

Cory finished her stretches on the front porch, rolling her ankles and shaking out her calves the way she always did. She half listened to an audiobook while she stretched. Most of it was forgettable. But one line had caught her mid-quad pull, and she'd stopped breathing for a second.

You envy what you cannot have and you envy what you already do.

For a second, she could have sworn Luther had spoken the words himself. But it was just another voice actor, banal and generic. The sun still lingered on the horizon, rays split like daggers across the misty forest and lake ahead. A woodpecker's rhythmic hunger dug deep into a telephone pole nearby.

As she jogged in place, she glanced out of the corner of her eye. Luther was on his porch in a rocking chair eating a breakfast burrito with both hands. Hot sauce covered his chin. From where she stood, she could see stains on his shirt and couldn't tell if they were from this meal or an older one. Without the philosophy, without the drawl and the eye contact, Luther in the mornings was just a heavy man who didn't care what he looked like. The gap between him and Dafni was a canyon you could drive a truck through.

He gave her a lazy wave and mumbled something between "howdy" and "have a good one" through a mouthful of tortilla.

She gave a nervous smile as she started down the street, fighting the urge to laugh out loud. This was the man Morgan couldn't stop talking about? The one that kept Cory up every night with his sexual prowess? It didn't make any sense, and yet she couldn't stop thinking about it.

She shook her head as her stride increased, taking her where she needed to go. Until she spied Dafni and Morgan already laughing alongside one another, two goddesses who had embodied the desires of so many men and women alike, nigh unobtainable sights of beauty, Morgan a shimmering, perfectly proportioned blonde, Dafni a commanding, charming being sculpted from raw sensuality, all eyes drew presence to her countenance, as she stood without sweat despite the heat, nature itself seemed to bend around her, making every glimpse of her like that of a painting.

They both remained unaware, laughing and speaking without restraint. Just like Cory and Morgan used to. Cory felt at first a degree of spite, and with each step as she approached them, a specific loathing for Dafni, the one who enlightened and took with ease. Cory spat to the ground and clapped.

"Hey!" She clapped her hands as she approached. "Great day for a run, right?"

Morgan's grin stretched. "It was until you showed up."

Cory's face dropped before she could catch it. "What the hell, Morgan?"

Morgan doubled over, hand clamped over her mouth. "Oh my god, Cor. Your face. I'm kidding. Obviously."

Dafni smiled beside her. No sweat. No flush. Just that composure that made Cory want to check her own reflection in the lake. "She been waiting to say this since we arrived."

"Very funny." Cory bit the inside of her cheek. "Very fucking funny."

"You're too easy." Morgan bumped her with a hip.

They started at an easy pace, falling into a loose line on the trail. The lake was flat, catching the early light in long pale streaks. Cory focused on her stride, her breathing, the feel of the packed dirt beneath her shoes. Anything that wasn't the picture of the two of them standing together like they'd been running this route as a pair for months.

Morgan set the pace. Faster than usual. Cory matched it, her lungs starting to burn inside the first quarter mile. Dafni floated beside them, barely winded, her stride long and effortless. Same as the first time she'd appeared on this trail out of nowhere. Cory still hadn't gotten an answer for that.

By the time Morgan eased up, Cory's legs were screaming. She'd pushed too hard trying to keep pace. They walked the perimeter of the lake in relative silence, their breathing the only sound between the occasional cyclist passing on the wider path.

They sat down on a small patch of grass off the trail as a series of bicyclists passed by. Cory waved at them, as she felt Morgan's hand on her shoulder. Morgan kissed her cheek and leaned back on her palms, legs crossed, sweat dripping down her forehead, a soft sheen across her chest, nestled in her cleavage. Cory nervously smiled. "What are you doing?"

"Nothing. Just you know. Looking at you."

"Stop! You're like being suuuper weird."

Morgan sat up, as Dafni nearby skipped a stone flawlessly across the lake, each tiny bounce of the stone leaving a small ripple behind it, nearly reaching the middle of the lake before sinking. Morgan smiled at Cory, this time genuine, as the friend Cory had known and held dear and spoke.

"Sorry. I was being a jerk before. I was really just trying to mess around. But. You know."

"It's all good. Like I get it. You were just trying to be playful."

"Well, I don't want you to feel like a third wheel, y'know?"

Cory nodded, wiping her brow. "I get it. Seriously but like... I'm not made of porcelain."

"Oh I know you aren't. So firm and flexible. You know...I bet Luther would love a good fuck sesh with you."

Dafni laughed nearby. "He would. Maybe you would like too? No?"

Cory shook her head and stood. "Alright. Back to the run!"

Morgan walked towards Dafni. "I tried explaining to Cory how fucking good it feels. But I just don't think she gets it." She let out a coy sigh as they began a slow jog. Cory's thoughts raced, in truth nothing Morgan said was a lie, she was honest about everything in her encounters with Luther, and Cory had seen it, heard it, felt it for herself, there was evidence behind Morgan's claims.

Morgan and Dafni pulled ahead of Cory, heading down a trail that Cory didn't recognize. It was winding, with steep slopes, and parts of the trail that weren't fully tended to. They had to step and leap over heavy roots that jutted forth from the ground. They pulled past a surprisingly large hunting cabin that Cory didn't recognize. "Never seen that before. Like... ever."

Dafni slowed down. "Sometimes we miss what we do not look for. But, I think this abandoned. Shame. It has good structure."

Cory nodded as they continued down the grueling trail, eventually reconnecting with the main path, signs of civilization and other people slowly emerging until they reached their street. Exhausted, the three exchanged goodbyes, agreeing on the next run. Cory watched them both walk away, Dafni curiously following Morgan.

As Cory watched them walk away, she spoke under her breath, "Hunter would never go for it."

The pivot table in front of Hunter seemed to mock him. He'd been at it for twenty minutes, cross-referencing billing codes against a client's operating budget that had more line items than a federal audit. The numbers were off by eleven thousand and change, which meant someone upstream had fat-fingered a decimal or he was losing his mind. Neither option was great. This was the boring part of his job. When he wasn't out showing loud-mouth CEOs how to save money, he was looking at numbers and going cross-eyed.

The good news was that gave him more time to think, and all he could do was think about Cory. It had been a week since she'd gotten back from Cleveland, but all he could think about was what she'd told him. Lawrence had fingered her. He had almost fucked her. They had made love every night since then, and every night his thoughts would be filled with Cory being bent over

Lawrence's desk. His fingers inside her, his tongue, his dick. Every night the fantasy seemed to grow more vulgar, and every night the sex would grow to something out of this world.

They hadn't talked about it since the day she got home, but he could tell, Cory could feel it too. He'd watch her face as he pushed into her, her eyes always closed. He couldn't help but wonder if she was thinking about Lawrence. Her pussy would squeeze him tighter, her cries of passion higher. He wasn't sure what any of it meant, not really. He needed to talk to someone. But Zach was off the table. After learning that Morgan was cheating on him, he already felt like a terrible friend. The last thing he needed to do was offload this onto him.

He tried to refocus on the pivot table. His coffee had gone cold an hour ago. He picked it up anyway, and took a sip as the numbers taunted him. Did people even actually reconcile these things? The thought of submitting it as is crossed his mind, but he dismissed it. The office was quiet for a Tuesday. Half the floor working remote, the other half buried behind monitors and noise-canceling headphones. He liked it this way. The hum of nothing. Lately, silence was the only thing that kept his brain from drifting to places he couldn't afford to go. Except he seemed to be doing it anyway.

His laptop chimed and a Slack notification from Dave Kerrigan, his manager, came through.

Got a sec? Swing by real quick.

Hunter's pulse kicked up. He could count on one hand how many times Kerrigan called him to his office to 'chat'. He tried to run through what this could possibly be about, but he was drawing a blank. Hunter was one of the top performers in the company. Even when he was preoccupied, which he certainly was of late, his output far surpassed everyone else.

He closed the pivot table without saving, grabbed his coffee out of habit, and headed down the hall.

Kerrigan's office sat at the corner of the floor with a view of the parking garage and a small corner of the park. He was a compact man. Hunter heard him telling someone once that he used to be an Army Ranger. That explained why his desk was the tidiest in the building and only had a singular picture on it of his daughter's high school graduation. He was on the phone when Hunter knocked. He waved him in, and held up a finger to let him know he was just wrapping up.

Hunter closed the door and sat in the wood-back chair across from him.

"You remember the Nexus engagement?" he said, before the phone was even off his ear.

Hunter's face went pale. The first thing that came to mind was the strip club. Hunter wasn't dumb enough to expense it on his company card, but he wondered if Lawrence had done something negligent like sending over an invoice with a line item that was easy to reference.

"Yeah." Hunter cleared his throat. "The Cleveland job, right?"

"That's the one." Kerrigan leaned back, folding his hands behind his head. It wasn't the gesture of someone about to fire him, which immediately put Hunter at ease. "He called this morning. He's requesting you by name for a follow-up."

Hunter's mouth went dry. Had Lawrence connected him to Cory? That didn't seem likely, but even if it was true it didn't explain why. Hunter tried to keep a straight face, but all he could think about was his wife's face as she came on Lawrence's fingers. It was an image he'd imagined almost every day now for a week.

"A follow-up on what?" He put his hands in his lap to keep them from shaking. "The analysis was clean. I gave him options to consolidate so he didn't have to lay people off and he still did."

Kerrigan roared like it was the funniest thing he'd heard all week. "Apparently you made a hell of an impression. He wants you to map out additional savings. He wants to reallocate budget toward some internal initiative." He shrugged. "Some employee wellness thing or something. Sounds like a load of BS if you ask me."

The room seemed to tilt. Hunter's fingers dug into his thighs. His face was hot and he avoided the temptation to tug on his collar.

"What... um... what's the scope?" He wasn't really interested at the moment. He was pretty sure the scope was Lawrence wanted to find a way to get Cory back there so he could fuck her. The thought alone made his cock stir. What the fuck was wrong with him? Why didn't he just find a way to shut this down?

"Same as before, mostly. He wants you to identify where he can trim operating costs. He mentioned expanding the number of divisions impacted. Sounds like this guy is going to be a regular cash cow for us." Kerrigan's tone didn't change, but his smile grew. It never did when the work involved layoffs. That was the job. You modeled the numbers. What the client did with them was the client's business. "He wants you out there by Thursday."

"This Thursday."

"The man knows what he wants, Hunter. And right now, what he wants is you."

Something twisted in Hunter's gut. He couldn't tell if it was ambition or nausea, and the fact that he couldn't tell made it worse.

"Listen." Kerrigan dropped his hands and leaned forward. "This kind of repeat business, with a company like Nexus, that doesn't happen to everybody. That's the kind of relationship we build careers on." He let it sit. "You've been doing strong work. I've said that. But this is the kind of thing that gets noticed upstairs."

Senior consultant. That was what Kerrigan wasn't saying. The title he'd been grinding toward for two years, the one that came with a team beneath him, a seat at the table, and the kind of salary that meant Cory wouldn't have to chase every corporate wellness gig that came her way. He could give her that. He could give her the freedom to walk away from the Lawrences of the world entirely, and all it would cost was one more trip to Cleveland.

"I'll be there."

"Good man." Kerrigan was already reaching for his phone.

Once he was in the hallway, Hunter pulled out his phone. He hadn't heard from Cory today. He wondered what she was up to. He thought about asking her to send him a nude. She used to do that all the time when they were in college. She'd get such a rush out of it.

Hunter: *Something pretty big just came up at work. We should talk when I get home. How's your day?*

Ever since her run this morning, she had found things to try to keep her busy. She put together a promotional video for her physical therapy work and created a Google Ads campaign. When that wasn't enough, she did yoga in the living room, trying to clear her mind and not think about what Dafni and Morgan had insinuated. Her gaze drifted to the kitchen window overlooking the house next door, but she averted her eyes. She didn't want to see Luther right now.

The text Hunter had sent her earlier only added to her anxiety. She had no idea what "something pretty big" meant. Her knife continued to slice the cucumber, ignoring the sound of Hunter's keys hitting the table. It wasn't that she didn't want to see him. She was just afraid his face would give away whatever his news was. She wasn't sure she could take it.

"Hey babe." His voice was warm. Cory couldn't help but smile at the pet name. He kissed the side of her neck as he stepped in behind her, his hand finding her waist. "How was your day? I didn't get to see you after your run."

The mention of her run with the girls made her chew on the inside of her cheek. "It was good. Just, keeping busy." She spun in his arms and kissed his lips. "Katrina canceled on me again this morning."

"Sorry, babe." He released his hold on her. "I'm sure business will pick back up soon."

"Yeah. I guess." She went to the fridge and grabbed a water bottle, handing it to him. "I started another ad campaign. Hopefully that drives in some business."

His brows pinched together. "What?" she knew his face would give it away. Whatever he had texted about earlier was going to be bad news. "Just tell me, Hunter. You know how I hate guessing."

"Kerrigan called me in today." He took a sip of water. "Lawrence um... Lawrence wants me back in Cleveland. A follow-up engagement. He asked for me by name."

Cory's eyes went wide. She grabbed hold of the counter to brace herself. Of all the things she thought the text was about, she never considered this. She spun around so Hunter wouldn't see the panic in her eyes, her gaze finding Luther in the back yard. He looked to be digging again.

"When?"

"Thursday."

She didn't respond immediately, just letting the information pass through her like a current. Outside, Luther had a large patch of dirt dug up in the backyard. She closed her eyes, hearing Morgan's teasing words in her head. "What does he want?"

"He um..." Cory braced for impact, knowing what that pause meant. "He wants to find more savings...."

"Christ, the greed is relentless." Cory shook her head, opening her eyes. Luther was staring at her. Her breath caught as he gave a friendly wave, his hands covered in dirt. "What's he want a fifth vacation house?" She turned to look at Hunter.

"Actually," he rubbed his neck. "He said he wants to expand the wellness program."

Her chest went cold. She stared at the sliced cucumbers in front of her, Luther totally forgotten. Her mind went to the two unread emails from Lawrence sitting in her inbox. One from his Nexus account, the other his personal. She'd been avoiding them for days, telling herself if she just didn't respond she wouldn't have to think about it. Now, because of her actions more people were going to lose their jobs.

"How many more people are going to get laid off because of this?" Her eyes welled with tears. "Because of me?"

"That's not—"

"Don't. We both know it's a lie." She rubbed her eyes with the back of her hand. "He told me after I left that..." She took a deep breath.

"What?"

"Ugh! I'm so stupid."

Hunter enveloped her in his massive frame. "What did he say to you?"

She took a deep breath, letting the smell of him ground her. Her fingers curled in his shirt as she pulled him closer. "That..." She chewed on her lip. "That the next time he sees me he's going to fuck me."

Hunter didn't say anything. His arms tightened around her and she felt his chest rise and hold. She waited for the anger, or disgust, or something. Instead, what she felt was him stiffening against her leg.

Her breath caught and for a moment she wasn't sure how to respond. Her first instinct was to pull back, to look at his face, to ask him what was going on. But her body didn't listen. Her hips shifted into him, barely, just enough that they both felt it. Just enough that there was no pretending it hadn't happened.

Hunter exhaled. His hand moved to the back of her neck. Cory's core clenched. She suddenly wanted to pull him to her, to feel his body on hers. She resisted the temptation. For nearly a minute, neither of them spoke. They clung to each other, their bodies moving in micromovements, turning up the temperature.

Finally, she pulled back, just enough to look at him without breaking contact with his body. His eyes were darker than they should've been, and she could see the lust burning inside of them.

"Hunter."

"I know." His voice was rough.

She studied his face, pulling her bottom lip between her teeth. "You know what he wants." She ran her fingers across his face, her gaze never pulling away from his. "And you're still going to go on Thursday?"

She felt him pulse against her leg and her nipples pulled tight against her shirt. He opened his mouth, but no words came out. He nodded.

She held his eyes. "You know what's gonna suck?" She grinned, letting her body press against his.

"Wh... What?"

"Being in this house alone again." She ran her fingers down his chest. "I get lonely."

"I..." Hunter cleared his throat. "I could call you from the hotel." He pressed his forehead against hers. "Remember how much fun we used to have in college."

She grasped him through his pants. "Oh, I remember."

Hunter stood alone in the kitchen while Cory went upstairs to wash her face. Or maybe she wanted him to follow her up? Everything had escalated so quickly he wasn't sure. When had he stopped being able to read Cory's signals? When had he stopped being able to just have a conversation with her?

He still couldn't believe what had just happened. Cory told him Lawrence wanted to fuck her and he nodded. Worse, he'd gotten hard. So fucking hard. There was no way she didn't notice. He rubbed his face with both hands and stood there like an idiot staring at the knife on the counter. Why didn't he just ask her if that's what she wanted? Was it because he was afraid of the answer?

He needed to get out of the house. Fresh air would do him some good. The back door stuck as he went to open it. He shouldered it open and stepped out onto the patio, taking a deep breath like he'd been deprived of air.

Luther was on the other side of the low fence that separated their yards. He had a patch of earth torn up, a garden hoe leaning against his leg, and was crouched over the dirt pulling at something with his bare hands. His shirt was dark with sweat.

Hunter thought about going back inside. Instead he walked to the fence. Luther grunted as he pulled up a patch of dirt.

"What the hell are you building over there, Luther?"

Luther looked up, wiping his hands on his jeans "Hunter, I didn't hear you come out." He made it to his feet. "This is going to be an herb garden. Dafni insists on fresh herbs, and I'm not one to disappoint the missus."

Hunter leaned on the fence. The patch was a mess. Luther had broken ground without stripping the grass first, and the sod was just folded back into the bed, roots everywhere.

"Yeah, that's not gonna work."

"You don't reckon?"

"You gotta pull the turf out first. Otherwise the grass grows right back through and chokes out whatever you plant."

Luther shrugged, stepping toward the fence. He didn't look bothered by the critique. "I hear ya. Folks been tellin' me that my whole life. Do it this way, do it that way." He picked up the hoe, sticking it into the ground. "I had a colleague, years back. Brilliant man. Had a little garden behind the faculty building, everything in rows, labels on sticks, out there every lunch hour fussin' over it." Luther's gaze drifted to his own torn-up patch. "Never produced a single tomato

worth eatin'. And right next to it, the groundskeeper had this little plot where he just threw seeds in the dirt and walked away. No plan. No rows. Come August that man's givin' away bags to anyone who'd take 'em."

Luther pulled a cloth from his back pocket and wiped his face. "Some advice." He pressed closer to Hunter. "The best gardens are the ones where you let nature do what it wants."

Hunter's hands tightened on the fence and his knees grew weak. Was that what he was doing? Denying nature?

"You alright, neighbor?" Luther tilted his head. "Look like you seen a ghost."

"Yeah. No, I'm good." Hunter forced a laugh. "Long day."

"I hear ya." Luther nodded over his shoulder at the hole.

"Right. I um... I'm going to let you get back to it." Hunter mumbled a goodbye and stumbled back inside.

Their nighttime routine was the one thing that still felt normal. Hunter flossed with methodical precision, having been lectured by the dentist one too many times. He urged Cory to do the same. She never bothered. Her teeth were perfect anyway, which drove him insane.

She yawned from the bed. Her arms went high in an exaggerated, theatrical stretch. "Gosh, I wish my big sexy husband was here. Oh well, guess I'll just head to—"

He launched himself onto the bed and went straight for her ribs. She shrieked, legs kicking, her laughter high and breathless until she caught him square in the balls with a sharp tap. He rolled off the bed and lay on the floor, staring at the ceiling.

"Cor... my nuts. Now we're never gonna have a family, all because you nut-tapped me."

"Sorry, like, by now you fucking know the consequences of over-tickling."

"Consequences I'm willing to take. I got to cop a feel, so I mean I came out on top here."

She rolled her eyes. "You're corny. Like, seriously."

He feigned shock with a deep breath. "Corny? Wow. Too far. Too fucking far." He climbed into bed and propped himself up on his elbow, tucking some of her hair behind her ear.

"That's a sight I love."

"Oh?" She caressed the side of his face, pushing her thumb into his dimpled chin. "Same."

They kissed softly, and again their lips lingered a bit longer, and again their tongues swept across each other as their breathing hurried. He kissed her neck.

"This reminds me."

She ran her fingers through his hair, nails scratching softly at his scalp. "Of what?" She giggled as he nibbled at her neck.

"College. When I'd come to visit. When we would get your bed all to ourselves. Sometimes that shitty couch. Remember?"

"Fuck." She lifted his head and kissed him deeply. He returned every press of their lips. She licked his lips as she pushed her ass deep against his groin. "Remember all the phone sex we used to have?"

His hand grasped her waist as he pulled her closer, his firm hands moving upwards to her pert tits. "Fuck yeah I do." She turned to her side and grabbed his hardening cock. "You know what I liked the most?"

"What's that?"

"Teasing you."

He smirked as he grabbed her waist and kissed her deeply, both of them moaning into each other's mouth. He pulled back and licked down her neck, quickly pulling her shirt upwards, continuing down between her tits and to her navel, the long trail of the warmth on his tongue igniting a spark deep within her. He looked up as his fingers snuck under her panties and pulled down. "You're good at teasing... making me wait, telling me how badly you needed my cock."

She turned over to face him fully, holding his fingers against her folds. "Well it's true. I needed it so fucking bad. So... I had to find ways to cum without you. Toys. Shower heads. Morgan."

He slipped his fingers inside her. "Morgan? That's new. Tell me more."

"I'm kidding- fuck that feels so good."

"See? You're great at teasing me."

She held his wrist, keeping him in place as his fingers curled inside her. She shivered as she felt her body grow warmer.

Hunter winced, not out of disgust, but actual pain in his cock, a constricting pressure that made his chest tighten. "Yeah? Right here?"

"Right there... god you're so good at this."

He shifted slightly, curling his fingers only halfway with teasing nimble movements. His lips met hers again with a near clumsy passion, all of his efforts devoted to his fingers and her. "You're doing that thing."

"What thi-oh fuck right there. Don't move. Holy shit."

"You're doing that thing where your eyes get bigger and bigger. And you look down. You want to see it Cor. All of it"

She nodded her head, turning away for a moment before looking at his fingers working deftly. "You know what I saw? Recently?"

He knew what she was going to say. "What?"

"Your fingers... just where Lawrence had them." She slipped her shirt over her head and threw it to the ground. "Fuuuck he had his fingers right there, inside me. He was sooo-"

"Good?"

"Better than good."

"Fuck Cor."

There was a forbidden question that lingered for far too long in his thoughts. Where despite her neediness, her thighs slowly moving towards each other, he found himself suddenly absent from the moment, the words floating on his tongue, but never leaving:

"Better than me?"

He immediately kissed her, burying his tongue inside her mouth, their breath hot against one another's, the scent and taste of mint still fresh on one another. He pushed his fingers further inside her, his thumb nestled against her clit, she sucked in a deep breath as they broke their kiss.

She ran her fingers through her hair, pushing her head back into the pillow, her back arching as flutters and soft sparks began to course through her chest and groin. She moaned. "He was just like that. Inside me. Inside your wife."

His eyes widened. His fingers paused. For a second, his focus slipped, caught somewhere between anxiety and lust. She softly wrapped her hand around his waist.

"Babe like... why'd you stop?"

He shook his head. "Nothing. Sorry. I just dunno. It's just so fucking hot. And it's terrifying."

Her hand moved away from his wrist, pulling his boxers down by the hand slowly, when his cock finally slid out, it was bulging, his head covered in precum, the stain evident on his boxers. "You look like you're about to cum just from talking about this-"

"No, I'm not. I need you so fucking badly."

"Show me."

As he stood and rapidly took off his shirt, she sat up, sliding out of her panties. As he rushed to the bed, his fingers already tangled in her hair, ready to completely dominate her, they heard it.

A scream, born from complete ecstasy, coming from Luther and Dafni's room. They turned to each other and went to resume, but they heard another moan that escalated into a crescendo. Cor looked at Hunter, her hand wrapping around the back of his neck as he pulled her legs apart, inching closer to her. "Wait. Wait. Hold on."

He nestled his long cock against her pussy, probing, pushing, she knew how badly she wanted it, clenching her walls in response, but pushing him away slowly. "Wait...I want you to fuck me by the window. I want them to see."

"What? Wait I don't know I mean-"

"No. Babe I want you to fuck me. I want them to see us."

He glanced towards the curtains, the slightest sliver of moonlight carved down the center. The sounds of Luther and Dafni were a constant rhythm, loud clapping of flesh on flesh.

He knew he was ready, Cory wanted this, any doubts he had were banished as soon as he saw her eyes, manic and wide. "Fuck it."

He grabbed her by the wrist as they walked towards the curtains, pulling them back as wide as they could. There was no more hiding, no more pretenses of concealing their desires. There was an element of pride shared between them, a moment where there truly was no going back.

For a moment, they watched in the darkness of Luther and Dafni's room as he laid prone on the bed, and her on top, her lush thighs squeezing against the bulk of his waist. She was slowly grinding out spiraling movements with her hips, her mouth opening slowly as she softly exhaled, his massive hand cupping her tits, squeezing them tightly, her bronzen skin clashing against his paleness. Her hands folded over his sternum, long nails raking red lines down a roll of flab as his stomach bulged against her as she leaned forward he greedily grabbed her hips. They both turned their heads at the same time to Cory and Hunter, to study them, drink them in. To challenge them to share their beauty and freedom.

Hunter pushed her against the pane of glass, Cory felt the coolness of it against her palms as she spread her legs apart, his cock slowly pressing inside her, reaching the base of it, he slapped

her ass hard, something he had almost never done, except when requested. She yelped as he began to throttle her. His eyes wandered, despite being focused buried to his hilt inside Cory, feeling her squeeze him tightly, drooling in sheer excitement, he couldn't look away from Dafni and Luther, their gaze meeting his own.

He watched as Dafni pressed her hands deep into Luther's misshapen and bloated chest, lifting her up by her voluptuous ass until the base of his cock was visible fully. The towering length was covered in an ivory cream, its weight carrying it to the side, as she pulled it back inside her, and he began slamming her up and down, from tip to hilt. The once familiar sounds of flesh colliding against flesh were easily heard. With every deep thrust her heavy tits swelled as she gasped.

He was merciless in his pace. She let out soft sighs and breathy exclamations as she bounced faster, her long black hair, shimmering in the moonlight cascaded down her shoulders, hiding both their faces as she leaned forwards. It was then he turned his head, and locked eyes with Cory, unwavering in his gaze, paying attention only to Cory, as if Dafni wasn't even there, she was just a toy for him, nothing more and nothing less.

It was Cory that held him, his eyes speaking in encouragement, in lust, in temptation. And she heard every word behind them.

She felt Hunter delivering slow thrusts from his hips. No longer distracted, he pushed her firmly against the window, his fingers digging deep into her waist, hard enough to leave red marks, looking down he savored every one of his deep thrusts inside Cory, her swollen puffy lips devouring his cock. Cory cupped her pert tits, pinching her nipple to the point of pain, as her other hand moved down, to press her clit harshly in rapid circular motions, the friction below from Hunter's cock in conjunction with her efforts, made her body shiver in suspense, her legs quiver, biting her lip tighter and tighter until she saw Luther still staring directly into her eyes, ushering her to the inevitable. Cory felt her stomach tighten, her vision blur into a spectacle of stars as she screamed. "FUUUUUUCK I'M CUMMING!"

The window shook with thrust from Hunter as his hands were still clutching at her hips, as he felt something awakening in them, a force, a desire, a need they never knew, terribly primal and elemental. He gripped the back of Cory's neck, as his fingers curled, his cock violently spasmed, shooting his cum deep inside her. His thick load seeped out of her, warm and sticky, down her already drenched thighs. They both watched breathlessly as Luther and Dafni quickened, Dafni reaching backwards and grasping his ankles.

Luther grunted, it was easy to hear that he was finishing, as his pace slowed. He pushed Dafni flush against his cock and roared. The virile, powerful seed that churned inside his balls, spurted forth, a thick stream of cum that splashed and filled her canal. Sweat ran down his brow as his thrusts slowed, his shaft pulsed. She collapsed atop him, both once more turning their faces to gaze at Cory and Hunter.

Dafni had collapsed against Luther's chest, her eyes closed, her body still trembling. She didn't just look exhausted, she looked euphoric. But Luther wasn't looking at Dafni. He was looking at Cory. He'd never stopped.

She felt seen in a way she never felt before, his continued stare like that of early hypnosis. He had licked his lips, brow covered in sweat, and she knew at that moment, that despite her husband behind her, no one else existed except herself and Luther. For one fleeting, terrible second, she saw herself where Dafni was. Not Dafni with her impossible body and her effortless beauty. No, Cory with her hunger and her need and whatever dark thing had been waking up inside her since Cleveland. And it didn't feel like falling. It felt like rising.

She slowly closed the blinds, offering one last glimpse to Luther, both offering a smirk as she turned to Hunter. Naked in the cool light they stood and held each other, not sure of what to say, unable to parse their thoughts into something that could make sense. As she wrapped her arms tightly against Hunter, she rested her head against his firm chest, listening to his heart beat rapidly. She closed her eyes, but her thoughts weren't on him.