

Katie sat on the sofa in one of Josh's t-shirts. She needed to smell him, to feel close to him. She'd showered the second she got home. The water was hot against her skin, but she made no effort to cool it off. She scrubbed until the water went cold, and even then stood with her head against the tile, letting the droplets run down her back. She kept feeling his hands. The roughness of his skin against her thighs, the way his fingers curled and made her eyes flutter closed.

She brought her knees up, arms wrapped tight around her shins. Her hair was still wet, dripping onto her bare legs, but she didn't care. The house was so quiet she could hear the clock above the stove ticking and the low hum of the fridge and nothing else.

She kept seeing the room. The amber light. All those women staring down from the walls while Brian's breath hit the back of her neck. And then the sound she made when he made her—

She pressed her face into her knees.

Josh was going to be home soon. She hadn't decided how to tell him. She knew she had to, that part wasn't up for debate. He would understand. She wasn't trying to cheat, he needed to know that. Every time they talked about Brian, every time he got hard from the teasing and the photos and the pool, he was pushing them toward this. Wasn't he? Wasn't this exactly what he wanted to happen?

She shook her head. That wasn't fair. He wasn't there. She couldn't put this on him. He wasn't at the fence watching, or on the phone telling her it was okay. It was a conscious decision she made. She was the one that bent over the desk and let Brian—

Her thighs clenched.

A car door slammed shut and she knew it was Josh. Her eyes welled with tears as she heard the jingle of his keys by the front door. She wiped them away before the door opened.

"How'd the shoot go?" His collar was undone, his shirt untucked. He tossed his keys onto the counter and walked toward the fridge.

She couldn't look at him.

"Katie?"

"We did the stuff with Jewels." She pulled at a loose thread on the hem of his shirt. "The indoor stuff. It was fine."

Josh closed the fridge. The ease dropped out of his face. She could feel him reading her, the way his weight shifted forward, his head tilting slightly. He always did that.

"What happened?"

She released a shaky breath. "We finished the shoot and I went to the bathroom." She studied her feet. "Then I saw Jewels run out of the room at the end of the hall."

"The locked one?"

She nodded. "It was... There were photos everywhere. All these different women. They were naked and Brian." She gave a nervous laugh, shaking her head. "He was in them too. Touching them... F... having sex with them."

She heard him gasp.

"Brian came up behind me while I was looking at them. His hands were on my waist." She stopped. Shook her head. "No, he... his hands were on my arms. At first."

Josh set his water down slowly.

She looked up. She needed to see his face. His jaw was tight, his fingers gripping the edge of the counter. He didn't look angry. Her eyes traveled lower. Nothing yet, but she saw him adjusting his feet. She wasn't sure what to make of any of it.

"Should... Should I have stopped him?"

He didn't answer. She watched his chest rise and fall, trying to read it, trying to figure out what she was walking into. Was he about to tell her they were done with all of it? Was he about to pull her into the bedroom? The silence and not knowing made it worse.

"He started telling me about the girls. How much they enjoyed... him." Despite herself, the heat started to pool in her stomach as she relived the events. She wanted to run to him, to wrap herself in his arms, but she couldn't read him.

"Then I felt his fingers on my legs and he pressed into me." She closed her eyes, curling her fingers in her shirt. "No, that's not right. I felt his fingers on my legs and I stumbled backward. I... I pressed into him and he told me that in some of the pictures the husbands were the ones holding the camera."

She chewed on the inside of her lip, watching her fiancé. His throat bobbed as he swallowed. The outline in the front of his pants was starting to become visible.

"Should I have stopped him there? Josh. Is that what you would have wanted?"

He still didn't answer. The fridge hummed. A drop of water ran from her hair down her shin. She'd been waiting for him to jump in, to tell her it was fine or tell her to stop talking, and he wasn't doing either. She didn't know which answer she wanted and his silence was making it impossible to figure out.

"He... he started talking about you. About how you were probably at your desk..." She swallowed, ignoring the throb between her legs. "Touching yourself thinking about what happened in the backyard."

Josh blinked. His mouth opened but no words came out.

"Then his fingers... He felt how wet I was."

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*He felt how wet I was.*

The counter felt like it shifted. Josh let out a small grunt, his mind going there before he could stop it. Brian's hand between her thighs. His fingers pressing into her, finding her wet and ready. He could picture Katie's lips parting the way they did when Josh touched her. The image was so vivid it could've been a memory and he hated that his brain was building it this clearly.

He realized Katie was still talking. Her voice was steady but tight, held together in a way that told him she was working to keep it that way. He'd lost the last few seconds to the picture in his head and he couldn't get them back. Something about the other women. Something about what Brian told her while his fingers were still—

"He said next time you could watch."

That brought him back. *Next time.*

Everything else Katie had told him was past tense. It happened. It was done. But next time wasn't. He tried to study Katie, but his eyes couldn't focus. Did she want a next time?

He pushed off the counter and went to the window. Brian's house sat across the yard, porch light on, the pool glowing pale blue behind the fence. That fence. He'd pressed his face against those slats while Brian was ten feet away, running his hands over Katie's body, finding out what he could get away with. And the answer was everything. Josh was too busy being hard to see what was happening right in front of him.

Brian wasn't safe. He was never safe. The photos Katie described were proof of that. He had a system. Brian had done this with other women, other couples, and every one of them probably walked in thinking they were different. Josh watched the sunscreen, the untied bikini top, the way Brian's hands lingered longer than they needed to, and he told himself it was a game. It was a game. Just not theirs.

"Josh. Please say something."

He almost didn't turn around. The words were right there, *We're done. We're not going back. I'll handle it*, sitting on his tongue, ready to go.

He turned toward Katie. She was on the sofa, her knees up, with his t-shirt stretched over her legs. She was holding herself still, doing her best to keep it all together.

"How... how did it feel? His fingers."

It sounded like the words came from somebody else, but it was his voice. Katie's chin lifted. He didn't know why he asked it. He didn't even feel it forming. But his cock throbbed between his legs and he needed to know.

"Did you cum?"

She stared at him. Her lips pressed together. For a second he thought she wasn't going to answer.

"Yes."

His stomach dropped. His cock was straining against his pants so hard it hurt. He was furious. He was terrified that this was what it took to make him this hard and there wasn't a version of that he could live with comfortably. He crossed the room to her and took her face in his hands. Her cheeks were warm. He pressed his lips to her forehead and held them there.

"Okay." His voice came out thick. "It's okay. You didn't do anything wrong."

He didn't know if that was true. Katie's arms came around his waist and her face pressed into his stomach and she exhaled against him like she'd been holding her breath since he walked through the door. He put his hand on the back of her head and held her.

Neither of them moved.

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Stephanie showed up with two iced coffees and a laptop full of opinions. She'd kicked off her shoes at the door, dropped her bag on the kitchen floor, and was already mid-sentence about a venue before Katie had even sat down.

"It has this courtyard," she was saying, turning the laptop so Katie could see. "Like stone archways and string lights and this giant oak tree in the middle. Tell me that's not perfect."

Katie tucked her legs beneath her on the couch and looked at the screen. It was beautiful. She could picture the lights at night, the way they'd glow against the stone. She tried to imagine herself under the tree in white, Josh waiting at the end of an aisle, and the image started to form before something else replaced it. A woman on a bed. Fingers white-knuckled on a headboard.

She blinked. "It's really pretty."

"Right?" Stephanie was already swiping through color palettes on Pinterest. She passed blush pink, shaking her head with a scoff. "Emerald and gold. Trust me. You'll look insane."

"I do like emerald." Katie reached for her coffee. "But shouldn't Josh be here? He gets a say in this."

"Josh will wear whatever you tell him to wear." She swiped again. "Okay, what about ivory for the table settings? Or is that too formal? Wait, what do you think Mom would say?"

Katie smiled. It felt close to normal. Stephanie's energy filled the room the way it did when they were kids, bouncing off every surface until there was no space left for silence. She was grateful for it. She didn't want silence right now.

Her phone sat face-up on the cushion between them. She glanced at it without meaning to. No notifications. She took another drink of coffee.

They talked about save-the-dates for a while. Stephanie was itching for Katie to lock in a date, but she insisted she needed to talk to Josh first. They had agreed on the spring, otherwise it would be too hot for anything outdoors. Stephanie changed strategies: if they couldn't get into specifics about the wedding, they could at least talk about the bachelorette party. Stephanie knew a couple of club owners who owed her some favors. She was pretty certain with some negotiating they could rent out the entire club for cheap. Katie laughed in the right places, but underneath all that was going on, there was a hum she couldn't turn off, and every few minutes her eyes would drift back to the phone.

"Okay." Stephanie closed the laptop. "What's going on with you?"

"Nothing." Katie looked around the room. "I'm just tired."

"You've looked at your phone like fifteen times and nobody's texted you." She bounced slightly on the sofa, sitting up straighter. "Is it Josh? I told him I would kill him."

Katie almost laughed. She wanted to open up to her sister. She needed to tell someone. When she told Josh it was out of necessity, there was a certain response she expected. But with Stephanie, for better or worse, she would be honest.

"Josh and I, we've been... pushing things with Brian." She kept her eyes on her hands. "You know, Josh likes it when I flirt and stuff and Brian's been helping with pictures so it's been easy. But..." She fidgeted on the sofa. "During yesterday's shoot, it got weird."

"Brian." Stephanie's nose wrinkled. "The neighbor? The old guy with the dog?"

"He's not that old."

"Katie, he's like sixty and dresses his dog up like a doll." She shook her head. "Pushing things how?"

Katie sat forward. "He has this room that's like always locked. But Jewels got in yesterday and the door was open and I just..." She trailed off. "There were photos everywhere, Steph. Like covering every wall. Hundreds of them."

"What kind of photos?" Stephanie sat back, working out what her sister was trying to tell her.

"Women." Katie pressed her knuckles against her mouth. "All different women. Naked. Some of them were like, posing, and some of them were..." She trailed off.

Stephanie waited.

"Some of them were with him."

"With him like..." Stephanie's hand made a vague gesture.

Katie nodded. Her cheeks started to burn and she couldn't look at her.

"Oh my God." Stephanie pulled her legs up onto the couch. "That's... okay that's a lot. So he just has like a sex gallery in his house?"

"It's like a darkroom. With all his old equipment and stuff. But the walls are just..." Katie held her palms against her cheeks. They were burning. "And the pictures. I mean... I couldn't look away. He was huge."

"Say what?"

She squeezed her eyes shut. "Sorry. Jesus, I don't know why I said that."

"Face it, sis. You've always been a bit of a size queen."

Katie hid her face in her hands. She wanted to die. "I am not—"

"Oh please. First Josh and now this guy?" Stephanie laughed. "So how big are we talkin'? You know what? Just tell me when to stop." She held up her hands so they were facing each other and slowly started pulling them further apart.

"Oh my God, Stephanie."

"What?" Her hands continued to expand. "I'm trying to get a mental picture."

"Wait. What do you mean, Josh? When did you see his dick?"

"You still haven't told me to stop." Her hands were as wide as her body.

"I'm serious. What the fuck?"

"Oh relax. It wasn't like that." Stephanie waved a hand. "The night I slept over we were talking about you and Derrick and he um... got a little excited." She laughed. "Gotta say, I see why you're marrying him now."

"Oh my GOD."

"It was cute! He was so embarrassed. He kept pulling at his shirt trying to hide it." She was full-on grinning now. "I'm just saying, you're doing fine in that department. But if the neighbor's got..." She made an accordion-like gesture with her hands and whistled low.

Katie threw a pillow at her. "I hate you."

Stephanie caught the pillow and hugged it to her chest. Once her laugh faded, she continued the conversation. "So what happened? After you saw the room."

Katie shifted in her seat, her smile fading. Her gaze drifted to the door like she half expected Brian to come through it.

"He came up behind me." She closed her eyes. "While I was looking at the photos. His hands were on my arms, and then..." Her jaw tightened. "The pictures had me sort of turned on and I was thinking of Josh." She opened her eyes and looked her sister in the eye. "I pressed back against him... I swear he felt even bigger than the pictures." She held her breath, waiting for Stephanie's reaction.

"And then?"

Katie looked down at the coffee table. Of course Stephanie knew there was more to the story. She knew Katie better than anyone.

"He... he fingered me." Her thighs pressed together as she relived the moment.

Stephanie nodded like she already knew, smiling. There was no judgment. No contempt in her eyes and Katie loved her for that.

"And you told Josh it happened?"

"The second he got home. I thought he was going to be so mad. But he wasn't. I mean, he wasn't happy, not like... you know, not like the Derrick stuff. But he wasn't mad."

"Damn. You two are freaks," Stephanie said with a laugh, trying to lighten the mood. Then she reached behind her for her phone off the arm of the couch. She adjusted the neck of her shirt, showing the tops of her tits and just a hint of the pink bra underneath. She held the phone above her head, stuck out her tongue, and flipped off the camera.

"What are you doing?"

"Hold on." She took three shots in quick succession, checked them, deleted two. Then she started typing, her tongue pressed between her teeth.

Katie leaned over. The text read: *Katie told me what happened. Consider this payment for not being an asshole.* Beneath it, the photo.

"Stephanie, you can't send that to Jo—"

She hit send.

"Steph!"

"What? Now you're even. You let the neighbor feel you up, and your sister just sent your man a thirst trap. If he's keeping score, now it's even." She tossed her phone on the cushion. "You're welcome."

Katie stared at her. Her mouth opened. And then the laugh broke through, raw and sudden and so hard it bent her forward on the couch. "You're such a slut. Oh my God."

"Takes one to know one." Stephanie grinned. "Size queen."

"I am NOT a—" But she was laughing too hard to finish and so was Stephanie and for a few seconds the room was just the two of them gasping and wiping their eyes like they were fifteen again in their parents' living room, and nothing outside this couch existed.

It faded slowly. Stephanie wiped her eyes with the heel of her hand and pulled her shirt back up. The room settled.

"Look." Stephanie pulled her knees up, mirroring Katie on the other end of the couch. "It happened. And you told him. That's, like... that's part of his whole thing, right?" She picked at the edge of the pillow. "Just, keep talking to each other. That's the disgustingly adorable thing about you two. You're honest about shit even when it's weird."

Katie's throat was tight but in a different way now. She wanted to believe it was that simple. Maybe it was.

Stephanie left around four. Katie stood in the doorway and watched the yellow jeep reverse out of the driveway too fast, Stephanie's hand waving out the window without looking back. The street was quiet after she turned the corner. Just the birds and the sprinkler two houses down and the low hiss of the afternoon heat.

She looked next door. No sign of Brian.

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By the time Josh got home, Stephanie was long gone. Katie was in the kitchen, working on a TikTok routine that involved hip-hop, and cooking dinner. It was nice to see her continue to make content without the influence of Brian. But once she stopped recording her smile disappeared. He knew the look well. She'd posted several videos that day and while the numbers were good, he knew she wanted them to be better.

Dinner was nothing fancy. A chicken and rice recipe Katie had found on the internet and wanted Josh to try. When they finished eating, he took their plates and did the dishes while Katie went to shower. It was their normal routine they'd done thousands of times together. He brushed his teeth and got ready for bed, listening to her hum in the shower as she washed her hair. He pulled out his phone, finding Stephanie's text again.

He shook his head with a smile, as he looked at the picture of the younger woman with her tongue out. His eyes drifted to her chest. Her breasts were nearly the same size as Katie's. If he zoomed in, he could see the top of the pink cup. His cock started to twitch and he quickly closed the message, stuffing the phone into his pocket.

When Katie came out of the bathroom, Josh was already in bed. She stood in front of the mirror in her black nightgown, brushing her hair.

"So." Josh gave a nervous chuckle. "We um, should probably talk about your sister."

He picked at the corner of the sheet as he waited for Katie to respond. He didn't want her to think he'd somehow manipulated her into sending him a picture or that he was keeping it from her.

She shook her head, finishing her hair before setting the brush down.

"For the record," she said, climbing under the covers and turning toward him. "I told her not to send that."

"You knew?"

"Of course I knew. She's my sister." Her cheeks flushed slightly. "She said it would even the score. I told her it was dumb."

"We don't have to be even." He watched her, his stomach starting to knot. "That's not what any of this is about. I don't want other women. You know that, right?"

The sheets rustled as Katie made herself more comfortable. Her knee found his thigh under the covers. "Then what is it about?"

He exhaled. He needed to stop avoiding this conversation. His cock swelled, and the swirling in his stomach intensified.

"I don't know how to explain it." He could feel her watching him in the dark. "At first it was just... pride, I guess. Like showing you off. You'd post something and I'd see the comments and the DMs and I'd think, she's mine. All these guys losing their minds and she's coming home to me." He shook his head against the pillow. "That sounds shitty."

"It's normal. You think I don't know you like it when people notice me." She laughed. "I like it too. The attention." She ran her leg over his.

He stared at the ceiling fan in the dark. "Then the club happened. Steph sent that picture of Derrick and..." It was getting harder to breathe. "I should have been pissed. I know that. And I guess a part of me was, but like, not really."

Katie moved closer to him and put her hand on his chest. He wondered if she could feel his heart racing. He fought the urge to roll over and fuck her. He was already throbbing.

"And then the backyard. With Brian." Katie's fingers curled against his chest, her nails gently scraping his skin. "Watching him touch you. Part of me wanted him to—" He stopped and took several deep breaths. "I was harder than I've ever been in my life. And it was all because some sixty-year-old guy had his hands over my fiancée."

The fan clicked above them. He waited, wondering if Katie was going to interject or add her version of what happened. When she didn't, he continued.

"The sex after was... like the jealousy was rocket fuel. I was so angry my chest hurt, but my dick was so—" He gave a short, embarrassed laugh. "God, the sex. I know you felt it too. After the club, after the backyard. Every single time."

He turned his head toward her. He could barely see her in the dark but he could feel the warmth of her breath.

"But yesterday was different. I wasn't there. We thought he was safe, but..." His voice dropped. "When you told me, I was so angry and so hard at the same time. I... I still can't stop thinking about it. I don't know what's wrong with me."

Katie moved closer. Her body pressed against his side, her head finding the dip between his shoulder and his chest. She stayed there for a while, just breathing against him, and he was grateful for the silence because he felt opened up in a way he never did and he needed a minute before she said anything back.

"Stop saying that." Her voice was quiet against his skin. "Nothing's wrong with you."

She kissed his neck, then his jaw. He tried to turn into her, to pull her body on top of his, but she denied him.

"I keep telling myself I should have pushed his hands off me. Like, the second he touched me, I should have turned around and left." Her mouth was pressed against his neck, her fingers twisting in his hair. "But I'd been looking at those photos for... I don't know, five minutes? Ten? All those women and him and the way they were looking at the camera. And I was already..." She trailed off. "I was wet before he even touched me. I was thinking about you. About how you get when we talk about this stuff and how you would react when I told you." She swallowed. "Then his hands were on my arms and I should have pulled away but I leaned back instead and I think... He could probably feel it. That I was into it. That doesn't excuse what happened, but... I can't put it all on him."

She was quiet for a second.

"I... I came so hard."

His cock thickened against his thigh. He was fighting an uphill battle. Neither of them moved. He could hear his pulse in his ears. The room felt smaller than it was.

Katie shifted. Her leg came over his hip and she pulled herself on top of him, her knees settling on either side of his body. She put her hands on his face. His stubble rasped against her palms.

"I love you." She pressed her forehead against his. "Whatever this is, we figure it out together. Okay?"

He nodded. His hands found her waist as she kissed him.

Her lips brushed his lower lip and held. He could smell her shampoo and beneath it the warm clean scent of her skin. His fingers tightened at her waist and she exhaled into his mouth. Her tongue slipped past his lips. There was a slow gentleness to the kiss that hadn't been present in weeks.

Her fingers tangled in his hair and tilted his head back gently. Her lips closed, and her tongue probed his mouth again. Deeper this time, but just as tender. After the third pass, she finally pulled her mouth away.

"I love you," she whispered.

"I love you too."

Her dark hair fell around them like a curtain. He tucked a strand behind her ear and she turned her cheek into his palm.

"I missed you today," she said. "All of the wedding talk with Stephanie was great, but it would have been better if you were here."

"I'm sorry." He ran his fingers across her jaw. "This weekend just you and me. We can pick a date, a color scheme. All of it."

She kissed his palm. "I can't wait to be your wife."

She sat up and pulled her nightgown over her head. She was naked underneath. The faint glow from the window was all Josh needed to see the dark circles of her nipples drawn tight.

"Are you thinking about yesterday?" Josh asked, as she worked his shirt off. Her nails slid across his ribs, causing him to jerk.

"No," she whispered, working his pants next. "Just us. Tonight is just about us."

Her hand wrapped around his shaft and he groaned in delight. She rose up on her knees, sliding him between her legs. "Mmm." She rocked her hips slowly, dragging him through her folds. Then she leaned forward, her chest pressing against his, her lips finding his ear. "You feel how wet I am?" He nodded. "That's all because of you, baby. Just you."

She sank down slowly. He could feel every inch of her taking him in, the wet heat spreading around him. Her eyes stayed open. He watched them change. The widening, the flutter, the way her lips parted as she sank further onto him.

As the last inch of him impaled her, she gasped. Her body was flush against his from hips to chest. For a long moment they stayed perfectly still, joined completely. Josh could feel the slow, steady pulse of her heartbeat where her breasts pressed against him. Katie's forehead rested on his, her hair still damp.

"I love the way you feel," she whispered, her fingers sliding across his chest, before leaning down to kiss him.

The movement caused her walls to flutter around him, drawing a sigh from him.

"Keep your eyes open," she whispered hungrily. "Watch me cum."

Before he could respond she pressed down on his chest, lifting her body as she sat up straight.

His hands settled on her hips. She began to move. She started slow, raising her body and rolling her hips before sinking back down. Her mouth opened, her tongue rolling across her bottom lip as she repeated the movement. Her hands slid to his shoulders.

"I can feel you pulsing." She bit her lip, increasing her speed with each descent. "God, you feel so big, Josh."

Her brown eyes held his and wouldn't let go. They moved as one. Josh lifted his hips as she pushed down. "Faster," he pleaded, his hand sliding up her side and gripping her chest. The

bumps around her areola caught against his palm, her nipple like a diamond. The ceiling fan continued to click overhead, both of their bodies beginning to sweat.

He let one hand drift lower, between their bodies, until his thumb found her clit.

"Ahhh." Her body jerked as the pad of his thumb applied pressure. "Josh." It came out breathless. She increased her speed like he wanted. Her pants grew with each descent.

He watched her move above him. The way her stomach flexed, the way her thighs tightened around his hips every time she took him deep. Her eyes were glassy but focused on him, only him.

"You're so beautiful." His voice cracked on the last word. He didn't tell her that enough. But he was watching her now, her body moving with his, holding eye contact because she wanted to prove in that moment he was all she needed. How could he not tell her?

"Mmm, baby." Her walls clenched around him and her hands shifted on his body. She leaned forward and kissed him. Her hips never stopped moving, but the kiss was slow, tender.

She exhaled through her nose, a shaky laugh that turned into a moan as his thumb circled tighter. Her hands found his and she laced their fingers together, pressing his arms above his head into the pillow. The shift put all of her weight on him. He felt her sink lower onto him. Her juices coated his legs.

"Right there," she whispered. "Don't stop. Yes... Just like that."

He couldn't have stopped if he wanted to. His hips rose to meet hers and she gasped, her forehead dropping to his. Her eyes were inches from his. He could see the flecks of gold in her brown irises, the way her pupils had blown wide. She was close. Her walls gripped him tighter.

"I'm..." She squeezed his hands. Her hips stuttered, losing their rhythm, then finding it again. "Josh, I'm so close."

"Me too." He freed one hand and slid it to the back of her neck, pulling her mouth to his. She whimpered against his lips. The tension was building in her whole body, every muscle coiling, her thighs trembling against his hips.

"Look at me," he said.

She did. Her lips parted. Her brow creased.

"Uh... oh God."

Katie slammed her hips down one last time and her entire body went stiff. Her moans filled his ear, her eyes struggling to stay open as she stared into his. Her walls pulsed around him, pulling him deeper.

His orgasm struck before he was ready for it. His hips lifted as she pressed down and he came inside her with a grunt that scraped out of his chest. His fingers dug into her ass, her neck, holding her as close as two bodies could get. She shuddered against him, still clenching, milking the last of it as they both went still.

She collapsed onto him, her face buried in his neck.

"Mmm." She nuzzled deeper. "Don't move."

He didn't. He held her and felt their combined wetness slip from where they were still joined. The ceiling fan clicked above them. Her breathing slowed. Her body grew heavier until she was dead weight on his chest.

He traced her spine. Up and down. Up and down. She made that sound. That hum.

He stared at the ceiling.

The sex was incredible. It was always incredible with her. But...

He pulled her tighter and hated that the word was there at all. She stirred once. Her hand slid from his shoulder to his chest and rested flat over his heart.

*Watch me cum.*

She'd never said that to him before. Despite all the times they made love, it was never like that. His cock stirred inside her and Katie gasped, drifting to sleep. Watching her like that was incredibly sexy.

*Next time you can even watch.*

His stomach dropped. The image was already building behind his eyes. Katie's face doing exactly what it just did. Her mouth hanging open, her brow twisted. Except this time it was Brian bringing her that pleasure and Josh was in the corner. Watching.

He was fully hard again and Katie shifted in her sleep.

He tried to slow his breathing. He thought about the photos Katie described. All those husbands who had probably lain exactly where he was lying right now, telling themselves the same thing.

He stared at the fan.

"Katie?"

"Mm." Her fingers curled against his chest.

"We... we should do it. What Brian said." His voice sounded far away. "I want to watch."

The fan clicked. Her fingers pressed tighter against his chest.

"Okay."

He pulled her closer. Her face pressed into his neck and within a minute her breathing evened out and she was gone.