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I didn't sleep much that night. Night till Monday. I tossed and turned, went in and out of restless sleep like a strobe light moving around on a stage. But it wasn't nerves in the way you'd be nervous to perform, not entirely, but nervous energy from excitement.

In the end, I figured I might as well go for a jog. Or a sprint, I don't fucking know. Rolling around in bed was pointless, especially without someone to keep me company. So, a sprint to wake me up, a cold shower, and waiting for the coffee to get going, that was my morning, all while muttering all sorts of answers to all sorts of questions I imagined I'd be put through. Up before dawn, who'd thought that of Luna Calhoun?

I yawned loudly, trying to decide what to wear. I was sure Josh would have some opinions, but I felt like I had to go for something that was *me*. That was comfortable and familiar. I settled for a blue-grey button-up shirt, a dark pair of slacks, and black loafers. It was the most conservative outfit I could muster. But still baggy and deliberately loose. Comfy and professional.

When I came back down from changing, I saw Josh sitting at the kitchen island waiting for me, a look of surprise on his face as he saw me. "Whoa, you look good."

"Thank you, Josh," I said. "Weren't you able to sleep either?"

"Like a baby. But I got up to make you coffee and perhaps cut you some fruit for a light breakfast. You beat me to it, though," Josh chuckled, his easy-going, caring nature coming out. "It's still pretty early."

"Yeah, couldn't really sleep," I said.

Josh must've noticed my nerves.

"Hey, I believe in you. And from what I can tell from Mona from yesterday, she's not that scary."

"Really? What did she do, give you a peck on the cheek?"

Josh chuckled. "Not quite. But she's very smart, and kinda a younger version of Mirella, just as intense, but she's not all frowns."

I smirked. "That's not how the tabloids paint her, I'll say."

"They've probably only seen the 'frowny' side of her. But we'll change that, won't we?" Josh said, coming over and wrapping an arm around my shoulders. Normally, that was a signal for a takedown, but instead, he gave me a tight squeeze, and I could feel his love and confidence. And I knew what he was doing by sending me to our first official meeting with Mona Marcetto.

He was giving me the spotlight. Legitimacy. In the face of our potential biggest contract, our biggest move, he saw me as an equal. After all the times I had run the company while he was out and about, it had led to this. He trusted me then; he trusts me now. It was both daunting and encouraging, and I felt it in my heart as another kind of energy that wasn't wholly nervous anymore.

"We will," I said softly, leaning into him a bit. Sometimes, it was just nice to be held.

"Someone's looking smart," Linda teased, rounding the corner, eyeing me up and down. "You look great, Luna. All prim and proper. Mona is going to want to eat you up."

"That's what I'm afraid of," I chuckled.

"What? Don't tell me you'd like that," Linda teased, and normally I'd roll my eyes or chuckle, but it was too early in the morning for that shit.

"Maybe a little," I mumbled.

"God, you two," Josh laughed, letting me go.

"What about us?" Linda asked, giving him a kiss.

"Nothing," Josh grinned.

To my surprise, I saw Kim join us as well. She hadn't shown any interest in any of this over the weekend when Josh came home from his interview and his off-the-books meeting with Mona at a bar with Mirella. But now she was here to see me off.

"Look at you," she said, giving me a hug.

"Hey," I said. "Thanks."

Then Josh more or less took over the conversation, taking the lead so that I could eat my fruit and drink my coffee in peace. Linda smiled and understood perfectly. Kim... seemed to be observing more than usual. I could just chalk it up to her being tired. Hell, I was tired, and she was even less of a morning person than I was.

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Mona Marcetto was like her sister in as many ways as they were different. She had the same piercing eyes, the same stern features, the same fierce attitude. But she had a different beauty. More striking. Fierce. It matched the little I knew about her.

And her outfit matched the vibe as well. It was a sleek, black dress, tight around the waist and hips, accentuating her figure, but not overly provocative. Just elegant. Powerful. Her shoes were equally powerful. Stilettos, but not the ridiculous kind. The kind that made her as tall as me. And her hair was the same brown as Mirella, but styled differently. It was pulled back in a ponytail, which only accentuated her sharp facial features.

She looked amazing, but she also looked a bit tired. She smiled when she saw me, a polite smile, and split from her small entourage.

"Hello, Ms. Calhoun," she said. Her voice was a bit softer than Mirella's. Warmer, even given the atmosphere that seemed to surround her.

"Good morning, Ms. Marcetto," I said, smiling nervously. "Do you want some refreshments—"

"Someone can bring it. Lead me to your meeting room," Ms. Marcetto said. It wasn't a bark, outright at least, but certainly had a tone of impatience. Marcetto looked around the office, and she didn't look displeased, so I took that as a good sign.

Once we got seated, just her and me, which was a bit nerve-wracking, I started my pitch for how we would run her campaign, from proper social media and podcast coverage, wardrobe(which was our specialty, I guess), website, and in general, how we'd target the youth with our online presence. Influencers we sponsored could surely be leveraged, athletes, and so on, and so forth. I even gave her specific verbiage we'd use and what we would avoid.

She nodded and smiled politely, but I could tell she wasn't buying it. Or at least, not really. She was just going through the motions.

"That sounds like most template campaigns I've ever heard," she finally said. "How's yours different?"

"Well, um, I've done some research into—"

"No, Ms. Calhoun," she said, cutting me off. "I'm not here to talk about your research. I'm not interested in that. What I want to know is, how are you going to run my campaign?"

I blinked, a bit taken aback. This wasn't exactly how things usually went. But maybe that's why Marcetto was where she was.

"Well, Ms. Marcetto," I began, taking a deep breath. "Your opponent, Senator Rutherford, has a solid lead. He's been in office for years. And he has the support of most of the state. He's got a big head start on you."

"True," Marcetto replied.

"But that doesn't mean it's impossible. If anything, that means it's possible. With the right kind of campaign, the right messaging, the right strategy, we can beat him. We can win," I said. "The fact that the odds are stacked against you doesn't mean anything. I don't know much about policy. I know Rutherford runs on it a lot, trying to be the concerned conservative, but I don't think he has had any real opposition before. And we won't talk policy, because people don't care about that. We're not selling policy, we're selling you."

"Selling me," Marcetto repeated, a hint of humor in her voice. "Interesting."

"Yes. You're the headline. You're a young woman running against an older man. That contrast alone makes people look twice, make them curious. Curiosity is currency, and you already have it. Sure, some will be intimidated, and some will be bigots and prejudiced, but honestly, fuck 'em," I stopped there, realizing both that I was standing and being animated, but also that I just ventured into a very unprofessional tangent.

"Go on," Marcetto said, and a slow smile spread across her face.

"What I mean to say is, you're hot. Like, you're the kind of hot that makes people a little nervous. Like, even I'm a little scared of you, and that's saying a lot," I said, and Marcetto let out a small chuckle. "But the thing is, it's not just your looks. It's your ambition. Your determination. You've achieved a lot, and people admire that. It's inspiring. It's a sign of hope. And you're smart, too. You're not just a pretty face. And we can actually run on that instead of going policy for policy."

Marcetto didn't respond right away. She made no attempt to hide her studying me. It made me even a bit more aware that I wasn't the most conventionally professional, and I probably wouldn't even have gotten this job in other places, let alone this meeting. I was like a silly girl who had been given too much responsibility too young. I had to force myself not to squirm.

"So, you think I'm hot," Marcetto said, and my cheeks burned.

"Um," I said, stumbling. "You are. That's just the truth. But it's not all. And we can work with it. You're a successful woman, a role model—"

"What happens when the opposition drags my personal life through the mud?" Marcetto shot through.

I was caught off guard, but staggered myself internally and managed a reply. "We lean into it. We don't retreat. If they call you harsh, we frame you as decisive," I said. "We frame you as decisive, not cruel. Strong, not reckless. Interesting, not boring, like Rutherford, as a random example."

I stumbled and tried on some humor.

Marcetto just nodded, her expression still neutral.

"I don't think we should ignore policy entirely," she began after a moment.

"Well, we won't," I assured her. "But it's not a main focus. Policy supports the person. It's not the hook, it's the reinforcement."

A small silence stretched out. Marcetto didn't move her head, but I knew she was looking me up and down again, studying me like some sort of exotic animal she was deciding to keep as a pet or not, or something.

Just then, the door knocked, and in poked the head of my brother.

"How's it going?" he beamed, entering the room, a fresh batch of coffee, milk, sugar, and the like, on a tray. Like he wasn't the boss of the meeting, just the one who happened to bring the refreshments.

"Perfect," Marcetto said, not giving away anything, but I did see how she appreciated him lowering himself and thus upping me. He wasn't showing insecurity; he showed trust in me by letting me take the reins, and further, when he took a seat on my side of the table. Not directly next to me, but like, off to the side, more like a spectator or an observer. Calm and relaxed.

Though even if we were now two, Marcetto still owned the room thoroughly.

"Ms. Calhoun was just telling me how my faults are my strengths," she said, not giving away at all what she thought of that.

"Sounds like Luna," Josh chuckled and settled in his seat, not adding anything more than that.

Marcetto turned back to me. "Well?"

"Yeah, I mean, we're not in the 1930s anymore. Political correctness isn't dead, and should be respected, but not as an excuse to not tell it how it is. And not just *it*, but people too. Almost like an anti-hero. Not that I'm saying you're a bad influence, Ms. Marcetto, quite the contrary, but people don't like the status quo," I elaborated.

"So you would say, what I am, is what I should become?" Marcetto asked, and I wasn't sure what she meant, but she didn't seem offended.

"In the best of ways. We don't want you to be someone you aren't. We want you to be *exactly* who you are," I concluded.

Marcetto leaned back slowly, fingers steepled, not moving a single facial muscle, not giving away any indication of what she was thinking. It was unnerving. But, I could feel her eyes burning holes in me. Slowly, she tilted her elegant head ever so slightly, almost like she was browsing the backside of a cereal.

Of course, she wasn't. She was more deadly than that.

"And who do you think I am?" she finally asked.

I frowned. "What do you mean?"

Marcetto let out a small chuckle, like she was amused by something. "I mean exactly what I said, Ms. Calhoun," she said. "You have an idea of who I am. You've researched me, you've studied me. So, tell me, who do you think I am?"

This time, I took the chance to give her a small study. Her black hair, her strong eyes, her authoritarian aura, and how it reflected and was reflected by her beauty. I thought about the articles I'd read, the interviews, and all the research I'd done on her. But I also thought about what she'd done. What I'd seen of her.

"I mean, one could look at your businesses, the drones and the tech firms, and see an objective truth to your successes, how you've come from seemingly out of nowhere in a few short years, to be the woman you're now. One that takes what she wants," I said, slowly. "So I think, I guess I'd say, you're like an Amazonian."

Marcetto let out a chuckle, a sharp one, but didn't elaborate. Instead, she looked up at the ceiling, and not to steady or ground herself, more to look into the sky and ponder her own thoughts, as though I had just pointed out some great mystery. It was more... a look of a woman who'd found something that she was looking forward to conquering and learning about, and it had all fallen into her lap.

Or maybe I was reading into it more than was there.

"How interesting you are," Marcetto finally said. "An Amazonian? That's an excellent description."

She paused again.

"You're bold. That's rare, especially around me."

Marcetto sat firm, yet seemed to be able to straighten herself out even a tiny bit more.

"Okay," Marcetto said easily.

"Okay?" I asked.

"You've sold me, Ms. Calhoun," Marcetto said. "You've given me an honest pitch. I appreciate that. I'm glad Mirella wanted us to meet, Ms. Calhoun."

"So... you're signing with us?"

"Yes, of course. I made up my mind before I got here. It was just for you to fuck it up. And you didn't," Marcetto said, and a small knowing smirk appeared on her face as she leaned back in her chair, looking out at her entourage lingering around outside the meeting room. Then she looked back at me, her gaze a tiny bit more intense than before. And her voice was even calmer, lower even. "There are other matters, however."

I leaned forward a tiny bit, and so did Marcetto.

"What do you have in mind?" I asked, my own voice a bit shaky.

"It's not easy to explain. And it's a risk. So if you want the official job, I'll need you to sign a few documents, NDAs and such, and then we can discuss the finer details," Mona said. Her eyes drifted a bit, and a small smile appeared on her lips.

I nodded slowly.

"And this is where you become Luna, and I become Mona," Mona said, smirking again.

"Because the truth is, it doesn't end here. But for it not to end, I need your help with something more... covert. The campaign is short-term, and I think you guys will win it for me with your strategy. But I need to be ingrained in people's minds, for people to... well, *want* me to *rule*."

I didn't say anything.

"And it doesn't happen in a week. It happens over the next five years, I'd say. You said people are almost scared of me, in an intimidated manner, and yes, I see it every day, and I'm very aware. And I want people to almost... yearn for that strong, dominant hand ruling them with a gentle iron grip. Because people are tired. Tired people want certainty. Certainty requires a steady hand."

Mona's voice was low and seductive, and her eyes were locked on mine. I was mesmerized. Seduced even. I felt myself... grow excited even. Turned on, even. I was face-to-face with why Marcetto was so captivating to so many people. The very air in the room was... captivated by her. I suspected Josh would appreciate her presence

"And I have their best intentions at heart, and I want them to know that," Mona said. "It would be nice, wouldn't it, for the people to feel that their interests were being looked out for? By a woman? Someone who cares about the issues. Who sees the problems and knows how to fix

them. Not the tired old politicians who can't seem to stop bickering. No, a woman who will protect her people — and dismantle anyone who threatens them."

A small silence followed.

"Operation Dommie Mommy," I muttered, almost on reflex, more to myself than anything else. Mona grinned and raised her eyebrows, her eyes lighting up with amusement. "That doesn't leave this room, you understand," she said, and I nodded. "But it's perfect. We're gonna make sure the people want a mommy like that. And then, they'll have one."

"It'll be hard to do, but we can manage it," I said.

Mona looked over at a piece of paper, pulled it toward herself, and produced a pen. "I'll write two figures. One is for the campaign... the other is for your little operation. And while I don't abide by secrecy, discretion is perhaps advantageous."

She wrote on the paper, folded it, and pushed it toward me. I glanced at her, then unfolded it carefully, almost like peeking through a door ajar, and saw the first number. Eight figures. The other... made me almost physically sick. The weight of that number sat in my stomach like a stone.

"I'll pay it, whatever is needed," Mona said, standing. She held out her hand, and I shook it.

"Luna."

"Thank you, Mona," I said.

"No, thank you," she replied. "We're in this together now, Luna."

Mona left, silence replacing her presence. And still in my hand, the paper.

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Josh slowly, carefully closed the door behind him, having followed Mona out. He was looking over at me with a studying look. Not that of Mona's, where it was intimidating and almost always calculating, but more a curious, caring look of my brother, who had become my best friend, who had mentored me into this position, who had trusted and respected me enough to give me the spotlight.

"So?" Josh asked with a raised eyebrow. "Did it go okay?"

"She's insane," I said.

"What?" Josh said. I tossed the paper on the table between us. He raised an eyebrow, gathered it, and looked first at one, then at the other figure.

"Oh. Fuck."

"Yeah," I agreed. "This is... she's not *just* running a campaign..."

Josh looked at the paper again, then at me again. He folded the paper and glanced at the closed door where Mona had left.

"People are going to depend on us," he said. He ran a hand through his hair. "This is the kind of money that ruins people."

For a second, neither of us moved.

Then I threw myself at him, wrapping my arms around him and kissing his cheek, and gave a triumphant howl before shoving away from him. I had nailed it. Fucking nailed it! I had managed to sell my plan to Mona Marcetto herself, the most intimidating woman I'd ever seen, and... the budget... Holy fuck.

"We better start hiring," Josh said, staring blankly out into space. He looked up at me, amazed, in awe. "What have you done?"

I laughed. "What have we done!" I looked around the small conference room, the rows of cubicles outside it. "We might need to buy the whole building."

"Might?" Josh chuckled.

Through the glass wall, I caught a few of our assistants pretending not to stare. They had no idea. Neither did we.

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I'm not sure why we kept the wine in the TV room. The wine rack was perhaps an afterthought when we first got it, thus it ended up there instead of the kitchen, the lounge area, or wherever that would be more natural to keep one's wine. The TV room had a warmer look to it; maybe that was a good enough reason.

Either way, the contrast of the calm atmosphere in that room and when I returned to the gang with our third bottle for the evening, was pretty funny.

The atmosphere was one of celebration. Returning to the lounge area with a fresh bottle of wine in hand, Luna was in the midst of throwing all kinds of ideas around. Kim was nodding along, pacing, throwing her own ideas while nodding to whatever Luna was saying, without either really hearing the other. Both were laughing at this, that, and the other. Linda sat next to Luna with her feet curled up under her, watching them with an amused look on her, flicking from between them, trying the impossible; keeping track of what they were saying.

And Barney was sitting by her side, wagging his tail happily, as if he were also participating.

I had invited Mirella too, but she politely declined. Oh well.

"– Black on slate black!" Luna said, intensely focused on whatever her idea was. "Would it be too far if we took Mona to a lingerie fashion show? Not on stage, of course, but–"

"– And with my new backdrop, we could really get a nice photoshoot–" Kim said, on her own tangent. But they were somehow interconnected. "Oh, that's a great idea, Luna, we could really –"

"–Just to show she's more than sexy, she appreciates the aesthetic as well –"

"– And then we could –" Kim began, stopping to look at Luna, but not finishing her thought to take a sip of her glass. "Like, models and such!"

"– Not sure if she would go for it though, maybe it's too out there –" Luna said, thinking her idea through more thoroughly.

"– Yes, but it's about character, and there are so many other things that could be done –"

"Maybe we could have her ride horses. An excuse to put a whip in her hand," Luna said, thoughtfully as if really considering trying to make Mona some sort of sexy, dominating

politician through and through. How hard we'd lean into it, I wasn't sure, but I certainly didn't dislike the imagery Luna was creating.

And so the two went back and forth, half sentences, interruptions, not really finishing any concrete ideas, just letting it all flow like a stream, bouncing off each other. Kim either pacing, or stopping to gesture with her glass, Luna sitting back, pestering and enthusiastic.

It was quite entertaining.

At one point, Linda tried to enter the conversation after all, but was quickly overridden, and she laughed it off.

Linda then saw me lingering by the small steps down to the lounge area and smiled approvingly. She loved the enthusiasm as much as I did, taking it in more than embarking on it. But apparently, I was a saving grace in the onslaught.

"Finally. Took you long enough!" she said, interrupting the two idea machines.

"Fill 'er up!" Kim exclaimed, shoving her glass towards me.

"Do you need a refill too?" I asked Linda, nodding toward her two-thirds full glass.

"Someone's trying to get me drunk," Linda teased.

"Watch it, Josh, she's a mean drunk," Luna added.

"I like my Linda a bit mean," I teased back, feeling the atmosphere lifting me up a bit. Linda shoved me with her foot, causing me to spill a bit as I poured.

"You're lucky I'm too happy to hit you," she said, but there was no real venom in her voice.

"Hey, Josh, what about you styling her entire wardrobe almost like a dominatrix? She had a nice ponytail, but even tighter. And black leather. We have the best leather imports in the US, right?" Luna pondered, already back on track.

"We do," I concurred, chuckling, but my mind had already started the design process a long time ago.

Luna's idea of how to sell Mona Marcetto was a fun challenge I was more than excited to get started with. Hell, I was almost tempted to go back to work right now. Mona really had that energy, that sort of beauty that was almost terrifying to some. Enhancing that without being corny or without being too explicitly sexual was a fine balance.

"But let me worry about that. You focus on the PR. And we'll have to be getting the right people too," I added. Luna nodded frantically.

"Cheers!" Kim called, raising her glasses. The rest of us followed.

As we lowered the glasses again, Kim took the initiative again.

"We should really throw a huge party to celebrate this! This weekend!" she exclaimed, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand.

I didn't respond right away. Neither did Linda; she lifted an eyebrow.

"Ooh, yes! Yes!" Luna said.

"That's a great idea," I finally said, though I wasn't sure if it was. It sounded a bit much. "What do you think, Linda?"

"I think it sounds like a good idea too," Linda said, but I could see she thought something else.

"I'm in."

"We just have to not let it evolve... like it usually does," I said, thinking back to some of how our parties could go a bit crazy.

Kim, instead of being triumphant about getting her will, checked a notification on her phone. Linda looked at her, then looked away.

"Don't worry, big bro, no huge orgies this time. We'll keep it low-key, just invite our closest friends and some of our employees. God, we need to think about who to bring along with this and who should keep our other contracts afloat," Luna said, shifting focus rapidly.

"For now, we'll keep it to a need-to-know basis," I said. "And the party should be semi-formal, I guess, just to avoid, erh, an orgie, I guess."

"No way, we should really duke it out! This is huge!" Kim insisted, tossing her phone aside. "Linda, what do you think?"

"I'm fine with whatever," Linda said, shrugging. Her nonchalant attitude seemed to irk Kim.

"We'll see," I said, feeling a bit caught in between.

"Let's invite everyone we know, all our athletes and models, the whole office, hell, we could invite Mona and her crew! Really get to know her!" Luna said, though I knew that was the alcohol talking. That wasn't the Mona we were selling.

"That's too many," I countered. "Let's not make it..."

"Pff, we'll manage," Kim tried.

"We'll invite the usual, some employees plus one, and take it from there. I mean, it's not until the weekend." I hoped that was the end of that, as I wasn't feeling like discussing party logistics right now.

Luckily, Kim seemed satisfied with that answer.

"Leather, we're going with leather!" Luna continued, and I could tell she was bursting at the seams with ideas. "Maybe a nice black and red color palette? But maybe a hint of color?"

"We'll discuss the wardrobe tomorrow," I said. "I think we've got enough to work with for now."

"Just imagine her on a gun range in a leather jacket and some shiny pants. Or! In a grappling class, kicking ass—" Luna held up her hands and leaned back with a sigh. "Alright. I'll stop. Fuck... I need to unwind."

"Then go unwind!" I said, laughing.

"Maybe we should hit the pool," Kim suggested, parading over to Luna, grabbing both her hands to help her up.

"You guys do that," I chuckled.

"What, you don't wanna see two hotties skinny dipping?" Linda teased.

Luna, quite enthusiastically, I might add, let herself be helped up. And once she was, she turned around and winked at me, before getting dragged out by a giggling Kim.

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As the two most talkative of our little group exited, I sighed and leaned back. The room settled, and the atmosphere calmed down considerably. Only Linda and I remained. I liked the excitement, but there was something to be said to sit with Linda, not speaking, just enjoying the other's company.

"Exciting," Linda finally said.

"Yeah," I agreed.

"You sure about a party?" Linda added.

"Kinda late to the game there, aren't ya?" I asked, though teasingly, of course. "Kim seemed very intent on it."

"She is," Linda sighed.

I let a pause sit between us, letting Linda talk again if she needed to.

"They're nuts," I said to Linda, chuckling, taking a long breath, and letting myself relax a bit.

"I know, it's adorable. It's nice to see Luna all excited about work, you know," Linda said. "I think it's really admirable how you put so much faith in her. And that it's not blind faith. It's certainly not lost on Luna, I think. I just hope Kim also finds her place. I mean, I don't want her feeling left out. She at least seemed really enthusiastic about this."

I nodded in agreement. "There are times when I wasn't sure if I'm pushing Luna too far, but I couldn't argue with results. She has grown so much in her role. She is a real asset."

Linda turned more towards me, now that it was just the two of us, her onyx eyes studying me.

"Sounds like Luna has a lot of plans," Linda said, moving a bit closer toward me, resting a hand on my knee. "But I think she'll manage. One thing is throwing ideas around, but when she hunkers down and put pen to paper, I'm sure she'll be doing wonders."

Her hand stroked me gently, almost without thought.

"You do realize she's going to run with that, right?" Linda teased.

"I've created a monster," I joked.

"As Luna trusts her instincts, she'll be fine, I think."

"Yeah. This was also your doing," I said. "I mean, you told me about making an impact. This has to count, right?"

"It certainly does," Linda said, tilting her head slightly.

I reached for my own glass of wine, took a long drag from it and set it down gently. Linda followed me with her eyes, always attentive and present. Her hand went from my knee to the back of the white leather sofa. I took it and gently kissed it before setting it back. Linda smiled and sat upright before swinging her foot across me, settling in my lap.

Instead of letting her settle, I moved my hand up to cradle the back of her head, let my nails scrape lightly against her scalp while guiding her lips to mine. Our kiss was slow and tender, and I could taste the sweet wine on her tongue. Linda moaned softly into my mouth, shifting her position to get comfortable and wrap her arms around me, holding me close as she opened her mouth to welcome me inside.

My free hand wrapped around Linda's waist, sliding down her back to pull her even closer against me. Linda responded by grinding her hips slightly, her movements teasing me through my pants, making me feel another sort of impact I knew both of us wanted.

"You get this look when you're excited," Linda whispered, pulling me back with a firm hand in my hair. "And you're terrible at hiding it... and it drives me up the wall."

I looked up at her as she looked down at me. Menacing, but also so incredibly safe.

"Part of me wants to eat you up when you get like this, another wants to see how far you go," Linda said. She then leaned back a bit. "And another, I guess it's a bit sadistic, but I just want to slap that look off your face and see the shock on your face."

Linda didn't let go of my hair, her other hand slowly gliding down my chest, over my stomach, resting there. It wasn't a trail to my crotch; it was possessive.

"You'd like that, wouldn't you?" Linda continued. "Being slapped around a bit..." She leaned down and kissed the nape of my neck, then licked up my neck and bit my ear. "Tied up and fucked like an animal?"

Linda pulled my hair again. It stung, but it wasn't unpleasant. It sent a shiver down my spine and a rush of blood straight to my cock. I couldn't deny it. I did enjoy that kind of treatment. It had always been a part of me.

"Fuck, Linda, you're one sexy girl," I said, no longer afraid of that side of me. Not with her. I moved my hands to grope her ass, me too wanting to devour her like she would me. "I want to flip you on your back and just have my way with this sexy body... but I want to see how far you'll push me."

Linda pushed me back against the sofa again. Her lips shoved onto mine, her tongue right behind, entering me with a sense of urgency and possession. Like she was claiming me, or wanted to.

I didn't resist. My hands went back to her sides, stroking her body up and down. She was beautiful. So strong and yet so delicate. So powerful and yet so feminine.

My cock grew rock hard and strained against my pants. Linda kept grinding against me, her hand in my hair, and her tongue in my mouth. I squeezed her ass, trying to guide her motions, wanting more friction, but she wouldn't budge.

"Patience," Linda whispered into my mouth, grinning.

Linda leaned back, keeping her grip on my hair. Her free hand moved between us, unbuttoning her shirt. The first button came loose, and a bit more of her cleavage became visible. Her shirt was loose, probably one she had stolen from me, and thus hung off her body in a sexy way, her breasts looking like they were about to burst out, and her skin so inviting, it almost felt a crime not to bury my face in there.

I couldn't help but lick my lips.

The second button. Another glimpse of her beautiful, soft chest. A third button. My heart began beating faster. Linda grinned at my expression.

"There that look is," Linda said, soft and dangerous. "That makes me want to slap you, skull fuck you, break you down into a whimpering mess, and then build you back up into the man you want to be."

She opened the fourth button, the shirt hanging loosely from her body. I reached for her, and she didn't pull back, but she did slap my hand away.

"No," Linda said.

Her hand released my hair, but only so she could undo the final button. The shirt fell open, her tits looking even bigger in her one-size to small bra, which was tight enough to give her plenty of cleavage. My eyes were locked onto them. She knew it. She loved it.

"Now, Josh," Linda began. "I'm gonna need you to be a good boy, and keep your hands where they are. Understood?"

"Yes, ma'am," I said.

Linda gave me a sharp look, and I couldn't tell if she was being playful or serious. Either way, she didn't respond, just continued to undress.

First, her shirt slid off her shoulders, revealing her smooth, silky skin that I knew was so incredibly warm to the touch. Her bra came next, and her tits spilled out. They were plenty and full, perky and soft. She looked perfect. She had the body of a model.

Linda tossed her bra aside, and her nipples hardened at the slight chill in the air.

"Fuck, you're beautiful," I whispered, and Linda smiled.

"Thanks," she said, running a hand through her hair.

Linda leaned forward and wrapped her arms around my neck and pressed her chest against my mouth. My lips brushed against her hard nipple and she gasped lightly. It spurred me on to suckle and lick the other one as well. I was still very hard in my pants as she sat in my lap. Her hand was once more on the back of my head, but now it gently guided my head into her cleavage.

"Mm, yes," Linda said as she guided my mouth across to her other breast. "Good boy. Always doing as you're told... You should know, the moment I laid eyes on you, Josh, I knew I had to have you for myself. And here you are..."

She kissed the top of my head as she leaned back, grinding herself on me.

"You're mine, Josh, aren't you?" Linda whispered, biting down on her own lip, her nipples hardening at the question, the mere thought of me belonging to her, of us belonging together. "Say you're mine."

"I am," I said.

"Good," she replied. Her voice was deep and husky. It was like a purr in the air, but it wasn't soothing. It was dominating, dangerous, but in a way, that turned me on.

I leaned in to kiss her, but Linda stopped me with a simple finger on my lips.

"No. It's time for your reward," Linda purred, her voice hitching with excitement. "For being such a good boy. For trusting me so much. You'll let me take care of you, won't you, Josh?"

"I will," I answered.

"Good," she repeated, kissing me lightly on the forehead.

Linda shifted her weight, climbing up onto the sofa, standing over me. Her feet rested on either side of my legs, and her crotch was right at the height of my face. I could already smell her. It made my mouth water, and my cock throb.

I moved my hands, letting them rest on her ankles. She didn't move.

"No touching," Linda ordered, a hand moving to the fly on her tight jeans. "Keep your hands down, Josh. Let me give you a nice, fat reward. Trust me."

She had an iron grip, even without having to hold onto anything. The way her muscles tightened in her thighs as she stood, the way her abs flexed under her smooth skin as she moved, her breasts swaying back and forth with every motion. It was all mesmerizing.

And her eyes.

They were like a hawk's, sharp and focused, but they had a hint of something else. Playful, perhaps, or maybe even caring. Maybe they were a bit more loving, knowing how much I had trusted her and that she wouldn't break that.

My heart raced. My breath caught in my throat as she popped the button on her jeans. The tension built and built as the zipper slowly descended. My hands twitched, wanting to help her, wanting to get to the prize sooner, but I obeyed.

And, oh, the reward.

Linda hooked her thumbs into her jeans and pushed them down, revealing a pair of tight, lacy panties, and a very prominent bulge. Her cock was straining against the fabric, stretching it tightly. The sight was a lot, but even so, it was hard to look away from her tits.

I licked my lips.

"See something you like?" Linda asked, cupping her own tits, squeezing them together, and giving me a cheeky wink.

"Yes, ma'am," I mumbled, feeling light-headed.

"Well, then... I guess you should unwrap your present," Linda said.

My hands trembled as I reached up. Slowly, almost reverently, I ran my fingers along her inner thighs, up to her crotch. Linda let out a moan and pushed her hips forward, silently urging me to hurry.

And hurry, I did.

My hands slipped under the waistband of her panties, and I tugged them down. Her cock sprang free, slapping against my cheek. Linda moaned and ground her hips, her hands finding their way into my hair again.

"Fuck, Josh," she said. Her voice was soft, almost like a prayer.

My eyes flicked up, and our gazes met. In hers, I saw nothing but affection and lust, and that was all the encouragement I needed.

I turned my head and kissed her thigh, licking the length of it, up to her cock. Linda shuddered, her grip tightening on my hair. I kissed her cock again, feeling it throb, then again, and again. Linda moaned and pulled me closer, grinding her hips, rubbing her cock all over my face. "Fuck, that's good," Linda moaned, her eyes fluttering.

Her cock was warm and hard, and it throbbed in my hand as I gripped her firmly. Linda shuddered and pulled me closer, pushing her hips forward, letting me take control for once. She was leaning down now, a hand against the wall, the other tangled in my hair. And her breathing was shallow, and her voice was ragged as she gasped and moaned.

My tongue traced the length of her cock, making her gasp and shudder, and her thighs twitched with every movement. She was so responsive, so eager and hungry.

"Oh, Josh, yeah, like that," Linda moaned.

I took the tip of her cock between my lips and flicked my tongue across the head. Linda shivered and grunted. I could taste the pre-come oozing from her cock, and I moaned. Fuck, she tasted so damn good.

Linda pushed her cock deeper into my mouth, and I groaned and opened wider, letting her in. Her cock filled my mouth and slid over my tongue, her hips jerking erratically.

"Fuck, yes," Linda groaned. "So fucking good. Fucking take that, Josh. Fucking choke on that big cock. All fucking yours. You don't fucking know what you do to me."

As she thrust deep, her cock brushed the back of my throat, and I gagged. Linda groaned and pulled back, then drove deeper, and harder, determined and purposeful. I grabbed her hips and held her tight, letting her set the pace. Her cock fucked into my throat over and over, each time, deeper than the last. I was gagging and choking, but she just kept fucking my face. My cock twitched and throbbed in my pants, straining to get free.

"Holy fucking hell," she moaned, her voice strained. "Fucking Christ, I can't believe how hot this is."

Her hand came down and held my face, tilting it upward. Linda pulled her cock out and stared down at me. I could see the lust and need in her eyes, but also the love and adoration. She ran her hand through my hair and cupped my chin, smiling.

"Such a good boy," she cooed. "So fucking good. Are you ready?"

I nodded eagerly, licking my lips. "Yes, please," I moaned, my voice coarse.

"Fuck, yes, you are. You really liked your reward, didn't you? But I'm not selfish. Here, have some more."

Linda slapped her cock across my face before shoving it right back into my mouth, setting a steady rhythm that was brutal and relentless. I gagged and sputtered, trying my hardest to keep up. Linda groaned and pulled my hair, using my face like a fucktoy, pushing deeper and faster until all I could do was hold on and try to breathe.

"Ahhh, fuck!" Linda growled, slamming her cock deep into my mouth. "That's it. Swallow that whole fucking cock, you fucking whore..."

I was slightly shocked, but not entirely surprised by her dirty talk, as I looked up at her, her breasts heaving as she thrust over and over again.

"Oh, god, yes!" Linda moaned, then slowed down to an almost stop. "Hey. This is not all about me," she said before sliding her cock out of my throat.

"I'm not complaining."

"I know... Did I go too far? Is everything still okay?"

"Like I said, I'm not complaining," I said, with more conviction.

"Good. Well... go on, Josh. Raise your arms and lets you get naked, sexy..."

With shaky hands, I raised my arms and let Linda peel my T-shirt off. She tossed it aside and leaned down to kiss my forehead. "You're so beautiful, Josh," she said softly.

"Right back at ya," I grinned up at her, hoping to soothe her sudden concern for my well-being.

She smiled, and I pulled her close, wrapping my arms around her and pulling her in for a kiss.

"God, you make me feel things," she mumbled, pushing her hand to my belt, unfastening it, opening it, then opened my zipper. "And I just wanna give you all of me."

Her hand reached inside my boxers, wrapping itself around my shaft. She squeezed, and I groaned, bucking my hips. Linda grinned and kissed me again, her hand sliding up and down my cock.

"That's right, baby," she said. "Let me take care of you. Let me show you how much I love you... How good you've been... How good you always are..."

Linda's voice was soft and soothing, but there was still a hint of dominance in it. She wanted to take control, and I was happy to let her.

"Pull your pants down, sexy," she purred.

I did as I was told, tugging my pants and underwear down. Linda watched with hungry eyes as my cock sprang free, and she licked her lips.

"Now, lay down," she said. "On your back. And let me show you what I can do..."

I did as I was told, laying back on the couch and resting my hands behind my head. Linda smiled down at me and lowered herself to her knees. She wrapped a hand around my cock and stroked it slowly, teasingly, and I moaned. Linda bit her lip and moved forward, positioning herself so that her cock pressed against my ass. She held herself steady, not pressing in, but just letting me feel it.

"You like that?" Linda asked, her voice husky and thick. "You like knowing that big, hard dick is just waiting to take you, baby? That as soon as you ask for it, you can get all of it?"

"Y-yes," I whispered.

"God, you make me wanna be naughty, baby..." She pressed her hips against me and groaned.

"Mmh. Feel that?" she said.

"Fuck," I whispered.

She grinned wickedly and began to slide her hips, her cock threatening to stretch me open.

"Wow... I leave you two alone for five minutes..."

Linda and I looked over at the doorway where Kim stood, a wicked grin across her face.

Kim looked at us hungrily, her eyes lingering on Linda's cock for a moment before she sauntered over. "Mhm, this looks so good," Kim said. "You look so comfortable right now..."

I was both relieved and disappointed when I felt Linda shift slightly away. The threat of incredible sex was momentarily halted and I felt slightly exposed.

Linda gave me a quick peck and sat back, looking a bit amused by Kim's entry.

"Yeah," Linda replied with a small, playful bite in her tone. She leaned in close enough to brush my ear with her teeth and whisper, "Is that alright? Can Kim play, too?"

"Don't let me stop you," Kim whispered in awe, circling around the two-seater for a better view... of me. I saw the desire in her eyes. Different from Linda's but just as potent. "Oh, Josh... You look amazing."

"Thanks," I managed, feeling a bit nervous, having a sudden audience.

"Are you two gonna fuck or what?" Kim asked, her voice low and seductive, and I knew she wanted this just as much as we did.

Linda grinned, her eyes sparkling with mischief, and she glanced back at me. "Well, Josh? Should I show her what a good boy you are?" Linda must've sensed my hesitation at the sudden shift and redirected immediately. "Or do you want a bit of worship yourself? A bit more warmup?"

I nodded, and Linda kissed me, bit her lower lip, and sank down my body, allowing me to sit up a bit. Linda didn't stop her descent until she was settled between my thighs on her knees, and then, with a mischievous grin, took the tip of my cock into her mouth.

Kim's eyes widened, and she let out a low moan. "Oh, fuck, that's hot," she whispered. "God, I love watching you two together."

"We'll give you a front-row seat, then," I said breathlessly.

Linda moaned softly and sucked harder, her tongue flicking over the tip, her cheeks hollowing as she bobbed her head up and down.

I moaned and bucked my hips, thrusting my cock into her mouth.

"Fuck, yeah," Kim whispered, moving closer. "Suck his cock, Linda."

"Fuck yeah," I moaned, my voice a low rumble.

Linda hummed happily and slid her lips further down, sucking and bobbing her head up and down.

"Mmmh," Kim groaned, sliding a hand into Linda's hair and pulling her head up. "Come here, slut," she said, leaning forward and kissing her passionately.

Kim held Linda close, her fingers gripping the back of her head, her tongue pushing into Linda's mouth, exploring every inch of it before pulling away with a wet smack. The two of them then took place on the floor in front of me, and Linda resumed sucking my cock while Kim kissed her way down to my balls, sucking one into her mouth.

"Holy shit," I gasped.

"Mmmh," Kim moaned, swirling her tongue around my balls, then kissing them. "I love your balls, Josh," she said. "So full and heavy."

"Oh, fuck," I groaned.

"Full of cum... though, perhaps not as virile as some," Kim added, nudging Linda, a clear reference to Kim not being pregnant yet.

"You talk a lot of shit, you better put that mouth to better use," Linda teased, pulling off my cock, letting Kim take over.

"Yes, ma'am," Kim said eagerly, before sinking down on me.

Her lips felt incredible around my shaft, and when her tongue started to work, I couldn't help but moan loudly. Kim bobbed her head up and down, taking me deep into her mouth, her throat squeezing around me. I grabbed the back of her head and began thrusting my hips, fucking her face.

"That's it, Kim," Linda said, inching back a foot or two for a better view, stroking her own cock. "Suck that dick. Show him how much of a slut you are for him. Show me. Show him what you can do with those lips."

"Fuck yes, Kim, keep going," I said, my voice strained.

"Mmmph," Kim replied happily.

Her eyes looked up at mine and she winked before going even faster. She moaned and drooled around my cock, sucking and slurping noisily, taking me all the way into her throat. Linda sat back and seemed to enjoy the show as Kim became more frantic, bobbing her head as fast and hard as she could.

Then Kim came up from her hungry bobs.

"Look at you... just letting us do what we want," Kim gasped, out of breath. She swallowed and regained herself. "Come on, Josh, is that all you got for me?"

I didn't respond right away, trying to think. It felt like Kim was trying to get something out of me.

"You just gonna sit there... or are you actually gonna do something?" Kim asked, reminding me of when Linda had urged me to sometimes take a bit more control. Was this one of those moments where I needed to man up, so to speak?

"You're being very naughty, Kim," I said, trying to sound a bit more confident than I felt.

"Ooh, am I?" she replied. "Well, maybe I need a little discipline. Maybe you should teach me a lesson. Show me who's boss."

I grabbed her hair and almost tossed Kim onto the sofa, earning an appreciative gasp and an 'oh my' from Linda. I pulled Kim's panties off her, and spread her legs wide, revealing her already glistening pussy.

"Oh, yes, Josh, fuck me!" Kim exclaimed, squirming with anticipation. "Teach me a lesson, baby! Show me what a real man is like."

I grabbed my cock and guided it into her, sliding deep inside her tight, slick pussy. She moaned and arched her back, pushing her hips against me, begging me to go deeper.

"Mmh, that's right, Kim, take that cock," Linda moaned, watching intently.

I pulled back and slammed into her again, burying my cock deep inside her, and Kim let out a loud moan. I gave Kim my best, thrusting in and out, fucking her hard and fast. Kim gasped and whimpered, her nails digging into my back as she clung to me.

"Come on, don't be lazy now," Kim urged. "Give me that dick."

I was already giving her my all, but the way Kim was urging me on made me try harder. I shifted a bit, trying to aim my thrusts to hit the spot she liked.

"Oh, I love it when I get fucked just like that," Kim moaned. I caught what she meant, even if she didn't seem to put much thought into it. I fought through it, trying to go harder the way she usually liked it. But Kim raised a hand toward my chest. "Relax..." she said, though instead of being soothing, it felt like she was lecturing me. "Or you'll mess this all up. Come on."

I wasn't sure if it was a tease, or her being genuine.

"You wanna be the boss? Then be the boss. Show me you mean it. Or you're just a little bitch. So, which is it?" Kim continued.

I slowed down a bit, then thrust a bit harder.

"There you go, there we go," Kim said, encouraging me, a bit breathless. "Now come on, give it to me."

I tried to pick up the pace again, but Kim was still pushing, and I found myself frustrated.

"No, come on, that's not what I meant," Kim said, though to me it sounded like she was enjoying it. But it created an uneven flow. A push and pull that made me feel a bit off balance. "I don't want you to fuck me, Josh. I want you to take me. Show me how much of a man you are."

Kim looked at me expectantly, waiting for me to react. She was baiting me, and I wasn't sure if I was biting correctly. I didn't understand.

Kim leaned up to whisper in my ear. "Or do I need to find someone who will? Someone who can really make me scream?"

"How's this?" I asked, but the question landed flatly.

"I've had better, but you're getting there," Kim grunted, her eyes fluttering closed as she tried to enjoy herself. I took her hands and pinned them to the sofa, and she smiled. "That's better. You're not going soft on me, are you, Josh?"

I shook my head and picked up the pace, but Kim still wasn't satisfied. Kim was clearly trying to goad me into being more dominant, but it felt out of tune, sort of.

"I don't know... Maybe I should get someone who can fuck me properly, since you clearly can't," Kim said. "Someone who can show me what it means to be with a real man. Someone who isn't afraid to take what they want. Someone who can fuck me like a real man should. Like I deserve."

It was clear that Kim was enjoying this, but I was less so, especially when this evening had started with collective excitement, moved into intimate celebration, and now the tone had shifted again. And I didn't like that.

I slowed down and to my great shame, I felt both my arousal and my erection slipping away.

"What the hell, Josh?" Kim said, looking at me with an annoyed expression. "Why are you slowing down? I was just about to cum."

Then I felt a warm hand on my shoulder, a warm naked body against me, followed by a gentle whisper in my ear. "Come here," Linda whispered, and to my big surprise, I felt her press her rock hard cock between my asscheeks.

I let out a small whimper as Linda guided herself inside me, filling me up completely. My cock hardened immediately as Linda's dick slid along my prostate, sending a wave of pleasure through my body.

"Oh, fuck," Kim gasped, her eyes wide with surprise. "Oh, that's so hot..."

Linda wrapped her arms around me and pulled me close, her hips slowly pumping into me, driving her cock deep inside me.

"Does that feel good, baby?" Linda whispered. "Does it feel good when I fuck your tight little ass?"

"Yes," I moaned, my voice shaky. "Fuck yes..."

"Mmh, you feel so good," Linda purred, kissing my neck, nibbling lightly. "So warm and tight..."

"Oh god, yes, Linda," I whimpered, my cock throbbing hard inside of Kim. I was again desperate to spin around and wrap myself around Linda and pull her into me, but also for her to completely consume me. "Fuck me... fuck me..."

"You like that, baby?" Linda whispered. "You like feeling my big dick inside of you? You like it when I fill you up? When I take what's mine?"

"Yes! Yes!" I gasped.

My cock was leaking pre-cum as I was getting fucked, and Kim moaned and whimpered, watching us with wide eyes. I could hear the excitement in her breaths, the anticipation of finally seeing me get dominated by Linda. I couldn't believe that it was actually happening, but I could hardly focus as Linda was easily driving me insane.

"Fuck him, Linda, give it to him, he needs it," Kim said, her words rushed and breathy, her skin flushed with arousal and excitement.

"Damn right he does," Linda grunted, her fingers digging into my sides. She leaned in close, her lips pressed against my ear. "Because I own this fucking ass, baby."

Linda slammed her cock deep inside of me, then withdrew almost all the way out and thrust back inside again, and then again. My entire world seemed to shrink and focus solely on the intense sensation of Linda's cock filling me, and her hot, heavy breath against my ear.

"Linda..." I moaned, my voice trembling, my body trembling.

She moaned into my ear, biting the lobe and sucking gently on it.

"That's right, baby," she panted. "That's my good boy."

Linda, fully in control, started seeking her own conquest as she shifted for that angle that she knew I was powerless against. She knew how well I responded to her, how much control she truly had, and how easily she could make me see stars and galaxies.

My whole body went rigid, and I gripped the cushions on the sofa, and my toes curled. My breath caught in my throat and for the first time, I noticed that I'd been holding it.

Kim gasped and giggled, clenching herself around my shaft. I looked over to her and found that she'd started playing with herself. But she wasn't looking at me, but the spectacle in front of her. Kim was transfixed on the sight of Linda slowly and tenderly fucking me. Her gaze was almost as penetrating as the cock I was receiving.

With the perfect, practiced motions, Linda rubbed against the most sensitive place within me, stoking the fires that were threatening to consume me whole. My entire body tensed and I was unable to focus on anything except how good I felt. My entire body was throbbing with need, with desire, with the desire to submit entirely, and I cried out. My cock flinched, my balls tightened, my toes curled, and I let out a ragged cry as I came deep inside of Kim. My whole body felt like it was going to explode from pleasure. My cock throbbed and twitched, spurting streams of hot cum into Kim's womb.

"Oh, god," Kim whimpered, grinding against me. Her fingers danced over her clit as she watched. "Fuck, you two are so hot... Fuck him, Linda!"

And Linda did, indeed, fuck me. With her cock buried deep inside me, Linda began thrusting harder and faster, plunging in and out of my ass. With every thrust, my cock throbbed and pulsed as it ejaculated. It was a mind-blowing sensation, unlike any I'd ever felt before. And yet, it wasn't just physically overwhelming, but emotionally. Linda held me tight, moaning into my ear as she fucked me. It was a wild ride, both of us chasing our high.

"You're so beautiful, Josh," she grated, keeping pace with every push, driving into me, dominating me completely, the sound of her hips slapping against me was obscene and only served to spur me on even more. "I love seeing you like this."

"Linda!" I moaned, gasping. "Fuck, fuck me."

Linda refound my prostate and, again, my cock sparked into life and immediately flexed into another powerful climax. Again and again. She was relentless, unyielding, unforgiving. My legs trembled violently, but Linda kept driving forward, fucking me harder and faster. My vision began to fade as my cock throbbed in time with her thrusts. Every part of my body was overcome with intense pleasure, and I was overwhelmed by the sensations.

Kim reached for the back of my neck and kissed me deeply. It was forceful and passionate, and I felt her lips move against my own, kissing me desperately.

"Mm, mmmh, mhh," I gasped into her mouth.

And suddenly, Linda was picking up speed. With each thrust, she was fucking herself toward her own release, and soon, Linda cried out and her hips jerked, her body spasming and shuddering. Her grip on my hair and waist were almost painfully tight as she slammed inside one final time, her body shuddering violently as she came. A gush of warm liquid filled my ass, and Kim moaned loudly and shuddered as well, no doubt feeling some of that warmth herself. Linda

slumped against my back and draped her arms around me, her body a heap on top of mine as she trembled and moaned. I loved that sound, and knowing that I'd given her that pleasure was intoxicating.

Linda let out a small curse, exasperated from it all, rolling off of me. I followed suit, falling all the way down to the floor in a heap of tired mess. Kim, on the other hand, propped herself on her elbows and looked at us, sweat shining on her naked chest.

Silence fell upon the room momentarily. Heavy breaths filled the lounge area, and for a good moment or two, it was the only sound occupying the space around us.

I felt slightly overwhelmed, but in a not-so-entirely negative way. Linda purred against me, and I could see that Kim had her own blissed-out expression as she lay back, looking still a bit in the moment, but also taking it in like I was.

"Huh... didn't know you had that in you," Kim chuckled, though I wasn't sure what she meant. "But don't think I'm done with you!"

Perhaps finally seeing her husband the way she just did was something to deal with. I would have to check in on her when I was more... sober. Right now, I was exhausted in every sense of the word.

"You guys..." we suddenly heard Luna say, as she walked barefooted across the room toward the stairs, shaking her head with a grin.