

Josh was on his second cup of coffee. He'd already showered and was dressed for work, but he was still sitting at the kitchen island, staring at his phone. He'd barely slept last night. When he woke up that morning, Katie was still face down in bed, one arm tucked under the pillow, hair spilled across her cheek. The sheet had slipped low on her back. He'd stood there longer than he should have, watching the slow rise and fall of her breathing.

*Did part of you want to leave with him?*

*Yesssss...*

He must have looked at that picture of her dancing with Derrick a dozen times, every time ending with him getting hard. The guest room door opened, breaking him from his daydream.

Stephanie walked out, looking like death. Her hair was piled on top of her head, matted and tangled. She had one of Katie's old t-shirts on that went down to her knees. She squinted against the kitchen light, holding up her hand to block it like it was the sun.

"Ugh, why's it so bright?"

Josh laughed and shook his head. He turned toward the cabinet and grabbed a coffee mug, making her a fresh cup. "It's called daylight." He handed the cup to her.

Stephanie shuffled to the fridge, her feet dragging across the tile like lifting them took too much effort. She grabbed the creamer and poured in enough that Josh was pretty sure coffee was no longer the primary ingredient. Then, as if that wasn't bad enough, she did the same thing with the honey.

He watched in horror. "Do you want any coffee with that?"

She gave him the finger without looking up and took a long drink. "What time is it?"

"Almost nine. I need to get to work."

"Shh, not so loud," Stephanie protested, as she sipped her creamer with a splash of coffee.

"Jesus, I haven't seen you down this bad in a long time." Josh sat down across from her at the island. "How much did you guys drink?"

"I lost count. Tequila and math don't mix."

She drank in silence for a minute. The house settled around them. He could hear the central air cycling on and the faint tick of the clock above the stove. Each sip seemed to bring Stephanie a little closer to life. Eventually her shoulders dropped and her eyes closed.

"Mmmm. That's what I needed." She set the mug down, her eyes opening to find him watching her. "Last night was fun. It's been a long time since we've gotten to hang out, just the two of us."

"It didn't look like you had a lot of moments just the two of you."

The mug paused at Stephanie's lips, her eyes sparkling with mischief. She watched him long enough that he shifted on the stool. He hadn't meant to bring it up. At least, not like that. After what felt like an eternity, she pulled the cup from her lips and smiled.

"I take it that means you liked the picture I sent you?"

His grip tightened on the coffee mug, his cheeks turning red. "I... um..."

Stephanie laughed, then groaned holding her head. "Damnit, don't make me laugh." She shook her head slowly. "I'm just fucking with you." She took another drink. "She told me, you know."

Josh tried his best to look like he didn't know what she was talking about, but he was failing miserably.

"About the whole you like when she gets attention thing."

His stomach tightened. He hadn't expected Katie to share that. He set the mug down and kept his face still.

"It's cool." Stephanie shrugged. "It's actually, it's kinda hot that you're that secure. Most guys I know would lose their shit. Travis couldn't even handle me dancing at a party without turning it into a whole thing." She rolled her eyes. "Meanwhile you're over here getting off on it. Props."

"It's not like that." He rubbed his hands together. Why was he so sweaty? "I mean... I know it's just flirting. Like I know nothing would ever actually happen. That's what makes it... I mean, I trust her." He needed to stop talking. He was rambling and he could see the grin forming on Stephanie's lips.

"Relax, Josh. I'm not judging you." She took another drink. "I told you, I think it's hot. Katie's lucky." She set the mug down and tilted her head, studying him. "But are you sure it's just flirting?"

"I... what?" His heart was pounding in his chest. He put his hands in his lap to keep them from fidgeting on the counter.

"You should have seen her last night." Her eyes danced as she watched him. "Her and Derrick were vibing, hard."

Josh squirmed in his seat.

"It was hot watching them. I mean, you saw the picture." She pulled her bottom lip between her teeth. "Don't get me wrong, she'd never cheat on you. She's grossly in love with you." She took a final drink of her coffee. "But if she really thought she had permission..."

Josh's throat went dry. He could hear his own pulse in his ears. What was Stephanie saying? That Katie would have actually done something with Derrick if he'd told her to? Of course he didn't want that. What kind of...

Stephanie's eyes dropped. Her mouth twitched.

"Huh," She nodded slowly, her lips pressing together like she was trying very hard not to laugh. "Not small at all."

His face was on fire. He pulled at the hem of his shirt but it was too late. She'd already seen it. He didn't even realize he was hard, but there was no mistaking the obvious outline in his dress pants.

"Anyway." She stood up, still smiling, and carried her mug to the sink. "I have class this afternoon. Fucking, Calc Two. So don't be surprised when I call my favorite brother-in-law for help." She rinsed the mug and set it in the strainer. "Tell sleeping beauty to text me when she wakes up."

She grabbed her bag off the counter and slung it over her shoulder. Her keys were already in her hand.

"You're a good guy, Josh." She paused at the door and smiled. "Don't fuck it up." Then she was gone.

The house was so quiet he could hear Katie breathing through the bedroom door. The clock ticked above the stove. The ice maker dropped a tray. He looked down at his lap and then at the empty stool where Stephanie had been sitting. The picture was still open on his phone. Katie's head on Derrick's shoulder, her hand in his hair, her eyes closed. He stared at it until the screen went dark.

He was going to be late for work.

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Katie groaned as the sun peeked in from behind the blinds. Her head was pounding and she rolled to her side to try to make the pressure go away. When that didn't work, she rolled onto her back and stretched. Her thighs burned, and despite the pain in her head she smiled as she remembered exactly what caused them to burn.

She let her legs fall open under the sheet as she recalled Josh's animalistic behavior. A warmth pooled between her legs as she recalled not just his actions but his words. She'd never been

fucked like that. Her hand went to her lips. She'd swallowed last night, something else she never did. And Josh was still so hard afterward. Like he couldn't get enough of her.

She smiled into the pillow.

Her phone was facedown on the nightstand. She fumbled for it without opening her eyes, then squinted at the screen. 10:14. The light hurt, but she powered through it. There was a text from Josh at the top.

*Heading to work, text me when you wake up. Your sister already left, there's a fresh pot of coffee on the counter for you. I love you*

He was too good to her. She giggled at herself, unable to wipe the grin off her face as she typed back her reply.

*You're the best. Thanks for taking such good care of me.*

She set the phone on her stomach and closed her eyes again.

Pieces of last night started filtering in. The bass at the club, Stephanie dragging her along by the arm. Derrick's cologne, the heat of his hand sliding across her body, and then Josh.

Her nipples went stiff.

Her phone buzzed against her stomach. She picked it up with a grin, expecting it to be Josh.

*Saw your posts from the club. They looked fun. I've got a few hours free this afternoon if you want to come by and shoot something the Sunglass Hut folks will appreciate.*

So, not Josh, Brian. She bit the inside of her cheek. She knew him well enough now to know 'fun' wasn't much of a compliment. She minimized the app and scrolled over to Instagram. The first picture she'd posted wasn't of them at all. It was just a sweeping video of the dance floor, setting the mood for the evening. The next one was actually cute. It was the bar selfie with her and Stephanie, their glasses pushed down their nose. Katie looked closer at the image. It was too dark to see any of the branding on the side of the glasses.

She scrolled to the next one, a small clip of her and Steph mouthing the lyrics to the song. This one was lighter, the logo visible, but they were moving so much she thought she was going to get motion sickness. Maybe they weren't the most professional looking photos, but they were fun, and wasn't that what her brand was about?

She thought about what to say to Brian. He was just trying to be helpful. He hadn't actually said anything rude. The AC turned on, and she pulled the sheet up over her exposed chest. He wasn't wrong, either. It wouldn't hurt for her to take a few more shots that were still playful, but more sponsor focused.

*Give me a couple hours. Need to shower and pull myself together lol*

She swung her legs out of bed and stood up too fast, swayed, and steadied herself on the nightstand. Her head pounded. She didn't care. She walked to the bathroom on legs that still remembered last night, pulled Josh's t-shirt over her head, and pushed the door shut behind her.

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It was nearly noon before Katie started feeling like herself again. The shower helped. The coffee helped more. By the time Katie grabbed her keys off the hook by the door, she almost looked the part of a social media influencer. She'd slipped on cutoffs that sat mid thigh and one of Josh's old long sleeve shirts. It was long enough to give the illusion that maybe she wasn't wearing anything underneath. A tried and true look. She caught herself in the mirror by the door. Once she slipped on her sunglasses it was impossible to tell that she'd been out until two in the morning drinking.

Brian was already in the front yard. He had a camera on his lap, and seemed to be scrolling through it looking at and deleting photos. Jewels was at his feet in something pink with little white hearts on it. The moment she stepped into the sun, she worried her makeup was going to run off. How was it possible that it was already hotter today than days past?

"Wasn't sure you'd be up for photos today." He stood, brushing his hands on his jeans. "Seeing how late you got in last night."

"It was touch and go there for a minute." She laughed, wondering how Brian knew what time she got in. Before she could think about it too much, Jewels was already scrambling toward her, tags clinking. Katie dropped into a crouch. "Hi, baby. Hi. Oh my God, look at you."

"She insisted she be part of the shoot."

"Of course she did." Katie kissed her between the eyes. "She's the reason I get so many views."

"Not the only reason." Brian was looking at her over the top of her glasses. She felt herself blush. "Light's better in the front." He stood and walked away, leaving Katie speechless. "Come give me a pose in front of the fence."

She gave him a confused look, still unsure what to make of his last statement. The wind felt like an oven as it blew across Katie's face. She shrugged at Jewels, scooping her up and carrying her toward the fence.

"Lean against the fence," he said, adjusting the lens. "Hold Jewels up to your face."

Katie did what he asked, tilting her cat-eyes sunglasses down slightly so you could just see her eyes. Jewels licked her cheek as Katie attempted to keep a straight face.

The shutter clicked three or four times. He moved a step left, crouched then came back up making a face.

"What's wrong?" Katie asked, dropping Jewels to the ground.

"It's nothing." Brian made another face and deleted the photos. "Let's try something else." He spotted the Sunglass Hut kit sticking out of her purse. "Grab that and go sit on the steps. Let's see if the light is better there."

Katie nodded, a knot forming in her stomach as she grabbed the empty box. Was it obvious in the photos she was hung over? Had her makeup run down her face because of the heat? She sat down on the second step, her knees bent as she tried to focus on the task at hand. Brian came around the side of her, positioning and repositioning the Sunglass Hut box to ensure it was in frame without looking obviously staged.

He took a few more photos, then grunted as he looked at the small screen on the other side of the lens.

"Brian, just tell me what's wrong."

"The shirt is off. It should either swallow you or fit you. It's doing neither and messing up the entire shot."

"Oh." She couldn't help but laugh as the wind picked up and the hem of Josh's shirt fluttered against her thigh. "I was nervous I did something wrong." She tucked her hair behind her ear.

"Nothing you can't fix," Brian said with a straight face as he set the camera down. "Follow me." He stepped past her and opened the front door, Jewels right on his heels.

He held the screen door open behind him without looking back. Katie hesitated on the bottom step, the empty Sunglass Hut box still in her hand. After waiting a second to see if he was going to give her more information, she decided to just get up and see what he had planned.

The house was dim and cool after the front yard and her eyes took a second to adjust. The living room looked the same as it had the day Brian first asked her to watch Jewels. She set the box on the entry table and followed the sound of Brian's footsteps. He was halfway down the hall, already pushing open his bedroom door.

"Give me a sec to find it."

Katie stopped in the middle of the hallway, unsure what 'it' was. She didn't know what to do with her hands. She'd been in this house a dozen times now, but something about it still felt wrong. Her gaze drifted to the door beyond Brian's. It was closed and she fought the urge to give the handle a jiggle.

"Try this," he said, reappearing with a tattered flannel shirt in his outstretched hand. "Bathroom's the first door if you want to change in there."

"Oh. Um... okay. Yeah."

She ducked into the bathroom and pulled the door behind her. The sound of it closing seemed to rattle off the walls. She took a breath, examining the shirt in her hand. It had red and black checkers. The fabric looked soft in a worn-in way. It was long-sleeved, which was less than ideal in this heat, but the more she looked at it the more she thought she could make it work.

She held it up to her chest in the mirror first, the way you do in a dressing room, just to see. It was big. Of course. Much bigger than Josh's, and she decided she would have to roll up the sleeves.

She set it on top of the closed toilet lid as she lifted off Josh's old shirt. The bathroom air was cool against her stomach. She folded the shirt and set it on top of the sink, catching her reflection in the mirror above. A chill washed over her as she looked at her near-naked chest, remembering the picture she'd sent to Brian by mistake. She laughed about it now, shaking her head and grabbing the flannel.

As expected, the shirt swallowed her. The cuffs came down past her hands and she rolled them three times before they looked presentable. She left the top three buttons undone, just enough to give the slightest hint of cleavage. Then tied the bottom at her hip. She turned to the side, examining it.

She turned a quarter to the side. She looked good. Damn good, in fact.

She picked Josh's shirt up off the sink and tucked it under her arm. She could hear Brian talking to Jewels on the other side of the door. She grinned and took a breath. She couldn't wait to see how these pictures turned out.

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Josh stared at the monitor in front of him, a Jira board full of tasks still in "To Do." It was already almost one, and he couldn't think of a single thing he'd actually gotten done today. He rolled back in his chair, closing the blinds behind him. He could feel the heat from the sun radiating off the glass. His phone clattered to the ground as he stood up. The picture of Katie and Derrick still on the screen.

His eyes cut to the office door and he adjusted himself, before bending over to pick it up. He couldn't stop thinking about his conversation with Stephanie this morning. And every time he thought of it, he pulled back up the picture. Katie had told Stephanie that it excited him that she flirted with other guys. He wasn't upset about it. In fact, he was trying to figure out what she thought of it. Was Stephanie right? Did she want permission to go further? He shifted

uncomfortably in his chair, his phone buzzing at the same time and nearly causing him to knock it to the floor once again.

Katie: *Brian thought it'd be a good idea to take some sponsor photos. How do you like the fit?*

The picture looked to be taken on Brian's front steps. She was sitting with her knees bent, the Sunglass Hut box angled beside her, one hand pushing glasses down her nose. She looked sexy. Her lips were parted slightly, giving the slightest hint of seduction.

He smiled and began typing back how good she looked when he stopped. She was wearing a shirt that was way too big to be either of theirs.

His cock stirred and his stomach fluttered. The shirt was tied at the waist, and hung loosely off her shoulders. His pulse ticked up as he balled his fist around his jeans. She was wearing Brian's shirt. He zoomed in, studying the picture. He dragged it slowly, following the open collar. He could see the edge of her bra. His hand drifted to the front of his jeans, adjusting himself.

Josh: *Wow, you look incredible. New shirt?*

He looked at the clock on the bottom of his PC. He had a meeting in five minutes. The water bottle on his desk nearly spilled as he snatched it and began to chug. Was he jealous? He should be jealous, right? Brian was a creep. He'd had a feeling the moment they moved in. He was using Katie to see more of her body. He should be furious. But, Brian was also pushing sixty. He was overweight and had a crooked nose. He wasn't really a threat.

His phone buzzed again.

Katie: *Brian says this one will get the most followers. What do you think*

The picture on the screen stole Josh's breath.

Katie was leaning over the hood of Brian's old F-150. Her elbows were resting on the white paint, her chin propped in one hand. The flannel hung open, the fabric falling away from her chest in a way that made him audibly gasp. He could see the curve of her chest, the swell of skin catching the afternoon light. Her lips were pushed together, the red lipstick making a kissy face as she winked from behind the tinted glass.

He stared at it long enough that his screensaver kicked on. He tapped the screen and the image came back. His hand was already in his lap.

Katie: *I'm kidding of course.*

He read the text again. Was she kidding? His heart was thumping in his ears as he stared at the image. Then he thought about Brian. Had he suggested the pose? He closed his eyes, visualizing the older man giving Katie direction. His hand pressing on her back making her bend



forward until her chest nearly spilled out. Did he adjust her collar too, pretending it was all for the good of the shot?

He was so hard it hurt.

Josh looked at the picture one more time. Then he started typing and stopped. What was he going to say to her? Stephanie's voice continued to ring in his ears as he started to type again. This time pressing send before he could second guess it.

Josh: *You look like you want to misbehave. Still thinking about last night?*

The three dots appeared almost immediately and he watched them pulse, his knee bouncing under the desk. Then a knock on his door made him jump.

"Josh. You're late. Mr. Walker is asking where you're at."

David was already walking away. Josh locked his phone and shoved it in his pocket, the dots still dancing on a screen no one could see. He stood, adjusted his shirt over his belt, and followed David down the hall.

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Katie pulled Brian's bathroom door shut and leaned against it. She could hear him in the hallway talking to Jewels, his voice muffled through the wood. She pulled her phone from her back pocket.

Josh: *You look like you want to misbehave. Still thinking about last night?*

She glanced at the door, her stomach tight. When she looked back at the screen she imagined Josh at the office, trying desperately to hide his erection. She giggled to herself. She was still wearing Brian's flannel, the buttons undone from changing.

A rush of adrenaline raced through her as she opened her camera and held the phone up. The mirror in front of her caught the open flannel, the strip of bare skin between the two halves. She opened it a little more, showing her bra clad chest. She took the picture and looked at it. It wasn't enough. Not for what Josh had said. She could still feel the ghost of last night between her thighs, and his words on the screen made her want to give him something that matched.

She slid one hand across her chest, pulling the cup of her bra down and cupping her naked breast as she tilted the phone down.

Katie: *You mean like this?*

She covered her mouth to stifle a laugh as she sent the photo. Outside the door she heard Brian mumble something to Jewels. She needed to get back out there before he got suspicious. She

stared at herself in the mirror. Her skin was flushed. IT felt electric as the thought of what she was getting ran through her mind.

She stared at the screen for another ten seconds. When he didn't respond she felt the energy evaporate. He was probably in a meeting. She exhaled, and finished changing back into Josh's shirt. She splashed cold water on her face and patted it dry, but when she checked the mirror the pink in her cheeks hadn't gone anywhere. She grabbed the flannel and her phone and opened the door.

Brian was in the kitchen, scrolling through the camera's display screen. Jewels was asleep on the couch cushion. He looked up as Katie came around the corner.

"How'd Josh like the pictures?"

Her eyes went wide and she felt her cheeks turn crimson. It took much longer than it should have for her to realize he meant the ones from the shoot.

"Oh...um... good. He said they looked amazing." She saw Brian's brow pinch together. "Thanks again for helping me with them."

Brian nodded. "He's right. Sunglass Hut will like them too." He patted the seat next to him. "Look at these."

She walked over to the counter where he was sitting, hoping he couldn't hear how loudly her heart was beating. Brian's eyes flicked to her face as she sat down. They lingered for just a moment, and she held her breath before he turned the camera toward her.

"This one's my favorite." He held the camera out to show a picture of Katie sitting on the front steps. Jewels was in her lap and she was mid-laugh as she adjusted her glasses. The Sunglass Hut box was off to the side, still visible in frame, but almost as an after thought.

"Brian, these are incredible. Thank you so much."

"It's my pleasure." He pulled a small SD card from the camera. "Give me a couple of hours and I'll send you the entire set." He stood up and paused. "Actually, why don't you two come over tonight when the sun starts to set." He smiled at Katie. "Bring your suit. I have a few ideas I think your followers will like."

Katie pulled her lip between her teeth. "You want to take pictures in the pool?" She looked at her feet not wanting to meet his gaze.

"It's a popular trend I've seen. Sunglasses at night have always been in style. And the way the light reflects off the water is perfect."

"I... I'll have to talk to Josh."

"Of course." He was already walking toward the living room. "Either way, just let me know."

She grabbed her keys off the entry table and scooped up the Sunglass Hut box. Jewels lifted her head as Katie passed the couch.

"Bye, baby." She scratched behind her ears.

She was halfway across the yard before she pulled her phone out again. Still nothing from Josh. The photo she'd sent sat unanswered. She stared at it for a half-second and felt the warmth between her legs grow. Josh needed to hurry up and get home.

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Josh got home just after six. He sat in his car for a few minutes trying to collect his thoughts. He'd been hard all day. Every time he started to come down, he'd look at his phone. First the one from last night. That alone was enough to do him in. Then the one from Brian's bathroom. He couldn't believe she'd actually taken it, not after what happened last time she took a picture in that house.

When he walked inside the house, Katie was in the kitchen humming something he couldn't quite put his finger on. His stomach pulled tight as he wondered what had her in such a good mood. He set his keys in the bowl by the door and stood there for a second just listening to her, despite how off-key she sounded.

"Hey." She came around the corner with a dish towel thrown over her shoulder and rose up on her toes to kiss him. The kiss lingered, although her tongue stayed in her mouth. "How was work?"

"Distracting," he said with a grin, wrapping his hands around her waist and kissing her again before she could pull back. She smiled against his lips.

"Oh yeah? What could have possibly had you so distracted?" She shot him a smirk, then wiggled free and returned to the kitchen.

He followed closely behind her, watching her hips sway with each step. He wondered if she was doing it on purpose, to tease him. She'd changed out of whatever she'd had on at Brian's and into an old t-shirt and jeans. She stood at the sink, her back to him, as she finished the last of the dishes.

"So," she said, rinsing a glass. "You never answered. What had you so distracted at work?"

"Well." His heart pounded in his chest. "Those pictures Brian took for one. You were wearing his shirt."

He couldn't see her face, but he watched as her hand paused for a fraction of a second as she scrubbed a plate. Her hips shifted and his gaze returned to her ass.

"Was that..." She started to turn to face him and then stopped. "Sorry. I didn't think about how it would look. I didn't mean to make you jealous."

"I wasn't jealous," he said too quickly. "I mean I was, but it wasn't just that. It was..." His leg started to bounce, his throat felt tight. Were they really going to have this conversation? Was he ready to tell her what it really did to him? The water kept running. Katie hadn't moved. She wasn't going to make this easier on him by turning around. He knew she was listening. He could see it in the way her shoulders had gone still, the way her fingers stopped moving on the plate.

"I don't know how to say it." He pulled out one of the barstools at the island and sat down hard. His leg wouldn't stop. "I talked to Steph this morning before she left."

Katie stood up straight, nearly turning to face him but stopped herself. "About what?"

"You told her... about how I like..." He ran his fingers through his hair. "About how I like seeing guys flirt with you. How it gets me excited knowing how hard you make them."

"Shit," Katie muttered to herself. She dropped the plate she was washing. She turned to face him, leaning against the sink. "I'm sorry. I just... she's my sister. I didn't think she would—"

"It's fine." Josh stood up and stepped closer to her. "Really. She... um. She actually had some good points."

Katie lifted her brow. "Did she?"

"It's not really about them, you know." He pressed into her back and kissed her neck. She melted into him, a sigh leaving her lips. "It's about you. Knowing you could walk into any room and have anybody you wanted, and you still come home to me. That's all. I trust you."

She let her head fall back into his chest. "That's what Stephanie said?"

Josh pulled her tighter into him, his fingers curling into her shirt. "No." He inhaled her scent. "She said that it was hot. That I'm so secure." He heard her giggle. "She also wondered if that was all I wanted. Just for you to flirt."

She went stiff in his arms. He couldn't stop now though. Just needed to rip the band aid off.

"It's like... okay. Derrick. Derrick I don't like. Even thinking about him, like, I don't like the guy. He had his hands all over you and—" He shook his head. "He's the kind of guy who thinks he has a real chance. He doesn't care if you're engaged. Guys like that are dangerous, right? Like, I know you would never leave me, but guys like him. I can't help but wonder."

She reached back touching his face. "I'm sorry, baby. We were just having fun. I promise you have nothing to worry about with him."

"I know." He kissed her exposed shoulder. "I know, but the thing is, that's the part I don't like, but it's also the part that... fuck, I don't know how to say this."

She spun in place, throwing her arms around his neck. "Just say it."

"That's also the part that did it for me." His hands slid down her back and cupped her ass, pulling her into him. "Not him. Knowing he wanted to and couldn't. That's... that's the part. Wondering what would have happened if... if you had gone back to his place with him." His cock stirred and Katie gasped. There was no way she didn't feel it.

"What are you saying?" Her eyes bored into his. "You want me to fuck Derrick?"

"No." He said it with such force she gasped. "I mean... no. Not Derrick. I worry that with a guy like that you could actually catch feelings. Like, it wouldn't be safe."

She studied him, trying to make sense of the word vomit coming from his mouth.

"Okay. Not Derrick. But... somebody? You want me to fuck someone else?"

Josh groaned. His cock was painfully hard and it was beginning to get harder to think. He should have just stopped there. Just accepted that this was too awkward and moved past it. But he pressed on.

"It's just... it's different, isn't it, when it's somebody who'd never, like, in a million years actually, somebody who shouldn't even be in the same room as you."

"Josh," her voice was soft. "Tell me who you're thinking about."

"I'm not—"

Her hand drifted down her chest and across his stomach. He sucked in a breath, closing his eyes. She pressed her palm across the front of his pants. "You're clearly thinking about something, baby. Tell me." Her voice had turned to silk as her fingers encircled his girth. "Who are you picturing me misbehaving with?"

"Brian."

Her grip released and her eyes went wide. "Brian?" She wasn't smiling anymore. "You want to fuck Brian?"

"Not fuck," he said again. "Katie. Look at me."

She was already looking at him. That was the problem. She was looking at him like she didn't recognize the person in front of her, and her hand had drifted back to hold the counter like she was afraid she'd fall over.

"I don't—" He took a breath. "I don't know what I want. Not really. But Steph said it and then you sent those pictures in Brian's shirt and I couldn't stop thinking about—"

"About what?"

"His hands on you like Derrick. You teasing him and getting him excited and..."

She put her hand on his chest. Her eyes had softened. "You think Brian looks at me like that? Christ, Josh, he's old enough to be my dad."

"I think everyone looks at you like that." He gave a nervous laugh. "And I think he was hard the entire afternoon. You don't really think he takes those pictures of you just to be nice, do you?"

"Josh." She said it like she was tired. "He's like sixty. He's a good neighbor and he's lonely and he likes that I post the pictures of Jewels. That's it."

"Mhm." He watched as she tried to convince herself he was wrong. Katie had a tell that Josh had learned over the years when she didn't want to admit she was wrong. Her cheeks would turn a deep shade of pink, which they currently were. She'd get overly physical to distract him, and she wouldn't hold eye contact.

"He's never said anything weird to me." She released a breath, running her hands back and forth on his chest. "Not once."

"I believe you."

She was looking past him to the window behind him, overlooking Brian's house.

"He invited us over tonight," she said, quieter. "For the pool. He wanted to take some more pictures."

"We should go."

"I just..." She bit her lip. "Say you're right, which I'm not saying you are. He thinks I'm hot. He's looking at me weird through the camera. What does that mean? What do you actually want me to do?"

Josh held his breath. Was she actually considering this, or just trying to call his bluff? In truth, he didn't have a plan. He didn't expect to actually be having this conversation with her, let alone her actually consider it.

"You said not fuck him."

"I just think—"

"So what is it." Her hands slid up to his shoulders. "Is it this?" She kissed him slow, her tongue moving along his teeth until he groaned and opened his mouth for her. "Or is it this?" Her hand drifted back to the front of his slacks. He was still hard. She gave him a slow stroke through the fabric and he moaned. "Or maybe —"

She started to sink to her knees.

"Yes," he said. "I mean— no. I mean— fuck, Katie. I don't know."

She stopped, halfway down, her hand still on him. She looked up at him a long second. Then she stood back up and stepped away.

"I have an idea," she said, turning to look at him over her shoulder. "Don't go anywhere."

He sat back down on the barstool trying to catch his breath. His head was reeling. This morning he thought that the worst of the angst was behind him, but now... She didn't run away screaming when he told her what he wanted. Or maybe, it was because he couldn't put into words what he wanted. He just knew that he wanted more and he wanted it with someone who felt safe.

Katie returned to the kitchen smiling like a Cheshire Cat. Her hands were behind her back.

"What are you doing?" His pulse raced with excitement.

"Well, you think Brian is some kind of sexual deviant and only using pictures with me to get in my pants."

"That's not what I said." He felt his face get hot at the realization of how she took it.

"Anyway, I think he's just being nice and neighborly and helping because we have a shared passion."

He sat there waiting to see where this was going.

"So, I thought I'd wear this tonight and we could see which of us was right."

Her hands came back around to the front of her body where she held what could barely be described as a swimsuit. He knew what it was the second he laid eyes on it. They'd picked it out together right after the engagement, and it was almost nothing. It was white, with thin straps. The top was just two small triangles that would barely hold her chest in. The bottoms were a similar design. A small triangle in the front, and nothing but a string that went between her cheeks in the back.

"Is that—"

"The suit for Cabo. Yeah." She gave a playful shrug. "Would you rather I wait to wear it until then?"

Josh's mouth hung open. "You... you want to wear it tonight? For him?"

She gave a smile and walked toward him slowly. "Not for him." Her fingers slid up the inside of his knee. "For you." He sucked in a breath and closed his eyes. "But also, so that you can see not everyone is as big a perv as you are Joshua Park." Her fingertips ghosted over his length. "And when I prove that tonight then we can drop this whole thing. Right?" She pulled her hand away making him sigh.

"Right."

She let out a breath that was almost a laugh. "Good now I'm going to go shower." Her gaze fell to his erection. "No taking care of that until after the pool tonight and you admit I was right."

He nodded, unsure of how to respond. What was he getting himself into?

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Josh stood on the porch with the towel slung over his shoulder, listening to the doorbell die out inside Brian's house. The sun was low and the heat coming off the driveway still felt like an oven, even with the shade of the porch. Katie was beside him in her terry cover-up, sunglasses already on top of her head, hair clipped up off her neck. She'd been quiet on the walk over. He wondered if she was as nervous as he was. He watched her from the corner of his eye. The suit was fully covered, but his mouth still went dry at the thought of her actually wearing it.

The door opened and Jewels was the first one through it, tags clinking as she darted between Katie's ankles. Brian was right behind her, drying his hands on a dish towel. He had on a white t-shirt that stretched a little too tightly across his stomach and a pair of green trunks.

"You made it." He dipped his chin at Katie. Then his eyes moved to Josh and the warmth left his face. "Josh."

"Hey, Brian. Thanks for having us over."

"Mm." Brian stepped aside and held the door. "Come in. I just poured myself a drink."

The house was cold after the porch and Josh felt the sweat on the back of his neck go to ice. The living room had been straightened. Jewels' toys were pushed into a basket, the throw blanket folded over the arm of the couch. Josh had the distinct sense that Brian had been getting ready for them for longer than the half-hour since Katie had texted him back.

"Can I get either of you something? I've got beer, white wine, water."



"Just water for me. After last night I need a real detox."

"Water's good," Josh said.

Brian disappeared into the kitchen and Katie crouched to let Jewels lick her cheek. Josh stood in the middle of the living room with his hands in the pockets of his board shorts. He could hear ice clinking in glasses. He looked at the back wall where Brian had hung half a dozen framed prints, landscapes, mostly, a few black and white portraits Josh hadn't paid attention to before. There was one of a woman from the back, walking away down a dirt road, her dress lifting in the wind.

"That's Big Bend." Brian was beside him, holding out the water. Josh hadn't heard him come back. "Took it in '03. The woman was just walking through. We didn't even say so much as hello."

"It's a good picture."

Brian had already drifted away and was handing Katie her water.

"So." Brian set his drink down. "Light's about thirty minutes from gold. I've been thinking about what the best angles would be. The pool faces west, so we'll lose the harsh light right about the time we start, and once the sun drops behind the fence we'll get that wash where everything looks like it's underlit."

"How do you want me?" Katie said.

Josh's heart stopped as he nearly did a spit take. Katie was watching him, a slight smirk on her lips. She knew exactly how it sounded.

Brian's gaze held on her. "We'll figure it out."

Brian led them through the kitchen to the sliding door. Out on the deck the air was thick and the cicadas were going hard in the cedar at the back of the yard. Brian had set up a small folding table with a stack of clean towels and an extra battery for the camera and a sweating bottle of his drink.

"Set your stuff wherever," Brian said, lifting off his shirt. His chest was covered in hair, dark coarse patches that covered his nipples. His stomach hung past his waistline, equally as hairy. Josh did his best not to make a face. "Katie, when you're ready."

Katie pulled the clip out of her hair and shook it loose. She walked to the lounge and set her phone down. Then found Josh's gaze as she reached for the tie at her waist.

He gulped as the tie came undone. Katie's smile grew. Josh's eyes then went to Brian who was standing directly behind Katie.

Brian's lips curved up, his thick tongue snaking over his lips as he took in the beauty in front of him. The camera was around his neck but he hadn't lifted it. His hand was wrapped around his glass, but his entire focus was on her. There was no calculation in his eyes, it was just pure lust. Like she was something he'd already paid for and was waiting to receive.

"Cute, right?"

Katie's voice broke his trance and he looked back to his wife as she turned to look at Brian.

"I don't think you'll have any trouble with getting new followers," Brian said, lifting the camera like he'd been preparing it the entire time.

"Actually, can you try to take them from the chest up?" Her face turned crimson. "The suit's a little more revealing than I thought."

Josh watched his fiancée. The lie was effortless.

"Sure, whatever you want." He pointed to the edge of the pool. "Let's have you set up there first. We can always crop stuff later if you don't like it."

Josh moved to the lounge and then changed his mind and walked to the shallow end and sat down on the top step with his feet in the water. He kept his knees up. The water was warmer than he expected, almost the temperature of his skin, and the pool deck under his palms was still holding the heat of the day. He could feel his pulse in his throat. He was already half hard and equal parts terrified and excited about how the rest of the night was going to go.

Katie went to the edge like she was told. She tipped her glasses low, one foot dipped in, the other planted on the concrete. Brian was crouched six feet away, the camera up, the shutter going in soft mechanical bursts. He moved two steps and crouched again. He didn't speak between shots. He just adjusted his position and fired.

"Sit. Lean back on your hands."

She sat. Josh watched her elbows lock and her chest push forward and a single bead of water slide down the inside of her thigh and disappear under the string at her hip. He pressed his palms harder against the concrete. He thought about work. He thought about the Jira tickets he hadn't closed. None of it helped.

Brian lowered the camera. "One sec. Let's try something else."

He set the camera on a folded towel and stood up. Then, crouched beside her and put one hand flat between her shoulder blades and the other on her hip, turning her body slightly. Josh held his breath, hyper-focused on the single point of contact between them. Katie seemed to be leaning into his touch, something Josh was almost certain he was imagining.

"Perfect," Brian said, standing up straight, and heading back to take the shot. He took a few more shots like that. Each time, he adjusted Katie slightly, and each time Josh held his breath wondering if the older man was just taking liberties.

"Let's try something else," Brian announced, walking away as he flipped through the pictures. He circled the pool, sliding down into the deeper part where the water came up to his waist. "Come out here. Then I want you to dive under and come up fast." He looked at where Katie was standing. "Leaving your glasses there. We'll get them in the background as you shoot out of the water."

Katie set her sunglasses where he instructed and looked back over her shoulder at Josh. He didn't feel like the outcast he did last time he was here. There was something about watching Katie like this, how free she seemed that made him smile.

"Ready?" Brian asked, as she nodded then dipped completely under the water.

Josh made his way around the pool, taking a spot on the deck, a few feet from where Brian stood. He held his breath waiting for Katie to reappear.

The burst started before her face had cleared the surface. Click click click click click click click. Six shots, maybe seven. Water came off her in sheets, off her shoulders, off her chest, down her stomach, and the white of the suit went translucent the second the water hit it from the inside. Josh saw it instantly, his mouth hanging open. The dark rings of her areolas had pulled tight in the cool air and they showed through the wet fabric. The dime sized brown spots sitting proudly in the middle of the triangles. She was practically naked from the waist up and she had no idea.

She laughed and wiped water out of her eyes, pushing her hair back over her head. Josh saw Brian glance over at him, a grin on his face. For a second the two just stared at each other, then Brian casually turned back toward Katie, her chest still essentially bare and fired over a few more shots.

"Did you get it?" Katie asked, wiping water from her eyes.

"Perfect. Right Josh?" He angled the screen so Josh could see it without straining.

Josh's chest went so cold he thought he might be sick. He looked at Brian's face. Brian was watching him. His eyes had that same look of desire as when Katie's cover-up first hit the deck. Josh simply nodded, unsure he was capable of forming words.

"It's getting dark," Brian said, heading back toward the other end of the pool. "Let's call it."

Katie was already wading toward the steps, beaming, as she made her way back over to Josh, who was waiting with a towel. She climbed out of the pool and Josh rushed over wrapping her up.

"That was fun, right?" She asked, raising an eyebrow as her eyes drifted toward his steel erection.

She wrapped herself in the towel and stood in the deep gold light of the dying day shivering a little, water beading on her shoulders, her hair pulled forward over one side of her neck. She patted her neck dry, as Brian packed the camera into its bag.

"Do me a favor," Brian asked as he walked toward Josh and Katie holding out his phone. "I've had so much fun tonight. Let me get one of me and the model."

Katie laughed. "I'm not a model."

"You could be," he said with a grin. Katie shared a look with Josh, passing her towel back to him as Brian put his arm around her waist.

Josh saw her tense, but otherwise she looked straight into the lens. Josh's hands were shaking as he looked through the screen at his gorgeous fiancée and their older neighbor.

He'd thought he was prepared for what he was about to see, but he was wrong. Katie was laughing, leaning slightly into Brian's body, her wet hair falling in a dark curtain over her shoulder. Her chest was the center of the image. The white triangles had dried slightly but it didn't matter, the dark coins of her nipples were still visible. Anyone who looked at this photo would see her topless in everything but the most technical sense.

Next to her in the frame, was Brian. The phone was angled in a way that caught his shorts. There was no mistaking the shape pressing against the front of them. Josh nearly dropped the phone as he saw the way it curved up and into the waist band of the trunks. Josh felt light headed.

"Did you get it? I'm cold." Katie giggled, pressing into Brian's body as he grinned, showing all of his teeth.

Josh nodded, snapping the picture.

Brian let go of Katie's waist, then stepped back and held his hand out for the phone. Josh handed it back without looking at the screen again.

"Thanks, Josh." Brian was already scrolling. He didn't show it to either of them. He tapped twice and Josh's pocket buzzed. "Sent it to you." He winked. "In case you want one for your album."

"Thanks again," Katie said, giving Brian a hug, as they made their way back inside the house. Once inside, she bent down, giving Jewels a kiss on the nose. Josh looked back at Brian who seemed to be watching him with a satisfied grin. Then they were out the door saying goodbye.

By the time they crossed their own threshold he could barely breathe.

Katie went straight to the kitchen and unwrapped the towel from her body. She tossed it over the back of a barstool and pulled an old t-shirt of his from the laundry basket on the dryer and slipped it over her head. The wet fabric of the suit darkened it at the chest immediately. She didn't notice. She poured herself a glass of water and drank half of it and turned to face him with the rim still touching her bottom lip and the smile she always wore when she'd won.

"So." She set the glass down. "Tell me I was right."

Josh leaned against the counter. His phone was still in his pocket.

"I... um..."

"What? Come on, Josh. He was a perfect gentleman. He didn't even... Why are you looking at me like that?"

He took the phone out and unlocked it, pulling up the picture. He took a breath, his cock throbbing in his suit as he turned the phone where Katie could see it, watching her face.

The smile held for a second, then her eyes started to track and the smile thinned. He watched her as what he'd seen started to register. The smile was gone now. Her mouth opened slightly and her brows pulled together, a flush climbing up her neck as her eyes came up to his.

"You... Josh, you can—" She closed her eyes and took a deep breath. "He saw my chest?" He heard her voice crack, the anger starting to creep in as she looked back at the screen. "Why didn't you say anything? How could you let—"

She stopped as her eyes took in the rest of the picture. Her face went very still. A soft gasp left her lips as she dropped the phone, then picked it back up and brought it closer to her face like she couldn't believe what she was seeing.

"I... I was in shock, I guess," Josh said, quietly.

"Is that his..."

She didn't finish the sentence. She just stared at the picture on the phone. Josh watched as she zoomed in, her mouth opening in shock. He could see the pulse in her throat.

"Jesus, I..." Katie shook her head and started to laugh. "That can't be real right? He had to have edited it."

"It's... it's not edited," Josh said, almost in defense of Brian.

"Oh my God." Her hands went to face as she looked at the image on the screen one last time.

Josh wasn't sure if she was laughing or about to cry and he didn't think she knew either. He put his hand on the small of her back. Her wet suit had soaked through his t-shirt and his palm

came away cold.

"Let's..." Katie looked at him biting her lip. "Let's get out of these wet clothes."

She grabbed his hand and dragged him toward the bedroom.