it up. "God, really?! This was my favorite dress!"

David chuckled and shook his head.

"Relax, I'll buy you a new one. Here." He walked lazily over to his couch, grabbed an oversized T-shirt lying on it, and tossed it to her. "Throw that on."

Sage caught the stained white shirt with one hand and stared at it, then looked up at him in disbelief.

"You can't be serious."

"Jesus, look, I'm sorry it's not designer wear but—"

"I have guests over, David," Sage said, emphasizing every syllable.

"Yeah? And?"

"And now I have to walk back to my house. In. Your. Shirt."

"You make it sound like that's a bad thing."

"Oh my god, this is the last time we're doing this," Sage said, storming to her clutch and pulling out her phone. "So fucking done."

"Uh huh..." David watched Sage, admiring her spirit. She looked cute when she was pretending to be angry. God, it had been so long since he'd had a woman angry in his home. It felt... good. Sage caught his gaze and glared coldly.

"What?!"

"You're beautiful, you know that, right?"

Sage rolled her eyes and closed the blinds to David's living room. His heart raced. He knew why she was doing it. The guests and all that. But he wanted it to be more, and so again, tried his luck.

"Giving us some privacy, huh?" David said, slowly stroking his half-erect cock.

"David, stop being fucking gross. Jeremy is coming over with a dress, so you'd better put yourself together."

"I mean, he already saw it, right?"

Sage sighed.

"Fine, whatever, stay naked. I don't care."

They went silent after that. David stood awkwardly, dick in hand, and coughed.

"So... you guys do barbecues often."

"Is that a question?"

"No, it's... I mean, I've noticed. That's all."

"Uh huh."

Silence fell again as Sage texted on her phone.

"It was kinda nice to come over for once."

"Sure."

David nodded. Knowing full well his luck had run out.

"I should go get changed."

"Yeah."

—

Sage watched as David sulked off to his bedroom. Doing her best to hide her arousal.

She hadn't had a man use her like that in years, and it felt good. Really good. She was half tempted to take him up on his offer for a second round. But she knew better. Sage would keep David in control, and he would learn to do exactly what she said.

Jeremy knocked on the front door, and Sage opened it. He peered inside cautiously.

"Hey!" He whispered, glancing around. "Is David..."

"He's changing," Sage said. Kissing his cheek and grabbing the dress he'd brought over. "Thank you so much for bringing it."

"Of course, no problem," Jeremy glanced around the room for a moment as Sage got dressed.

"So... was it... you know..."

"Didn't you see?" Sage asked, somewhat flustered.

He hesitated a moment, then nodded.

"I did, yeah," Jeremy said.

She couldn't look at him. Not like this. Not when she felt this way. An old, familiar way she had put behind her.

"Did... you like it?" She asked.

Jeremy cleared his throat and nodded. That, at least, made Sage smile. She turned around.

"Zip me?" she said.

Jeremy did so. And without a word, Sage grabbed her clutch and made for the door.

"Goodbye, David!" Sage shouted.

"Uh, yeah... I'll see you?"

"Don't hold your breath," Sage said, giving Jeremy a wink. The two walked back over to the house quickly, sneaking into the back sliding door.