

## A Young Couple's Journey Part 5 (TNT 14)

Waking up after the storm, I was well rested. For some reason, bad weather and all that stuff never bothered me. It was as if I slept even deeper, my sense of danger completely dead. Not that there was any danger to this storm, but I just seemed totally oblivious to my surroundings whenever shit was about to hit the fan.

Having my airpods probably helped too.

To my surprise that morning, I rolled to my side to see my husband. Not that he was being weird or anything, but there was an arm resting on his shoulder, and an extra set of heavy breaths to my left. At first, I was jumping to the conclusion that it was Luna, but no, she was still in Michigan.

Sitting up, being up and about before Josh for once, I saw that it was none other than Linda. The small brunette was curled up against my hulking husband, both sleeping obliviously.

For some reason, I found it super cute more than anything. Linda being the big spoon to Josh while being so small compared to him. There was at least a good seventy pounds and a full foot between them.

It was still nice, though, I think. Josh was just a big sweetie, and Linda was a darling as well.

I decided not to disturb them, instead went down to defrost some berries for smoothies, then made oatmeal porridge for breakfast, as that was the easiest to heat up whenever they'd get up. Looking out into the yard, I saw the devastation I had slept through. It wasn't much, but a few branches lay strewn around, and I saw some of the sun loungers had been moved by the wind. I should probably ask Josh if we should take them inside the pool house or something for the winter.

Maybe I should just do it. I mean, I was always asking Josh for this and that, but lately, surrounded by so many independent people, I guess I was feeling a bit self-conscious about having Josh do everything for me.

So I did it instead. I drank my latte, ate some porridge, and then headed outside wrapped in a thick coat. I began stacking the loungers by the side of the poolhouse, then wheeled them inside. At least there were only like six of them, so it wasn't too heavy. When I was done I noticed a small piece of metal that had come loose from the

roof. I picked it up and brought it to the kitchen door, in case it was important. I'd better call someone to check out the roof.

"Good morning!" Linda smiled, as I came back inside. "Sorry for not helping out."

"No worries," I replied cheerfully. It felt nice having done something. "Just being a dutiful landlord. Sleep alright?"

"Erh... yes and no. Sorry, again, for bunking with you guys, but storms just scare the shit out of me. I know, I'm silly, so, sorry," Linda said with some urgency. Though, I don't think she minded the bunking part, perhaps more the intruding part. A small devious ploy started to emerge in my brain.

"And again, no worries. We all have our vices. And who better than Josh to help you through it, huh? I'm sure he doesn't mind one bit," I said.

Linda got pretty flustered at that and simply nodded. Part of me started to wonder... maybe I should get those two in a room together... Just to see what would happen. I had facilitated such events with Toby with much success. What an idea. It felt as if a huge weight fell on my chest, a burn running through me, making me feel slightly... horny?

I had learned that I was a deviant, but I was starting to realize what Josh felt. I mean, Linda was no doubt finding Josh attractive by how she blushed, so maybe she would bite. Would Josh? Especially knowing that Linda had a huge cock... How hot wouldn't it be if my big husband submitted to someone like Linda? For Linda to dominate Josh... It was almost as hot as if, no not if, but when Luna would do it.

Fuck... I guess I miss Luna more than I realized. I was in desperate need of my cucking-Josh fix. Would Linda be up for some fun? We hadn't really done anything since that night in the hot tub... Unlike Toby, Linda wasn't very pushy like that.

Before I could ask, make a move, or even contemplate how to gauge the topic, Linda spoke. "You okay?"

I guess I had zoned out for a bit, imagining so myself bent over the couch, Linda railing baby batter into me. God... Would Josh let me fuck her raw when later when we'd try for a kid? I mean, us fucking would probably happen, but that would make it even hotter.

The risk... Jesus, just thinking about it, a pristine woman like Linda pushing babies repeatedly into me...

"Kim?" Linda asked again, having closed the distance, holding a hand on my shoulder now, looking at me.

"Sorry, I'm just spacing out a bit," I chuckled, trying to conceal the vile fantasies I had conjured. I pushed them away. That was way too far. It would likely have devastated Josh, and I wasn't even sure if Linda would be game for that.

"Anything you wanna talk about?" Linda asked. She was so sweet. She did have that dominating streak, but she was also so kind and caring. A wonderful mix.

"No, no. Just a bit lightheaded," I explained, dismissing my own arousal as best I could.

Josh would later join us, we mostly just ate our porridge then went to each of our businesses. The storm had happened on a regular weekday, so Josh had some meetings he did in the TV room. I had to analyze some allegations of cheating in the national tournament. I wasn't exactly qualified, but it was all hands on deck on this one. Besides, I signed up for just about anything to get my name out there lately. An executive at ESP-Esports, a huge esports company, had liked one of my posts on Instagram so I eyed my opportunity.

Later I found Josh back in the kitchen with Linda. They sat on each of their stool, and Josh seemed to explain something. Judging by the walls of text and symbols on the screen, I guessed it was programming-related. Not wanting to disturb them, I lingered back. Linda had earlier blushed when I teased her about Josh so I wanted to inspect how they interacted when they thought they were alone.

After like half a minute I sorta lost interest, however, as Josh seemed to just go on and on about something about themes in WordPress or something like that. I wasn't sure. They just sat there anyway.

And that day, as there were no storms outside, Linda remained in her annex all throughout the night. At bed, Josh showed me Entrendy's website, but I wasn't sure if there was anything different. Apparently, Linda had already helped rebuild it after just a week or so, but much more optimized. I knew it was great, but I just didn't have the knowledge to perhaps appreciate it.

“You moved the side menu,” I said.

“Yeah, Linda thought it was a good idea,” Josh explained, moving his mouse around the moved menu.

“I like it too. Like the start menu on regular PCs,” I said, trying to offer insight.

“I didn’t even think of it that way,” Josh chuckled, turning out the light soon after.

“Is it awkward to hang with Linda after what she and I did?” I asked. Josh stiffened up a bit but regained his composure quickly enough.

“Not at all. We talked it out, and we’re cool. She’s her regular old self without making it awkward. We agree that it is weird, but that we play it by ear, more or less,” Josh said. “She’s actually a really comforting person with all this stuff. Every time something happens both of you check in on me, and I think that is really nice.”

“That’s good to know,” I smiled. “I’m glad you’re getting along with her so well.”

So with that information in the back pocket, I tried to broach the subject with Linda again. It had been a while since we had done our thing in the hot tub, so I wasn’t really sure how to broach it. I was making breakfast one morning, Josh was upstairs shaving and showering, when Linda came down and I sorta just blurted it out.

“Erh, Linda... Erh, you know how in the hot tub...” I began, trying to work up the courage. “Well, I’m in the mood for something similar to that...”

Linda looked at me with some surprise, then a bit of hesitation. “You want to suck me off again?” Linda asked carefully. She was quite direct, but she had said before that she could get quite ‘verbal’ as she put it.

“If you’re up for it...” I replied.

“Well... Sure, I guess. I won’t say no. But Josh?” Linda asked, kinda bothered.

"Don't worry about him, he'll be fine," I said, hoping he would. Play it by ear as he had put it. I wasn't too sure how he would find it if I tried to make this a common occurrence but I had to take the risk. I was craving a dominant cock to show me what a slut I am.

"Okay... if you say so," Linda said, trusting my judgment.

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When I walked around the corner, heading to the kitchen in the morning, the last thing I expected to find was Linda gripping my wife's hair with her cock down Kim's throat, bucking softly into her mouth.

"Fuckkk. Good girl. Can't believe how hungry for cum you are," Linda moaned. She looked over at me for a second, noticing my stunned expression, then focused back on the hot mouth on her cock. "Is this okay?" Linda asked hopefully.

"Yes," I answered rather hoarsely, as the bulge in Kim's throat kept coming and going as Linda seemed to make love to my wife's mouth.

Linda slowly closed her eyes, falling back to lean against the fridge as she still moved Kim's head up and down on her giant shaft. Kim's face was flushed, spit and drool dripping from her mouth and down onto the small t-shirt she wore, but she looked to be in utter bliss regardless.

I wasn't sure how okay I was with this, but seeing my wife in such an erotic state didn't fail to turn me on. The small betrayal, and the scenery before me, it was a truly remarkable experience, to say the least. I was witnessing my wife fall to debauchery again, and I couldn't be more turned on.

Linda offered me an apologetic smile at least, before closing her eyes again and thrusting harder and deeper. She groaned and gritted her teeth, pumping her hips harder.

Kim tried to maintain a pace, moving her mouth up and down the shaft, trying to time her strokes so that her head was fucked as hard as she was pushing her own lips

forward. It worked, as every stroke increased in intensity for both of them, making their respective breathing speed up, making Kim whimper.

“Josh,” Linda muttered, smiling at me with such a lustful gaze as I met her onyx eyes. “I’m making you breakfast.”

And just like that, Linda grunted softly, and her cock pulsed violently between my wife's lips. In slow motion I watched her pump cum straight into Kim's mouth, filling her up slowly, in big sticky waves. Linda was filling Kim's mouth so much, it was starting to pour out of the corners of her mouth. Thus Linda promptly yanked her cock out and started hosing down Kim's face as well, as cum continued to spurt. It landed on her forehead and eyelids, her nose and mouth, then dripped down her chin. Big heavy chunks all over, creamy and plump.

“Fuck...” was all Kim was able to get out as Linda helped her up on her feet.

Linda also quite eagerly pushed Kim towards me. The perversion had already caved my brain in, so as Kim closed in, I eagerly accepted Linda's breakfast when she quickly found my lips. So thick, so virile in taste. Salty, yet sweet. Creamy and not unpleasant at all. Tastier than usual, I shamefully had to admit. When there was nothing left, Kim even had me lick her face. Right in front of Linda. I was so humiliated having to do it in front of our very hung tenant, but I was also equally turned on.

“Good boy,” Linda smirked, giving me a spank before she suddenly seemed to reel back to a non-horny state of mind. “Shit. Was that too far? Am I overstepping?”

“You... ugh, you're good,” I said, barely able to speak through my own arousal. I grabbed Kim, headed upstairs, and spent half an hour taking out all of my arousal on her.

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When Luna returned Friday, and I told her everything that had happened, she was pretty shocked, to say the least. I spared her the details surrounding her brother, but I felt I had to say something. Especially as I wanted to make it a common occurrence to suck Linda's cum out of her huge, beautiful cock, then serve it to my husband, but Luna

only got one half of that equation. The first half, that is. Luna was after all who I was originally having an affair with. Actually, I felt more guilty for 'cheating' on Luna than Josh. Josh at least found it hot.

Luna seemed a bit perplexed more than anything.

"I turn around for five minutes, and you're already slurping on the new tenant's cock?" Luna chuckled. "I should toss you on the streets, slut!"

I couldn't help but laugh.

"Yeah? Says the OF-star," I said back.

"Well, as long as you don't hurt Josh. I will beat the shit out of you if you do," Luna laughed heartily.

"You sure you need to defend big bro?" I teased.

"Absolutely. Do I have to remind you that I'd fuck his ass up without breaking a sweat?" Luna said, almost as if she was expecting to fight Josh right now.

But I just raised my eyebrows expectantly, letting the innuendo linger in the air. Luna simply rolled her eyes instead of gagging like she usually did.

"Can't believe I missed out on all the snuggles," Luna chided. "Where are they anyway? My brother and that hussy tenant of yours?"

"Out in the yard. They're putting up the rest of the fence for Barney," I said, looking out the kitchen window at them.

"Erh, maybe this isn't my place," Luna said, joining me to look outside at the two hammering some poles. "But I think Linda has kind of a crush on Josh."

"Pff, everybody does. Even you," I chuckled. Luna's face went a bit sour. She was still not quite over that her own brother had seen her in action.

"Consider yourself warned," Luna said, shifting awkwardly next to me, grabbing her elbow.

"Wait, what are you not telling me?" I said suspiciously. I sensed there was something. Luna blushed a bit. "Did you fuck Linda?!" I was pretty surprised. Luna nodded, turning bright pink in the process. "Jesus, everybody seems to get a piece of her except me. When?"

"When she and I slept in the same room... at Josh's birthday party... She... actually took my virginity," Luna said. Her voice was soft and shy, but it didn't sound like she regretted it. A small reminiscing smile creased across her lips as she looked out at nothing in particular. I was slightly mesmerized by how elegant and vulnerable Luna looked in the gray autumn light. Fierce and strong as Luna was. "It was pretty incredible, honestly."

I was utterly flabbergasted. Shocked. It was honestly one of the last things I'd expect. Linda and Luna? Then a surge of jealousy went through me. Or envy. Who was I more jealous of? Linda or Luna? And how come everyone got a piece of Linda except me? I knew she had rocked Amanda's world too, just from one night alone.

But I was focusing on the wrong thing. I had to be Luna's big sister now.

"Wait, you were a virgin up till then?" I asked. "Sorry I sound so shocked, but I honestly am. Not in a bad way. Impressed, more like. Congrats, I guess?"

Luna chuckled, sensing she was not in trouble. "I've slept with a bunch of girls. Just never had a... y'know... a dick in me."

"Oh. Right. So how was it? The... y'know... first time and stuff."

Luna smiled to herself, looking out the window again. "It's pretty different from anything I'm used to," Luna said, sounding kinda mesmerized thinking of the small brunette who was our roommate. "Though it's actually not bad. I mean, as far as dicks go, she has a very nice one. It's hard to explain, as that is the only one I've experienced. But she was gentle and sweet to me."

So many questions popped into my brain. From Linda's prowess to Luna's night with her. But as her big sis, her well-being was at the forefront.

"Erh. Did you use protection?" I asked. "Did it hurt you?"

"No no, we got a child on the way as we speak. Triplets," Luna said, rubbing her belly a bit.

My jaw felt like it was about to crash through the floor, but when Luna sent me a knowing smirk, I knew she was just fucking around. God damn it. For a moment there...

"Well... how was it?" I asked. Both to know Luna was okay, but also, hey, we might as well share notes, eh? And maybe Luna, the dominant alpha in our little affair, and images of her body and beautiful face writhing under the equally pretty Linda made me extra curious.

Luna bit her lip, contemplating. She turned to meet my eyes for a moment.

"Good, like I said. I have little to compare to, but I know cumming during your first time is rare," Luna admitted. "We did mostly missionary because she wanted to be close to me while she took my cherry, and I think that was a good idea. I can't say I have a crush on her, but she made my first time very special."

"That's fantastic. I'm so happy for you. That it was great, I mean," I said, rubbing her shoulder.

"Y'know, all this talk has gotten me kinda horny," Luna said, taking my hand and suddenly spinning me around, pinning me against the kitchen counter facing the window. "I think I need to take it out on you, my little slut."

Luna's hands were already down my pants, squeezing my ass and I was getting wetter by the second. Of course, if it turned on Luna, I was there too.

"Luna, your brother and Linda are just outside," I said, looking over my shoulder at the two still working, seemingly oblivious.

"And?" Luna said, rolling my pajama pants down.

"I have a meeting in under an hour," I pleaded. It was fun putting up some resistance, and even funnier knowing Luna wouldn't give a fuck.

"Hush," Luna whispered. "What are they going to do? Yell at us for having a little fun? Josh loves it when you're acting like a slut, doesn't he?"

"Fuck," I groaned as Luna slid two of her long, strong fingers into me and immediately started ramming away at me. She wrapped her other hand in my hair and yanked back making me wince in delight.

"Quiet, bitch," Luna moaned. "You're mine right now. Fucking mine, until I say otherwise, or until Josh says otherwise. Got that?"

"Ugh-huh," I barely was able to get out as Luna plunged another finger in, her thumb expertly finding my clit.

Within a minute, I had already orgasmed hard. Luna then sent me with a butt smack over to the living room. Luna leaned down against the couch, her gorgeous, firm round tits looking mouth-watering under her tight shirt and her slender but fit booty hidden under a pair of light-blue jeans that hugged her hips and curves. Luna leaned back on the couch, letting herself fall into the white leather.

"My turn," Luna whispered, unbuttoning her fly, and shimmying the tight jeans down her long legs.

Soon enough I was drowning in her girly outpour as I lapped away for my mistress, held in place by her grip with otherworldly strength dug into my hair. It was incredibly potent the level of submission, and perhaps the heightened level of naughtiness being right under the nose of Josh and Linda, just a corner away, or a sliding glass door separating us. They probably wouldn't have minded anyway, but it gave us that potent urgency. It all didn't last more than twenty minutes, but that was enough.

I cleaned myself up as best as I could, and I changed out of my now completely ruined pajamas. Luna however laid on the couch like nothing happened, just smiling to herself, not ashamed or embarrassed for an instant. Her pants were up, but not buttoned up, and her zipper was still down. I had to chuckle at how relaxed she looked, knowing that part of her relaxation was due to me, but also at how cool she looked.

God, I just hoped this specimen would soon dominate Josh. I mean, ever since I started sharing Linda's cum, or perhaps even way before that, it had almost become a growing obsession. To see my dear husband pinned down, fucked, and humiliated. Not humiliated as in to make fun of him, no, but as a mere subject to his own pleasure. I already had a suspicion that Josh was more than willing to be dominated too, as Amanda had pushed him around quite easily when she ate his ass and that stuff, and that he let me get away with this and that. But there was still so much untreated territory.

But one of my deepest desires was to see Luna fuck the shit out of Josh. Perhaps the deepest was a bit far, but it certainly was something that was highly intriguing. Hell, maybe I'd invite Amanda over to help facilitate something debased.

"What's your opinion on pegging?" I asked Luna. Both out of curiosity for a subject so far mostly untouched, but also to see where Luna was on this. She caught on quickly though.

"Don't even ask," Luna said. "Have you ever stopped to think what Josh thinks of your incest-insisting?"

I didn't. Fuck. Neither had I asked him what he felt about getting pegged. I mean dominated. Yes. I needed to talk with him first. But I wasn't sure if I wanted to dominate him, but I certainly wanted to see it happen. Was that wrong? Perhaps it was.

"I'll stop," I said.

"Give me a kiss," Luna commanded, peeking out at the two dutiful workers, before waving me over to her.

"Erh. Mind if we record? I think I want to have something for Josh later," I said.

"Sure. I mean, if he wanna see that. I guess he liked it well enough watching our other video," Luna said, unfazed.

I put up my phone on the coffee table, and as soon as that was done, Luna grabbed me around the waist, threw me on the couch, and got to work.

Luna's tongue was as powerful and aggressive as always, pushing her hands up to feel up my boobs, then moving her fingers down to my pussy again. I was pretty horny, so she slid right in, rubbing my clit with her thumb.

"Ugh," I moaned as her fingers worked inside of me, my juices running freely down my ass. I knew the camera would only show Luna and me from the navel and up, but the implication was likely more than enough.

I writhed under Luna, as she seemed to take plenty of satisfaction in simply pumping me full of her strong fingers, torturing me all the way into an orgasm I moaned my way through, keeping eye contact with Luna, hoping that my body language and her dominance would convey the story.

Just as I finished up and started to resurface, my mind blanking from my orgasm a bit, I saw Luna look at the video we just recorded.

"Jesus Christ," she muttered. "You look so submissive. I love that we can't even see what's going on. People would pay top dollar for this shit. Watching the married esports reporter getting dommed."

Was that a hint? I didn't know, but the thought of people paying to see me have sex with Luna, people seeing it. It triggered something inside me. Like when Josh saw me with Toby, or with Linda.

"Why don't you put it as pay-per-view on your OnlyFans?" I blurted out before I knew it.

"What? That's not what I mean. I was just saying shit," Luna said looking up at me.

"Do it," I said. I wasn't quite sure what was guiding me either. But perhaps the excitement.

"No," Luna said stubbornly. "I can post a still of us kissing, but I'm not posting anything that steamy, and not with you. I know you're a horny slut, but some of us have to stay level-headed."

"You're right. I just get caught up in stuff," I said.

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Through our guy Brian at the PR firm who had helped us with the cosplay contest, I had landed some good tickets at a New York Knicks game. Not that I really cared about basketball, but it was not just any seats. It was next to an agent who had been very interested in some of our clothing, especially our collection of red leather jackets. We had by now multiple styles too, developed in a collaborative effort between myself and our Italian friends. So I was set to go there for unofficial business.

It was even two tickets, “for you and the misses,” Brian had said. The problem was, that Kim had work that whole weekend. She was stepping in at the last minute for someone else at a huge national broadcast for Valorant the same weekend. It wasn’t a huge role, just some behind-the-scenes interviews, and perhaps even a “Five on the Street” thing around the event, but it was a big opportunity for her regardless.

“Why don’t you take Luna? She has way more followers than me on Instagram, if that matters, and knows sports talk way better than me,” Kim had said, as she packed quite urgently. The Uber was waiting outside.

“I can’t take my sister, can I?” I said.

“Or Amanda. Or Linda. But I gotta go,” Kim said, hurrying down the stairs.

I was intrigued by her idea of taking Amanda. I mean, she’d look really good next to me, if I wanted to impress people. So seeing I had a key(Amanda gave me one), I went over to her apartment and let myself in. I had of course sent a message if I could come over, so she was expecting me.

“I’m in the shower,” Amanda called from the bathroom, door wide open.

Amanda, if she wanted to, had a habit of coming on pretty strong, and now was no different. Having seen her naked plenty before, and then some, I went over to the steamy bathroom so I could talk to the blonde bombshell face-to-face.

As I stood there, talking to the steamed-up Amanda behind the curtain, I couldn't help but peek in, seeing Amanda wash herself from top to bottom, water cascading down the gorgeous athletic body, the outline of her curves clear thanks to the thick wet sheen across the magnificent booty and soft round thighs. She had this incredible ability to remain in this permanent state between being thicc and being fit. Soft but athletically curved. Cheeks for days, and the biggest boobs I'd seen with my own eyes.

"Here. Is there anything else you'd want to see?" Amanda said, pulling the curtain all the way back to reveal her magnificent nude figure. My eyes betrayed me immediately, as did Amanda's slow, evil smirk. "Like what you see?" Amanda asked coyly, pressing her boobs together, her cleavage spilling down towards me.

"Erh... What was it again?" I joked. "Oh right. I'm heading to New York for this thing for Entrendy. Basically, watch a game and talk to an agent for some of the players. And it's plus-one, Kim couldn't, so figured I'd ask you."

Amanda paused for a second, genuinely taken aback it seemed. But only for a fraction of a second.

"Oh, we're playing husband and wife?" the constant tease asked. She turned and bent over against the wall, pretending to pick up the soap on a shelf while showing off her round perfect ass and the soft lips peeking out from between the small cheeks. "We might have to consummate the union..."

"Stop it. You up for it or what?" I asked. I honestly didn't mind the flirty banter.

Again, Amanda hesitated.

"Fuck... I really want to, Josh, but I have this thing for my PhD I gotta do," Amanda said, throwing a towel around her, momentarily ditching the constant flirting and teasing. She just loved to rile me up a bit.

"Don't worry, I was just asking," I laughed.

"It actually sucks. I'd love to go to New York with you," Amanda said, in a surprising moment of regret. "I have so much stuff I gotta do, and this meeting with a professor who'll give me access to some facilities and resources where I can run experiments. I can't miss this opportunity."

"Of course!" I said. Sometimes it was easy to forget what kind of dedication Amanda actually had to her degree. Despite being a flirt, and the stereotypes about blondes, Amanda was, beneath it all, probably one of the smartest people I knew. One had to wonder what she ever saw in Zach, who was a complete moron. "It sounds important. In fact, let me know if there's ever anything that I can do. Not that I know what that would be, but y'know."

"I'll even blow you for it," Amanda teased. I checked the clock.

"Sure, why not," I said, making Amanda raise an eyebrow in slight surprise.

She dropped the towel, then grabbed my hand, and guided me over to the bed where she shoved me onto my back. Amanda grinned devilishly at my already bulging pants, climbing between my legs to unbuckle my belt.

"I love a man who wears a leather belt. If Kim allowed us to fuck, I'd let you wrap this big belt around my neck and choke me while you punished me however you liked. Or spank my big juicy booty," Amanda said, tossing the belt aside and yanking down my slacks. "But alas, her rules we must abide, right?"

"Right," I replied, raising myself up on my elbows as Amanda wrapped her fingers around my cock.

"However, I'll remind you that those are her rules... not mine. So if you ask nicely, I'll let you sink your big baby maker inside of me and do your fucking worst," Amanda continued, slowly stroking my now painfully erect cock. "But I'm just teasing you, aren't I?"

With no other warning, Amanda crammed her entire mouth around my shaft, burying my length in her throat. I gasped for air as the blonde goddess below me kept on humming, working the shaft over expertly, drool spilling from her lips along my shaft. Amanda sucked and slurped and spat on my cock. When her lips ran all the way from the base to the tip and popped off, I noticed I had begun grinding my hips unconsciously, forcing her to remove her luscious red lips from around me.

It was then I had enough. I pushed her back on her back, straddling her chest, and pushed my cock into her mouth hard. She looked up at me with those blue pleading eyes. But not at one moment did she tap my thigh or anything, so I kept ramming away.

At first, I was holding up her hair out of the way so I could watch her luscious lips devour every inch, but then it simply became too much.

Churning at her face like a madman, I slammed into her mouth a final couple of times, finally groaning in pleasure, as I held her hair tight as I could, and delivered ropes of cum inside Amanda's smiling, open mouth, spraying down her throat without remorse. It felt so good to have a woman under me who was so game for that sort of stuff. It certainly tended to my ego as well.

Unlike last time, when I sorta hurried back home, I decided to return the favor. Amanda was gasping a bit from my hard orgasm, unaware as I was making my way down between her thick juicy thighs, where I wasted little time eating up her dripping pussy.

Amanda reacted violently, moaning and moving, but eventually, she just seemed to accept what I was doing as I held her down with an iron grip, eating out Amanda's tight hole, hearing the blonde moan loudly in no time. It didn't take much, but before too long Amanda bucked under my tongue and exploded in orgasmic pleasure.

"Fuck, Josh! FUCK!" she wailed, unable to restrain her beautiful moans.

I tried to collect myself as best as possible on my way out after we both had calmed down a bit. As I was leaving, I took another peak inside.

"I do wish I could join you," Amanda pouted, giving me a final wave. I smiled back and waved.

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"Sure. I'll come along. My studies are all done anyway, and there's not much more to do with the contest," Luna said the next day. I had decided why not treat my sister to a trip after all? I mean, Kim did make some fair reasoning before. Maybe it wouldn't be so bad after all. And I had been meaning to involve Luna more too, if she wanted.

Also, with it being Luna and not Amanda, there was less chance of my 'oral is fine'-rule with Amanda to be broken. Kim had put it in place, and I always adhered to it, but

Amanda was just such a tease. So I settled for another blonde that was without any such risks: Luna.

“Some nice sibling bonding, eh?” Luna said, nudging my shoulder.

“I guess so. It’s been a while since it was just the two of us,” I agreed.

“Always that pesky wife around ruining our time to shoot shots and throw darts,” Luna said, shaking her head. “No, Josh, I think it’s high time me and you go out to hunt for some poontang to drag back to our cave, sleep for two hours, then go to work at the factory.”

“What the fuck are you talking about?” I asked, my turn shaking my head. I guess Luna had some joke she tried to make, but she ended up just laughing at the nonsense she just said.

“Do I need to pack anything special?” Luna asked.

“Nothing but Entrendy’s finest casual wears,” I said jokingly. Though, that would be a benefit. Luna would look pretty good in pretty much anything we had designed. She already had done some modeling for us, and I was the prime designer for most of the fits, so I would know. “Casual nice and casual casual.”

“My wardrobe is at your command, bossman,” Luna said, giving a military-style salute, departing up to her room. Yes, I gave her very short notice. We were leaving for the airport in an hour.

As Luna and I were leaving town, and Kim was already in Dallas, I headed down to the annex Linda. It kinda just dawned on me how many women that are around me on an almost constant basis. Whatever, who would ever complain about that?

I gently knocked, not wanting to even step a single toe inside of the annex unless I had to. Shortly after, Linda appeared.

“Luna and I are taking off soon. No storms ahead, but you think you can manage the house while we’re gone?” I said, leaning down to pat Barney.

"Of course. And yeah, I know. Where y'all headed?" Linda asked.

"To see the Knicks play... erh someone else. A possible sponsorship thingy that we hope to land, in essence. "So, I usually bring a laptop, but perhaps you could take over the wheels of maintaining the website? I think you're more than ready, and I doubt anything significant will happen. Just remember to test stuff locally first."

I had shown her everything on my computer that she had access to and also had her open up the site on her own PC to see the difference between an administrator account vs a regular user account, and all that. While I trusted her, I thought it was a bit early to let her have full access to my own work computer.

"So it'll just be over the weekend. We'll be back on Monday," I explained. "You have my phone number and Luna's, right?"

"I do. But I doubt I'll need it," Linda said confidently.

"I know. Take care then," I said, giving her a small slap on the back.

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A few hours later, we landed in New York. When I had booked the flight, I had intended to include Kim on this little trip, so I had booked a junior suite with the intent of taking Kim to some nice restaurants and really treating her. Now, I didn't mind sharing a room with Luna or taking her to dinner, but I was hoping to perhaps get us separate beds at least. That proved to be difficult. Somehow, I was always the most unlucky when it came to hotel staff.

"Oh my god, it's huge!" Luna yelled as we entered our room. I knew she wasn't exactly spoiled, but sometimes I forgot how little we were used to luxury growing up. Perhaps it was a good thing that she was still this excited when faced with something like this. I was used to hotel rooms from all the business trips, but this was perhaps a bit more on the extravagant side.

"They didn't want to help us out with another bed, but I can just take the couch," I said.

"Pff, get outta here. You're my brother who's taking his little sister on a nice trip. If anything, I'll take the couch," Luna said. "Or are you scared I'll molest you in your sleep?"

"Pff yourself," I replied, tossing the suitcase onto the foot shelf.

"You know, Kim is constantly hinting that she wants us to do something," Luna said, plumping down on the big comfy couch, and kicking off her shoes. "And I don't mean like a threesome."

"Huh? Like what? Do something?" I asked, wondering where Luna wanted to go with this.

"Like, she's just saying she wants us to do stuff," Luna said, stretching out her long legs. "She even asked me about my opinion on pegging."

Luna looked at me, letting it linger. She was gauging how I felt about that. I had never even thought about it, even if I had sort of realized I liked a bit of anal play from when Amanda and later Kim introduced me to it. And I certainly had never thought about it with my little sister.

"What did you say?" I asked.

"That I wasn't interested in that," Luna said with a shrug.

"So... I know you're gay, but would you be even into pegging a guy?" I asked, deciding the casual approach, slumping down on the armchair next to her.

"I'm not gay, dude. I just prefer women," Luna retorted.

"Heh, me too," I said, getting a kick from Luna. "Yeah, Kim has kinda been on a sexual exploration off late."

"I figured," Luna said with a smile. "I know it's not really something you want to talk with your sister about, even if we are probably a bit more fucked than most siblings, but is that okay with you?"

She was right, it wasn't really something I wanted to talk about. Not because of Luna being my sister, but because I still didn't understand what the fuck was wrong with me. I was just fortunate I had such a great gang of people around me who didn't exploit my weaknesses. Even though Amanda tried. But somehow, with her, it seemed like she said those things just to rile me up. It always ended in me pounding her neck, which she seemed to get off on on its own.

"I think so," I replied. Luna studied me for a moment but decided to let it lie.

"So what's the plan? The game's tomorrow, so I'm guessing we're free to do whatever today?" Luna said.

"Well, yeah. I was going to take Kim to dinner, I've got some reservations, but I don't know how you feel about that," I said. "It's a pretty good Italian restaurant."

"I bet the Italian food here is amazing here in New York, compared to our little Courtington. Is it a fancy place?" Luna asked.

"Not really. I decided to try to go places where our merchandise could be worn for this trip. So casual-nice," I said with a shrug. I checked my watch. "But that's not until an hour and a half from now."

"Oh, I'm game. Let me just freshen up, and we'll go. We can take a detour," Luna said.

Luna had brought along one of Kim's red wool coats, a maroon-burgundy cashmere sweater, and dark denim jeans. It was like straight from one of our winter catalogs. For me, I chose a simple black turtleneck, slacks, and a blazer. Yes, inspired by John Wick. All styles and clothes that you'd expect from expensive stores, but supplied by our own line, at a much more reasonable price. I was advertising our own stuff to myself here.

The restaurant was as cozy as they get, and the food was excellent. I had expected as much. We were seated at a round table by a window looking out on the bustling New York street. Luna decided on some wine, which we both enjoyed. She ordered some pasta, and me some veal.

"I'm guessing you're not nervous?" I asked Luna as she sipped her wine, studying the menu for dessert.

"Nah. I don't really care about basketball, but y'know. It's pretty cool to sit almost courtside, right behind the players. And you're taking care of the business part, right?" Luna asked, giving me a knowing smile. She knew she was just along for the ride.

"Something like that," I chuckled. "Maybe we can find ourselves on TV later."

"Maybe I'll break a million on Instagram," Luna joked. She had a few hundred thousand followers already, but a million was pretty far off.

Afterward, we pretty much made our way straight back to the hotel. Luna hooked her arm into my elbow, as it was already starting to snow a bit. It surely snowed back home then, or would so in the near future.

"Do you ever miss Michigan?" Luna asked as we strolled down the street.

"Nah. I mean, more or less all my friends just wanted my money, and living in a trailer park again? I miss Mom and Dad, of course. I wish I was able to visit them more often. Wouldn't you know, being an upcoming business owner is pretty time-consuming," I explained.

Luna leaned in to rest her head on my shoulder for a brief moment. "You work very hard," she said. "Will you be up for Christmas?"

I nodded. "We should be able to make it."

We finally made it to the hotel. It was evening already, and flights tended to zap me a bit, so I sorta just wanted to sleep. A good night's sleep when you're on the road is a luxury. But then again, so was this room, so the sleep better be up to par.

"Well, good night," I said as I pulled my sweater and t-shirt off.

Luna, who had already changed into her pajamas, looked at me with a cocked eyebrow. "Dude. We're sharing a room. Are we not gonna hang out or anything?"

I gave her a tired look. "I'm pretty wiped."

"Josh, it's only 9 pm," Luna said. "Just watch something on TV with me. You can sleep in half an hour or something. I'll pour you a whiskey from the minibar even."

She was right. I was being a bit of a party pooper. And it wasn't often Luna offered to get me anything. She was very sibling in that regard. If I want something, I better get it myself. I chuckled at her insistence.

"What the hell, why not?" I said. "It's not often we get to hang out just us, anyhow."

"Exactly," Luna said, jumping out of bed. She poured two glasses of whiskey, handing me one.

I was sitting in a chair, so she sat down on the edge of the bed, kicking off her slippers, and letting her bare feet dangle as she took a sip. I kicked off my shoes, ending up sitting in nothing but my slacks and my socks.

It wasn't much of a 'party', we just watched some TV while idly chatting on and off, chilling basically. But after my glass, I was more or less dead, so I didn't let myself get convinced into anything else but sleep. Luna sat up for a bit, I guess, but sleep consumed me.

I had a pretty weird dream that night. Something involving Linda, but I couldn't for the life of me remember what it was about when I woke up a bit when I felt Luna join me in bed, being as quiet as she could so as not to wake me. She surprised me a bit when I felt her scoot a bit closer, moving my duvet aside, and soon I could easily feel her heat against my back.

I didn't really mind, I just didn't expect it. It was just an odd thing to have your sister in bed with you, feeling her warm skin against yours, and the heat radiating off of her body. I was known to be warm, and Luna was no different in that regard.

"Josh? You awake?" Luna whispered in my ear. I didn't want to pretend I was asleep. I wasn't.

"No," I said quietly. Luna chuckled softly.

"I just wanted to tell you I had fun tonight," Luna said, resting her hand on my side.

I didn't know what to reply. "Thanks for coming along?" I asked.

"You're welcome," Luna replied, her voice barely audible. She scooted a bit closer, pressing herself against my back, but her hand remained still. "Mind being the little spoon?" she asked in a more 'sister-teasing-her-big-brother'-manner.

"Yeah yeah. Sleep," I muttered.

Luna snuggled close, wrapping an arm around me. "G'night," she said, kissing my shoulder before settling in.

It was weird, but also not. It wasn't often Luna kissed me, but it was pretty nice. A warm affectionate gesture, and innocent enough that didn't have to be anything but that. Luna, despite all of her quirks, could be a pretty great sister.

The next morning I woke up, and I noticed that Luna had scooted away, so we weren't spooning anymore. Just as well, as she was a late sleeper, then I wouldn't have to toss her aside like a ragdoll. Though, she was quite a heavy sleeper too so she probably wouldn't be fazed anyway.

Anyway, I went to the hotel's gym and worked out, ate breakfast, called Kim, and went to get some stuff they only have in New York and not in a small college town in Indiana. Just a nice necklace I had seen the last time I was in New York, figuring it as a nice extra gift for Kim's birthday. However, one downside of Kim having her birthday so close to Christmas was that I had to churn out gift ideas without too much time in between. And to make things worse, our wedding anniversary was in February.

By the time I got back, I saw Luna was no longer in bed and heard the shower running. We had a brief lunch/dinner thingy with the agent in a bit, then we'd meet him later again for the game.

As I got back into the room, I had a text from Kim.

'Enjoying New York?'

'Yup. Me and Luna are just about to have a meeting with this agent. Vincent I think his name is.'

Kim then sent a selfie. Just a peace sign with a pout, posing on the stage she'd work behind later. It looked like quite the arena. Esports has grown a lot since I followed it. I still did, but not as intensely as before.

Luna came out of the bathroom, with just a towel around her. She spotted me standing in front of the mirror, trying to tie my tie. It gave me the perfect excuse to not notice her long firm legs, her ample breasts, or how her silver, matted hair clung to her in almost a ponytail.

"Lemme help you," Luna said, taking a quick glance at me, then moving in front of me, and quickly tying up my tie with excessive tugs. "It's called a Windsor knot."

"You know how to do that?" I asked, impressed.

"Sure. It's pretty easy," Luna said, pulling my collar down to straighten the knot. I usually wore those pre-tied ones, but for some reason, I figured I should tie my own tie for this meeting.

"Thanks," I said, patting her shoulder.

"This was pointless," Luna said, looking at me. "You should probably shower before you get into anything new."

"Right," I chuckled. I'd be wearing a white shirt with my burgundy blazer for the day, so freshening up before ruining it with sweat stains was probably not the best idea.

Luna promptly turned me around towards the bathroom and smacked my ass for me to get going.

After showering and getting dressed, I decided to get going for the lunch. It was just gonna be me and this Vincent fellow, then I'd meet up with Luna for something to eat(lunch doesn't often actually mean lunch, I had learned), we'd get changed into proper basketball attire, and get going. A lot of changing in and out of outfits, but that's how it is with these things. You needed to look sharp and presentable one hundred percent of the time. Luckily, the outfit for a basketball game was usually way more comfortable than suits, blazers, and all that.

The meeting was a bit of a weird one. Vincent was a total creep, at least his voice was, and I kinda got the vibe that he liked women a bit more than they liked him. The way the waitress shot him a frown when he looked down her blouse... I knew there were plenty of unsavory types in the business and had set out to not endure such folk, but once I warmed up to him I guess he was acceptable. He didn't harass anyone beyond taking a gander, and I couldn't really judge someone off of a vibe.

But other than that, the meeting went great. The athlete was very interested in esports already, and as we had kinda gone that route it was an easy transition as the player already knew of our brand. Besides, he was fairly young, so any cool clothing wanting to sign him a bunch of money to wear their stuff was enticing to him. At least, that was what I got from his agent. Also, like me, the athlete was all about doing charity.

"So if you could send a box here and there for him to hand out at, say, a children's hospital, that would look good for all. Within reason. And there are plenty of mutual, and equally, beneficial things we could do. If you have a PR person, they could link up with ours and we could make great campaigns that would benefit us all," Vincent said in his soft, creepy voice. He didn't sound like he gave a fuck about children in hospitals, being rather monotone about it.

"Sounds wonderful," I said.

"If all goes well, maybe we can get this signed, then perhaps make this more than a fruitful endorsement," Vincent said, buttoning his worn-out gray suit jacket. This was the sign that the lunch was over. A success, in my opinion.

"I'll get this," I said, waving at the table. It was a given that I would, but yeah. Vincent nodded with a smile, noticing my new watch. Then my wallet. It said "bad motherfucker" on it, which made Vincent chuckle.

"Kill Bill was always my favorite," he said. "But Pulp Fiction hits a special place. Anyway, see you at the game."

The game itself wasn't much to talk about. A friend of Vincent's sat right behind me and constantly told me all kinds of stuff about the Knicks' tactics or whatever. I nodded along, and Luna even landed a joke that made the friend, Vincent, and a few others laugh. Luna and Vincent then chatted a bunch. I knew my sister well enough to know it was all gloss, but Vincent seemed rather wooed regardless. Then, during half time, Vincent leaned into me, telling me his athlete, and at least one other, was interested. He'd send me the contract. I was beside myself but stayed composed.

I did offer a filthy grin to Luna, nudging her with my shoulder. She smiled brightly in return, understanding something positive had happened. After the game, we said goodbye to our newfound friend Vincent and his associates.

"Wanna go play some pool and get fucked up?" Luna asked, knowing it was cause for celebration. Sure, it would cost us a few wheelbarrows of money, but the potential sales we'd generate would be significant. The reach of an upcoming NBA player, even if he never became a star, couldn't be understated. Especially for an upcoming company such as Entrendy.

"Fuck yeah," I said, hauling my sister along to the closest bar that wasn't *too* Knicks-centered. It wasn't an American-owned establishment, rather some Irish guy had bought himself a pub and somehow managed to survive despite the market being saturated with every type of alcohol available in all the rest of the bars in the surrounding neighborhood.

But the alcohol that was most important was tequila. Luna and I did each our shots, then we both called Kim with the great news, then went ahead to play pool.

"You should get a PR person," Luna said, rather suggestively in her tone.

"Is that so?" I said.

"Yes. Maybe even a daughter PR company. That way you wouldn't have to do everything yourself, and whoever was running the PR would be able to dedicate their full time to that. Maybe you could even offer the same PR services to others besides Entrendy," Luna said rather eagerly between shots. Shots of pool that is, the one tequila shot was plenty. "Then you wouldn't have to rely on other companies for your contests either. And Vincent had some ideas to get our reach out, while Donte Brunson(the athlete) gets his name out more. Of course, getting new clientele will take some maneuvering, but with a dedicated person to do so that would be more maneuverable."

"You're making sense," I chuckled, sensing a proposal. Luna had taken a great deal of the initiative at the game after all.

Luna made her way to my side and leaned in, muttering overly seductively, "Might as well keep it in the family," earning a laugh from me. She bamboozled me with that one. But she smiled so eagerly, hoping I'd bite.

"I can take classes at the college, then try to get more people through Vincent and Co. And even through Kim. Or... other places. There's so much potential. Maybe we could end up as our own agents!" Luna said.

"Okay okay, calm down. You're making sense, I'll say that. But first things first, and I say this with experience, it's smart to keep both feet on the ground," I said.

"But I mean down the line—" Luna started.

"But you're right. I need to consider an actual PR person. I like the mingling and all that stuff, making moves, but more can be done with two. And with a 'dedicated person', as you said, one would always be available when endorsement deals, campaigns, and all that roll in. Someone who can dedicate their time to this, and not just part-time. What if Vincent, or whoever else, needs something, but I'm busy designing new collections, or in Europe, wherever. There are so many things I need to do in a day, so one less thing to worry about would be great. The only reason I was able to do *this* was because Linda has been so helpful."

"Exactly!" Luna said eagerly. I have to say, I found her enthusiasm and ambition pretty attractive. I mean, almost in a hot way, if she wasn't my sister. Not hot in a sexy way, but her fire seemed to stoke within me too, proving contagious. "So what do you think?"

"It certainly has several benefits, but I don't wanna make any rash decisions and promise something I can't deliver on. There are already well-established networks and all that stuff, especially within managing agencies and PR. But most likely, good idea, Luna. It may happen. But first I just need someone to handle *our* marketing," I said, not wanting to put her down. I did the opposite, it turns out. Luna kissed my cheek and played her shot rather urgently, and clumsily. The eight ball went in, landing me the victory.

We decided to just call it a night then. It had been a long day, at least for me. Luna was still pretty lively. She did become quite energetic when she drank.

"Funny that we're making it into a family business, in the mafia capital of the North-East," Luna joked, entering the junior suite.

"Nobody's gonna get whacked on my watch," I replied.

"Wanna get a nightcap before bed?" Luna asked.

"Sure. I need to run a bath anyway," I said. Nothing like a nice soapy bath to clear your head after a Saturday like this. Warm water was one of my favorite ways to relax hence why we had a hot tub at home. "You think it's snowing in Indiana?" I asked, peering out at New York's skyline, glowing against the night. Did I ask that before?

"Yeah. I bet," Luna said, stepping up close.

"Mind if I call Kim again?" I said.

"Should I be jealous?" Luna joked, moving away to fuck around on her own phone on the bed.

Kim was a bit busy earlier so we had to cut it short, but she said she'd be available later. Now it was later.

"Hey there," Kim answered. "Still on cloud nine?"

It was an obvious pun, as Cloud 9 was one of the biggest esports organizations in the world.

"Oh yeah. We sealed the deal. I checked my email on the way over here, and they had already signed their end of the contract," I said.

"Hell yeah! Man, you make quite a team. Maybe you and Luna should celebrate real deep and thoroughly?" Kim said, and I could almost see her biting her lip. Her tone gave her away.

I closed my eyes for a moment. Why did it always have to come back to this?

"She's my sister, Kim," I said.

"You two have already made out," Kim protested. I glanced at Luna, hoping she hadn't heard. She hadn't.

"Yeah, well, we were drunk," I said.

"Get drunk now," Kim joked. I sighed. "I'll let up. Well, what did Vincent say? You had the lunch and then you guys talked at the game?"

So I basically spent a few minutes going over what had happened. It still kinda annoyed me that Kim always was focused on the overly debased sexual stuff, but I also knew she in some ways couldn't help it. She craved that sort of thing. I was more wondering if I had had my fill. But then again, I also wanted Kim to have a full life, so I'd probably indulge her. In other things, not getting pegged by Luna or whatever crazy shit the wife came up with. Though... the notion had stirred some odd curiosity in me that I needed to figure out later. And honestly, I hadn't had my fill, it was just something I thought about in the here and now.

But Luna seemed to catch on as I slumped onto the bed beside her with an enormous sigh.

"What's up?" Luna said, slumping back next to me, propping herself up on her elbow. I looked up at her. She had blue eyes, but a deeper shade than me. She always looked like she smiled, even when she didn't.

"Just Kim. I know I shouldn't, but her pervertedness can sometimes be... not annoying, but a bit much," I said.

"Yeah... Well, she's a bit self-conscious, you know. Insecure," Luna explained.

"I know," I said. Kim was perhaps smoking hot, but she had always kinda not believed it herself. Which made sense, after being called 'ugly' throughout high school. I've since tried to have her break down her negative thought processes, and she had come out of her shell more recently, but it was still something lingering.

"It probably is a bit shitty to be in the constant shadow of everyone around you," Luna said, musing more to herself than me. "Can I be frank?"

"Oh I love when you're *frank*," I said. But I nodded. Luna sat up to look at me. She gave a heavy sigh.

"I know it may come off as shitty, but I'll try. Almost every single person around Kim is a highly successful person in some capacity, and entirely on their own volition. She's married to a handsome dude who has the genetics of a Greek god, who has mastered almost every aspect of his life (*except one aspect, but I didn't want to admit that nor interrupt her*). Then you have Amanda, her 'friend' down here. Do I have to say more than that? She's like a ten out of ten on a list of ten out of tens. And smart. And filthy. Linda even. Linda has trauma, but look at how she claws her back on top, even if it is by reluctantly taking a helping hand. Always charismatic, always charming. And before that helping hand, she was making it work all by sheer grit.

Then you have even me. I'm a wrestling champ, state and national. And now I secured a huge deal for you, if I may indulge. Everywhere around Kim, she sees perfect people, but she doesn't think of herself as one of them. That's gotta be pretty bad for her psyche. Sure, she has a beautiful body: perky nice tits, hips, amazing ass. Gorgeous smile. All the right curves. Long legs, you know, but that doesn't mean the self-conscious thoughts go away. Maybe she doesn't always think about it, but it would be weird if it didn't affect her."

I sat silent for a bit. She was one hundred percent right. Of course, I was aware of Kim's struggles, but I had sorta thought it would sort themselves out. I felt bad for her, and I tried to mediate what she perceived as her shortcomings. Of course, she often dismissed it as something I had to say as her husband, as I was her dude after all.

"Not that she's struggling, I think," Luna continued. "But she might sometimes feel a bit inadequate from time to time. We just gotta remind her that she's not."

"I know. Did you know our first campaign was her idea by the way? She used to do the paperwork for our deals before. I'm not sure why that changed," I said. "But you're right. And honestly, her perversion is maybe even a sort of outlet. And actually not that bad. It's pretty exciting as we're both discovering all kinds of stuff. Both of us. I was just not really having it with the incest teasing right now."

"Well, that one is kind of a nuisance, I guess," Luna chuckled, rolling onto her back, and staring at the roof like I was.

We lay there like that for a few minutes, letting the moment linger. I was kinda trying to work out ways to again include Kim in our business more. Though that would be fruit from my tree, so I wasn't sure if it would feel like 'hers'. Then again, she did the esports stuff, and that was pretty independent of Entrendy. In fact, like I said, it was through her work we even got started, and got the word out. Maybe this event she was working at tonight she'd make some ways too. I hoped so. I wanted Kim to do well, after all. I loved her, after all.

I rolled over to look at Luna, who was still staring at the ceiling.

"Thanks for telling me about Kim, and the PR thing. That's very generous of you," I said. "It's stuff I know I should pay attention to, but sometimes I'm just like too little butter on too much bread if you know what I mean."

Luna glanced at me, then scooted closer, resting her head on my shoulder. She seemed to be doing that more and more.

"You're welcome. But you're a smart guy, Josh. You're just focused, and sometimes that's not a good thing. That's what you need a partner for. Partners."

It was much reminiscent of an observation made by Linda as well. I did do a lot on my own, maybe it was time for a change.

"But, y'know... Anyway, want something from the mini-bar?" I asked, rolling out of bed, and dumping Luna onto the mattress. She just watched me, her head cocked a bit to the side, giving me a look.

"What?" I asked, opening the fridge to find some ice to go with the whiskey from the day before. It was a bit dry for my taste, so yeah. Ice.

"I was comfortable," Luna chided, getting up to join me at the little sitting group. "Who do you think would win in a wrestling match? Me or you?"

"Is that a joke? Me of course," I said. "I'm the big bro."

"Pff. I'd curl you up in a pretzel," Luna smiled. I pretty much knew in pure wrestling, she'd likely get the upper hand on me, especially if she managed to stop me from using my weight advantage, but I'd never say that out loud. Nor put it to the test.

"What about Linda?" I asked. I knew she had done some grappling.

"You should try," Luna smiled.

While Luna would probably beat me, she was much closer to me in weight and height than Linda was. Surely I'd take Linda? However, there was one thing that would probably land Linda the victory: the lack of sibling rivalry. I'd never go full force against a girl who wasn't Luna. I'd have to lose or either feel awful or be awful.

"So... erh, dreams and aspirations," I said, taking a sip and getting a refill.

"Is this a job interview now?" Luna joked, taking a sip as well.

"We hang out a bunch with other people, but we never really talk about these things," I said, knowing perhaps my intoxication levels also helped me guide us into more meaningful conversations. "How's college?"

"It's good. But I'm really, really considering switching my major to either something administrative or straight-up something related to marketing. I was thinking IT for half a second, but fuck that," Luna said.

"I studied IT. Information Science, remember?"

"Good for you," Luna said, shoving at me with her foot. But instead of moving her foot back, she placed it atop my knee and let it rest there. Almost on instinct I took it in my hands and started massaging her. Luna's eyes fluttered a bit along with a small moan.

"Well, both those degrees can be useful," I said.

"Yeah," Luna said, focusing back on our conversation. "And what about you? Kim said you guys are considering kids. I think Mom thinks she's too young to be a granny, but I also think it's cool you guys wanna start early."

"Hopefully soon. Perhaps TMI, but erh, we're going to try from December," I said. Luna shrugged at the TMI bit and smiled. "What about you? Seeing anyone?"

"Just your wife," Luna teased, making me laugh.

"Fair enough," I said, using my thumbs to press into her sole. "Is this weird?"

"Not unless you have a foot fetish," Luna answered, no doubt enjoying the physical sensation. "And as for Kim, I know it's weird to even talk about that stuff, but I'm a bit tipsy, so I'm just going to say that I won't steal Kim from you. I do sort of think it's hot too, y'know, to domme my big brother's sexy wife, but I love you both, so... yeah."

"I appreciate it," I said heartily. "Thanks."

We sat there for a moment. I took the occasional break from her foot to sip a bit on the whiskey before the ice watered it too much down, and Luna did the same. Just enjoying our evening.

"She wants me to domme you too, y'know," Luna suddenly said, catching me off guard.

"Domme me?" I asked, lifting Luna's leg up and lowering it down slowly before retrieving her other foot, and massaging it as well. "That's why she asked about pegging?"

"I suspect so. I've always kinda thought you had a bit of a submissive streak to you, even if you're all big and burly. I mean, not that I blame you. I'm awesome," Luna joked. I felt a small heat in my chest though.

I didn't respond right away. It made me feel... intrigued. I didn't like the idea of doing something with my own sister, but the thought of being tossed around and used by a woman did fill my brain with a small odd sensation of... yearning? Was that even it? If I wasn't totally lying to myself, it was a side of my sexuality I had grown a bit more curious about. But not with Luna.

"Why are you bringing this up? You're not suggesting anything, are you?" I asked, half-joking and half-hoping she was in fact not suggesting anything. "Remember who you're talking to here."

"I'm just teasing. Though, you know, if the big alpha Josh would ever take it up the ass, give me a call," Luna said, biting her own lip at her naughty question. I shook my head. It seemed to be all jokes to her. Just as well.

"You've been hanging out with Kim too much," I chuckled. But an unknown curiosity was there, whether I liked it or not. To think that it was Luna who'd awoken it. Or maybe it was Amanda, when she ate my ass and then fingered me. A night I'd never forget.

"Nah. I just like the thought of tossing my big bro around a bit, that's all."

"Yeah, sure," I said. I was about to take another sip when Luna suddenly stood up from her chair.

"I'm just going to try something," she said. I looked up at her as she moved closer. I didn't like her tone. At all. But the way she used said tone stirred up something. Like an instant, deep confused desperation for... I wasn't even sure what for. A small tingle perhaps. Confused became a keyword... but also a brewing, merciless arousal. Was this the tone she used with Kim? Surely Luna wasn't going to do something fucked up, right?

Before I knew it, her slender fingers grabbed me by the neck, not tightly, but forcefully. I was suddenly stunned. Where was this going? And why did it give me a weird, intense heat that bordered on being painful? It was like my breath grew heavier, and not from the hard grip on my throat.

Luna got up close to me, leaning over me as I remained seated, her eyes a deep ocean of... I don't know. Confidence, dominance, lust. A blue that threatened to pull me right in, drowning in a wave that no matter how hard you struggled, you would never escape. A blue that spoke to me of control.

Luna leaned in. She looked like she studied my eyes. Suddenly a smile creased across her smile, as if she had found what she had been looking for. Meanwhile, I sat there stunned, feeling her warm fingers let go of me.

"What was that?" I asked bewildered.

"Some call it a sixth sense," Luna chuckled, slumping down confidently in her chair.

"Of what?" I asked. Luna just shrugged, downing the rest of her whiskey before giving both of us a refill. "Whatever. I'm gonna take a bath before bed."

"Awesome," Luna said, kicking my foot playfully.

Soaking in the warm water certainly was nice. A good not-cheap whiskey in my hand, bubbles, and the lighting being dim. Some like to think in the shower, well, I prefer not thinking at all. At least when running a bath. Soaking. Dull my mind a bit. I found it relaxing, soothing even.

I was half worried Luna would try more shenanigans. What had gotten into her? Sure, we were pretty comfortable around one another, but come on now. And what was that she tried? I didn't get it. Something about a sixth sense? Isn't that what some people call their personal calendars before? Or is that the 7th sense?

Though, as much as it was weird, Luna was objectively a pretty woman, so maybe that was why I felt the way I did. Intrigued? I couldn't explain it, but I seemed to circle back to that word. Just as well that I removed myself from the situation. Besides, a hot, steamy bubble bath was a perfect remedy to end the night with, and in anticipation of the drive home the next day.

"Sorry if I overstepped or made you uncomfortable," Luna suddenly said from the door. She startled me a bit, but it was alright. I wondered if my hard-on that seemingly appeared out of nowhere could be seen at her angle. Probably not.

"Just trying out new ways to embarrass me I see," I chuckled, taking a sip from the whiskey.

"Heh, something like that," Luna said. She saw that I wasn't angry, not that I ever would be, so she made her way over to sit down next to me on a small stool. I'm pretty comfortable about myself, confident even, but I was glad there were bubbles. "You're so easy to rile up."

"So I've been told," I replied. We sat there quietly for a few minutes. As much as she embarrassed me, Luna did care for me.

And for what it's worth, we just chatted while she sat next to me, not making any more 'inappropriate' comments or whatever. When it was time to get up, she left to hit the bed, wanting to shower in the morning instead.

"Had a nice weekend?" Luna asked as I joined her in bed.

"Fuck yeah. We'll make millions," I said, playfully exaggerating my tone. Though, who knows? Entrendy was already very profitable, so the traction would likely add more millions to the company. But I preferred to be modest, even if I accidentally could be right.

I rolled over to my side and looked at Luna, who was resting on her pillow looking at me. Always with a smile hiding on her lips as well as with her blue eyes. She was a good one. And as she hadn't showered, I could catch a whiff of her... her being a woman. A scent that was intoxicating, and not just because I was a man. It was just something about the natural odor of a girl that I liked. Maybe it was our nature to like the scent of women.

"Want a goodnight kiss or something?" Luna chuckled. I had probably looked at her a bit funny.

"Sorry. I just, you know I love you right?" I said.

"You're drunk," Luna smiled, but she didn't dismiss it. "I love you too."

"So how about that goodnight kiss?" I joked.

Luna propped herself up on her elbow, looking at me challengingly. I could easily say I was kidding, but some stupid part of me stopped me from doing so, so Luna came a bit closer and planted a good, long kiss on my forehead.

But unlike when we were younger, Luna kept her soft, warm lips there a while longer. After a bit of a pause, Luna's lips made their way downwards, peppering my cheek, jaw, and down my neck.

I remained frozen.

There was that intense tingle throughout me once again, like from earlier. It was arousing, but mostly overwhelming. Intrusive thoughts about my little sister flooded through my head. My body was betraying the morals that my brain knew I should have

as I felt her grip my shoulder forcefully, pinning me back as she made her way up my neck, giving me goosebumps all over.

Then she suddenly pulled back.

"Fuck sorry," Luna said, rolling off me. "I'm drunk."

"Yeah. Me too, I guess."

"Kim will love this," Luna chuckled.

"Yup. Well. Let's sleep."

The following morning, both of us were quite embarrassed. Though, throughout the day we managed to shake it off, and soon enough we were on our way back. Kim would arrive later in the evening, so we'd be home before she was. But snow had indeed made it to Indiana in full effect.

Luckily, while driving up our driveway, I saw that Linda had shoveled our driveway.

"Nice to have a house-elf, eh?" Luna said, all awkwardness from the morning long gone. And just as Linda emerged from her room to greet both of us with a hug.

"I saw you on TV!" Linda beamed.

Finally, back to normal. However, one thing I did notice: Kim suddenly had a surge of new followers on Instagram. Maybe it was from the show she just did, but a lot of them commented kissing emojis, some even tagging Luna. What the fuck was that about?