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I woke up the next morning feeling well rested and happy, even with the lack of sleep we'd gotten. I was spooning Linda, my arm draped over her waist, and her head resting on my other arm. I smiled softly as I felt her shift slightly, nuzzling into my chest.

She was so beautiful, and she looked so peaceful.

I gently traced my fingers along her hip, and down her thigh, caressing her soft skin.

She let out a small sigh, and her eyelids fluttered open.

"Good morning," I whispered, kissing her on the cheek.

"Mm, good morning," she mumbled, smiling sleepily. "How are you feeling?"

"Good," I said, kissing her again. "Sore, but good."

"Sore?" she teased. "I didn't go easy on you last night, huh?"

"No," I admitted, grinning. "But that's okay."

"Mmm, well, I'm glad," she sighed, leaning into me. "So, how about some breakfast?"

"Yeah, that sounds great," I said, getting up from the bed, feeling my muscles ache. "Wow, I really am sore."

Linda giggled and kissed me on the lips. "Well, it was worth it, wasn't it?"

"Yeah," I said, smiling. "It was."

She kissed me again, and pulled me back into the bed again, wrapping her arms around me and cuddling me close.

"You rest. I'll make breakfast," she said.

"Already domesticated, eh?" I teased, kissing her on the neck.

She laughed and playfully swatted at my arm. "Oh, shush. You're the one who's been domesticated," she said. "Now go back to sleep."

"Yes, ma'am," I said, snuggling into her blanket as she got up.

"And if you talk like that to me again, I might have to spank you," she said.

"Oh no," I teased.

"With a belt," Linda added with a mischievous grin.

"Oh no...?" I replied, not at all deterred, much to both of our surprises.

"Well, I guess you better get some more sleep then," Linda chuckled, leaning down to kiss me on the lips. "Sweet dreams."

With that, she left the room, her perfect naked form disappearing from view as she loosely tied a silky robe around herself, and I soon fell back into a content slumber.

When I finally managed to get out of bed, it was around eleven in the morning, and I strolled down the hallway to the smell of coffee brewing and something baking. As I entered the kitchen, I saw the back of Linda, her hair up in a bun, the silky robe looking great on her. However, it

looked like it had gotten a bit undone... and Linda had her head tilted slightly backwards, and I could hear her gasp softly. And I heard another sound. A low, wet one.

"What the...?" I muttered, taking a few steps forward to see what was going on. I quickly found myself face-to-face with Kim, who knelt on the floor in front of Linda, who was standing with her back to me, her hands resting on the counter. Kim's hands were gripping Linda's ass cheeks as her head bobbed back and forth between Linda's legs. The wet sound came from her slurping on Linda's cock, which was hard and slick with saliva.

"Fuck, Kim," Linda gasped, looking over her shoulder at me. "Oh, Josh. Good morning."

"Morning," I said, my heart pounding. "Uh, what's going on here?"

"Just having some breakfast," Linda said, moaning softly as Kim took her cock deeper into her mouth. "Oh, fuck..."

"Breakfast?" I asked, unable to look away from Kim's lips wrapped around Linda's cock.

"Really? That's what we're calling it now?" I was transfixed by the sight. My eyes fell to Linda's sexy ass and how it flexed, small dimples showing. I wanted to bury my face and fingers in there.

Kim's mouth pulled away from Linda's cock, and she turned to face me. "Good morning, Josh," she said, smiling as she continued to jerk Linda's cock.

"Uh, good morning, Kim," I replied, a blush coming to my face.

"Kim here is very talented," Linda said, chuckling. "Fuck, your face right now, Jesus..." Linda almost seemed to lose her footing. I felt a bit flustered, but not in an insecure, badly vulnerable way. Vulnerable perhaps, as I saw the erotic, illicit situation unfold, but not like when Toby was a factor in my love life.

I actually kinda liked it. And hearing Linda's admiration, knowing her motivation was to reassure and delight me... That her wasn't to motivation wasn't to steal from me, but to give, and to dominate... I found myself aroused by it all. By Linda. By Kim.

"Yeah, she is," I admitted, unable to stop myself from getting a bit hard.

"Mmm, yes," Linda moaned, grabbing Kim's head and pulling her back into place, Kim's mouth returning to her cock. "But don't you worry, baby. I haven't forgotten about you."

Linda reached out and grabbed my arm, pulling me closer. I was now standing next to her, looking down at Kim as she sucked on Linda's cock.

"Mmm, that's it, Kim," Linda moaned. "Just like that." She leaned over and kissed me on the cheek, then pulled back, her face flushed. "Do you like seeing her suck my cock?" she asked, grinning.

"Yeah," I replied, my heart pounding. "It's really hot."

"Good," Linda said, smiling. "Now why don't you go ahead and sit down at the table, while Kim here finishes her breakfast."

"Okay," I said, moving to the table and taking a seat.

I watched as Kim resumed bobbing her head back and forth, the tip of Linda's cock entering her throat with each thrust. I heard Linda groan softly, and her hips started to buck slightly, moving on their own.

"You're, uh, enjoying that," I observed. "Kim sure knows what she's doing," I continued, not knowing what I should be doing or what I should feel like. Part of me was jealous and would have liked to have Linda all to myself. But another part of me was incredibly hot and bothered,

and honestly, all I could think of was wanting more of her. More of this. More of them. But I also liked the thought that it was Linda's right. She should have everything.

"Fuck," Linda panted, her hips rocking back and forth. She had now grabbed onto Kim's hair with both her hands, and Kim let go of Linda's shaft, only her mouth now pleasuring her.

"I'm getting close," she groaned. She glanced at me and gave me a grin, biting her lower lip.

"Don't look away," she said, her face growing more and more tense. "Don't you dare look away," she gasped, closing her eyes. She threw back her head and let out a moan, her cock pulsating as her release built up.

My own dick was rock hard in my pants, and I palmed at it idly as I watched Kim milk Linda for her load.

Linda grunted and thrust her hips a few times, her grip on Kim's hair tightening. Kim, however, seemed unfazed. She was the epitome of calm, her movements relaxed and measured.

And then Linda came, letting out a moan as she shot her load into Kim's mouth, and into her throat. Kim stayed put, taking all of it, swallowing the whole lot without much effort.

I had never been with anyone that I knew of who would just accept being that forcefully finished down upon, yet she seemed utterly unperturbed, her hands behind her back as if she were being checked out or inspected. Kim really enjoyed being used.

"Wow," Linda breathed, looking over at me, her cock still in Kim's mouth. "Did you like that, baby?" she asked, smirking.

"Uh-huh," was all I got to say.

"Fuck, that's good," Linda panted, grunting a few times, her cock seemingly still cumming. Kim's face contorted, and she coughed slightly. She was still smiling, however. "Your turn now," Linda added, giving me a wink.

Linda slowly pulled her cock from Kim's mouth, letting out a moan as Kim let her cock fall from her lips, the last strand of cum dripping from the tip onto Kim's chin.

Linda stepped aside, and gestured for me to take her place.

"Come on, babe. I've got Kim hungry for that load of yours. We wouldn't want her to get nothing to eat," Linda teased.

"No," I breathed, taking the spot in front of Kim.

"Now, go on. Let her have that cum of yours."

I reached down to undo my belt, but Kim's hands were already moving up to my waist and undoing my pants, eager and hungry as I was.

"Damn, Kim, you're something," I chuckled, fidgeting and helping her get my trousers and underwear off, exposing my half-erect cock. It didn't take her long to wrap her hands around it, stroke it once or twice, then lean forward and take it into her mouth.

"Oh, fuck, Kim," I gasped, as her tongue swirled around the head and down along the shaft.

"Fuck, she's really good, isn't she, Josh?" Linda asked, her hand running through Kim's hair, but she wasn't making any attempt to direct or pull Kim anywhere.

"Fuck," was my only reply as Kim bobbed her head, taking my entire length in, her cheeks hollowing out as she sucked on me, then letting my dick slide back into the hot recesses of her mouth.

My legs were starting to buckle under me, the sensations too much to bear. I put one hand on the kitchen table, and Linda came and wrapped her arm around my torso, making me gasp a little bit more, feeling safe and supported.

"Shit, you like this a lot," Linda chuckled. "She'll take it. You can just unload into that pretty mouth. That's it."

I wasn't going to argue or ask stupid, rhetorical questions. Instead, I simply let myself go as Kim sucked me off like she was starving. My legs were starting to tremble as I neared my release, and my hips were moving on their own, fucking Kim's mouth. Her eyes were closed as she bobbed back and forth along the length of my shaft.

"Fuck!" I shouted, as my climax crashed over me, my hips thrusting into Kim's mouth, and I let loose my pent-up frustrations. Kim just took it all in stride, sucking on me and stroking my length with her hand until she'd swallowed it all, and was licking and pecking my cock clean. "Jesus, Kim, that was incredible."

"Mm," I heard her moan, and I looked down to see her grinning up at me, my cock sliding from her mouth. "Thanks, sir," she replied, still grinning. "Now, how's that for breakfast? Was it good for you too?" Kim giggled. I was too exhausted to be shocked or confused. She had a mouth of gold, I thought.

"You guys sure have elaborate routines in the morning," Luna grunted. Had she been here the whole time? No, thank god. I turned and saw that she was just making her way down the stairs in shorts and an old band T. She made her way to the coffee machine.

"Aw," Linda teased. "Josh, I think you need to put your jealous little sister in her place. Don't you?" She came closer to me and nuzzled my nose, pecking me on the lips.

"Shush, it's too early for all that crap," I groaned, still dazed.

"Maybe later, sis?" Linda said.

"I'll pass, thanks," Luna grunted, looking at Kim as she poured herself a cup of coffee. "I'm going out," she announced, taking a sip of the black liquid and turning to leave the kitchen, heading out into the lovely summer morning, drinking her coffee by the pool. Barney followed her, too, as he was wont to do. He was always hungry for a patting session.

"So this is life?" I chuckled.

"It is," Kim said.

"Should we discuss how to, you know, practically proceed? I mean, does Josh always sleep in my bed, or do I join yours?" Linda asked. "And will it be bad for Luna, feeling like we're a trio while she's... well, alone?"

It spoke so much to Linda's character that even now, she was thinking about my little sister's well-being. "I mean, I know one thing that would cheer her up," I said, half jokingly, half not.

"That being...?" Linda prompted.

"Josh wants you to fuck Luna," I said, biting my bottom lip.

"Well, if it'll make her happy," Linda shrugged. "Not the first time, nor the last."

"I guess we'll see where the wind blows us, then," I said.

"Sounds like a plan," Linda said. "Unless she finds herself a lovely girl or guy to give her what she needs. Anyway, I was being serious about the sleeping arrangements. I don't want any sort of special treatment or for things to fall into shit just because we don't communicate well."

"We could just rotate?" Kim suggested. "One night with each other, and then the next in a group? Or, when the urge calls for it, we play it by ear?"

"I like that," Linda said, nodding. "That sounds fair. Josh can be with you tonight, and I can take him tomorrow night. And the day after that, you get him again. Or us both."

"That works for me," Kim said, smiling.

"I'm right here, guys," I reminded them.

"Oh, shush," Linda said, giving me a playful swat on the ass. Kim came over and did the same, but with a bit more force, making me yelp.

"Pff women. Am I just meat?" I asked.

"Yes," Linda said. "Now, go on and be a good boy and change into swimming trunks and get out there and show us that chiseled body while Kim and I bring the breakfast out."

"You mean, you're done fucking?" I asked, half-jokingly.

"Don't worry, honey," Linda said, leaning in and kissing me on the lips. "There's plenty more where that came from. Just be a good boy and do as you're told."

"Fine," I said, pulling my pants back up.

"Good boy," Linda purred, kissing me again. "Now hurry up. I want to see you glistening under the sun."

"Yes, ma'am," I replied, heading off upstairs to change into my swimming trunks.

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"Your idea worked out great," Linda said, smiling. I could tell from how she looked at me that she didn't trust me all that much yet, but she was trying her best to hide it. But, she was probably right in being a bit hesitant. I couldn't exactly blame her. She had been duped before by me before.

"Yeah," I agreed. "It did. I'm telling you, Josh loves this. Like, he's suppressing what he really wants, but you saw it earlier. It was clear as day. He loved it when he saw his wife pleasure someone else, especially when it's you," I said, gesturing to her with a hand as I poured myself a cup of coffee.

"I just love the way his face grows so desperate, how his cheeks flush when he sees me with you. His eyes are just... They're just so full of lust. It makes me feel so sexy," Linda said, grinning. She took a sip of her coffee and sighed happily.

I wondered if I should push Linda more into realizing Josh's full potential, or if now was a good time to keep it as it was.

"You're lucky who at least gets to see that side of him," I said, changing subjects slightly.

"What side?" Linda asked.

"That submissive side. I've never. I mean, I'd love to, but Josh... well, I don't know if he trusts me like that, and perhaps I deserve that. But at least you get to. I just wish I were able to provide that for him as well," I mused, walking to the kitchen island and sitting on a chair opposite of Linda. "Josh needs that, I think. Someone to take him out of his comfort zone and make him embrace his desires. He just doesn't seem to be able to give himself that, even though it's so obvious that he needs it. It's sad."

"Hmm," Linda mused, taking another sip of her coffee.

"But maybe with you there? You're the kind of person who wouldn't let that happen to him, and you'd stop me when I take things too far, right? Maybe he'll come around, with time. Maybe he'll learn how to be his true self with me too?"

Linda nodded thoughtfully. "Well, you've been a great help in making Josh and me closer together. If he needs a little push, I'll gladly provide it. But don't forget, Kim, that I'm team Josh, and I won't do anything he doesn't like. Even if it turns him on. I will never use that against him." "Of course not," I said. "I would never ask you to, either."

Linda smiled softly at me, and leaned in to kiss me on the lips. "I know, sweetie."

"I know I'm supposed to have Josh tonight, but, if you want, you can come up too," I suggested, happy with the outcome of our conversation. Though I loathed the constant virtue signaling, I was getting what I wanted. And in time, once I let Toby loose on her, he'd put her in her place, too.

"Maybe," Linda said. "I don't want to intrude on your private time."

"It's not intruding. Josh belongs to the both of us. He's ours," I said, and I meant it.

Linda bit her lip, liking the possessive talk. "That he is."

I leaned in and kissed her on the lips again, letting my tongue explore her mouth for a few seconds before pulling back, smiling at her.

"Now, let's go join the others before they think we're just making out in here," I said, chuckling.

"As if they'd mind," Linda joked, getting up from the kitchen stool. "But yes, let's go out. I wanna see that husband of yours glistening in the sun. Maybe we can take turns licking his abs."

"I'm sure Luna would love that," I chuckled, amused.

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The Calhoun household settled for the day. Luna and Josh played around in the pool like siblings does, which was adorable. The sun was shining and the sky was blue, and everything felt right with the world. Linda and I were sitting on the lounge chairs, watching them swim and splash each other. We were both wearing swimwear. Her a shorts-like bikini that covered up more than was necessary, and me, a sexy thong that was a size too small, leaving almost nothing to the imagination. Designed by my husband, of course. He had an eye for that sort of thing, making something revealing without making it risky or just mere strings.

"Summer's really here, huh?" Linda groaned, satisfied as Luna got powerbombed into the water by Josh, splashing water on us.

"It is," I sighed, taking a sip of my cocktail, feeling the warm, summer sun caress my skin. "It feels nice."

"Wanna tease them, putting sunscreen on each other?" Linda offered, wiggling her eyebrows.

"I think that'll be enough for Josh. He can't handle much teasing," I chuckled.

Linda nodded, smiling. "You know, one of the best things about Josh is his face. When I'm... in him," Linda began.

I subtly shifted to listen more intently. She was finally going to open up a bit about her and Josh. I'd learn something now, and probably a few things about Josh I didn't know.

"Or when I tease him, or when I—"

"Cuck him with me?"

"Yes, cuck him with you. And then I get to see how his face just gets all soft and red, and he blushes, and his eyes just glaze over. Horny and desperate. For me. I just love seeing that," Linda said, sounding wistful. "Like this morning..."

"Yeah, I know what you mean," I said, thinking of his expression.

"That look is so fucking hot, you have no idea."

"I think I do," I said, smiling. "I'm glad you're sharing."

"Me too. I mean, we gotta share notes, eh?"

"One thing that... has frustrated me a bit, if that's even the right word, is how passive he can be. I've seen him struggle, but he doesn't always seem to make a decision. It's like he's afraid of it," I said, hoping I wasn't oversharing. But Linda seemed receptive. "He doesn't know what he wants, or he knows, but doesn't act on it... When I *fuck* other men," I made sure to blunt and explicit. "Like with Toby. God, that was something else. I don't know if he's ready to see that again. To see me in action. I know he likes it, but at the same time, he doesn't want it to happen, and he

certainly doesn't want to get off on it. That's the frustrating part. He's so scared of what he wants that he's not fully present in what he's seeing and feeling."

Linda frowned slightly as she considered my words. Then she smirked.

"He's not passive with me. At all. Quite the happy pleaser, in fact," she boasted, making me chuckle involuntarily and feel my cheeks heat up. Anger and frustration, but I drowned it down with images of Toby's fat cock bulging out her neck as he fucked his way to an explosive orgasm.

"I'm not jealous," I clarified.

"No, I didn't think you were," Linda said. "I think you're right though. He's... insecure in the way he needs to be dominated by others. Or, I guess, me. He's afraid of being submissive and letting go, which is why I gotta put my foot down more firmly. Make him understand that I'm there for him, no matter what. That I won't judge him or think any less of him."

"I think we both have a lot to teach each other. And, I hope you know, that I'm team Josh. No matter what happens or what we end up doing together, or with him, I want us to be good. I want to help you in whatever way I can," I said, hoping she'd understand my sincerity.

"I know, Kim," Linda said, smiling warmly at me. "And I appreciate it. We'll figure it out, I'm sure."

We sat there in silence for a few moments, sipping our drinks and enjoying the sun.

"So... how is your sex life?" I blurted out.

"Well, I don't hit him... well, not hard," Linda chuckled. "You're pretty curious, aren't you?"

"Yeah," I admitted.

"I guess that makes sense."

"Like, I remember when I brought it up to him that I gave him the green light, but that I was a bit apprehensive about you, erh, cumming inside him," I tried.

"Oh, I've bred your man over a dozen times already," Linda said, her voice not... unkind, but certainly with an edge to it. She turned to me, and her smile broke out, showing me she was just teasing me. Then her smile turned gentle, the way only hers could. "How does that make you feel?"

Josh just then went out of the pool to take a phonecall. I looked at the man who was so strong, so successful, handsome, all that. But also, the man who loved me, who supported me, who'd given me so much. But also who loved to be dominated. Who was so scared and yet so turned on by it, that his brain sometimes couldn't keep up with the rush of blood from his heart and his cock.

"Honestly?" I began, looking at the woman who'd shown us all the truth and light. "It's the sexiest thing ever. I just... it turns me on, and I can't wait until you give him a big load, and I'm there to clean him out. To worship you. To... to worship him. It's just so erotic. So hot."

"I'm glad," Linda said, grinning.

"Yeah," I replied. "He's so... he's so amazing. And so are you, and, like, the thought of him getting fucked, or, I don't know, bred, makes me so excited, and, yeah, I just..."

"Yeah," Linda agreed.

"How was he the first time?"

"Well, nervous, as you might imagine," Linda chuckled. "I had to take charge, but, god, that boy, he took it like a champ. Tight and slick and... just so hot."

"Wow," I breathed, fanning my face a bit with my hand.

"Yeah," Linda chuckled, shaking her head. "God, I've never fucked a guy who loved it as much as he does. Not that I fucked many guys before him... And the fact that you love it too, that just makes it even hotter. You two are really something else."

"Thanks," I said, smiling. "You are too."

Linda laughed and shook her head, then leaned in and kissed me on the cheek.

Then I saw Josh round the corner from the poolhouse and head over to us. He looked to be in business mode.

"Hey, babe," I said, smiling at him. "Having fun?"

"Yeah," Josh replied, grinning. "I just got off the phone with Mirella. She's... a hard worker. She told me that Mona, her sister, who's going to run for governor, would absolutely be interested in running her campaign with our agency, but that I need to get my own profile out there a bit... so Mirella booked some interviews for me. One later today, one tomorrow. But I'm tired, so I think I might take shower then a nap first."

"Oh, okay," I said, a bit disappointed he'd leave on a Saturday now that the gang was back together.

"Holy crap!" Linda exclaimed. "That is huge. Congrats!"

"Yeah," Josh replied. "A lot is happening at once."

"It is," Linda replied, her voice tinged with a sense of awe and disbelief, too. "It really is. I can't wait for you to get super famous!"

"I don't know about that," Josh chuckled, rubbing his neck.

I couldn't believe it. We'd gotten an account the likes of Mona, sister to Mirella, a future governor? This was huge. This was what Josh deserved.

"Do you want us to join? Or maybe Luna, she's a huge part of the PR," Linda asked.

"Nah, I've got Mirella, I should be good," Josh chuckled. "She tows the line."

"This calls for a celebratory fuck," I blurted out.

"You two are insatiable, aren't you?" Josh chuckled. "As much as I'd want to, I should get ready."
A pang of anger and frustration came over me. He'd rather nap than enjoy himself with his wife?
And Linda?

"Come on, Josh, just a quickie," I teased. "Shove one in me for the road."

"Babe, come on," he said, rubbing his eyes.

"So you don't wanna watch Kim, and I tan in the nude? Putting on shiny, oily sunscreen all over our bodies?" Linda teased.

Josh looked from Linda to me, his face flushing slightly. He bit his lip and shook his head.

"Well, maybe next time," Linda said. "Go on, Josh. Get some rest. You've earned it."

Josh hesitated for a moment. Linda leaned in and kissed him on the lips.

"Go on," she whispered. "I'll keep your wife company."

Josh nodded and gave me a small smile. "Okay." Then he turned and headed back into the house, and we watched him go.

"God, I could just eat him up," Linda said.

"Me too," I agreed. "He's so cute when he's flustered." And frustrating when he's passive. Linda chuckled. "That he is."

"So," I began. "Are you gonna do something about that?"

"About what?" Linda asked, smirking.

"Tanning naked?"

"I was joking about that part," Linda laughed. "Unless you want to?"

"Well, I'm not opposed to it," I said. "It would be fun to tease Josh a little bit. Especially if he's taking a little peek out here."

"That is true," Linda said.

"So, what do you say?"

Linda grinned. "Let's do it. Besides, we gotta get you pregnant, right?"

"That's where this is going?" I laughed.

"I'm horny, and your husband's napping," Linda shrugged. "You'll have to do."

"Oh, you poor thing. Having to resort to second-rate options," I joked.

"It's a hard life, Kim, it's a hard life. Now get up so we can get this done. I want to see that cute ass and tight little body of yours in the sun," Linda said.

I grinned and got to my feet, then began undoing my bikini straps. Once I was topless, I dropped the swim trunks, letting Linda admire the tight and perky butt, and the neatly trimmed bush between my legs.

"Mmm," Linda murmured, admiring my body. "You're pretty sexy, you know?"

"Thanks," I said, feeling my face flush a bit.

"Here, turn around and let me look at you." I did as she asked, turning so that she could get a full view. She reached out and grabbed my breasts. "Nice," she whispered. She cupped both my mounds in her hand as if weighing them before she let them drop again.

"Gonna have to fill these up, don't we," she mused, more to herself, though with a smirk directed up at me.

She slid her hands along my back, down my sides, and onto my butt, squeezing my cheeks in her strong fingers.

"Perfectly shaped," she breathed, biting her bottom lip as her hands roamed over my naked skin. Her hand eventually made its way up to my pussy, where she slid a finger along the length of my slit, making me gasp. She continued to massage my clit for a few seconds before she pulled back.

"You like being touched?" she asked.

"Uh, yeah. Who doesn't?" I chuckled. I felt like a breeding mare being inspected before a proper mounting. "But you're still dressed," I said.

"I know. Just wanted to take a look at the merchandise," Linda said. Then she began undoing the strings of her own bikini, and soon, she was in her own glorious birthday suit.

"You look incredible," I said. "So sexy."

"Thanks," she grinned, cupping her breasts briefly, then releasing them. Her dick was growing hard between her thighs. It was as beautiful as it had been before, and as massive. I swallowed.

"Impressive," I remarked, nodding towards the cock that grew harder with every passing second. I had seen her hog a few times, but damn, it never ceased to amaze.

Linda grinned. "You can take her for a ride whenever you want." She reached down and gave her shaft a few strokes.

"Well, how about we put on some of that oil?" I said, gesturing towards the bottle.

"Oh, good idea," Linda said.

She reached out to pick up the bottle and poured some onto her hands, rubbing them together to make the liquid spread easily. Once her palms were sufficiently slickened with the oil, she reached over and started applying some of it to my skin. I felt her palms on my shoulder blades, working the oil in slowly. Soon, I was glistening under the sun, the sheen of oil coating my olive-skinned body. Her touch was so soft and gentle, but it felt so good.

"Mmm," I moaned softly, leaning into her hands.

"Feel nice?" Linda whispered.

"Yes, very nice," I replied. She kept rubbing me all over, spending some more time massaging my breasts, even rolling my nipples between her fingertips and making me gasp.

"You're making this too enjoyable," I groaned. "You're making me wet..."

"That's okay, Kim, I can take care of that too. I'll take care of anything that needs caring," she whispered, her voice husky. Then she grabbed my ass, kneading and massaging it firmly.

"What's going on here?" Luna said, emerging from the bathhouse after a small shower, a smirk on her lips as she spotted us, Linda kneeling next to the lounge chair, cupping my ass cheeks and rolling and groping them firmly in her hands. We both turned our heads, staring at Luna who was looking at us.

"Oh, we're just putting some sunscreen on each other," I explained. "But Josh decided to sleep, the spoilsport."

"He does that," Luna chuckled. "Probably worn out from all that Linda has put him through."

"Mmm," Linda purred, letting her fingers squeeze the globes of my ass before she gave it a soft pat and pulled back.

"But now it's your turn, Linda," I added.

Luna came a bit closer. "Should I... go inside?"

Linda glanced over at Luna. "Maybe you could join in?" Linda offered. "Get yourself something to drink from the bar. There's some lemonade in the fridge. Have a glass, then come and join in the fun, Luna."

"Sounds great!" Luna exclaimed. "Lemonade, sunscreen, tanning in the nude... Sounds like a great day."

"It does, indeed," Linda said, giving my ass a final playful pat, then moving to sit down on one of the lounge chairs. Her dick, while softening slightly, still stood at an imposing length.

Luna giggled as she glanced at it.

"It's a thing of beauty, I know," Linda grinned, resting on her back. Her breasts, her whole figure was so attractive, and the cock, the cock just made it seem more so. The feminine curves and the thick tube of girl-meat between her legs were so captivating that even I couldn't stop staring.

Luna went into the house and came back out with three lemonades, and she gave one to Linda and one to me.

"You guys are making my brother's pool into a lesbian paradise," Luna chuckled, grinning.

"There are far worse things to make a pool into," Linda chuckled.

"I guess," Luna replied, sitting down on one of the other chairs, facing me and Linda. She reached out to pick up a bottle of lotion. She squirted a dollop onto her palm and rubbed it onto her body.

She hesitated, no doubt because of being out by the pool, but being no shy girl, Luna took hold of her bikini top, undid the strings, and removed it, letting her perfect breasts spill out. She rubbed a small dab of sunscreen onto each nipple and massaged the oil into the smooth, pale globes, watching Linda as she did.

"Enjoy the view, Linda," Luna chuckled.

"Mm, yes, I do love the female form," Linda sighed, grinning. "You've got beautiful tits, Luna. Josh is a lucky man to have a sister with such perfect tits."

"I think he'd rather be fucking yours than mine, though," Luna laughed, dismissing the praise, but the blush was clearly evident on her cheeks. She continued applying more sunscreen on herself, then eventually removed the bottom piece of the bikini. Her hairless pussy and perky ass were now fully exposed to the hot sun.

"Fair," Linda chuckled, glancing up at me. She reached for my hips, guiding me to turn my ass towards her, then began massaging my buttocks with her hands again. Her strong, soft hands worked their way over each individual globe. It wasn't the type of massage you got from a spa, but something far more pleasurable, intimate and erotic.

"Mm, yes," I moaned. "Feels nice."

She didn't answer. Her focus was entirely on me, her hands slowly massaging and kneading each of my buttocks, going deeper and harder as she continued her ministrations.

"Oh!" I yelped, feeling a single finger trace its way to my asshole. She pressed against it lightly before withdrawing. Then, she spread apart my buttocks. A moment later, I felt her mouth on my skin, and her tongue swiped over my hole, circling around it before pushing into it.

"Ohh!" I groaned. "That's..." But I wasn't protesting, merely letting her know I was okay with her boldness.

I heard her chuckle as her tongue began pushing inside my hole, making me shiver from head to toe, then she pulled away from the tight ring and ran all along the crack, teasing my sensitive nerves.

"Oh, fuck," I moaned, arching my hips forward, then backward, letting her tongue get all of my skin.

"Mmm," she murmured. "You taste so sweet." Her voice was low, almost seductive.

"I..." I began.

She just ignored my response. She went back in and pushed her tongue against my asshole again. This time she kept the pressure, probing, and entering my ass with the tip, then wiggling it in circles before finally pulling back.

"Holy shit, you guys are going at it," Luna chuckled from her position, a hand in between her legs. I could hear the soft schlicks of her finger on her lips and clit, masturbating, no longer rubbing lotion in, but getting herself off as she admired the scene before her. Her other hand cupping and squeezing a boob. "Keep going, Linda."

"Thanks, Luna. Your turn soon enough," Linda teased. Then, her hand came out and landed firmly against my asscheek with a sharp slap!

"Oh! Linda!" I moaned in surprise, and my cheeks warmed with embarrassment.

"I know," she whispered. "You've been wanting this for a while now. Wanting someone to treat you right." Her hand came out and smacked me again. The sound echoed around the yard.

"Oh! Mmm!" I cried.

She brought her palm down again. Again. Again. Every time, a stinging sensation that was quickly replaced by a wonderful feeling of heat and comfort. I felt the blood rushing through my cheeks as I clenched them, my hips bucking.

"Ohh," I groaned. I felt myself getting wet. My pussy started leaking fluids onto my thigh, and a steady flow of arousal began trickling down my leg. A mixture of pain and pleasure coursed through me as my rear end grew sore and stung from the repeated slaps.

"You need this," she said. "To be used." Her palm came back down against my cheek, spanking my tender, reddening cheeks, the clap loud as flesh hit flesh. Her voice was low, soft, calm and confident. It made my insides melt.

I whimpered, a whine that escaped my lips, my pussy quivering, and the pain and pleasure made me cry out and whimper again.

I looked at her with wide, lust-filled eyes. "Please..." I moaned.

She just smirked, her expression smug. "You want more, don't you? More of the pleasure, the sweet ache, and the burning desire of being used and abused." Her hand smacked down on my other cheek. My hips rocked and I groaned as her hand collided with my skin.

"Gods, Linda, you're merciless," I whined.

"Am I? I could go harder," she teased, slapping my cheek once again.

"Oh! Linda, that was... It's... oh..." I moaned. "Harder, please!"

She chuckled and began smacking my cheeks with harder, firmer smacks, the sounds of her hand on my cheek sounding out like thunder. The pain and pleasure was growing intense, and as my breathing got ragged and my moaning grew more and more lustful.

"Yes! Mm! God! Mmm... More!" I whined, squirming as I braced for the impacts.

Instead, Linda's hand came away and stroked over the reddened skin. "Good girl, Kim. You've done so well. I'm going to reward you now."

She grabbed me, turned me around on my lounge chair, spreading my legs wide, my wet lips exposed. Luna whistled and laughed. Linda got to her knees between them and buried her face into my pussy, her lips locking against my clit. Her mouth opened wide, and her tongue extended into my hole. It plunged in, then out, and in again. I arched my back and moaned as she made a meal of my wet sex.

"Oh... Oh, yeah... Yeah... Oh, god, yes..." I panted.

She worked me over with her mouth for a while, my legs quivering and shaking, and I moaned as I gripped her head.

"Oh! Oh... Fuck me, fuck me, Linda," I whined, grabbing hold of the chair with my hands. She kept going, making me cry out and pant, gasping as her tongue pushed in again.

"Oh... Oh..." I cried out.

"Fucking give it to her, Linda, give that little whore the fucking she deserves," Luna said. Luna stood and came over to my chair and knelt next to me. I looked to my side, and Luna grabbed the sides of my head and leaned down, kissing me passionately. Our tongues touched, our mouths locked in an open kiss. We made out hotly as Linda kept going, and my hands grabbed Luna's hair and pulled her closer, deepening the kiss, our tongues touching, her lips against mine, the sloppy, noisy sounds filling the air, and our saliva mixed in our mouths and dribbling out the sides of our mouths.

"Oh... Oh..." I panted as Luna came up for air. "Oh, yeah... I need your dick in me, Linda. Give me your big cock. Pound my slut pussy!" I whined, and I felt Linda pull away. I looked back between my legs. She had already gotten her shorts out of the way. Her hands grabbed the shaft and pumped up and down. I knew Toby had told me not to fuck Linda or Josh, but whatever.

Linda grabbed my one leg and spread it out to the side, the other she rested over her shoulder, feasting on my calves as well, kissing up my ankle. Luna grabbed hold of the base, her thumb running through her long hair, and gave her shaft a few slow, long jerks.

"Mmm, I want you in my brother's slut wife, too," she chuckled. "Let's make this cheating bitch squeal," she giggled. Linda nodded with her charming smile. Luna then guided it to my entrance, and I watched in awe as Linda pressed forward and her massive head parted my labia and began spreading my walls.

With a grunt and a hard push, she thrust forward. The thick head of her cock slid in.

"Fuck!" I screamed.

Her hips started moving as her shaft went deeper and deeper. My body shook in time with her rhythm.

"Yeah... Fuck me, give me your big fat dick! Oh, god, your thick fucking cock!" I screamed.

Luna bent down and licked my ear and whispered in my ear, her tongue slithering down and across my neck. "That's right. Let Linda fill your greedy cheating hole."

Linda started pumping in and out, and my walls gripped her, sucking her in deeper with each plunge. Her balls smacked into my ass.

"Yeah!" I wailed.

"You like that big cock?" Luna said.

"Oh, fuck! Yes! Fuck me!" I shouted. Luna kissed along my neck, and down my shoulder, my upper body contorting and trying to meet the movements.

"God, I've missed this," Luna grunted, finding my breast and sucking on a nipple as she continued to stroke herself, masturbating and moaning into the malleable flesh. Her hand continued pumping herself furiously while she moaned and groaned into my tit.

"Fuck yeah," I groaned, arching my back.

"Ohhh... You feel so good around me, you sexy thing," Linda groaned as I looked into her eyes, her gaze locked on to me as her cock went in and out.

The motion of her thrusting hips grew more and more erratic.

"Luna," I gasped.

"Hm?" she replied. "Does your pussy need something from me?" she cooed. "My fingers on your clit?"

"Yeah," I gasped.

"You're such a little whore, asking your brother's little sister for help," Luna said. "What do you say, Linda?" Luna said.

"Yeah," Linda said. "Go ahead, do it."

"Yes," Luna hissed. She let go of her own pussy, her fingers glistening with her slick. Her slender digits went between our bodies and found my little button and stroked. "You little slut. You just want all the cock, huh?"

"Oh, god, ohh," I groaned, writhing as her fingers rubbed against me, the pleasure welling in my body and building. It didn't take much.

My pussy began contracting around Linda's thick, pulsing hog. I felt my muscles tighten, and the tingling pleasure spread throughout me, and my back arched, my toes curling as the sensations of her cock and Luna's talented fingers overwhelmed my body.

"Yes!" I wailed, gripping her shoulder tightly as she kept pounding away. "Fuck!"

"That's it," Luna hissed. "That's it! That's what a slutty married bitch should do."

Luna was really leaning into my dirtiest kink, and I was loving it.

"Ohh," I moaned. My body rocked with pleasure, and my arms were thrown back over the edge of the lounge chair. I was so close. My body shook uncontrollably as Linda's hips kept slapping against my thighs, her balls slapping my ass. She pounded, her strokes quick and fast.

It was a matter of seconds before my body was clenching, and I was shaking, a low groaning scream leaving my throat. "Oh, god, fuck! I'm gonna cum!"

"Yeah," Linda moaned. "Do it, Kim, come on. Come on."

My back arched, my arms out to my sides and Luna leaned down to kiss my belly. "That's it. Be a good girl for us," Luna cooed, looking up at me and grinning, then nibbling playfully along my tummy as she watched the expressions of rapture wash over my features, moaning.

"I'm cumming, fuck, oh, FUCK, yes!" I squealed like a little bitch. My pussy clenched around her cock, squeezing tightly. "Fuck me, please don't stop. Don't fucking stop. Yes, I'm cumming!" I screamed, my voice rising as a wave of intense ecstasy flooded through me, and I shuddered and shook as the pleasure peaked.

My body shook in bliss and my vision became blurry, then faded to black, the tingling, electric feeling racing up and down my body. I was aware of nothing but the feeling of my walls clenching and unclenching, and I let out a loud moan as I heard Linda groaning too, and she grabbed my leg and held me there. Her cock twitched inside me. My pussy clenched around it and sucked on it, drawing her in deeper, milking it.

"Yeah! Oh... Ah! Oh..." Linda cried. She was cumming. Her cock jerked, and I was conscious enough to realize that she was cumming inside me. She had no condom, and her cock erupted inside me. Just like nature intended it.

"God," I gasped, panting. I could feel each jerk and throb inside my core. My pussy was spasming, squeezing around her cock, trying to draw out more of that wonderful, warm, creamy semen.

And then it was over, and she slid her dick from me with a wet plop. My body was shivering with the intensity, my breathing slowly calming as my body went slack. I was spent and exhausted. I felt the warm fluid oozing out from my core. Thick, gooey, warm spunk flowed from me. Linda smiled at the sight, her chest rising and falling.

"You guys were something else," Luna chuckled.

Linda just panted and grinned, and looked down at her cock. "Hmm," she said. "I guess you should clean this for me." She stood up from the quivering heap that was me and turned to Luna.

"Oh, fuck yes," Luna sighed as she wrapped her lips around the cock that had just fucked and filled up her sister-in-law's unprotected pussy. Linda's head tilted back as her eyes rolled up. She held the base of her dick and kept feeding Luna more and more. The lewd, wet noises of Luna sucking her dick were the only thing that could be heard over my ragged breathing and Linda's soft, mewling noises.

"We're not done yet, are we?" I asked. Linda didn't reply, and Luna was occupied. "I'll just go and fetch something. I have this new--"

"Sure," Linda said. She momentarily broke the spell, however. "And check on Josh. Lesson number one."

"I will," I promised. I staggered out of the lounge chair, dripping, sticky juices down my legs, and headed into the house.

"Josh," I called out as I walked inside, the warm sun and its heat replaced with the chilly indoors.

No response. I wondered if he was still asleep, so I carefully crept upstairs, trying not to make noise, not that I cared that much if I woke him. A bit of teasing couldn't hurt.

As I snuck my head through his door, I saw he wasn't sleeping. He wasn't in the bed. But then I saw him. Josh was standing by the window, looking down on Linda and Luna. They were both naked, their bodies glistening under the summer sun, and he had a look on his face like a deer in headlights.

"Hey, baby," I purred, and he jumped, startled.

"K-Kim!" he stammered, looking flustered. "I-I, um, was just... uh, I'm..."

"What's wrong?" I asked, coming up next to him. He quickly stepped away.

"N-Nothing," he said.

"Did you enjoy the show?" I asked, teasing him.

"Show?" he asked, blushing.

"Of me and Linda?" I giggled. "She made me feel so good, Josh. Her big cock felt amazing." I moved closer to wrap my arms around him. "It's fine. You don't have to be embarrassed. It's how it should be, letting the same cock that completely humbles you impregnate me."

Josh tensed. I was being too mean. God, why was it such a drag and pull? I was sure Linda could get away with saying the exact same thing. Well, well. He still seemed excited, even if it was his own sister who was naked by the pool now, getting stuffed. The fact that it was Linda who did things seemed to trump all else.

"Look," I whispered, pulling him closer. "See how Luna's enjoying your girlfriend's massive dick?"

He was silent for a few moments. "Yeah," he said, and his eyes widened a little. His cock grew harder against me, and I chuckled.

"So cute, you little perv. Do you like it when I tease you?"

"Y-Yes," he admitted. "A bit."

"You don't have to be afraid of what you want. What you truly want," I said, stroking his arm and giving him a gentle kiss on the cheek. "Linda will never judge you, and neither will I. We're here for you, no matter what."

"I know. I mean, it's just that it almost reminds me of that cabin trip. Only that this is so fucking hot. I'm not nervous of the outcome or what's going on..." Josh said, surprising me a bit. "I can barely stand on my feet because it's so unbelievably hot seeing Linda in action. It's such a display, so erotic and... sexy. And even Luna... how they treated you, knowing how to handle you, even in ways I'm afraid of doing myself, and how fucking hot her glistening thighs and ass..." Josh trailed off, glancing toward the window, as his voice seemed to not even be able to carry the thought, his breath getting heavier and heavier.

"It's okay, Josh. Let yourself feel what you're feeling," I cooed, hugging him closer, his hardness pressing against me. "It's okay. You're okay."

He nodded, and his arms wrapped around me, too. "Thanks," he murmured.

"You're welcome. Now, I was actually getting a dildo I've gotten molded..." I almost spilled the beans, but I caught myself, and Josh was looking down at Linda, slapping her cock all over Luna's ass. "And I was planning on going down and help Linda handle Luna, or perhaps see if Linda wanted to get strap-on fucked—" Josh looked abruptly at me at that last part.

"She won't let you," he said, taking a step away from me. "Linda, I mean."

"We'll see about that, won't we," I said, smirking.

"No," Josh said, not elaborating one bit. "Eh. That... that's too far."

"Really? She can dick down your sister, me, you, and do all kinds of things, but you don't want me to fuck her with a big veiny strap-on?" I scoffed.

"Yeah, exactly," Josh said.

"What, she doesn't like strap-ons?" I asked.

"Sex that way is between her and me," Josh said, simply. "Not strap-ons, but..."

"Her pussy? Oh, Josh, honey. That's not how this works," I chuckled, teasing him. "If she wants a strap-on fucking from me, she'll get one."

Josh glared at me for a moment. "No."

"I know you're jealous, but I can't control how much or little she wants to fuck me. She's the one who decides that," I said, enjoying the look on his face. "While she's occupied, I'll sneak up behind her and nudge her legs apart, then slide it into her. I bet she'd be really surprised. You'd probably get a great view of it."

Josh didn't say anything for a few moments. He just looked back down at Linda and Luna. Luna had rolled onto her back, and Linda was between her legs, eating her out. Luna's toes were curled up in pleasure as she moaned. I could tell this was something he didn't want. But his passivity was his own problem. If he wanted this to stop, he should act.

Josh tensed, and his cock twitched in his boxers. Hah. He was such a horny hypocrite.

"Why not?"

"Because," Josh began, then hesitated. I smirked and kissed his earlobe.

"Come on, honey, tell me."

He turned to me and took a deep breath.

"Look. Don't do this," he said. "It's weird to say it, but it doesn't feel right, and I don't want to push it. It would feel like... wrong."

"You're right," I said, and a wave of surprise crossed his features, then a hint of hopefulness.

"Linda needs to be the dominant one. She'd probably not even be interested, and she's not one to be pushed, exactly." I knew that if I pushed now, it would backfire.

"Exactly," Josh repeated, but in agreement.

"I'll have to fuck you with it instead!"

"What?" he said, frowning at me.

"I'm joking, Josh!" I laughed. "It's too bad I bought this massive, veiny, thick monster dildo. It's like 9 inches," I said. "But if you don't wanna nap, and you want to watch, I mean, you don't have to stay up here. It doesn't have to be bad," I said.

Josh frowned. "I didn't say it was. I can barely look out because it's so sexy... and, well, Luna's my sister, so that's weird as hell."

I slowly nodded, forcing myself not to roll my eyes. "I'm telling you, Luna is a specimen. If you two get over yourselves, I think she'd absolutely wreck you." Josh's lips thinned, clearly trying to stave off that image, even though I could see the idea of being wrecked by a domineering woman was something that got him going. Even if it was Luna.

"Heh, Linda is plenty," Josh said. That was a much further step than before. Though Josh never had a problem admitting that his sister was attractive. Just not like... that.

"I'm not suggesting that she'd ever top Linda's prowess, but the possibility of some great fun is there. Especially if Linda lets her," I said. "Imagine, those two who love you so much, almost as much as I do, gently pushing you down onto a couch and making sweet love to you, both of them kissing and caressing you, your hands bound by their strong fingers."

Josh shuddered. "You're killing me," he groaned.

"Or imagine Linda getting Luna ready, and then letting her take her sweet time with you," I said. "Her fingers stretching and massaging you, while she whispers naughty things in your ear, or kisses your neck, or teases your nipples. Or maybe Luna's already fingering you, her tongue on your neck and ears, as she fingers you, whispering sweet nothings and promises into your ear, telling you what a good boy you're being for her, and how she's going to give you a nice little present."

Josh swallowed, his cheeks turning red, and his eyes half-lidded. I moved closer and wrapped my arms around him again. My hand drifted down his stomach and to his waistband. I slid my hand underneath it and ran my fingers along his erection.

"Oh, fuck, Kim," he groaned.

"Mmm, I bet you'd love it," I cooed, teasing him.

"It's... it's not bad," he said, his voice soft and low.

"Mmm, well, I can't wait for Luna to finally break down those walls," I teased, kissing his cheek.

"God, you're killing me," he said again, his hips rocking back and forth as I stroked his length.

"Fuck..."

"You're such a good boy, Josh," I said, whispering in his ear.

"Th-Thank you," he moaned.

"Good boys deserve nice rewards," I said, teasing his shaft, and his breathing was becoming labored, his chest rising and falling heavily.

"Yeah..." he breathed.

"How about I give you that reward?" I asked, and he nodded.

I dropped to my knees and pulled his boxers down. His cock was rock-hard, and his head was slick with precum. I gave him a quick kiss on the tip, then opened my mouth and wrapped my lips around his head, sucking on it lightly.

"Oh, fuck," he moaned, his cock pulsing and throbbing in my mouth.

"Mmm," I moaned, and took him deeper, sliding his shaft between my lips and tongue. His breathing became more and more erratic, his body tense and trembling.

"Yeah," he moaned. "God, you're so fucking good at that."

I grinned and kept going, bobbing my head back and forth, taking him deep into my throat, my hands reaching down and stroking his balls, massaging them as I blew him.

"F-Fuck," he groaned, his hips jerking forward, thrusting his cock into my mouth. I sucked harder, swallowing every drop of his precum.

"Ooh, Josh," I moaned.

"Yeah," he said, his voice strained. "G-God, yes. Keep going. Don't stop."

I didn't stop. I kept sucking and bobbing my head, his hips jerking in time with my movements. His body was starting to tense up. His muscles were taut, and his cock was beginning to twitch. But I pulled off, letting my hand sloppily do the work to keep him on edge.

"Isn't this just perfect? Linda gets to fuck me all she wants, gets your sister, but you only get to jerk off, and be blown. Does that feel nice? How about this, to show that you're truly cucked by Linda, you don't even get to fuck me at all," I grinned. His cock was lurched and ached in the air as I left him high and dripping, his cock jumping at the thought.

"Wouldn't that be hot? Wouldn't that turn you on, knowing that she could take me whenever and however she wanted, knocking me up? You've been trying for six months and failed. You couldn't impregnate me. Maybe it was fate, huh? That I'm meant to get fucked by someone else, huh?" I teased, stroking him a little bit.

Josh just grunted and looked down at me, his cock straining.

"What a lucky husband you are," I whispered. "Your girlfriend fucks your wife, and you just sit there and jerk off. Such a good boy."

"Fuck," he gasped. "God, fuck."

"That's it, Josh, cum for me," I said, licking his head, teasing his sensitive tip, and his balls tightened. His cock was pulsing and twitching.

"Kim," he moaned, and his body tensed, his hands gripping my head and pushing his cock between my lips. His cock jerked and twitched, and his cum began spurting out.

"Mmm," I moaned, licking and swallowing every drop of his warm, creamy jizz.

"Ohh, fuck," he groaned.

His cock was still twitching as I licked and sucked, swallowing his seed, and he let out a few soft grunts as he finished.

"Mmm, that was good," I said, pulling away and wiping my mouth. "But next time, you should go outside and jerk off."

"Was that for real?" Josh asked, slightly out of breath from my efforts. I swelled a bit in pride. *'That'* was the denial. He was just not brave enough to say it out loud.

"No, I was joking," I chuckled, getting to my feet and giving him a peck on the cheek. "But we can always try it later, if you want. Wouldn't that be fun? If you want, I can deny you my pussy. Linda would still be yours, but you wouldn't get to fuck me. How does that sound?"

"Uh..." he began, and his cock started to get hard again.

"Ooh, you like that idea," I teased, kissing him again.

"I..." he trailed off.

"Well, maybe next time," I said, stroking his cheek. "I'll have some more fun with Linda and Luna, okay?"

"Sure," he said, giving me a smile.

"You're welcome to join," I offered. "Or if you want to watch, that's fine, too."

"Okay," he said, his voice quiet.

"I'll just grab that dildo. For Luna and myself, not Linda, don't worry," I giggled, and headed towards the closet.

"Kim," Josh said, stopping me. "Just... don't make this weird."

"Make what weird?" I asked.

"Like, the whole thing with Linda," he said.

"Oh, Josh," I chuckled, walking back to him and wrapping my arms around him. "Of course not. Everything's gonna be fine. You just focus on your work, and leave the fucking and cuckolding to the rest of us."

Josh blushed and looked away.

I reached into the back of my closet, my fingers brushing past the usual toys and settling on the one that made my pulse quicken. *Toby.* That's what I'd named it, a cruel little joke that only I could fully appreciate. The thick, veiny silicone replica was molded after the real Toby—the man Josh hated so much, his rival in every sense.

I ran my thumb over the lifelike texture, a slow, wicked grin spreading across my face. The thought of using this on someone else, Josh or maybe even on Luna later, made my own thighs tremble with anticipation. Poor Josh would lose his mind if he knew. That's exactly why it was perfect.

I took the dildo and made sure Josh was looking. He saw it, the thick shaft and the veiny texture. It was an impressive 9-inches, the size of the real Toby's cock. He'd seen it before, of course. But he probably didn't know that.

"W-Woah, Kim... Is that..." he asked. "It looks huge. And so real."

"It sure feels like one," I smirked as I held it. "It was custom-made, and it was very expensive, but worth every dime, trust me. It can even shoot cum!" I grinned.

"Woah," Josh said.

"Want to take it for a test drive?" I teased.

"No, thanks," Josh shook his head.

"Maybe I should fuck Luna with it, then," I chuckled, heading downstairs.

*

The trio having a full-on threesome out in the backyard, sweaty and glistening, all three girls looking utterly blissed-out, was something incredibly distracting when you try to shower and nap before an interview with some journalist that had been pestering for your attention for a while... though pestering was a bit harsh. But the trio was distracting nonetheless.

I felt guilty for admiring anything involving Luna, but the delicate, feminine moans coming from the pool area certainly did a number on me. They seemed to be having fun; that much was obvious.

But as I left the house after my shower and headed down the driveway, I found it was an experience I didn't dislike. Far from it, actually.

The way the girls seemed to have such a connection was so surreal and arousing, I had a hard time not getting distracted. Not even a shower and a cold drink did the job. Not to even mention how hard it was to keep my eyes and thoughts away from the topic of their interplay and my

cuckolding when it came to Kim and Linda, but also the way I had gotten a front row to the spectacle of Luna being fucked, which, despite its taboo nature and how wrong it seemed, stirred strange feelings inside me, both emotional and physical. God, those two...

But I shook my head as Mirella pulled her car to the driveway and looked at me with those clear, mountain-blue, stern eyes of hers. She had an aura that most around the office were afraid of, and I guess I fell into that category as well, but she was fierce and a dedicated worker and the perfect head of sales. I was also very soft, so she was my perfect right hand. Being in her mid-thirties, she was also very experienced and mature, both of which my company needed a lot.

But given what I just saw back at the house, I couldn't help to notice her black sleeveless pencil dress, and her black nylon stockings. Though, her brown hair was tied back in a stern ponytail, making her look even more intense and focused.

"Good morning, Mirella," I said.

"Good morning, Josh," she replied.

"Not often we get to hang out on a Saturday, eh?" I joked. Mirella never indulged, but this time she offered me a small smile.

"Indeed. This is a special occasion," she said, and I chuckled as I got into the car.

She had a small coffee and a water bottle for me, and she handed them to me as I buckled my seatbelt. It was those actions that made me think she wasn't *just* scary and cold.

"So," I said. "The interview."

"Yes, it will be a short one," she said. "Then a lunch with Mona's secretary, and then you're free until Sunday. They insisted on a full day today, but I said no. You need rest. If the interview feels good to us, we go for the one on Sunday. Then a lunch with Mona..."

"And you're still okay with that?"

"Of course," Mirella said, fiercely loyal. She'd been out of the workforce for a while, but after a divorce and a bit of sickness, I had given her a chance. I never expected anything back, and I think that was precisely one of the reasons she was so devoted to me.

"Thank you," I said.

"Don't thank me, just do well in the interview," Mirella said.

"Will do," I promised.

*

The interview was mostly a breeze. The journalist, a young, bright, and eager woman, was asking a lot of the usual questions, and I was happy to talk about myself and the business, but I was getting a bit worried that I might be a bit dull for her.

Mirella, however, seemed satisfied with the result.

"This is great. A good way to start the weekend," Mirella said as we exited the office.

"Glad to hear," I said, a bit relieved. "But I wasn't all that exciting, exactly."

"Nonsense. You were great. Your charisma is one of your best features," Mirella said.

"I think the journalist was a bit disappointed, though."

"That's their problem. You were professional and courteous. That's all that matters," Mirella said.
"We have a foot in the door. You'll get used to it, and then it'll be a cakewalk for you."

"Thanks, Mirella," I replied.

"You're welcome, now let's go," she said, and I followed her outside, into the warm air.
We sat down at a nice café for lunch, and the food was amazing. But the conversation was a bit awkward. We weren't close friends, and though we were friendly, we weren't the type to talk about our personal lives.

"I think the journalist liked you," Mirella said.

"Oh," I said, a bit surprised. "You think?"

"Yes. You were polite and charming. But you weren't too much. Just the right amount of professional," she explained. "It was just a small interview, but you handled yourself very well."

"Well, thank you for setting it up. I'd never do it myself. It would feel so... narcissistic. I know, as the head of a company with a dedicated PR branch, that I'm not making any sense thinking like that," I laughed.

"But I think it's nice. The fact that you're a modest person, it makes me think you're the type who won't sell their soul," Mirella said.

I raised an eyebrow, unsure of where she was going with this. "That's a rather harsh word."

"I meant someone who doesn't do things for the money. Or *just* for the money," Mirella said, a wry grin tugging at her lips. "There are a lot of people in the industry, and there's a lot of money to be made. That can corrupt."

"It can," I agreed.

"But you don't seem like that. You seem like a decent guy," Mirella continued.

"Thanks," I said, not really sure what else to say.

"And that's why Mona is considering the idea of maybe running her campaign from your office," Mirella said. "It's not set in stone yet, but I think it's a good sign."

"It is. I'm glad," I said, smiling.

"But the point is, there are a lot of people out there. And a lot of them are hungry, ambitious, and they're willing to do whatever it takes to get ahead," Mirella said.

"Well, it's a tough world, but it's always been that way," I said, shrugging.

"You're right. But it's just nice to know that there are good people out there. Like you. And Mona will need that as much as she cherishes that sort of thing in others," Mirella said. "A lot of people will try to get close to her to advance their careers, but it's nice to know there will be people who want to help her."

"Of course. She seems like a nice lady," I said. "And I'm sure she'll make a great governor."

"She will," Mirella agreed. "I have no doubts about that."

The conversation turned to lighter topics, but the compliment kept playing through my mind. It was nice to hear, especially since Mirella didn't hand out praise lightly.

Eventually, Mona's secretary came around. I didn't say much, Mirella just hashed out some logistics and made some small talk. They were pleasant, but the conversation wasn't all that engaging.

"That was a nice lunch," Mirella said as we left the restaurant.

"It was," I agreed.

"Let me drive you home," she said.

"You don't have to," I said.

"It's fine. I want to," she said. "What, are you gonna walk?"

"Fair."

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As Mirella was pulling up our long driveway, I must admit my feelings were those of excitement. After the interview, and the café lunch working out the logistics of actually meeting Mirella's sister Mona Marcetto, it was dawning on me that this might actually be happening. All from that little spark from Linda about making a difference. I wasn't sure if I actually was about to change anything, or if it was for the better: I knew little of Midwestern politics, but I was intrigued and excited, and that was enough for me.

However, a lot was riding on this. I hadn't seen any figures, but I figured a few hundred thousand or maybe a million wasn't out of the question. That was one thing... but if, no, when we did a

good job for her campaign and Mona ended up succeeding in the elections, the thought was a bit overwhelming, and the fact that it might legitimately lead to more likewise contracts...

Was that what I had envisioned? It would be a huge commitment, and a lot of money, and a lot of responsibility. My head spun a bit, and my heart thumped hard.

Mirella seemed to be able to read me. "I can tell you're worried."

"I'm just nervous, I think," I replied.

"I'm nervous, too," Mirella admitted. "But Mona's a smart girl, and she has a lot of support. It's going to be a big campaign. And the fact that you're a young, successful entrepreneur is going to give her a lot of media attention."

"I hope it doesn't put her off," I said.

"You're the right kind of attention," Mirella replied.

"What kind is that?"

"The good kind," she replied, parking in front of the house. "She's young and ambitious, with a young, ambitious man in her back. You and Luna understand the youth the way Mona's opposition doesn't, and certainly not their dinosaur campaign managers. But..."

Mirella hesitated, breaking eye contact, which she never did. But not for long, her piercing eyes were carefully finding mine.

"But you don't have any experience in this sort of thing," she concluded.

"That's true," I replied.

"But you and Luna are going to learn," she continued. "Mona has a team. They can teach you everything."

"You'll help, too, right?" I asked.

"Yes," Mirella replied. "I will. And..." Mirella hesitated again. I think she had already stalled once saying her what was truly on her mind by talking about our lack of experience. "It's not my place, but... A lot is in motion once this ball starts rolling. And scandals should be avoided. And at all costs. For you, for your employees, Mona, me, everyone."

"That sounds ominous," I laughed, but my laugh was hollow.

"It's not ominous. It's the truth. If there are any skeletons in the closet, now is the time to deal with them," she said. "I think you understand. You're as smart as you are handsome. It would be a shame for anything to get in the way of such a great opportunity."

I slowly nodded. "You're right. It would be," I replied.

"I know," Mirella said. "Now, get out. Go relax. Take the rest of the day off."

"Thanks," I said. "For everything."

"Of course," she replied.