

A Young Couple's Journey Part 8 (TNT 17)

With the night Kim had, the three of us, and Barney, decided we'd let her rest. Honestly, and it made me sort of sick to my stomach just thinking this, I was thinking perhaps a small breather from Kim was nice. It didn't feel good, but sometimes a step back. And when it came to Luna and Linda, well, I don't think my trust in either had diminished. I was sure Linda would never put us in this position of a possible pregnancy if she knew anything of Kim's lack of contraceptives.

Luckily it was just the one time that Kim let it happen. Hopefully.

I looked at Linda and Luna, who had slept while I cooked breakfast and by the looks of it not done anything more of the nightly activities. Both of them seemed like they always did, perfectly capable of putting last night in the memory treasure bank, though with an extra giggle here and there.

However, some unwanted paranoia about my friend found its way into my already guilt-ridden brain. So time to get distracted. She didn't deserve to have such thoughts about her.

Like promised, we went out to the small trenches we had dug and started expanding it, making a few half walls and such, preparing for another battle while we waited for the other family to join us. It had been a delight to play around in the snow, and the parents seemed pretty cool too. They came all the way from Montana, or was it Maine, and said it was the first time in forever since they had such a long vacation. A lawyer couple, though the guy seemed a bit younger than the wife.

"Josh and you two privates take that side, and Linda and I will school your asses from that side," Luna commanded, pointing to the eagerly nodding two kids who had become our loyal combatants.

We had put up a flag on each trench so we'd rotate teams after the best of three captures. The innovation of a bunch of gamers, eh?

The parents were cheering for both sides and sat in the middle as judges. Barney, who had played around when we dug trenches, laid on their blanket, warming their feet while he slept.

I looked at Luna and Linda, who both were discussing tactics. More like, Luna was giving Linda League of Legends strats that didn't work in real life, gesturing wildly with her arms while Linda struggled not to laugh.

"Right. Penny, I need you to rotate around wide. Flank them. Get the flag and if they see you just aim for Luna's face. You," I said, turning to the boy. "We're artillery. You sit on my shoulders and throw all that you have at them so they're distracted."

I put my hand forward palm down and the two kids placed a hand each on top, looking at me with intense eyes. "Let's go boys, we're gonna win this!" and we threw our hands up.

"Hell yeah," the boy said.

"Language," I said, putting the boy on my shoulders.

I saw Luna's strategy right away. They both rushed toward us, trying to brute force their way to our flag. Heh, if they only knew the ambush we had set up. But with them rushing us, my shoulders would not be the safest place to be, especially if both tackled me at once. I hoisted our artillery off my shoulders and we quickly started bombarding the enemy with snowballs.

Though, with a glance past the battle lines I saw Penny's red hat rounding the walls and disappear down into the trenches where the enemy flag was. Unfortunately, Luna spun on her heels and saw the same. Penny ran for her life, but Luna was much bigger and faster and quite dramatically threw herself over the little girl,

The landing was soft and I knew neither was hurt, even Luna dunking Penny in the snow were done with laughs and giggles from the small girl. But this treatment of my fellow soldier could not go unpunished. I rushed over and yanked Luna away, only to get my legs swept under me and she managed to thrust her hips out so I keeled over in the snow. Unfortunately, there was a slope and with the momentum from Luna I tumbled a few feet.

Luna wasn't done, however, wading through the snow to kick my ass some more. Luckily, I knew up from down by now, so when she grabbed hold of me I yanked her down. And just like that, we tumbled around for a little bit, trying to gain the upper hand.

Until I felt my foot suddenly twist at an awkward angle in the icy snow and I audibly heard something snap. In my foot. In my goddamn knee! From how Luna suddenly disengaged, I figured she had heard it too.

Then I felt the pain. A numbing sensation that ached for a dull moment before it went away. I tried to get up, but then the pain hit me hard. I yelled out loud, grabbing my knee as if that would help, soon in the process of falling over, and the said process of falling was causing havoc on my knee as it led to me putting weight on it.

Luna's arms were around me in a second, helping me up and letting me lean on her. "Are you okay?" she asked.

I couldn't really respond, as I was busy trying to stop the flow of curses and swears that were spewing from my lips. Instead, I settled for a small nod as the pain started to ebb. Until I took a step, emanating a yelp from me immediately.

"Josh, what's wrong?" Linda asked, running up to us.

"His knee," Luna said.

I tried to take another step and was again met by a stab of pain from my knee.

"Sprained," I grunted. "Or more likely a knee contusion. I might have to throw in the towel."

"No shit," Linda said.

"Language," I said, as there were still kids around. They looked horror-stricken. "Don't worry, guys, just twisted my knee." The mother came over and asked if I was okay too, along with the dad, but in all honesty, getting inside and down on the couch was paramount.

Leaning on Luna, and Linda getting the door, I limped my way into the cabin and sat down on the couch. I felt the pain ebb away somewhat, and while it wasn't fun, it wasn't unbearable either. But I wouldn't be able to walk around, or really even go outside for quite a while, that was for sure.

"Rest, dear soldier," Luna said. "We'll get the blood-letting kit ready for you ASAP."

"What?" I asked.

"Don't worry. We'll bleed you dry if we need to," Luna said. "Or do you need your sword to commit sudoku?"

"Seppuku?" I asked, laughing at Luna and her silliness.

"Ah yes, my first choice as well. Linda, fetch the katana," Luna said. "Or the painkillers. And ice."

Linda shook her head, rolling her eyes with a smile. "I'll see what I can do," she said.

"Well, I guess the snowball fight is over," I sighed.

"Does it really hurt that bad?" Luna asked. I saw that she blamed herself, as it was perhaps due to our wrestling, but it was just an unfortunate misshap. I knew she'd take the blame for it, however, so I took her hand and squeezed it.

"I'll live," I said, trying to be tough. "But I guess this means I'm benched until I recover."

"No man left behind, private," Luna smiled. "Though, I actually did bring a book with a bunch of sudokus if you want to indulge?"

"Maybe later," I said, then perked up as I heard Linda return.

"Not now," I heard Linda say, no doubt to Kim who was waking from her slumber. "Josh has hurt himself, we can do that another time."

"What happened?" I heard Kim ask as she walked out of the bedroom.

"Knee contusion," Linda said, moving over to my side with a glass of water and some meds. Kim went to the fridge for some ice. I did find it pretty good to have them all take care of me, and my knee surely could use the ice, but I didn't want this to ruin the trip.

"Hey, let's not, ugh, focus too much on this. It'll just need some rest," I tried. Linda smiled and shook her head.

"We could always force Kim to finally open her presents?" Luna suggested. "She's had enough rest. And I think she's dying to see what you got her."

"You know what? That's a great idea," I said, Kim put a bag of ice on my knee. Linda made a move as if she wanted to do it instead of Kim, but I was very well capable of holding the ice myself.

And so opening presents what we did. The painkillers were kinda strong, Luna's stash for her strong period cramps, plus I was given a double dose just in case, but I was able to follow along well enough. Kim was very happy with the new tennis outfit in sheer white and the new racket I got her, as well handbag I got while I was in New York. From Linda, Kim got a nice pair of earrings, and Luna gave her a full Chun Li cosplay costume. Luna had also brought the gift from Mom and Dad; a nice necklace, and from Kim's own parents she got some really cool slippers.

Kim was happy with her haul and that was a relief to me. The meds were making me quite drowsy, but it wasn't too bad. I just figured it was best to rest my knee for a while. I could hardly complain, it was only a knee injury, and it had been a long time since I last twisted my knee.

"Do you need anything, Josh?" Linda asked.

"Nah, I'm good," I said. "Wait, perhaps a beer?"

"You're not supposed to take those with any alcohol," Luna chided. I gave a sigh. "Though perhaps beer instead of liquor won't do too much harm," she relented, taking pity on me.

"Should we consider leaving early?" Linda asked Luna as Kim went over to fetch the beer.

"No," I said. "It'll pass in no time. I just need to rest a bit."

Linda looked at me with concern. Luna too, with a mix of guilt. The only one who seemed relaxed was Kim. Perhaps she had seen me overcome too many other injuries before. Like, when I still wrestled

actively I pulled muscles all the time. Or the time I dislocated my shoulder. She probably had the right idea, as it would pass soon enough.

The beer did hit differently than it usually did, though. Three or four sips in and I was already getting drowsy. The girls put on a movie, but I was in no condition to pay attention to either the plot or the title. I saw Sandra Bullock on the screen talking to Keanu Reeves. By the time I was able to finish my beer, I was out.

I suddenly jolted awake.

Only, I wasn't fully awake, groggy and disoriented. Looking around I saw that I was somewhere else than the cabin. Instead of the living room, I was in a three-walled room. Only the walls didn't stand still. I was backed against one with the two others seemingly closing in on me. I tried to move out to the side or something, but my movements were labored and I felt glued to the floor, my limbs melted. Instead, I was forced to endure the walls creeping closer, looming over me with their darkness, until... I was supposed to feel the walls collide against me, they had been inches from my face, but instead, I was outside the room. Outside the building.

Outside, cold and alone. Looking over at the three walls just standing there as if nothing had happened, as if I hadn't been pushed away. I couldn't even look inside, as there were no windows to reveal what was left inside.

I suddenly jolted awake.

Linda sat on the same sofa as me, with a handful of cards in her hand. Was this another dream with weird half-assed symbolism? I blinked and looked around. Kim and Luna sat there too, both with their sets of cards. Poker, by the looks of it. I saw chips and I heard them talk about their hands. Nope, this was real life. How long had I been out?

I reached for my beer and downed the rest. Not the smartest move, as I blinked and the living room was dark. Luna was in the recliner playing on her Switch. I didn't see Kim and Linda, though. I didn't hear them either. I looked toward the bedroom door and it was wide open, and my mind was clear enough to notice the lack of noise from the room. I had half expected them to be at it, but perhaps my injury had dampened the mood.

With a grunt, I swung my legs out on the floor. Only to wince slightly as my feet collided with something soft and warm. Barney.

"You're awake!" Luna said, tossing her Switch aside. "I think a double dose was a bit much, especially with the beer. How's the knee?"

"I'm fine. I just need to stretch it a bit," I said, looking around for the two others. "Where's Kim and Linda?"

"Stewing. They, erh, kinda argued," Luna said. I was surprised. I don't think I'd ever seen Linda mad. Kim was rarely the argumentative type.

"Really? What about?" I asked, concerned.

"I'm not sure. I think Kim hoped to hook up or something. Linda didn't want to, as she wanted us to all look over you. I said I could. Linda still didn't want to, as I guess she wasn't in the mood. Kim tried to tease Linda about her... well, it didn't land, so here we are. They didn't shout at each other or anything, more like a silent tug of war that ended in Linda in our bedroom, Kim running a bath and you in deep sleep," Luna said, smiling. "But, hey, your leg should be better now."

"Yeah, yeah it is," I said. "And, erh, thanks for keeping watch over me." Though, I felt bad about the girls. I hated hearing they had been upset. I understood where Linda was coming from, but I was already feeling better.

I decided to go check on them, but as I got up and put weight on my knee, I felt a dull ache that increased and increased until I was forced to sit down again.

"Fuck," I muttered. "Still not there yet," I said.

"Maybe you need an MRI?" Luna asked, leaning forward with her elbows on her knees, resting her chin in her palms as she inspected me.

"Nah, it'll be fine. It just needs some rest," I said.

"I can't unhear that snapping sound. It sounded like... a twig or something," Luna confessed.

"Got any more of those pain meds? I might just go AFK until tomorrow or something. I'd really get the girls to make up, but I'm not sure I'm up for it right now," I said, leaning back on the couch.

"I don't think that's how medical treatment works," Luna teased.

"Hey, I'm hurt here, don't chide me!" I said playfully.

"Don't be such a baby. Try bleeding once a month and giving birth," Luna said. I held my hands up in defeat.

"You piss much longer than me, and I'm sure your dad can beat up mine," I said.

"Hah! I bet he could beat himself up pretty severely," Luna laughed. "I won't give you any more meds until we'll hit the hay, but you want another beer?"

"Why not? It's not every day I get to enjoy the hospitality of my lil sister," I said.

"You better savor that beer with everything you have," Luna threatened, smacking my shoulder as she went by me to the kitchen.

I tried to picture what tomorrow might look like. Perhaps we had to tie me to a sled so Luna could drag me around. That could be pretty fun, making Luna my sled dog. Serves her right for going full force against her big bro. Though, given our mutual track record navigating through snow, and it being quite icy now that there hadn't been any fresh snow in a while, perhaps that prospect was more hazardous than fun.

Luna returned and handed me my beer. She picked up her Switch and then sat down again.

"Thanks," I said, taking the beer. "Hey, erh, sorry to ask but... you guys had... erh... a threesome, right?"

"Shut it, Josh. I'm not talking about details of my sex life with my brother, no matter how fucked up his knee might be," Luna said.

"Sure, yeah, I know, I don't wanna know... Just, Kim hasn't said a whole lot, and... well," I started, not sure how to proceed. I wasn't sure what I was about to ask either. I was just curious, y'know. I mean, Kim had taken a huge reckless leap in letting Linda go so far as cum inside her, and I guess I wondered about the rest too.

"Just spit it out already," Luna said, resting the Switch on her knees. "It's more awkward if you stall like that."

"I know, the whole, erh, cucking stuff is a bit daunting. I just wondered what you guys were doing... I mean, Linda can be quite something," I said. I had witnessed it, and I knew she could really lay it down.

"She really is. I mean, I don't think I'm like Kim, a non-stop cum slut," Luna said, sneaking a smile at me, which I returned. "But it was a nice reminder of how good a cock can feel."

"You guys slept together before, right?" I said.

"Yeah, but you already know that. She was my first real cock, actually, and I don't know if I can ever forget how special she made it. She can be so dominant, but also so incredibly considerate and kind. I thought it was a bit extreme how Kim let Linda cum inside her so many times--"

"They did it more than once?" I blurted out.

"Linda filled your wife up quite a few times," Luna said, making me wince both from the sting and the slight pang of guilty excitement. The fact that it was Linda, someone who I think I admired more than I

realized, was in stark contradiction to Kim's betrayal. I couldn't help but feel if Kim had played her cards right I'd agree to this down the line, and that realization sickened me. It also gave me *deja vu*. I think I had a similar realization before. "Was that not okay?"

"Erh. Sure," I said, ever the crowd-pleaser. "I mean, it's risky. Kim and I have been trying to start a family, so... she's not on the pill."

"Woah," Luna said. "I guess it's a bit late to make a fuss, though, right?"

I shrugged. "I don't know. Perhaps. But it doesn't feel great that Kim did that without me knowing, or discussing it, but I don't wanna bore you with that," I said.

"Don't downplay yourself like that, you've done nothing wrong in this," Luna said. "I'm pretty sure Linda had no idea either. Not that that is an excuse, as contraceptives should be on both parties to make sure is in place. Just look at me. I get it to be safe, and I've had cock twice in my life. It's such a pain to remember, but I even take it."

"Yeah," I said, drinking some more beer. "Well, we can hope everything is alright."

"I know I'm out of line, but Linda would produce some fucking cute babies," Luna said.

"Sounds like you might jump off the water wagon," I said.

Luna shrugged. "I'll be you and Linda's surrogate."

"Heh," was my reply. We both drank some more beer, but my knee was acting up, so I put the beer down and sat back down.

Kim eventually joined us. She apologized for not being around but didn't say a word about the possible impregnation, nor anything else. Perhaps she hoped to avoid the topic and live in a naughty fantasy, by not talking about it. I was determined, though. We had to have another heart-to-heart talk when we got back. Maybe we'd ask Amanda for advice again. She had been quite helpful the last time around, and I felt with the recent events, and how Kim had teased and even mocked me, that things were spiraling down the rabbit hole once again.

What really sucked this time around was how it impacted not only me, but also Luna and Linda. Luna seemed to be pretty level about most things, except play fighting, but Linda had it bad enough as it was. She had known us for almost a year and already ended up in the crossfire of a lot of our hiccups and problems.

I guess it wasn't exactly their fault either. In the face of all the adventures Kim wanted to embark on, I fell short time and time again. Falling short as in, I never knew how or when to stop. I always wanted to see

where it went, and it always went to shit. While a lot of this could be traced down to that unfortunate period of time with our previous tenant, I felt guilty for letting it happen, for perhaps being a bit naive.

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Waking up the next morning, I made the huge mistake of rolling out of bed like it was any other morning. I swung one leg out of bed, stood up, planted the other, and squatted up. You'd think a good night's sleep, in addition to half of yesterday, I'd be better. But no, I keeled over as I lost my balance, slamming my already painful knee into the bedpost on my way down.

"Motherfuck!" I grunted.

"You okay?" Kim said, suddenly awake, leaning over the edge of the bed to look at me grunting on the floor, clutching my knee. "I guess it's not getting any better."

"No, it's not," I said, getting up.

Kim hurried down to help me up, but with my knee not being able to hold any of my weight, I was too heavy for Kim and fell down on my ass again.

"Oh god, I'm so sorry," Kim said, kneeling beside me. "I'll go get the ice," she said, running out of the bedroom.

I let out a groan, looking around for something to grab onto to help me up. No need, as Luna and Linda were soon emerging. I felt utterly pathetic having to have my little sister and my friend who was much smaller hoist me up just because I was being too much of a pussy. Perhaps the wrong label to put on myself as I was standing all due to two girls, but in my head, I was being a big baby.

"Let's sit you down," Luna said.

"Yeah, I'm not doing so good," I said.

"I'll make breakfast," Luna said. "We need to get you to a hospital."

"But Kim's birthday—" I tried.

"Has been celebrated. The swelling hasn't gone down an inch," Kim said, handing me a glass of water and one dose of Luna's stronger meds. "No beer, and no double dose, big man."

"Sure, ma'am," I said, accepting the water and pain meds.

Well, shit. We found a local hospital and they wanted an MRI. The drive was hell, as it was almost two hours in the car, and I had to get up from the couch and sit in the back with my leg stretched out. It wasn't too bad, but it didn't feel great either. Luna's stash was strong compared to regular ibuprofen or Tylenol.

However, the staff was nice, and as we waited for the MRI(perks of a smaller place I guess) I got to hang out with them all and just talk a bit. Kim seemed rather quiet. I couldn't be sure, but I thought it was perhaps due to her guilt. Perhaps she had known full well what she had done, and now it was getting to her? Or perhaps her husband being more hurt than she initially thought, and she felt bad for that? I wasn't sure, but she kept close to me, almost as if she didn't want me to leave her sight. I didn't mind it, and I liked her taking care of me, but I could sense she was feeling bad.

Luna, on the other hand, was like a dog on a leash. She was eager to get out and explore, but she kept herself at bay to keep me company. It was quite nice, as she did keep the mood up, while Linda was walking Barney around the parking lot a bit.

"Alright, Mr. Calhoun, we're ready for you," the nurse said, coming around the corner.

The MRI went without incident, of course, and soon we were on our way back home to Indiana. The results wouldn't be in for a week or so.

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Getting back from the cabin was pretty good, not gonna lie. Isolated up there like we were, perhaps we were experiencing a bit of cabin fever. I did feel bad about Linda and Kim having a small falling out, so after two days of us settling back in, I hobbled my ass into a car and drove over to Amanda for advice. I mean, there were plenty of reasons to visit the blonde bomber, but today it was platonic and I was in very much need of talking from someone somewhat outside looking in, who was for the most part doing her own thing.

"You should talk to them," Amanda said, having helped me up her stairs and into her small apartment. I hadn't gotten my results yet, but I had got some crutches to move around. That being said, Luna had offered her help in running Entrendy, Calhoun Holdings(my holding company), and the PR firm as travel was a bitch. I felt kinda like a baby, but she insisted.

"I can't give a lot of advice on how to talk to Linda and whatnot, I'm probably among the last who can, but I think it's fair to say she feels both hurt and objectified from what you're saying. I mean, I can speak from experience, but most people who learn of Linda's extra equipment tend to fetishize her and treat her like she's abnormal, probably making her feel like a freak to some extent. If I'm not wrong, and I know you a

bit by now, you're among the few who probably think of her as a girl first, and of her cock second, third, or even further down on the list," Amanda told.

"I barely think about it," I admitted. "And perhaps you're right."

"But Kim... I mean... I'm sure I'm stepping on toes here, but have you stopped to consider if she's good for you?" Amanda said. I snapped my eyes to hers. "Sorry, it's not my place... but you keep blaming yourself, Tubby, or even guiltily look toward the others in your life, but you rarely look to Kim for any blame."

"Aren't you supposed to be her friend?" I chuckled. I was supposed to be livid at her talking like this, but I tried to remain calm. "Kim and I have been together for forever. Thin and thick, y'know. I'm sure we can work it out," I said.

"And some friend she is. The last time we had a conversation, was during your birthday. And... Well, I don't know if my perspective of your wife improved that much from that little talk, let's say. And working things out? Does that mean painfully molding yourself to her needs?" Amanda said, more or less in a hiss at the end. She was getting agitated.

"What did she say?" I asked. I knew they talked to make amends after a small argument between Linda and Amanda, but I didn't know the details.

"That's between us girls. I've said too much already," Amanda said. "Hey. Why don't you just run the Ikea test?" Amanda suggested, successfully moving my attention.

"The Ikea test?" I asked.

"It's simple. And unorthodox. Basically, you buy some furniture from Ikea, then you try to build it with the help of someone. It's a nice way to see how well one works with that someone. You should have Kim help you," Amanda said. "One of the master's students at the University has used to great effect, I hear. And you with your foot, perhaps even more so." Amanda's eyes trailed my slightly elevated leg.

"Testing her? Isn't that kinda shitty?" I asked.

"Do with it what you want," Amanda said, shrugging. "I'm not here for Kim, I'm here for you."

I felt oddly flattered by that statement. Amanda was always so... full of attitude, and justifiably so as she was pretty brilliant in her own way, and everyone knew she could be quite a bitch, so hearing her say she was there for me felt pretty good.

"I... I think I get what you're saying," I said, drinking some more coffee.

So I got some Ikea furniture. A new wardrobe thingy. A Jonaxel system for our garage. It was mostly so we had somewhere to store our winter clothes during the summer and vice versa. A few extra shelves and such too.

"What you doing there, bro?" Kim yawned, handing me my coffee. She had slept in long. I had tried to look for any signs of morning sickness, but the last few days she had seemed more or less normal. No cravings, no mood swings, nothing. But then again, it had only been two since the trip. Truth be told, I had no clue about how pregnancies worked. At least not like that.

"You'll see," I said. "Wanna help?" I tried. Kim shrugged, picking up the manual, sitting on top of a box, and inspecting it.

"Maybe later," Kim said, sipping her coffee. She had put on some of my sweats, and I swear she always looked so good in it. "We should probably not have you building stuff with your knee fucked up." Kim then jumped off the box. "Besides, you're much better with this stuff than I am. When you're healthy, I mean."

"Heh, maybe," I said. "I'll tinker a bit with it though, feel free to join me if you want."

"Will do," Kim smiled, giving me a kiss on the cheek as she left.

Kim had thus failed Amanda's test. I buried that thought away, trying to get any wiser on the manual. It looked so simple, but I knew even with healthy knees it would be a nightmare to put together.

It probably meant nothing. It was a test devised by a student, after all. Whatever.

I was in the middle of putting the doors to the wardrobe in place when I heard a car roll up the driveway, a door slam, and quickly followed by a certain Linda walking over the gravel. She spotted me in the garage and went over immediately.

"Hey, Josh!" she said. "Luna and I just met with a dude who had an office downtown. I've never felt so important in my life as when Luna was like *'I'm Luna Calhoun representing Calhoun Holdings, this is my associate Linda so and so'*."

I chuckled. "Yeah, well, we better get you that corner office, then."

Linda's eyes trailed to the skeleton of a Jonaxel system resting against a wall. "You need any help with that?" Linda asked, then looking around, adding scornfully, "Isn't Kim around to help you out?"

"Erh, she had some stuff to do," I said, feeling a bit shameful having to make excuses for my wife's absence. Linda scoffed. "Let's not fight," I tried, but Linda shook her head.

"I'm not angry with you, Josh," Linda said. "I'm just a bit hurt, and I don't think Kim is a bad person. I just wish she'd be a bit more considerate."

"I know, but what's done is done," I said, sensing this was about more than this Jonaxel system. "No use fighting over it."

"How can you let her treat you like that? Or me? I'm her friend and you are her husband, but we're just... vehicles to her. I feel used for being who I am, and you as well, for just existing, for being so devoted to her. I mean, you were injured and she didn't even bother to help you out or even offer?" Linda said.

"It's fine. I'm almost done," I said.

"No you're not," Linda said, closing her eyes, and shaking her head a bit. Linda drew deep and let out a long sigh, then refocused. "You've used the wrong screws. This goes here, and if you look further in the manual, you'll see that those screws you've used are the only ones that will fit. You'd have to start all over, at least half of it. It's like cooking, you gotta look at the whole picture."

"I didn't know you could build stuff. Or cook," I said. She had made food before, but I wasn't sure I had seen her in full fruition.

"Your girl can do lots of things," Linda said, daring a smile.

"My girl? Oh my," I teased.

Linda chuckled. "You bet. If you want, I can make us dinner one time," Linda suggested. It was innocent enough. "Prove to you just how much of your girl I can be."

"Sure. I'm glad at least we're still getting along," I said, ruffling the little brunette's hair, much to her annoyance. Though her puffing her cheeks like that made her pretty cute.

Linda looked at me for a moment, as if she wanted to say something, but couldn't decide if she should say it. Instead, she leaned forward and kissed me on the cheek, before taking the screwdriver out of my hand.

"I'll do the screwing, you do the watching," Linda said, with a faint devious little smile.

"All teasing today, eh?" I said.

"You started," she pouted, looking at the manual.

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"I'd say told you so, but you insist on this brat," Amanda said the next day, as I informed her how the Ikea test went.

"Linda helped though, so at least the shelf got built," I said, hopefully concluding that tale. Amanda narrowed her eyes ever so slightly.

"Why, why don't you just marry her then?" Amanda asked, clearly busting my balls. Linda and I were friends, so I knew Amanda was just fucking around.

"Heh, funny," I chuckled.

"Josh, I know this might come as a surprise for you, but I actually miss the days when you'd show up at my door, push me onto my own bed, and rape my throat to your heart's content," Amanda said, digging her eyes into mine. "I want to help you, and I will, but all this drama mama nonsense is getting old. I won't suggest this or that, but I think you should think of your own well-being from time to time. Is it healthy, is it not? That sort of thing."

"Heh, maybe," I said, though doing it wasn't as easy as saying it.

"So you wanna fuck?" Amanda said, bamboozling me.

"Erh, my foot," I said as an excuse. "And you know, only oral was the rule."

"I like the emphasis on was. And I think it is awesome that you remain so staunch in your devotion to your wife's rules, especially when she has proven again and again she is just as devoted and not at all incredibly reckless," Amanda said, smearing the sarcasm on hard. "Begone, boy toy. I got shit to do. Unless there is more, then I will be, heh, devoted to solving any issue."

"Heh, well..." I said, not sure how I liked Amanda getting more and more blunt about how she thought of Kim's behavior. "I mean, I won't keep you occupied then."

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I knew from the second I saw the look on Josh's face that I had fucked up. He didn't say anything, not even after several days, I was sure he was probably mustering up the courage, but even when we got back home, he still didn't say anything. I was in the doghouse for sure. It was understandable, I guess, as I had put us both at risk with my antics.

I had of course gotten a plan B almost immediately when we got back home, hoping I was within the window still. Probably not. But as luck would have it, I got my period pretty soon after we got home. I think it was the stress, but at least the worst-case scenario was averted. I don't know why, but I couldn't bring myself to tell him about the Plan B. I just wanted to keep it to myself. I don't think Josh would make me have an abortion if that's what it came to, but he'd be really disappointed in me.

It was the same disappointment that I knew he felt with my latest escapades, but somehow the consequences of letting Linda fill me up had a worse ring to them. Perhaps it was the same logic that had made me let her cum inside me to begin with, that she was our friend, but also that it was kinda hot to have a woman cum inside me. I mean, what could be better?

Still, I knew I had fucked up and I knew I had to take responsibility for my actions. I couldn't go back in time and stop it, so I had to endure whatever Josh had to say to me. I had already decided that I'd take a break from anything untoward, that I'd be better.

From before the break when I teased him about Zach and Alex, to the stuff we did at the cabin, Josh let me get away with too much. I saw the pain in his face, thoroughly mixed with arousal, and I knew that he had to feel that type of shame and humiliating pain in order to feel that arousal.

It was like I was addicted to the feeling of making him squirm, but I had to stop it. I couldn't put him through that. It wasn't fair. I loved him so much, and I knew the best way to love someone was to love them wholeheartedly. And in order to do that I had to be able to show him the love he deserved, and right now, I wasn't.

"We need to talk," Josh said one day as I . We were at home, relaxing after a long week at work. Luna was out of the house on business, and Linda was in her annex WordPressing away.

My heart sank, and I felt my mouth go dry. I knew for a fact he wouldn't leave me, but it was dreaded words regardless. "Yeah," I said. "We do."

Josh sat down on the couch next to me. I was nervous. I wasn't sure what I was supposed to say.

"Kim," Josh started.

"I know what you're going to say," I started, but Josh held up a hand for me to stop.

"Then let me say it. My ACL is torn, and that's the good news," Josh said, chuckling. There wasn't humor behind his laugh, however. "And I know you're feeling a bit like shit for doing what you did, and the fact that you feel that way oddly makes me feel good. If you didn't feel bad, we'd be in trouble."

Josh's tone was pretty light, considering. I mean, he was always a champion of having a good time, of being the better person, trying to do his best to rectify a collapsing building blown up by a heavy load of potent, virile C4. My heart felt a ton lighter just hearing how upbeat he was.

"I mean, even if there was... any outcome from it... I have been thinking, and I know it's fucked up on some level, but if you carry... Linda's..." Josh stuttered, being all over the place. I held my peace, however, as I wanted to let him have this. He drew his breath, and cleared his throat. "If you're carrying Linda's child, now or in the future, then I want you, and Linda, to know that I will be here for it. Not only because I love you, but I guess I'm pretty fond of Linda too. And it's not the kid's fault, so y'know. I haven't told Linda yet, but I will."

I was speechless. It wasn't at all the conversation I expected. I swear I could kiss the man. I did. I threw myself over him and kissed him deeply. It was just so sweet of him. I don't think I've ever been so grateful for having him in my life. I also noticed the *'now or in the future'* part in his speech.

"I took plan B," I said. "And I guess our timing was good. I didn't miss my period."

Josh looked a bit perplexed, shocked even, but relieved.

"Oh. Well, I think that is great," Josh smiled. "Except for the cramps and stuff of course."

"I'd take those cramps if it meant carrying someone else's child than yours. But it is very big of you to be so considerate. I don't know how I got so lucky," I said.

"Anyway," Josh began. "Luna has taken it upon herself to get us an office. Pretty exciting, eh? And while I stumble around on crutches, she's taking over a lot of the business stuff outside of town. It doesn't feel great to lump all that on her, as that is eighty percent of what this business is, but she insisted. She's pretty good too. The PR stuff, and advertising, is something she seems to have a better knack for than even me."

"That's great," I cheered.

"Yeah, I asked about it, and did you know she had an OnlyFans?" Josh said perplexed. "She quit it now, but I'd never thought. She even showed me some of it." My heart sank again. I hadn't even told him about my involvement in that. Wait, did he say she quit?

"Pretty tame stuff, but you can really see how she understands marketing. That's some valuable experience right there," Josh said, smiling.

"You don't think she's a dirty slut?" I teased. Josh snorted.

"Takes one to know one," he smiled. I blushed. It wasn't often he indulged in our own dirty talk. If he knew of the pictures, he didn't give any indication. "But no, she seems to have her head on straight. But she deleted her page anyway."

"So Linda," I started.

"Linda," Josh sighed. "Yeah, she's really hurt. It's hard to tell if she's more hurt because you kinda went behind my back with the whole letting her cum in you thing, or if it's more about... well... you kinda used her. It didn't sit well with me either. She's our friend, Kim. It's hard enough for her, y'know?"

I nodded. "I know," I said. "And that is part of why I still want you to take her on a proper date. Treat her right, y'know." It was the truth, but there was a lingering idea in the back of that suggesting that I didn't seem to be able to escape.

"You want me to date Linda?" Josh asked, sending shivers through me, even after the talk we just had been through.

"A date, I said," I corrected. "Maybe she gets lucky and you can taste her cum straight from the source," I teased. Josh shook her head.

"It's never enough, is it," he smiled. I could tell he wasn't entirely sure I was serious. But he checked his watch. "I gotta go in a few. Sign a lease. And speaking of taking folks for dinners, you're still not joining me for that dinner?"

"I have to review a bunch of games," I said. There was this dinner with some store owners. I think Josh hoped they would take some of our merchandise into those stores. I'd join, but there was so much to do. Also, I deviously hoped he'd take Linda. Or Luna. I still wanted to see Luna dominate Josh. I could never stop wanting that.

"Suit yourself. I'll take Barney," Josh smiled, scratching the giant dog behind his ear.

"So can I still see Linda?" I blurted out. Maybe I could convince her.

"Sure, on my part, but I can't answer for her of course," Josh said, getting up to leave. "Just be careful, okay?"

"I will. I love you," I said.

"I love you too," Josh said.

I was relieved that we had talked, but I knew I still had to work hard to be a better person, and I knew that meant keeping my word to Josh.

"Wait," I said. "Why don't you ask Amanda? I mean, so we don't tease the hell out of Linda, right? She wanted to go last time but couldn't so maybe it's her turn?"

"Oh. Yeah. I guess. You sure that is a good idea?" Josh asked. "You know how she is. I mean, she might get the wrong idea."

"Maybe you should put her in her place," I joked, glad everything was turning back to normal. "Give her a good spanking."

"Might have to do that," Josh chuckled.

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Before heading to the gym the next day, I decided to stop by the office. Josh, Luna, and Linda would all be there, their first workday there, so I decided I wanted to bring them lunch. And of course, perhaps I could hook up with Luna in her new office, heh heh. Or Josh, though, it would be more fun for the wife to show up for a quickie with the husband's little sister instead. I hadn't had a chance to talk with Linda yet, so I didn't want to push any more buttons with her.

I arrived with the food and as I jumped in the elevator of the four-floor office building (we only held part of the third floor for now) I thought how far we had come from our meager upbringing outside Detroit. Now Josh had built several businesses and even had his own office with people running the shop for him.

The elevator dinged and I stepped out onto the plush carpet in the hall, where I heard voices coming from an office to the right. The glass doors revealed that it was Luna's office, and she sat there talking to an African-American lady. Luna had much of that Josh charm, able to hold a formal meeting in a very friendly and comradery manner. It was a great asset of hers, and it wasn't lost on the woman she was talking to. I didn't recognize her, but she looked to be a few years older than us, perhaps in her early thirties.

I trailed my eyes to the space outside her office, where several smaller cubicles were spread in the middle. They were empty now, but I'm sure they hoped to change that. Beyond that, I saw Josh in his office at the head of the column, chatting with Linda. He waved at me, and I showed him the several paper bags of homemade enchiladas I had made for them.

Scanning the small area I saw that Josh's aptitude for design had played a decent role. It wasn't like he had plastered the wall in hideous contrasts, but rather than an industrial look, he had chosen colors that made the space look friendly and welcoming—light green, and white, and keeping it light but somewhat colorful.

"Oh, from one Calhoun to another," Luna said, emerging from her office, and seeing the woman out. "This is Mrs. Calhoun, Josh's wife, my sister-in-law. Kim, this is Mrs. Lewis, a local chemist."

"Nice to meet you," I said, taking her hand. She nodded.

"And you as well," she replied.

"I'll escort you out," Luna said, holding out a hand for Mrs. Lewis to take the lead.

Placing the lunch on a nearby desk, I went into Luna's office to look around. It was quite spacious still. A desk with comfortable chairs on both sides, a sofa, and a few chairs. A mini-bar with nothing in it yet. I wasn't sure if Luna would indulge in drinking on the job, as she had taken a longer break from alcohol it seemed.

On her desk, I found an adorable picture of me, Luna, and Josh riding a carousel, a picture taken by their mom. It brought a smile to my face.

"Kim!" I heard Luna say as she came back.

"Hey, sis," I teased, going in for a hug. "Who was that?"

"A chemist who has a product that involves dissolves wet wipes in sewer systems easier. She needed someone to sell her product to manufacturers and we were a local business and she wanted to try her luck here. I'm actually heading out as I know a guy who may know a guy, and then I'm filing some paperwork to get her LLC registered," Luna explained, taking a seat. "Never thought I'd be representing a chemist ever, but I won't complain."

"My my," I said.

"It was actually Josh's client, but he's busy looking down Linda's cleavage while he teaches her something technical," Luna said.

"You think so? That he is checking her out?" I asked.

"Probably not. My brother is many things, but he has no clue when it comes to realizing how people see him. I'm pretty sure he thinks he has a regular friendship with Linda, oblivious to how close he is to getting dicked down," Luna said with a nonchalant shrug, getting up from her seat again to grab a suitcase. "And then after I'm done filing that paper, guess where I'm heading? New York. Tonight. Should the much-expected dinner go well with Josh, I'm talking with some of the store managers just over the Holiday. And just after that, I'm in California for something with Vincent AND a campaign for Entrendy."

"Exciting. Must be cool to see our clothes in stores," I said.

"I have no idea how Josh did all this on his own," Luna muttered.

"How do you even know a guy who knows a guy who might produce, erh, chemical stuff?" I asked, trailing back to where our conversation started.

"Something Josh taught me. Seven degrees of separation and see where it takes you," Luna said.

"Does that mean you won't have time to give me a quickie in your new office?" I teased.

"I'd love to, but I have a plane to catch," Luna smiled. "We can have some fun next weekend, right?" she added as if it was an appointment in her calendar.

"Right," I smiled back. "Good luck. Wait. Did you really delete your OnlyFans?"

"Yeah. I figured I had to. But don't worry, Josh doesn't know about the pictures you were involved with. I don't approve of it being kept secret from him, but I won't be a troublemaker either," Luna said, lifting her hand like she had done with her client, wanting me to leave.

"How did those fare anyway?" I asked, getting somewhat excited about all the attention my nerdy little self might've gotten.

"Oh, it was popular. A good month. Now, please leave, bitch," Luna said. "I have to lock my office."

"Why?" I asked, rather surprised.

"Because there is a lot of sensitive information in there. Go on get," Luna said, slapping my ass to get me going. "And thank you for the enchiladas!"

I hurried out, as Luna followed, locking the door behind her. I went out to see Linda and Josh sitting at a desk together, as Josh showed her something on his computer.

"Enchiladas are here," I announced, walking over to them.

"Hey, hon," Josh said. "Thanks for lunch."

"No kiss?" I asked, teasing him. Josh gestured to his foot. "Oh right," I said, moving closer.

"Don't worry, I got you," Linda said, turning her head and giving Josh a peck on the lips, making me tingle a little bit.

"Ooh, my wife's been replaced," Josh joked, winking at me. "You don't mind helping me back to my office, Kim?"

"This isn't your office?" I asked.

"This is a meeting room. My office is in the corner over there. Linda got the other corner," Josh said, holding out his hand so I could help him up from the chair. It wasn't as much me lifting him as it was giving him some leverage he could drag himself up by. "You don't mind staying and helping me with some paperwork later, do you, Linda?"

"Not at all," Linda said, taking over Josh's seat.

I helped Josh hobble back to his office, which had a nice view of the park. It had a desk and a couch, but not much else. It was mostly white and gray, and it had this weird smell that I associated with new buildings. I was sure Josh would have it covered with pictures of us and Barney soon enough. I noticed that his mini bar had a few bottles, but untouched.

"Well wishes from some clients I scored when we just started the PR firm," Josh explained. "With the Holidays coming up and not being able to run, I better watch my weight, eh?"

"Heh, I don't think that will be a problem," I joked. Josh wasn't always totally ripped but had always been in good shape. For most summers he got his summer body out, much to my delight, though. Abs, big veiny arms, his ass taking a trimmer shape, and his jawline and neck being more pronounced.

"Yeah, I'm kinda bummed about the running," Josh admitted. "But I'll live. How you liking the office?"

"It looks great," I said. "You guys look busy."

Josh shrugged. "It's just a normal day," he said, grabbing an enchiladas.

After lunch, I headed to the gym. I loved to do yoga, but I also did weights and cardio. The latter I had done it a few times since I had gotten back, but it was hard to do it alone. I also didn't want to get too bulky, nor as striated, but rather just keep in shape and perhaps get some nice curves.

"Hey, Kim," Alex suddenly said, coming over from the free-weight area.

"Hey. What are you doing here?" I asked, surprised. I didn't like the cocky asshole, but I didn't want to be rude either.

"Working out. I wanna add a plate to my bench before New Year's," Alex replied, leaning on the treadmill. "I got Zach with me over there," Alex said, gesturing to Zach indeed, hanging over at the weight area.

"Cool," I said.

"So you and your hubby heading anywhere for Christmas?" Alex asked.

"No. I don't know. I think we'll probably just spend it at home, or with the folks up in Michigan. It's only two weeks away," I said. "You?"

"Yeah, probably home too," Alex said. "Or maybe we'll just stay here and chill. I don't know. It's kinda cool. We just graduated and got jobs and stuff."

"Really?" I asked, wanting the conversation to fade.

"Yeah. Advertising. I heard your husband opened an office downtown. If he ever needs one of Indiana's best sales representatives, I could throw him a bone," Alex said.

"And that would be you?" I said, not able to refrain from chuckling.

"Well, I can be," Alex said, winking at me. "Maybe you should call me up sometime and we can discuss something."

"I don't think that is a good idea," I said, shaking my head, but feeling oddly flattered by Alex's advances. "Josh might get jealous."

"Hey, I'm just being friendly. A friend of a friend is a friend, right?" Alex said, grinning at me.

"Yeah, but I don't know," I said.

"Well, if you change your mind, here's my number," Alex said, handing me a piece of paper. I stared at it. "So how are you and Josh?"

"We're fine, thanks," I said, folding the paper, and placing it in my pocket. I thought this little awkward talk would be over now.

"I saw you guys up in the mountains on Instagram. You look pretty good in those skiing pants, even as bulky as they were. But you know, the bulky kinda adds to the look, y'know," Alex said, licking his lips. Alex was quite handsome, no doubt, and he had that whole wannabe-100k a-year gym rat, though more into fitness and being slender rather than a big bulky bodybuilder. While he checked out my ass, I saw that he even wore a sort of expensive watch. Probably to sell himself as successful. I wasn't sure, but it looked like it might be a real one, not just a knockoff.

"Well, thanks," I said, unsure of what to do.

"Heh, sorry," Alex said, shaking his head. "I have a bad habit of not knowing when to shut up around pretty girls. And it's not like I can stop myself from looking. I mean, damn."

"Stop that," I said, chuckling.

"What? Looking? Or looking good?" Alex grinned.

"I'm a married woman," I reminded him, not that it stopped me before.

"Yeah, but I don't know. You're hot. Zach told me you and Luna got a thing going on, but I gotta say, I wouldn't mind a taste either," Alex said.

"Heh, wow, okay," I said, not knowing what to do with this. "... I gotta go."

"Wait, did I offend you? I'm sorry, I'll stop," Alex said, holding his hands up in defense. "I promise. I didn't mean anything by it, I was just, y'know, complimenting you."

"It's fine, I just got stuff to do," I said. "I'll see ya."

"See ya," Alex smiled.

I didn't like the guy, but for some reason, I felt oddly flattered. The nerve on that guy, though. First wanting me to get him a job at my husband's company, then trying to hit on me? Was he serious? He must really have some high thoughts about himself. So cocky. Josh would no doubt have broken his neck if he knew.

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Something that came nice as a small break from everything, was an actual break. Winter Break. Sure, it was a school thing, but Linda used the opportunity to travel to her parents, while Luna, Josh, and I went to Michigan until after the New Year's.

Josh had insisted that I'd talk to Linda and square things up, but our winter Holiday sort of blindsided me and it was put to the way side. Josh didn't like that I hadn't done it yet, but I swore it was one of the first things I'd do when we got back. But it unfortunately led to Josh withholding on intimacy. I wasn't worried in the sense that I knew the recipe to get over this hurdle, but it was nonetheless very frustrating, and it sucked to see my man so upset with me.

Meanwhile, we celebrated our little break from everything in peace and quiet at Calhoun household. We sometimes spent it with my family too, but the Calhouns were way tighter like that, so it was always better vibes over there. My Mom, who I loved darenly, wasn't always the... festive type, despite being Catholic.

When she found out my dad cheated on her the church didn't like her getting divorced and that caused a rift, I guess. Though, my parents did rekindle later and got back together.

Having my birthday just a few weeks before Christmas sort of always dampened the gift part of Christmas, so I think I was lucky in some sense. I mean, I had already gotten a heap of gifts so I took more pleasure in the festivities, even as a kid. Perhaps it made me less materialistic, and I think I appreciated the season more so because of that.

Something that our break lacked, however, was that steamy kinky sex. I hadn't noticed how addictive it had become until a few days in when I hadn't had my 'fix' in a while. I managed to push it mostly away, dangling it in January like a carrot for when we got back.

But as I was in the doghouse with Josh, I was needless to say a bit pent up and eager to let loose some of the sexual tension. The last half a year my libido had been fairly high, but getting off the pill just seemed to amplify my need to get my face pushed hard into a mattress while a juicy dick plunged into me over and over, punishing me for being so horny.

But our break came to an end, and over the New Year we were all back to Courtington, Indiana, and our days resumed. When we got back the welcome backs were heartfelt enough, though I noticed Linda wasn't as warm toward me as she was with Josh and Luna. Maybe it was something I imagined, maybe it even was my fault, but it didn't feel great, so I knew reckoning was around the corner.

"Have you talked with Linda yet?" Josh asked one of our first evenings back home.

We were both in bed. Josh reading his book, me... well I had been absentmindedly playing with myself. It had been a while since I had last gotten any. With Josh injured and with Linda being pissed at me, then being rejected by Luna who was busy with all sorts of things, then teased by Linda and Josh, then Alex, as much of a douchebag he was, flirted with me. And that was over two weeks ago, and instead of waning a lot of tension had been building over that time.

"No. I haven't found the time yet. Why, you want me to go and tuck her in?" I asked.

"No. I want you to make up." Josh was short with me. I guess I deserved it.

"Make out?" I teased. Josh sighed, returning to his book. I knew he was annoyed then. "You think she's awake? I can just go down and try to talk to her now."

"If you want," Josh said, sounding distracted by his book.

"I do," I said, jumping out of bed.

"Wear your robe," Josh said. Right, I was still naked.

I quickly put on my robe and some nice panties, loosely tying the robe in place, and went out the door, heading down the hallway toward the stairs. It had been so long since we had done it like this. Me sneaking off in the night for some extra-marital fun. I just hoped Linda would be up for it. Finally reaching the door to her annex, I knocked. A few minutes later, I was let in by our tenant.

"What do you want?" Linda asked, rather annoyed.

"Sorry, were you busy?" I asked.

"No."

"Cool, cool. I wanted to talk," I said, closing the door behind me. "You wanna sit?" I said, pointing at the couch. Linda took a seat and I sat down next to her. She wore a simple nightgown, which was rather short. I wasn't sure if it was on purpose or not. I caught that she wore some lacy underwear, though.

"So... about the whole... thing," I began, making Linda scoff. "I wanted to apologize. I shouldn't have let you do that without Josh's permission, and I should have been more considerate of your feelings. It was really shitty of me."

"It was," Linda said, looking away.

"But I think you have to understand that it is hard for me too. I love Josh more than anything in the world, and I'm very devoted to him. I really am. And I know that sometimes it seems like I don't, but... I want to be a good wife to him. He's the best husband anyone could ask for and I want to be the best wife. But I'm not perfect, and I guess I got a bit carried away with the idea of being a hot little slut," I said. "And you're so beautiful and fun and you've been such a good friend to Josh and me, and you're so sweet and I just... got carried away."

"Sure," Linda said. She wasn't convinced. She then looked at me. "You know what pisses me off the most about all this? That you think of me as some kind of fetish object."

"I don't!" I said, probably a bit too loud. "I mean, I know you're trans, but I really do think you're a girl."

"I'm not trans," Linda said. "I'm a girl. I have a cock, but I have the other parts too. And you know what, I'll take Josh on that date you've been asking for, but not because I want to appease whatever fantasy you got going on, because I want to show him how much better I am for him than you."

I closed my eyes as an odd burn tore through me. The prospect of losing Josh versus the prospect of my big hulking husband being fucked by this petite little brunette with ample breasts and a sexy ass was tearing me up. I mean, I knew that Linda was a woman, but she was also a woman with a cock, which made her a very different kind of woman. And I knew Linda could do things in bed I simply wasn't able to. The danger warned me and it enticed me. And the fact that she was right added to that.

But would Josh sink so low as to let someone like Linda fuck him? Even taking her on a date was far. Perhaps I was moving too fast here. Or perhaps Linda could fuck his brains out.

"Look, I think we're all a bit agitated from all that has happened these past weeks, and I understand that you might want to prove a point," I said, trying to remain calm.

"I'm not proving anything. You're not my boss or my wife," Linda said. "You're just a housewife who got herself a little too cocky for her own good."

I had to almost physically stop myself from throwing myself on Linda's cock. She was so hot when she was pissed. I wanted to kiss her, I wanted to kiss her so fucking bad, and I wanted to feel her dick inside me, filling me up, and I wanted to feel her cum inside me again. I felt it in my loins, the way my pussy ached to have her dick ravage it.

I got up. "I should go," I said. Linda got up too.

"You should get on your knees and suck my cock," Linda said. My knees buckled. "You think I didn't notice what you really wanted? You're not so good at hiding how you're feeling, you know. Go on, you know you want it."

I got on my knees. I couldn't resist. I needed it. I loved Josh and I knew he would forgive me, so I couldn't resist Linda anymore. I pulled up her nightgown and looked at her gorgeous cock. Her panties were bulging from her massive semi, and I pulled them down, letting it spring free. It was so big and tasty and I loved it. I couldn't resist. I wanted it. I wanted it so bad.

"This is all you wanted, right?" Linda said, grabbing my head, forcing me to look at her cock. "All you ever wanted was my fucking dick, right?"

"I'm sorry," I whimpered, knowing that Linda was right. She was right in that I wanted her dick more than anything in the world, and she was right in that I was a bitch who needed to be put in her place. I wasn't the perfect wife, and I knew it.

"Just admit it and I'll make you feel good," Linda said, slapping my cheek with her cock.

"I'm a cockslut who wants Linda's big dick in my mouth," I moaned, my body trembling.

"Good bitch," Linda said. She moved my head in place while angling her cock at my mouth with her hips. "Open wide."

Linda's cock entered my mouth and I felt whole again. I was so grateful that Linda had come into our lives. She was such a blessing. She was so kind to let me have her cock, and I knew she was a better woman than me. She would treat Josh so much better. I knew that if Linda and Josh were meant to be together, I had to help them. I had to help Linda fuck Josh. I had to help Linda get her cock in Josh's ass.

I almost came just thinking about it. Linda's perfect cock would fuck his tight little butt so good, and Josh would love it. He would love her. And he would be such a good little cumdump for Linda. What a humiliating prospect for him.

I moaned loudly as Linda used my mouth and I felt my pussy drip like crazy.

"Yeah, you love it, don't you?" Linda hissed, and I could taste Linda's pre-cum on my tongue. "Get up here. I'm gonna fuck that nice little ass you got, and I'm gonna think of your precious husband while I use his wife like the cocksleeve she is."

"Yes, please," I said, getting up.

Still hidden under my robe, Linda tugged lightly at the flimsy knot, letting the entire thing come loose. With a small shrug, I was left with nothing more than my pretty little panties. After a quick inspection of my nearly naked body, I was turned around. Linda pulled down my panties and had me bend over the couch.

I heard her spit on my asshole, then felt her lubing it up with her saliva. I moaned in anticipation. "Now be a good little whore, and take it," Linda said, moving her hips, guiding her big cock-head right up to my asshole, before pressing forward, penetrating me.

The initial pressure sent a dull pain through me as Linda's girth was testing my asses resistances, but I breathed through my nose and just focused on relaxing my rear hole to make it easier for both of us. "Oh my god, that's so tight, yeah," Linda whispered, gripping my cheeks hard to spread me wider, and push her cock harder. I bit my lip, grunting, trying not to cry out, but it was too fucking good.

The pressure grew as Linda pushed harder, and I felt myself spread around her girth. It hurt and it stung, but it was a good sting, like when you've been outside in the cold for a long time, and you finally go inside where it's warm, and you're so sensitive to the warmth, you actually feel the warmth, you know?

My breathing intensified as Linda started to pull back, only to push back in. I couldn't believe how amazing her cock felt in my ass. It was so thick, so hot, and the way her big shaft glided through my sphincter was simply divine. I felt my pussy twitch and clench as Linda started to build up a steady rhythm.

"Oh my god," I moaned. "Oh my god, this feels so good."

"You like that, bitch?" Linda hissed. "You like my fat cock in your ass?"

"Yes, Linda! Yes, please!" I cried. "Please fuck my ass, please!"

Linda's hands moved up my back, and then to my hair, grabbing it, pulling it, as she sped up the pace. "I'm gonna make this ass my own little plaything," she hissed. "I'm gonna fuck this hole anytime I want." I could only moan as she fucked me hard. "Even after I've stolen Josh, I'll use this. But only if he wants it.

You see, I'll make sure he's taken care of. I'll treat him good and have him in ways you can't, and he will experience more pleasure from me than ever with you."

"Yes, please," I begged. "Please steal Josh from me."

Linda slapped my ass hard. "Shut up, bitch," she said, letting go of my hair, and placing her hands back on my hips, so she could fuck me even harder.

It hurt, but I loved it. I knew Linda was right. She would treat Josh good. She would be so good to him. I knew Josh deserved someone better than me, and I wanted her to give him all the love I couldn't. My mind was in a crazy downward spiral as Linda taunted and fucked me, every octave of her verbal abuse being received with such gratitude by my mind, my brain being forced into a mental submissiveness because I knew she was right.

I had been so bad to Josh. I had been so selfish and stupid, and now I was paying for it. My poor ass was getting destroyed and punished, Linda taking her frustration out on me as she fucked me deep, her balls slapping against my pussy.

And by god did I love getting my ass fucked. I was so close to cumming. I was so fucking close. I needed it. I needed to cum.

"Please, Linda," I whimpered. "Please, let me cum."

Linda angled her hips, hitting my spot so good. "You wanna cum?" she asked.

"Yes!" I cried.

"Then beg for it," Linda hissed.

"Please, Linda," I said, my voice breaking. "Please, I need it. Please let me cum. I need to cum."

"Yeah, that's right," Linda said, fucking me so hard. "Beg for it, slut. Beg for it like the slut you are."

I gripped the side of the couch tightly as Linda ravished my ass and I couldn't take it anymore. My brain turned to goo as I crossed my peak, and my body tensed as the orgasm hit me. The waves rushed over me, and I just knew my body had been reduced to being the means of Linda's pleasure. A nice sleeve for her perfect dick to destroy and a wet hole to ejaculate into, nothing more, and nothing less.

Linda wasn't holding back, fucking my hole good, before pulling her cock out of my ass, flipping me over, and jamming it back down my throat. I wrapped my legs around her as she furiously pumped my head. She grabbed my tits as she did so, not treating them very kindly as she kneaded my tits rather hard. Not that I would ever complain.

I was only able to gag on her cock for several seconds before Linda was groaning, shooting her seed down my throat, straight into my stomach. The sensation of having her cum in my stomach again was absolutely phenomenal and I struggled not to choke or gasp.

Linda pulled out when she finished. I sucked in a desperate breath, coughing and hacking as the strain on my throat had been quite harsh, and the sudden inhale burned my trachea. I was in heaven.

"Go, clean yourself up," Linda commanded, kicking my ass. "Then back upstairs."

"Thank you," I whispered.

Linda rolled her eyes, sending a shiver through me.

"Did you mean what you said?" I asked meekly.

"I'm not the type of person to steal someone's spouse, but yes. I don't think you deserve Josh," Linda said, rather bluntly.

This time I scoffed.

"And you think you'd take him? I mean one thing is dirty talk, but Josh would never go for that," I said.

"Wouldn't he? He's pretty insecure about his sexuality," Linda said.

"But he knows he's straight," I said, more coldly than I intended. "And he loves me. Always will."

Linda winced. Good. Stay in your lane. One thing is to taunt and tease, but if Linda actually thought she'd steal my man, then she didn't know Josh at all. But I knew I had struck a nerve, and I felt bad.

"Sorry, I shouldn't have said it like that," I tried. Linda turned away.

"Just go," Linda said.

I grabbed my clothes and went.

*

Josh had been oblivious to the... interaction between Linda and I, and just as well. I was there to make amends, but I felt I had made it all worse. He'd reprimand me no doubt. Linda had put the fear in me a little bit. I mean, being faced with a girl who legitimately wanted my husband for herself was a daunting one. Perhaps letting her have her way with him at some level had been too dangerous of a game, like letting her kiss him, forcing her cock into his mouth, and leaving sloppy seconds for Josh to find.

Had this been what Josh felt when I had slept with Toby? That horrible feeling of jealousy and humiliation, that sick feeling in your stomach? That feeling of wanting to cry, to break down, but being so paralyzed by it that you simply couldn't?

Perhaps I had been too harsh on Josh. Or too loosey-goosey with his emotions.

The next day, I did my chores. I cooked breakfast for us all, did some laundry, vacuumed the house, and cleaned up after Barney's drooling attempt at eating and drinking. Linda was a bit awkward around me, but I decided not to bother her. Josh was also busy, getting calls and emails. Luna had apparently set up quite a few meetings with vendors in New York, and they were all excited.

I spent the rest of the day in my office, playing games, and trying to think of what I was going to do. I didn't want to lose Josh, but I also knew Linda was right. I didn't deserve Josh. I had made efforts to better myself, but was it too little too late? As far as I could tell, Josh had no intention, nor given an inkling that he was unhappy with me, so I had to be more patient.

Then there was the dinner Josh had invited Amanda to. I guess I trusted her in some odd way. Not that I didn't trust Linda, but a part of me desperately wanted Josh to take her on a date and see where it led, if nothing else than for one evening only.

As an effort to control the situation, I wondered if I should give Josh a green card with Amanda, beyond oral. That way I didn't have to speculate or worry about it, but still get to see what Josh was like with other women. I think Linda was right in that Josh would be a good submissive slut, and I think Amanda had the potential to make him so.

She could be quite forceful in what she wanted, but I also knew that she didn't have any romantic interest in Josh. God, just the thought of those two together. Then perhaps, while they were out, I could make amends with Linda. Again. We had the house to ourselves all night, as Josh was taking Amanda upstate.

And it wasn't about sex, necessarily. I have a conscious believe it or not, and how I almost spat Linda's disposition back in her face wasn't how I liked to treat people. I had been a bitch, and I knew it. But I had to try to be better. And I would. I promised myself that I would.

So when she returned from work, I waited half an hour before I went downstairs and knocked on her door again.

"You come to evict me?" Linda asked, half sarcastically, half worried.

"No. I'm here to say sorry. I was being a bitch, and I feel like shit for talking to you like that. Before I fucked up and let you... y'know, we were friends. I think we still are, that this is just a rough patch, and I really, really, want us to remain friends. Even if you never sleep with me again. And I will not even bat an eye like I haven't up till now when you kiss Josh. Just, if you do end up... in a position, I get it. It's okay if you and him, if you go on that aforementioned date, that you do stuff," I said, finding it difficult to find the right words.

"I feel bad too. I mean, I know I'm not completely at fault, but I feel like I kind of am, letting myself get dragged down like this. And please, Kim, don't feel like you have to offer Josh as some sort of token for my forgiveness. I hope you know that when I say it. If, in a different world where it could happen, I were to be with Josh, I want it to be genuine," Linda said, putting her hands outside my shoulders. A nice gesture of sympathy. I didn't feel I truly deserved it though. "Though I won't bite the hand who feeds me, so if I get to sometimes kiss him, then I'll gladly be fed," Linda added with a smirk, hoping it was all good now. It was.

"If you tell me when your birthday is, I'll convince him to show up as a stripper," I joked. Linda smiled at that.

"And yes, I forgive you, and I'm sorry for whatever part I played in this," Linda said.

"I'm glad," I said.

We hugged, and shared a bottle of wine, watching a silly rom-com.

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"I'm so glad I could join you this time. I've worked my ass off for a long time now, so getting a break, a good dinner, and a handsome young man taking me out is just what I need," Amanda said. "Though, I know we're here on business."

"I think the food and the wine will taste just as great, even if it is for business," I said, driving our asses into a parking building. Yes, I was able to drive despite the ACL, as long as I kept my knee somewhat stable.

"Aren't you nervous? Or don't these types of meetings bother the big boss?" Amanda teased. I looked over her. Stunning as always. A green dress that matched her blonde hair and blue eyes. Like sapphires and emerald. Decently modest, teasingly short. "Well, I'm sure you'll be great. These guys will love you. So, am I to be your wife for today?"

"I kinda just skim over that part, usually," I said.

"Oh, so you bring lots of girls to be your little escorts?" Amanda asked.

"Just Luna once or twice. But trust me, having someone beautiful on my arm can go a long way, especially in this business," I replied.

"My, is that a compliment I hear?" Amanda asked.

"I don't think there's any doubt you're hot," I chuckled, finding a decent spot on the roof. I always liked the roof, as there were rarely any cars up here. At least it was less populated than the previous floors.

"Thank you, I guess," Amanda said, stepping out of the car.

"You look stunning tonight, by the way. I mean it."

"Thank you," Amanda said, holding out a hand to help me up from my seat. "You should've gotten a cane."

"I guess. But the crutches will do," I said, finding them in the back seat.

"Well, I'm determined to have fun, at least," Amanda said.

"That's a good attitude," I replied.

"So, you want us to indulge in that pesky little 'oral is fine' rule?" Amanda asked. "We still have a few minutes, and this rooftop looks desolate enough."

"Should we ruin the dress?" I asked. Amanda smiled.

"Fair enough," Amanda said, moving closer, cupping a hand on my crotch as she looked up at me. "Maybe it would be better if I help you with my hand then? I mean, it would surely ease the tension. Besides, isn't it fun doing something up here in the open? It's dark enough that no one will see, but what if, y'know."

"Maybe," I said, letting Amanda open my fly.

"Something tells me you like my cleavage," Amanda said, looking into my eyes still, not breaking one moment as she yanked open my belt and opened my jeans, grabbing my dick, and pulling it out.

"I do," I said. "And I bet you'd look really good with your tits out."

"Oh, wouldn't that be scandalous?" Amanda said, her soft hand jerking me off. "I mean, the head of an advertising company being caught getting a handy on the roof of a parking garage? What would the papers say? It wasn't even his wife."

"It could be," I said, moaning as Amanda jerked me off.

"Is that what you want? You want to see my tits and know that they're yours? That I'm yours?" Amanda teased.

"I might," I said, placing my hands on her shoulders, leaning against her as her attention was quite skillful, making it hard to stand upright with one properly working foot.

"Well, I'm yours for tonight. I know Kim loves her rules, but I don't care about them," Amanda said, intently looking up at me as she jerked me off. I had to fight the urge to just grab her head and force her down on my cock. I wanted it so bad. Her lips were so plump. Red lipstick. Eloquently moving as she spoke. How could she be so fucking hot? She leaned up to caress my cheek with her lips, giving me the lightest of pecks before reaching my ear, and nibbling on it. "I can be yours, Josh. I'll do anything you want me to. All you have to do is ask."

"Fuck," I said, feeling a tingle run through me. "You're too much..."

"Yeah? Well, then be a good boy and cum for me, big boy," Amanda whispered in my ear. "Cum for me. I wanna see it. Show me how much you love my hand on your cock. I can't wait to feel it in my mouth, to taste you, to have you cum in my mouth, down my throat. Punish my mouth and face for being such a teasing slut for you."

"Oh, fuck!" I groaned, my orgasm hitting me.

I looked down, seeing the white snowy cum squirt onto Amanda's hands. I felt my whole body tremble as I erupted all over her hands.

"You naughty boy," Amanda said, smiling. "I knew you liked it."

"I do," I admitted, breathing hard.

"Do you want me to clean it off?" Amanda asked.

"We're supposed to be on our way to a meeting," I said. Amanda then pressed her lips to mine, shoving her tongue in my mouth before I knew it. Her soft moans as we kissed made me start to grow excited again, but Amanda pulled away.

"We had to maintain the oral rule," Amanda smiled. She then produced a napkin from her handbag and patted my cheeks. "There you go, all ready to brutalize a few poor business folks, getting your products plastered all over their walls."

"You're a real tease, you know that?" I breathed.

"I know," Amanda winked, before turning around and walking away.

I quickly stuffed my dick back in my pants, zipped up my fly, and hurried after her.

"Well, with that out of the way, your attention can be up in the limelight, rather on whether there's a thong between you and my ass later tonight," Amanda called over her shoulder, waiting for me to catch up.

The restaurant was among Indianapolis' finest, and we dressed accordingly. You might say, if you're not from or live in Indiana, that doesn't say much, but it was what we had and when fine folk come from out of state just because you tore your ACL making flying a hassle, you hit the big drums. They had insisted on coming over, as they were quite fond of me it seemed. Enthusiastic. Perhaps our small roster of sports stars would do them good, as well as our forward-leaning philosophies in regard to our demographics.

The people who came over were the couple who owned a chain of exclusive store fronts that wanted out clothes and one of their partners. I think he handled the finances but was also quite active in the day-to-day as well.

Amanda was splendid too. Aside from being a bombshell when it came to pouring out her sexuality, she was able to be quite the classy lady on my arm. Laughing at my dad jokes(I tried to not go too hard on the jokes so no to insult these people), and even struck up her own topics. She had a lot to add, actually, as she was well-educated in behavioral science on her way to her PhD.

Both her small speech about intuition and first impressions and how important they are, and her ambition, seemed to woo our company. In fact, as I suspected, they seemed to assume Amanda was my wife. They hadn't met Kim, nor had I really had the opportunity to bring her up, so it was a fair assessment, especially with how well the two of us got along.

The wife of the two even asked how long we had been together. And Amanda took the wheels, before I said she was just a friend.

"Childhood sweethearts, can you believe it?" Amanda smiled glittering.

"Not often you hear that these days," the man chuckled.

And while Amanda was splendid, her attire, her demeanor, it was hard to not throw her glances. Not too many, as I didn't want to make it obvious I didn't get to gawk at this sexy blonde every day, but enough to

keep my blood up. She wore a modest green dress that reached just above her knees. Her neckline was a bit deeper than Kim's, her cleavage on display and teasingly deep, almost reaching beneath her chest, while not showing too much skin on either side of the cavern.

And when Amanda caught my gaze, she just smiled confidently, knowing full well her effect on me. Her eyes glittered with that confidence as if to say, "Yes, I know you want me. All of me." It was exhilarating.

So much so that I almost forgot to eat my dinner. By the end, the couple was pleased with us, saying they got the right image of me and we hoped to meet again in both non-formal and more formal occasions.

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"God, that was amazing," I said, taking a big whiff of the crisp night air. "And I don't just mean the wine. Amanda, you were amazing."

"Thanks," Amanda smiled. We were back at the hotel we had booked for the night, sitting out on the balcony for a nightcap. The moon was high and full and the city lights glittered in the distance. "We make quite the team, don't you think?"

"We do," I smiled.

"Good," Amanda said, taking a sip of her red wine. Even taking a sip was overly sensual and erotic with this woman. She leaned back in her chair, making her cleavage pop out of her dress even more. "But it's time we address the elephant in the room."

"And what would that be?" I asked, taking a sip myself.

"Well, I think we should establish whether you want to fuck me tonight or not," Amanda said.

I choked on my wine.

"What?" I coughed.

"Well, I think the rules are a bit ambiguous," Amanda said. "Like, oral is fine blah blah, but we both know I don't care about that. So I want to know, rules aside, do you, Josh, want to fuck me?"

"I... uh... well..." I stammered. I was getting hard just thinking about it. My eyes trailed to her exposed thighs. Strong, yet curvaceous. We had slept together before, but Kim had agreed to that. This felt different.

"If you say yes, we go into your room, we take off our clothes, and we fuck each other's brains out. I won't tell Kim if you don't. You're an adult, she's an adult, and this is just fun. That's why I'm here. To have fun, not to ruin your marriage," Amanda said, standing up to lean against the railing of our balcony, thus gluing my eyes to how the silky fabric hugged her shapely ass cheeks and hips. "That being said, if you say no, I'm not gonna try and force myself on you. I might try and convince you, but I won't force you to do anything."

I had to admit, I wanted to. I wanted to sink my teeth into those ass cheeks, I wanted to soak in the odor between her breasts, I wanted to feel her soft thighs around me.

"Josh, I really like you. And I don't just mean like that. I like you as a person too, and I love how you treat me. Not many people treat me like you do. Like I'm more than just a blonde slut. And I love how you look at me. It's so hungry. I know you're dying to pry my legs apart and bury your face between my thighs. But alas, we aren't allowed, are we?" Amanda said, slowly turning as she spoke. Her mouth was curved in a confident smirk as her hands reached behind her.

She grabbed the zipper, slowly pulling it down.

The green dress dropped to the ground. She was naked beneath it. Her nipples were hard, her tits were heavy. Her curves were in a perfect place between fit and thick. And here she stood, a sexy silhouette against the night sky, naked before me, tempting me to go over there and grab her.

"I guess that's your answer," Amanda smirked, seeing my erection tenting my pants. She looked so damn good, leaning back against the railing, letting me see her naked body in all its glory. Her thighs squished out even better as she leaned there for a moment, taking another sip of her wine. "Well, I'm gonna shower."

Amanda turned around and went inside.

I almost went after her. Amanda simply smiled over her shoulder as she went over to the bathroom door, opened, went inside, but letting the door hang open. A clear invitation.

I couldn't. I knew I couldn't. I sat down, taking a deep breath, trying to calm my hardon, but it was futile.

But I was a married man. I knew I shouldn't.

I heard the shower start.

I knew I couldn't.

I got up and walked over to the bathroom door. I paused for a moment, but then stepped inside.

Amanda was already in the shower, washing herself, her hair. The shower doors were semi-transparent, letting me see her naked body in all its glory. She wasn't doing anything sexy. But the water and her

flawless curves and shapely ass with the water was a perfect combination that made it impossible to resist.

"You decided?" Amanda asked, opening her eyes to look at me through the glass doors.

"Fuck, I want to so bad, but I can't," I said, forcing my eyes away, my eyes drawn to her breasts as she moved to rinse her hair. They strutted out so beautifully.

"It's just a bit of fun, Josh," Amanda said. "Come on, what harm is there? If anything, oral is still on the table, right?"

"I..."

Amanda opened the shower door, standing in all her naked glory, beckoning me inside. I couldn't resist. I was under her spell. I stripped my clothes off, awkwardly due to my knee, and went in. She closed the door behind me.

"I can't believe I'm doing this," I said, feeling guilty already.

Amanda wrapped her arms around me and kissed me. It felt so good. Her hands trailed down my back, her nipples pressed against me. My cock pressed against her. I felt her boobs against my chest as we kissed, her soft lips pressed against mine. I could taste the wine on her tongue as we made out. Her tongue was so skillful. I couldn't stop. Her soft, yet strong hands grabbed my ass, forcing my cock to press against her stomach.

I couldn't resist. I was weak to this woman's advances and I knew I was wrong. But I couldn't help it. I needed it so bad. I wanted to be bad. I wanted to fuck this beautiful, sexy blonde who was just as horny as I was.

I pushed her against the shower wall and she lifted her right foot to wrap it around my thigh as my cock throbbed against her stomach.

"There you go," Amanda panted, arching her head as I nestled into her neck, kissing it, sucking on it, as she wrapped her arms around my shoulders, pushing my face harder into her neck. I let my hands grab her tits, feeling those heavy beautis in my hands as I tried to eat Amanda's neck. "Yes, just like that, baby," Amanda moaned. "Grab my tits, squeeze them."

"They're so perfect," I whispered, pressing them together. "And your ass is amazing too."

"Yeah, baby? You want to fuck it? You want to sink your big cock in my tight juicy booty?" Amanda teased, looking down at me with a grin.

"Fuck, yes," I groaned, my dick throbbing. Amanda turned, and for a second I thought she was for real, but she simply pressed her ass back against my groin, trapping my erection between her exquisite cheeks. "That's—"

"That's fine," Amanda said, craning her neck to meet my lips with hers. "Just an appetizer, big boy."

I groaned against her lips, humping her cheeks, my hands groping her tits and stomach as we made out. It felt so good. The water cascaded down us as we pressed against each other, and I couldn't stop myself. I needed it. I needed it so badly. The way Amanda moved her ass, it was so hard not to just take her.

"Fuck me," Amanda moaned into my mouth, reaching back with one hand, grabbing my cock, aligning it with her pussy. "Fucking take me, Josh," Amanda groaned. I couldn't resist. I needed her so bad.

I felt my cock head find her wet entrance. All I had to do now was to press forward and I would be inside her. I felt so guilty already, but it was too late. I was going to fuck this woman.

"You're so fucking hot," I grunted, before sinking my teeth into her neck.

"Yes!" Amanda cried, her body tensing up as my cock penetrated her.

Fuck. I had to pause once I was inside her. I had forgotten how good Amanda felt. Her insides were so warm and soft. I could feel every single ridge and bump of her walls as my cock throbbed inside her.

"Fuck me, Josh," Amanda groaned, looking back at me with a glint in her eye. "You put up a good fight, but now you can let go and do what you wanted all night."

I grabbed her hips as I pulled out, only to slam back inside her. "Yes!" Amanda cried, arching her head back. "Just like that!" Amanda grabbed the top of the shower wall for support as I fucked her from behind. Her ass looked so good as I pounded her. Her ass jiggled with every thrust, and I felt so good being inside her again, feeling that ass press against me over and over.

Her pussy squeezed me tightly as I fucked her, and it was hard not to cum right there and then. Instead, I pulled out and managed to lift her up, and ignoring my knee I carried her out of the shower and then the bathroom, found the bed, and threw her down on her back. I didn't give her time to think as I grabbed her legs, spreading them, and entered her again.

"Fuck!" Amanda cried out, grabbing her breasts as I fucked her. I felt myself bottom out inside her, and her eyes went wide as I felt my cock hit her cervix. "Oh my god, Josh!" Amanda gasped, looking at me in disbelief as I fucked her. "You're so deep, oh my god, fuck!"

"You're so tight," I groaned, holding on to her strong thighs.

"You're so big!" Amanda moaned, her mouth gaping wide. "Fuck me! Fuck my pussy!"

It was so difficult not to cum. Amanda's tightness was just milking my cock. I pushed her legs toward her shoulders, and as her pelvis rose, I used my weight to really smash her pussy good. Amanda groaned and gasped, her eyes rolled upwards, and she let go a hitched cry. "Fuck!" she gasped, her belly clenching hard as I felt her tighten up on me even more.

"Did you just cum?" I asked. Amanda groaned, nodding. "That fast?"

"Of course," Amanda smiled dreamily. "How could I not with you?"

"God damn, you're perfect," I said, almost falling. The pleasure was too much.

"Are you getting close?" Amanda asked, looking down, at the cock ravishing her.

"Yeah. So, so close. Your pussy feels so fucking good," I said, increasing the pace. I was so close to blowing.

"Don't you want to fuck my ass first?" Amanda whispered in my ear. I bit down and groaned just from that. "What, you never fucked Kim's ass before? Wanna stick it in just to see what it feels like?"

"I don't know if that's a good idea," I said.

"It's so warm, so snug, and it will fit your cock perfectly," Amanda said, sucking on my neck, keeping her breasts pressed against mine.

"God, it sounds so tempting."

"You would fill my ass so good, big boy," Amanda cooed. "Give it a go. See if you want to finish that way. Or dump your load inside of me. That would be fun too."

"I think... I think I'll stick with your pussy," I said.

"Then I need you to cum, Josh," Amanda said, reaching up. She ran her nails across my face, teasing it, and she smiled mischievously. "Cum for me, big boy. Cum deep inside of this tight little pussy you've lusted after all night. Let it all out inside of me. You want to, don't you? You want to own this tight little pussy."

I couldn't speak. I groaned in response.

"Oh my god, I love how big you are. This thick girth stretching me, hitting everything. I love it when it hits my cervix. Just feels so fucking good, Josh," Amanda groaned, wrapping her arms around me and grabbed my ass to hold me close. "Make this pussy yours. Fill me up, let me have it. Cum deep inside, please."

And then my orgasm washed over me, and there was nothing I could do but explode inside Amanda, just like she demanded. Amanda gripped my ass tighter, making me bottom out within her as she groaned out just as enthusiastically as I grunted. The pleasure was simply unreal. My whole body seemed to come alive. From the tips of my fingers, all the way down to the tip of my toes. It was simply ecstatic. My entire body shuddered and clenched with the overwhelming pleasure as I experienced the absolute bliss of the orgasm.

"Oh yeah," Amanda whispered. "Fuck, that's good."

My ears were ringing, my mind foggy. All I felt was Amanda beneath me, wrapped around my softening cock. Her walls, still contracting, massaging me, still draining the cum from me.

"Kiss me," Amanda ordered, reaching her face up. I kissed her, and it was just as divine as all the kisses prior. Perhaps because I was tired and spent, but it felt better, more genuine, and I felt more comfortable kissing her without feeling dirty. Amanda could tell. "You okay?"

"I guess," I said. My cock slipped out. "Did we go too far? Will Kim... would she forgive me if she found out?"

Amanda cupped my face. "She would," she said. "With the things she has done? I don't think she had any ground to stand on. I can't believe she'd ever cheat on you."

"Well, I think it's a matter of who it is with, and to what extent," I said. "Like with... our previous tenant, it was all wrong. Now, with Linda... it is different."

Amanda looked at me with a pained expression. "She hasn't told you yet?" she asked.

"Who? What?" I asked.

"That's not for me to tell," Amanda sighed. "I'm sorry, Josh."

"Is it some girly gossip?" I teased.

"Something like that," Amanda sighed, looking out at the balcony absentmindedly. "I don't know what I was thinking."

"What do you mean? You haven't said anything," I said, looking at her confused.

"No, not that. This. Us. I've wanted to sleep with you again for so long, but now I feel guilty about how it went down."

"Oh, well—"

"You said no so many times, tried to put up defenses, but I tore them all down. I wanted you for so long, but not like this. I couldn't stop myself," Amanda said, sounding pretty sad. She looked at me. She wasn't teary-eyed, that wasn't the Amanda I knew, but I saw regret plainly written on her face. "Mostly I feel bad for you."

"Me? Why?" I replied.

"You deserve so much better, and you're stuck with Kim instead of someone who deserves you and who doesn't emotionally abuse you and manipulate you. I don't think you'd ever fuck me if it wasn't for the fucked up situation you have at home, and that being the reason why I finally got you for myself, it honestly breaks me a bit to know what kind of confusion you're walking around with. Never knowing whether your wife will love you the way she should, or if you'll be met with a knife to your gut," Amanda said. She had by now got up from the bed. She leaned against the door to the balcony, wrapped in her black silk robe, staring into the abyss. "Not that I would be much better. I'm not saying I'm your perfect spouse, nor do I seek to be, nor do I deserve it, but I'd at least love to be. If I were with you."

"Amanda—" I tried. It didn't feel great to hear what Amanda was saying. It was heartfelt, emotional, and I found it hard to break through, but part of me... well... I knew that some of the things she was sadly true.

"I'm not asking you to leave Kim for me, I don't even want that. I'm just saying, you don't have to settle for Kim," Amanda said.

"I wouldn't say we're settled—"

"It's just, it's been a weird night. I love being with you, but I feel bad for it. I feel like I'm hurting you," Amanda said, turning to look at me. "I hope you can forgive me."

"Amanda, it's fine. You didn't force me to do anything I didn't want to," I said.

"Still. I wish we had a better story than this," Amanda said, leaning her head against the doorframe. "I can't believe I did that. I feel dirty."

"I don't," I said, getting up. I hated seeing her like this, even if it was at some level justifiable that she felt this way. "Amanda, don't beat yourself up. It's fine. I wanted this. If anything, I think you're right that I'm confused. It doesn't feel great being this torn up about something that should be natural. Sometimes I wish I never opened that can of worms at all, that Kim and I stayed content. I knew we could never take it back once we went down this road, but we're young and stupid, and we made a stupid choice. And now it seems like it's a really hard feat to take it back. Perhaps we can't... Some part of me worry that Kim

doesn't want to revert back to a 'normal' sex life. I'm scared that if I ask her to that she'll go behind my back, or that I'd worry all the time that she would, and even having accusing thoughts like that doesn't feel too great, let me tell you."

Amanda turned to me, her eyes sad, and she walked over, wrapping her arms around me.

"I'm sorry for making things worse," she said.

"I appreciate your honesty," I replied, holding her back. It was odd to see this strong woman suddenly so vulnerable. Seeing how distraught she was, I simply wanted to comfort her.

We stood there, holding each other for several minutes. Her hands traveled up my back, squeezing my muscles a bit before one hand cradled my neck, her nails scratching my scalp, her other hand caressing my chest, slowly descending. I felt my cock stir as her fingers tickled my pelvis. She grabbed it and started stroking.

"Let me make it up to you," she whispered, kissing me. "Let me soothe you."

"Is this a good idea?" I asked, knowing full well the answer, knowing both us would indulge happily for another comforting mistake.

"Sshhh," Amanda said, kissing my neck. "Let me make you feel good. Free of worries, just for a little while."