

It had been almost two weeks since the pool shoot, and the energy between Katie and Josh was hotter than ever. They'd been having more sex in the last fourteen days than they had in the past six months. Katie had developed a routine of sorts with Brian. She would spend most days with him shooting and texting Josh the details. Of course, those details usually included a heavy dose of innuendo that left them both tearing at each other's clothes by the time they were together.

Josh was leaning against the island eating cereal out of the box when Katie came out of the bedroom with her laptop tucked under her arm and her hair still wet from the shower. She was wearing an old Panic at the Disco t-shirt and nothing else as far as he could tell. He studied the top of her thighs, already feeling the heat start to rush to his mid-section as she hopped up on the counter across from him with her legs crossed.

"Okay so I redid the spreadsheet." She spun it toward him. "Look."

He leaned in. Since getting the Sunglass Hut deal she started getting serious about tracking the income. Everything was color-coded from the stipend, to the affiliate clicks, she'd even gone as far as to make a projection column. He was proud of her. All those nights of listening to him complain about his job had clearly paid off.

"My subscriber count is up to sixty-three thousand." She wore the biggest smile, her feet kicking back and forth in the air. "In the last six weeks I've made just over three grand."

"Holy shit." He pulled the laptop closer. "Seriously?"

"Working with Brian has been incredible." She tapped the green column. "He thinks if I can keep this up for another two or three months they might bump me to tier two. That doubles the commission."

"Are you sure he's not just saying that because he likes looking at you?"

Katie studied him for a minute. Her brown eyes sparkled as she gave him a mischievous grin. "Who says he's the only one that likes it?" She uncrossed her legs seductively. "I mean, sometimes I wonder who actually gets harder. Him or you?"

Josh gulped. He knew she was messing with him. Ever since the night in his back yard she'd tease him about how big Brian was. Despite knowing that, he still felt a pit in his stomach. "You um... you've noticed his...?"

"I mean, it's hard not to notice." She licked her lips slowly never breaking eye contact with Josh as she spread her legs a fraction of an inch. "Do you think he'd like if I went over there like this?" She lifted the hem of her shirt confirming what Josh already knew. She was naked underneath.

"I um..." Josh stepped between her legs and she giggled.

"God you're so easy." She wrapped her hand around his neck and pulled him into a wet, sloppy kiss. Her hand reached between his legs finding his hard as steel. "Mmm looks like you don't completely hate the idea. Perv."

She laughed again and pushed him away, adjusting her shirt. "Now, where was I?" She looked at the laptop. "Oh right, the wedding."

Josh gave a confused look. "The wedding? What about it? That's not until next April."

"Yeah and we've barely done any planning."

"I told you. I just want to get the office up and running here. I just need a few months and then —"

She closed the laptop and hugged it to her chest. "My point is that with the added income I can get a jump on things." She hopped off the island. "And you know what they say." She pressed her lips to his. "Happy wife, happy life."

He did love seeing her like this. These last couple of weeks were as relaxed as he'd ever seen her. It made him happy that she was excited about planning the wedding. When he proposed, he never meant for there to be a delay in any of it. Then the move happened, and while it was a much higher salary, it ate at their savings. They'd told themselves they'd get to it once things settled, and then things never quite settled.

"I've already texted Steph about planning a day for us to go dress shopping." She draped her arms around his neck. "Still think I'm innocent enough to wear white?"

"I think you'll look perfect in anything." He scooped her up. His hands grabbing her bare ass underneath her shirt.

She pressed her mouth to his and moaned into his mouth. "Good answer."

His hardness pressed into her and she wiggled her hips teasingly. As soon as he backed her onto the island her phone buzzed against the granite. She broke the kiss but didn't pull away, tilting the screen so they could both read it.

*Brian: The numbers you got from the pool shoot were more than double everything else. Grab a suit and meet me in the backyard in ten minutes. I think we have a chance for even bigger numbers.*

"Sorry, baby." She laughed and kissed his lips again. "Duty calls."

"Already?" He didn't move.

"He wants another pool shoot while the sun is high which means I need to get ready." She unwound herself and slid off the counter. "That is of course unless you want me going over there like this?" To emphasize the statement she pulled the shirt over her head, letting him see her nakedness as she ducked under his arm and toward the bathroom.

Josh couldn't help but notice the way the inside of her thighs glistened. He wondered how much of that arousal was actually because of him. His stomach twisted the way it always did when they talked about Brian.

She came back out ten minutes later in the black bikini and a transparent cover-up. She dropped her bag on the island and started loading it. Towel, sunglasses pouch, the SPF 50. Josh watched her zip the bag. Every shoot she came back from produced something better than what she'd been doing on her own. The numbers backed it up.

"Want me to do your sunscreen before you go?" He reached for her bag.

"Nah." She gave him a wink. "If I need it I'm sure Brian won't mind lathering me in it."

The hot pull in his stomach returned ten fold. His fingers curled against the countertop. Katie was watching him with a wicked smile. Her eyes drifted down past his waist just long enough to make sure he knew she was looking, then back up to his face with an expression that was anything but innocent.

"Are you actually going to—" He couldn't finish the sentence. His throat had grown tight and it was suddenly hard to breathe.

"Guess you'll have to wait and see." She tossed the bag on her shoulder, then kissed him goodbye. Except it wasn't a normal goodbye kiss. She put her hand flat on his chest and let her tongue press into his mouth. Her body pressed against him and he could tell from the heat coming off of it she was just as turned on as he was.

"Try not to go to stir crazy here all by yourself." Her breath still on his mouth. Her fingers curled against his chest and then let go.

She picked up the tote and went out the back door. She knew he was watching. That was the whole goddamn point.

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Brian watched from the small camera feed on his phone as Katie made her way across the front lawn. She looked over at her house, adjusting her swim top before she made it to the door. He clicked his tongue. She'd been performing the last couple of weeks, thinking he didn't notice. She would accidentally brush against him then find a reason to text her husband. Or suggest

they pose for a picture together so she could send it to him. He didn't mind of course. The more she let her guard down around him the easier it would be for him.

He closed out the app and picked up his lens cap and a battery, making his hands busy until she knocked on the door. He greeted her with a smile as Jewels bolted for her and Katie immediately bent down to scoop her up, giving Brian a great view of her chest. He loved that little dog more every second.

"I'm nearly done setting up out back," he said, stepping aside to let Katie in while Jewels peppered her with kisses. "Go ahead and head out. I just need to swap batteries."

He watched as she moved toward the back door without a care in the world. This had all become second nature now. Once she was outside he went to the fridge and grabbed a couple of water bottles, before meeting her out back.

Thirty minutes later, he'd gotten pictures of her standing at the edge of the pool her feet in the water, leaning against the deck railing dipping her glasses low to look at the camera, and lying on her stomach, her feet up and ankles locked mid laugh. She was a natural. Not only did she take his direction well, but he could tell she was really absorbing the tips he'd given her. The photos she'd taken on her own looked more and more polished and her subscriber base continued to grow as a result.

There was something else too. He'd noticed it as soon as they started shooting, but as the shoot continued it became more obvious. She wasn't just hitting her marks for him, she was exaggerating her movement. The way she stretched when she moved between positions, arching her back an extra few seconds. The way she adjusted a towel on the lounge and bent at the waist instead of the knees. At first he thought she was going to do what she always did, pick up her phone and send a message. But this time was different. He caught her gaze traveling to the back fence.

He didn't look at the fence. Not yet.

"Take a break," he said. "Let me swap batteries."

She stretched out on the lounge, face down, chin on her arms. Her shoulder blades caught the sun. He went through the motions of changing the battery, his focus largely on her. She turned her head toward the fence, and pressed her lips into a kiss. Brian almost laughed it was so obvious.

"Hey Brian?" She had her glasses on, but he could tell she was still looking at the fence. There was no doubt now that Josh was there, watching. "Can you do my shoulders? I forgot to put sunscreen on before I came over and I'm already burning."

He set the camera down. They wanted to play this game. He was about to see just how far he could push them. "Sure."

He knelt beside the lounge and popped the cap on the SPF. Her shoulders were already pink. He laid his palms flat against her shoulder blades and heard her suck in a breath. Her skin was warm and tight from the sun. Her arms were resting above her head, her gaze still turned toward the fence. He spread the lotion in slow circles, working outward toward her arms, then back in along her spine. She exhaled into the towel. His cock began to swell and for a moment he considered brushing it against her, but he didn't want to rush things.

Instead, he adjusted his body, kneeling at her side as he pressed his thumbs deeper into the muscles at the back of her neck. She moaned softly, most likely for dramatic effect for their voyeur. He waited for her to tell him that was enough. When she didn't he decided to push his luck.

He slid his hands lower, across the middle of her back, his fingertips brushing the sides of her ribs. He could feel her breathing change under his palms. She wriggled slightly, causing his hands to fall to her ass. Still she didn't pull away. If anything, she seemed to lean into his touch.

He glanced at the fence, feigning like he was checking the angle of the sun and the clouds.

As expected, he could just make out Josh's form from the other side of the fence. He looked to be pressed against it, trying to see through the slats. If he was trying to be sneaky, he was doing a lousy job. Brian caught his gaze for a fraction of a second, then smirked. "Let's see if my read on you is right," he said to himself.

He ran his hands back up her back, letting his thumbs trace along the strap of her bikini.

"The next shot should be you looking at the camera from over your shoulder," he whispered, his fingers going still on the strap. She nodded in response.

"We don't want any tan lines though," he said. Before she could process what he meant, he tugged the string that was tied between her shoulder blades. The top went slack beneath her and her whole body tensed. She took a sharp breath from her nose, her hips sinking into the lounge. She didn't move. Her eyes stayed hidden behind her shades, but head still facing toward the fence.

He took his time, spreading the lotion slowly across the width of her back. He let his hand dip, the tips brushing across the side of her breast. He could swear he heard her heart beating, but she remained perfectly still. He pictured her nipples, hard and taut as she watched her fiancé, probably jerking off on the other side of the fence.

He gave it five more seconds. Then, when he felt his own erection start to subside, he retied the top. Then stood up and wiped his hands on the towel.

"Better? Ready to finish the shoot?"

"Yeah." Her voice had dropped. "Thanks."

He picked up the camera. "Stay like that, but look this way over your shoulder." He was back in business mode. The shoot continued for another fifteen minutes and Brian fought every urge to press his luck. He knew from Katie's body language she was worked up. He needed to wrap this up so she could go back to her fiancé and they could talk about the thrill of it. Soon they would be eating out of the palm of his hand.

He packed the bag while she gathered her things, said goodbye to Jewels. She pulled the cover-up over her head and slung the tote on her shoulder. At the door she glanced back at him and he gave her a wave.

"Same time tomorrow?"

"Sure," he said. "But we may need a change of scenery. I'll try to think of something and text you later."

"Sounds good. I trust you." Then she disappeared into the house.

When she was inside he looked back over at the fence. The slats were empty. He picked up his drink from the folding table, the bottle was mostly warm. Jewels trotted over and sat at his feet.

"Good girl," he said, scratching her stomach, his eyes still on Katie as she walked through the house.

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Katie came through the door still in the bikini, the cover-up balled in one hand. Her chest was pink from the sun and her hair had dried in waves around her face. She dropped the tote on the island and went straight for the fridge, pulling a water and cracking the cap before the door had even closed. She drank half of it standing there, then wiped her mouth with the back of her hand and caught him staring.

"So." She leaned her hip against the counter. Her breathing was still up. "How was it? Everything you dreamed?" She shifted her weight. "Holy shit I can't believe that happened." She was talking faster, her mind still processing the events next-door.

Her eyes dropped to his shorts. "Mmm so you did see it." She took another drink of water trying to cool her body. "Does that mean you liked it? Did you like seeing our creepy neighbor's hands all over me?"

"I... um..." Josh's eyes went to her chest. Brian's hands were so close to it. The jealousy in his chest was like a weight. He could see Katie's nipples through the fabric of the top. He swallowed

the lump in his throat, his cock threatening to pop out of his pants.

She shook her head. "You're such a perv." She crossed the kitchen toward him and her fingers found the front of his shorts. Her grin sharpened. "Mmm. I can't believe how hard this makes you." She kissed his ear.

He'd been hard since the strap came undone. She kissed him and he could taste the chlorine and the sunscreen on her skin. Her body pressed against his. Was it possible she was just as turned on as he was?

"His hands were so warm," she said, quieter now. Her palm running slowly over the front of his pants. "Like everywhere he touched I could still feel it after he moved to the next spot." She was watching his face the way she always did when she was deciding how far to push. "And when the top came undone I just... I froze. I couldn't even move."

"Did... Did you know he was going to do that?"

"No." Her hand picked up speed. "That makes it even hotter, right? Knowing that he was so turned on he couldn't help himself?"

Did it make it hotter? Josh wasn't so sure. Part of him thought so. And that part was currently being influenced by Katie's hand gaining speed. But if Brian was pushing boundaries then was he the safe guy Josh thought he was?

"I think he saw me." Josh's eyes drifted closed as her grip tightened. "I swear he looked right at me before he untied your top."

She studied him for a second. "Is that better or worse?"

He wasn't sure how to answer. If Brian saw him then maybe that's why he pushed the boundaries in the first place. Maybe he wouldn't have done it if Josh wasn't there. Did that make it better? Would he have stopped if Josh told him to? Katie's hand paused and he groaned in frustration.

"Josh?" Her hand slid up his chest. "Are you okay? I... I didn't let it go too far, did I?"

"Yeah... I mean no. I'm just..." He tried to get the rest out. Something about Brian not asking. About what it meant that he didn't need to. But all he could think about was how hot she looked in that moment. How she held his gaze even after Brian had untied her top. Her lips found his neck and she nibbled softly.

"I think it's really fucking hot," she whispered. "That he just did it. That you were right there." Her hand slid past his waistband and he sucked in air through his teeth. "That he knew and just didn't care."

She kissed him again and all rational thought slipped from his mind. Her tongue pushed into his mouth. Then her fingers wrapped around his cock and the thing he'd been trying to say got buried under the need to fuck his fiancée.

"Come on." She pulled him by the waistband toward the hallway, already reaching behind her back with her free hand. She tugged once and the triangles of her top fell away before they made it past the kitchen. Josh caught the bedroom door with his foot and kicked it shut.

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Katie had just finished brushing her teeth and checking her TikTok numbers when Brian's text came through.

*Brian: Thinking today we do some indoor stuff. We can keep the glasses on the end-table. Get a few shots of you and Jewels.*

It was a decent plan. Their last few sessions had all been outside, and while the numbers were great it was getting stale. Honestly, she almost responded and said they should head to the mall, or park, or something with a different vibe. But she didn't hate the idea of a more domestic vibe. She could make that work.

The first thing she needed to do was figure out an outfit to wear. The bikini was obviously out. She grabbed a t-shirt and jeans that took almost five minutes to put on they were so tight. She studied herself in the mirror, she didn't love it. The jeans made her ass look incredible, and she definitely wanted to use them. But the more she looked the more she wanted to pair them with a cowboy hat and boots. She made a mental note to see if there were any ranches close by they could utilize. Eventually, she settled on pale blue skirt and a white tank top. She checked the mirror, turning sideways. The skirt moved when she moved, which was good for candid shots. Brian had taught her that. Things that flow catch the eye longer than things that stay still.

She snapped a picture in the mirror and sent it to Josh.

*Katie: How do you like my outfit for today's shoot? You don't think Brian will mind that it's so short do you? 😊*

It wasn't that short. Nothing like the one she'd worn to lunch a few weeks back. But she liked imagining him at his desk trying to keep a straight face.

*Josh: You look incredible.*

Another text immediately followed.

*Josh: Are you sure you're comfortable going over there again? After yesterday, I mean.*

She stared at the text unsure of how to respond. Was Josh getting cold feet or was he just looking out for her the way he always did? She grinned at her phone. He was always putting her feelings first.

She could still feel the effects of last night in her body. Not just the sex, which had been incredible, but the look on Josh's face when she walked through the door. He was hard before she even walked in the door. She didn't even have to touch him. Just knowing that Brian's hands had been on her and that Josh had watched it happen. She squeezed her thighs together.

*Katie: I'll be fine. I'll let you know if he offers to run anything else on my body. Maybe this time it won't be sunblock ;)*

An electric pulse shot through her body the moment she pressed send. She stared at the screen for a few seconds worried that it had been too far. Josh's response was the 'Hot Face' emoji. She rolled her eyes and stuffed her phone in her bag.

She thought about it the whole walk over. Not just Josh, although she thought about him and his reaction a lot. The way his breathing changed when she told him. The way he was hard before she'd even touched him. They were on the same page. Whatever this was, they were in it together, and knowing that made it easier to think about the rest of it.

Brian's hands on her bare skin long after the sunscreen had been rubbed in. The way he didn't ask, didn't hesitate, just reached up and pulled the string like it was the most natural thing in the world. Her stomach tightened. She'd told Josh that the spontaneity was what made it so hot, and that was true. But it was more than that. Brian's touch was confident. The fact that Josh had been right there watching when it happened, that he saw it and still pulled her into the bedroom the second she got home, made the whole thing feel like a fantasy they shared together.

The hairs on the back of her neck stood up as she turned the corner toward his porch. Her body still remembered the warmth of Brian's palms. Her mind still remembered the look on Josh's face. The combination made her dizzy. She was already thinking of ways to tease Josh when she rang the bell and heard Jewels start barking inside.

"Come on in," Brian said, warmly. He opened the door wearing a plain white t-shirt and jeans. Jewels spun around Katie's feet, and she bent down picking up her companion.

"I wasn't sure what you were going to wear so I didn't dress her up this time." He stepped aside, closing the door behind Katie. "We can take a few shots in the living room just normal. Then, I can find something a little more festive for her to put on."

It caught her a bit off-guard that Brian was able to jump right into professional mode so quickly after yesterday. It actually made the entire thing easier for Katie to categorize as harmless fun. Brian took a couple of test pictures to make sure the angle and lighting were right. She

wondered if Brian actually saw Josh or if he just looked in that direction and Josh jumped to conclusions because it made the entire thing hotter. That made the most sense. Brian was harmless.

The shoot was easy. Jewels curled up in Katie's lap while she looked at the camera. In between each shot Brian would move the glasses and the Sunglass Hut box somewhere else in view to make the placement look more organic. He varied his angles as well. He would circle the couch, kneel, at one point he even stood on the table and Katie thought for certain it was going to give out. It didn't and of course the shot looked incredible.

She found herself relaxing into it. She adjusted Jewels and smiled for the next shot. Brian checked the display, scrolling through with his thumb. "These are solid. For the next set I think we put Jewels in a blue dress to match your skirt. I think I have a pair of sunglasses that would fit her too if she'll behave."

"She always behaves. Don't you, girl?" Jewels responded by licking her lips and making Katie laugh.

Brian lowered the camera. "Alright, let's give it a try. I'll need a few minutes to get setup."

Katie set Jewels on the cushion and stood, stretching her arms overhead. They'd been at it for over an hour and her lower back was stiff from sitting in the same position. She rolled her neck and felt something pop.

"I'm going to use the bathroom."

Brian nodded without looking up from the display.

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Katie finished washing her hands and rolled her neck. She heard the patio door open and close then dried her hands and opened the bathroom door. The hallway was cooler than the living room had been and she stood there a moment letting the air wash over.

At the far end of the hall, Jewels trotted toward her. Katie did a double take, she wasn't coming out of Brian's room like she initially thought, she was coming out of the one at the end of the hall. The door was open. The little blue dress Brian had put on her for the shoot swayed as she walked, tags jingling against her collar. She looked up at Katie, licked her lips, and kept going toward the kitchen.

Katie's eyes went past her to the door. It was open maybe six inches. She looked over her shoulder. The kitchen was empty. Brian was still out back.

She told herself she was just going to look. Her curiosity had gotten the best of her and she just needed to humor it. It was probably nothing. Just storage or an office. Goosebumps covered

her skin as she laid her palm on the wood and swung it open.

The light inside was dim. The light on the wall cast more of an amber glow than usual and it took a second for her eyes to adjust. The room was smaller than she expected. A long wooden work table ran the length of the far wall, cluttered with trays and chemical bottles and a cutting mat scored with hundreds of lines. Bins of photo paper were stacked beneath it. A printer she didn't recognize sat at one end, a magnifying loupe on a cord beside it. The air smelled faintly of developer and old wood.

Every inch of wall space was covered. Prints pinned to corkboard, clipped to lines that ran corner to corner like clotheslines, taped directly to the drywall where there wasn't room for anything else. She tilted her head. She wasn't sure what she was looking at. Her heart crawled into her throat as she took another step inside to get a better look at the pictures.

A gasp escaped her lips as she looked at the first picture. It was a woman in her forties, maybe older, was lying across a bed with her legs apart and her hand between them. Her eyes were locked on the lens and her lips were parted. Katie's mind reeled. Was this a former girlfriend? Maybe his wife?

Next to it, a picture of a younger woman, mid-twenties, standing in front of a window. She was nude from the waist up, one arm raised above her head, her back arched. Her free hand was pulling at the waistband of her underwear, tugging them down over one hip.

Katie's stomach dropped and tightened at the same time. She looked between the two photos. They were clearly different women.

She recognized the next woman from the Polaroids she'd found in Brian's drawer the first time she was here. In the Polaroid she'd been in lingerie on a bed, looking over her shoulder. Here she was fully nude, stretched across what looked like the same bed, stomach down, back arched, feet in the air. Her face was turned toward the camera and she was biting her lower lip.

Katie's breath had gone shallow. Her fingers were curled at her sides. There were hundreds of them. All different women. Each one more explicit than the last. She should leave. She'd indulged her curiosity enough and there was no reason to stay. But her eyes kept pulling to the next photo then the next. The women were posing. It didn't look like there was any malice in the photos. They all knew the pictures were being taken. She was about to turn around when she noticed the final batch of photos. They weren't solo shots. They contained Brian.

The brunette from the Polaroids again, but Brian was behind her. His hands gripped her waist, her fingers white-knuckled on a headboard. His body was thick and solid, covered in the same dark hair she'd seen on his chest at the pool. Her mouth was open. His face was buried in her neck.

"Holy shit." Katie's thighs pressed together.

There were more of him. A different woman on her knees. Another straddling him in a chair, her nails digging into his shoulders. Katie couldn't help but look at where they were connected. Her gaze went between Brian's legs and she heard herself gasp. She thought back to the picture Brian had sent Josh. She'd seen the outline of his cock then and thought it was big. But now... There was no fabric, no angle to do the work of her imagination. He wasn't just big. He was huge. Bigger than she'd ever let herself imagine. More than that he was thick. She stared at the photo in front of her, the woman's pussy stretched wide around his throbbing cock, a mix of pain and pleasure on her face. She stared at one photo longer than the rest, a woman gripping the base of him with both hands and still not covering everything, and her whole body flushed.

"Didn't take you for a snoop."

The air left her lungs. His voice was right behind her. She could feel the warmth radiating off of him before any part of him touched her. Then his stomach brushed her back and she knew exactly how close he was. She didn't turn around. Her eyes stayed on the wall.

"I was just—" She swallowed. "Jewels came out and the door was open. I wasn't trying to—"

"Which one's your favorite?"

Her mouth opened. Nothing came out. The question landed on her like a hand on her shoulder. It wasn't angry. It wasn't accusatory. It was the same tone he used when he asked her to choose a location or an angle. Like they were still working. Like she'd wandered into a gallery and he was curious what caught her eye.

"Brian, I didn't mean to—"

"You've been in here a while for someone who didn't mean to."

Her face burned. She tried to laugh but it came broken. "I just... What is all of this? Who are all these women?"

His hands found her arms, just below her shoulders. "Just a few women I used to work with."

She sucked in a breath, her eyes still on the pictures in front of her. "Worked with how?" She knew the answer. It was all over the wall. But she needed him to say it. Needed him to fill the silence. Her eyes fell to the brunette on the bed. The look of sheer pleasure on her face.

"Usually just like this." His hands slid slowly across the top of her skirt. "You'd be surprised how many husbands want to see their wife with someone like me."

"I..." Her head was spinning, she reached out to grip the table in front of her worried she would fall. That couldn't be true, could it? Her eyes drifted back to the photos of Brian. The thick arms. The dark hair on his chest. The size of his manhood between the woman's legs. She forced her

gaze away and it landed on another set she hadn't noticed before. The angle was different. Closer. Too close for a tripod.

"No reason to deny it." His palms settled on the outside of her hips. His fingertips touching the bare skin just past the hem of her skirt. "I saw him out there by the fence yesterday. I bet he loved the show, didn't he?"

"That's—" Her jaw tightened. "That's between me and Josh."

"I bet he was hard as a diamond when you got home." His breath was cool on her neck, causing goosebumps to litter her skin. She should turn around and run out the door. But, her legs didn't move. She stared at the pictures in front of her. Of Brian bringing them to height of ecstasy.

"Those pictures there are my favorite." He nodded to the bottom row. "Now, who do you think the cameraman was for those?"

The understanding moved through her body before it formed in her head. A tightening in her chest. A dropping in her stomach. She stared at the photos and the angles and the framing that was all wrong for a man standing behind a lens.

"The husbands?"

Her voice sounded far away. Two words and every photo on the wall shifted. These weren't secrets. The women weren't sneaking around. The husbands knew. The husbands were right there. The husbands held the camera.

"Just like Josh." His fingers drifted lower. Over the skirt. Down the outside of her thighs. She could feel the warmth of his palms through the thin fabric.

"Do you think Josh would enjoy a shot like that?" He nodded toward another picture. In this one, the woman was lying on the bed, her head just over the edge as she tried to take Brian's entire length in her mouth. Katie's nipples hardened as she looked at the strain in the woman's neck.

"He... It's not like—" She wet her lips. "We have rules."

"I'm sure you do." His hands reversed. Up the outside of her thighs, his fingertips catching the hem of the skirt and dragging it with them. An inch. Maybe two. "They did too."

She thought about Josh at the fence. About how hard he was when she walked through the door yesterday, how he couldn't finish a sentence. Would he really want to be one of the guys in these pictures? She studied the woman's face again. Thick strands of spit ran down her face as she took Brian in her mouth. But her eyes were glassy, full of lust. Katie's grip on the table tightened.

"I think—" She stopped. There wasn't an answer that wouldn't give her away.

"It's a shame he's not here now." She could feel his cock pressed against her. How hard he was. She closed her eyes and for the briefest moment saw herself as one of the women in the picture.

His fingers slid under the hem. Just the tips. The skirt rose against the backs of his hands. His skin was rough and warm against her bare thighs.

"Brian, what are you—"

"Some of the men preferred not to watch at all." His stomach pushed into her back, forcing her tighter against the desk. His nose pushed against the back of her neck "Some of them preferred waiting at home and hearing all of the gory details after."

His thumbs traced the inside of her thighs, the skirt bunching against his wrists. Her eyes remained closed, her breathing coming in short bursts. What kind of man was Josh? They'd never really talked about it and now everything was happening and she didn't know how to react.

"You two have fantasized about it, haven't you? Let me guess, he cums the second you mention another guy fucking you."

She sucked in a breath and at that exact moment his fingers brushed the wet fabric of her panties. Her mouth opened in a silent plea and her knees nearly buckled.

"Even wetter than I anticipated. You must have really given this some thought."

She couldn't speak. His cock was hard against her lower back. She wanted to tell him he was wrong. That the thought of him touching her made her sick, but her body was on fire. All she could think about was Josh. How every time they talked about something like this happening how turned on he would get. About how hard he'd fucked her that night after the club.

"He's probably at work right now." Brian's mouth was at her ear. "Thinking about yesterday. Thinking about how he wished I'd gone further. Do you think he would have stopped me?" His fingers slid up the center of her panties, pressing the fabric between her lips. "You know the answer. Don't you?"

She leaned back into him. She told herself she lost her balance, that her weight shifted. That her body did something she hadn't agreed to. But her hips rolled against the hardness behind her and there was nothing accidental about it. Brian's free hand slid under her top, pressing into her ribs.

"Ohhh fuck." Her left hand released the table and gripped his forearm.

Brian's fingers had slid past the fabric of her panties. Two fingers rolled across her outer lips, finding her clit hard and throbbing.

"Such a dirty mouth," he taunted, the tips of his fat fingers pressing against her entrance. "Let's see what other dirty things I can make you say."

Katie's eyes went wide as his digits pressed inside her. Her head fell back against his chest, her dark hair spilling out around her face.

"Fuck, you're even tighter than I imagined." He slipped his fingers almost completely out, his fingers dripping with her juices, before slamming them deeper and making Katie lift onto her toes. "Are you always this wet?"

"Fuck." She rolled her hips, taking his stubby fingers deeper. "Fuck."

"Feels good doesn't it?" He curled his fingers scraping the top of her core, making her eyes roll to the back of her head. "Now you know how all those women felt." His thumb pressed down on her clit. "Just imagine how my dick would feel."

"Ugggh, Jesus." Her nails dug deeper into his flesh, her body already racing toward a climax. "I'm not..." She ground her ass back into him, letting the length of his hard cock slide between the swell of her ass. "No sex."

"No sex. Is that your rule or his?" He pumped them slower, letting her feel every knuckle, every ridge as they dragged along her slick walls. She was dripping down his wrist, soaking the front of her panties where they'd been shoved aside.

Katie's head lolled back against his broad chest, her mouth falling open. "It's... fuck." It was getting hard to focus. Her orgasm was just within reach. Her tongue slid across her lower lip. "It's our... rule." Her hips rocked back against him again, grinding her ass along the massive ridge of his cock trapped between them. It was obscene how hard he was, how thick, pulsing against her like it had a heartbeat of its own.

Josh didn't know about this. He didn't know she was bent over a table in Brian's room with his fingers buried inside her. Is this what he wanted? All those times when he couldn't finish his sentences, when his cock was straining through his shorts. Was this what he was actually picturing? She tried to hold the thought but Brian's fingers curled deeper and it broke apart.

"You want to cum don't you?" His thumb circled her clit and her knees buckled.

"Mmm. Yes." It sounded more like a whine. The wet sloshing sounds of Brian's fingers inside her filled the room.

She wasn't even fighting it anymore. She was grinding back into every stroke, rolling her hips against his hand, and the only thing left to fight was the image she couldn't stop building

behind her eyes. Telling Josh. Sitting on their bed. Watching his face change. Would he be hard before she finished the sentence? Was Brian right? Would he cum before she even finished the story?

Or would he look at her differently. Would he be angry? Would he—

"Just like you came yesterday, after your fiancé saw me take off your top."

Katie was bouncing up and down on her toes, panting as her orgasm neared. "Yes... mmm fuck... yes."

Brian's pace increased, sending Katie's juices across the room. "Imagine how hard he's going to cum when you tell him about this."

It hit her before the sentence was finished. Katie cried out, her body falling forward onto the desk. Her walls pulsed and clenched around Brian's fingers as the orgasm tore through her.

"Ohhh Fuck, fuck. Oh God."

Her entire body trembled, her vision turning white. He gave it a few more seconds after her walls stopped spasming around him. Then his fingers slid out of her and he stepped back.

She stayed where she was. Bent over the table, hands on the edge, breath coming in ragged pulls. She heard him move. When she finally lifted her head and looked, he was leaning against the doorframe with his fingers in his mouth. He pulled them out slowly, his eyes on hers.

"Go home." He wore the biggest smile she'd ever seen. "Tell him exactly what I did." His tongue snaked along his finger. "I'll bet he fucks you harder than he ever has."

Her pussy spasmed. She wasn't sure if it was an aftershock or his words that caused it. Her legs were jello, her vision glassy.

"Tell him that next time he can even watch... if he wants."

Her mouth opened, but all that came out was another gasp. Her skirt had fallen back into place. Her legs were unsteady as she moved past him through the door, refusing to look at him.

The hallway was too bright after the amber. She touched the wall once for balance. In the living room her tote was on the couch. Her phone on the cushion beside it. Jewels was curled on the opposite end, asleep in the little blue dress with the bow on the collar. The outfit she'd never get her pictures in.

Katie grabbed the bag and the phone. She looked at Jewels a second longer than she needed to. Then she slung the tote over her shoulder and went out the front door.

She needed to talk to Josh.