



Shared Desires

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I had known Serge for twelve years. Offices, bad flights, a fishing trip that produced no fish. I met Diana at their wedding and then at a dozen dinners after that. Dark hair, a mouth that smiled first in the eyes, a body that filled a dress the way a good sentence fills a page. I never let myself look too long. Serge was my friend. That was the law.

The law lasted until a Thursday in September. Serge texted, "*Dinner Saturday. Just us three. Diana wants to cook.*"

Their house sat on a quiet street. Diana opened the door in a black dress and a gold chain that disappeared into her throat. She kissed my cheek and lingered half a second longer than hospitality required.



"You look tired," she said. "We'll fix that."

Serge poured wine in the kitchen, sleeves rolled, grinning like a man who had decided to tell the truth and was enjoying the delay. Roast chicken, bitter greens, bread that cracked when you tore it. Under the talk something else moved, slow as weather.

After dinner we took the rest of the bottle to the living room. Diana sat beside me. Serge took the armchair across from us and watched with a patience that made my skin aware of itself.

Diana set her glass down and put her hand on my thigh.

"We've been talking about this for a while," she said. "Not in the abstract. You. In our bed. Tonight. If you're comfortable. If you want it. No performance. No debt."

I looked at Serge. He nodded once, no smirk.

"I want it," I said. "I've wanted it longer than I should admit."

Diana smiled and kissed me.



It was not a stolen kiss. Her mouth was warm from the wine. Her tongue found mine without hurry. I made a sound I did not plan. Her hand slid up my thigh and cupped me through my trousers, learning the shape of how hard I already was.

Serge took out his phone. "Only if you both say yes."

"Yes," Diana said against my mouth.

"Yes," I said.

The first photo was just that: her hand on me, our mouths together.

She stood and pulled me up. She wanted the couch, the lamp, the ordinary room. She undressed me as if unwrapping something she intended to keep. Jacket. Shirt. Each button got a kiss on the skin beneath. When she pushed my trousers down, my cock sprang against her wrist and she laughed, quiet and pleased.

"You're so hard already," she whispered. "I've thought about this. Don't look embarrassed. It's flattering."

She wrapped her hand around me. Soft. Slow. I had to put a hand on her shoulder to stay standing. Serge photographed the line of her fingers. Then he set the phone down and came close enough to speak to her, not to me.



"You good?" he asked her.

"I'm good," she said. "He's good."

Diana pushed me down onto the sectional. She unzipped her dress and let it fall. Black lace. She kept it on for a minute, straddling my lap, rubbing the damp heat of herself along my shaft without taking me in. Serge knelt beside her and kissed her mouth while she moved on me. I watched his mouth on his wife's and felt no jealousy—only heat with nowhere to hide.

She pulled the lace aside and sank onto me.

Inch by inch. Tight, wet, deliberate. She exhaled when I was fully inside her, forehead against mine.

"God," she said. "Stay still. Let me feel you."

I stayed still. Serge's hand was on the small of her back. Then he ducked his head and licked her clit while she began to rise and fall. His mouth stayed on her. Only her. I felt the difference in how she clenched when his tongue found her.

She rode me with long strokes. Not bouncing. Using. I unhooked her bra and took a nipple in my mouth. She clenched around me. Serge's phone flashed again. Diana did not pose. She looked at the lens the way she looked at us: present.

"Talk to me," she said.



"You're beautiful," I told her. "You're squeezing me every time you come down."

"Then be here. That's all I want."

We changed when her thighs trembled. She went to her hands and knees on the cushions. I moved behind her and slid back into her pussy in one slow push that made her drop her head. Serge stood in front of her. She opened her mouth for him without being asked, took him deep, hummed when I found a rhythm. The room filled with wet sound and the click of the camera when he could spare a hand.

I held her hips. I fucked her the way you fuck someone you intend to see at breakfast. Deep. Steady. When she reached under herself I covered her fingers with mine and we rubbed her clit together until she came the first time, muffled around him, her whole body locking and then shaking.

He pulled out of her mouth and kissed her messy lips. “Ass?” he asked her.

“Yes. Slow.”

He found lube in the side table. I stayed inside her pussy, still, my hands on her waist, while he pressed the head of his cock to her ass and eased in. Diana’s cry was high and grateful. For a moment we were both still, filling her from opposite sides, not touching each other—only her between us. Then we found a rhythm: I withdrew as he pushed, he withdrew as I pushed. She shook and said please like a prayer that had already been answered.

Serge kissed her shoulder. I kissed the other. Two mouths on one woman. Nothing else.

She came again, harder. I felt her flutter around me. He swore and pulled out, stroking himself, and came across the small of her back in thick stripes. The sight of it on her skin undid me. I buried myself and came inside her, pulse after pulse, holding her hips as if the room might tilt.



We stayed like that until our breathing remembered how to be ordinary. I slipped out of her. Cum followed, slow, onto her thigh. She collapsed onto her side, glowing, hair stuck to her cheek. Serge wiped her back with his shirt. I sat on the floor and put my forehead against her knee. I did not reach for him. He did not reach for me.

“Come here,” she said.

I climbed up. She kissed me. Then she kissed him. Then she pulled both of us down so we made a clumsy pile on the sectional: her in the middle, my chest to her back, his chest to her front. Two men bookending the woman who had asked for both of us. No skin between Serge and me except the air and her.

He showed us two photos. In one, her face was turned toward the camera, mouth open, my hands on her waist. In the other she was a blur of dark hair and pleasure. He locked the phone and set it on the table.

"This is just the beginning," Diana whispered. "If you want a beginning."

I looked at Serge. He looked like himself, only looser.

"I want a beginning," I said.

We drank water in the kitchen at midnight. Diana stole my shirt. Serge made toast. I stood at their sink and thought about friendship, and the strange mercy of being wanted by two people who already wanted each other—and who never asked the two of us to want each other that way.

Two weeks later there was another dinner. The chicken was different. The wine was the same. We did not pretend we were only friends who cooked. We were friends who cooked and then took *her* apart with care.

That is the whole law now. Shared. On purpose. And still, somehow, kind.