

Katie set the box on the kitchen island and pulled her hair into a quick knot before she opened it. Her fingers shook as she worked the tabs of the box. The cardboard had a matte navy finish with the logo embossed instead of printed, and just holding it made her feel like she'd actually accomplished something. She propped her phone against the fruit bowl, angling it down to catch the morning light coming in off the marble, and slid her thumbnail under the seal.

She wasn't sure why she was so excited. This wasn't the first ambassador deal she'd gotten, but it was certainly the biggest. Maybe it was because of the announcement she'd made earlier in the week of her page saying more was to come. Her engagement was way up and just knowing that over fifty-thousand people were waiting to see what she had in store made her stomach flip.

She'd planned to film a proper unboxing, but the second the flap came open she forgot about the camera and reached inside. Three pairs of sunglasses sat nestled in pink tissue paper. Aviators with mirrored lenses on top, a pair of cat-eyes in tortoiseshell beneath them, and at the bottom the black acetate pair she'd actually picked from their catalog. There was a branded card with her name handwritten across the top, a canvas pouch, and a discount code on a perforated tab she could already imagine ripping off and posting.

A small warmth bloomed in her chest. She hadn't felt anything like it since before the photo, and she pressed her palm flat against the cool marble for a second just to make sure it was real. Two years ago she'd posted a stupid dance video for laughs. That's how this whole thing started. Then it was an Instagram post with Josh and her taking a trip to Key West. She couldn't even remember making a conscious decision to make this her 'job' but somewhere along the way she had. And now there was a package from Sunglass Hut sitting on her island.

She remembered the camera then and started over. She took a breath to calm her nerves so her hands wouldn't shake as much, lifting each piece out like she was unwrapping something fragile. She'd cut what she needed to later.

The bedroom mirror had better light than the kitchen and after the unboxing she dragged everything in there. She tried the aviators first, tilting her chin and pouting her lips before snapping the picture. She rotated through each pair, posing until she had a dozen shots she'd actually be willing to use, then picked the best of the black acetate ones and posted it to her story.

The numbers started climbing before she'd put the phone down. Sixty views, then a hundred and forty, then over two hundred, the little eye icon ticking up while she stood there watching it. She felt the corners of her mouth pull up before she could stop them.

She studied the picture closer. It was a good picture, but it wasn't great. Brian's voice crept into the back of her head. She noticed the way her face filled the entire frame, exactly what he'd advised her not to do. There was no white space, nowhere to place their logo. She was so caught up in the moment she didn't even think about using the branded card they had given her, or the pouch that had their logo on it.

She shook her head, embarrassment creeping up her neck. She'd have to take more later, actually plan out a proper shoot. She picked up her phone to text Brian. Maybe she could go over there and use some of his equipment. He could give her practical advice now that she actually had the glasses. She started typing up the message then paused. She'd just go over there. It would mean more to him if she asked in person. Plus, it gave her an excuse to see Jewels.

She packed back up the box, glancing one more time at her feed. The views were already creeping up to the thousands. There was a comment saying she should wear those glasses with the skirt from last week and she sucked her teeth as she thought about the implications.

The sound of the doorbell brought her out of her thought and she glanced at the time. Her sister was here.

Stephanie killed the engine and sat for a second with her hand still on the keys. The neighborhood was so quiet it made her uneasy. No kids on bikes, no garage doors open with music spilling out, no sprinklers running in anyone's yard. Their old street back home had been a constant noise from May through September, her and Katie barefoot on the hot driveway, Katie always grabbing her hand when they ran across to the Hendersons' to use their pool. Now it was the middle of a Saturday morning and she couldn't see another person on the entire block.

She climbed out of the yellow jeep and adjusted her sunglasses as she started up the driveway.

"Hey, I had some more thoughts about poses I wanted to talk to you about. I think—"

Stephanie turned around. The man was standing on the lawn next door, so big through the shoulders he looked almost comical when she saw the tiny dog tucked under his arm. It was wearing a sun hat with an elastic strap that disappeared under its chin, and the hat was crooked over one eye.

His face shifted as he registered her. "Oh. I'm sorry, I thought you were someone else."

"It's okay." She shifted her weight to one side, subconsciously pulling down the hem of her skirt.

He'd thought she was Katie. They got it all the time. Despite the fact that Katie was two years older and slightly thicker, they pretty much looked the same. They both had long dark hair that they wore down. They had the same caramel skin and long legs. When they were younger, Katie would get furious when people asked if they were twins, stomping her foot exclaiming she was older.

"Stephanie," she said, taking a step toward the property line. "I'm her sister."

"Brian. Next door." He shifted the dog onto his hip and extended his hand across the grass. His grip closed around hers and she couldn't help but notice how large his hands were. "The resemblance is uncanny."

She laughed, trying her best to not roll her eyes as she felt his gaze dip.

The dog whined and pushed forward in his arms, tongue out, paws scrabbling against his shirt. Stephanie reached up with her free hand and scratched under the dog's chin, and the little thing melted into her palm with its eyes closed.

"She likes you."

"She's cute." She pulled her hand back. "I'll tell Katie you were looking for her."

She walked the rest of the way up the driveway without turning back. Behind her she could hear the dog whining, and feel Brian's eyes on her as she swayed her hips.

The front door opened seconds after she rang the doorbell and Katie pulled her into a hug so fast her feet nearly came off the ground.

"Oh my God you're here, how was the drive, how's school, did you eat? I have so much to tell you, you have to see what came in the mail this morning—"

Stephanie laughed. Katie was rambling like their mom did. She returned the hug, not realizing how bad she needed it. They hadn't seen each other in months. When Katie told her they were moving she couldn't have been more excited. They lived less than 45 minutes away from campus. They could spend more time together like they did when they were younger.

Katie laughed and released her hug. "Sorry, I'm just excited to see you." She stepped aside inviting Stephanie in. She stepped through the door, the cool air of the AC hitting her immediately. She looked back to see Katie smiling, waving at the neighbor across the yard, then shutting the door behind them.

The Sunglass Hut box was open on the coffee table between them. Stephanie had the aviators on, tilted halfway down her nose, scrolling through Katie's TikTok on the couch. She'd already

gone back six months and Katie hadn't bothered to stop her.

"Damn, girl." Stephanie held the screen up. The fountain photo was filling it. "Your legs looked good. You got me doing squats trying to get my ass to look like that."

"Shut up." Katie laughed, reaching for her water.

"I'm serious. Did Josh take this?"

"Yeah."

"That explains it." She zoomed in on something. Katie knew exactly where she was zooming.

"Damn, girl. These comments. Thirsty much."

Katie laughed, heat creeping up her neck. She knew exactly which comments she was talking about. After her night with Josh, Katie had gone back and read them again. The first time she did it was an accident, she went in to block someone and got caught up reading them. By the third time she'd done it, she couldn't deny the rush it had given her.

"It did really well," she said.

"Oh..." Stephanie held the screen up to her face. "I bet it did."

She started reading a comment out loud, something about Katie's thighs, half-laughing the way she did when she was trying to embarrass her. Katie's stomach pulled tight before she could stop it. Her thighs pressed together against the cushion and she shifted, crossing her legs the other way like she'd just gotten uncomfortable. She reached for her water and drank too much of it.

"I'm pretty sure I know why half the guys in my lit class were out last week."

"Oh my God, shut up." Katie's cheeks turned pink and she covered her face with her hands.

The conversation moved on and before long they were talking about Stephanie's on again off again boyfriend, Travis.

"I just don't get it," Stephanie said, grabbing her bottle of water. "He begs me to go to the club with him and then he just wants to stand on the wall all night and watch." She rolled her eyes.

Katie knew her sister well enough that she didn't need to cut in. She would provide the rest of the details after a few dramatic breaths and eyerolls.

"Then he gets all bent out of shape when guys who actually want to dance with me. Like when am I going to say no?" She sighed. "The whole drive home he accused me of grinding on them."

Katie lifted her eyebrow.

"Don't give me that look." She laughed. "Fine, of course I was grinding on them. But it was all in good fun. I went home with him didn't I?" She took a long drink of water. "Anyway, we broke up after that. Probably for the best really. But I am going to miss his cock."

Katie nearly spit her water across the room. "Stephanie!"

"What?" She giggled. "He had a nice dick. A girl can miss it." She nudged her sister with her foot. "Speaking of, how do you keep Josh from getting jealous? If I posted some of these pictures..." She trailed off.

"First of all, we are not discussing my fiancé's dick."

"Aww is it small?"

"And second of all..." She could feel her entire face getting red as she tried to control the laughter. "He isn't really the jealous type. I mean he... he kinda likes it when I post pics like that."

"Likes it how?"

She didn't mean to tell her, but now that it was out she wanted to tell her everything. She started with the restaurant and her taking off the shorts, then when she dropped the fork, and finally about the DMs.

By the time she finished she was watching Stephanie's face for some type of confirmation that she was right and that it was weird.

Stephanie took a long drink of her water.

"Are you bragging right now?"

"What? No." Katie's laugh came out wrong. "I'm not... I mean it's weird, right?"

"Kate." Stephanie set the water down and leaned forward. "You have a guy who's not insecure about you being hot. Do you know how rare that is?" She gave a twisted grin. "It almost makes up for his dick being small."

"His dick is fine! Ugh, you're impossible." She launched a throw pillow at her and they laughed until they cried.

When they finally settled down, Stephanie wiped the tears from her eyes. "But seriously. I wish I could find a guy that secure in our relationship."

"Yeah, but like... it's not just that he doesn't care, though." Katie looked off into the kitchen.

"Like. It's more than just him not minding it's..."

"It's what?"

She ran her hands over the front of her legs. "Just. Sometimes he's really into it... Like, a lot." She felt her face going pink again and hated it.

Stephanie waved her hand. "Babe, it's the same thing. He trusts you not to actually do anything. That's why he gets to enjoy it. If he didn't trust you he'd be losing his mind." She tilted the aviators back down over her eyes. "Stop overthinking it. Some guys are wired like that."

Katie finished the rest of her water. Maybe Stephanie was right. Maybe it was the same thing and Katie was just overanalyzing it. After all, Josh had told her the same thing in the restaurant. That part of what made it so hot was knowing that nothing would happen. Josh loved her. He wanted her, and was secure enough to enjoy other men wanting her. That should make her happy. That did make her happy.

She set the empty bottle on the coffee table.

"You're right," she said. "I'm overthinking it."

"So." Stephanie sat back. "What's the deal with the neighbor?"

"Brian? Nothing." It came out too fast. "He's just helping me with my photos."

"Mm-hm." Stephanie watched her, then drained the rest of her water. "He's into you."

"Steph. He's older than dad."

"So? I see it all the time on campus. College professors love hot younger chicks. And you, sis, are hot."

"It's not like that. He had a studio. He's just helping me with my photos."

"Cool. He's still into you."

"You met him for thirty seconds."

"Yeah." Stephanie set the empty bottle on the coffee table. "And in that time it was obvious he's into you."

"Stop it." Katie shoved her shoulder. "You're so gross."

Stephanie pulled her hair into a knot and stretched her legs across Katie's lap. "Anyway. I'm newly single and I drove an hour to hangout with my big sis. We're going out tonight."

"Steph, I don't—"

"You owe me."

"I'm not even—"

"I drove an hour. In Texas traffic."

Katie laughed. The truth was, going out sounded nice. She missed the days of hanging out with Stephanie. Her sister had a knack for finding trouble, and Katie was always there to pull her out of it.

"Fine." She reached for her phone. "Let me text Josh."

"Tell him I'm making you wear something extra slutty." Stephanie grinned. "I want to see how he responds."

"Oh my God." Katie's face flushed. "Stop. You can not let him know I told you that."

"Tell him."

"I'm not telling him you said that."

"Tell him."

She was laughing as she typed.

Josh pulled into the driveway just after six. He'd been aggravated about working a full day on a Saturday, but his boss had assured him it wasn't the norm and sweetened the deal by telling him he could leave at lunch one day next week. Stephanie's yellow jeep was already in the drive, parked at just enough of an angle that Josh had to pull onto the curb. He laughed. It was the exact kind of thing she'd do on purpose just to mess with him. Katie's text had come in around lunch to let him know Stephanie was coming and was dragging her out tonight. The wink emoji at the end had told him everything he needed to know about how the night would end.

It was the first thing in weeks that felt normal. Stephanie always lifted Katie's spirits. And even though she'd seemed okay after the dinner with Brian, a night out with her sister wouldn't hurt.

He paused halfway up the drive. Brian was on a ladder in front of his door, working on what looked like a security camera mounted just above the porch light.

"Everything alright?"

Brian glanced down. He didn't answer. Just turned back to the camera and kept working.

Josh stood there for a second. He considered walking over to ask what the camera was for. Then Katie's voice came through the front window, a yelp followed by a laugh, and he shrugged it off and headed for the door. Brian probably just had a package stolen.

Katie was standing in front of the bedroom mirror when he came in. She turned toward him and did a quick spin. "Well?"

He set his bag down and didn't answer right away. The shorts were so high he could almost see the bottom of her cheeks. Frayed white threads pressed against the back of her thigh. Her top half was covered by a black mesh bodysuit so sheer her bra was clearly visible. The cowboy boots made her legs look like they went on forever.

He sat on the edge of the bed. "Holy shit, babe."

"Steph picked it." She turned back to the mirror, slinging on a denim jacket that would cover her chest. "I think it's a little much."

"You look incredible." He leaned back on his hands. "You sure you don't want to leave the jacket?"

She caught his eye in the mirror and laughed. "You might as well suggest I go without a top at all in that case." She watched him in the reflection. He shifted on the bed, the fabric of his jeans pulling tight over his lap.

"That could work too."

A small flutter moved through her stomach, the same off-balance feeling she'd had in Brian's kitchen the night she'd taken her bra off. She pushed past it. "Behave. Stephanie is enough trouble on her own. I don't need both of you ganging up on me tonight."

He laughed and got up off the bed, came up behind her and slid his arms around her waist. His lips pressing against her neck. "As long as you come home to me after, that's all that matters."

She reached behind her and dragged her fingers across the front of his jeans. He was already hard.

"Yeah? And if I don't?" She felt him twitch under her palm.

It came out before she even realized she'd said it. The bedroom went quiet. In the mirror she watched his face, watched the smile flatten into something darker, possessive. He swallowed slowly. She watched his throat work. The silence seemed to stretch forever, neither of them breaking eye contact as her own pulse was loud in her ears.

"I'm just kidding, babe." She turned in his arms and kissed him, hard, her tongue finding his before he could say anything back.

She didn't know why she'd said it. The words had just been there. She hadn't even been thinking it, not really, it was a joke. Josh knew she would never.

He pulled back, studying her face. Then he smiled and the moment was gone. "I know. Have fun tonight. Seriously. I trust you."

She nodded and turned back to the mirror. Her cheeks were pink. Between her thighs there was a heavy, slow pulse that made her think about the night they'd come home from Brian's and he read her DMs. She tugged the jacket back up over her shoulders and went to the kitchen to find her sister.

Stephanie had changed into a red-and-black corset that pushed her chest up to a size it definitely was not, and a pair of jeans painted on tight enough that Katie wondered how she'd planned to pee all night.

"Damn, we look good." Stephanie moved away from the counter where she was cutting a lime. "Josh, tell your fiancée she looks good."

"I already did." He leaned against the kitchen wall.

"Fine, tell me I look good." She laughed and grabbed Katie's hand, twirling herself into her sister's arm.

"You look good."

"Damn right, I do." She slapped her sister's butt. "I poured us shots. But first, let's make a TikTok."

Katie pulled out her phone and opened the app. After a few clicks she found a Jason Derulo song and pressed play. She and Stephanie began lip-syncing the words together. After a few seconds she zoomed in on Stephanie who seemed to thrive under the attention. Her smile grew, her facial expressions growing more extreme, before ending with her opening her mouth wide and sticking out her tongue.

They watched the video back, giggling. "Post it. Let's see how it does."

"Done." She put her phone away. "Now, where are those shots."

Josh already had them in hand. Stephanie took hers, then salted the back of their hands.

"To a night of fun," Stephanie raised her glass. "And those tiny ass shorts. You're going to have the guys going nuts."

Katie laughed and tipped back her glass, watching Josh out of the corner of her eye. His gaze went to her ass and she wished she knew what he was thinking.

Stephanie looked at her phone. "Car will be here in 5."

"Dare I even ask how you plan on getting in?" Josh was rinsing the shot glass out at the sink.

"I'm in college, Josh." She rolled her eyes and dug into her back pocket. "You really think I don't have a fake?"

She slid the ID across the counter. He picked it up. *Lilly Phan. 22.* The picture was Stephanie alright, but it wasn't great. The lighting was bad and her hair was different. It also looked a hell of a lot like Katie.

"Alright, Lilly. So you're twenty-two?"

"Mhm."

He studied the ID. "People actually believe that? I mean no offense, but you have a bit of a babyface. Sometimes I forget you're actually twenty."

"Guys aren't usually looking at my face when they card me." She adjusted her chest and grinned at him.

He laughed and slid the ID back across the counter. "Noted."

She stuffed it back into her wallet. "Car's here."

"Alright. You two be careful." He walked over to Katie and kissed her. "Have fun tonight."

"Oh, we're gonna have so much fun." Stephanie pulled Katie into her side. "So, so much fun."

"Ignore her." Katie pulled herself away, and pressed her hands into Josh's chest. "We'll have a normal amount of fun."

"No we won't."

Katie rolled her eyes and gave him one more kiss. "I love you." Then she grabbed Stephanie's arm and they walked out the front door laughing.

The drive to the club took twenty minutes. When they got there, the line was wrapped halfway down the block.

"Oh my God. What is this place?" Katie asked, as she took a quick video of the line.

"Some of the girls in class told me about it. Supposed to be the hottest club around."

"This line is crazy. We're never going to get in."

Stephanie gave her a mischievous grin and marched straight up to the bouncer, her hand already digging for the ID. Katie trailed behind her, suddenly aware of how much skin the

bodysuit didn't cover. A few of the girls near the front shot them dirty looks as they pushed toward the front.

The bouncer was huge, his shirt straining across his chest. He took Stephanie's ID and barely glanced at it before his eyes dropped to her chest and stayed there.

"Have a good night, ladies." He stepped aside and opened the door for them where fog and strobe lights filtered out.

"How'd you do that?" Katie yelled over the bass as she pressed close to her sister.

"You really have been out of the game too long." She spotted the bar and pulled her sister that way. "Being hot and young is like currency in a place like this. No offense to the moms outside, but we have the look this place wants."

Katie nodded, then pulled out her phone. Stephanie threw an arm around her, both of them pushing their sunglasses halfway down their noses. Katie panned across the packed floor behind them. The bass flowed through and her body seemed to move on its own as sweaty bodies seemed to bump into her from every direction.

The bar took ten minutes to push through. Hands slid across her stomach, her thighs, she wasn't sure how accidental they were. Stephanie ordered two more shots of Patron, leaning so far across the bar her feet were off the floor.

"To getting drunk and stupid." Stephanie raised her glass.

"Not too stupid."

They laughed then clinked their glasses and tipped them back. Katie bit into her lime, her nose squishing as she felt it burn all the way down.

"Come on," Stephanie grabbed her hand and dragged her out to the edge of the dance floor as 'Yeah' by Usher came on and the crowd cheered.

She didn't try to find a spot. She just stopped where the crowd let her stop and started moving. Stephanie threw her arms up over her head. Katie lifted her phone, angled it down, and got a clip of the two of them with the lights swinging behind, Stephanie's mouth open mid-lyric, her own face flushed and laughing.

For one full song it was just them. Stephanie kept finding reasons to grab her by her wrist, her hip, her shoulders. It was like they were sixteen again in their living room with the rug pushed back. Katie's hair was already sticking to her neck. She caught herself smiling at nothing.

As the second song started the first guy showed up behind Stephanie. Katie smiled at her sister as she caught his wrist, shaking her ass against him without even knowing who he was. Katie

nodded in approval, a silent communication they had developed over the years. He was tall, with dark hair and broad shoulders, exactly Stephanie's type. Katie took half a step back to give them some space when she bumped into the second guy.

His hand closed on her hip and she bit her lip, closing her eyes and letting the music take her away. When she opened her eyes, Stephanie was grinning.

"He's hot," Stephanie mouthed at her over the music, eyebrows up.

Katie laughed and shook her head. "Don't," she mouthed back.

But her hips were moving. She felt the guy behind her press a little closer and she didn't move forward to make space. She thought about Josh on the couch. About the way he'd looked at her with the phone in his hand. *They all wish they could do this.* What would he think if he could see her now? She knew the answer and she placed her hand on top of the one on her hip and dipped low, letting his hand slide up her ribs to her shoulders before spinning around to face him.

"Derrick," he yelled over the music, stepping forward to press into her.

Katie smiled seductively, then took a step back, maintaining just enough distance to keep her composure without losing his interest. "Katie."

The song came to an end and all four of them were beginning to sweat. The guys steered them back to their table. Katie let Derrick pull her by the hand. Stephanie caught up beside her, giggling.

"They're hot. Brad's already hinting that they have a place nearby."

"Don't you dare." Her eyes drifted to Brad who seemed to know what they were talking about and smiled. "We're here for drinks and dancing, that's it."

"You're no fun," Stephanie teased, but otherwise dropped it.

They stopped at a high top where a bucket of ice sat with a half dozen empty bottles of beer. Derrick disappeared toward the bar and Katie watched him go before excusing herself to the bathroom.

The bathroom was cooler than the floor by ten degrees and her ears rang in the relative quiet. She washed her hands and looked up.

Her hair was everywhere, drops of sweat pimpling her face. Her makeup had loosened, her lipstick gone where she'd bitten the lime. The bodysuit clung to her ribs. She pulled the denim

jacket off her shoulders, hoping it would help her cool off quicker.

As she waited she studied her reflection. She thought about Josh's words. Technically, she was still covered. The dance floor was dark, and while her bra could be seen, it wasn't nearly as revealing as Stephanie's outfit. She thought about him on the bed asking her to leave the jacket. About how she'd said no.

She pulled out her phone.

Katie: *I miss you. Hope you're still awake when I get home. You know how I get when I'm drunk ;)*

She sent the message, followed by a picture of her without the jacket on. Her nipples stiffened, and she told herself it was because she was finally starting to cool off. She slung the jacket over her shoulder and headed back out to find her sister.

Stephanie was in Brad's lap when she got back. Her lipstick smudged, and the strap of the corset slid down her arm. Katie's stomach fluttered as she took in her sister. She wasn't surprised she'd found a guy to hook up with. She just hadn't expected how into it she'd be.

Stephanie saw her coming and sat up a little straighter, adjusting the strap so it sat back on her shoulder.

"Love the new look, sis. Very fucking hot." Katie blushed, noticing how Stephanie's words were already starting to slur. They needed to slow down, but Derrick already had another round ready for them at the table and she refused to be the first one to tap out.

They threw the shot back as Derrick hovered next to her. She pulled out her phone, ignoring the way his arm brushed against hers.

Josh: *You look so sexy like that. Are you two having a good time?*

She smiled. God, she missed Josh. It was great getting out of the house and getting to hang out with Stephanie but she would kill to be home with him right now cuddled up on the couch. She started typing a response, but Stephanie grabbed her phone with a laugh.

"You're being rude. You can be on your phone later. Let's get back out there and dance."

Katie laughed, already moving to stand as Stephanie draped herself around Brad and they headed toward the dance floor. She glanced at Derrick, noticing for the first time the deep blue of his eyes.

"Shall we?" he asked. He had a dimple at the corner of his mouth that somehow made him look less dangerous.

She offered him her hand as the DJ moved on to something heavier and they followed behind Stephanie and Brad.

The crowd was thicker now, hotter. Stephanie was three feet away, with Brad's lips crawling up her neck as she backed into him. Derrick took his position behind Katie, his hands sliding across her stomach as she let him pull her flush against him.

She closed her eyes, getting lost in the moment as she rolled her hips teasingly. He was a good dancer, and despite the hardness she felt poking into her ass, he was mostly a gentleman.

His mouth brushed against her ear, and she let out a soft gasp. "You look familiar. Have I seen you on campus?"

She shook her head no, running her fingernails up his arms to his bicep. His arms were big, and there didn't seem to be a single ounce of body fat on them. Heat coiled low in her stomach as she dipped slightly, then came back up running her hands through his hair as he leaned closer.

His hands drifted higher and for a moment she let herself get swept up in it. She wasn't sure how long they'd been out there when she realized a new song had started. Derrick's fingers ghosted over her ribs, making her suck in air.

"Are you sure I haven't seen you somewhere? You're not the type of woman I would forget." He tilted his hips forward, his hands just below her chest.

Katie chewed on the inside of her cheek. Her mouth opened in a silent moan as she felt his hardness press into her. He was so hard she could swear she could feel his heartbeat through his manhood. She casually caught his hands, ensuring they didn't slide any higher as she pressed back into him, letting her free hand slide through his hair. She smiled as she heard him suck in a breath.

When she opened her eyes she saw Stephanie watching her over Brad's shoulder. She smiled at her sister, mouthing that they needed to leave. Stephanie shook her head no, but as the song began to bleed into the next Katie stepped away from Derrick, motioning that she needed a breather.

By the time the others had gotten back to the table, Katie had chugged two waters. She was dripping in sweat and the room was spinning around her. She'd drunk too much too fast and she knew she was going to feel it in the morning.

"We need to leave soon. My feet are killing me," she said as Stephanie came back to the table. "Give me my phone back. I want to text Josh."

Stephanie had that mischievous look in her eye again and Katie couldn't place why. She assumed it was because her sister was about to ditch her to go home with the guy she'd just met. However, as she took her phone and opened her text with Josh she understood why.

Stephanie had texted him while she was dancing with Derrick. Katie's stomach hit the floor as she stared at the image Stephanie had sent. There she was, eyes closed, head tilted back into Derrick's shoulder, her hand in his hair, his mouth dangerously close to her neck.

Her eyes lifted from the screen, Stephanie was still looking at her grinning. She didn't know how to react. She should have been furious. Was Stephanie trying to start an argument with Josh? That didn't make any sense. Why would she send him something like that without asking her?

Her phone buzzed in her hand and she looked down. That's when she saw the text that Stephanie had sent with the image, followed by Josh's response.

Stephanie: *your girl is making quite the impression.*

Josh: *Fuck, she looks so hot. Is she misbehaving?*

Katie stared at the thread. Her heart was pounding in her ears, an electric current seemed to run through her making her shift her stance. She read it again.

Is she misbehaving.

Her thighs pressed together against the edge of the booth. The pulse from the dance floor hadn't faded, not even close, and somehow Josh's words on a screen made it worse. He'd said that exact thing to her a hundred times. In bed, on the couch, with his mouth at her ear. She knew what came after he said it. She knew what it did to him to say it.

He wasn't upset. He was hard.

The thought hit her so cleanly she almost laughed. Of course he was. He was sitting at home, alone, with a picture of her tilted into another man's shoulder. His wording was interesting too. He didn't ask if she was behaving, but if she was misbehaving. It was almost like he was hoping the answer would be yes.

She glanced over at Derrick, watching her like he was waiting for her to make the next move. She thought about it. The briefest thought about her arms going around his neck thanking him for the night as she pressed her lips to his. She bet he was a good kisser. She imagined his tongue was rough, commanding. The kind that would occupy her entire mouth and make her moan for him.

Fuck, she was horny, and staring. She'd been caught. Both Derrick and Brad were looking at her now with those stupid grins on their face. She pulled up her camera and pointed at them.

Katie: *Big thanks to these two for the free drinks tonight 🥰 we're heading home*

She hit send and stuffed it back into her pocket.

"Take a picture to remember us by?" Derrick asked over the music.

Brad threw an arm around Stephanie. "Orrrr you two could come back to our place. Keep the party going."

Katie's eyes went wide. She wasn't ready for such a direct statement and her mind was processing too slowly to think of anything to say.

"Next time, babe." Stephanie pulled Brad's face to hers and kissed him. "I already ordered us a car."

Katie released a breath, thanking her sister with her eyes. Of course she was going to turn them down as well.

"But," Stephanie smiled, winking at her sister. "We should swap numbers so we can do this again soon."

She was already holding out her phone.

Brad took it, typed, handed it back. Then he looked at Derrick and tilted his head toward Katie. Derrick was already pulling out his own phone, holding it out toward her.

Katie looked at it, then at Stephanie. Stephanie was sipping her water. Her eyes daring Katie.

What was the harm in swapping numbers? She was never going to actually use it. She smiled and typed in her number, handing it back.

Katie's phone buzzed in her pocket, startling her.

"That's me," Derrick said. "Now you have my number too."

All Katie could do was nod as Stephanie shot her the biggest grin.

"The car is pulling up." She kissed Brad one last time. "Thanks again for a fun night."

Katie gave Derrick an awkward hug and then linked arms with her sister as they walked out.

The TV was on but Josh wasn't watching. Some game in the third quarter, the announcer's voice coming through the speakers in that flat rhythm that meant nothing important was happening. He had a beer between his thighs that he'd been working on for the better part of an hour. It was warm now. He took a sip anyway.

He wasn't sure why his nerves were such a wreck. Katie had gone out with her sister countless times before when they were dating. This should have been just like every other time. Except, he knew that wasn't true. There had been something different between them the last few weeks, ever since Josh had pushed her to show herself off more.

His phone buzzed on the cushion next to him.

He picked it up, and his heart immediately skipped a beat. It was Katie. *I miss you. Hope you're still awake when I get home. You know how I get when I'm drunk ;)*

He smiled, and felt his cock start to stir. It was true. He loved how worked up she would be when she got home.

The message had a picture attached and Josh found himself reaching for his drink. It was a mirror selfie from the club bathroom. The denim jacket was gone. Just the black mesh, her bra clearly visible underneath, her hair stuck to her neck and her cheeks flushed the way they got when she'd had too much.

His stomach pulled tight as he zoomed in on the picture.

She'd told him no when he'd asked her to leave the jacket. She'd laughed at him, told him to behave. And here she was an hour later, in a club bathroom, sending him exactly what he'd asked for.

He set the beer on the coffee table because his hand wasn't steady enough to hold it.

She was thinking about him. Despite her being drunk and surrounded by a bunch of guys she was texting him. Her nipples were hard. He hadn't noticed until he was zoomed in almost as far as he could go, but there was no denying it.

A million thoughts ran through his head. Why were her nipples hard. The bathroom was air-conditioned, that was it, that was probably it. Or she'd been dancing. Or someone was pressed against her at the bar. Someone had been pressed against her at the bar. Josh knew how clubs worked. He'd been to clubs.

His cock was straining against the fabric of his jeans. He pressed the heel of his hand against it and exhaled through his nose. He thought about going to the bedroom for two seconds and then dismissed it. She'd be home in an hour, maybe less. He could wait. He wanted to wait. He wanted her to walk in and find him exactly like this so she'd know what the picture had done.

He typed back. *You look so sexy like that. Are you two having a good time?*

He waited, expecting her reply to come instantly. The game came back on. Someone fumbled and the announcer's voice climbed into excitement and Josh didn't process any of it. He kept his

eyes on the screen of his phone, watching for the three dots that never came. The fourth quarter started.

He was halfway through his second beer, his cock still rock hard, when his phone buzzed. He grabbed it so quickly he dropped it onto the floor, nearly spilling his beer as he chased it across the living room.

It was another picture and this one made his blood turn nuclear.

Katie was dancing with someone. Her eyes were closed, her head tilted back on his shoulder. Josh studied the other guy. He was tall and muscular. His brown hair swept across his face. He seemed exactly like the type of guy Katie would be attracted to.

The thought made his cock throb. Why would he say that? Josh was the type of guy she was attracted to. That's what he meant, wasn't it? He stared at the picture again. The guy's mouth was close to Katie's neck. Had he been kissing it? Was he about to kiss it? His hands shook as he took in the image. Her hand was in his hair, his hands against her stomach. They looked like lovers.

Josh dropped the phone onto the couch and pushed to his feet. The room suddenly felt too small. He drifted into the kitchen, only to turn right back around, pacing the length of the living room. Sweat gathered at his temples, sliding down the side of his face.

Seventy degrees. The AC was already set to seventy.

Still, the air wouldn't come. His chest tightened, each breath shallow, uneven. He dragged a hand through his hair, exhaled hard, then crossed back to the sofa. The phone waited where he'd left it, and after a brief hesitation, he snatched it up again.

There was a message below the picture. *your girl is making quite the impression*

It wasn't Katie that had sent the message. It was Stephanie. He wasn't sure if that made him feel better or worse. He tried to convince himself that was a good thing. Stephanie wouldn't do anything to hurt Katie. Which meant it wasn't a moment Stephanie was worried about. Which meant Katie wasn't actually in trouble, she was just dancing, she was just a little drunk, and her sister was clowning her.

He pressed the heel of his hand against himself again and this time he didn't pretend it was to ease the discomfort. He was painfully hard. He could feel his own pulse in it. His mouth had gone dry and there was a tightness in his throat. He unzipped his pants to ease the tension.

Josh: *Fuck, she looks so hot.*

He stared at it. He deleted it. Unsure of how Stephanie would respond. His hand traveled to his dick as he thought about what he wanted to say. Almost unconsciously he stroked himself, his

gaze falling back onto the photo of Katie and her mystery man.

Josh: *Fuck, she looks so hot. Is she misbehaving?*

He sent it before he could read it back. His hand was on his dick before the message marked as delivered.

He set the phone face down on his thigh and pressed both hands against his face. His palms came away damp. The game on the TV had gone to commercial again. He'd missed an entire drive. He didn't care.

His phone buzzed again and this time he was ready for it.

It was another picture. They were at a table, a countless number of empty shot glasses scattered around. Katie wasn't in this picture though it was two guys. Josh recognized one of them, it was the same guy who had been dancing with Katie.

Katie: *Big thanks to these two for the free drinks tonight 🥰 we're heading home*

He stared at the picture, zooming in on the guy Katie had been dancing with. He was grinning from ear to ear. Was it because something happened? Was it the smile of a man who had crossed a line with another man's fiancée?

He readjusted his cock again. He didn't respond to the message, he wasn't sure what to say. She was coming home, that was the most important part. The picture on the screen taunted him. He knew nothing had actually happened, but he couldn't keep the what-ifs from popping in his head, making his dick scream for release.

The game ended, but he barely noticed. The next game came on, or maybe it was a postgame show. He let it play. He sat there staring at the picture of Katie and the other man dancing. The image seared into his brain as the ceiling fan clicked softly above him.

Headlights swept across the front window.

His head came up. He heard the car, the soft thunk of doors. Stephanie laughed at something and Katie shushed her in a tone louder than the laugh itself. He stood up, unable to move toward the door as it began to open.

Katie came in first. She was holding her boots by the straps and the denim jacket was tied around her waist by the sleeves. The mesh was sweat-stuck to her ribs. She saw him standing in front of the couch and her face lit up. She crossed the living room in three steps and jumped into his arms.

"Hi," she said, pressing her mouth to his.

"H—"

She kissed him before he could finish. She tasted like tequila and lime and the salt of her own sweat. Her hand was in his hair and her hips were already grinding, her shorts riding up against the front of his jeans.

"I missed you so much." Her tongue dipped into his mouth with a hunger he hadn't seen in weeks.

Stephanie was somewhere behind them, banging a cabinet open in the kitchen, complaining about a glass.

"Babe." He tried again, his hands going to her waist by reflex even as his mouth said the word. "Stephanie."

"Mmmph." She didn't stop. She bit his lip, playfully. She kissed his jaw, his ear, her teeth catching his earlobe. "Go to bed, Steph!" she called, not looking, her voice loud enough to make him flinch.

"I'm getting water!"

He could feel her laughing against his neck. Her hips kept moving. He pressed his palm flat against her lower back without deciding to and felt the heat coming off her through the mesh. She was burning up. The night was still on her.

"Mmm were you waiting for me?" Her fingers found his open zipper and he groaned as she ran her fingers across his swollen shaft.

"Found it." Stephanie surfaced from the kitchen with a bottle of water already halfway to her mouth. She stopped at the edge of the living room and took them in. Katie's lips were on Josh's collarbone, her hand already inside his pants.

"Oh, I see how it is." Stephanie pointed the bottle at them, her words slurring. "You cock block me all night and then come home and immediately try to get laid."

She stumbled toward the guest room. "All you had to do was take Brad and Derrick up on their offer to go back to their place and I'd be the one stripping out of my clothes."

Josh's body went rigid. So they had a name. He wondered which one was the one from the picture. Did she say they invited the girls back to their place? He pressed his hips into Katie's hand.

"Goodnight love birds. Please keep the noise down." The guest bedroom clicked shut and Katie tugged the hem of Josh's shirt up.

"I want your dick in my mouth." She tugged on his pants, whining.

Josh's hands went to her arms, stilling her. Stephanie's words still rattling in his brain. "They... they invited you back to their place?"

Katie finally got his button undone, her fingers pausing as the words registered. She lifted her head, her eyes unfocused as she looked at him.

"I came home to you," she said.

Josh stared at her. The room was quiet enough that he could hear the ice maker drop a tray in the kitchen. Katie's eyes hadn't left his since she'd lifted her head.

He should have said something. He should have asked the actual question. *Did anything happen.* That was the question. That was the only question. But her hand was still resting on the open waistband of his jeans and she was looking at him like that and Stephanie was twenty feet away through a door that didn't lock and he couldn't make any of those things stop being true at once.

She kissed him again. Slower this time. Her tongue moved along his teeth, forcing her way into his mouth.

"Bedroom," he said, against her mouth.

"Mmm." She didn't move. Her teeth caught his lower lip. "Too far."

"Your sister—"

"Don't care."

She kissed his jaw, working down his throat. She slid down to her knees on the carpet between his feet without breaking the line of contact and his cock felt like it may burst just watching her get there. She'd done this a thousand times, but never with this much fire. She tugged his jeans down and pressed her lips just below his belly button. Her mouth started moving south and he forgot how to breathe.

"Did..." He stopped, not knowing how to ask, but needing to desperately.

"Did something happen with those guys?"

His dick popped free and she took him all the way to the root.

His head flopped back against the sofa. His hand fisted in her hair. There was no build-up, no teasing or preamble. Her cheeks hollowed out and she stayed there, holding him deep, her eyes closing, her throat working around him. He couldn't remember the last time she'd taken him like this. He couldn't remember her ever taking him like this.

"Fuuuuck, Katie."

She slid him out slowly. A line of spit caught between her lips and the head of his cock and broke against her chin. Her hand kept moving, while she looked up at him.

"No," she said. "Nothing like that happened."

She held his eyes. He waited for the rest of it. The qualifier. The *but*. Her tongue traced the underside of him and her free hand cupped his balls and she didn't say anything else, just held his gaze.

"Did... did you want something too?"

She took him in her mouth again without responding.

His hips lifted off the couch. He'd been worked up for hours. He wasn't going to last long. He needed her to stop. He couldn't think. All he could do was see the smiling face of the man whose lips had been close to her neck while she ground on him.

"Oh fuck."

His grip in her hair tightened and she moaned in delight. The vibration rattled around his shaft as Katie continued to roll his balls in her palm.

He closed his eyes. That was a mistake. The image behind them was crystal clear. Katie's head was tilted into the stranger's shoulder, her hand in his hair, eyes closed exactly the way they were closed now. As his orgasm neared the image shifted. The couch under him became a different couch. Katie wasn't on her knees in front of the guy at the club.

He grunted and Katie took it as a signal to redouble her efforts. Soft gagging noises came from her throat as she worked Josh. Except, for Josh it wasn't him that she was working. She was choking on another man's dick.

"Fuck — Katie — fuck —"

He came before he could warn her. His whole body went stiff against the cushions, his hand twisted in her hair, his hips lifting off the cushion.

"Ohhh fuck." The image looped through his eyes as his balls emptied in Katie's throat.

She moaned in delight. Her throat working around him, ensuring she swallowed every last drop. Her free hand continued to squeeze his balls.

She pulled off slowly with a pop. "Mmmm." She ran her tongue around his shaft. "That was fast," she giggled, her lips leaving small kisses on the head.

"I—" He couldn't finish the sentence. His chest was still heaving. Katie usually hated when he came in her mouth. On the rare occasions that he did, he always gave her warning beforehand.

She squeezed him at the base and her eyebrows went up. "And you're still hard."

She was right. Josh hadn't realized it at first, but despite having just cum he was still as hard as a diamond. She started kissing up his chest, her free hand fumbling with the button on her shorts.

He caught her wrist. "Bedroom." He looked over his shoulder at the closed guestroom door. "I don't want to be interrupted."

She stood up, swaying unevenly as she bit her lip. Josh couldn't get her into the bedroom fast enough.

The moment the door closed Katie was undressing. Her shorts came off with ease, the bodysuit she was wearing however required a little more effort.

"Help me," She slurred, falling onto the bed.

Josh stumbled out of his pants, tossing his shirt over his head and walked over to her.

He took her by the ankles and pulled her to the edge of the bed in one motion. She squealed and laughed, her hair fanning out across the comforter. He found the snaps between her legs. The bodysuit popped open and he peeled it up her body, dragging it past her ribs, past her bra, over her head. She lifted her arms to help and got tangled in it and laughed harder.

"You're so sexy," he whispered looking over her body. She was wearing a black bra and matching panties. His cock throbbed thinking about all the attention she'd gotten.

She grabbed his arm, pulling him down beside her as she lifted her legs peeling the panties away. Josh noticed the way they clung to her lips. A thin, clear liquid connecting her outer lips with the fabric.

"I need you to fuck me." She hooked her leg over his body.

Josh sat up, holding onto her lower back so she didn't fall. His teeth scraped against her neck as his cock slid across her soaked folds.

"You're so wet." His fingers slid up her back, unclasping her bra. "What was his name?"

Katie froze in his lap, her breathing more rapid. "Who?"

"The guy you were dancing with." He rocked his hips against her, pressing into her nub, and she gasped. "The guy you're soaked for."

"He was... Just..." She wet her lips. "Steph was into his friend. He was just there."

His fingers ran through her hair, tugging slightly and making her whine.

"Did you like all the attention you were getting?"

She wiggled her hips. "Fuck me, baby, please. I need you so bad."

He silenced her with a kiss. His hands squeezed her ass, pulling her sex against his length.

"Admit it. You liked the attention. Didn't you?"

The kiss was wet and sloppy. Katie moaned into his mouth, her nails digging into his back.

"Yes. I liked it."

"What was his name?" Josh asked again, lying back down flat holding her hips.

She bit her lip, her hands pressing against his chest. "Derrick his name was Derri.... ohhhh fuuuck."

Josh slammed home, discovering exactly how wet she was.

She rutted over him, her eyes slammed shut, lost in her own thoughts. Her dark hair spilled forward, hiding her face as she bit her lip to stifle a moan.

"Nnnngh, you feel so good. You're so hard." Katie's left hand went to her chest, her fingers rolling her nipple as she worked herself toward an orgasm.

Josh grabbed the other tit, making her cry out. Was she thinking about Derrick right now? Was she fantasizing about another man fucking her? He tried to slow her pace, unsure how long he could holdout despite having already cum. Her pussy was like a furnace, hot around him in a way he couldn't remember. Every time she sheathed herself she clenched around him, gasping in pleasure.

"Tell... fuck... tell me about Derrick."

"Ugggh..." She sat up straight, one hand gripping his leg behind her as she rode him.

"Was he a good dancer?"

"Josh..." Her voice climbed an octave, her pace quickening.

"Was he... could you feel how hard he was for you?"

Her mouth opened, but no words came out. Her tongue slid past her bottom lip as she kept rolling against him. Josh swatted her ass and her entire body ignited.

"Yessss... ohhh fuck, Josh. You feel so... Unngh... fuck I'm going to cum."

She leaned forward, her mouth finding his as she moaned into his mouth, her hips never stopping.

Josh tried to keep up with her. He could feel her juices coating his thighs as her pussy twitched around him. She moaned into his mouth as she rode the orgasm out. It took every bit of self control Josh had, but somehow, he managed not to cum.

Katie's body began to slow, then went limp completely against his chest. Her thighs were still trembling around his hips, her forehead pressed against his neck, her breath coming in short ragged pulls that fanned warm across his collarbone. He could feel her pulse through her chest where it pressed against his.

"Mmmm," she breathed.

He could feel the aftershocks of her orgasm pulsing around his steel cock. He eased her onto her back. She flopped backward with her arms above her head, smiling at the ceiling, her hair fanned out around her face. Her nipples were hard. The flush across her chest had spread up her throat to her cheeks.

He stayed inside her. He didn't move. He just looked at her. At the slick sheen on her stomach, the way her thighs had fallen open without thinking, the wreckage the orgasm had made of her composure. She looked like a woman who had been thoroughly fucked and was waiting to be fucked again. She looked exactly like she'd looked in his head all night.

He pulled out slow and she whined. He pushed back in just as slow and her mouth fell open.

"He wanted to fuck you, didn't he?"

Her eyes opened. For the first time all night, they looked laser focused. Her tongue slid across her lips as she lifted toward him.

"Yes."

His cock flexed inside her and she moaned in pleasure. His fingers tangled in her hair and she yelped more in surprise than pain. His breathing grew shallower. He slowed his thrusts. He was close, so close he wasn't sure that slowing would help or if he was past the point of no return. Katie sighed against him, her hips chasing his.

"Tell me... tell me about the dance. Was he grinding on you?"

She reached up, grabbing his hair and pulling his mouth to hers. She bit his bottom lip as she ground against him.

"He was... fuck, baby. He was so hard. I could feel it against my ass." Her body seemed to move on its own, fueled by her admissions as she chased her second orgasm. "Fuck me, baby. I want

to cum again."

Her hips continued to roll, her free hand fisting the sheets beside them. Her breathing had broken into the short open-mouthed pulls he knew. She was close. He was closer. The pressure in his balls had become a sound he could almost hear.

He pulled almost all the way out and held it there, before slamming back into her. Katie went wild underneath him, her entire body lifting off the bed. Her cries rose like an aria, her thighs clamping around him, locking him inside her.

"Did... ugh... did part of you want to leave with him?"

"Ahhh." Her eyes slammed shut, her nails digging so hard into Josh's back he was certain it was going to draw blood as her entire body locked around him.

"Yessssss—"

Her orgasm ripped through her, fueling his own release. He pressed his mouth into her neck to muffle the roar as his vision turned white. His hand braced beside her head as he emptied into her, his legs flexing as she milked every drop from him.

He stayed there for several minutes, buried inside her. This time, his cock did start to deflate and it wasn't until he heard her light snoring that he slipped out of her and fell to her side.

He laid there staring at the ceiling. His heart was still beating too fast and he wondered if he was having a heart attack. He waited for it to slow, but it refused. He'd just come harder than he'd come in months and his body should have been done, finished, useless, and instead he was wide awake in a way that felt almost chemical.

The yes kept playing in his head.