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It would be a lie to say I slept well that night. If I had at all. I had rested, lain in bed, closed my eyes, and time had gone by, but my mind had been on edge, and I had been totally unable to relax.

Josh had been deep in his dreams when I came to bed. A steady, sleeping rock to roll up next to and be safe. Just the privilege of coming to a bed and he was in it, and I got to sleep next to him…

I had looked at him. I wasn't sure if I was overthinking it from the state I was in, but I swore I read unrest on his otherwise peaceful face. And yet, it was grounding to see him sleep, to see my anchor lay steady, breathing steady, existing in a steady world of rest and comfort. He deserved it. Whatever it was.

After my talk with Amanda, I hadn't come inside right away. In fact, Amanda and I had talked a bit more, but about less heavy things. I could really tell she was a different person now from when we grew up, and it made it impossible to hate her. Yet, despite the lighter tone of our conversation, the heaviest part remained in the back of my head ever since she had said it. I could hear it clearly even after a night of sleepless rest.

"It's Josh's."

Something so beautiful carried something so terrible. And to call it terrible at all made me feel guilty. It wasn't terrible. It was still part him. A part of him. It. I didn't like that either. Surely Amanda knew by now... unless she hadn't dared to learn the gender. I guess it would make it too real for her. I wouldn't be much different in the same position, I think.

The kitchen was still shadowed in the soft gray of dawn when I found myself at the window, the cool glass pressing against my forehead. Barney shifted at my feet, his massive frame moving with a quiet sigh as he settled back into sleep. It was just us, me and this gentle giant, in the sleeping house. For this brief, stolen moment, the morning was ours alone.

Almost.

My gaze drifted toward the pool, its surface like a sheet of dark glass reflecting the first hints of pink and gold painting the sky. Maybe it was the sleeplessness, or Amanda's confession still moving under my skin, but for a moment I saw him there. Josh, emerging from the poolhouse with something small and wiggling in his arms; a miniature version of himself, with eyes that held the same spark I'd fallen in love with over a year ago.

I watched as Josh lowered the child to the grass, his movements careful, deliberate. The little one toddled a few steps away before turning back, arms outstretched. Josh didn't hesitate. He scooped them up, his laughter booming across the yard as he spun around once, twice, before wading into the pool's cool embrace.

Their laughter echoed in the morning air, rich and unrestrained, a melody that reached through the window and wrapped itself around my heart. In that moment, watching them, father and child, two beautiful beings under that vast awakening sky, I felt something shift within me, something painful and beautiful all at once. Here was the life I hadn't dared to imagine, now playing out before my eyes as vivid and real as the sunlight breaking over the horizon.
I blinked once. Twice.

And looked away.

We had to tell Josh. Soon. Soon... Just not now.

"Fuck," I grunted, as a small wave of nausea rolled through my stomach. "Hey there, buddy, mom's okay," I said, scratching Barney behind his giant floppy ears. Dear boy, always checking

in on me. I had called him buddy. Such a Josh word. I smiled at how that man had changed my life in so many ways. And all of them for the better.

That's what he did. That's what he always did. He made things better.

And that's why we needed him.

I grabbed a cup of decaf and went outside, sitting on the grass. This moment, I could enjoy. The peace and quiet. The warmth on my face. The soft sounds of the birds and the one single car driving by in the distance. That was the nice thing about this place. It was huge, with few neighbors, but enough to see that a world existed out there.

I looked over at what Josh called the 'yard'. It was really a field. He had employed someone to upgrade it to what could almost be described as a park. We had gone over the plans together. A small bridge and a pond, a gazebo, paths running through beds of flowers and plants. We'd keep a lot of it as what it was, a field of grass, as that was the perfect playing ground for all sorts of summer activities. He even had sectioned away a good chunk at the other side of the property to lend to the local animal shelters.

"Decaff?" I heard behind me.

Josh came wandering out, mug in hand, just like me, looking fancy like always. Ripped and buff, walking around in his loose pajama pants like a fucking snack. And so casually friendly it was to die for.

I nodded and tapped the ground next to me. He came over, leaned down, kissed me on the top of my head, then sat down next to me.

We sat in comfortable silence, watching the sunrise.

"Thank you for the cleanup, by the way," he said after a while, nodding back at the house. It had been a mess when I got up. It was still that, but less so.

I didn't say anything; it was better that way. I just leaned my head against his shoulder and let myself feel his arm wrap around me and pull me closer. Josh had the most amazing shoulders. Strong and broad. I loved leaning into them.

We continued to watch the sunrise, and I could almost see the world slowly come awake, the birds flying up in the trees, the sounds of the cars driving by. I could almost hear the people waking up as the world began to turn again. And I could almost feel the warmth of the sun on my face, and the cool breeze in the air, and the way Josh's fingers brushed against mine, and I knew that if I wanted to, I could just stay like this forever.

"Linda," he whispered softly.

"Mmm?"

"It's just a nice name," he said.

I almost told him then. He would be a perfect dad, I just knew it. I could see him tossing a small rascal up in the air, smile across his whole face, not unsure about anything, as he would be exactly where he wanted to be. He'd love being a dad. Not just a father, but a dad. We all knew it. He yearned for it. And with time, he'd have a solid pack of small miniature Joshes running around, getting all the love a kid deserves.

Amanda's belly, Josh's duty, the house filling with children. I could see it.

I opened my mouth, the words right there.

But I bit my tongue.

"Hey, folks!" Kim beamed, coming out with three mugs of coffee. Clearly not seeing that we already had ours.

She strolled over to Josh, ran a hand over his shoulders, beaming like a sunray... a sunray from one of those LED greenhouse lamps perhaps. Josh didn't really respond to her caress either. I leaned forward a bit, a tiny bit, just to see Josh's face. Something was there. What was it? And what was up with Kim?

"Fuck, it's really gonna be a warm day," Kim said. She looked over at the pool. "We better find our sexiest bikinis, eh?"

I didn't reply. I'm not sure if I was imagining things, but Josh gave me an assuring squeeze. Perhaps he had noticed something as well. Or perhaps he just liked squeezing me. I enjoyed it either way. It was a nice morning after all.

I tried to think how Amanda would act. Would she sit on the grass like I did, wait for the house to wake up? Would she come out talking about sexy bikinis during such a serene moment? The old her would've slept until Noon and then some. But she wasn't that person anymore. It was hard to fathom. Josh would surely know this version of Amanda better than the old one.

Josh got up, lifting me with him. "Time to attack the day, eh?"

"Watch that limp," Kim shot out, and I saw her comment land a bit awkwardly. Josh's face tightened for half a second before he smoothed it away, and I filed it somewhere.

"You guys're up early," Luna said from behind us, her voice hoarse from sleep. She was leaning against the wall. She wore a big concert T-shirt that covered whether she wore panties, shorts underneath, or nothing at all, her hair messy. She looked cute, despite not wearing any makeup. Strong, easily so incredible. It had to run in the family for sure. "Why are the pool towels bunched up on the deck?"

"Someone threw up," I sighed. It wasn't me, though I had felt like I might've when I found it. The aftermath of parties was always a mess.

Luna didn't really reply; she just wandered, or stumbled rather, over to the coffee mug Kim had brought for me, and happily nursed its wakening powers, before teasing Josh about something from last night.

I had to tell Josh. Not now... soon. But the more I sat on it, the less that word had any meaning. It almost felt like a lie.

*

At the party last night, I had seen her. So confident, so beautiful. Fair and sociable, well-liked, and with that ease the Calhouns seemed to possess. Luna more than Josh. I hated it. It was closer to delusion and arrogance.

Keeping my distance, without being paid any mind, I had observed them. It was baffling how far up their own bullshit those two were to not notice me. I mean, sure, I made a point to go under the radar, but it spoke of an arrogance that was so out of proportion it made me sick.

But watching Luna, so effortlessly commanding, so completely herself, I couldn't help but think about the gym. How she'd looked at me then, that same self-assured gaze, before getting me thrown out. The embarrassment still burned, hot and sharp, even now. My fist clenched at my side, my palm damp with sweat. She lived in this bubble of denial, and punished anyone who dared to pop it. I knew how the world saw me—a creepy psychopath, a fat loser. And I knew how Luna saw herself: a goddess among mortals. It was all delusion. She was afraid of what she really wanted, and that fear made her cruel. That thought made me smile. A real, slow smile. The

kind that promises something is coming. The kind that said breaking her wouldn't just be fun. It would be doing her a favor.

It had almost been my undoing, so I had made my way out of the living room and up the stairs. I was familiar with the different rooms from having lived here myself, so I knew where to look. Luna's room.

With the faint thumping downstairs, I ventured into the one place she probably thought was still completely hers, where she felt so safe, so in control. I hadn't been there long, just enough to map out the layout of the room. I told myself that it wasn't a conscious thing I did. But I got out of there before too long. It was easy to melt into the masses. Up here I would've been exposed and nothing more. Soon.

I glanced over at my phone. It was charging by the small kitchen in my trailer. Kim had sent one message after the other, and called a few times too, but I had no reason to reply yet. It wasn't until I saw Luna laugh and joke around, being so... casually herself. What she portrayed as herself. Kim had been taking a long time with our plans to bring her into our fold.

I asked her for an update. After scolding me for a few messages I had just glanced through, she got to it.

*'Nothing yet. That girl thinks she can handle anyone. She said no last time I hinted at it, but that's pride,'* Kim wrote. *'Nothing new yet, anyway. We're getting there. Just don't do anything weird.'*

*

Our little gathering in the garden slowly dispersed as the morning grew into noon. Josh and Linda went to swim a bit, while Luna lay on a blanket out on the grass, tanning along side Barney. For my part, I had moved inside, putting the cups I had brought earlier in the dishwasher. It annoyed me. I had come with coffee, trying to add to a cozy morning, but neither of them needed it. It was just me, including myself. Had I been sidelined already? They looked so content and peaceful; it was like I was late to my own marriage.

I could tell last night had had an impact on Josh. He was his regular old self in many ways, but he carried that little shame that always came through when he experienced something he liked but was ashamed to admit. That shame also came with an exhaustion. And he seemed even a bit... avoidant today. He had been a bit more reserved since, but he didn't seem angry or upset. Maybe he was just hungover.

But I knew it. I'd forced the medicine down his throat, and like most medicine, it tasted awful at first but would fix what was wrong. He was just processing it, the aftermath of last night still sitting heavy in his bones. He'd thank me later for showing him this side of me, for being the little dominant wifey he didn't know he needed. The thought made me smile. A genuine smile this time, not one of those painted-on things I'd been wearing all morning. I almost giggled right there in the kitchen, thinking about making him beg for it later. Oh, I'd fuck him with Toby's cock so hard he'd see stars if he begged. I had heard the grunts, the groans, and the satisfaction in his little noises as I fucked the cum out of him. There was no faking that. His body had responded in ways his pride wouldn't admit.

Then he had the audacity to ask if *I* was okay?

"What's up, sis?" Luna yawned, meandering over to the fridge in her bra and underwear. The T-shirt had been left outside on the grass somewhere. "Gonna mope inside all day? It's a nice day outside. And your favorite boy toy is wandering around topless."

"He's wont to do that," I sighed, my eyes trailing Luna's beautiful body as she moved around with that aura only she could emanate. It came so naturally to her to just be... Luna.

If only she hadn't been so adamant about not doing anything with Toby. Though, to be fair, she had said no... rather quickly. She acted like he was beneath her, but all I saw was pride getting in the way of a good time. Hell, the aggressive destruction of pride could be quite intense, I'd imagine.

I heard a beep from my phone and saw that it was Toby. That fucking asshole, where had he been? I quickly tore him an ew one, making sure how I felt about him just ghosting me for days, and not even doing anything fun at the party, came plainly across the next series of text messages that I wrote him. I looked at the walls of text, waiting for his reply.

Too my further annoyance, he didn't even address anything of what I wrote. He just asked about the progression with Luna. I rolled my eyes and typed a quick reply. Luna would be a harder nut to crack, for sure. But I sensed his impatience, I guess. He had tried his luck in the locker room like a moron, and he was now asking for an update. I told Toby not to do anything weird, which should have been enough. Toby was many things, but he wasn't stupid enough to try anything new with Luna unless I let him. Him fucking up showed that we needed the right setup for it to work. As proven before, Luna was Luna. She would snap him in half if he crossed a line, and especially at the wrong moment.

Luna could stop anything she really wanted to stop. That was what made it safe.

But his impatience was alluring, for sure. I could only imagine how hard he'd fuck Luna when he finally got to have her. And I guess that made Toby a bit of a risk, but a calculated one. I think he'd do as I said, and I'd get to watch my sister become a little plaything for the fat loser. I closed my eyes and I could almost see it; Luna, a writhing mess beneath him, her arrogant pride broken down into a whimpering puddle of lust, my sister's face contorted with pleasure and humiliation. God, that would be hot. Maybe Josh could watch too in time. That would teach him. Teach him to pay attention to me, not to be so passive, so good.

At least I could show him what he needed. A good, firm hand, or cock in this matter, to fuck him on the right path.

If only she would stop pretending.

*

By the next afternoon, the house had settled and recovered. Cups and bottles had been cleared out. A few dozen rounds with the brooms had done wonders too.

Luna, however, was still in a great mood. Josh and Linda had gone somewhere, but Luna remained at the house. Sprawled across the sofa with her phone in hand, in nothing but her bra and panties once again, smirking like the world had just paid her a compliment.

"You're in an awful good mood today," I said to Luna, who was reading something on the phone, smirking. "Got laid?"

"Better. I got paid," Luna said, throwing her phone aside on the couch. "Or at least, we're going to get paid. It's still unreal, y'know."

"Oh yeah?" I smirked, leaning against the counter. "Who's brave enough to take you on then? You're a goddamn force of nature, sis."

Luna glanced over at me, that familiar smug grin spreading across her face. "Babe, people don't take me on. They line up for the privilege."

"Could anyone even handle you?" I teased. "It's as if nothing can even touch you." I was teasing, yes, but it was the honest truth also. That was Luna.

Luna raised an eyebrow, shifting to lean on her elbow as she looked at me. Her breasts almost spilled out of her bra at that point. Me noticing earned a smile from my dear Luna.

"Most things can't," Luna replied with a knowing smile. "And most people are easy."

I moved over to stand next to her on the kitchen counter, biting my lip as I grinned at her.

"Men especially, right?"

Luna laughed it off. "Men are predictable. Fragile. Overconfident."

I reached out and touched her forearm, running a finger up it until I could grip her bicep. It was in pure admiration. She was so fit, and yet so feminine. From her soft skin to her smell. From her aura to how she carried herself. Luna looked at my arm but didn't say anything.

"You seemed proud after the gym," I said.

Luna's smirk deepened, something darker dancing in her eyes. I knew that look. I just knew it wasn't just pride from putting that creep in his place. It was the thrill of it, the dangerous edge where boundaries blur and rules break. Luna thought herself untouchable, but I saw what others missed: how her pulse quickened at the precipice, how she leaned into the wind just to feel it try to knock her down. That day at the gym, when Toby had pushed too far, I'd seen the flash in her eyes, the same one she got when racing her motorcycle too fast or diving from cliffs that made others tremble. She loved the danger of being challenged, even if she'd never admit it.

"He was out of line," she said, smiling over her fond memory of tossing Toby out. "He got what he deserved."

"But if you'd let him, who knows?" I pressed, stepping closer. "Maybe he'd surprise you," I pushed.

Luna laughed it off. "That creep? Nah. Don't even start."

"You're such a prude sometimes, Luna," I said, following her.

"Prude? Because I don't want to have some greasy slob pawing at me?" Luna said, gesturing with her hands, her expression full of mock-horror. "Please," Luna scoffed. "I'd break him."

I leaned against the armrest of the sofa, watching Luna's face as I spoke. "But you didn't, did you? You just bruised his ego, but you didn't take it further," I said, my voice smooth as silk. "Makes a girl wonder if you were a little scared of what might happen if you did."

Luna's eyes narrowed, her jaw tight. "Scared? Of him?" she scoffed.

"I'm not talking about him," I pushed, stepping closer. "I'm talking about you. About what might happen if you actually let someone push back."

I watched her throat work as she swallowed, the muscles in her neck tense. She was thinking about it, I could tell. Imagining it. The thought sent a thrill through me.

"Please," she finally said, though it came out less convincing than she probably intended. "I know my limits."

"Do you?" I asked, my fingers trailing along her arm, feeling her shiver. "Or do you just pretend to?"

She didn't answer, just watched me with those intense eyes, the ones that could see right through you if you weren't careful.

"Imagine it," I whispered, leaning in closer. "The things he'd do to you. The things he'd make you feel. I just think you hate the idea that someone like him could make you feel anything at all."

Luna swallowed again, her gaze flickering for a second toward my hand as I was getting bolder. I had her.

"I think you're scared," I murmured. "But not of him. I think you're scared of not being above it, of finding out that someone you hate could still get a reaction out of you. You keep saying he's nothing, so why does the idea bother you so much?"

"Because he's vile, Kim. He's a fucking psycho," Luna said, grabbing my wrist. "And I'm not afraid of what I might enjoy, or letting someone take control, push, or whatever. I can handle anything."

"Then prove it," I said, taking her hand that held mine with my free hand and pinning it to the back of the sofa.

Luna raised an eyebrow, but her expression softened right away.

"Let me try to make you lose control. Nobody can handle you... Let me try; give me an advantage," I said, almost whispering.

"We're not fucking in the living room. Barney is here, and Josh might walk in on us at any minute. I don't really want that to happen," Luna said.

"Why would that bother you?" I teased. We were pretty open-minded in this house. "Well, we can take it to your room upstairs."

I could see the fire in Luna's eyes as she stood, pulling me up with her. I stumbled forward slightly, caught off guard by her sudden movement, but before I could react, she had scooped me up. With ease, she hoisted me over her shoulder like I weighed nothing at all. I let out a delighted

squeal, my hands automatically gripping her shirt and my legs wrapping around her to steady myself as she carried me up the stairs. Her firm grip on my thighs was possessive, and each step she took sent a jolt through me. She kissed my cheek, my neck, all the way up the stairs, priming me for what was to come.

Her room smelled like her. Even more so now. That unique scent that was part perfume, part confidence, and part something wild I couldn't quite place. When she finally placed me on her bed, it was with a gentleness that contrasted sharply with how she'd carried me here. The mattress sank beneath me, and I looked up at her, seeing that familiar challenging glint in her eyes as she stood over me. This was her territory, her rules.

"You want an advantage? Fine," she said. "Take the lead. I want you to show me how you'd handle me if I was some helpless little thing."

I could see the thrill in her eyes, the anticipation. She was testing me, daring me to try and break her. And I was ready.

I pushed myself up onto my knees, our faces inches apart, the air between us thick with tension. I could feel the warmth radiating from her body, see the slight quiver of anticipation in her lower lip. Slowly, deliberately, I reached up and tangled my fingers in her hair, pulling her head back slightly, exposing the smooth column of her throat.

"I'll make you want it so bad you'll be begging for it before we're done," I whispered, trying to duplicate what Toby would've said, my lips brushing against her ear as I spoke.

She shivered, but her eyes remained defiant. "Is that so?" she challenged, her voice barely above a whisper.

"Mhm," I murmured, my lips trailing down her neck, placing soft kisses along her collarbone. I placed a hand on her chest and pushed her back, watching as she fell onto the bed with a soft thud. I followed her, straddling her hips, pinning her to the mattress. She resisted, her muscles

tensing, trying to buck me off, but I held firm, my weight keeping her in place. I could feel the strength in her body, the raw power that she kept so carefully controlled. She could easily throw me off if she really wanted to.

But she didn't.

"Wait here," I whispered.

"Where are you going?" Luna asked, perhaps with a bit more excitement and curiosity in her voice than she'd liked.

I just winked at her as I made my way to my room, and Luna had her eyes fixated on my back as I left. She didn't move, and I knew how eager and turned on she already was.

Barefoot, I hurried down the hallway to me and Josh's bedroom, my heart thumping against my ribs with each step. My skin tingled with anticipation, a slick heat already building between my thighs. I went straight to the special drawer where I kept my new favorite toy, the strap-on harness and dildo that had so wonderfully taken Josh's breath away just a night ago. As my fingers brushed against the cool leather, I imagined Luna's face when she saw it. That confident smirk finally faltering. Her eyes wide with shock, then something darker - fear mixed with undeniable desire. I grabbed them both, a wicked grin spreading across my face.

This was it.

This would be the perfect opportunity to break her. To get her to understand, to show her that Toby could break her. My pulse quickened at the thought of Luna submitting, of watching her composure crumble as I forced her to take Toby's thick cock deep inside her. She would beg. She would plead. And I would finally have what I wanted - my powerful, untouchable sister completely at my mercy.

When I came back, I was holding the strap-on harness I'd hidden away. Luna's eyes widened slightly as she saw what I had in my hands, but her smirk didn't falter.

"Is that supposed to scare me?" she teased, though I could hear the slight tremor in her voice.

I didn't answer, just held her gaze as I stepped into the harness, securing it around my hips. I could see the muscles in her throat work as she swallowed, the slight hitch in her breath. She was nervous, though she'd never admit it.

"Now," I said, my voice low and husky as I climbed onto the bed, straddling her once more. "Let's see how much of that tough girl act you can keep up."

I pinned her hands above her head, my fingers wrapping around her wrists, holding them tight. She struggled against me, her body writhing beneath me, her hips bucking up to meet mine. But I held firm, my strength surprising even myself. I could feel her pulse racing under my touch, her breath coming in short, sharp gasps.

"Is that all you've got?" she taunted, though her voice was strained, her face flushed with arousal and frustration.

"I'm just getting started," I whispered, my lips brushing against her ear.

I leaned down, my teeth nipping at her earlobe, my tongue tracing the delicate curve of her neck. She arched her back, a soft moan escaping her lips. I could feel her body responding to my touch, her nipples hardening against the thin fabric of her bra. I slid my free hand down her side, my fingers tracing the curve of her hip, the smooth skin of her thigh.

Watching her respond to me like this, seeing how bold I let myself be with her, I felt a thrill of power I hadn't realized I was craving. I had tested the waters before, but the more I let myself dominate, the more I liked it. To see my strong, unbreakable sister begin to soften and melt under my touch... it was intoxicating.

"God, you're so beautiful," I murmured against her skin. "So strong. But you don't always have to be in charge, you know. Sometimes it's nice to let someone else take the lead."

She didn't answer, just turned her head, capturing my lips in a fierce, demanding kiss. Her tongue parted my lips, exploring my mouth with a hunger that took my breath away. I responded in kind, my tongue tangling with hers, the kiss deepening, growing more intense, more passionate.

Breaking the kiss, Luna looked down between us at the dildo. If only she knew that it was molded after Toby. The thought sent a fresh wave of arousal through me, my own clit throbbing with need. This was it. This was the moment I'd been waiting for.

"It's huge," Luna said, a bit breathless.

Instead of replying, I offered her a grin as I shifted my weight, positioning myself between her legs as I slid her panties aside, the dildo pressing against her entrance. I could feel her body tense, a flicker of fear in her eyes, quickly masked by determination. But I knew better. I could see it in the way her hands clenched and unclenched, the slight tremor in her breath. She was afraid. Not of me, but of what I might make her feel.

I didn't hesitate. I pushed forward, the tip of the dildo sliding past her tight ring of muscle, her body stretching to accommodate its girth. She gasped, her back arching, her hands gripping the sheets as I continued to push deeper, burying the toy inside her inch by inch.

"Fuck," she groaned, her body trembling as I began to move, slow and steady at first, then faster, harder. "That's... that's not so bad."

I wasn't just trying to get her off. I was trying to get under her skin, to push past that carefully constructed armor she wore so well. I leaned forward, my hair falling across her face. My fingers tightened around her hips, holding her in place as I drove into her, my hips pistoning with increasing speed and force. I wasn't being gentle. I wanted to take her, push her.

"You like that, don't you?" I whispered, my voice low and husky, my breath hot against her ear. "Not so untouchable now, are you?"

She didn't answer, just bit her lip, her eyes squeezed shut as I continued to thrust, the dildo hitting that sweet spot deep inside her. Her body responded, her hips rising to meet mine, her moans growing louder, more desperate. She was close, I could tell. So close to losing control.

I slowed my pace, my movements becoming more deliberate, more teasing. I wanted to draw this out, to make her wait, to make her beg for it. I could feel her frustration mounting, her body trembling with need. I drew my hand back and brought it down hard against her ass, the sound of the slap echoing through the room, the angle a bit awkward from lying on top of her. She gasped, her eyes flying open, a flash of anger mixed with something darker in her gaze.

I did it again, the sting of my palm against her skin making her shudder. She bit her lip, a low growl escaping her throat. But instead of thrusting and earning a frustrated groan from Luna in the process, I pulled out of her.

"What the fuck, Kim?" Luna growled.

"Oh, don't worry," I said, my voice low and husky. "We're not done yet."

I reached down, my fingers tracing the length of the dildo, collecting Luna's wetness as I went. Then, with deliberate slowness, I brought them to my lips, licking them clean, savoring the taste of her arousal. Luna watched, her eyes wide, her breath quickening.

"God, you're delicious," I murmured, my voice dripping with desire. I could see the flush creeping up her cheeks, her chest heaving as she struggled to catch her breath. She was on edge, I could tell. A few more pushes and she'd come undone.

Without breaking eye contact, I took the dildo in my hand and ran my tongue along its length, licking and sucking as if it was a real cock, Toby's cock. I saw how Luna watched, biting her lip, her eyes dark with lust. I knew she was imagining it. She didn't know that it was a mold of him, but I just knew she was thinking about Toby's thick cock sliding between my lips, my tongue swirling around its tip as I took it deep into my throat. Maybe she was thinking about him. Maybe not. But I was. And the thought sent a shiver of pleasure through me, my own clit throbbing with need.

"So how is it thus far?" I asked.

"It's fun," Luna admitted. "And see? We don't need that creep around to have some fun."

"So you like being challenged then?" I asked.

Luna nodded slowly.

"I guess I do. You're fun when you're... bold," Luna admitted. "And it surprises me, honestly. I've seen a bit of it from you, but not like this."

I smiled wide, my eyes bright with mischief as I climbed back on top of her. "Then I better keep surprising you."

I grabbed her wrists, pinning them above her head once more as I leaned down, kissing her fiercely. My tongue explored her mouth, tasting the sweetness of her lips before pulling away, this time to reach into her nightstand. I knew she had some pink handcuffs in there, and I fished them out, fastening her to the headboard. She watched me, a flicker of excitement in her eyes, the anticipation almost too much.

"Do your worst," she whispered, the challenge clear in her voice.

I grinned before I, with a tiny bit of help from her, rolled her over onto her stomach. It was time to really test her.

Luna squirmed beneath me as I pressed her into the mattress, my hips grinding against her ass as I held her down, my fingertips across her skin, watching her tremble beneath me, her body quivering with need. Then, without warning, I spanked her again, harder this time. She gasped, her breath catching, the muscles of her neck strained. I smiled, satisfied. I was getting to her, just as I wanted.

With deliberate slowness, I slid the strap-on back into her. Luna whimpered, her body shaking with every movement, every inch I pushed into her. Her pussy gripped the dildo tight, and I tried to envision her taking the real thing.

I started to move, my hips rising and falling, the dildo sliding in and out of her with ease. The room filled with the sound of our bodies meeting, the wet squelching of her arousal, her muffled moans as she buried her face in the pillow. I leaned forward, draping myself over her back, my breasts pressing against her as I continued to thrust, my hips pistoning with a steady rhythm.

The new angle was highly stimulating for me too, so I slapped her ass and really started to pound her. With each thrust, the base of the harness rubbed against my clit, sending waves of pleasure through my body. My own arousal grew, my moans mixing with hers as I drove us both higher. I could feel her body tensing, her muscles clenching, the signs that she was close to release.

"Who's in control now?" I whispered, my teeth nibbling at her earlobe.

Luna didn't answer, just whimpered, her body shaking as I continued to drive her to the brink.

"I asked you a question," I said, my voice low and demanding. "Who's in control now?"

"You are," she breathed, her voice barely audible, muffled by the pillow.

"That's right," I said, a surge of power coursing through me. "And you're going to cum for me. Right now."

I reached around, my fingers finding her clit, rubbing it in tight, firm circles as I continued to thrust. Her body tensed, her back arching, a cry of pleasure tearing from her throat as she came undone, her orgasm crashing over her in waves, her body shuddering beneath me.

I didn't stop. I kept fucking her, pushing her through her orgasm, my own release building, the pressure mounting until I couldn't hold back any longer. I cried out, my body convulsing as pleasure washed over me, my hips stilling as I collapsed against her back, both of us panting, spent.

I held her for a moment, my body trembling, my heart racing. Then, slowly, I pulled out, my movements careful, deliberate. I watched as she lay there, her body still shaking, her breath coming in ragged gasps.

I reached over, my fingers fumbling with the key to the handcuffs, finally freeing her wrists. I could see the faint red marks on her skin, the evidence of our passion. I leaned down, placing a soft kiss on each wrist, a silent apology for the roughness, a gesture of tenderness amidst the intensity.

Luna rolled over, her eyes meeting mine. There was something different in her gaze now. A vulnerability I hadn't seen before. A softness that made my heart ache.

"That was... intense," she said, her voice hoarse.

"I'll say," I replied, a small smile playing on my lips.

She reached up, her fingers tracing the line of my jaw, her touch gentle, almost reverent.

"So maybe you're not as impossible to handle, eh?" I teased.

Luna chuckled.

"Maybe," she said, her expression turning thoughtful. "But that was with you. With someone you trust. It's not the same."

"But Toby, don't you want to feel the real–" I began

"You were doing well. Don't ruin it," Luna said, shoving me playfully, before snaking out of her bed to go shower.

Luna drew a line, sure, but the line had moved once already. That line she claimed was impenetrable? I'd watched her toes curl around it, felt it shift under my weight. She'd say it was different with me, that trust changed everything, but what I saw was the spark in her eyes when I pushed past her limits, the way her body betrayed her mind with every shudder and gasp. Her orgasms weren't just pleasure; they were admissions. She might call it an exception, a one-time exploration with her sister, but I knew better. The sand around her boundary was already soft, already giving way to the inevitable tide. She could pretend the line was still there, solid and unmoving, but we both knew the truth. She'd already crossed it, and the water felt damn good.

*

Killing time around the trailer, adjusting lights just for the shit of it, eating, watching shit on YouTube, I was honestly just waiting in between beats. I managed the OnlyFans account for a bit, making sure nothing stupid was going on, reading some comments, deleting some old shit Kim had posted. I played some games.

Then my phone flared up.

I wasn't one of those people who jumped at my phone for a mere notification. I lazily grabbed my phone, carefully so I wouldn't spill any of my Doritos.

*'I was right,'* she wrote. *'she does like being challenged.'*

She wanted me to follow up with a question, but I refused to play that game. Well, I had to make an exception this time.

*'what happend?'* I wrote.

*'I played around and pushed her harder than Ive done b4, and she loved it. really loved it'*

*'I could've told you that,'* I replied.

*'Don't start with that shit again. She literally said it was different because it was me. She still doesn't want anything to do with you'.*

I clenched and unclenched my fist, the cheap plastic of my phone groaning in protest as I reread that last message. *'She still doesn't want anything to do with you.'* Each word felt like a deliberate jab. My eyes lingered on that final 'you,' italicized in my mind like she was looking right at me, smug and certain, from behind her screen. Who was she to declare it so definitively? Like the matter was settled, case closed. My jaw tightened. It wasn't truth. It was caution. She was just being overcautious, scared I'd fuck it up again. A cage. But I could see the lock, and I knew what key fit.

*'sure,'* I replied, sarcasm so strong it was dripping through the text message. I could read between the lines. Kim was just being more cautious than necessary.

*'Patience, dont get excited yet. dont fuck this up.'*

Again.

That was the only word missing. Don't fuck this up *again*.

My grip tightened, and I had to put my Doritos bag down to not crush it.

But there was a silver line here: Progress. Luna liked letting someone else take control. The rest was pride.

It couldn't be helped. I felt my lips curl into a smirk.

*

Days around the office were hectic these days. Setting up bot farms was much harder than I thought it would be, and sending the right signals and doing the right networks was actually an acquired skill. It wasn't hard, per se, but it was tedious, and carried some top-tier logistical management. But I loved it. It was a challenge I welcomed with open arms. Besides, I had hired a bunch of people to help, people who knew. But it was basically meme-fying clips and shorts of things Mona Marcetto did and spreading the message through a bunch of influencers, then flooding the comment sections with praise and talking points, one-liners, and some lower-tier admiration for the fine woman herself.

As much as I felt Josh had really let me take the reigns on this thing, and I was so grateful and so proud of it, I was very happy to ahve him around. Sometimes across the hall, but a lot of the time on each our desk in my office. And that was another thing. My office. Not his. He owned

everything; he was my big brother, the caretaker, the guy who let me live under his roof when he didn't have to for christ sake, yet the optics were real. Luna was in charge of this. Not him.

That didn't mean he was passive or anything, not at all. I was just the face of this. Or rather, the brains behind Mona's face.

But I used him the right way still. Whether he liked it or not, Josh had made himself a profile outward due to his moves in the business world the last few years. Young, handsome, kind, and successful.

"He's doing so well," Linda admired as we watched over Mona and Josh have a 'sit-down.'

I wanted something that wasn't an interview, but also not a podcast. Something where you sat down and talked. We had bullet points of what we wanted to go over, but other than that, it was all freestyle. Josh was the perfect sparring partner for this. Though I suspected nerves would've kicked in if he knew the whole office was watching. On the other hand, perhaps not.

What I liked was that Mona wasn't just there to talk about herself. She challenged Josh back, and that is the raw, assertive directness people loved. A sort of 'being more real' feel. She did it with reporters too, much to their surprise, but the viewers loved it. Josh wasn't just doing what he was supposed to, but playing along with Mona's energy, taking everything she threw at him with grace, confidence, and that easy-going charm of his, but he also gave real answers.

When Mona pressed him on women's issues, Josh didn't flinch. I'd heard this particular Josh-speech before at family dinners, when the conversation got deeper than anyone expected, but seeing him deliver it here, with cameras rolling and Mona's intense gaze locked on him, felt different. He started talking about Judy Garland and how the studio system had exploited her, and I could see Mona's skepticism shift to genuine curiosity. He wasn't spouting talking points; he was connecting historical dots to present-day problems, making it clear that this wasn't just about "empowering women" as some abstract concept, but about acknowledging the specific

ways the system had always been rigged. I felt a surge of pride. That was my brother. He made me proud to be a woman.

And it looked so easy, so natural, while I was the one sweating bullets behind the scenes, wondering if our messaging was landing, if the bot farms were working, if any of this would actually stick.

I glanced over at Linda, whose eyes were fixed on the monitor, a look of pure admiration on her face. This was the Josh we knew, the one who could take a tough question and not just answer it, but make you feel the weight of it. He wasn't just reciting facts; he was telling a story, one that connected Garland's struggles to the women in that room, to Mona herself, who was now nodding slowly, her aggressive stance softening into something closer to respect.

"That's good," Linda said after it all concluded. "The internet is going to eat that up."

I let out a breath I didn't realize I'd been holding. Linda was right. This had been a huge success. Condensed into clips, edits, and such, and more 'sit-downs' like this with other people would sell Mona Marcetto. Even if we used this as a test run.

"Where is Kim? She's missing out," Linda said.

I chuckled, wincing a bit as I stood up. I had been leaning against the back of a chair for too long, and Kim and I's fun yesterday still lingered. It had been fun. A bit of a surprise, seeing Kim bolder than I was used to, but I enjoyed the challenge.

But of course, Kim had to be fucking weird about Toby. That was almost the funny thing. Kim seemed to think yesterday proved something about Toby. It hadn't. It proved Kim could be surprising. I shook, or shivered, and went over to talk to Josh after the little shoot.

"What's that grin?" Linda teased, nudging me.

"Get outta here, kiddo," I said, playfully smacking her ass, sending her on her way. That girl needed a rest, it looked like. I'm not sure if it was stress or if she was distracted.

"Some would take you for some sort of simp," I shot. Josh just grinned, looking at my hair, a ruffle in the making. "Don't even think about it."

"Is that my blazer?" he asked, lifting up the hem of it. It was; I had nabbed it from his desk. It was the sort of gray that went well with the rest of my fit today, I figured. "And why are you so damn pleased today?"

"Don't I have plenty of reason to be?" I asked, starting my way to the elevator. Josh joined me. "For one, that little wife of yours surprised me."

"I'm afraid to even ask," Josh muttered.

"You should be," I teased, looking over my shoulder at him, seeing him all bothered. "You and Linda going to be home after work?" I asked, trying to steer our conversation a bit lighter.

"Nah. We might actually go catch a movie or something, eat out perhaps," Josh said.

As if on cue, my phone went off. Kim. Again. I'd had a few of those messages from her this morning, but I hadn't really had the chance to read them. Josh saw her name too and gave me a look. I could almost see the gears turning in that handsome head of his.

*'Round two?'* Kim wrote.

I raised an eyebrow, amused.

*'Already?'* I wrote. I looked at Josh.

Without following up, I replied to Kim instead.

*'As long as this isn't another excuse to bring up Captain Creep,'* I wrote.

*'Jesus, Luna, I heard you before,'* Kim replied.

I thought about it for a second. Josh and Linda was out so we had the house to ourselves. It was fun. Why not?

*'Fine. Round two.'*

*

Getting home that day, I was in an exceptionally great mood. The day had been productive, and while things were still in the early days, we had already started the momentum and already showed her why choosing us was the right call. Mona had even stuck around for a little bit after the shoot. Not much, of course, maintaining her aura and whatnot.

Once I got home, I changed into something I could just lounge around in before feeding Barney and sending some last few messages back to work. Yawning, I stretched out, feeling my bones crack.

"Well, well, well," I heard Kim's teasing voice call as she came home too. She looked pretty smug too. Probably because I said yes.

"Good evening," I said, tipping my water in salute.

"I hope you're ready for round two," Kim said, flopping onto the couch opposite me. She looked eager. I liked it.

"I bet you can't wait getting one over on me again," I teased. "What, addicted to it already? Need another handicap?"

Kim came over, biting her lower lip, and slapped my ass. Hard.

"Hey!"

"You liked it yesterday," Kim said.

"Oh, I did. I could hardly walk afterwards," I said back, my hand finding her ass. "You surprised me."

"I want to surprise you tonight too," Kim said, smiling deviously. "I want an even bigger advantage."

"Yeah?" It had been great yesterday when she pushed for more with those handcuffs and that mega-dildo. "Is this the part where you take me upstairs? And no more Toby shit, right?"

"God, Luna, relax," Kim said, her eyes lighting up. She was excited, I could tell. "I just want to have some fun with my sister."

"Okay," I said, my guard down.

"Great," Kim said, beaming. "Now let's get you ready."

I followed her upstairs, watching her cute little butt wiggle in front of me all excitedly. Once in my room, I had enough, and I pulled her into me, our lips meeting in a hungry kiss.

"Ah-ah-ah," Kim said, pushing me back a little. "My show tonight. Get on the bed, face down. And strip."

Biting my lip, I took a step back, my eyes never leaving hers. She wasn't playing around. I could see the fire in her eyes, the hunger, the determination. This was her game now, and she was calling the shots. A thrill ran through me, my body responding to the challenge.

I did as she asked, slowly stripping off my clothes, letting them fall to the floor in a heap. I could feel her eyes on me, watching my every move, her gaze hot and intense. I climbed onto the bed, positioning myself on my stomach, my ass in the air, my body trembling with anticipation.

"That's a good girl," she whispered, her hands sliding over my back, her touch sending shivers down my spine.

I heard the familiar click of the handcuffs, felt the cold metal against my skin as she secured my wrists to the headboard. I tested them, pulling against them, but they held firm. I was at her mercy.

"Now, the real fun begins," Kim murmured, her lips brushing against my ear.

Kim took a step back. I lay there, waiting for her to continue. I heard her shift slightly, but I couldn't see what she was doing.

The door opened. My head shot up as I saw Toby come into the room.

"For fucks sake," I grunted, lowering my head into the pillow in annoyance. "No. Get him out. I told you, Kim."

Kim came up on the side of me, biting her lip. Why was she biting her lip now?

"You said you can handle anything," she murmured softly. "Then prove it."

"What the fuck, Kim?" I pulled my hands, but they were stuck. "Are you fucking insane? This isn't what I agreed to!"

Kim looked at me, seeing that I was legitimately angry. I thought that would snap some motherfucking sense into her dense brain. But instead of that, she just stared at me with the same expression.

"Relax, sis," Kim said, her hand running down my back. "I understand."

Toby took a step further into the room, the floorboards creaking under his weight. His eyes were on me, a strange, unreadable expression on his face. He wasn't smirking or leering.

"I think you can handle him. You already beat him once, right?" Kim said, moving out of sight.

"Kim! That was different, and you know it! Let me go, now," I snarled, pulling on the cuffs again. They bit into my skin, the metal unforgiving.

I could hear him moving closer, the soft shuffle of his clothes, the sound of his breathing. I could feel the heat of his body as he stood next to the bed, the air growing thick and heavy with his presence. I squeezed my eyes shut, trying to block him out, to pretend he wasn't there. But I couldn't. I could feel his eyes on me, boring into my skin, stripping me bare with a single look. My muscles tensed, my body rigid with defiance.

"Toby!" I said through gritted teeth. "What do you think you're doing?"

He didn't answer.

"Kim?"

Twisting my torso into an uncomfortable angle, I saw Kim move closer to the door. I realized she was going to leave the room. She was leaving me with him.

Before I could even catch up on that, she was out of the room, shutting the door behind her.

*

"Get the fuck out," I said to Toby. I wasn't even angry anymore. I was just done. "I'm warning you."

Toby didn't move. Just stood there for a moment, as if he was considering something. Then he took a step toward the bed.

"I'm warning you. If you touch me, I'll break your fucking arm!"

"Kim told me you challenged, but that you're too proud to follow through with me. She said you'd be like this," Toby said calmly.

She had told him that? Had Kim been discussing me with Toby?

I struggled against the cuffs, my muscles straining. They were solid. My shoulders were already hurting from how I was twisted.

"I'm going to enjoy this," Toby whispered, his voice low and husky. "You think you're so much better than me."

The mattress groaned under his weight as he positioned himself behind me. I could feel the heat of his body before he even touched me, that greasy warmth that made my skin crawl. I wanted to climb up the bed, but I was already at the headboard. His scent closed in on the air around me.

My eyes slammed shut. Every muscle in my body went rigid, a fortress of instinct trying to repel the invasion. This was it. The betrayal complete. Kim had not just pushed a boundary; she had shoved me off a cliff. Left me here, trussed up like a fucking prize pig for this psycho. My shoulders screamed in protest, twisted at an unnatural angle by the cuffs. The metal bit into my skin, a cold reminder of my helplessness.

"Get the fuck out," I said again, but this time my voice was thin, a pathetic reed in the growing silence of the room.

He didn't answer. Just the sound of his breathing, steady and unhurried, as if he had all the time in the world. And I realized with a sickening lurch that he did. The only sounds were the distant hum of the house, my own ragged breaths, and the soft rustle of him undressing. I didn't want to look. I kept my face buried in the pillow, but I could feel the shift in the air, the movement behind me.

Then came the touch.

His hands landed on my ass, heavy and possessive. They weren't tentative. They claimed. I flinched violently, a full-body convulsion of revulsion, but my hips were pinned to the bed by his weight. His fingers, thick and clumsy, kneaded my flesh, the pressure almost bruising. It wasn't sexual; it was proprietary. Like a butcher inspecting a cut of meat. He squeezed, one cheek and then the other, spreading me open. I felt my face heat up from being so exposed, but my pride turned that heat into rage, and I once again tried to kick out.

"You always act like you're made of stone," Toby's voice rumbled above me, closer now, a slight effort laced in from me trying to break free. "But you're just soft. All this muscle, and you're still just a girl."

His fingers began to circle my entrance. They pushed inside, one then another, too soon, too rough. I gasped, the sound muffled by the pillow. My inner muscles clenched down hard, an involuntary, desperate attempt to repel him. It was useless. He was just pushing, exploring, stretching me without care or skill.

His fingers left me, leaving me feeling strangely empty and cold for a second before something much larger replaced them. I felt the heavy, blunt head of his cock press against my slickened opening. Panic, sharp and metallic, flooded my tongue. This was the point of no return. Every fiber of my being screamed no, a silent, desperate howl that no one could hear. I tried to writhe away, to kick, but the angle was all wrong. I was stuck, face-down, a target. He pushed. I braced myself, every muscle tensing for the tear. But it wasn't a tear. It was a slow, inexorable breach. The slowness was its own torture, forcing me to endure the agony.

A low, guttural sound escaped my throat as he began to sink into me. The sensation was overwhelming, a suffocating fullness that stole my breath. It wasn't just size, though he was undeniably thick, unnaturally so, like a dense, heated pipe forcing its way into a space too small to contain it, but the weight of it happening. The head was blunt, almost mushroom-like, catching against my inner walls as it burrowed deeper, making me feel so aware of my own body and how it was forced to yield for Toby.

"You're so fucking tight," he breathed. "I've been dreaming about this."

"Shut the fuck up," I seethed, the words muffled by the pillow, wanting nothing more than to turn around and kick his face in. "Go to hell. You're a fucking psycho."

He was all the way in now, every thick, suffocating inch of him buried inside me. I could feel his wiry pubic hair scratching against the sensitive skin of my ass, the heavy weight of his balls pressed against me. He wasn't moving, just letting me feel it, letting me adjust to the reality of him being buried to the hilt inside me, and it felt like death. My body had Toby inside of it, and

that was a truth so harsh and inescapable, I let out a small jagged sob. This wasn't sex; it was me dying.

"Kim's right, you know," he said, his voice smug, condescending. He started to move, pulling out almost completely before thrusting back in, hard and fast. "You needed this."

I gasped harshly from his brutal thrust, my body jolting forward with the force of it, the metal cuffs biting deeper into my wrists. I tried looking up at the roof instead, distancing me from it before he continued. But it was impossible now. The aggression, the force of it, the very presence forced me to focus on what Toby did to me. It was too real, an unyielding, punishing force that demanded my full attention. From the intensity to the fact that it was *him*. This wasn't just an unpleasant sensation; it was Toby, the sheer, undeniable physical reality of this disgusting specimen of a man forcing himself into the most private part of me. A warm, dominating presence inside of me, one I'd never be able to forget, that I couldn't ignore.

"Now, let's see how much of that tough girl act you can keep up," he grunted. "Lets see if you think you're better than me after this."

With another rough thrust, he buried himself to the hilt in one brutal, fluid motion. I cried out, a real cry this time, as my body was forced to accommodate every thick, veiny inch of him. The pain was sharp, radiating from my core, a deep, aching stretch that made my legs tremble. He filled me completely, an overwhelming, suffocating presence that pushed against my insides, pressing on my cervix with a dull, throbbing pressure. I felt impossibly full, stretched to my absolute limit.

The rhythmic slap of flesh filled the room, a wet, percussive sound that made my stomach clench with each beat. Toby's grunts came like pig noises from above, hot and damp against my ear, rhythmically, his words dissolving into guttural sounds of satisfaction. Through my tear-blurred vision, the ceiling warped into a featureless white void. Each brutal thrust drove my face deeper into the pillow, muffling my desperate gasps as his weight crushed the air from my lungs.

I turned my head to the side, pressing my face into the pillow, trying to block out his voice, the smell of him, the feeling of him. But it was useless. He was too big, too deep inside me, his presence impossible to ignore. Every movement drew me back again and again.

"That's it," he breathed, his hands gripping my hips, holding me in place as he drove into me again and again. "Take it. Take all of it."

Then he shifted his angle, and something happened that made me freeze. Something that was entirely unwelcome. A confusing, humiliating jolt made my back arch involuntarily when he hit that deep spot inside, sending a traitorous heat through me. I squeezed my eyes shut, fists clenching and unclenching as the cuffs bit into my skin as I knew what that meant.

No. This couldn't be happening. Not with *him*.

I tried to escape mentally, but his suffocating presence inside me was too real, too all-consuming, and I let out a gasp.

Toby heard me and he shifted slightly, searching for better precision, changing the angle of his thrusts, and I gasped as he hit that spot again, harder this time. The pleasure was more intense now, more undeniable, and it came much faster than I could've anticipated. I could feel my inner muscles clenching around him, my body betraying me, responding to the stimulation despite my revulsion.

"Don't," I gasped, my voice a strained whisper. I fought it, fought against the rising tide. "Stop. Not this."

"That's it," he grunted, his voice rough with exertion. "Lose yourself. Who's the tough one now? That's what you like, isn't it? Then cum for me."

With a cry that was part pain, part pleasure, I came. My body seized up before it started to convulse, my back arching off the bed as the orgasm crashed over me, a tidal wave of sensation

that left me breathless, shaking, and utterly humiliated. The pleasure was intense, overwhelming force that shattered my defenses and left me exposed, vulnerable, and broken.

Toby kept fucking me through my orgasm, prolonging the pleasure, extending the humiliation. I could feel the slick heat of my own release coating him, making it easier for him to slide in and out, the sounds of our union wet and obscene in the quiet room, a sound that seemed to echo in my head. The wetness was mine. This pleasure was mine. And Toby had given it to me. Toby, this fat, repulsive thing, had made me cum.

He finally slowed, then stopped, his cock still buried deep inside me. I lay there, panting, my body slick with sweat, my mind a blank, shattered space. I could feel the throbbing of his dick inside me, a constant, pulsating reminder of what he had done, what he had taken.

I hated him for being able to make me feel like that. I hated him for doing it at all. I hated him more than I had ever hated anything in my life. And I hated Kim.

"Who's in charge now? You won't be able to throw me away now," he grunted.

He started kissing my neck, his lips wet and clumsy, leaving a trail of dampness on my skin, seemingly spurred on by how I reacted. I turned my head away, a pointless gesture of defiance. His tongue traced the line of my jaw, a slimy, invasive touch that made me shudder. His hands roamed over my body, exploring me with a possessive curiosity that made my skin crawl. He kneaded my breasts, rough, unskilled squeezes that bordered on painful. He simply saw something he wanted and took it, and I had to endure.

"That's what you get. Who's in charge now, huh?" he almost spat, before biting my ear, and then my neck, hard. I flinched. He bit again, and again, leaving a constellation of red marks on my skin. I could feel the sting, the dull ache of the bruises already forming. These were marks he was leaving. These were wounds I would see in the mirror tomorrow.

"You're a fucking psycho," I seethed again, the words a weak, ragged whisper. "Stop fucking biting me!"

"Yeah? Look at you," he grunted, his other hand coming down hard on my ass. The crack of flesh on flesh echoed in the room, followed by the sting that radiated through me. "Who's tough now?" he asked again.

"Fuck you!" I spat, a surge of anger flaring up.

He ignored me, starting instead to fuck me with a ferocity that was almost mechanical. There was no finesse, no art to it. It was just raw, brutal power. A primal rhythm designed to dominate, to punish, to erase. Each slam of his hips against mine drove the air from my lungs in a short, sharp grunt. The sound of our bodies meeting was a wet, percussive beat that filled the room, a steady, obscene rhythm that was the only measure of time I had left.

My arms, twisted and trapped by the cuffs, screamed in protest as my body was maneuvered into a new position of vulnerability. Face down still, but this time he pulled my hips up, forcing my ass high in the air, my upper body pressed flat against the mattress. It was a position of utter submission. He grabbed my hair, wrapping it around his fist, and pulled my head back. The strain on my neck was sharp, immediate. My spine arched at an unnatural angle. Him just maneuvering me around to his liking without me being able to stop him. Toby was using me like I was just a toy for him to use, and it made me feel so small.

I looked over at the clock on the headstand. Its red numbers glowed in the dim light. 5:14 PM. A meaningless number. Time had stopped. There was only the present moment, an endless stretch of violation, measured only by the rhythm of his hips and the pounding in my head. I watched the numbers change, 5:15, 5:16. A bizarre, detached part of my brain thought about how long this was taking. How much longer could it last?

His breath came in ragged, wet gasps, a visceral sound that filled the oppressive space, drowning out everything but the frantic thumping of my own heart. The rhythmic slap of flesh against flesh

had devolved into something wild, a desperate, primal percussion that jarred my bones with each violent impact. A cold dread coiled in my gut, sharp and undeniable as the realization struck me: this was it. The precipice. The final, shattering act of violation loomed, its shadow falling over every inch of me. My mind recoiled, a frantic scream trapped behind my teeth. No. The denial was a useless, desperate prayer. I knew the truth with sickening clarity: he would.

"Please," I whispered, the word tasting like ash in my mouth. "Don't." It was a plea born of pure, primal terror, a desperate attempt to bargain with a god who did not listen, a demon who reveled in my begging. "Pull out. Please, pull out."

His grip on my hair tightened, yanking my head back further, forcing my spine into an even more painful arc. I could feel the muscles in my neck straining, screaming in protest. A choked sob escaped my lips, the sound raw and broken.

"Fuck yes," he snarled, the words a hot, wet puff of air against my ear. His body went rigid, a strange, taut stillness that was more terrifying than the violence. Every muscle seemed to lock, a predator poised for the kill. "I'm gonna knock you up, you stuck-up bitch. You're gonna carry my kid."

My vision swam, the room tilting on its axis as a wave of nausea washed over me. The words were poison, seeping into my brain, contaminating every cell, every memory, every hope for a future that didn't have him in it. His kid. The thought was so obscene, so horrifying, it was almost abstract.

The dam broke.

It wasn't gentle but violent, explosive. I felt it deep inside me: a hot, forceful gush flooding my insides. So much of it, a thick, copious torrent that seemed endless, each pulse a fresh, burning deposition. The heat was startling, an unnatural warmth spreading through me like fever, settling sickly in my stomach. It was thick, viscous, an oily, living thing coating my inner walls, clinging

slime I'd never wash away. I felt it spurting against my cervix, imagining a milky, potent tide seeking to fester, to contaminate. It made me sick.

A raw sound tore from my throat, part sob, part shriek, as my body convulsed, trying to expel what he'd forced inside. Bile burned the back of my throat, hot and acidic, but I swallowed it down. I would not be sick. I would not give him that. The violation churned deep inside me, a sickness that made my vision blur at the edges and sent the room spinning into a nauseating spiral. I never felt as low and as helpless as I did just then.

His body shuddered, a long, low groan tearing from his throat as he emptied himself into me. His hips jerked with each spasm, small, final thrusts that pushed the filth deeper, ensuring it took, to ensure it marked me from the inside out. He held me there, impaled, a silent, panting weight, his satisfaction a palpable thing that filled the room, thick and suffocating. This was what he wanted. This was what he had done. I felt a single helpless tear slide from the corner of my eye, tracing a hot, shameful path down my temple. Only one. That's all I would allow.

His grip on my hair finally loosened, and my head fell forward, my forehead hitting the mattress with a dull thud. I lay there, face down, my body a collection of aches and pains, my mind a shattered mess.

His movements were no longer frenzied. He was now deliberate, almost casual. He didn't just pull out. He ground into me, a slow, possessive rotation of his hips that seemed designed to stir the mess inside me. I could feel the hot, viscous fluid sloshing inside me, a sickening, internal tide with each movement.

Then, with a wet, sucking sound that echoed in the sudden silence of the room, he finally withdrew. I felt the head of that monstrous cock scrape against my inner walls one last time as he pulled out. For a brief, horrifying moment, I felt empty, a void where the suffocating pressure had been. But it wasn't the only emptiness I felt, though it felt just as physical.

Toby slumped down on the bed beside me, the mattress dipping dramatically under his bulk. I could feel the heat radiating off him, a greasy warmth that made my skin crawl. His heavy, satisfied sigh was the most disgusting sound I had ever heard.

"Fuck," he breathed, the word a puff of humid air against my shoulder. "You're a good fuck when you stop fighting it."

I didn't move. I couldn't. I was a statue of ice, every muscle locked in place, a prison of my own making. My mind was a frantic, scrambling thing, trying to find a way out, a way to erase this, to go back to twenty minutes ago. But there was only now. The feeling of his cum, warm and sticky, beginning to cool on my skin. The dull, throbbing ache deep inside me where he had battered my cervix. The raw, burning sensation in my wrists from the cuffs. The bitter taste of my own humiliation.

*

I don't think I registered the next hours fully. I didn't have a complete memory of it, at least. The clock showed a number that was much later than the last time I had seen it, but it made no sense to me. Somewhere, I knew he violently fucked my ass. I had barely ever done anal before, and it was a nightmare. He didn't care, obviously. I cried through the whole thing until he finished deep in my ass. My throat felt raw too. Perhaps from a pair of panties he had shoved in my mouth. His taunts were numb and repetitive. It was as if the whole house had gone quiet. I found myself thinking of Kim, how she had... betrayed me. About how Toby had finished in me, when I didn't even use the pill anymore.

One sequence became another. Anger disappeared and returned several times. I drifted in and out of something like consciousness. The only thing that was real was the pain. The physical ache,

the raw burning sensation between my legs, the deep, internal throb where he had pounded me, the dull, steady ache in my ass, the fire in my wrists, the strain in my neck. And the feeling of him, the memory of him inside me, the phantom sensation of him reaching his climax using my body. I guess I could've cried for help, but Josh and Linda wasn't here. Kim... I have no idea where she was, or if she'd even do anything at all if I did cry. Barney would've tried, but he couldn't climb the stairs. He'd feel helpless, just like I had.

In some twisted part of me, I even thought I had brought this onto myself. I was the one who had challenged him. I was the one who had trusted Kim. It was an absurd thought as I knew, logically, by every measure, that I wasn't to blame. I agreed to Kim, not... this.

At some point, he left. I don't think I noticed him leave, but I noticed the silence.

The silence was worse.

The cuffs had been unlocked. My arms were free, but they felt like foreign objects, heavy and useless. I didn't move for a long, long time. I just lay there, in the mess, in the silence, in the shattered remnants of my pride. I stared at the ceiling, the pattern on the wallpaper, the dust motes dancing in the shaft of light from the window.

I heard something outside my door, and I suddenly shot back to life. They couldn't see me like this. I had to regain... control. It was such an abrupt thought, I scrambled to my feet, hurried into my bathroom, and almost crashed on the door frame, unsteady on my feet. Once in the bathroom, I finally threw up. Violently. My stomach heaved, my body convulsing, burning bile rising in my throat. I retched until there was nothing left, some of hitting the floor and the side of the toilet. My body was shaking, my muscles aching.

I stumbled into the shower, turned the water on as hot as I could stand it. The water scalded my skin, but I didn't care. But I refused to sob. Bathrooms carried echo. Shame and shock of what had happened, was still too raw to process.

Slumping back against the cabinets, I felt my body shake. It was catching up on something I'm not sure my brain even had. I was... out of it, but I could hardly believe that just happened. That... that happened.

My immediate instinct was that I needed to hurry out of this damn bathroom and lock the door, clean up, get clothes in the hamper, or hell, wash them by hand. Hide the evidence.

My head lolled to the side and I caught my reflection in the glossy cabinet doors. A distorted version of myself looked back. There were physical marks on me, but that wasn't what I saw first. That woman I looked at wasn't the person who had woken up today, gleaming with life, happy to go to work, proud to be a strong force to be reckoned with.

For a fleeting moment, nausea flared up again. The fear of the consequences returned. What if something happened? I hadn't taken contraceptives for, what, a year? I didn't need them.

I heard my phone buzz out in my bedroom somewhere, and acting on autopilot, I made my way back. Josh's name was on my display, asking if I wanted him to bring food, telling me the movie was shit.

I could tell him.

But I couldn't. I physically wasn't able to. The words existed, but I couldn't even bring myself to formulate a sentence to explain it. The words were too heavy, too dreadful. So I didn't. I couldn't.

I just gave him a mundane reply about going to bed early. Then I locked the door to my bedroom. I checked the door handle. It was locked. I knew it was.

I checked it again anyway.

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***A77:***

I'll add this right here because including it in the Patreon Post would reveal too much about the chapter before one could read it. This part was very difficult to write, and I had to step away several times. First, maybe I'm being silly, but these characters are very real to me, and I've spent years with them. Second, I didn't want to glorify what was happening, but also for us to share that graphic, hyper-awareness that Luna was going through, hence I tried to match the detaildness that I usually do. But again, without glorifying anything of what Toby did. And perhaps thirdly, and perhaps this is tmi, I've endured assault(not from men). Not to say Id ever compare that to what a woman would go through, but I guess that could've contributed to why it was difficult to write.

Also, if this comes as a surprise to anyone, I don't know what to tell you. Shock, I understand, but this has been on the wall since day one of AYCJ and I've built toward it ever since.

I dont normally like to talk plotlines, I like you guys's discussions much better, but I felt with such a heavy topic that I should at least write something.