

WILD SIDE



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1

“Everyone, please relax and have a good time. You’ve earned it!” Alex grinned and raised his glass of fine wine.

The building’s lobby was full of professional marketing executives, ad reps, and other key members of Wise Media, Inc. Alex Wise had grown his company from a small startup ten years ago to one of the biggest advertising agencies in the country. Tonight they were celebrating a record-setting year and Alex was rewarding his staff with a lavish cocktail party. It was late winter in Washington D.C. and everyone’s morale could use a little boost.

As Alex finished his speech, Taryn Albright bounced to his side. Alex placed his hand near the small of her back and drew her body against his. Her large breasts were attempting to peek out from behind the low cut black cocktail dress as they pressed into Alex’s torso, impeding his breathing. Her piercing eyes were her only asset that could compete with her breasts for attention. She had the type of eyes that seemed to stare into your soul, or at least into your pants. Her brown hair had a very slight wave to it and tickled the tops of her bare shoulders. Although she only stood about 5’3”, she was no waif. She had some meat on her bones which was toned by many hours at the gym. In her younger years, Taryn had done some amateur modeling, but Alex had made her give it up when he offered her a position with his company. As a businessman, he required his girlfriend to appear professional even though her position was due to her affiliation with the CEO and not her job skills.

At 28, Taryn was 12 years younger than her boyfriend. Alex despised the term “boyfriend” but refused to put a ring on her finger. Alex’s marriage

of seven years ended in a bitter divorce 11 years ago and he vowed never to marry again. Since then, Alex founded Wise Media Inc. and dated many attractive younger women. He and Taryn had been an item for nearly three years.

“This wine is amazing, honey,” Taryn slurred. Obviously, she had partaken of a few glasses already. Her eyes and posture suggested that she was feeling rather frisky, but that would have to wait. Mr. Wise had to work the crowd and attend to his duties as a gracious host. It was neither the first nor last time Taryn would take a back seat to business.

Alex Wise dressed the part of a successful businessman. The Armani suit fit him perfectly. He was tall and thin for a man of 40. His blue eyes peered through his wire rim glasses as he surveyed the crowd and greeted his associates. He knew all of his managers by name but the laboring drones of the company were nameless faces. Alex shook the hands of many employees but didn't care to engage them at any deeper level.

One of those laboring drones in the crowd was Help Desk Tech, Austin McNeal. He made no attempt to schmooze with the CEO. He preferred to keep a low profile, both at work and in his personal life. Austin had been shy most of his life and preferred the company of computers to other human beings. At work he stayed within his close circle of associates, only interacting with the other employees as a necessary component of his position. He did give special attention to one member of the marketing department, Taryn Albright.

Although he rarely encountered Taryn at work, he thought about her often. Austin first met Taryn at a corporate function similar to this one. He was struck by her beauty and had endeavored for future contact ever since. However, he felt confident that she probably didn't even remember him.

Austin had little desire to spend so much of his free time at a company function. However, he wouldn't allow himself to leave while Taryn was still there. He spent most of the evening halfheartedly mingling with his coworkers while keeping one eye on Taryn.

The party began to wind down and Alex and Taryn made a graceful exit. Alex had arranged for an employee to drive him and his girlfriend back

to the Wise estate. He did this partially for safety reasons since they had consumed many glasses of wine, but he also wanted to keep his hands free. The couple slipped into the backseat of the car which then eased into the D.C. streets.

They kissed and fondled each other passionately in the backseat of the company car. As Taryn's body slouched in the leather seat, her cocktail dress rode up, revealing her black panties. Alex's right hand caressed her bare thigh. Taryn moaned softly as she kissed her handsome boyfriend. She didn't see the driver adjust his rearview mirror.

The strap of Taryn's dress fell off of her shoulder when Alex squeezed her left breast. She thought they might go at it right there in the car. She could feel Alex's erection pressing against her leg. Just as she was ready to go for it, the car slowed to a stop in front of the Wise estate.

Alex lifted himself off of Taryn and stepped out of the car. Taryn noticed the rearview mirror angled downward. She slipped her dress down over her thighs and adjusted the shoulder straps.

"Goodnight, Edward," she said with a wink. "Sweet dreams."

2

Taryn's eyelids dragged open. The sunlight was just starting to illuminate the bedroom of the Wise estate. Alex was already gone. It was Saturday so naturally Alex left at dawn to take care of some business that couldn't *possibly* wait until Monday. He was dedicated, at least when it came to his company.

Taryn lay motionless for several minutes hoping that the pounding in her head would stop. She relived the events of the past evening. She had been certain they would have passionate sex as soon as they walked in the door. However, once they entered the residence, Alex lost interest and energy. He seemed less aroused in the privacy of the bedroom than in the back of the car where the driver's eyes spent more time in the rearview mirror than on the road ahead. Taryn had stumbled to the bedroom but realized she was too intoxicated to put forth much effort herself. They both fell asleep in the bed without touching each other.

Taryn pulled the sheet off of her body. She remembered putting on that silky negligee in a vain attempt to excite Alex. She staggered to the bathroom attached to the master bedroom and found some Tylenol in the medicine cabinet. She wiggled out of her negligee and searched for her gym clothes. She squeezed into a pair of black spandex pants and a pink sports bra. After eating a granola bar, she left for the gym.

By the time Alex arrived home early in the afternoon, Taryn had already returned from her workout. She was wearing only a white bathrobe with her wet hair combed straight back. Earlier in their relationship, such a sight would have resulted in some passionate afternoon lovemaking. However three years later, preparing dinner was a higher priority. After

dinner, the couple cuddled on the couch and watched a comedy movie. When the evening concluded, Alex and Taryn slipped into bed and finally made love. *Better late than never.*

Alex truly loved Taryn. He just wasn't very good at showing it. Due to the age difference, they were at different points in their lives. Alex was focused on his business and enhancing his status while Taryn preferred going out dancing and having fun. He noticed the little things about her like her childlike laugh and the way her nose scrunched up when she smiled. He was always kind to her and allowed her to have freedom. He knew she was bored at business functions and while home alone. Taryn sometimes felt that Alex didn't have room in his life for her. She often felt like a pet getting short bursts of attention but largely ignored.

It wasn't always this way. As in most relationships, they were all over each other for the first few months. They met at a conference in Charlotte that Alex was attending and Taryn was waitressing. As their long-distance romance flourished for over a year, Alex decided to move Taryn to D.C. and give her a job with his company. He loved having her in his building during the day, on his arm in the evenings, and in his bed at night. But as time went on, their love life became increasingly more routine. For Alex this felt natural. But Taryn was still in her 20s and needed some excitement in her life.

Even though she had lived in D.C. for almost two years, Taryn had very few friends. She associated with the few coworkers that didn't look down on her as the boss' bimbo girlfriend. And while she accompanied Alex to many business functions, she was little more than arm candy. She kept in touch with her younger sister, Tiffany, who remained in Charlotte. Sharing her intimate thoughts with Tiffany by phone broke the monotony of her days. Her life consisted of work, the gym, and taking care of Alex and the home. She had unwittingly become another bored D.C. housewife.

3

“What the hell is wrong with this thing?” Taryn’s face scrunched up in angry confusion. Monday mornings were never pleasant and computer problems only exacerbated the misery. Taryn rubbed her fingers on her forehead as if she was still feeling the hangover from Saturday morning. She picked up her office phone and leaned back in her chair.

“Hi, this is Taryn Albright in marketing. I can’t access any files on the network drive.” She listened.

“Yeah.”

She rolled her eyes. “No, I tried that.”

She impatiently interrupted the speaker. “I really need someone to get this straightened out. I need to prepare reports to present this afternoon.”

“Okay. Thank you,” she said before hanging up.

She paused for a moment as she glanced around her spacious office. One wall was glass with a door at the right. The opposite wall was dominated by a large window which overlooked downtown Washington D.C. The two side walls were decorated with pictures of family and a bookshelf containing books she had never opened. Even she knew she didn’t deserve the status she had with the company.

Taryn picked up her phone again and dialed Alex’s extension, but he was not in his office. She whirled around in her chair and peered out of the window. She watched the cars drive by on the street below. Seeing her

reflection in the glass, she unconsciously began to fix her hair and adjust her outfit. This is why she made the big bucks.

She wasn't sure how much time had passed before she heard a knock on the door. She spun around and saw an attractive young employee of the company standing in her doorway.

"Excuse me," he said. "You're having problems accessing the network drive?"

"Yes!" she replied after a stunned pause. "I wasn't expecting anyone so soon."

"Well I was just down the hall when they called me." He stepped in toward Taryn's desk.

"I'm not doing anything differently," she pleaded. "It just keeps telling me I don't have permission or something like that." She stood up. "Here, you can sit down."

Austin sat down in Taryn's chair. It was still warm from her body heat and Austin soaked it up. He immediately knew what the problem was and could have solved it in seconds. He decided to milk this rare chance for interaction with Taryn for all it was worth. Taryn sat down in a small chair to the left of her desk. She wore a conservative gray business suit. Only a hint of cleavage peeked out from her blouse. Austin stole as many glimpses as he felt he could get away with. He clicked through various menus and settings just killing time while he basked in Taryn's presence and inhaled her perfume.

"So do you think you can fix it?" Taryn asked, already certain of the answer.

"Oh yeah," Austin replied. "It will only take a minute." He used this interaction as an excuse to look at Taryn's striking face and flash a quick smile.

Though he feared he might be overdoing it, Austin stalled for more time. He had already resolved the issue but pretended to be still working on it. He hoped that somehow the conversation would blossom and Taryn Albright would fall madly in love with him.

“Thank you for coming so quickly,” she said with sincere gratitude.
“What was your name again?”

This was both extremely flattering and discouraging at the same time. On one hand, she was initiating interest in him, but on the other, it showed that she barely knew he existed and didn’t even know his name.

“Austin McNeal,” he replied with a blush.

“Well, thank you Austin. I don’t know what I would do without you.”

“Don’t worry about it. It’s what I do. Saving the world, one computer at a time,” he quipped. It was a line he used often.

Taryn giggled politely at his attempt at humor. “So what do you do when you’re not saving the world?”

Austin shifted awkwardly in the chair. “I’m really into computers. I mess with them even when I’m not getting paid to. I’m also into photography.”

“Really? What kind of photography?” she asked with genuine interest.

“Just about anything. I’ll shoot anything that won’t shoot back.” Another line he used a lot. “I’ve done some weddings and portraits for money, and some model photography for fun.”

“That’s cool. I used to do some modeling.”

“I could definitely see that.”

Austin couldn’t stop his eyes from sweeping down her body. He quickly shifted his eyes back to the computer screen.

Taryn paused for a moment. “Yeah, well, those days are over.”

Austin wanted to tell Taryn how gorgeous she was and that she should get back into modeling, but knew that would be going too far. He stared intently at the screen for several agonizing minutes. When he was ready to end the charade, Austin explained that he had solved the problem and demonstrated that she could once again access the network drive.

“Thank you so much, Austin,” Taryn said with a sweet smile.

Austin smiled back. Hearing his name spoken by Taryn's lips filled him with warmth. There was a tingling in his pants. He pretended to have urgent duties to tend to, and quickly excused himself from Taryn's office.

Austin collapsed into his chair located in his cubicle on the fifth floor. He couldn't concentrate on anything for the rest of the day. He kept replaying the moments he spent with Taryn Albright that morning and thinking of all the things he wished he had said. He regretted not sabotaging her computer so that she would need his help again. Now he was forced to wait until she had another legitimate problem and hope that he was the tech sent to her office.

Austin could still hear Taryn's sultry voice and smell her flowery perfume as he pleased himself that night. Although he was alone in his apartment, Austin fantasized that Taryn was there with him, having dinner and watching TV together. He dreamt about her that night.

4

“Taryn Albright wants me!”

Austin talked to himself as he got ready for work on Tuesday. Had he been talking to another person, they might have been able to point out his errors in judgment.

“Why else would she ask about me and what I do when I’m not at work? She wants me! She can’t be happy with old man Wise. She needs a guy her age. What could they possibly have in common?”

He grabbed his jacket, left his apartment, and strolled toward the elevator. Austin continued his monologue on the drive to work.

“Taryn is not stupid. I bet she knew how to fix her problem yesterday. Maybe she was just using it as an excuse to see me. Maybe she wore that low cut dress with her tits hanging out on Friday to get my attention. Well, it worked!” He thought for a while. “Okay she made the first move. It’s up to me to make the next move.”

Austin continued to obsess over Taryn all day at work. Unfortunately, he never even caught a glimpse of her. She did not place any further help desk calls and Austin did not encounter her during his duties. He responded to a call on her floor and ventured out of his way to go by her office, but she was out to lunch at the time. Austin was terribly disappointed, but there was always tomorrow.

The rest of the week progressed without any further encouragement. Austin did see Taryn walking with an executive on the way to a meeting and another time having lunch with Alex. There were no opportunities

for any one-on-one interaction. When Friday came to an end, it was the first time Austin had been sad to see the weekend arrive.

Austin searched online model web sites and other locations hoping to find some of Miss Taryn Albright's old modeling photos. He fantasized about seeing some pornographic or at least nude pictures of her, but what he found was far tamer. Taryn had primarily done fashion and glamour photos. He did find a few bikini pictures that were obviously taken when she was younger. Austin saved all of the pictures to his computer for "later use."

He spent most of the hours of the weekend researching Taryn Albright. He wanted to know everything he could about her. By Sunday night, Austin knew her address was 132 Crestview Terrace, she went to Duncan High School, her parents' names were Frank and Theresa, her birthday was April 12th, her bra size was 36D, and she loved chocolate. His obsession was only just beginning.

5

By Monday morning, Austin was determined to talk to Taryn again. But all of his research and planning couldn't force an encounter to happen. He had to make a move and engage her on his own terms. Twice during the morning he worked up the courage to go to Taryn's office. The first time she was not there, and the second she was with a coworker. Austin was discouraged, but not ready to give up.

Austin was nearing the building on his way back from lunch when he saw Taryn come out of the front entrance. She joined the crowd on the sidewalk moving in the same direction as Austin. Even though this would certainly make him late returning to work, he knew this was his chance. He quickly dodged other pedestrians while keeping his eyes focused on the short brunette ahead. Soon he was only a few steps behind her enjoying the way she moved. He made an attempt to catch his breath before getting her attention.

"Taryn!" he called as he moved to her side.

"Hi Austin."

He was thrilled that she at least remembered his name. They continued to walk and engaged in small talk.

"Hey, I know you said you used to model and you were interested in photography. I was wondering if you'd like to see some of my work."

"Yeah, sure. That would be great!" Taryn smiled.

“Awesome! When are you available? I’m free most evenings and I’ll be around this weekend.”

Taryn stopped walking and looked at Austin with a puzzled expression. “I was thinking you could just bring your portfolio by my office sometime. I would love to see it.”

Austin was disappointed; he hoped to spend some time with Taryn outside of the office. *Perhaps this was less threatening and could lead to more intimate encounters.*

He played it off. “Okay, sure. I’ll bring it in and try to catch you sometime.” His voice was much more subdued.

“Great!” Taryn paused for a moment. “You wanna join me for lunch?” She tilted her head toward the café they stopped in front of.

Austin nearly exploded. He fumbled over his words before composing himself. “I would love to but I already had lunch and I’m late getting back. It was nice talking to you though. I’ll bring that portfolio by sometime this week.” Austin was unusually coy.

“Looking forward to it.” Taryn’s hair whipped around her neck as she turned to enter the café.

Austin couldn’t help but smile as he strutted back to the Wise Media building. He had experienced utter defeat and a colossal triumph in one brief conversation. Taryn shot down his invitation to meet one evening but subsequently asked him out to a lunch date. He would have killed to actually take her up on the invitation but couldn’t risk losing his job.

That evening Austin went through his portfolio removing the pictures that were not the best of the best. He rehearsed things he would say to Taryn about each photo. There were some risqué pictures which he removed for fear of intimidating her. This was a once in a lifetime opportunity. He couldn’t screw it up.

6

Tuesday morning couldn't come soon enough. Austin wanted to rush down to Taryn's office first thing in the morning but he knew better. Around 4:30, when the business activities were winding down, he ventured down to the third floor. He swung around the corner and stopped dead in his tracks when he saw Taryn talking with a coworker outside of her office. He was about to back away when she noticed him. As they made eye contact, Austin held up the black binder in his hand and smiled at Taryn. She waved him toward her and excused herself from her coworker.

"Gimme, gimme!" she said as she grabbed the portfolio from Austin's hands.

He followed Taryn into her office. His eyes glazed over as they cataloged every bounce of Taryn's body. She sat in her office chair and placed the portfolio on her desk. Austin sat in one of her guest chairs before realizing that he couldn't see the pictures as she viewed them. How could he recite the comments he had rehearsed?

A few pages in, Taryn said, "Oh, I like that!"

Austin seized the opportunity to stand up and position himself over her left shoulder so that he could see the photos. Of course Austin's eyes spent more time on Taryn. Her brunette hair was pulled back in a bun. She wore a tight melon-colored blouse, and the buttons seemed to be struggling to keep the contents from busting out. Her black skirt stopped above the knees revealing black sheer stockings. Austin made mental notes of it all.

“Wow! That’s beautiful!” Taryn exclaimed.

“Yes, it is,” Austin stammered.

Taryn was looking at a sunset shot of the Grand Canyon. Austin was looking down Taryn’s shirt.

Austin spouted off many of the comments he had practiced but forgot most of them. Taryn was more impressed with the photography than Austin’s anecdotes. She stared intently at the model photographs but didn’t make many comments. When she reached the back page, she handed the book back to Austin.

“Thanks so much for bringing that in for me. Your photography is amazing. You have a lot of talent.”

“Thanks Taryn. I’m glad you like it. If you ever want to get some pictures done, I’d be happy to do some for you. No charge!” The words fell out of Austin’s mouth before he knew what he had said.

“Really? That would be great! I’ve wanted to get some portraits done of Alex and me for a while.”

Austin’s heart sank into his stomach. A cold chill washed over him. *No, not Alex. Just you!*

He tried to conceal his disappointment. He couldn’t say anything and simply nodded his head.

“Awesome! Are you free Saturday evening?” Taryn asked innocently.

“Yeah, that’ll work,” Austin replied softly.

Austin jotted down his address and scheduled the shoot at his apartment Saturday evening. He waved as he walked out of her office, faking a smile. He trudged back to his cubicle fighting the urge to throw his portfolio in the trash. His disappointment was overwhelming. He had put in so much effort believing that he was getting somewhere with Taryn when in reality she obviously had no interest in him. She certainly wouldn’t bring her boyfriend to Austin’s apartment if she had any feelings for him. The reality was heartbreaking. Worse yet, he had four days to dread the upcoming shoot with the object of his affection and her

boyfriend... his boss. What's worse than the woman of your dreams being involved with another man? Taking pictures of them in affectionate poses.

7

“Hey honey! Guess what?” Taryn asked Alex with an anticipatory grin on her face. He was reading in bed with pillows propping him up. Taryn was kneeling on the bed beside him.

“What’s on your mind?” Alex replied, feigning interest.

“You know how I was saying we should get some pictures done? Well, I met a guy who does really great work. He offered to shoot some couples portraits of us for free!”

“Okay, when are we doing it?”

“Saturday!” she said excitedly.

Alex let the book he was reading fall to his lap. “Taryn, you know I have that fundraiser to go to on Saturday.”

Taryn’s shoulders slumped. “Shit! I forgot... I guess I’ll have to cancel it.”

“Yeah, I guess so.” Alex returned to his book.

Taryn flopped onto the bed beside Alex. She was disappointed but knew how to lift her spirits. She stroked his stomach with her left hand then slid it down his abdomen and into his boxers. He was limp as a wet noodle, but Taryn knew how to take care of that. Alex put down his book and rested his hands on the back of Taryn’s head as it raised and lowered.

As he watched Taryn's lips glide along his cock, he lovingly stroked her hair. Taryn skillfully removed her black lingerie without allowing her mouth to leave her lover. She hoped Alex would return the oral favor, but he climbed on top of her and thrust himself inside.

Thirty minutes later, Alex rolled off of his young girlfriend and quickly slipped into unconsciousness. Taryn went to the bathroom to clean up. As she brushed her teeth, Taryn stared at her naked body in the mirror. She had no complaints. She was approaching thirty, but her body was rock solid. She effortlessly began striking modeling poses for the imaginary photographer in the mirror. *Still got it.*

Taryn walked back into the bedroom where Alex was still lying naked on the bed. The smell of sex lingered in the air. She crawled into the bed and pulled the sheet over them both. Pressing her naked body against his, she caressed his skin. She wasn't fully satisfied, but her attempts at cuddling with Alex were useless. He was out cold.

Taryn thought back to her image in the mirror. She missed modeling; she missed feeling sexy. She wanted to be like the girls in Austin's portfolio. She sighed softly. *Those days are over.* She stared at the ceiling in the dark room for nearly an hour before she finally drifted off to sleep.

Taryn Albright spent the next morning in a marketing meeting and the rest of the day catching up on her work. She forgot to contact Austin and cancel the shoot. Her daily routine involved an hour long workout at the gym before settling in for the evening.

When she arrived at home Wednesday evening, she sat down with her laptop in the living room. She was no ignoramus on the internet and proved that Austin was not the only one who could research someone. It didn't take long for Taryn to find some of Austin's online portfolios. The modeling pictures she found were much more risqué than the photos he had shared with her. There were many artistic nudes and seductive poses of very attractive women in a variety of settings. Taryn began to see a different side to Austin. He wasn't just a shy and awkward computer guy. He obviously had a strong sex drive and was quite creative.

She leaned back and stared blankly at the computer screen for several minutes. When she heard her boyfriend coming, Taryn quickly closed the browser window and folded her laptop shut.

After dinner, Taryn found a sexy red dress in her closet and slipped it on. It was held up by thin spaghetti straps over her shoulders and stopped at mid-thigh. She posed provocatively in front of Alex as if he were a photographer.

“Damn, you’re sexy!” he stated as he peered over the top of his glasses. He made no further advances and returned to reading his book.

Taryn once again found herself posing in the bathroom mirror. She unconsciously mimicked some of the poses she saw in Austin’s online portfolio. She dropped one of the spaghetti straps off of her shoulder and flirted with the mirror. She let the top fall down revealing her strongest assets. She touched her breast gently with her fingertips and pouted. Taryn knew she was sexy. She didn’t need someone to tell her that. She could handle being shown a little more often.

Late on Thursday morning, Taryn had a free moment. She decided it was time to call Austin and cancel the shoot. She knew he would be disappointed. She looked up his extension in the company directory and punched in the digits. The phone rang several times before going to voicemail. Taryn listened to Austin’s voice on the greeting but hung up before leaving a message. She felt she should deliver the bad news to him, not his machine.

By the time Friday came, Taryn had a change of heart. She found herself on the fifth floor searching for Austin’s cube. She discovered him in a corner troubleshooting some kind of server issue. He was surprised to see her.

“Hey Austin, got a minute?”

“Yeah, sure,” he responded. He wasn’t quite as enthusiastic as he had been in previous conversations.

“About that shoot tomorrow, Alex can’t make it. I was going to cancel but then I thought maybe you could just take some pictures of me. That is, if you want to.”

“That’d be great!” He couldn’t contain his enthusiasm.

“Maybe I can break out some of my old modeling poses,” Taryn quipped as she struck a generic model pose with one hand on her hip and the other behind her head.

Austin laughed. He was visibly excited. Taryn was not oblivious to Austin’s feelings. She liked to be desired. Her short skirts and low-cut blouses were more than a fashion statement. She enjoyed attention. She just wished more of it came from her boyfriend.

8

Austin spent all of Friday night and Saturday morning preparing for the shoot. He set up a backdrop and lights in his living room. He vacuumed and dusted every inch of his apartment. He did as many pushups and sit-ups as he could and performed some ‘manscaping.’ He wanted his apartment and his body to be perfect; he wanted the whole evening to be perfect.

Austin was nothing if not a planner. He planned every detail including what shots and what poses he would do with Taryn, what he would say to her when she arrived, what he would do when he got her into the bedroom, and even what positions he hoped they would end up in.

The ticking of the clock seemed like the pounding of a drum as Austin waited for Taryn to arrive. She was already ten minutes late but Austin had never known a model or, in fact, any woman to ever be on time. Finally the doorbell rang.

The evening progressed almost exactly as Austin had planned. Taryn was definitely not shy in front of the camera but her outfits and poses were tame compared to some of the work Austin had done in the past. She looked damn good though. She knew how to work her body and give the most flattering angles... though she didn’t have very many unflattering angles to begin with.

After one set of shots, Taryn remarked, “I hope this isn’t going to be weird on Monday. I mean taking sexy pictures of a coworker and all.”

Austin laughed, “It’s no big deal. I’m a professional.”

“Yeah I saw some of your other photos online,” Taryn confessed. “I hope I’m not boring you.”

“Absolutely not. But if you want to get more daring, I won’t stop you,” he kidded.

Austin secretly hoped that she would get a little more provocative and Taryn did not disappoint. She went into the bathroom to change clothes and came back wearing skimpy white lingerie. Her poses on this set were much sultrier than before. She knew what she was doing and she knew how to work the camera.

Her last outfit of the night was the same red dress she had modeled for Alex a few nights before. It was tight in the waist and showed off her ample cleavage at the top. Her toned legs stretched out from the bottom capped by black boots. She played with the straps of the dress as if she were taking it off in an obvious tease. At one point she lifted the skirt up high enough to reveal her black lace panties underneath.

Austin wondered just how far she would go but it soon became apparent that she had reached her limit. They were both tired and Austin was satisfied that he had taken enough shots.

“My computer is in the bedroom. If you want I can show you some of the shots while you’re here.”

“Sure, that would be great. Beats waiting for them to show up in the mail.”

Austin guided Taryn to his bedroom. He sat in his computer chair and inserted the camera’s memory card into his computer. Taryn stood behind him and leaned forward as the images started to appear on the monitor. She rested her hand on his shoulder while they critiqued the images one-by-one. When she saw pictures she particularly liked, she would give Austin’s shoulders a quick hug. Eventually they reached the end of the set and Austin stood up to face Taryn.

Taryn stared awkwardly into Austin’s eyes. “I had a really good time tonight Austin. Thank you so much for doing this.”

Austin stepped closer, invading Taryn’s personal space.

“You are beautiful and you are great in front of the camera. I’d like to do a lot more if you are interested.”

Taryn backed up but bumped into Austin’s bed so she couldn’t go any further. “Sure I would love to. You are good at bringing that side out of me.”

“I knew I would be.” Austin barely pushed those words out before he leaned forward and pressed his mouth onto Taryn’s full lips.

Taryn’s eyes opened wide and she pushed Austin away from her. “Austin, I think you’ve gotten the wrong impression here.”

Austin completely ignored her words and kissed her passionately again, this time wrapping his arms around her body. He could feel her struggle a bit but then give in to the moment. They continued to kiss for several minutes. Austin let one hand drop to Taryn’s thigh where it found the bottom of her dress. He slid his hand up her bare thigh to her hip. His fingers tugged at her panties in an attempt to bring them down. Taryn stopped him but he left his hand on her butt.

Taryn could feel his physical arousal pressing into her abdomen. She felt her body being guided backward onto Austin’s bed. Austin was on top of her kissing her neck and stroking her body.

“Let me go to the bathroom,” Taryn requested.

Austin rolled off of her and observed her sexy walk toward the bathroom across the hall. After the door closed, Austin removed every inch of clothing. He took a condom from his bedside drawer and rolled it onto his penis. He pulled the sheet over him and waited for Taryn to return for the main event.

Austin was horribly disappointed when Taryn returned still wearing her dress and boots. She sat down on the bed next to Austin.

“Listen Austin. I think I’ve given you the wrong impression. You’re a great guy but I have a boyfriend. I’m sorry if I led you on. I’ve been a little confused lately.”

Austin shook his head. He didn’t want to hear any of it.

Taryn continued. "I'm really sorry. If things were different I would definitely like to see where this would go."

Austin interrupted her. "Just stay with me for a minute. Before you make any rash decisions, just lay with me for a minute and see how you feel."

Austin guided Taryn onto the bed beside him. He gently stroked her arm with his fingertips. He could see the goose bumps spreading over her skin. He leaned over her body and kissed her once again. She didn't fight it. His hands found her luscious breasts and fondled them, fulfilling one of his biggest objectives.

The wriggling of their bodies on the bed had worked the bottom of Taryn's dress up above her waste. Austin slid his hand down her torso to her panties. She kept her thighs pressed tightly together. But Austin managed to push his hand into her moist nether region. From there, Taryn was like putty in his hands. Minutes later, Taryn's panties were on the floor and her dress was only covering her stomach. Austin climbed on top of Taryn. She was still not ready for what Austin had decided would happen before she rang his doorbell. She tried desperately to stop him but with his weight on top of her she could do very little. He pried her thighs apart and positioned himself between them.

"No, Austin, no. Not yet," she pleaded to no avail.

Austin entered her and there was no turning back. She pushed his shoulders away but he pulled himself back to her and licked her breasts as he continued to make love to her. Austin was in ecstasy. He ignored Taryn's continued protests.

By this point Taryn's protests were entirely verbal. She stopped fighting him and relaxed her hips. She had to admit that he was good. And more than that, he clearly had a passionate desire for her. That was something that Taryn had not felt in a long time. Certainly something she did not get from her boyfriend.

Her cries of "stop" distorted into moans of "yes." By the time Austin neared climax, Taryn had climaxed twice. It turned out to be the best sex she had ever had. She had found the passion she had been desperately

seeking. She found someone who desired her as much as she wanted to be desired.

As their breathing and heart rates returned to a normal rate, the couple cuddled tightly in Austin's bed. Taryn glanced at the clock.

"I need to go."

"No, stay here with me." Austin insisted.

"I can't. I really need to go." Alex would be returning from the fundraiser soon. "I had a really great time tonight Austin. I... I didn't mean for this to happen."

Taryn couldn't make eye contact with Austin anymore. She pulled the straps of her dress back over her shoulders and got out of bed. She packed her clothes and left without saying another word. Austin wanted to stop her and spend more time with her but he couldn't move. It was the best sex he had ever had too.

9

Warm steam filled the bathroom attached to Alex Wise's bedroom. Taryn let the hot water run over her body as the minutes ticked by. She washed herself but still felt dirty. She worried that Austin's smell was still on her. Alex would be home in a few minutes.

Taryn stepped out of the shower and dried off while avoiding looking in the mirror. She searched her drawer for the homeliest nightgown she could find. She didn't bother brushing her hair. Normally she desired her boyfriend's attention, but that night she was trying to avoid it.

She planted herself on the living room couch in front of the TV which displayed some-true crime drama. The cushion was not even warm when Alex walked in.

He leaned over and kissed his girlfriend. She wondered if he could taste Austin on her lips.

"Hey honey! How did it go?" she asked.

"It went well. Overall I'd say it was a success. Nothing really interesting. I know that stuff bores you."

"Yeah, well, I've just been watching my true-crime shows."

Alex rarely asked about her day. It made it easier to lie to him. Still Taryn remained paranoid that Alex was suspicious. She avoided him as much as possible for the remainder of the evening. They slept in the king size bed but their bodies did not touch.

Austin had barely moved since Taryn had left. He wore nothing but a smile with his eyes glazed over. He replayed every erotic moment of the evening over and over. When he finally sat up, he noticed that Taryn's black panties were still on the floor. He picked them up, gave them a quick sniff, then stuffed them in his bedside drawer. Austin did not shower. He never wanted to shower again. He wasn't sure if it was love or lust but he felt amazing. He gazed over the pictures again before going to bed that night. He wished Taryn were with him but hugged a pillow instead.

Monday morning Austin still had a spring in his step. He derived more pleasure from his work than usual. He was friendly and more outgoing. He felt like he could walk on water. On Sunday he had created a CD of the pictures he had taken of Taryn. Without his usual trepidation he went down to Taryn's office late in the morning with the CD in his hand. He found Taryn at her desk poring over some reports.

"Good morning, sunshine!" he said with a smile.

Taryn looked up. She couldn't help but smile back. But then she reminded herself of the awkwardness.

"I brought you a disk of the pictures we took Saturday. There is some really good stuff."

"Thank you Austin. You did a really good job."

"Oh please, all I did was point the camera. You did the real work."

"Well thank you. I did have a good time with you." She obviously meant more than just the photo shoot.

"The pleasure was all mine," Austin retorted. "So I was wondering if you wanted to get together again sometime."

Taryn paused as she stared back at him. "I don't know if that's a good idea Austin. I mean it was great, but I'm in a relationship. I hope you can understand."

Austin looked at the floor. "Taryn, just ask yourself if you're truly happy. I think if you were, you wouldn't have come to my place the other night."

Taryn bit her lip as the truth of his words hit her. "Austin you're a great guy; I can't deny that I have feelings for you. I wish things were different."

Austin looked up again and smiled trying to lighten the mood. "I know I can't provide the lifestyle you're accustomed to. But when we go out, you can order anything you want off of the dollar menu."

Taryn giggled her childlike laugh. It was a perfectly-timed tension breaker.

"Oh Austin," she sighed. She couldn't help but reminisce about Saturday night.

"Anyway, just think about it. You know where to find me." Austin turned and walked out of Taryn's office.

Taryn picked up the CD from her desk and stuffed it in a drawer in a vain attempt to pretend it never happened.

During the drive home from work that day, Taryn called her sister, Tiffany for some much needed girl talk.

"I know I know. I can't believe I did it. I didn't mean for it to happen. It just happened."

"So tell me about him. Is he cute?"

"Yeah, well I am obviously attracted to him or I wouldn't have slept with him. He's a computer tech guy at the company."

"Oh my God!" Tiffany interrupted. "You are screwing a guy that works for Alex?"

"Stop! It's not like that. He is a really nice guy. I didn't realize he was attracted to me, and I guess I sent the wrong signals. He didn't seem like the kind of guy that would be so aggressive. But damn," Taryn sighed, "he was good."

Tiffany sounded concerned, “Damn, Taryn. You better hope Alex doesn’t find out. He seems like the jealous type.”

“Yeah I think it’ll be alright. He is too focused on his business to know what the hell I’m doing.”

“Are you going to see him again?”

“No, God no! I can’t. I mean it was great, but I’m not a cheater.”

“Okay... call me if you need me. Keep in touch sis.”

10

A week after their last encounter, Austin had nearly given up. He knew better than to keep pestering Taryn. He had planted a seed and he was waiting for it to grow. Austin hoped every tech support ticket that came in would be from Taryn Albright, but he was disappointed each time. He pleased himself viewing the pictures they made so many times that they lost their appeal.

It was late afternoon on a Monday when Austin again saw the object of his desire. He was in the break room having a quick snack when Taryn walked in, looking better than ever. The weather was starting to improve as spring approached and Taryn was showing more skin. She walked straight up to him with no expression on her face.

She spoke in a soft low-pitched tone. “Austin, I want to see you. Your place tonight?”

Austin almost choked on his potato chips. “Yeah, I’ll be there.”

Taryn didn’t say anything else. She walked out as quickly as she had come in. Austin loved to watch her walk, especially from behind.

Austin had little time to prepare but still planned out how he wanted the evening to progress. He knew exactly what he would say to her and how to counteract each objection she may come up with. He bought a bottle of wine on the way home. Austin didn’t drink but hoped that a little alcohol might relax Taryn a bit.

Austin had only been home for an hour when his doorbell rang. Taryn was gorgeous as ever but dressed much more casually than usual. She

wore a tight black tee shirt, blue jeans, and her favorite black boots. She did not stay in them long. All of Austin's plans went out the window when Taryn grabbed him and kissed him as soon as she walked in the door. Moments later they were both completely undressed and frolicking in Austin's bed. The sex was as good as before. They both enjoyed every second.

Alex had a dinner meeting with some associates. Neither he nor Austin knew that Taryn had been looking for a way to see Austin again without arousing suspicion from her boyfriend. By the time this evening came, she was ready to explode.

To Austin's dismay, Taryn left as quickly as she came, leaving only the lingering aroma of her perfume in the air. The bottle of wine Austin had purchased sat unopened in the kitchen.

Austin again had a spring in his step on Tuesday morning. He was feeling bolder than ever. As soon as he could find free time, he went down to see Taryn in her office.

"Hey babe!" he said with a confident smile.

"Austin, get the hell out of here!" Taryn angrily whispered.

Austin was shocked by her response. Was this the same girl that jumped him and rode him like a horse the previous evening?

"I just wanted to see if you wanted to get together for lunch today."

Taryn's expression did not soften. "Not at work. People will talk."

Austin nodded his head and left her office. Suddenly it was clear to him. Taryn was obviously still with Alex. She was only willing to see Austin on the side. That was not exactly what Austin was looking for. He could understand it though. Alex Wise was not only her boyfriend but he was the owner of the company Taryn and Austin both worked for. If Taryn left Alex for Austin, both would likely lose their jobs. If they kept it quiet, they could maintain the status quo at least for the short term. It was a painful realization but a logical one.

Over the subsequent weeks, the weather continued to heat up and so did Austin and Taryn's relationship. Taryn often sneaked over to Austin's apartment for quick flings, sometimes unannounced. If there was too much time between Alex's other engagements, Taryn would skip her daily workout at the gym in favor of a workout at Austin's place. They had meals together on occasion as long as they were outside of the D.C. area. Alex knew too many people in D.C. and most of them would recognize Taryn.

Austin had Taryn in front of his camera on several more occasions, each time the shoots became more provocative. What started as simple fashion modeling became erotic photography. They also took pictures that were intended only for their own viewing.

The couple became more daring. They even met up for erotic trysts at the office. When Austin would receive a help desk ticket for the supply closet on the sixth floor, he knew what was in store for him. Taryn had been on birth control for years so soon the couple stopped using condoms. They engaged in every position and act they could imagine. There seemed to be an inextinguishable fire between the two of them.

The fact that they had to hide the affair excited both of them. No one at Wise Media Inc. had the slightest clue.

11

“So you’re screwing Austin on a regular basis now?” asked Tiffany unapologetically.

“You make it sound so bad.”

“Well you aren’t Mother Theresa.”

“I know. I love Alex, I really do. But I can’t get from him what I get from Austin. Austin is so devoted to me. Alex is in love with his business.”

“That is true. I know you’ve been pretty lonely for a long time. Have you ever thought about just leaving Alex?”

“I have but I love him. Plus I would certainly lose my job and a place to live. Then what would I do? Hitchhike back to Charlotte?”

“What about Austin? He obviously is more devoted to you.”

“I know, but it’s just about sex. I’m not in love with him. I just love what he does for me.” Taryn wasn’t being completely honest with Tiffany, or herself. “I did spend the night with him last night. He held me all night the way I wish Alex did.”

Taryn heard a car door shut outside. “Alex is home. I’ve gotta go.”

“Alright Taryn. Just be careful.”

“I will. Take care, baby sis.”

Alex arrived home from an overnight business trip to New York City. He was exhausted but anxious to see his lovely girlfriend. He found her in the kitchen making dinner. He embraced her from behind and kissed her neck.

Taryn greeted him enthusiastically, “Welcome home honey! Did you have a nice trip?”

“Yeah but I don’t think we got anywhere. That deal is falling through and I don’t think I can stop it.”

“I’m sorry to hear that. I’m making some pork tenderloin. Will that cheer you up?” she giggled.

“It can’t hurt. I’m going to get changed and relax.”

Alex went to the upstairs bedroom. He could not tell that the bed had not been occupied since he left. He removed his suit and put on some casual clothes for his dinner with Taryn.

After dinner the couple retired to the bedroom. Alex glanced over at Taryn’s toned figure in her thin nightgown. He realized they had not made love in several weeks.

“Honey?” he said softly as he scooted closer to Taryn. “You know what we haven’t done in a while?” He kissed her softly on her bare shoulder.

Taryn knew exactly what he meant. In the past she would have seized the opportunity to be intimate with Alex. But her desires were being met elsewhere.

“Not tonight Alex. I’m really tired.”

That was no lie. It had been an exhausting 24 hours for her. Alex shrugged it off, rolled over and went to sleep.

Alex and Taryn did make love on occasion but Taryn's reduced sex drive was obvious to Alex. He wondered if she weren't feeling well or if she were punishing him for being so inattentive in the past. Alex was aware that Taryn felt neglected and occasionally he would try to make it up to her. Their sex life had been lacking in recent months but was virtually nonexistent by spring. Alex did make several attempts but most were shot down. When they did make love, he could tell she wasn't in the moment.

"Taryn, are you cheating on me?" Alex shot this question out of the blue.

Taryn was caught off guard. "No honey." She looked away. "Why would you ask that?"

"I just feel like you aren't interested in me anymore. I used to fight you off of me. Now you barely let me see you naked. It makes me think something is going on."

"Of course not, Alex. I guess I've been under a lot of stress. That's all."

Alex stared at her unconvinced. "I'll tell them to take it easy on you. I can't have my baby stressed out."

Taryn changed the subject the best way she knew how.

"I've got an idea. Let's fuck!" she giggled.

Alex laughed loudly. "There's the Taryn I know!"

He kissed her on the lips and took her to the bedroom. Although she had initiated the sex, Alex noticed that Taryn wasn't in the moment. He adjusted his technique and became more aggressive with minimal success. His suspicion grew. He began to imagine Taryn with another man. At that moment, he ejaculated and withdrew.

Taryn got up quickly and went to the bathroom. She returned wearing pajamas and nestled into the bed with her back to Alex. He embraced her from behind laying his arm over her torso. For the first time in many months, Taryn fell asleep first.

12

The next evening, Alex worked late as he often did. He was still trying to salvage the New York deal. The building was quiet and most everyone had gone home for the day. Alex leaned back in his executive chair and stared at a picture of Taryn on his desk. He trusted her but he still felt like something was wrong. His intuition had brought him far in business and he trusted it in his personal life as well.

The elevator door opened on the third floor and Alex Wise stepped into the marketing department. The lights were out and no employees were on the floor. Alex sat down in Taryn's office and looked around. He trusted her; he did not want to snoop but something was eating at him. He began rummaging through her drawers and quickly found a CD with the name "Taryn" written on it. He did not recognize the handwriting.

He powered up Taryn's computer and loaded the CD in the drive. His eyes widened as he saw dozens of pictures of his girlfriend in alluring model poses. He couldn't believe it. She had gone behind his back and done a modeling shoot. The date on the files indicated the pictures had been taken less than two months ago. He was furious. He had trusted her and she had done something he had specifically told her not to do.

As he ejected the CD, he resolved that this wasn't the worse thing he could have found. It was better than the alternative. Nevertheless he needed to confront Taryn about her lie.

Taryn always spent an hour at the gym on her way home. She would likely still be there. Alex decided to intercept her there and demand an

explanation. He circled the gym parking lot several times but did not see Taryn's Lexus. He went inside and looked at each face.

"Has Taryn Albright checked in tonight?" he asked the teenage girl behind the customer service desk.

"I'm sorry sir; I can't give out that information."

Alex rolled his eyes and stormed out of the building. *Taryn must be at home.*

Alex's heart sank when he pulled into his empty driveway. Taryn's car was not there either.

"That bitch," he muttered. "She is having an affair."

He pulled the CD out of the inner pocket of his sports jacket.

"And I bet I know who the guy is."

Alex sat down at the computer in his home office. He loaded the pictures of Taryn and looked through them again. Each had a watermark in the corner that read "Austin McNeal." Alex typed the name into Google and hit the search button. He cursed out loud when the first item on the result list was a link to the Wise Media Inc. employee directory.

The sound of a car door closing startled Alex. He closed the browser window and ejected the CD. Taryn bounced in the front door. She was wearing black spandex pants and a pink tank top with a light jacket over it.

"Hi honey!" she said gleefully while removing her jacket and revealing her buxom chest.

"Did you have a nice workout?" asked Alex with a sarcastic tone.

"Yeah. I need to take a shower. I stink," she said with a giggle. Then she rose briskly up the stairs skipping every other step.

Alex watched her body disappear into the hallway at the top of the steps. He knew he just missed an opportunity but he decided not to confront Taryn about the CD until he knew more information about Austin McNeal. He knew she would simply deny the affair unless he had proof.

In business he always gathered all of the facts before he made any hasty moves.

He looked at the CD in his hand again.

“Let’s see what you have to say, Mr. McNeal.”

13

Alex looked up Austin McNeal in the company directory and discovered he was a Help Desk Technician. Alex was savvy with computers so he rarely needed any help in his office. He deleted a DLL file from his hard drive which caused some software to fail. He then put in a help desk ticket for the manufactured problem.

Each time Austin received a page for tech support, he hoped it would be Taryn requesting a romantic rendezvous somewhere in her boyfriend's corporate offices. But this time he swallowed hard as he read the name on the ticket...

Alex Wise, CEO.

Austin could think of no way to get out of the task so he took a deep breath and took the elevator to the top floor. Mr. Wise's assistant guided him into the executive office where the CEO was waiting.

"Welcome Mr. McNeal. I trust you can fix my problem."

Austin smiled nervously. "I hope so, sir."

Austin sat down in the executive chair and began troubleshooting Mr. Wise's computer problem. Alex looked over the young man trying to ascertain what Taryn saw in him. He wasn't a bad looking guy but he was no Hollywood hunk. His wavy blonde hair seemed to stay messy. He was younger and probably more energetic than Alex. Judging by the way he dressed, Austin obviously didn't have a lot of money and certainly couldn't compete with Alex on that scale. There wasn't anything about this man that seemed to be irresistible to women.

Alex noticed him glance at the picture of Taryn on the desk. Austin was visibly nervous. He was sweating profusely even though the office was climate controlled. When he spoke he stuttered.

Alex wanted to make him squirm. He pointed to the picture on the desk. “Do you know Taryn? She’s a marketing director.”

Austin glanced at the picture, careful not to stare too long. “I’ve seen her around,” he squeaked out.

“I never really liked this picture. I don’t like the lighting. Do you know anything about photography?”

“Um yeah, I’ve dabbled with photography,” Austin admitted.

Alex virtually forced him to look at the picture. “Well what do you think? How would you have lit this picture?”

Austin stared at the picture of his paramour. “It is too flat. I would have added some back lighting.”

Alex glared at Austin without saying anything else. He certainly had the right Austin McNeal.

“Sir, it looks like your spreadsheet software has gotten corrupted somehow. I’ll need to reinstall it. It’s not a big deal, but it may take a while.” Austin was happy to shift the conversation back to the work at hand.

“Do what you need to do. I’m going to take an early lunch. Let my assistant know when you are done.”

“Yes sir.”

On the way out, Alex asked his assistant to pull up the employee records for Austin McNeal. She printed off his application, résumé and background investigation and handed them to Alex in a file folder. Alex placed a call on his cell phone as he left his building.

About 20 minutes later, Alex arrived at the office of Ernie Watts, Private Investigator. Ernie was short and round with thinning black hair. There were frequent times when a business man needed to find out private

information about another person, and Ernie had always come through for Alex.

“So what have you got for me, Alex?” Ernie grunted.

“Well, it’s a little embarrassing. I think my girlfriend is cheating on me. This is the guy.” Alex handed him Austin McNeal’s file and Ernie paged through it.

“Ouch! A guy in your own company, huh?”

“Yeah. I don’t have any hard evidence though.”

“Well that’s what I’m here for. I’ll tail them both and see what I can dig up.”

“Thanks Ernie.”

14

Left alone in Mr. Wise's office, Austin's curiosity got the best of him. While waiting for the software to load, he peeked in some drawers. There were lots of documents which could have been damaging in the wrong hands, but that did not interest Austin. He found more pictures of Taryn as well as pictures of Alex and Taryn together. A plastic case that looked frighteningly familiar caught his eye. It was the CD of the pictures he had taken of Taryn their first night together. *Why does Alex have it?*

Austin wanted to steal it but knew that Alex would certainly notice it missing. Obviously Alex had already seen what was on it. Austin was still alive and employed at Wise Media so Alex must not know the rest of the story.

Once the software load was complete, Austin rushed out of the executive office before Alex returned. When Alex sat down at his desk, the first thing he did was open the bottom drawer and check the position of the picture CD. It was clearly in a different spot than Alex had left it. He knew Austin had seen it and was smart enough to leave it. But he knew Austin was certainly startled.

Alex loaded the CD into his computer and viewed the pictures of Taryn again. She looked lovely. There was no denying that.

The next night, Alex had a dinner meeting with some ad execs from Chicago and wouldn't be home until late. Taryn had dinner with Austin at his apartment and spent the evening in his arms.

“Do you think Alex is suspicious?” Austin asked tentatively.

“He has asked some questions. But I don’t think he knows anything. He is so wrapped up in his business.” She giggled. “I bet he would know it if his business was having an affair.”

“How does he feel about you modeling?”

“I told you, he stopped me from modeling years ago. He doesn’t know about the pictures you’ve taken.”

“You haven’t shown him any of the pictures? Taryn, I was in his office the other day working on his computer. He had that CD I gave you in his bottom drawer.”

“Oh shit! How did he get it?” She thought for a moment. “I left it in my desk at the office. He’s always there. He must have gone through my things and found it. That son of a bitch!”

“What should we do?”

“Nothing. He hasn’t said anything about it so it must not bother him. If he asks, I’ll just say I was bored and wanted to get some shots done for old times’ sake. He’ll be mad but it’s not like he has any of the other pictures we’ve done. Then we’d both be dead.”

Austin was comforted by her words but still on edge. Taryn knew how to relax him. She gave him a wink and then pulled him into the dark bedroom. Austin sat down on the edge of the bed and Taryn knelt on the floor in front of him. His fingers ran through her hair as he let his head fall backward.

In a vacant room across the street, Ernie Watts came alive. He had a high quality DSLR camera mounted on a tripod with a long-range telephoto night vision lens attached to it. The lens could see right into the open window of Austin’s apartment. Ernie snapped dozens of pictures of the pornographic scene. Despite the many things he had seen and done as a detective, he could not help getting aroused as he watched the naked couple cavorting on the bed. He took more pictures than were really necessary.

Two days later Alex Wise returned to Ernie's office.

"What did you find out?"

"Well my friend. I hate to be the bearer of bad news, but Taryn is definitely cheating on you with Austin McNeal."

Alex's shoulders slumped. "I knew it. Do you have some proof?"

"I do. I feel bad showing you this stuff since I know she's your girl and all, but I think you should see it."

Ernie opened a folder containing nearly a dozen grainy black and white 8x10 photographs and pushed it across his desk to Alex. Alex rifled through the pictures of his girlfriend involved in various sex acts with Austin McNeal. It was embarrassing to know that his friend had witnessed Taryn in those moments. Alex was very protective of his girlfriend, even now.

"Thanks Ernie. I'll have my assistant put a check in the mail to you today." He closed the folder and walked out.

15

Alex sat in his office ignoring his duties for the day. His priorities took a dramatic shift; he was much too preoccupied with his personal life to think about business.

Alex stared at each photo that Ernie gave him one by one. He saw his girlfriend doing things he hadn't done with her in a long time. He missed those days. How could he let such a beauty get away? Even in the grainy photos her body was gorgeous. This would certainly end their relationship. He was mad at her but also with himself.

Alex thought about Austin seeing Taryn naked and exploring every inch of her voluptuous body. He was tempted to pick up the phone and end Mr. McNeal's career with Wise Media. On the other hand, he had to admire the young man's courage to mess around with the owner's girlfriend. *That takes balls.* On some levels, the two men had a lot in common, in addition to their taste in women. Alex found it difficult to be angry at Austin; envious is a better word.

Then he thought about his friend Ernie who had watched and photographed Taryn and Austin performing in a live porno movie. He felt some jealous resentment toward Ernie. Sure Alex had paid him to do it, but how could Ernie watch Taryn have sex and photograph it in such erotic detail? *Did he enjoy it? Did Ernie keep pictures of Taryn for himself?* Alex thumbed through the photographs again. He put himself in Ernie's shoes. Of course he enjoyed it. Of course he kept some for himself.

Alex noticed something very strange. He was fully aroused. There was no denying the physical manifestation in his pants. *But how could that be? I am looking at photographs my friend took of my girlfriend having sex with another guy. How could that possibly turn me on?*

But it did.

That evening Alex drove by the gym to check for Taryn's Lexus. It was there. He went home and waited for her. Rather than confronting her about the affair, he took her to bed and they had their best sex in months.

Over the next few weeks, Taryn continued to have the affair and Alex pretended to be oblivious. He accepted the fact that the affair was turning him on. Each time he was away he was certain that Taryn was with Austin. Alex began to crave Taryn more when he knew she had been with Austin. He even left when he had nowhere to go, hoping that Taryn would seize the opportunity to cheat. When he was sure she had, Alex would take her to bed. Taryn often had sex with both men in one night.

Taryn spoke into her cell phone, "I don't know what's gotten into Alex lately, but I'm liking it. He can't keep his hands off of me."

"I'm glad he is finally coming around; he has been taking you for granted. So... what about Austin?"

"Austin is great."

"You're still seeing him?"

"Well... yeah. I can't just turn it off. I love what he does for me. I just hope I can handle being routinely ravished by two men."

"I have to admit, I'm a little jealous."

"Don't worry, Tiff. You'll find someone soon."

"Not with you hogging all the men for yourself."

"Oh please! Its two guys... and its exhausting."

“When you get tired of Austin, send him my way.”

“You’re so bad, Tiffany.”

“Look who’s talking.”

16

Within a month, Taryn realized that she was getting what she had desired for so long. Her boyfriend was showing her much more attention and clearly desired her with his whole being. It was then that she realized that Austin was filling a void in her life. Now that Alex had stepped up and began to appreciate her and satisfy her needs, she found herself less interested in cheating with Austin. She knew she belonged with Alex.

Taryn couldn't postpone it any longer. She sat with Austin in his apartment and let him down as easily as she could. He took it surprisingly well.

"Our relationship was purely physical. I enjoyed the times we spent together, but I am in love with Alex."

"This would have been heartbreaking months ago but I think we have taken this relationship as far as it's going to go," Austin conceded.

Taryn smiled. "I think it is great that we can end this while we are still on good terms."

"I guess sometimes the thrill of the chase outweighs the spoils of war," Austin quipped.

Taryn was puzzled. "What do you mean by that?"

"Well, it's just that sometimes chasing someone is more satisfying than catching them."

Taryn felt a little insulted by that remark but she dropped it. She was clearly no saint.

The fire in their affair had fizzled out. The illicit couple kissed one last time before Taryn left Austin's apartment and returned to Alex where she vowed to stay.

Taryn stretched out on the bed with her cellphone plastered to her right ear. She had her baby sister on the line.

"I'm telling you Tiffany, things are different now. Alex and I have reached a new level in our relationship. I don't know what brought about this change, but I'm not arguing with it."

"I'm glad to hear that," Tiffany replied. "So it's completely over between you and Austin?"

"Yeah, he took it pretty well. I think it was just a physical thing for both of us."

"Good, I've been worried about you. I've never known you to be a cheater."

"I'm not normally. I just felt like I had a need that wasn't getting filled. But now it is, and then some. And Austin is out of the picture."

"Okay sis, keep your ass at home with Alex. Stay out of trouble. I'll talk to you later."

Alex and Taryn's relationship continued to flourish as long as Alex continued to believe that another man was sharing his girlfriend. Soon Alex became as suspicious as he had been in the spring. But this time his suspicion was that Taryn was no longer cheating. He knew how odd that sounded, but the affair rekindled his desire for Taryn. He feared he would lose interest again without it.

One evening, Alex told Taryn he would be out late. He left but had no intention of going anywhere. He parked his car in a secluded spot down the road from his house. He waited for an hour to see if Taryn's Lexus

would go by. He drove slowly back by his house and saw her car still in the driveway. He could see the flicker of the TV through the living room window. Alex knew the affair was over as was his lust for Taryn.

Alex couldn't help himself. He felt his desire for Taryn waning over the next few weeks. He was very conscious of the reason but he could not stop it. Alex was turned on by others experiencing his girlfriend. He held out hope that Taryn would start another affair but he soon figured out the problem. Taryn had obviously cheated because he did not show her enough attention at home. Once his desire peaked and their love life was on fire, Taryn no longer felt the need to have a boy toy on the side. So the obvious solution was to make Taryn feel undesired again. It was a cruel game, but one worth playing.

17

“Hey there, buddy!” Ernie Watts smiled his gap-tooth smile at Alex.
“How have you been?”

“Pretty well, Ernie.”

“I guess you got rid of that dirty bitch then huh?”

Alex glared at Ernie. He was offended by Ernie’s insult. He controlled his anger knowing that Ernie was not aware of the latest developments.

“Well Ernie, that’s what I wanted to talk to you about. Taryn and I are still together and better than ever. And I’ll tell you why.”

Alex paused for a moment and laughed inwardly. “I know this is going to sound strange so please, just listen.”

He took a deep breath and composed himself. “Ernie, when I was looking at those pictures you took, I realized something. Taryn cheated because I wasn’t showing her enough attention. I can understand that. I’m not mad about it. But I don’t think that alone would have been enough to keep us together. You see, when I was looking at those pictures, it actually turned me on.”

Ernie’s eyes widened. He started to say something, but Alex continued.

“I think I discovered a kink. I never would have guessed it, but apparently I like to see, or even just to know without seeing, that Taryn is having sex with someone else. It actually makes me want her more.

Ernie interjected, "I'm no psychiatrist, but I guess it's like you only want her when other guys want her."

"It's more than that. Taryn's hot. Guys always want her. That's nothing new. This is deeper than that. I actually want other people to experience her on a personal level. It's like letting someone drive your car just to show it off to them. I know it sounds weird, but that's how it is. And I have to admit Ernie, knowing you watched her that night and took those pictures was a turn on too. I mean you got to see my girlfriend in very intimate moments and instead of getting pissed off, I get a boner."

Ernie laughed "Well... while we are confessing secrets, it was kind of a turn on for me too."

"What the hell is wrong with me, man?"

"I don't think there is anything wrong with you Alex. There are all kinds of crazy kinks out there. You would be amazed at the shit I see in this line of work." He paused and shook his head. "So what did you do, just tell Taryn to keep fucking that guy?"

"Ernie, I never even confronted her. I just let it go on. And our relationship has never been better. But here is the problem: She cheated because I didn't show her enough attention. Now that I'm giving her a lot more attention, she doesn't need that kid on the side. I'm pretty sure she has stopped seeing him. So guess what?"

"Now you're bored again."

"Exactly." Alex leaned back in his chair.

"That's a vicious cycle." They were both silent for a moment. "If her needs aren't being met, then she'll probably cheat again, right? And that's what you want?"

Alex nodded slowly. "I think so. But I'll need to know when it is happening. And that's why I'm here. Do you think you can keep an eye on her and let me know if she starts messing around again?"

Ernie shook his head and laughed. "Sure thing Alex. It's certainly not the craziest assignment I've done. And I'll be sure to get lots of naughty pictures for you."

They shared a good laugh.

Alex thanked his friend and left the office. Ernie stood up and pulled a folder out of a file cabinet. He looked at the photos inside and glanced at the door through which his friend had just left. Returning his gaze to the photos, he rubbed his semi-rigid penis through his pants. He smirked, shook his head, and put the photos away.

18

Alex sat alone in his home office. It had always been his sanctuary where Taryn knew not to bother him. Taryn was in the bedroom and Alex knew she was waiting for him. Although he wanted to crawl on top of her, he had to stick to his guns. Short-term pain would bring long-term gain. The less attention he showed her now, the more likely she would go back to Austin or find someone new. In his logical moments, he couldn't believe the game he was playing. But Alex was a determined man, if nothing else. He knew what he liked and he would do whatever he could to get it.

Alex reached in his desk drawer and pulled out the folder Ernie gave him about two months ago. He studied each picture carefully and smiled as he reminisced about Taryn's infidelity. Alex wondered if she were upstairs thinking about cheating again. He hoped so. Then again, maybe she already had. Alex was still a busy man tending to his corporate dealings. He hadn't heard from Ernie in a while. He picked up the phone and dialed Ernie's cell.

"Ernie, how are things?" he asked quietly.

"Not bad, Alex. How are things at home?" Ernie asked with genuine interest.

"The same. Have you been watching Taryn?"

"I have. She has been behaving herself. Which I guess for you is a bad thing. She goes to work, the gym, and back home. No detours."

"Alright. Keep me posted."

“Will do.”

Alex hung up the phone. He was frustrated; he wanted to go upstairs and give Taryn what she wanted, but he held out. Alex laid the black and white pictures out on his desk, his favorite ones closest to him. He pulled down his pants and began to pleasure himself while staring at the scenes of Taryn with another man. He thought about what it was like for Austin. He thought about Ernie watching Austin and Taryn while taking pictures. Mostly, he thought about it happening again.

When Alex was finished, he was disgusted with himself. He hadn't masturbated in a long time. How strange was it to masturbate when you had a beautiful girl anxiously awaiting you upstairs? He pulled his pants up and put the pictures away. He was beginning to have second thoughts about his master plan.

Alex tiptoed into the bedroom. The lights were out but the room was dimly illuminated by the TV in the corner. Taryn was asleep on the bed. She had clearly fallen asleep while waiting for him. She wore a silky nightgown that hugged every curve of her voluptuous body. She was quite a sight. Alex pulled the sheet over her and turned off the TV. Once in bed, he stared at Taryn's sleeping face. He didn't like what he was doing.

19

Taryn slammed her hand down on top of her alarm clock to cease its screeching. She rolled over. The water was running in the bathroom. She stood up and instinctively pulled the straps of her nightgown off of her shoulders and let it fall to the floor.

Alex was startled to see the frosted glass shower door slide open. Taryn stepped in and joined him under the water. She laid her head on his chest and he wrapped his arms around her.

Taryn tilted her head up and they kissed a long slow passionate kiss as the warm water flowed over their bodies. Alex could feel himself becoming aroused.

“I’ve gotta go. I’m running late.”

Alex stepped out of the shower, leaving Taryn naked and alone. She stood there for a few minutes feeling frustrated once again. The memory of a sexual encounter in the shower with Austin crept into her head; she touched herself. *Why doesn’t this bathtub have a shower massager?* She tried to shake it off and continue with her morning routine.

Taryn sat in her third floor office trying to concentrate on her work but her mind kept wandering. Her love life had definitely reverted back to the state from the previous winter. The spring had brought new life and excitement but as the humid D.C. summer sizzled, her love life only fizzled.

Taryn felt guilty when thoughts of Austin entered her mind. She couldn't go back to him. She couldn't do that to Alex. Not again. She wanted to find out what got Alex so hot for her for a brief time and why it dissipated. Taryn missed that attention. She also missed the way Austin made her feel.

That evening, Taryn made her routine rounds of the gym. She was finishing her workout with a run on the treadmill. She had no idea that each bounce was being observed and enjoyed by a man on the machine directly behind her.

The man couldn't resist any longer. He moved to the treadmill next to Taryn and started it up. He glanced over at her enough to get her attention.

"Hi, I'm Mike." He smiled a confident smile.

"Hi Mike," Taryn said dismissively.

"What's your name?" Mike persisted.

"Taryn," she said looking straight ahead. She was accustomed to guys hitting on her at the gym. This guy had nothing to offer that she hadn't seen a hundred times.

"Taryn? That's a pretty name. I see you here all the time. I thought I might as well say hi."

"I've never noticed you," Taryn responded, intentionally trying to deflate his ego.

Taryn's treadmill beeped indicating that her workout was over. She stepped off the machine and started toward the locker room. Mike stopped his treadmill prematurely and hurried to catch up with Taryn.

"Listen, I was wondering if you would like to hang out sometime and get to know each other."

Taryn stopped walking and looked at Mike. He was a well-built and attractive guy, possibly a bit younger than her. But Taryn was not tempted.

"Sorry Mike. You seem like a nice guy, but I'm spoken for."

Mike was visibly disappointed. “Well... okay. I guess I’ll see you around then.”

“See ya Mike,” Taryn called as she trotted to the locker room.

Mike watched her back side until it was out of sight, then moved on to the free weights.

Taryn stepped out of the shower and wrapped a towel around her body. She walked into the bedroom where Alex was caught off-guard. When she saw him, she dropped her towel and strolled seductively toward him. Being hit on at the gym got her motor running and she was going to take it out on Alex. Alex couldn’t think of a reasonable excuse to get out of it and he was powerless to resist the naked damp body that was crawling on top of him.

A few short minutes later, Alex was drained. Taryn was not fully satisfied but she would take what she could get.

20

A few nights later, Alex again found himself engaging in self-pleasure in his office while avoiding Taryn. This time he looked at some of her old modeling pictures as well as the CD made by Austin McNeal. His imagination ran wild with fantasies about what could happen at a photo shoot. He pictured Taryn in sexy outfits or wearing nothing at all in front of other men and their cameras. It wasn't quite like cheating but it excited Alex in a similar way. In a flash of brilliance, Alex came up with a new plan.

Taryn was reclining on the bed wearing sexy lingerie. She turned off the TV and assumed a sexy pose when she heard Alex approaching the bedroom. Her demeanor changed when she saw Alex with a familiar CD in his hand.

Alex sat down next to Taryn and dropped the CD on the bed. A million explanations and apologies ran through her head, but Alex spoke before she managed to form a sentence.

“Honey, I didn't want to tell you but I found this CD in your desk at work a while back. I know I shouldn't have been going through your stuff, but it was after hours and I needed a marketing report. Anyway, I looked at the CD. I was angry at first. But Taryn, you are so beautiful and your modeling is great. I really think you should get back into it. I can tell you really like modeling and I'm sorry for making you give it up.”

Taryn's mouth was open but no sounds came out. The diversity of emotions left her speechless. She did love modeling but she felt extremely guilty. Alex did not know about the other pictures she had

done and he certainly was unaware of her relationship with that photographer.

Alex continued, "I hope you'll think about it. I can help you schedule shoots. I can probably get you into some publications if you want. We'll talk about it more tomorrow. Let's get some rest."

"Thank you honey." Taryn kissed Alex then nestled into the bed.

Alex smiled inwardly as Taryn drifted off to sleep in his arms.

The next day Alex pored over online sites featuring local photographers seeking models. He sent some of Taryn's best pictures to the photographers he liked best. He became conscious of the fact that he was choosing photographers with racy images. He looked forward to Taryn's likeness being featured in such work.

Taryn had not verbally consented to the new arrangement but Alex could tell she was ready and willing. By the following evening, several photo shoots were scheduled. Alex continued to avoid intimate contact with Taryn. He hoped that Taryn's built-up sexual energy would come raging through the pictures.

21

Alex sat in a folding chair at the edge of the studio. A few feet away, his lovely girlfriend, Taryn struck pose after pose as the lights flashed. Her first few outfits were dresses and tight clothes which Alex found to be dull. He had an agenda and creating a portfolio of generic model pictures was not it.

The next outfit was more edgy. Taryn wore black booty shorts and a black leather jacket with nothing underneath. She posed provocatively giving teasing glimpses of her cleavage. Occasionally her movements would allow a quick view of her breast but it did not appear that the photographer captured any on film.

The first shoot concluded without incident. It was far less arousing than Alex hoped but it was a start. He had racier shoots scheduled. He knew it was best to get Taryn warmed up with the tamer concepts before throwing her into an erotic shoot.

The following weekend, Alex drove Taryn to a beach on Maryland's coast. A photographer and his assistant were waiting there for Taryn's bikini shoot. Taryn had been working out extra hard at the gym in preparation for this revealing session.

The photographer had a pop-up tent for Taryn to change in without exposing herself. Taryn brought several pieces of swimwear to model.

Not long into the shoot, the activity attracted gawkers who watched Taryn cavorting from a distance. This was the type of activity that Alex hoped would rekindle his lust for her. Three boys around the age of 16

approached the model much closer than any other spectator. They were throwing a football to each other on the beach when they became much more interested in Taryn's performance.

Taryn's modeling outfits included one string bikini which barely covered her voluptuous assets. Taryn played with pieces of the suit and teased the camera. Several poses implied that Taryn was removing her bottoms; she nearly showed her lady parts to the photographer and spectators.

Taryn was mostly oblivious to her audience. She continued to have fun with the photographer and flirt with the camera. She teased, posed and jumped around as the camera clicked. At one point, her breasts popped out from under the bikini top. Taryn quickly covered herself as the teenage boys cheered from a few yards away. This angered Alex, but he quickly calmed himself. *That's why we're here.*

At the end of the day, Alex was mostly unfulfilled from the shoot. He ached for some type of sexual gratification and so far, he had received very little. Taryn was getting more comfortable in front of the camera and with her body. It was time to up the stakes.

Two weeks later, Alex and Taryn arrived at an apartment building near where Austin McNeal lived. A young Asian photographer named Lee had hired Taryn for a lingerie shoot. He was young, inexperienced and right out of college. He didn't even use a studio to shoot. Instead he had girls pose around his apartment. It would obviously not be a professional shoot but that was not what Alex was after.

Taryn changed in Lee's bathroom and emerged wearing a red lace bra and panty set. Lee had her lay on his couch in sultry poses. Lee was bossier than the other photographers Taryn had worked with. He insisted on telling her how to pose rather than letting her do her own thing. Taryn didn't like being controlled but went along with it because it was part of the job.

Alex looked over Lee's shoulder at Taryn's sexy toned body. He let his imagination get carried away as he pictured his lovely girlfriend wearing only her underwear sprawled out on another man's couch. It was the

first time Alex started to get some arousal out of a photo shoot, and it was only the beginning.

Some of the positions that Lee created were more explicit than Taryn was prepared for. He had her pose with her legs open and her fingers in the side straps of her panties. She cupped her breasts and pushed them up as if offering them for lunch. Taryn had done teasing shots before, but Lee had her pull down her panties so far that it left little to the imagination.

Because Lee insisted on posing his models, he put his hands on them much more than Taryn felt comfortable with. He would guide her arms and legs into the positions he wanted. He touched her butt and grabbed her inner thigh more times than she could count. In a different context, Alex would have beaten the man to a bloody pulp for touching Taryn this way. Yet under these circumstances, he sat and embraced every minute of it.

Taryn changed again, this time donning a black bra and thong set. She knew Alex always had a thing for thongs and was particularly fond of this one. Predictably, Lee spent most of the time photographing her from the rear. He even had her lean forward so a maximum amount of her nether region was exposed. It was unclear to Taryn who was enjoying it more: Lee or Alex.

Taryn was facing the wall and looking over her shoulder with her beautiful back side on display. Without hesitating, Lee said "Take off your bra please."

Even though he said "please," it was less of a question and more of an instruction. Taryn glanced at Alex who nodded approvingly and smiled. She reached up her back to the clasp of her bra and released it. She slipped her arms out of the straps and tossed her bra to a nearby chair. She posed provocatively as she looked over her shoulder at Lee and his camera.

Taryn noticed Alex's posture change and could tell he had become more interested in her performance. She had his full attention and she loved it.

Taryn gave brief teasing glimpses of her left breast as her upper body twisted slightly toward the photographer, but that was not enough for Lee.

“Turn toward me,” Lee directed, but Taryn hesitated. “You can keep your hands over your breasts, if you want.”

Taryn cupped her breasts and turned toward the photographer. It was the ultimate tease. Taryn wore only a tiny black thong and high heels while her fingers barely kept her nipples concealed.

“Take your thong off please,” Lee instructed.

Taryn paused and clearly stated, “No.”

Lee was frustrated but went on with the shoot. Alex was proud of his girl for standing her ground but at the same time he wished she went for it. He was physically aroused and ready for anything.

When that set was complete, Taryn wrapped her breasts with her arms as she returned to the bathroom to change into her next outfit. She stepped back into the living room wearing a more conservative pink bra and lace booty shorts. Alex and Lee were equally frustrated; Taryn could tell by the expressions on their faces.

Lee guided Taryn to the couch and had her lay on her stomach. Since most of her butt was exposed in the skin tight shorts, Lee focused on that. He even used his fingers to pull the fabric up higher to reveal more skin. Without asking Lee then unhooked Taryn’s bra. She was visibly irritated by that move but said nothing. Lee took some shots of her bare back, and then pulled on the loose bra to remove it from the shot. Taryn had to lift up her torso so that the bra could be removed from her breasts. Lee adjusted strands of her hair on her back for his next series of pictures.

Alex craned his neck to see past Lee. He enjoyed watching Lee’s fingers increasingly touching Taryn’s skin and he didn’t want to miss a moment.

“Okay, roll over on your back,” Lee instructed.

Taryn obliged and covered her chest with her hands but not before giving the two onlookers a clear view of her breasts. Alex saw Lee’s eyes bulge.

The shoot had lasted much longer than planned. After a few more provocative shots, Lee concluded the session.

Once Lee set his camera on the table, Taryn released her breasts from her hands. Obviously feeling comfortable in front of the two men, she stood up and walked topless through the apartment. Alex stifled a laugh as he watched Lee's eyes follow Taryn to the bathroom.

Alex's BMW pulled out of the apartment parking lot and onto the street.

"Can you believe he asked me to take my thong off?" Taryn asked with an offended tone.

Alex countered with another question, "What stopped you from doing it?"

Taryn was not expecting that response. "I figured you would kick my ass... and his," she said with a slight giggle.

Alex shrugged. "Well I understand it's part of the job. I wouldn't be mad."

Taryn tilted her head. "Who are you and what have you done with my boyfriend?"

Alex laughed. "I guess I've mellowed in my old age. Plus you're beautiful and you have an amazing body. You might as well show it off."

"You know... there is a lot more money in nude work. Just how mellow are you?"

Alex glanced over at Taryn. "I guess I'd better be pretty mellow for your next shoot."

Taryn looked puzzled. "What is my next shoot?"

"A bathtub scene."

"A bathtub? What will I be wearing?"

Alex grinned and looked over at his companion. "Soap suds."

When the couple arrived back at the house, they couldn't keep their hands off of each other. They left a trail of clothing from the front door to the bedroom. Alex had been worked up by the performance he just witnessed and by the anticipation of more to come. Taryn enjoyed every second of it and they both fell asleep fully satisfied.

22

Alex was looking forward to this shoot since the moment he scheduled it. The day couldn't come soon enough. He had been turned on by Taryn's various states of undress and exposure to the past photographers, but this would be the first time he would witness his girlfriend completely nude in front of another man. Most men would be apprehensive; Alex was overjoyed.

Charles Clyde was a 56-year-old man with thinning hair and a protruding gut. He had been photographing women for over 30 years and had an impressive body of work which focused on the female form. Charles converted an old warehouse building into his studio which featured multiple shooting locations, a private dressing room, and a large amount of photographic equipment. There was an antique claw-foot tub positioned in front of a tile wall for this shoot.

Taryn slipped out of the dressing room wearing only a white bathrobe. Alex couldn't help but smile with anticipation as she approached the tub. Alex assisted Charles with filling the tub with warm water and soap suds. All that was needed was a beautiful naked woman.

Charles gave Taryn some initial instructions and picked up his camera. Alex sat a few feet away ensuring the best possible view. Taryn removed the bathrobe and tossed it to the side. Alex enjoyed seeing her naked body descend into the soapy water, but what really excited him was having Charles there to witness it too.

Charles began to snap pictures while Taryn frolicked in the water. He routinely made comments about how beautiful she was and suggested

poses to enhance the appearance of her breasts or butt. He was not shy but never crossed the line into inappropriate statements.

Alex was soon mentally and physically aroused. He had to hide it when it came time for him to assist with the shoot. Charles had Taryn kneeling in the tub so that most of her body was above the water. He asked Alex to drip soap suds onto her body. Charles snapped shots of suds slowly sliding down Taryn's wet skin. He captured close-ups of Taryn's breasts and crotch covered only with white suds. Alex loved every minute and couldn't wait to see the pictures.

Charles instructed Taryn to turn around. He had her lean forward so that her back side pointed toward the camera. Alex dripped soap suds on Taryn's lower back. The suds cascaded down her crack, slightly obscuring her lady parts that otherwise would have provided a graphic shot.

Alex was turned on by every bit of this shoot. He intentionally let the suds subside at times so Taryn's personal areas were more visible to Charles' camera. Alex made suggestions to Taryn about how she should position her body, often leading to more graphic shots. Alex resembled a mad scientist, crafting his girlfriend into a sexual object and strategically placing the suds so that the shots were a thin line from pornography.

Taryn was wrapped up in the shoot and was oblivious to her boyfriend's excitement and increased breathing. The warm wet suds on her body enveloped her in sexiness and she exuded it to the camera.

Once Charles had all of the soapy shots he could handle, it was time to rinse off his lovely model. Alex positioned himself on a ladder just out of the shot with a garden hose in his hand. When instructed, he sprayed Taryn from above imitating a shower. The water was cold and Taryn cringed as it rained down over her naked body. Her nipples were hard as diamonds and Charles captured every bit of the scene. Once the soap was gone and the cold shower was turned off, Taryn posed for a few full nude pictures before Charles wrapped a towel around her.

Alex could have used that cold shower himself. He was disappointed when the shoot ended but it had been the most satisfying yet. As Taryn dried off and returned to the dressing room, Alex thanked the photographer and strongly expressed interest in working with him again.

Alex took his model girlfriend home and straight to bed. Once exhausted, they cuddled in bed and drifted off to sleep. Just before he reached unconsciousness, Alex smiled softly. His plan was working.

23

The summer was drawing to a close. No one looked forward to the leaves falling and the cold D.C. winter approaching. Taryn had completed several shoots and was feeling sexier than ever. She loved being in front of the camera especially when she was overtly sexual. She was not shy and loved to be desired. It was no secret that these male photographers were interested in more than the art of photography. Taryn enjoyed turning on those who photographed her or viewed the photographs. She was especially happy that the fire had returned to her relationship with Alex. Although they never discussed it, she knew he was turned on by her modeling.

It was more important now than ever that Taryn keep herself in shape. She worked on her body as if it were her main source of income. By the end of the summer, she was leaner and tighter than she had been since her teenage years. Months of visits to the pool and beach had left her skin a golden bronze. Her physical improvements had not gone unnoticed by those around her. At the gym, she wore skimpy and tight workout clothes as she pulled, pushed, stretched, and wiggled on various machines. No one gave her more attention than Mike, the young man who had been bold enough to ask her out earlier in the summer.

“Looking good, Taryn,” Mike said, not even trying to be subtle. He had frequently made comments and attempted to start conversations with Taryn since their first encounter.

“Thanks Mike,” Taryn said in her usual dismissive manner.

“I know this sounds like a cheesy pick-up line, but... have you ever thought about modeling?”

Taryn stifled a laugh. “Yeah, I’ve thought about it,” she replied.

“Well I mean, you could definitely do it. You have one of the best bodies I’ve ever seen. You look a lot better than most women I see in magazines.”

Mike couldn’t help but let his eyes sweep over Taryn’s body; which was only obscured by a thin white tank top that revealed her midriff and tight blue shorts that seemed painted on her.

Taryn enjoyed the attention whether it was coming from her boyfriend, photographers, teenage boys, or some guy hitting on her at the gym.

“Thanks Mike. I’m glad you enjoy it,” she giggled. “I actually do model on the side. Would you like to see my pictures some time?” she asked already knowing the answer.

Mike’s face revealed a devilish smile. “Of course I would.”

Taryn started to walk away. “I’ll bring you a disk. That ought to keep you busy for a while.”

Mike couldn’t deny what he would likely do with the pictures, but was embarrassed that she knew. His embarrassment was overshadowed by anticipation.

Alex stayed in his home office late one night. He had witnessed his girlfriend posing nude in front of several men and enjoyed every minute of it. However he hadn’t forgotten his initial project. He wanted someone to have sex with Taryn. He stopped attending shoots in hopes he would not be so aroused and therefore not fill Taryn’s needs. In addition, by no longer supervising the sessions, he hoped he was setting up an opportunity for her to cheat. While he hoped something inappropriate would happen, according to Ernie, nothing had. Alex was frustrated again.

Alex searched online for more photographers and projects for Taryn. He scheduled second shoots with Lee and Charles. He felt it was unlikely that Taryn would have sex with either one, but he looked forward to the risqué shots that each would produce. Then Alex ran across a familiar name – Austin McNeal.

He clicked through Austin's online gallery and found dozens of pictures of Taryn he did not know existed. The pictures Alex found in her desk drawer were obviously not the only session she and Austin had done together. At first, Alex was furious; Taryn lied to him. She had done many risqué shots before he had even allowed her to model. She acted like she was uncomfortable taking off her clothes in front of a photographer, but she clearly had no problem disrobing for Austin.

Alex took a deep breath and calmed himself. The pictures of Taryn in Austin's portfolio were some of her best. Perhaps the attraction between model and photographer made for better results. This could be the answer to his endeavor... he could get Taryn and Austin back together.

While Alex plotted in his office, Taryn was upstairs in the bedroom performing her own surreptitious task. She loaded one disk at a time into her laptop and copied her favorite model pictures to the hard drive. She wanted to tease and turn on Mike but not go too far. She put dozens of sexy shots from various shoots and various outfits. She couldn't help but giggle when she included a thong shot. The next CD she loaded was from her bathtub shoot with Charles Clyde. There were no clothed shots on that disk. She stared away from her laptop screen for a moment.

"What the hell?" she said dismissively as she copied several erotic shots of her suds-covered body from the disk.

She then went back to other disks and copied a dozen of her favorite nudes. She knew Mike wasn't expecting that and it made her laugh. Taryn inserted a blank CD-R and created a disk for Mike. She would give it to him the next day at the gym before she had a chance to change her mind.

The next evening, Taryn called her sister, Tiffany, on the drive home.

“So I’ve been talking to this guy at the gym lately.”

“Oh no. I know where this is going.”

Taryn laughed. “No nothing like that! He is a total dork. But he is always hitting on me. I always shoot him down and it never seems to bother him. He is arrogant as hell. And you know me, I love the attention.”

“Yeah, I guess that runs in the family,” Tiffany joked. “So are you flirting back?”

“Not really, but... he wanted to see some model pictures so I made him a disk of some of my favorite ones. I really wanted to mess with him so I put in some of my nude pictures and gave it to him today.”

“Oh my God! Taryn!”

“I know. He is probably beating off to it right now.”

“You are so bad. And you swear you’re not trying to hook up with him?”

“Not at all. I mean he is really attractive, great muscles and well-built. His name is Mike Ryan. But he is only 26 and you know I don’t like younger guys.”

“Shit Taryn! Tell him you have a younger sister.”

Taryn giggled. “Trust me Tiff, you could do better.”

24

On a late Saturday afternoon in the early fall, a black BMW pulled up in front of a downtown apartment building.

Alex gave Taryn a quick kiss. “Just go on up to apartment 6D. I’m sorry I can’t come with you but I can’t get out of this meeting.”

Taryn conceded, “I understand. I’ll be fine.” She had been to shoots alone before; she had her mace if any problems came up.

Taryn stepped out of the car. As Alex pulled away, Taryn looked up at the building that was all too familiar.

“Oh shit...” she sighed to the dismay of an elderly couple passing by.

It was Austin’s apartment building. And he lived in apartment 6D. Alex scheduled a shoot with Taryn’s old boyfriend.

Her first instinct was to go somewhere else for a few hours and avoid the situation. The problem was that Alex would certainly want to see the pictures. How could she explain to Alex why she didn’t want to shoot with this photographer? She saw Alex’s BMW a block away at a stoplight. If he was looking in his rearview mirror, he might wonder why she was still standing on the sidewalk. Taryn cursed once again as she dragged her rolling suitcase toward the front lobby.

Austin opened the door to his apartment to find a beautiful model with a disgusted look on her face.

He greeted her with, “Look what the cat dragged in!”

She stepped in without saying anything and sat on the couch.

“What the hell is this all about Austin? How could you schedule a shoot? What are you trying to pull?”

“Easy, Taryn!” Austin held his hands up in a defensive posture. “Look, Alex called me. He told me he wanted me to shoot with you. It was his idea. He doesn’t know we know each other. If I said no, it would have made him suspicious. What do you want me to do?”

“I don’t know, but this is risky as hell. I ended this affair for a reason.”

“I know Taryn. I’m not trying to do anything. I just didn’t know how to get out of it without Alex figuring something out.” Austin paused and watched Taryn calm down. “Look, we don’t have to actually take any pictures. And you don’t even have to hang out with me. Just be back here when Alex comes to pick you up.”

“That won’t work Austin. He will want to see the pictures. So let’s just take some basic shots. Nothing racy. You already have taken plenty of those.”

“Well... there is one problem with that. Alex hired me to do a nude shoot,” Austin said with a slight grin.

“I’m sure you fought long and hard on that one.” Taryn couldn’t help but smile back.

Across the street in the same vacant room as before, Ernie Watts sat behind his DSLR camera and telephoto lens. Alex sat down beside him in a plastic chair.

“What’s been happening so far?” asked Alex.

“They’re just talking. She doesn’t look too happy. Lovers’ quarrel?”

“Could be. I’m not sure what kind of terms they ended on. Has she been up to anything lately?”

“Same old story. She goes to work, then the gym, then home. Of course she goes to the photo shoots with you, but I haven’t seen anything you don’t know about. Maybe this little scheme will jumpstart her motor.”

“I’m banking on it. Are you going to be able to see everything from here?”

“He has blinds in the living room which make it hard to see, but if they go into the bedroom and leave the curtains open like they did last time, we’ll get a good view.”

Ernie snapped a few pictures as Taryn unceremoniously removed her clothes in Austin’s living room. Alex noted that she didn’t change in a bathroom like she would at any other shoot. Flashes soon emanated from the strobe lights and lit up Taryn’s body for split seconds at a time as she posed in a variety of positions.

Taryn felt a little uncomfortable being undressed in front of her old flame, but she soon found her comfort again and remembered how much she trusted Austin. As the shoot continued she accepted the fact that she was still attracted to him. Judging by the bulge in his pants, Austin was still quite attracted to her as well.

Austin certainly noticed the difference in Taryn’s body from her strenuous workouts and hours in the sun. Despite the awkwardness, he enjoyed the chance to see Taryn naked once again and hoped it would not be the last time.

Taryn instinctively flirted with the camera on all her photo shoots. On this shoot, she flirted a little more with the photographer. She couldn’t help herself. She loved to tease, flirt, and be desired. And this man certainly had desired her like no other. In spite of her rekindled romance with Alex, Taryn missed the time she spent with Austin.

The shoot was shorter than scheduled, but they felt there were enough photographs to convince Alex of the shoot’s validity. Austin stood close as Taryn started to put her clothes on.

“You know, Taryn, we have some extra time. How about a quick romp for old times’ sake?” He was only half joking.

Taryn was wearing her panties and held her bra in her hand. She thought about it for longer than she would admit.

“Austin, behave yourself!”

He played it off, “Hey, it was worth a shot.”

As Taryn stepped into her pants, she asked, “So have you been dating anyone?”

“No, not at all,” Austin replied slowly while gazing at Taryn.

“Don’t tell me I’ve ruined you for all other women,” she joked trying to break the sexual tension.

“Something like that I guess. I just haven’t been interested in anyone.”

Once Taryn was fully dressed, she hugged Austin and held onto him for a long time. Austin softly kissed the top of her head. They held onto each other for another long moment. Then finally, their lips met. It was their first kiss in nearly six months and Austin swore he saw stars. He could have stayed like that forever, but Taryn pulled away.

“Bingo!” shouted Ernie as he snapped several pictures in rapid succession.

“What’s going on?” Alex prodded.

“Well—” he paused. “She planted one on him. I thought they were going to go for it, but now she’s leaving.”

“Damn it! Well that’s a start. I guess I should go get her. Keep me posted Ernie.”

25

Monday morning at Wise Media, Inc. was awkward for Taryn Albright. She rarely saw Austin at work, but when she did, they both made an effort not to communicate. But Taryn had started to realize that her feelings for Austin were more than physical. After their encounter Saturday, Taryn had a difficult time getting him out of her head. And to make matters worse, Austin was right outside of her office for most of the morning working on a terminal. She couldn't help but look past her computer screen to see his face. Occasionally their eyes met and they would exchange smiles.

Taryn wanted him to go away before someone noticed their interactions, but she also wanted him to stay there forever. She was both relieved and disappointed when he finally left just before noon. She could finally concentrate on her work.

After a day like that, Taryn could really use a strenuous workout at the gym. She was only there a few minutes when her biggest fan approached her. It was the first time she had seen Mike since giving him the CD of her modeling pictures. She could feel him undressing her with his eyes.

"Hey there, supermodel," he said with his cocky tone.

"Hey Mike," Taryn replied.

"So I really enjoyed those pictures you gave me."

"I bet you did. Is your right arm sore?" she giggled.

Mike shook his head and blushed a little. “Well... maybe,” he admitted. “Seriously, you have some really great work. I’m sure I’ll see you in Sports Illustrated, or Maxim, or maybe Playboy someday.”

Taryn doubted that Mike knew anything about photography or modeling. He probably just liked to see a nice pair of boobs. Still, Taryn appreciated the fact that Mike liked her pictures.

“When I’m a famous model, you can say you knew me when I was just some Marketing Director working out at the gym.” She giggled her childlike laugh again.

Mike retaliated, “If *I* get famous, will you let me sign your boobs?”

“Sure!” Taryn looked at him out of the corner of her eyes with a devilish grin. “What are you going to do to get famous?”

Mike paused awkwardly for a moment as if he were about to tell a secret. “I don’t know. But I’ll think of something just so I can sign your boobs.”

They both laughed. Taryn was no longer annoyed by Mike. He was actually fun to joke with. She didn’t take him too seriously. He was quite attractive and had a great body. She didn’t realize just how good his body was until she had the chance to see him without a shirt on one day. His chiseled abs and broad chest were worthy of a second look. He had short brown hair and a square jaw. She thought he looked like a wannabe male model. She finally had to admit to herself that she was physically attracted to Mike. She was not interested in younger men so that alone would be enough to keep the sexual tension at bay... at least she hoped it would.

On the drive home, Taryn thought about Austin. Then her thoughts quickly turned to Mike. Her libido was in overdrive and she needed to calm down before she got herself in trouble. She waited at home for Alex to arrive so he could receive the full force of her sexual energy. He worked late that evening again. Finally Taryn sprawled out on the bed and took matters into her own hands. She fantasized about two men. Neither one was Alex.

26

Two nights later, Alex spent time in his home office waiting for Taryn to come home from the gym. According to Ernie, she had not been anywhere she wasn't supposed to go and there didn't seem to have been any contact with Austin since the photo shoot. Alex held a picture in his hand that Ernie had printed for him. It showed Taryn and Austin kissing in his living room after that last shoot. Alex felt he needed to step up the game.

Alex heard the front door close so he went to the living room to greet Taryn. After their pleasantries, Alex began to prod.

"I was looking at the pictures you did with Austin McNeal. I think they are really good. You should do another shoot with him."

Taryn stared like a deer caught in headlights. "I don't know. I didn't really enjoy that shoot. He seemed kind of weird."

Alex wasn't buying it. "Maybe he was nervous. He does really great work. Let's give him another shot."

Early the next morning, Taryn picked up her office phone and dialed Austin's extension. She was surprised that she still remembered it without using the directory.

"Listen, if Alex tries to schedule another shoot, don't do it. Tell him you're not available or your camera is broken or whatever. I think he is suspicious about us."

“We haven’t done anything in months.”

“I know, but I think he’s trying to see what will happen if we are together alone. I can’t take any chances. Please Austin.”

“Don’t worry. I would never do anything to harm you, Taryn.”

Austin would have loved another opportunity to spend time alone with Taryn but he respected her wishes and certainly didn’t want to get her in trouble.

Taryn paused for a moment and picked up the phone again. She dialed Tiffany’s number. Her little sister usually answered and was always up for some girl talk.

“Tiffany, why do you think Alex would be pushing me to do photo shoots with Austin?”

“I don’t know. Do you think he suspects something?”

“Well he booked me a shoot with him and then didn’t go in with me. Nothing happened, but it was really awkward. Now he is pushing me to do another shoot with him. I’ve already told Austin not to accept it.”

“Wow! He probably thinks you two are up to something and he is trying to catch you.”

“That’s what I’m thinking. But it seems odd to send your girlfriend to pose nude in front of the guy you think she is cheating with, doesn’t it?”

“Maybe he wants you to cheat.”

“Why would he want me to cheat?”

“People can get off on some strange things. Maybe that’s why he wants you to do all these nude pictures. It’s getting him off.”

“He has been a lot hornier lately. But I don’t think he would get off about me cheating on him.”

“People get off on some crazy things. I mean, just hearing some of your stories gets me a little frisky.”

“Whoa! Too much information Tiffany!”

“Sorry, but you know what I’m saying? Maybe the thought of you being with other guys turns him on.”

“I don’t know about that. Well, let me get back to work. Thanks for the talk, baby sis.”

“Any time, Taryn.”

After dinner the next night, Taryn sat on the couch in the living room watching TV. Alex joined her, but not to watch TV. He had a proposal for her.

“Taryn, I got a call today from Charles Clyde. He is trying to put together a collection of erotic photography. He said he wants some intimate couples photos – a man and woman in sexual positions. He asked me if you would be interested.”

Taryn’s head moved backward on her shoulders in disbelief. “Couples photos? Are you going to be in them with me? Oh honey, that would be so hot!”

“No, no, no. I’m definitely no model. It would be with some male model, probably a homo.”

Taryn looked away and then back at Alex. “Would you be okay with me posing like that with some other guy?”

Alex shrugged his shoulders. “I don’t know. As long as I know you’re coming home to me. It might turn me on. Maybe I’ll tear your ass up after the shoot.”

It was the closest thing to an admission of his true intentions. Taryn’s mouth gaped open but it quickly turned into a smile.

“Well... since you put it that way,” she giggled.

“Great! I’ll tell Charles to set it up.”

27

Two weeks later, Alex and Taryn arrived at Charles Clyde's studio. Charles met them at the door and began to explain the project.

"Basically I want the two of you in erotic poses as if you are a real couple. We're not shooting pornography here but I want it very intimate. There needs to be real chemistry. You're going to be nude with another guy in sexual situations. I know you're not shy, Taryn. That's why you were my first choice for the female. Alex, you are welcome to stay and watch as long as you don't get upset about what your girl is doing."

"I'll be fine," Alex stated firmly, trying to hide his excitement.

Alex took a seat to the side of the set and prepared for the show. Charles directed Taryn to the bathroom to change since the male model was currently in the dressing room.

After touching up her hair and makeup, Taryn took a look at her naked body in the mirror. She had no worries there. She took a deep breath and put on a white bathrobe. When she walked back into the studio, she nearly screamed.

"Oh there you are, Taryn," Charles spoke up. "This is Mike. You'll be working with him today."

Taryn was frozen to the core. It was Mike Ryan. Mike from the gym. He was also wearing nothing but a white bathrobe. She couldn't speak.

"Yeah, we've met before," Mike said with a wink.

“Great! Like I said, this is going to be pretty intimate. I want you two to be comfortable with each other. Please talk for a bit and discuss how you want to pose and so forth.” Charles stepped away to adjust the camera.

Taryn just stared at Mike. Mike was surprisingly comfortable.

“What are you doing here?” Taryn finally managed to form a sentence.

Mike smirked. “I guess I never mentioned that I do some modeling too. It’s not the manliest thing in the world so I don’t talk about it.” Mike paused and looked adoringly at Taryn. “I have to admit there is no one I’d rather do this shoot with than you.”

Taryn managed a half smile. “My boyfriend is over there.”

“Why did you bring your boyfriend to a shoot like this?”

“He wanted to come.”

“Well then let’s give him a good show. Just relax. It’ll be fun.”

Charles came back to the couple. “Can I get you anything to drink before we begin?”

“Yes, wine!” Taryn stated without hesitation.

After downing two glasses of wine, Taryn began to feel more relaxed in the awkward situation. It would have been far less awkward if her male counterpart were a complete stranger, rather than an attractive guy she had been flirting with for several weeks.

Charles directed the couple to a Victorian-era sofa in front of a flowing white backdrop. Taryn took the initiative and removed her bathrobe. Everyone in the room had seen her nude body before. Mike followed her lead and opened his robe. He had not removed it fully before Taryn’s eyes fixated on what was hanging between his legs. Even while limp she could tell he was extremely well-endowed. His crotch was completely devoid of hair which added emphasis to his member. Taryn’s eyes widened involuntarily and Mike smirked at her reaction.

The couple sat down next to each other on the couch and awaited instruction. Alex also noticed the size of Mike’s equipment but tried not to stare. He couldn’t help but be a little envious.

Charles had the nude couple embrace each other and the shoot began. Taryn and Mike were somewhat stiff at first but as the shoot went on and the alcohol soaked into Taryn's bloodstream, they loosened up and appeared more comfortable. They explored each other's bodies with minimal direction from Charles. They had real chemistry and their interactions proceeded organically. Their bodies intertwined, hands swept over skin, and mouths hung open in mock ecstasy. Taryn made an effort to forget that Alex was there and give in to her attraction to Mike. Mike made no secret about his attraction to Taryn and did not care that Alex was in the room.

Charles asked Taryn to sit in Mike's lap facing him. The couple was nose-to-nose while Mike's hands slid up onto Taryn's breasts. Then, as if it were choreographed, Taryn and Mike engaged in a passionate kiss. Their tongues wrapped around each other and moans could be discerned.

"Yes, yes! Go with it!" Charles called out as he snapped dozens of pictures in a matter of seconds.

Alex raised his eyebrows but said nothing. It was more than he planned for, but he enjoyed it nonetheless. He took mental photographs of his girlfriend naked in another man's lap with her tongue in his mouth, but he still wanted more.

Taryn pulled herself away from Mike and glanced down. Mike was fully erect and the sheer size of it made her say, "Wow" without realizing it. Taryn had trouble keeping a straight face once she became aware of the tree trunk between their two bodies. Mike pulled her head towards him and kissed her again to keep her from giggling.

Taryn became fully aroused and pushed her body against Mike. She rubbed her crotch up and down against Mike's endowment and soon she was as damp as a rainforest. From the rear, the action looked as though they were actually having sex. Finally Charles asked them to shift positions.

Taryn reclined on the couch and Mike began to kiss and lick her enormous breasts. Charles took some extreme close-ups of Mike's tongue contacting her nipple. Next they switched positions and Taryn was on top. She kissed Mike's muscular chest down to his waist. She

stroked her fingers down the length of his penis which seemed to be an extraordinarily long distance. She gripped him tightly with her right hand posed as if she were about to lick it but knew that actually doing it would be going too far.

They engaged in some other mock sexual positions and various angles before Charles eventually wrapped up the shoot.

“Great job guys! I would have thought you were a real couple. That was real chemistry and I think it will show through in the shots. I’m really happy with what we got. Thanks so much!”

“Good job Taryn. I had a lot of fun.” Mike smiled at Taryn.

“Yeah, I can see that,” she giggled while looking at his erection.

Mike put his robe back on and attempted to stifle his arousal. Taryn stayed nude and went over to her boyfriend. She sat on Alex’s lap and realized Mike wasn’t the only one with an erection. She began to grind on Alex’s crotch.

“Hey Charles! Are you ready for part two?” she called out.

The alcohol was definitely having an effect.

“I need to get this one home,” Alex joked as he carried Taryn to the bathroom still grinding on his pelvis.

Alex and Taryn burst into the house a short time later. Alex threw Taryn onto the couch in the living room. All of their clothing was off in a matter of seconds. Alex entered her and proceeded to relieve the desire that had been building all day.

Taryn was also extremely aroused but for different reasons. She had a strong attraction to Mike and frolicking naked with him in virtual sex had driven her crazy. Physically she was having sex with Alex, but her mind was making love to Mike.

28

“It was Mike Ryan from the gym!”

“What? He models?”

“Yes! And when he took off his robe... oh my God! I already knew he had a hot body, but you should have seen the size of his thing. It was as big as my arm.”

They both laughed.

“You’ll have to send me some of those pictures.”

“Yeah, you need to see it to believe it. So anyway, things got really hot. Then we just started making out and everything.”

“And Alex was right there?”

“Yes, and he was into it. He had a hard-on after the shoot.”

“I told you. He is probably getting off on this stuff. He must like seeing you with other men. Maybe you should ask Mike for a threesome!”

“Tiffany, stop! I’m being a good girl now.”

Taryn avoided the gym for the next few days, but it soon became apparent that she needed some exercise. She couldn’t avoid Mike forever.

Taryn entered the gym and scanned the floor for Mike. She didn't see him and thought she had lucked out. After about two minutes on her first machine, she heard a familiar voice.

"Hey Taryn!"

She turned and saw Mike with his right arm in a sling and an idiotic grin on his face. Taryn burst out laughing causing several other gym patrons to look. Once the joke was played out, Mike removed the sling.

"Where have you been? I've been bringing that sling in every day so I could do that joke for you."

"I've been busy."

Mike replied with genuine concern, "Okay, I was a little worried your boyfriend had gotten jealous and done something to you."

"No no... although you certainly could make most men jealous." Taryn directed her eyes to Mike's crotch.

Mike grinned. "Yeah, well, that's why I got into modeling. When you're hung like this you pretty much have to show it off."

Taryn rolled her eyes. He was so cocky, but with good reason.

Mike continued, "I'm sure you can relate." He glared intentionally at Taryn's ample chest.

Taryn attempted to change the subject. "So... what else do I not know about you?"

Mike tilted his head for a moment. "I'm also a dancer."

Taryn perked up. "Really? I love to dance. I never get to go dancing anymore."

"You know what? I have a friend who is a rapper. His music sucks but he's a good guy. He is shooting a video next week for one of his songs. I'm supposed to do some dancing in it. I bet he could use a hot model as well. Would you be interested?"

"Yeah! That sounds like fun!"

“Cool! I’ll call him tonight and set it up. He owes me a favor anyway.”

The following week, Taryn arrived at Club 420, a local night club where the video shoot was. She was immediately greeted by Mike and introduced to a sketchy character simply known as Spivey. Taryn assumed she would merely be a backup dancer, but Spivey informed her that she had a much bigger role. She would be the requisite scantily-clad vixen lusting after the rap star.

The rapper was anything but a star. He was a small-framed white guy decked out in generic rap styles, complete with baggy pants, a sideways hat, and oversized jewelry. Taryn would have to do some skilled acting to make people believe she was attracted to him.

The little rapper lip-synced to his song with Taryn grinding on his lap. His hands spent a lot of time on her hips and butt. Spivey instructed Taryn to remove her shirt and bra. It was unexpected, but Taryn did as she was told. The camera was behind her and would only reveal her bare back. The rapper kept the best view all to himself. As Taryn danced on the man’s lap, she could feel his erection in his pants poking her. Taryn was ready for it to be over when Spivey instructed them to kiss. She couldn’t hide her disgust, but went ahead with a passionless kiss for the camera.

In a later shot, Taryn laid on the floor surrounded by photographs of the rapper. The camera shot from above and Taryn had to simulate masturbation in a PG-13 manner. Lastly, she had to cavort with another female dancer as they undulated to the beat of the rap.

Once Taryn’s part was complete, she sat back and watched the rest of the shoot. She enjoyed watching Mike dance on the stage with the other dancers. He was good. The song was stupid and she couldn’t imagine the video ever being aired.

It was Taryn’s least favorite assignment so far. She was repulsed by the rapper and did not like being so intimate with him. She never even learned his name. Everyone treated her very well and she felt comfortable even though she was in the company of strangers. Spivey pulled her aside after the shoot.

“Taryn, great job today babe. You are so beautiful. I’ve seen some of your modeling too, very nice work. The camera loves you. Listen, have you ever thought about a career in videos? Not this type of video, I’m talking about adult videos. You would be perfect and you can make a lot of money. And you and Mike could work together some more. From what I saw, you guys have great chemistry on set.”

Taryn’s eyebrows moved higher and higher during Spivey’s rapid monologue.

“Wait... Mike does adult films?” she asked with a puzzled expression.

“Yeah, we’ve done a few films. And as you know, the boy is packing.”

“Yeah. Well, I’m really not interested,” Taryn said, backing away.

Spivey handed her his card. “Just think about it and give me a call sometime, okay babe?”

Taryn nodded and walked away. She nearly ran into Mike, who offered to buy her a drink before she left. Taryn accepted. She had to find out more about this man whose secrets just kept on coming.

They sat at a table in the corner of the club and started with a Jack and Coke.

“This place doesn’t look like much but it gets pretty wild on Friday and Saturday nights.”

“Do you come here a lot?”

“Yeah, I’m here most nights after the gym. A lot of friends hang out here.”

It didn’t take long for them to finish their watered-down drinks, and Mike ordered a second round. He knew what Taryn was like when she had alcohol in her.

“Do you get a lot of dance work?” Taryn asked.

“Not really. There isn’t much opportunity for that stuff around here. I go out to L.A. every once in a while and do a lot of work there. It is decent money too.”

“But not as much money as porn, I guess.”

Mike cringed. “Spivey told you, didn’t he?”

“Yep.”

“Well... I only did a couple. Not my proudest accomplishment.”

“Hey, I guess you’re built for it, right?” Taryn’s eyes pointed down then back up.

Mike paused. “Trust me Taryn, there is more to me than a big dick.”

“I’m learning new things every day,” she giggled.

After they finished their second drink, Mike walked Taryn out to her car. He wanted to kiss her and she knew it. She quickly got in her Lexus and drove away.

29

“Oh my God, he does porn too?”

“I know, I know. I keep wondering what I’m going to learn next.”

“Don’t tell me you’re going to do porn now.”

“No way. The producer did ask me though. I’ve got his card if you’re interested,” Taryn kidded.

“Very funny! You’re the one messing around with the porn star.”

“I’m not messing around with him.”

“Why do you hang out with him?”

“Well, at first he was just another annoying guy hitting on me. You know me, I always like the attention. But he is fun to be around and the more I find out, the more interesting he is. He is hot but I’m not interested in him like that. Especially not now.”

“Um, yeah, you don’t need to catch anything.”

“I’m keeping Mike in the friend zone. I’m going to stay out of trouble.”

Mike and Taryn jogged on adjacent treadmills during their evening routines. Mike continued to make confident passes at Taryn and she continued to blow him off. Her eyes were fixed straight ahead while his eyes followed her bouncing chest.

“By the way, when are you shooting for Charles Clyde’s book?” Mike asked.

Taryn looked at Mike with a puzzled expression. “What book?” she asked.

“You know, the book deal he got in erotic photography. You are going to work with him aren’t you? It would be great to be published.”

“I hadn’t heard about it.”

“Charles asked you to be in it. I know he did. He told me. I was hoping we would get to work together again.”

“Alex handles all my booking. He never mentioned that to me.”

“Oh.” Mike realized he was stepping into toxic territory.

Taryn grimaced for a moment as she continued her jog.

“Do you have Charles’ phone number?”

Taryn sat in her Lexus as she dialed the phone number Mike had given her. She started the engine while waiting for the call to connect.

“Hi Mr. Clyde. This is Taryn Albright.”

“Oh hi Taryn. How are you?”

“I’m a little confused. I heard about your book deal. Congratulations by the way. Did you ask Alex about having me in it?”

“Uh, yeah. But he said you weren’t interested in it. I was really disappointed because you and Mike did amazing work last time.”

“Oh really... He never mentioned it to me.”

“Hmm... well, if you’re interested, I would love to shoot with you and Mike again. You had real chemistry. The shoot would be very similar to the last one, lots of intimate couple poses.”

“I’m definitely interested! I don’t know what Alex was talking about.”

“He seemed to think you had an aversion to being published.”

“Charles, I would be thrilled to be in your book. I’ll have a talk with Alex when I get home.”

“Looking forward to it, Taryn.”

Taryn hung up the phone and dropped it on the passenger seat. Her blood boiled. She swerved through traffic toward the Wise estate.

30

Taryn entered the house and barged into Alex's office, something she had never done before. Alex was startled.

"Alex, did Charles Clyde contact you about publishing an erotic photography book?"

"Yeah." He knew it wouldn't help to lie.

Taryn's voice rose, "So why didn't you tell me about it?"

"Listen, we can't have that type of publicity. You're still an employee of Wise Media. Local amateur modeling is one thing, but I can't have the CEO's girlfriend in a porno book that is distributed across the country!"

"Porno? Didn't you schedule the last shoot? Weren't you sitting there with a boner the whole time? Why are you so high and mighty now?" Taryn was irate.

Alex stood up in an intimidating posture. He shouted back, "This is not about what I do! This is about the image of the company!"

"Fuck your company!"

Alex said nothing for a moment. His teeth ground together. "Taryn, you'd better watch what you say. Don't forget, I am your boss."

"I *thought* you were my boyfriend."

Taryn ran out of the office as Alex slammed the door behind her. She ran up the stairs and dove onto the bed. She sobbed loudly for several

minutes. Then she composed herself enough to pick up her cell phone and dial Tiffany.

“Tiffany! We just had a big fight.”

“What happened? What’s wrong?”

“I have an opportunity to get published in a national book, but Alex didn’t even tell me about it because he is worried about the image of his precious company. He says I can’t do it because I work for him.”

“Taryn you are in a delicate situation. You don’t want to lose your boyfriend and your job just to get published in some book.”

“It could have been a great opportunity for me. I want to do something for myself. I don’t want to spend my life as Alex’s girlfriend.”

“Here’s what you need to do, Taryn. Dry your eyes, fix your hair and makeup, and put on some sexy outfit. Then I want you to go out and have some fun. Stop feeling sorry for yourself. All you do is work and spend time with Alex. Obviously you guys need a little time apart right now.”

“Yeah right. Alex would freak out if I went out without him.”

“To hell with him. You need to do something for you. You need a break. Will you do that for me?”

“Alright.”

“Call me in the morning, okay?”

“Okay. Thanks Tiff.”

Taryn closed her phone and sat up. She glanced over at the mirror above her dresser. Her hair was a mess and her makeup traced the lines of her tears. She thought about Austin. She thought about running to his apartment and never coming back. But Tiffany was right. She needed to let loose and have some fun. She wanted to party and drink and Austin was not interested in that scene. But she knew who was.

Taryn washed her face and reapplied her makeup a little heavier than usual. She dampened her hair and styled it. Then she found a skimpy

white vest and a tiny fluffy skirt that barely covered her butt. With some stilettos on her feet, she was ready to dance.

Alex was still sulking in his office. Taryn tiptoed passed his door and slowly opened the front door of the house. As it latched closed, Taryn knew she was home free. She had never felt so alive. She scurried to the Lexus and sped off.

31

Taryn parked the Lexus on the street outside of Club 420. She checked her face in the mirror once more before getting out of the car. Several guys on the street turned their heads as Taryn strutted to the front door. Her heels clicked on the sidewalk with each step. She felt the eyes on her and she loved it. It was time to have some fun and to forget about her problems for a little while.

Being a gorgeous scantily-clad woman, Taryn was allowed into the club without forking over a cover charge. It was a different scene than the last time she was there. A mostly black clientele packed the club from wall-to-wall. The beat of the music thundered through her body as she squirmed her way through the crowd toward the bar.

“Jack and Coke,” Taryn called to the bartender.

She downed her first glass quickly, remembering that they were watered-down. She ordered a second. Her body involuntarily shuffled to the beat of the overly loud music. She wanted to dance but didn’t have the courage quite yet.

Shortly after finishing her second drink, she felt a man rubbing rhythmically on her back side. She turned around and found herself face-to-face with a random stranger who was already dancing with her. She conceded to his bodily invitation and began to dance with him. Neither spoke a word. Taryn quickly realized the guy was drunk out of his mind. He wasn’t a bad looking guy but his intoxicated fumbling that barely resembled dance moves was far from a turn-on. As one song

ended and the next song began, the guy seemed to become distracted by someone else or perhaps some pretty colors.

Taryn turned around to return to the bar. When she did, her eyes met with Mike Ryan who stared back at her. She bounced quickly toward him.

“I thought I might find you here,” Taryn yelled into Mike’s ear, trying to be heard over the music.

Mike put his hands on her hips as he leaned toward her ear.

“Who was that guy?” he asked.

“I don’t know. I was just dancing. He didn’t seem too interested though.”

Mike smirked, “Must be gay.”

Taryn laughed. “I’m out and I want to have some fun. Let’s dance!”

Taryn pulled Mike onto the dance floor and they began to move to the music. The boy sure could dance. Taryn liked the way he moved.

After one song Mike put his arms around Taryn and pressed his lips against her ear. “Let’s do some shots!” he shouted over the music.

“No way! I can’t handle shots.”

“I thought you said you wanted to have some fun. Come on!”

Mike took her by the hand and led her back through the sea of swaying bodies. The bartender lined up six shot glasses full of some kind of brown liquor. After a little coaxing, Taryn took the first one and winced. While Mike drank his three as if they were water, Taryn almost had to be forced to take her other two.

As the alcohol flowed through her bloodstream, Taryn and Mike danced to several more songs on the dance floor. Mike couldn’t keep his hands off Taryn and eventually got bold enough to slide his hands up her tiny skirt and grip her butt as their hips grinded together. Taryn could feel Mike becoming physically aroused as she rubbed her crotch against it.

The crowd began to thin out as the hours pressed on. Taryn and Mike were still in full swing. After another round of shots, Taryn staggered to the bathroom. She struggled to keep her balance on the toilet. Not thinking clearly or having a good reason, she kicked her panties off from her ankles and left them on the bathroom floor. She bounced off a few walls and other club goers as she made her way back to Mike. She found more shots waiting for her at the bar.

Back on the dance floor, Taryn was unstoppable. She began kissing Mike as they continued to dance seductively. She guided his hands up her outer thighs and onto her bare butt. Mike smirked when he realized she was now sans panties. Several other people in the crowd noticed as well and Taryn began to gain an audience.

Several couples on the dance floor were engaged in some sort of erotic act virtually giving rise to a scene from Caligula. Most of them began to leave the club to continue their sexual activities in private. Taryn and Mike made their way to a dark corner of the club near a small table. Mike kissed Taryn passionately as he continued to grope her. He then kissed down her neck and into her cleavage. He unbuttoned her vest which allowed the onlookers to see her bra-clad breasts.

One of Taryn's favorite songs came on and she couldn't help herself. She broke away from Mike and began to dance on her own. Several others gathered around to enjoy the show. She enjoyed being the center of attention. The small table seemed like an inviting dance floor. Taryn crawled onto the table on her hands and knees and then managed to balance herself enough to stand up and dance on the table. She let the vest fall off of her shoulders, and flung it out onto the dance floor. She continued to dance in her bra and mini skirt. The extremely short skirt flipped up frequently as she gyrated giving those on the floor below brief views of her nether region. Some of the onlookers snapped photos with their cell phones. As far as Mike could tell, Taryn either didn't notice or didn't care.

After nearly losing her balance, Taryn reached out for Mike. He wrapped his arms around her thighs and lifted her off of the table. She slid down in his arms until her mouth met with his and she shoved her tongue into his mouth. Mike's hand found Taryn's crotch and he slid two fingers into her moist opening... but Taryn would not remember any of this.

Taryn was intoxicated to the point that she had no idea what was going on. It was unclear how much time passed but she was shocked into sobriety when she felt herself being pried open. She was bent over face down on the small table. Her skirt was pushed up over her waist. Mike's hands were squeezing her sides as he pushed himself into her. Taryn could feel his enormity stretching her insides but could feel little else.

She wasn't sure if any of this was real but the sticky alcohol residue on the table which adhered to her face and chest indicated that this was no dream. Her eyes focused on a young black man seated nearby watching the action with no expression on his face as if he were watching a TV show on his couch. She made eye contact with him but he made no attempt to intervene. That was the last thing she remembered before blacking out again.

32

“Where the fuck is she?” Alex shouted at Austin.

Austin woke to a pounding on his door. His alarm clock had not yet sounded and it was barely light outside. When he opened the front door, Austin was surprised to see his boss.

“Who?” Austin responded even though he was sure Alex was referring to Taryn.

“Don’t play dumb. I know you’ve been fucking her.”

Alex pushed passed Austin and stormed into the bedroom. A moment later, he returned to Austin.

“Where is she?”

Austin was genuinely confused and concerned. “I haven’t heard from her lately. Why? Is she missing?”

“She didn’t come home last night.” Alex’s voice cracked as he shouted.

“I’m sorry, I haven’t heard from her. I hope she is alright. And sir, I want to apologize for... well, you know.”

A fire rose up in Alex’s eyes. Before he could think, he clenched his fist and swung his arm. The punch knocked Austin to the floor. Alex stepped into the doorway and turned around.

“Don’t bother coming to work today.”

Austin wiped a bit of blood from his lips. "I guess a letter of reference is out of the question."

Alex slammed the door. Austin picked himself up and sat on his couch. He wasn't upset about getting punched or even getting fired. He worried about Taryn.

Several blocks away, Taryn slowly regained consciousness. She had no idea where she was. Her head pounded as if the music from last night were still playing. Her mouth was arid. She rolled her head to the side on the pillow and saw Mike's bare chest rising and falling as he slept. Distorted visions and sounds from the previous night rushed into her throbbing head.

Taryn realized it was early morning. She was expected at work in a few hours. Alex expected her home last night. *What had she done?*

She slowly eased her aching body out of the bed careful not to make too much noise or motion. Her body was covered only by a man's tee shirt that hung down to her hips. She found her bra, skirt, and shoes, but nothing else. It would have to do.

Taryn peered out of the window to get her bearings. She saw her car on the street below. Mike's apartment was apparently above Club 420. Easing the door open and closed, Taryn crept away from her regretful encounter.

Passersby raised their eyebrows at the hung-over girl wearing a man's shirt and a skimpy skirt, making the "walk of shame" to her car. The cold autumn air chilled her to the bone. Taryn was petrified. There was only one place she felt safe to go.

Austin jumped up from his couch when he heard the knock at his door. He looked through the peephole in case it was Alex returning for a second assault. He was delighted to see that it was Taryn. He opened the door but was shocked by her appearance.

Taryn fell into Austin's arms and began to sob. Austin comforted her and then guided her to the couch. She held her head on his chest while she attempted to calm herself.

"Where have you been?" Austin asked once he felt she could answer questions.

"I've been out all night. Alex and I had a fight."

"I kinda figured that. He stopped by this morning."

Taryn shot up and looked at Austin. "What did he say?"

"He was looking for you. And he knows about us. I have a busted lip to prove it."

"Oh no! Are you okay?" Taryn said with sadness in her eyes.

"I'm fine. But he fired me too."

"Shit! I'm so sorry, Austin. It's all my fault. Looks like I've screwed up everybody's life."

"No no! Don't blame yourself. I was certainly a willing participant. Besides I'm just glad that you're okay. I was worried about you when Alex said you didn't come home."

Taryn smiled at his words. She could tell he really did care about her. She felt loved; for the first time in a long time, she felt truly loved. She laid her head back on his chest and closed her eyes.

"You make me happy," she sighed.

Austin gazed over her body. He could tell her shirt was clearly a man's shirt. Her skirt was so short it was almost a belt and he didn't think she was wearing underwear.

"So are you going to tell me where you were last night?"

Taryn's eyes opened and she sat up. She slipped herself to the other end of the couch before speaking.

“I hope you won’t think bad of me. After our fight last night, I wanted to go out and have some fun and let loose. I guess I got a little *too* loose. There was a guy there I know from the gym, and he also models. We did a shoot together one time. Anyway, I guess I had too much to drink and... I slept with him.”

Austin was visibly hurt by her admission. “So why did you come here?”

Taryn wanted to tell Austin she felt safe with him, that she cared about him, and wanted to be held in his arms. But all she got out was, “I couldn’t go home.”

33

Later in the morning, Taryn took a shower while Austin went out to pick up some breakfast. As Taryn dried off, she heard a ringing coming from her purse. Her phone and her purse had been in her car all night and logged dozens of missed calls from Alex. She pulled out her cell phone and answered Tiffany's call.

"Taryn! I thought I told you to call me this morning."

"Oh sorry, I forgot. I had a pretty crazy night."

"Okay... so spill it."

"Um, well, you know how you told me to go out and have some fun? I guess I had a little too much fun. I went dancing at a club, and Mike was there. So long story short, I wake up in his apartment this morning wearing his shirt."

"Oh you little slut. I knew you would end up riding that pony. So what did you tell Alex?"

"I haven't talked to him yet. I think it's safe to say we are over. He came by here this morning looking for me."

"He came by where? Where are you?"

"Oh! I'm at Austin's apartment."

"Damn Taryn, you're really getting around."

“No, it’s not like that. I didn’t know where else to go. I know I’m safe with Austin. I know he cares about me. He’s a great guy.”

“Yeah that’s what I thought.”

“What?”

“You’re in love with Austin.”

“I am not. It was just a fling. We are just friends now.” Taryn didn’t believe her own words.

“Well if he is a great guy, and cares about you, and you feel safe with him, maybe he is the one you should be with.” Tiffany was the voice of reason.

Taryn paused for a moment as the words sunk in. “You’re probably right, but it’s not that simple. He probably isn’t interested in a relationship. Especially now.”

Austin returned from the store with some breakfast muffins and juice. Along the way he had picked up a small bouquet of flowers. He wasn’t sure why he did it. He just felt that some flowers might help to lift Taryn’s spirits.

He heard her voice from the bathroom and listened carefully.

“Honestly, I don’t remember much of it. There are just bits and pieces.”

Austin could tell she was discussing her night with Mike. He didn’t want to know but he couldn’t help but listen further to the one-sided conversation.

“We danced for hours. You know how I love to dance and he is a great dancer. He kept lining up shots and I don’t usually drink like that.” She listened for a moment. “I know wine gets me that way, just imagine what I was like with hard liquor. And speaking of hard, he kept poking me with that monster the whole time we were dancing.”

Austin’s stomach turned, but he continued to listen.

“We started making out at some point and I don’t know what happen to my panties. The next thing I know I’m dancing on the table in my bra.” Another pause. “Yeah, I still had my skirt on but nothing underneath. I guess I was ready for business. Anyway, the next thing I know I’m bent over the table and Mike had me from behind.

“Yeah, there were still people in the club. One guy was staring right at me while we were doing it. It was crazy.

“Yeah, it hurt a little but it still felt good. I’ve never had one that big.

“I don’t know I guess I blacked out again and woke up in Mike’s bed. I have no idea what happened in the meantime. I snuck out this morning. I don’t know what I’ll say when I see him again.

“I don’t know, I guess I’ll see him at the gym.

“No way, I’ve had enough of a workout today.

“Well I guess I’m a single girl now so I can do whatever I want. Tiffany I’ve gotta go. My battery is dying.” Taryn didn’t have an opportunity to say that she was thinking about pursuing things with Austin and that she was not interested in Mike.

Austin quickly stepped away from the bathroom door. He picked up the flowers and dropped them into the kitchen garbage. Taryn came out of the bathroom wrapped in a white bath towel.

“Oh, you’re back!” she said when she saw Austin in the kitchen.

Taryn and Austin sat in the kitchen and ate the food that Austin could no longer afford. Taryn still looked beautiful but Austin felt disgusted by her after hearing the details of her seedy night with ‘big’ Mike.

“So what are your plans now?” he asked, making conversation.

“I don’t know. I’m assuming I don’t have a job anymore. I guess I’ll go to the house while Alex is at work and get my stuff. I’ll probably end up back in Charlotte. I don’t have anywhere else to go.”

“Well, I have a comfortable couch if you need a place to crash for a while until you get your shit together?”

Austin instantly regretted making that offer. He envisioned himself secluded in his bedroom while Taryn and Mike had sex on his couch. Taryn accepted the offer and the two became temporary roommates.

34

Austin and Taryn successfully retrieved Taryn's belongings from Alex's house. Austin offered to sleep on his couch and let Taryn have the bed but she refused.

Falling back on her previous job experience, Taryn found a job waitressing at a local restaurant. The only marketing experience she had was with Wise Media, but Alex certainly wouldn't give her a positive recommendation. Austin did some freelance computer repair while he searched for another help desk position.

Taryn seemed less inclined to move back to Charlotte but still insisted that she would only occupy Austin's couch until she could get her own apartment. Alex seized her Lexus since the title was in his name. Taryn acquired a used Honda Civic.

Taryn avoided the gym, not only to stay away from her latest paramour but because she simply couldn't afford the fees. Neither she nor Austin expressed what they really felt and continued to live as roommates and friends.

Two weeks later Austin and Taryn sat in the living room watching a movie. Taryn's cell phone rang and she pushed the ignore button forcing the caller into her voicemail. A few minutes later, she was curious about the message and picked up her phone.

"Oh shit," she stated in a monotone voice. "I forgot about the shoot."

"What shoot?" Austin inquired.

“I booked a shoot with Charles Clyde for his erotic photography book. It’s this weekend.”

“Well, that sounds good. That will be some extra money, right?”

Taryn looked at Austin as if she were admitting a sin. “Mike will be there. We are supposed to do another erotic session together.”

Austin stared at his hands. He didn’t say anything.

“I’ll cancel it.” Taryn stated, hoping to ease the tension.

“No don’t do that.”

“Why not?” Taryn asked, hoping that Austin would profess his love for her and beg her not to pose with Mike.

“You’re a model. It’s what you do. And Charles would probably get pissed if you cancel now.”

“You don’t think it will be awkward? I mean, with us?”

Austin pretended not to know what she was talking about. “Why would it be awkward with us?”

Taryn stumbled over her words. “Okay, I’ll do it then.” She reclined on the couch and pretended to focus on the movie again.

Taryn took a detour on her way home from the restaurant the next day. She parked in front of the gym and timidly walked inside. She peered around the floor for Mike. Not surprisingly she found him flirting with another toned brunette with large breasts.

Taryn waited in the lobby for Mike to exit since she was no longer a member. Mike’s eyes met hers and he smiled.

“Where have you been little lady? I haven’t seen you on the treadmill in weeks.”

“Can’t afford it. Alex was my boss. No boyfriend, no job.” She unconsciously spoke in broken sentences.

Mike cringed. "I guess that's my fault, huh?"

"It's half my fault too. So anyway, I just remembered our shoot this weekend. I thought I should come say hi since I kind of ditched you that day."

"It's alright. I understand your situation. I wasn't expecting to live happily ever after."

"I guess I'll see you Saturday?" Taryn attempted to dismiss herself from the awkward moment.

"No, wait. Let me buy you dinner. I owe it to you for getting you fired."

"That's not necessary."

"Well, then you owe it to me for walking out on me and avoiding me."

Taryn couldn't retaliate. Mike hooked his arm into hers and guided her to his car.

Taryn arrived home at Austin's apartment later that night. Austin was seated on the couch also known as Taryn's bed. He had an action movie on the screen and a can of soda in his hand.

"Have you eaten? I ordered a pizza earlier. There is some left in the kitchen."

"Thanks, but I ate already."

"Oh, okay. Where have you been?" Austin was intentionally nosing into her personal life.

Taryn paused and then admitted, "I had dinner with Mike." She thought for sure that would get a reaction from Austin.

Austin raised his eyebrows. "Mike, huh? Warming up for the shoot I guess."

Taryn's eyes narrowed. "Don't be a dick. It was just dinner."

“I’m joking. You’re a single girl. You can do whatever you want.” Austin recited a line he heard Taryn say on the phone.

Taryn walked past the living room toward the bathroom. She stopped in the hall and turned around facing the back of Austin’s head.

“If you don’t want me to do the shoot, just say so.”

Austin shook his head. “Nope, it’s fine.”

He took a swig of his soda and Taryn continued into the bathroom. When the bathroom door shut, Austin set his beverage down and lay on the couch. He embraced Taryn’s blanket while inhaling her scent from the pillow. The object of his affection was only a few feet away but this was as close as he could get to actual contact.

35

Taryn walked into Charles Clyde's studio. Everything was quite similar to the last shoot except they were using a bed instead of the couch and Alex was not there. Mike was the first one to greet her. A short time later, Mike and Taryn had returned to the studio wearing only their white bathrobes.

Taryn tried her best to forget about the past and focus on the shoot at hand. She stared at Mike as he removed his robe. His body was exquisite and she felt that familiar tingle of attraction. She could do this. It was only a photo shoot, nothing more.

Once Taryn was nude, the shoot was off and running. Mike wasted no time groping Taryn's body as Charles gave minor directions and snapped away. Taryn tensed as Mike squeezed her breast and licked her nipple. Charles told her to relax. She hesitated when asked to touch Mike's bare behind. She reluctantly climbed into Mike's lap and pressed his head between her breasts. Like before, Mike was soon fully erect. Charles waited for Taryn to show it the attention she had before. But Taryn removed herself from Mike's lap and tried to attain more artistic poses. They were good poses, but not what Charles was looking for.

"Taryn, recline on the bed. Mike lean over and kiss her below the belly button."

Each did as they were told. Mike continued to kiss lower and lower, but Taryn tensed her thighs preventing him from going too low.

"Come on Taryn, you need to relax," Mike whispered.

He licked from her thigh up to her waist while the lights flashed.

Charles piped up, "Okay, why don't you switch positions? Mike lay back. Taryn lean over him."

Once they were in position, Charles gave further instructions. He became frustrated that he had to instruct this couple who had done things so naturally before.

"Taryn, touch his balls with your fingertips."

Taryn robotically ran her fingernails down the center of Mike's scrotum.

"Okay, put your hand at the base of his cock and look up at Mike," Charles called out from behind the camera.

Taryn paused for a moment. She looked up at Mike who looked back with an anticipatory expression. Taryn placed her hand in Mike's crotch then pressed her thumb and index finger around his enormous penis. Her eyes pointed upwards but her facial expression revealed disgust rather than passion.

"Let's try something different." Charles conceded that Taryn wasn't into the shoot this time and pulled her aside.

"Taryn, I know you aren't with Alex anymore and things may feel a lot different for you. But I really need you to be in the moment. So think about a person you want to be with, someone who really gets your motor running. If Mike is not doing it for you, picture someone else. Put yourself in that moment. It's just acting. Can you do that for me?"

Taryn began to think of Austin. She remembered their first night together. She thought of their secret rendezvous in the supply closet. But mostly she thought of the man who would do anything for her and cared about her above all else.

"Yeah, I can do that," she said softly.

Taryn returned to Mike's lap and the shoot took on a new tone. She had her back to Mike and his hands were on her breasts. She pictured Austin's face as she stared into the camera. Her feminine opening

hovered inches above the tip of Mike's endowment. Charles snapped dozens of pictures of their naked bodies on the brink of intercourse.

They shifted positions so that Taryn was kneeling on the floor. Both of her hands gripped the large organ protruding from Mike's pelvis while her mouth gaped open in wanting anticipation. Then she gripped his buttocks and lapped his hairless crotch with her tongue.

They shifted again and Mike returned the favor by bathing her genital area with his tongue as the camera clicked.

Mike climbed on top of Taryn, kissing as his lips moved all the way from her pelvis, across her abdomen, between her breasts, up her neck until finally their lips met. Their tongues fought an erotic battle that was echoed down their bodies.

Mike let his right hand fall into Taryn's crotch and found her sweet spot once again. Taryn couldn't help but grip the rock hard member and squeeze as she pushed and pulled on it. It was more than was necessary for the shoot but it felt natural.

On the surface, it appeared that their chemistry was back, and the sexual attraction between the pair came raging through the photographs. However Taryn's mind was elsewhere. While her body engaged in sensual acts with Mike, her passion was with Austin.

Both breathed hard as they stared at each other, unsure of what to do next. Charles was at a loss for words also. Finally, he broke the silence.

"Alright, I think I have everything I need. You guys can get dressed."

Charles took his camera to another room to begin the processing. Taryn and Mike sat beside each other but made no attempt to find their robes.

"That was fun," Mike sighed.

"Yeah," Taryn replied, still fantasizing about Austin.

"Why don't you come back with me and we'll finish this?"

"No thanks," Taryn said as she stood up and grabbed her robe. "I've got a date."

“Taryn, you can’t deny what just happened. You know there is something between us.”

Taryn tied the belt to her robe. “It’s just acting, Mike.”

She returned to the dressing room and closed the door. Mike sat naked and alone in the large room. He looked down at his erection and shook his head.

36

The door to Austin's apartment swung open. Taryn rushed in finding Austin on the couch. He had been lying on her pillow imagining her presence. She arrived home much earlier than expected.

Austin noticed the tears welling up in Taryn's eyes, but he could tell they were not tears of sadness. Taryn placed one knee on the other side of Austin's hips and crawled on top of him. Their lips met in a virtual explosion of emotion.

Neither of them spoke a word. Taryn wanted to tell Austin that she thought about him during the shoot, thought about him over the past 6 months, and now knew that she belonged with him. But she also knew that she would have plenty of time in the future to tell Austin how she felt. Now was the time to show him.

Minutes later the couple was undressed in Austin's bed engaged in passionate lovemaking like neither one had experienced before.

"So how are things going with you and Austin?" Tiffany inquired.

"Wonderful. I'm truly happy."

"I'm glad. Things have been pretty crazy for you lately."

"I know. I'm starring in my own personal soap opera."

"What ever happened with Mike?"

“Well, I did that last shoot with him. It was really awkward at first but the photographer told me to picture someone I really wanted to be with and act like I was with him. So I pictured Austin and then I really got into the moment. Of course, Mike thought I was really into him and I enjoyed leaving him hanging. I haven’t seen him since. I’m glad I never gave him my number. I started going to a different gym so hopefully I won’t run into him again.”

“And Alex?”

“We have spoken a few times and we are on decent terms, all things considered. We are definitely over. I heard he is dating a 21 year old now.”

“Good luck with that.”

“I know. He likes the young ones I guess.”

“When is that book coming out?”

“Soon. I will send you a copy when I get it.”

“Yay, more pictures of my sister licking balls.”

They both laughed.

“You know it’s not like that. But don’t you dare let mom see it.”

“Don’t worry. But I am proud to have a hot model for a sister.”

“Thanks Tiff. I haven’t done much modeling in a while other than with Austin. He wants me to keep doing it but only because he recognizes that I enjoy it, not because it gets him off. He respects my individuality.”

“It sounds like you have a great guy.”

“I do. I finally feel the love I’ve been searching for.”

“And nobody on the side?”

“No Tiffany. You know I’m not like that. I just got a little out of control for a while there.”

“Everybody needs to get wild every now and then. It’s good to get it out of your system.”

Taryn laughed. “Well, you’re the expert on that.”

“Yeah, yeah.”

“I need to get to bed. I’ll talk to you later, baby sis.”

“Goodnight Taryn.”

Taryn plugged the charger into her cell phone and placed it on a table in the living room. It was late and Austin was already asleep. She tiptoed to the bedroom and slipped into the sheets with Austin.

Taryn laid her head on Austin’s chest without waking him. She closed her eyes and smiled softly. Moments later, Taryn joined Austin in slumber.

WILD SIDE

J. Agee

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Taryn answered her ringing cell phone while at work which was against the rules. But she knew if her sister was calling during her shift, it must be an emergency.

“Taryn! He dumped me!” Tiffany sobbed.

“What happened?” Taryn asked with genuine concern. She slipped to the back of the restaurant’s kitchen, hoping her manager wouldn’t spot her.

“I don’t know. I think he’s seeing someone else. I’m so upset. I thought we really had something.”

“I’m so sorry, Tiff. Are you going to be okay?”

“I don’t know. I just really need to talk.”

“Well sis, I’m on the clock right now.”

“I know. I’m sorry for calling you during your shift.”

“It’s alright. But I really can’t talk now. Do you want me to call you later?”

“I guess. I just really don’t want to be alone right now.”

“Hey, why don’t you pack up and come here for the weekend. You’ve been saying you were going to visit but you keep leaving me hanging.”

“Really? That would be perfect. I need some girl time. I miss you Taryn.”

“I miss you too. But listen, I really need to go. Come on up. We’ll have fun.”

Taryn felt bad for Tiffany, but she was not fond of her sister’s latest boyfriend. Taryn got a bad vibe from him when they met at Christmas in Charlotte. However, she didn’t think it was fair to judge the man after only encountering him for a few hours so she kept her nose out of Tiffany’s business.

Tiffany, the younger of the Albright sisters, never had much luck with her love life. She had a long string of boyfriends and casual hook-ups throughout her teens and early twenties. She tended to be the more promiscuous of the sisters, which led to a lot of dates but no commitment.

They had remained close even after Taryn moved to Washington D.C. with her ex-boyfriend, Alex. Taryn’s three-year relationship with Alex ended when she became involved in a love triangle with her current boyfriend, Austin McNeal. She and Austin have been exclusive for six months. She was in love with him and even found herself writing “Taryn McNeal” over and over again like a schoolgirl.

Taryn had been living in Austin’s apartment since her breakup with Alex. Since she had just invited Tiffany to visit for the weekend, she figured it would be a good time to ask Austin if it was alright.

Austin groaned whenever he heard Tiffany’s name. He seemed to be jealous of the amount of time Taryn spent on the phone with her little sister. When Taryn was not on the phone, Austin was forced to listen to Taryn talk about Tiffany and what was going on in her life. From her stories, he knew that Tiffany was oversexed and he worried that she was a bad influence on Taryn.

Austin first met Tiffany at Christmas when the Albright family gathered at the family home in Charlotte for a holiday celebration. He was uncomfortable with his interactions with Tiffany. Tiffany seemed overtly sexual and flirted with Austin without regard to Taryn. He found Tiffany attractive but her behavior turned him off. He would prefer it if Taryn had little contact with her baby sister.

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