

## A Young Couple's Journey Part 9 (TNT 18)

The guilt written on Josh's face as he confessed his sins to me made me feel like utter shit. I of course forgave him, then pried him for how he and Amanda had entangled with one another. He relented some things, earning himself an enthusiastic, bouncing wife in his lap. But the reason why it made me feel like shit was because Josh felt bad. If I had gotten my ass in gear and given him the green light... and the fact that he felt so much more guilt than I felt whenever I slept with Linda or crossed a new line of debauchery.

Like when Linda came inside of me... I felt guilty because it hurt Josh, but not the act itself. And I hadn't even told him about how Linda had taught me the pleasures of anal sex. But I didn't feel bad about it, per se. So what did that say about me?

Not to mention, Amanda and Josh had crossed the final boundary. They had had penetrative sex, and that meant we were now on even footing, at least that was how I saw it. I had told Josh he was allowed to do it with her that time, and that I forgave him, so we were even. And yet, the difference in our responses was quite telling. I didn't feel any different. If anything, it excited me. It was as if I didn't have an ounce of guilt in me. I only felt bad that Josh felt bad about it.

With that information, I knew Josh was able to cave into some extra-marital fun. He swore it was a one-time thing, but as visions of Linda's perfect ass clenching and unclenching as she claimed my husband filled my mind, I sure hope it wouldn't be the last time Josh would slip up. The poor man. Broken down from the man he once was. I felt bad, but also happy.

And while Josh had been broken down and taken by Amanda, I hadn't exactly been innocent either. After a few glasses of wine, after the movie, Linda had taken me right there on the couch, even claiming my ass again, filling it up with her cum.

So it was safe to say that, a couple of days later, I was still riding that high and had a slight limp in my step. That being said, I was eager for more, but the thought of Linda fucking Josh made me nervous. Linda loved him, and I was sure that she would do her best to win Josh over to her side.

But I couldn't deny that a part of me wished she would succeed, if only so I could see that sight for myself. I could already imagine how his strong back would look as he was mounted by her. The danger was too enticing. The visions of it were too perfect. Or perhaps I hadn't truly had a good 'fix' except for one or two rounds of brutal assfucking from Linda.

Then there was the fact that the more I got to know Linda, the more I realized I liked her. She was strong, smart, and confident. All great qualities I wanted in myself, and in my friends. I had found a kindred spirit, at least in the ways I wanted to envision myself.

The only problem was, I wasn't sure how well she liked me. She had forgiven me, fucked me, all that, but the things I had said to her were irreversible, or would take more than just a night of sex to fix.

I had to try to get to know her more, and hope she would let me in, kinda like how she had let Josh in. And Josh and Linda... well, I knew it was something that I yearned for, that neither of them likely even thought about, but I wanted Josh to take Linda on a date. For them to have the house to themselves for

perhaps a weekend, while I was out with Luna or something. To have them get to know one another, to give them a chance.

I just needed to find a way to make it happen without tipping my hand. And Luna was the way to do just that. She headed to California next week, so I could join her, go with her to ease some of the workload, and then we'd stay there over the extended weekend while... Linda hopefully got her hands on my man. While Linda hopefully claimed him, even if it was for a brief period of time.

Meanwhile, my small group of fans on OnlyFans wanted their share of me. Yes. I started the week by opening an account there. I don't know why I was so daring, but the thought of being lusted after, that people, men, were willing to pay their hard-earned money to see me perform, was such a thrill. I remember the little stuff I did with Luna, a while ago, before she deleted hers, and I remembered it more fondly than I'd thought.

Perhaps it was the exhibitionist in me, or perhaps it was the underlying slutty tendencies.

And so, I started the week off with a bang, so to speak. With my first 'official' video only a few days into my small side hustle.

It started off with me, alone in the bedroom. I simply sat on the bed in my underwear, with the phone blocking my face to not dox myself. I had gotten a few comments here and there on my profile, but not too many. I had posted a few pictures, showing off my ass in tight leggings, some cleavage, and my stomach.

And every time I posted, this excitement welled within me, like I was a naughty girl. But no one would ever know it was me. It was a bit risky, but I knew to keep it safe. And besides, it wasn't like I was posting nudes. But I did post a picture of my naked ass from behind, though.

That one had gotten a lot of comments. I had been so nervous posting it, but seeing all those people, all these horny men, begging to see more of me was so thrilling. It made me feel wanted on a whole new level. Desired. It was a weird sense of validation.

The video was a byproduct of that attention. It was a simple video. 12 seconds long, me filming over my shoulder with a red sporty boxer shorts on, careful not to show my face. I even hooked a thumb into the hem, teasing drawing down, stopping just after showing a few inches of flesh. But just like the pictures, I got a lot of positive feedback, and it seemed like it was just the tip of the iceberg.

"God, this is so messed up," I hissed, reading how they lusted after me. Some of them were creepy, sure, but I ignored them. It was mostly innocent.

After satiating my small group of fans, I went to the gym to get a workout done, and shower, then I'd head to Entrendy HQ to pick up Luna so we could head to Los Angeles. I felt extra naughty as I wore the same underwear from the video to the gym. I mean, no one would know, but it was enough that I knew.

"Kimmy! How are you?" Alex said, finding me yet again at the gym. I really should change the time of day when I work out. Didn't this dude have somewhere else to be, by the way? He was wearing a gray shirt and black shorts. The guy had a good body and was pretty fit, so the smugness came from somewhere.

"Hi, Alex," I said, trying to sound chipper, but not too much. I didn't want him to get his hopes up, but I wanted to be nice as well. "How's it going?"

"Pretty good. I'm here to work out, of course," Alex said, leaning on the machine I was using. I had already finished my set, but he didn't need to know that.

"Yeah? What are you doing?" I asked politely.

"I'm on my second set of deadlifts, so I figured I'd take a break," Alex said, looking around.

"You're pretty strong," I said, knowing that you need a good core for deadlifts. "How much?"

"260," Alex said smugly. He probably thought that was pretty good, but I had to stifle a chuckle as I knew Josh's final warm-up set was around that number. But for Alex's type of physique, I guess it was okay.

"Pretty good," I nodded, before getting up. "I should get going. I don't want to hold you up."

"Oh, well, I'm glad I got to see you, even if it was just a few seconds," Alex said. "Did you by the way talk to Josh? About my portfolio?"

"You don't have a portfolio," I chuckled. His resumé was pretty bleak, except for his college diploma. Which was in sales, mind you.

"Gotta start somewhere," Alex chuckled, taking his moment to roam my body. I was using a leg extension machine, so I wasn't really in any sexy pose as I stood up, but my red yoga pants did me some favors. I knew how they cupped my ass, and how they hugged my legs.

"I guess," I said, trying to ignore that Alex was checking me out. He was hot, no denying that, sure, but I had no interest. Not when I knew he had no interest in me. Just my connections. "Anyway—"

"Hey, Kim. Forget it. It's cool, just shootin' my shot," Alex said, lifting his hands up in surrender. He then flashed a smile, turning his head slightly, to look at me sideways. "I can't help but notice that you're looking especially radiant today, Kim. And those pants really look nice on you. I mean, I know they're supposed to be workout pants and all, but damn."

"Alex, I'm married," I said.

Alex looked over his shoulder, then his other shoulder, then past me, all theatrical-like. "Don't see him anywhere," he said.

I simply rolled my eyes.

"Tell me, we're both adults. Does he do everything for you that you need?" Alex asked, looking at me with a playful expression. "Does he fulfill all your needs?"

I was taken aback a bit. "What?" I asked. "Alex, what the fuck! That's personal. Go back to Zach and bro it up with him instead of harassing me."

Alex simply smiled knowingly, as if my reaction gave him an answer to his question. God, the gall on this idiot.

"Look, sorry," Alex said, though it was pretty obvious he wasn't sorry, that he enjoyed how flustered he got me. "I'm just saying, you seem like a girl who likes to have fun. I mean, we did have a lot of fun last time, didn't we?"

"It's called alcohol. And nothing happened, so don't get any ideas," I said.

"Oh, come on, Kim," Alex said, leaning in closer, giving me a whiff of his aftershave. "You know I'd treat that sexy little ass of yours how it deserves."

This conversation was quickly spiraling in a direction I didn't like. I was not about to let some entitled little shit treat me like he owned me. I knew he wanted to brag to his buddies that he fucked Josh's wife, but I would not let that happen.

"Alex, listen to me. I am happily married, and I love my husband very much. And he treats me better than any other man ever could. Even you. So, go to hell," I hissed, pushing past him.

I was pissed. It wasn't like he had been aggressive or anything, but it was still not okay for him to talk to me like that. So arrogantly, so expectantly, as if I were some sort of trophy. As if I were some sort of easy lay that he could just swoop in and steal.

It hurt even more because I realized that there was some stupid intrigue inside of me that wanted him to succeed. And I knew I couldn't let that happen, but it was there. And that was messed up.

Alex caught up with me outside the gym after I had finished my workout. "Kim, hey, I'm sorry," he said. "I didn't mean to come off so strong."

"Yeah, well, you did," I huffed.

"I'm sorry. Look, can we talk? Get some coffee or something?" Alex offered.

"I need to get going, I'm already late," I said.

"Please, I promise I won't hit on you, I just want to apologize," Alex said.

My chest thudded hard at this moment. I knew I should say no, not give this douchebag an inch, but what harm was there in grabbing a coffee? I mean, it wasn't like we were heading to some motel to 'talk' it out either.

"Fine. But just coffee," I said.

"Yes, I promise," Alex nodded eagerly.

We went to a small cafe a few blocks away and sat down at a table. Alex ordered himself a black coffee and I got a latte.

"So, look, I'm sorry for coming off so strong back there. I can be a real jerk sometimes, and I feel bad. I shouldn't have come on so strongly, especially with someone like you," Alex said. "I guess I just don't know how to turn it off."

"Well, it's not that hard," I said. "Especially when you're talking to a married woman."

"I know," Alex sighed, rubbing his neck. "It's just, you're a really hot girl, Kim. You're not like these girls who try so hard to seem like they aren't. You know you're hot, and you're smart, and you're ambitious, and it's a real turn-on to a lot of guys, me included."

"But you're not used to girls telling you no, are you?" I asked.

Alex simply smirked. "What do you think?" he chuckled softly.

"Yeah, that's what I thought," I said. "I'm not surprised, but that doesn't make it okay. I don't care if you've never heard the word no before, it's still not okay to act that way toward someone."

"You're right, and I'm sorry," Alex said. "I promise I'll keep it in check."

"Good. I appreciate it," I said.

Alex sighed and nodded. "I gotta say, though, Josh is a lucky guy," he said. "I mean, you're a beautiful, smart, sexy woman. I mean, the pictures you posted on Instagram, your workout videos... damn. I wish I had that kind of a wife."

That sounded an awful lot like flirting to me. "Well, thanks," I said, trying to conclude that ordeal.

"So now that we've established that I'm a jerk... does he?" Alex asked.

"Does he what?" I replied, feeling the annoyance creep into my voice again.

"Does Josh fulfill all your needs? Does he treat you right?" Alex asked. "I mean, I don't mean anything by it, just wondering how it is for married people. Like, do you still feel desired and stuff?"

"I feel very desired," I replied.

"Right. I can tell. I mean, you're a fine woman, but do you ever feel like there's something missing? That there could be more?" Alex asked.

"Alex, this isn't an appropriate conversation," I said.

"Yeah, you're right, you're right," Alex said, lifting his hands up in surrender. "I just... I've had this idea, but it's probably stupid. I mean, you'd need to be open to it, but it's probably stupid."

"What are you talking about?" I asked.

"I mean, I just... I feel like it would be fun, but I don't know how you'd feel about it. But you're a smart woman, and you know when things are too far. So, I guess if you're cool with it, then... I don't know, maybe I'll shoot my shot," Alex said.

"Shoot your shot? Alex, what are you talking about?" I asked.

Alex looked at me, his eyes trailing over my body for a moment before he spoke. "I have an idea," he said. "I think it's dumb, but I've thought about it a lot. It's a bit of a fantasy of mine actually."

"Okay..." I said hesitantly. "What is it?"

"You know what? I shouldn't have even brought it up. I'll just forget it, it's a stupid idea," Alex said, shaking his head.

"No, you can't just dangle a carrot in front of me and not tell me what it is," I said, knowing I probably shouldn't learn the answer.

"I mean, I don't know how you'd feel about it," Alex said. "I mean, I think it would be fun, but you'd need to be open to it, and I don't think you are. I mean, I get that you're not interested, and I respect that, so—"

"Just tell me what the hell it is," I said.

Alex smirked and leaned forward. "I want to fuck you," he whispered. Of course, Alex was a one-way train.

"I told you I'm married, and I'm not cheating on Josh," I said, rolling my eyes. "And that's a dumbass idea."

"No, no, I mean, I want to fuck you *good* and *hard*," Alex said, keeping his voice low, though putting a real emphasis on good and hard, making me freeze up for a bit.

My heart started beating hard, and I felt the blood drain from my face. Alex noticed the change, and he looked at me with a grin.

"I mean, just to show you that Josh doesn't have the monopoly on sex. That I'm capable of making you feel good too," Alex said. "If you'd allow me the honor."

"Alex, I don't think that's a good idea," I said, trying to ignore the little tingles that went through my body. I'd had plenty of fun outside of my marriage as it was, but the way Alex came onto me so strongly did things.

"I promise I'd make it fun. I mean, you're hot as hell, and I'd make it worth your while," Alex said. He reached his hand across the table, letting his fingers dance along my knuckles. "What do you say? Give it a try? Let me prove myself."

"I... I can't," I said, taking my hands away, even though I didn't want to. I was saying all the right things, but inside me, something was rearing its head. And I didn't like it.

"Of course you can," Alex said. "You're a smart girl. You know when things are too much. This isn't too much, right?"

"No, I mean... I don't know," I said.

"Hey, what Josh doesn't know won't hurt him, right?" Alex said, grinning. "And you seem like you're open to new experiences, so... just give it a go. Try something new."

"I... I'm late. I really have to get going," I said, getting up.

"I get it, I get it," Alex said, lifting his hands up in surrender again. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to overstep. I just... I wanted to throw it out there. It was just an idea, and I live right around the corner too, so if you ever change your mind..."

"I won't."

"But that doesn't mean we can't meet for coffee some other time as well? Like now?" Alex said.

Instead of saying no, I said, "I'm leaving for Los Angeles later. Sorry."

"Some other time then."

I simply nodded and turned. I needed to leave this place, and fast. I was not about to let myself be drawn into a moment of weakness. Not with that fucker. Alex was just using me, and I knew it. He didn't care about me, he just wanted to fuck me like I was some object to be countered and collected, and then brag about it.

I hurried to my car and drove off, and I didn't know why I felt so flustered. Was it because I was aroused by the idea? Did I want Alex to fuck me? Was it just because I wanted to be wanted? Or was it something else entirely?

I didn't have the luxury to ruminate on it, for I had to pick up Luna and catch a plane to Los Angeles for a long weekend, and I didn't want to dwell on it anyway.

"You okay?" Luna asked as I pulled up. "You look flustered."

"I'm fine," I said. "I ran into Alex again and he was a bit of a dick."

"Yeah? What'd he say?"

"Just the same bullshit douchebags like him say to women all the time," I said. "It just got me a bit flustered."

"Don't let them get to you, girl," Luna said, hugging me. "You're smarter than that." So reminiscent of what someone else had said.

I smiled. Luna was always there to cheer me up. It was good to have a friend like her. Someone I could trust. I hated how it made me feel when Alex was so forward. I wasn't used to that kind of attention. And the way Alex had dangled his offer in front of me, like a carrot, was something I hadn't experienced before. One thing was OnlyFans, another thing was a hot guy in front of me offering to fuck my brains out.

I would have been a liar if I said I didn't like it. I was flattered that Alex found me attractive. It's one thing when your husband tells you you're beautiful, but it's another when a sexy guy is staring at you like he wants to eat you up. And Alex was hot. I knew that.

So I pushed that thought aside as Luna and I boarded the plane and flew off to sunny California.

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Kim and Luna having left for Cali had left the house, and the office for that matter, all to Linda and I. I knew Kim had high hopes of me taking my friend on a date, but having the pretense of satiating some fetish fantasy of hers made it all weird to even try how to broach the subject. Linda and I had gone to lunch plenty of times, but it seemed like Kim wanted something more.

Inadvertently that had made me look at Linda in a slightly different way.

I knew she was pretty, gorgeous even. We had made out, and a few things more, but I had never really looked at her with sex specific in mind. Not that I thought it would come to that, of course. She was my friend, and my wife's friend, and a tenant. But I did want to go out with her, even just to hang out. Linda deserved to get spoiled a bit, and treated to a nice evening.

The way she had been dressed at the office was very casual, as it often was. She wore a tight white top with a V-neck that showed off some cleavage, and her light blue jeans hugged her body and her hair put it into a ponytail. Her makeup was subtle, and it showed off her perfect facial structure. She looked quite splendid. I mean, she was always good-looking, but I was suddenly very aware. Had Linda put in extra effort, or was it just me?

"You look... well, you look very nice," I said.

Linda blushed, and I noticed how her eyes trailed down my body. "Thanks. You don't look too bad yourself," she said.

It was a casual day at the office. Luna had taken a lot of responsibility, but as the New Year had passed, I was slowly making my comeback. I felt like I had been such a baby, which Luna had reminded me of, but I think she took great joy in babying me. And taking the PR/Agency in all kinds of creative directions.

"Is something different? I mean, have you put on makeup?" I asked, making Linda blush even more. I felt a bit awkward even having this conversation.

"I'm wearing makeup, yes," Linda laughed. "I always do. Just took you a bit to notice, is all."

I slowly nodded, moving my eyes from hers to see the hint of mascara, and the slight glint in her lips from some light lipstick. Without even asking for it, I started wondering what it would feel like to kiss those lips. I had kissed her before, but I meant right now. I felt myself grow a bit flustered and I cleared my throat.

"You look beautiful, Linda," I said.

"Thank you, Josh," Linda replied, looking at me with a grin. "But you already said that. Are you okay?" she asked, though from her smile it seemed a bit like she was catching on that I was indeed thinking of her in a different way. Why did Kim pit me in these situations? Or was it Kim at all? Perhaps I was just smitten by Linda. I had been so before, but now it seemed somehow more front and center, more apparent.

"Yeah, I just..." I said, but trailed off. "I wanted to ask you something. But it's weird, so..."

"I'm sure it's not that weird," Linda said.

"I don't want it to be because, y'know, Kim asked us to, but while they're out of town, wanna go have some fun?" I asked.

"Oh, like a date?" Linda asked, knowing she was pushing the correct buttons. It also seemed like she liked that I was flustered even asking her. I wasn't sure why nerves played in. Linda and I were great friends, we got along great.

"I mean... I guess?" I asked. "I mean, we don't have to call it that, but we could hang out and stuff. You know, have a nice extended weekend."

"I'd love to," Linda said. Now it was her time to grow a bit red. "Though, unlike the owner of this company, I can't take an extended weekend. I got a lot to do."

"Right, sorry, I forgot," I chuckled, rubbing my neck.

"Josh. It's okay, you don't have to be so nervous," Linda smiled up at me. "I'm your friend. I'm sure we'll have a blast."

"You're right, it's silly," I said, shaking my head.

"It's not silly at all, you're just not used to this," Linda said, reaching out and putting a hand on my arm. She gave a squeeze and let go. "What did you have in mind for fun, then?"

I took this as an invitation to sit down, so I did. At least we'd be on eye level with each other.

"Perhaps a bit silly, but I was just thinking about going to a gun range actually. Do you like to shoot? I've done it a few times and it's surprisingly a lot of fun," I said.

"I was taught to shoot as a young buck. By Matt," Linda explained. Right, her asshole stepdad.

"Oh right, we can do something else," I said.

"I'm happy to make some new connotations, though," Linda said. I could tell this was perhaps not exactly what she hoped for, but she'd accommodate.

"I have plenty of ideas, that was just one of them," I said.

"Such as?" Linda smirked, knowing full well I had to come up with something else.

"Plenty, I just need to think of them," I said, earning a chuckle from both of us.

"I'm happy to do anything, really. You name it, I'm sure we'll find a way to have fun," Linda said, looking at me with a playful expression.

"We could go to a restaurant, I know you like food," I said.

"Yes, huge fan of food," Linda smiled.

"Or I can make us dinner? I'm not as good as Kim, but I can try," I said. "Like tonight? There's plenty of time to go out during the weekend."

"That actually sounds pretty good," Linda encouraged. "I have some work to do here, but if you get home first, you can get started, and I'll join you when I'm done."

"Sure," I said. "I'll probably need some help anyway."

"What, you need a woman to show you around the kitchen?" Linda teased.

"I do love it when women take the lead," I teased back.

"Mm-hmm," Linda grinned. "Well, you better not let me catch you up against the stove or the kitchen sink."

I suddenly choked, caught off-guard. I knew Linda was just teasing me, but I didn't know how to respond.

"Too much?" Linda asked, grinning.

"No, no, I just... didn't expect it, is all," I said, clearing my throat. "You can say whatever you want, I don't mind."

"Is that so?" Linda asked. I could tell she liked that she could throw me off guard like this.

"Of course. It's just fun to be with you, whatever we do," I said.

"Then I guess it's a date," Linda said. "I'm looking forward to it."

"Yeah, me too," I said, getting up from the chair.

"Josh," Linda said. "I really hope you're not doing this because Kim asked you to. I mean, I know you are, but you shouldn't feel obligated to hang with me over the weekend just because she wanted you to."

"No, I really want to, actually. It's just that her asking me to just add this weird layer to it," I said.

"Don't think about that, then," Linda said. "It means a lot that you're willing to put up with me, regardless of whether it's Kim's idea or not."

"I'm happy to put up with you, Linda. I mean, we're friends, right?"

Linda simply nodded, and I left her to her work. I made my way back to my office and sat down at my desk. I felt a little weird about the whole thing, but I guess I just had to shake those feelings off. I wanted to spend time with Linda, and I should be more excited about it than nervous. So why was I?

I shook my head and opened my laptop, ready to get some work done. Perhaps I'd have to do some research for ideas of what to do with Linda this weekend. I felt like I needed to show her a good time. This feeling of needing to prove myself was still there, even though we were friends.

"Are you expecting someone?" the front desk suddenly called.

"No, why?" I replied.

"Someone is here to see you," they replied.

"Okay," I said. "Send them in."

A few moments later, the door opened, and a familiar, asshole face appeared in my doorway. Alex.

"Hey, Josh," Alex said. "Got a minute?"

"What do you want?" I asked, not particularly happy to see him.

"I just wanted to talk," Alex said, moving toward one of the chairs.

"Don't bother, make it quick," I said. I was in no mood to deal with this guy, especially not after Kim told me how he was hitting on her a while back. And I knew he had tried to grope her at my birthday.

"I just... I've been thinking," Alex said. "I mean, we got off to a bad start, right?"

"Not sure there's anything we need to discuss," I said.

"Look, Josh. I know you don't like me, and I don't blame you. I've been a real dick," Alex said.

"Yes, you have," I replied. "Now what do you want? Why are you here?"

"I just... I wanted to apologize," Alex said.

"What?"

"I mean, I've been an ass to you and I know it. And I think it's time I start over," Alex said.

"Are you looking for a job?" I asked, seeing right through his bullshit.

"I mean, I know I haven't exactly made the best impression, and perhaps my resumé isn't what it could be—"

"And yet you're here to ask me for a job," I said.

"Josh, look, I know I haven't exactly shown you what I'm capable of, but I think you'll be pleasantly surprised," Alex said.

"Oh, I'm sure," I said. "Well, unfortunately, we're not hiring, so..."

"Yeah, I heard, but I mean, if you ever do, I'd be happy to fill the position," Alex said.

"Right," I said, already tired of this conversation. "Anything else?"

"Actually, yeah," Alex said. "I also wanted you to pass my apology to Kim as well."

"You can pass it by yourself, I'm not an errand boy. She's in California anyway," I said.

"I know, I saw on Instagram her and your sister. They're quite something," Alex said, in a real comradery way. I'd take it from any other person, but I knew this dude was just out to cause trouble.

"Yeah, I know. So was that all? I have an actual scheduled appointment very soon," I lied.

"Yeah, yeah, of course," Alex said. "I just wanted to clear the air, that's all."

"Sure," I said. "Goodbye, Alex."

"See ya, Josh," Alex said, getting up from the chair.

What the fuck was that about? I hadn't seen or spoken to him in ages, and now he wanted a job? I had no clue what kind of delusion his brain was rotted with, but I'd never hire him.

Then there was the fact that he had shown up on Kim's Instagram story, commenting on her pictures and her workout videos. He was always so goddamn friendly and smiley, and it was clear he was flirting with her. Kim was pretty smart, so I knew she wasn't stupid enough to fall for it. Especially not after what we had been through.

Then again, it did worry me a bit. The thought of this asshole trying to get his hands on her, trying to hit on her, was a big fucking problem. I mean, Alex was a decent enough-looking guy. He was tall, handsome, fit. He was a douchebag, but I could see how that might be appealing to some women, especially as he was young and ambitious, and he would probably go far in life. I had no doubt in my mind that if given the chance, he'd try to take advantage of Kim. He'd try to sweet talk her, maybe even try to seduce her.

And while I loathed that, visions of Kim under him, her hands on his chiseled chest, his cock slamming into her as she moaned and begged for more... it was oddly alluring. It made me feel jealous, but also very aroused. I felt guilty for even thinking about it, but it was hard not to.

I mean, I hoped it would never come to that. I'd never hire him anyway. I felt a huge knot in my gut and hated that Alex could dampen my mood like that, just by showing up.

I shook my head and looked out at Linda. She looked at me and smiled, sending me a wink. Suddenly I felt much better again.

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Luna and I split up in two teams. Basically, she had a campaign to manage and oversee, while I was going to meet up with Vincent, the creepy agent who we had managed to score an NBA player or two from, about potentially involving some of his clients in some ads for Entrendy. We wanted them to show up at the stores we had our clothes in in New York and have a photo op while they sifted through our stuff. It was a good advertisement for the store and our clothes. It was something Luna and I had come up with, and Vincent had been keen to take on the task.

But first, I wanted to go to Rodeo Drive and do some shopping. Luna was less interested, but she indulged me. She wanted to get a few things for her personal wardrobe as well. I had been posting more often on OnlyFans and it felt like I had a bit of a following. It wasn't a lot, but I knew a few of them were guys, and I wanted to look my best. I hoped to perhaps find a nice, sexy bra or something.

"Oh, that looks so cute," I said, grabbing a pink tank top. I held it against myself, looking down at it.

"You should try it on," Luna encouraged.

"Yeah?" I asked. "You think it's my style?"

"Yes. You'd look great," Luna said. She pulled a purple one off the rack and held it against herself. "What do you think?"

"You'd look hot," I said.

Luna smiled knowingly and looked at me with a grin. "Let's get them."

After browsing around for a bit longer, we decided it was time to grab a bite to eat, and then Luna had to go to some studio while I had to go to Vincent's office. I was a bit nervous about it, even though I knew we would be fine. But I still couldn't shake this weird feeling about Vincent. He was a bit creepy. I mean, he was an older man, which was fine, but he had this look about him like he was always staring at my body, undressing me with his eyes. It was very uncomfortable. I was quite certain he only wanted me there so that he could stare at me.

Luna had told me he was kind of a creep but assured me I was just there to read through a few things, sign something, and make a good impression. Still, it made me nervous. Both for the fear of fucking up, and the obvious creep factor.

"You'll be fine, girl," Luna said as we parted ways. "If I can deal with him, you can."

I chuckled. "Thanks," I said.

"Anytime. See you tonight," Luna said, giving me a hug.

"See ya," I replied.

I caught an Uber to Vincent's office and was soon ushered into the lobby and straight into his office.

"Kimberly, so glad you're here," Vincent said. I hated how he said my name. It sounded weird, like he was being condescending.

"Good to see you," I said, shaking his hand.

"Please, take a seat," he said, motioning toward a chair in front of his desk.

I nodded and sat down. Vincent took a seat as well and looked at me with a smile. His lips looked so weird when they smiled.

"So, how was your flight?" he asked.

"It was good, thanks," I said.

"Wonderful. And the hotel? Is everything to your satisfaction?" Vincent asked, not even letting me finish talking before he responded.

"Yeah, it's perfect. Thank you," I said.

"Of course, of course," Vincent said. "And how is the lovely Luna doing? She is a *fierce* one."

"She's great, thanks," I replied.

"Lovely girl, that Luna. Such a beauty," Vincent said dreamily, making me feel very uncomfortable. "You should really let her come on this little stint as well. She's such a vision, and it would be good for you two to be seen together. The two beautiful faces of the company. People would love that."

"I'll..."

"Anyway, we're here for way more boring stuff than talking strategy, aren't we?" Vincent said, smiling with his wormy mouth, though his smile never met his beady, staring eyes. He wasn't fat per se, but had a pot

belly that looked like it was a small beer gut. He was dressed in a light blue suit with a white shirt, and his black hair was neatly combed.

He looked like a sleazy lawyer. And he was.

"Yeah, I mean, I'd love to talk strategy sometime, but I know we're on a tight schedule," I said.

"We are, yes," Vincent said. He opened a drawer in his desk and pulled out some paperwork. "Here we go. So, basically, you sign here and here, and we'll be ready to move forward. There are some additional documents that are running a bit late, but we can deal with them another time."

But instead of pushing it across the table, he rounded the table, sat on the edge of it, and placed the document in front of me while he loomed over me. I looked over the document and found nothing weird or wrong with it, so I simply signed it.

"Great, that was quick," Vincent said, taking the document back. "Thank you. This is going to be fun, I'm sure."

"Yeah, I'm excited," I said, trying to ignore the awkwardness of him being so close to me. I could smell his cologne, and it smelled quite strong. It was an old man smell, and it made me feel very uneasy. How old was he? Mid 40s? Perhaps early 50s?

"I'm sure you are. Done any shopping? While you're here?" Vincent asked, his eyes lingering at my eyes. I wanted to look away, but I couldn't.

"I did," I said, gesturing to my bags by the door. "Some dresses and t-shirts, some... erh, some tastier stuff too."

"You're going to look absolutely gorgeous," Vincent said, moving a hand over to my shoulder. He started massaging my shoulder lightly, and it took everything in me not to jump up. But I was here on behalf of Entrendy, so I needed to keep myself under control.

"Thank you," I said. "So, is there anything else we need to go over?"

"There's a few things, yes," Vincent said, moving his hand from my shoulder to the back of my head. His fingers gently moved through my hair as he kept talking, before he moved directly behind me, placing his hands on both my shoulders and neck. "You're quite tense, aren't you? Do you need help with that?"

"I'm okay, thank you," I said, hating that I let him touch me like that. I should have shoved his hand off and stormed out, but I was trying to be polite.

"That's okay," he said, not affirming what I said, but rather that it wasn't a bother for him to grope me. Why was it always me?

"Listen, there is an issue," Vincent said still kneading my shoulders with his sausage fingers.

"What is it?" I asked, trying to ignore how close he was to me. I could practically feel his crotch against my shoulder.

"Well, you see, the agreement was that we would cover all expenses of travel and stay," Vincent explained.

"Right, so..."

"But there was a misunderstanding," Vincent said.

"What kind of a misunderstanding?" I asked, looking over my shoulder at him. I immediately regretted doing so, as it put me even closer to his crotch. He looked down at me, smiling with that weird mouth of his.

"I'm afraid it's just too much to cover, especially considering Luna wants my most prominent stars, in addition to those you already sponsor. She always finds a way for me to see her point, see through and understand, doesn't she?" Vincent chuckled, making my skin crawl. What was he implying? "But I'm not sure how I can justify all this."

"I mean, what's the issue?" I asked. "Is it money?"

"Not really. You see, we have the money, I just need a mutually beneficial deal between you and me," Vincent said.

"How so?" I asked.

"I think you're a very beautiful woman, Kimberly. You're quite stunning. And I think you and I have a lot of potential," Vincent said.

I started putting the pieces together and realized what he was getting at. Was he really suggesting that he wanted me to fuck him so that he would cover the expenses? He was a powerful agent, but I would never have expected him to stoop this low. Surely Luna would never let him harass her like this?

"I think you should get back to your chair," I said.

"I'm sure I can think of something. Perhaps you and I could come up with a good arrangement," Vincent said, completely ignoring what I had just said. He placed a hand on my cheek, making me recoil.

"Vincent, I'm not interested," I said, turning my face away from him. "I'm married."

"So am I, dear, but that doesn't mean anything," Vincent said, his hand trailing down to my chest, cupping my breast for a moment. "I'm sure we could work something out. Right now. Just get to get it over with."

My heart was beating fast and I felt like I was about to throw up. I knew I needed to leave, and I needed to do so now. But Vincent was so close to me, and I was terrified that if I got up, he'd try to grab me.

"This is sexual assault," I said.

"Relax," Vincent said, moving his fingers up to my neck. "We're just talking. Nothing more, nothing less."

I knew I should've left the office, that this wasn't worth it, but I also knew that we were so close to securing these clients, and Vincent was such a prominent agent that it would be detrimental to our reputation if I got up and left.

"You and I could have so much fun, Kimberly," Vincent said, his sausage fingers trailing along my neck, and then down my back, making me shiver in disgust. "I'm sure you and I could come up with a nice agreement," he said, repeating himself.

I tried to swallow my fear, feeling very uncomfortable, but I also felt my body reacting to the situation. My nipples were hard, and I felt the moisture pooling in my panties. I hated that my body could betray me like that, but it did. And I knew Vincent noticed, as he chuckled knowingly.

"Mm-hmm," he hummed softly. "You're a beautiful young woman, Kimberly. You know you can't say no to a man like me."

He moved his hand down, grabbing my ass and giving it a squeeze. I hated that I let him do it, that I didn't get up and slap him in the face, but I knew it could screw things up.

"Not so bad, is it?" Vincent mumbled, moving from behind me to right in front of me. I didn't know where to look, so I ended up alternating between his crotch and his face.

"I..." I began, not sure what to say.

"Come on, Kimberly," Vincent said, taking my hand and putting it on his crotch. Everytime he used my full name a shiver went through me, as it reminded me so much of another creepy bastard. "Just a little feel."

I wanted to pull my hand back, but he grabbed my wrist and held it there. I could feel his cock throb under my palm. It wasn't big, but it wasn't small either. I didn't know whether I was relieved or not. I looked at him, my eyes wide with fear. But he just smiled and nodded encouragingly.

"Go on," he whispered, letting go of my hand. "Just a little feel. Just to see."

I looked at him, and my eyes trailed down to his crotch. I couldn't believe what I was doing, but I slowly started to move my hand up and down, feeling his cock stiffen under my palm. I could see the outline of it through his pants, and I could feel how thick it was. My heart was racing as I stroked him, feeling him grow harder and harder. His breathing grew heavier, and he started to groan softly.

"That's it," he mumbled. "You're a natural. Such a good girl."

I felt sick to my stomach. I wanted to run, but I knew I couldn't. I kept stroking him, feeling his cock grow harder and harder. I knew this wasn't right, but I couldn't stop. My body was responding to it, and I felt my own arousal growing. My nipples were hard, and my pussy was wet. I hated that I was enjoying this, but I was. My body was betraying me, and I couldn't stop. This creepy, slightly domineering older man was turning me on, and I hated myself for it.

He grinned down at me as though he knew exactly what was going on, his hand trailing over to my nipple and giving a sharp pinch, making me gasp.

"Mm-hmm. That's right, sweetheart," he cooed, his breathing growing heavy, his eyes starting to glaze over with lust.

"No!" I exclaimed, tearing my hand away. I couldn't do it. I couldn't go through with this. This was not me. I was a married woman, and even though Josh had allowed me to fuck around before, I was not a cheater. No matter what. I would not betray my husband. If I caved now, who knows what that might lead to?

"Aw, c'mon, sweetheart," he pouted, his hand squeezing my breast, but I quickly rose and put a few feet between us. "Suit yourself," Vincent said with a resigned sigh.

"Fuck you, Vincent, you old creep," I said. "I'm leaving."

"You do that," Vincent shrugged.

I turned and marched out, fuming. What a sleazebag.

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Leaving the office that day, I felt pretty excited. I hadn't really prepped a meal for anyone in ages. I mean, when Kim and I started officially dating I loved taking care of her like that, also we couldn't afford a real restaurant back then, but since then I had gotten more comfortable being the man who was provided for than the one who provided.

Still, I wanted to make this a special evening for Linda. She was a great friend, and I wanted to show her a good time.

So after a wink and a wave to Linda as I departed, I stopped by a nice grocery store and picked up some ingredients, and then I headed home, ready to cook.

While I was home, I decided to call Kim to let her in on what was going on. I thought if I were to indulge in anything like this, without her anywhere close, I wanted her to be in the know.

"So I finally asked her... I was about to say I asked her out, but I'm making us dinner here at home," I said.

"Really?!" Kim beamed. "I'm so excited. I'm not saying you guys should do anything. Actually, I don't wanna put any parameters or anything, but just... do whatever falls naturally."

"I won't pressure Linda into anything, and you say you have no parameters, but that's exactly what you're doing here," I said. It wasn't often I stood up to Kim, but what Linda had said before about feeling used and objectified made me feel bad for her. What kind of a friend was I if I didn't stand up for my people? Even if it was against Kim. Kim was her friend too, after all.

"You're right. I'm not as well articulated. I just want you guys to have a great time, and just do whatever," Kim said, sounding apologetic.

"I get it," I said. "Well, hope everything is well."

"It is. Just came off a meeting with Vincent. Seems like everything is fine," Kim said, sounding a bit bothered.

"Something wrong?" I asked.

"No, just going through my haul from Rodeo Drive," Kim explained. We talked a bit more, then hung up as the potatoes needed cutting, and Kim seemed tired anyway. Or distracted. I heard some ruzzling in the background, but couldn't tell what it was.

Linda came home about two hours later. It was a bit earlier than I had expected, but I was glad to see her.

"Honey, I'm home!" Linda said, chuckling.

"Hey there," I greeted her as she walked into the kitchen. "You're home early."

"Yeah, well, I couldn't keep away," Linda said, grinning. "Looks like you've got things under control."

"I do indeed," I said, smiling at her as she came over to give me a hug.

"Is this okay?" Linda asked, squeezing me tightly.

"It's more than okay," I said. "You smell good, by the way."

"Thanks," Linda said, blushing slightly. She looked up at me and smiled. "So what are we having for dinner?"

"I thought I'd make some steaks," I said. "With some roasted potatoes and salad."

"Mm, sounds delicious," Linda said, licking bottom lip. "I'm starving."

"Well, you're just in time," I said, flipping the steaks.

"I meant it when I said you better not let me catch you up against the stove or the kitchen sink," Linda said, smirking at me as I felt her quite liberally groping my ass.

I laughed, shaking my head. "You're insatiable," I said. "I'm a married man."

"I know," Linda said, giving me a light spank before moving toward the hallway again. "I'm going to freshen up. I'll be right back."

"Okay," I said, watching her walk away. I shook my head and turned my attention back to the food. I had to admit, I was looking forward to spending time with Linda. Perhaps even more so now that we had loosened up a bit around each other. It was still weird that Kim had put us in this situation, but I was glad we were able to work it out.

When Linda returned a few minutes later, I was plating the food. The steaks were done, and the potatoes were roasted to perfection. I set the plates down on the table and gestured for Linda to take a seat.

"Wow, this smells amazing," Linda said, inhaling deeply. "I can't believe you did all this."

"I'm a man of many talents," I said, grinning.

"That you are," Linda said, smiling at me.

"It really wasn't hard. Roasted potatoes and steaks aren't the most complicated dish," I said. Linda shrugged, happy nonetheless, accepting the glass of red wine I offered her.

"Well, thank you," Linda said. "It's nice to have a home-cooked meal."

"No problem," I said, smiling at her. We clinked our glasses together and took a sip of wine before diving into the meal.

We ate in silence for a few minutes, enjoying the food. It was comfortable and easy between us, and I enjoyed just spending time with her. I knew we would have fun together, and I was glad we could do it without the pressure of having to make it a romantic evening, even if it wasn't at some restaurant.

"So how was your day?" I asked.

"Good. I got a lot of work done, which is always nice. And then I came home to a delicious dinner. What more could a girl ask for?" Linda said, smiling at me.

"Well, I'm glad you're enjoying it," I said. "And thanks for keeping me company. It's nice to have someone to share a meal with."

"I'm happy to join you," Linda said.

"I was thinking perhaps tomorrow we'd go out, y'know, it being the weekend and all," I said. "If you're up for it."

"That sounds great," Linda said. "What did you have in mind?"

"Well, there are a few museums I'd like to visit," I said. "I love looking at art. And there's a couple of other things I wanted to do. There's a farm outside of town that sell fresh produce and that has benches perfect for a good lunch."

"I'd love that," Linda said. "It's been ages since I've been to a museum. Not since I was a kid. What, you're picking your girl up after work?"

"My girl?" I asked.

"Well, I'm your girl, right?" Linda teased. "Like when we built that shelf."

"I suppose you are," I said, chuckling. "I mean, of course you are, babe."

Linda blushed profusely at that. It wasn't often you had her on her back feet, but here we were. It made me feel good that I could still have an impact on her, even though we were friends now.

"What would you like to do, then? After dinner," Linda asked. "I mean, if you're not too tired."

"I mean, you have work tomorrow, so I figured we'd catch a movie or something, before heading to bed," I said. Linda nodded. Then she thought for a moment, eating slowly at a bit of potato.

"What?" I asked.

"It's just been a nice evening. Wholesome. None of the decrepitness of our day-to-day. Just us two, wine, and bloody steaks," Linda said, biting down on her fork for emphasis.

"It has been great," I said, moving a hand to rub her back gently. "I'm glad you're enjoying yourself."

"Yeah, me too," Linda said, smiling at me.

We finished our meal and cleaned up, putting the dishes in the dishwasher and wiping the table and countertops. Linda went to find us something to watch, and when I joined her, instead of moving to her own spot, Linda moved aside so I could lay down close to her.

Linda snuggled up in the crook of my arm and rested her head on my chest. I put an arm around her and held her close, which made her hum pleasantly, and I must've imagined it, but it was as if she even smelled better when I hugged her. Like being cuddled up with made her pour out this nice, feminine odor I sometimes drew in hard from.

"Is this okay?" Linda asked. I guess it was more intimate than anything we'd done before, but it was just the two of us enjoying the movie, and it was kind of cold in our TV-room anyway.

"Yeah, it's nice," I said.

"Good," Linda said, resting her hand on my chest. "Because I'm really comfy."

"Me too," I said, smiling down at her. Linda looked up at me with a look of some hesitancy on her face. She bit her lower lip and then, without saying another word, she moved up and kissed me.

I froze for a second, not sure how to react. But then I felt her lips move against mine and I kissed her back, my hand moving to the back of her head to hold her close. I could feel her tongue pressing against my lips, asking for entrance. I opened my mouth slightly and let her tongue slide into my mouth. Her lips were soft and warm, and I felt myself getting hard as I felt her body pressed against mine.

"Linda," I whispered, pulling away from her slightly. "What was that?" We had kissed before, but never like this. Kim had said it was okay, and you wouldn't find me complaining, but it just felt different.

"I... can I ask you something? It is a bit silly, and I feel like a little stupid girl just thinking about it..." Linda asked, lowering her eyes to avoid eye contact.

"What is it?" I asked.

Linda sighed and hesitated. She didn't even look at me. Whatever it was, it seemed like she needed to must a lot of courage to say it.

"I've never had a boyfriend before," she started, forcing her eyes to meet mine. They looked determined, even as flushed as she was. "And... I hoped, I wondered, if while we are just the two of us this weekend... if you could pretend to be... my... boyfriend."

I hadn't expected that. I blinked a few times, more surprised than anything. First, it was surprising that she wanted that, as I had heard in the cabin that she had her eyes on someone. Second, what exactly did she mean by that?

Linda seemed to see the questions that arose in my mind and decided to answer them for me. "I know, it's stupid, it's silly, it's... I just... I've never had anyone I've wanted to be close to. I've never had anyone I've wanted to share a bed with. But you make me feel safe, you make me feel good, you make me feel like I can be myself around you. And I know it's weird, but I just... I want to experience what it's like to have a boyfriend. And it's not meant as a trick for us to have sex."

"Linda, I... I would be happy to pretend to be your boyfriend for the weekend," I said, surprising myself with the lack of hesitation. "But didn't you, y'know, aren't you seeing someone? Wasn't that what you said at the cabin? From what I remember you guys had even kissed."

Linda's eyes went wide, and I swore her jaw threatened to hang. It seemed like I had surprised her with that.

"No!" she blurted out rather shocked. "I'm not seeing anyone, and I think... perhaps you misunderstood that conversation."

"Did I?" I asked.

Linda nodded, though it seemed like she wasn't completely comfortable spilling the beans, but I felt like I needed to know.

"So who were you talking about then? Kim and Luna seemed to know," I asked, not understanding what was going on.

"It's... complicated," Linda said. "Can... I'll tell you, but... not now."

"Alrighty then," I said, shrugging. "I guess that's fine."

"You're not mad?" Linda asked, looking up at me with her dark onyx eyes.

"Not at all," I said, smiling at her. "I'm happy to help you out. If this helps you get more comfortable, I'll be your man."

"My man," Linda said with a small chuckle as if tasting the words in her mouth. "I like the sound of that."

"Me too," I said encouragingly. "Now, we better finish this movie."

"Yeah," Linda said, laying back down. She put her head on my chest and sighed contentedly, clutching my shirt in her hand. "This is nice."

"It is," I agreed, kissing the top of her head. We continued watching the movie, and I found myself enjoying it more than I thought I would. I felt close to Linda in a way I hadn't before, and it was a nice feeling.

The movie ended, and while it felt good having her body pressed against mine and I couldn't help but notice how perfectly her body seemed to fit against mine, I knew the evening was over.

"Well, I should get to bed," Linda said, sitting up.

"Yeah, me too," I said.

We both stood up and looked at each other awkwardly. I wasn't sure what for. Did she want me to share a bed with her too? Would I? Was she expecting me to? Did I want to?

"So... good night," Linda said, looking up at me.

"Good night, Linda," I said, smiling at her.

"Thanks for... I just know this weekend will be awesome," Linda smiled.

"I bet. See you tomorrow," I said. Linda smiled, turned, and walked down the hallway. I looked after her, wondering if I should join her. I felt torn, not sure what to do. I looked at that jean-clad ass, picturing it in panties pressed up against me as we lay together. Linda looked over her shoulder and saw me looking at her, gave a wave, and disappeared into her room.

I felt a small tinge of regret watching Linda depart for her room, half-expecting that the cuddling wouldn't stop just yet, but it was of course more logical that I'd sleep in my bed and she in hers.

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Back in my hotel room, I was recounting my small *'meeting'* with Vincent. It made me feel so dirty. My hands were filthy, even as I showered. Vincent had touched me, caressed me, fondled my chest, and squeezed my breasts, and worse yet, I had actually liked it. Or my body did at the very least. I had felt the excitement, the arousal, the heat as his fingers touched me. My pussy had gotten wet, and my nipples had grown hard, and I knew Vincent had noticed. I hated myself for letting that disgusting old man grope me, and for what?

I wondered if he treated Luna like this. Probably not, Luna would murder a sleazebag like that. It seemed unfair that somehow Vincent sought me out for his creepiness.

But then again, I couldn't help but admit that I found it quite thrilling in an odd way. There was something erotic about having him grope me, his older hands massaging me, pinching and squeezing me. I knew I should feel violated, but I wasn't. Not really.

Maybe it was the thought of cheating on Josh that excited me. The thrill of doing something naughty, something that I knew would make him upset and furious, something that I knew was wrong? Perhaps it was simply because Vincent was such an old creep, or maybe it was a combination of the two. Or perhaps it was the taboo aspect of an older, powerful man wanting a young woman? A trophy fuck. A chance to have some young pussy at the tip of his finger.

Either way, I felt disgusted with myself for liking it, for not stopping him sooner, and for hating that I actually had to go back for those documents that had been late. My fingers traced my skin as my thoughts raced. I could still feel his hand on me, his fingers groping and fondling my breasts, my hips, my ass.

It had felt wrong, but it was undeniable that it had also felt good. I simply couldn't deny that. His body had pressed up against mine, his hard cock throbbing under his pants, my hand feeling its girth and warmth even through the fabric. It was such a perverse, naughty experience, and I couldn't believe it had happened, yet I still couldn't help but think about it, picture it, desire it.

Vincent would no doubt have had his way with me if I let him. He was such a slimeball, and it was like he sensed it, that he knew I was easy to seduce, that I couldn't say no, and I disliked so much that part of me that feared he was right. Five minutes more and he would've pumped his semen into my mouth. And I would've let him. And worse of all, I knew I'd have liked it.

My phone beeped and I picked it up, seeing a message from Luna. *'Hey! How'd it go?'*

I knew Luna was texting about the meeting, but my mind still trailed back to Vincent, remembering how close we had come. My libido was running amok.

*'it went well. he forgot sum docus so ill be back later'* I wrote, not wanting to admit what a slut I was being. But my lust didn't care, and I had to put my hand between my legs in order to reach a climax, and there wasn't a hint of shame left on the road to orgasm.

The next morning came too fast for someone slightly jetlagged, but as I woke, I felt well-rested nonetheless. It must've been the nice beds they have here. It was one thing I hated about traveling, but once in a while, staying in nice hotels could have some perks.

Almost as on routine by now, I rolled over on my side, took a picture of my black thong-clad ass, and posted it on my OnlyFans page with the caption: *'good morning'*

I had learned from early in the game to avoid giving exact locations or clues, not showing my face, etc. I had several subscribers, but most of them were pretty predictable. Of course, most of them commented: *'damn baby!!'* or the like.

It was much more fun than my comments on Instagram. I rarely ever read those.

To distract myself, I decided to head to Venice Beach to take some nice pictures of me in a bikini. Maybe I'd give the vibe to my fanbase that I was a California girl or something. Or I'd just take some nice pics for the Gram, showing off a bit of how good a work trip could be.

As I lay out on the beach, it felt relaxing just to relax and read. Not that I wasn't working, I was going over emails and checking in with Josh and Luna, and I was writing notes on my phone, but once in a while, some relaxation was apt, right?

Though it wasn't as relaxing as it could be, when Vincent messaged. *'Hey, good morning. I hope you're doing well. Sorry for yesterday if you were uncomfortable, but I have the last documents ready for you if you want to pop by the office before noon. We can forget anything else happened. Vincent.'*

*'k. omw'* I wrote back. I guess it was best to get it over with. And maybe it would be better now that I was in the light of day. Perhaps his creepy old-man powers faded away with the sun? I giggled at being silly.

I put on a cute little summer dress and headed over to Vincent's office. I wondered what I would meet when I got there. Would he try again? Would I relent?

Then it fell on me a bit; what if Vincent was going to sever ties with us over this? What if I'd fucked up Entrendy because I didn't want to give in to him? Josh wouldn't be too thrilled, and neither would Luna. Could I ever forgive myself? Was I making excuses?

Of course, the only way I was ever going to find out was by showing up there. Maybe it wouldn't be so bad. It would be for the business, right?

I checked into Vincent's office and his receptionist directed me toward his office. I thanked her and headed that way, knocking on the door as I arrived.

"Come in," Vincent said. I opened the door and stepped inside.

"Hi," I said, closing the door behind me.

He greeted me warmly and seemed happy to see me. I was a bit surprised that he didn't try anything funny, instead keeping everything professional. We sat down and discussed the deal, signing the rest of the documents, and then I was done it seemed.

"Thanks for coming in so early," Vincent said, smiling at me. "I appreciate it."

"Thank you," I said. "It was nice of you to give me the rest of the papers."

"It was nothing. Happy to do business," Vincent said, getting up to his chair to sit on the edge near the corner of his desk, looking down at me. "Sorry if I came off too strongly the last time you were here. I just really enjoyed your presence and your company."

"I could tell," I said sarcastically, causing Vincent to chuckle.

"I'm sure. Look, don't think I'm not taking you seriously, or that I think less of you because you're a young and beautiful woman," Vincent said. "Far from that. I respect you a great deal for what you've accomplished along with your husband."

"That's sweet of you," I said, blushing slightly. I hated being talked down to, but a part of me had to admit that it was kind of nice. I suppose I could let him down easy, as he seemed a decent fellow as of now.

"Thanks," Vincent said. "But it is still quite a bit for us to cover the expenses for the entire project. So perhaps..."

Vincent moved a hand to touch my hair, which made me shiver a bit. But I didn't move my hand away, knowing he had ulterior motives but rather I reluctantly felt myself enjoying it nonetheless.

"Why don't you just let this happen, then it will be so much easier to do business. Now and in the future," Vincent said, his eyes practically bulging as he stared down my cleavage.

Like yesterday, I felt torn. I knew it was wrong, and I knew Josh wouldn't approve, but there was something tempting about giving in to the older man. Knowing that if I didn't do it now, he might walk away or pull the plug on all business with Entrendy. Luna was putting her trust in me, and I couldn't afford for Entrendy to fail just because I didn't indulge in ten minutes of old creepiness. It would be over quickly, in a flash, and then it would just be a distant memory. It was for the business, after all.

But it was so wrong, so bad, but so taboo and hot.

But I also wanted to be a faithful wife. I loved Josh, and I didn't want to break his trust. He had been so supportive of everything, of my endeavors. Had I told him what Vincent was like, Josh would've taken the hit and broken all contact with the man. It wouldn't be the end of Entrendy, far from it, but it wouldn't be great either.

Josh would never know. But would I be able to live with my own decision?

The worst part was that I was actually getting aroused, last night, just thinking of being so dirty. The idea of surrendering myself to an older man who was taking advantage of me, who was using his authority to manipulate me and control me, was hot, and that made me feel ashamed. What was wrong with me?

The decision came so easily when a hand touched my cheek. It was a gentle touch, but it being a guy like Vincent made me shiver.

Vincent rose up from the table, towering above me as I remained seated. I looked up at him, his sausage fingers touching my cheeks, caressing me, sending a tingle through my spine.

"Good girl," he cooed. "You see? It's not so hard."

I tried to stay calm as he stepped forward, but my heart started racing as he got closer. His cock was hard in his pants, the outline bulging against the fabric of his pants. I had never had a true older-man fantasy before, but I realized that there was something quite sexual, forbidden, and naughty about it, which explained a lot. Vincent was probably as old as my dad, or perhaps even older. He was an old man taking advantage of a young woman, something which had been done countless times.

It was such a dirty thought, and I was almost ashamed, but that just made it so much more exciting. To think I was nothing more than one of many, many other girls in similar situations. To be reduced to just a piece of flesh to play with, a young body to bury his old, disgusting cock in. It was such a perverse notion, yet I could not help but respond to it.

Vincent moved his hand down to my chest, his thick fingers squeezing my breast, and I let out a low moan. The perversity of it all, the feeling of my tits being fondled by the old creep again sent a new series of shivers down my spine.

'Yes. Use me,' I thought, feeling my arousal take control. It was almost as if he could sense it, because the moment I relaxed into it, Vincent's other hand slipped to his fly, slowly, almost ominously undoing his zipper.

His cock was hard and throbbing, and it was much bigger than I had expected. I felt a moment of fear, but that was quickly overtaken by excitement. I knew what was coming, but I also couldn't stop myself from wanting it.

Vincent's cock was long and thick, and it had a prominent vein running up its length. Not the biggest I had handled, but was probably above average. I could see it pulsating with need, his desire obvious. I looked up at him and met his gaze, his beady, gray eyes looking down at me with nothing but lust. By his smirk, he saw my lack of resistance as an invitation.

"There's a good girl," Vincent murmured, putting the tip of his cock to my lips.

I could feel the tip of his cock, smearing precum on my mouth. The sensation was new and slightly thrilling, yet somehow dangerous. Like I was teetering on the edge of something dangerous. I could still stop this, I could get up and leave, and no one would know. But the thrill of having Vincent's dick against my lips was impossible to ignore.

I looked back up. "Just my mouth, right?" I heard myself ask. I was surprised at how even my voice sounded.

Vincent smirked slightly, stroking the length of his shaft, coating it with his own precum. "Open wide for me," he murmured softly.

Again, I could still stop this. Nothing had happened yet, and it was not too late to turn back. I was still young and had a bright future ahead of me. I could still go home to a wonderful husband.

All that was true, but my mouth opened anyway. The lust I was experiencing was more powerful than anything I had ever experienced. I could feel myself surrendering to it, unable to resist the call of the forbidden. Vincent pushed forward, the bitter taste of his precum spreading on my tongue. And that was it. I was now beyond any moral doubt. I closed my eyes, pushing those thoughts away and letting my body take over.

I felt a strange sort of freedom as Vincent started slowly thrusting in and out. There was a slight burn of stretch as he fed his cock deeper into my throat, but it was mostly numb, and I started relaxing into it. It didn't take long before I was eagerly bobbing up and down his dick. The taste was different than anything I'd had before, but it wasn't bad. The thickness and the warmth and the tingle were almost pleasant.

"Oh yes," Vincent grunted. "Good girl."

His grip tightened, and I felt a surge of pleasure as I knew I was making him feel good. It felt dirty, sinful, wrong, yet somehow wonderful as he pushed into my mouth again and again, making me gag from his careless methods.

I'd feel more guilty but feeling his cock slide to the back of my throat made me groan out loud in response. Instead, I found myself picturing Josh's beet-red, humiliated expression if he ever found out about this. Vincent forcing me down on his cock, hearing me gag on his shaft. In a strange, dark way, that added a nice taboo flair to the whole thing. Instead of feeling guilt like I expected, like I was supposed to, it seemed to fuel me.

It was far easier than I thought. I was suddenly enjoying how big his cock felt in my mouth, how pleasurable it was. I felt guilty for betraying Josh, but not half as much as I thought I might. I sort of, in the moment, mentally shrugged, thinking this was for the company after all. Yes. Totally. For Entrendy.

Before I knew it, Vincent was fucking my throat with vigor, and all I could do was grab his thighs and hold on as I tried to match his rhythm.

"Oh yes, you're such a good cocksucker," Vincent moaned, his eyes fluttering, his mouth open and panting. He was clearly enjoying himself, and the praise and the humiliation combined sent a thrill through me.

Then he pulled his dick from my mouth with a wet plop, gasping loudly as I sucked in a huge breath, drooling heavily.

I heard rapid wet rhythmic noises right in front of me, and suddenly spurts of warm liquid collided with my face. A stream of cum painted my cheeks, splattering on my lips, my chin and my nose, glued my eyes shut, and even onto the top of my breasts.

"Fucking bitch," Vincent muttered over and over as he hosed me down, while I licked my lips, savoring the taste of his cum. It wasn't pleasant, but it wasn't awful either. I felt a sense of satisfaction that I had made him cum. I had made him feel good. I had made him happy. I had done a good job.

Suddenly it seemed to be over, Vincent panting, almost leaning over me, his one hand still gripping my hair.

"You're incredible," Vincent said, tucking himself back into his pants.

"That was... that was great. Thank you," I said, my voice shaking slightly.

"You're welcome, princess," Vincent said, a smile playing on his lips as I stupidly had thanked him for fucking my face. "I'm glad we were able to come to an agreement."

"I should... I should get going."

"Of course," Vincent said. "And if you need anything else, you know where to find me."

I nodded and quickly left his office, feeling a mixture of emotions. I was guilty, but I was also excited. I had cheated on Josh, but I had enjoyed it way too much. And now, without a release of my own, I felt like such a mess. I found a bathroom right next to his office, and in the mirror I saw a reflection of the mess I had made. There was a huge streak of cum and saliva running from the tip of my chin and down the V-shaped cut of my dress.

Fuck. This wouldn't do. I hurriedly wiped most of it with some paper, though I still smelled of semen.

'*You fucking slut,*' the woman staring at me in the reflection seemed to say. That same guilt crept up, and I hated how easy it was to give in, and how shameful that it wasn't harder to resist. And the thrill I felt knowing what I'd done was almost too much to bear.

I could have stopped it, but I had just tasted his disgusting cock, and swallowed his old seed instead. What was wrong with me? I'm a married woman.

Late lunchtime found me back at my hotel with a baguette and a box of assorted California cheeses along with some scotch. I hated scotch, but I hoped it would rinse out both the taste of Vincent and the nerve-racking guilt. Though, oddly enough, I only felt slightly remorseful, as opposed to my usually exaggerated sense of shame. I mean, these things happen in this business, and what was I to do? It was for Entrendy, I had to believe that. Me getting as turned on as I did was simply a by-product. Was it not better that I did it out of necessity rather than pleasure?

I knew Josh would forgive me anyway. If I told it the right way, I knew his cuck tendencies would drive him crazy, even as upset as he'd be. It didn't make it better what I did, but at least I knew how to manipulate his reaction to calm the shame inside.

Relaxing in bed, I managed to sneak in a small conversation with Josh, where I more or less gave him the blessing to get back at me. If he didn't seize that opportunity, well, that was up to him. At least the playing field would be somewhat even. I think he could tell I felt guilty of something, but I was able to hide it I think.

\*

I woke up fairly early the next day. That wasn't that odd, I often went for my run in the morning, but I had had a restless night. In the night, the bed had seemed colder, somehow. Less welcoming. Like I missed something. But I pushed those thoughts away and got out of bed, determined to have a good day. I dressed in a pair of sweatpants and a hoodie and headed downstairs to make some breakfast.

I then had the idea of bringing Linda her breakfast in bed. I thought it would be a nice gesture as her pretend boyfriend. No. Not pretend. I'd show her every good part of me if it were to be convincingly. It was quite exciting really, as I had only dated Kim. It was a safe but intriguing way to *'try'* someone else. That *'someone'* being Linda seemed to just lighten my mood even further.

So I made us both some eggs, toast, and coffee and headed down the hall with the tray.

I knocked softly on Linda's door and waited for a reply. When I heard her say come in, I pushed the door open and entered the room. She was sitting up in bed, her hair messy, her face sleepy. She looked adorable.

"What's all this?" she asked, grinning at me.

"I thought I'd bring you breakfast in bed," I said, setting the tray down on the bed. "I hope you don't mind."

"Not at all," Linda said, smiling at me. "Thank you."

"You're welcome," I said, smiling at her, ruffling her hair. She looked at me with some annoyance but smiled at me regardless. "I'll leave you to it. I'm going for a run."

"Have fun," Linda said. "Wait. Come here. I'm not a morning person, but such a sweet gesture earns you a reward," Linda said, beckoning me to move closer. And as I got closer, Linda leaned up and gave me a kiss on the cheek. Her lips were soft and warm, and I felt my heart flutter at her touch.

"Thank you," I said, smiling at her. "I'll see you later."

"Have fun," Linda said, grinning at me as I turned to leave. "And walk slowly out of here. Your girl got herself a view."

As I ran, I felt guilty. It felt like I was betraying Kim in some sense, because I think I was starting to realize that I cared for Linda quite a lot. Perhaps more than a married man should've. Or perhaps this was just how it was when you had female friends.

But I also felt like I was betraying that friendship by even thinking about Linda like that. It was wrong, and I knew it. But I couldn't help how I felt. And the more I thought about it, the more confused and conflicted I became.

I knew Kim wanted this and that, wanted me to take Linda on dates and loved how I had caved to Amanda's pressure, but thinking of hanging with Linda, even without any sex or anything, was just very tantalizing. I felt comfortable with her. I decided to do what most men do when dealing with difficult emotions. I buried it and kept running.

When I got back, Linda was getting ready to leave for work. She greeted me with a smile and a hug, which I gladly returned.

I was leaving soon myself, though I had a meeting with a guy who knew a guy. Apparently, Luna had left me with the task of trying to land some manufacturing deals, and branding, for a client. Mrs. Lewis. I knew shit about chemistry, but Luna believed in the idea and thus we decided to put our resources behind the idea.

It was something about eroding wet wipes in septic tanks, even old sewage systems. Beyond my scope of expertise, but I knew how to do a decent pitch by now. All I had to do was sell it to this person Luna knew, then he'd see where he could go with it. Schematics were at Luna's office, locked away safely until production, and Mrs. Lewis was adamant that nobody touched it without signing an NDA. A bit paranoid if you ask me, but I guess those are the precautions you take when you believe in your idea.

On my way, I got a text from Vince of all people. He said our deal was sealed and that Kim had been very accommodating with a winky emoji. I shook my head. It was good news though, regardless of Vince's weird nature.

The meeting went pretty well if you ask me. The guy, Michael, seemed interested and said he would run it by his team and let me know if they were interested. I thanked him for his time and headed home. I knew that Luna and Kim would be happy with the progress we were making here while they handled California, and I felt good about it. Even if it was a bit outside our field, I had understood that Mrs. Lewis liked the idea of using a local agency, proving that there were hopefully some perks of Calhoun Holdings not being a New York-based agency.

It being Friday, I decided that I would indeed take Linda out tonight, so I made reservations at a restaurant. I also wanted to spoil her a bit, guiltily I might add, so I got her a manicure at a local parlor, and a neck-and-back massage after, both scheduled before the dinner. I guess it was almost like a half-spa experience. I asked Kim if it was a bit much, but she was delighted.

"Lucky girl," Kim said over the phone.

"It just feels weird doing something like this for another woman," I said.

"You know me, I won't mind. I don't mind, I mean," Kim said. "Linda is a good friend, so I think all the green lights are there. I mean, in the sense that we both trust her and have no reason not to trust her."

"She even asked me if I'd be her, erh, pretend boyfriend for the weekend," I said.

"Oh did she now?" Kim asked, and I could hear the excitement in her voice. "And what did you say to that?"

"I said I would. Y'know, as you said at the cabin, I thought it would help her out by getting more comfortable. Though I thought she saw someone, but apparently I misunderstood something," I said.

"That's interesting. But yeah, I think that's a great idea. And if things go well, don't feel bad. I mean, this isn't so different from what I've done?" Kim said, a bit of guilt in her voice.

"Maybe," I said.

"Well, I gotta go. Things to do, and Luna needs her extra set of hands. And Josh," Kim said. "Take care of her. I know we're all filthy, or at least I am, but I really want her to have a good time. I still feel like shit how I've used her."

"Quest accepted," I said.

"Thanks, dear," Kim said, blowing a kiss over the line. "Love you."

"Love you too," I said, hanging up.

After the call, I felt better. It was good to have Kim's blessing. It made it feel less wrong, less like I was cheating on her. I had no idea how Kim could so easily disregard her vows to me for 'extra-marital fun'. I felt awful when I had indulged Amanda, and now with Linda. Though, some of the pressure was off of me now. From now until Sunday, I was to act, no, be Linda's other half.

I then did the mistake I always did. I wanted to check out how the girls were doing in California, and perhaps catch a nice pic of my wife in a red bikini, so I checked Instagram. Kim held true, and I could indeed admire how sexy she looked in that bikini, but what brought the trouble was the comments. Or comment.

I had long since reconciled with the fact that weird comments would always be there, but it being from Alex, who had already shown interest in my wife before, I couldn't help but feel jealous. And aroused, of course, thinking of Alex successfully claiming Kim for himself.

*"Hey, sexy. When are you going to model for me?"* Alex commented on Kim's picture. *"Loved the vid btw."*

I wasn't sure what video he was referring too, thinking it was probably a typo, but at least Kim hadn't responded to him. She got a bunch of comments on her pictures, especially the last week or so, so I guess it drowned out. Just as well.

Still, I hated the fact that Alex was trying to get close to her. I hated that he was still hitting on her, trying to seduce her. And I hated that she hadn't blocked him. It was paranoia, I knew that, but I couldn't help feeling a little bit jealous and angry. I knew it was stupid, but I couldn't help it. I couldn't help thinking about Kim on her knees servicing Alex so obediently, just like she did me, and I hated myself for even thinking about it.

"Hey, handsome," Linda said, as I was trying to get through the office without causing any suspicion.

"Hey, how are you doing?" I asked, giving her a kiss on the cheek.

"I'm good, thanks. How are you?" Linda replied, smiling at me.

"I'm okay," I said, leaning through her door. You know what? I wasn't going to let some fucking Alex-guy ruin my weekend with Linda. Fuck it. "So you're getting off early today."

"I am?" Linda smiled suspiciously.

"Yes, ma'am," I replied.

"You're making me feel old calling me ma'am," Linda pouted.

"Fine young maiden?" I suggested.

"Not any better. But what are we doing?" Linda asked, looking excited.

"Well, I thought we'd start off with a massage and manicure," I said, entering the room.

"What? Really?" Linda asked, her eyes wide with excitement.

"Yeah. And then I got us reservations at the best restaurant in town," I said. "At least it's my favorite."

"Wow, this is amazing. Thank you," Linda said, grinning at me. "Wait, I don't have anything I can wear!"

"Don't worry about that, Kim has some stuff, I bet," I said. "Or just take something from our wardrobe here. We have plenty of dresses and such around just waiting to get used."

"You want to take your mistress out in your wife's clothes?" Linda teased.

"Mistress? I thought you were my girl," I teased back.

"Jesus, I can honestly hardly wait. I haven't had a professional massage since I went to physical therapy," Linda said, rubbing her neck a bit just at the thought. "Josh, you really know how to spoil a girl."

"You deserve it," I said, turning to leave again. "Three-thirty. It's just downtown. We could probably walk there."

Linda hurried up, following after me. "I better check out that wardrobe right away," she said, pushing past me. But she stopped to look at me. For a moment. Her onyx gray eyes. Her mouth, with a full bottom lip, turned into a smile. "Thank you."

"It's just a date with my girlfriend," I smiled, getting an even wider smile from her.

Linda shook her head and continued down the hallway, presumably to raid our wardrobe. I was feeling excited, though, for our date. I knew we would have a good time together.

Of course, as any person would do, the topic of sex came to me as I took my place at my desk. Would that be something I had to do? Would I do that? Did Linda expect it? I'm sure she didn't, but perhaps some part of her hoped for it. Part of me, a confused part of me, climbed up to the forefront of my mind and I found myself hoping for it too. But what did that entail? With a girl like Linda, who was pretty well-endowed, well, I found myself a bit nervous just even musing about the possible prospect of her being the 'top' in our little relationship.

It was a daunting thought, but an intriguing one as well. I had been getting into domination stuff, and Linda could be quite the assertive partner, and she was quite a skilled one too. But it wasn't just the *'naughty'* or *'adventurous'* side of this that was intriguing. It was the idea of letting someone else take control, to let someone else dominate me. It was exciting. I had sort of realized that the loss of control was something that aroused me but with someone as friendly and as nice as Linda, it gave me this sense of safety that I didn't even experience with Kim.

And there was the intimate part of it as well. As well as having to submit to Linda, I would be able to pleasure her and I found myself really wanting to do that. I wanted to make her feel good, to show her how much I cared about her, and I wanted to feel her body pressed against mine. Feel her lips on me as she took me, swooned me, feel her breasts pressed against my back as she fucked me. It was an exciting prospect, one that I couldn't wait to explore.

I shook my head. I was getting ahead of myself. While I had agreed to be her boyfriend, sex was something quite different. I wasn't even sure if she wanted that. While Linda had said I had misinterpreted it, there was someone out there who Linda wanted, and perhaps she was in some sense saving any sort of romantic type of sex with that person.

*'What about fast and aggressive non-romantic type of sex?'* I thought to myself, intrigued by Linda's dominant side.

Again, I shook my head, getting ahead of myself again.

I managed to focus on my work for the next couple of hours, basically working on designing a new summer collection, until it was time to leave for Linda's massage. By the end, I was pretty excited about our date, and I wanted to make sure everything went smoothly. For my part, I'd just sit in the lobby and wait, but was fine by me, as that meant I could just bring my laptop, or buy a newspaper, and chill there for a minute.

"Ready?" I said, sticking my head through Linda's door.

"You bet," Linda said, rolling back her office chair. She was still in her dark jeans and a blouse, so she hadn't changed yet. Linda looked down, seeing I had taken note. "I'm changing at the parlor. In case of oil."

"Good idea," I said. "Maybe I should reconsider this suit then," I added. I worried I was dressed down or up.

"Less clothes would be nice," Linda smirked, trailing me. "But I think the restaurant staff would toss us out if I showed up with you dressed in nothing but a leash."

"Yikes," I said. "Let's not go that far."

"Agreed," Linda laughed. "I just... I'm excited. And nervous too."

"Don't be," I said, gesturing for her to lead the way. "Hey, Mr. Watson, Linda and I are heading out. Take the wheel," I said to one of our new graphic designers. He nodded.

The walk to the parlor was pretty nice. The weather was decent, despite the snow, and chatting with Linda. It honestly surprised me how natural the dynamic between us was. Even though I was her weekend boyfriend, nothing really changed about how we talked. The only difference, which was a very pleasant one, was that Linda hooked her arm into mine, letting me escort her.

Perhaps it was because Linda and I had always been such great friends, but I had never really thought about dating her. I knew it was pretend, but having her on my arm felt right. It felt good. And I found myself wanting to spend more time with her, to get to know her better, to see what our relationship could become.

The massage was nice, I gathered. They did a deep tissue massage, and I enjoyed the sound of Linda sighing as the therapist worked out the knots in her back and neck. She was clearly enjoying herself, and I was glad I could give her this experience. Meanwhile, I felt like a 1950s man, sitting on a stool, reading the newspaper while waiting for my significant other.

The manicure followed shortly after, but I hated the sound of nails, it gave me the shivers, so I excused myself. I figured I'd go fetch a bottle or two of wine for the weekend. We had a decent stock, but I needed something to do anyway, so whatever. I also went window shopping as my wife, real wife, and I had our anniversary in the not-too-distant future. Kim's birthday, Christmas, and our anniversary all back to back always put a strain on my ideas for gifts. I'd figure something out.

I also tried to call Kim, but she didn't pick up the phone, instead sending me a message that I wasn't hers, but Linda's. It stung a bit reading those words, formulated like that, but I knew if I were to commit to this, then Kim was probably right that I shouldn't let my focus be elsewhere.

Linda met up with me when I was done looking at jewelry, and she looked gorgeous. She was wearing a black cocktail dress, with lace detailing, and it reached down almost to her knees, yet still it hugged her curves perfectly. Her hair hung down, though her bangs folded back like a tiara, an easy half updo, and her makeup was simple but elegant. She was absolutely stunning, and I couldn't help but stare at her.

"So you like?" Linda said, doing a little twirl.

"You look beautiful," I said, smiling at her. I lifted a hand to touch her hair, but Linda swatted it away.

"Don't mess it up. I only know one way to style it and I don't need you mucking it up," Linda chided playfully.

"Sorry," I said, grinning sheepishly. "You really do look amazing."

"Thank you," Linda said, smiling at me. "You're not too bad yourself."

"I'm still in my work suit," I chuckled.

"Be a good boy and give me a spin," Linda said, biting her lip as her eyes trailed downwards to my pants.

I spun slowly, letting her take me in from all sides. She nodded appreciatively and grabbed my hand. "Happy?" I asked.

"Come on, we're going to be late for our reservation," Linda said.

The restaurant was, like I said, one of the best in town. As far as my opinion goes, anyway. I gave the other guests a glance and saw that we weren't dressing either up or down. We were dressed perfectly. We were seated, got our menus, and ordered some wine, a white to start with, and a red to go with the steaks we planned on ordering.

Linda and I talked about the massage and manicure, and she showed off her now-gleaming nails. I had to admit, I didn't know anything about nails, but her enthusiasm was contagious. And she looked amazing, her cheeks flushed, a shy smile, her voice low and bashful. She was talking, and she had many, many things to tell about the experience.

We managed to steer clear of any work talk, thank god, instead talked about anything else. Something I always admired about Linda was how she wasn't afraid of challenging my point of view on things. It told me she wasn't just some kind, good-looking companion, but a girl with spunk. But I guess I already knew that.

Our main courses came, and the meal continued in pretty much the same fashion. We would eat, make conversation, laugh at the other's stupid jokes, and enjoy the meal. We also continued ordering drinks throughout the evening, and by the end of the meal, we were both pretty tipsy. I noted that being a couple for the weekend changed little of our dynamic still. We talked like always did.

After the meal, we headed back, stumbling a bit along the way. It had started to snow lightly, and Linda pulled me over, pointing up towards the sky, at the white snow.

"This is magical," Linda giggled.

"Not as magical as the woman at my side," I said and instantly wished I hadn't said it.

*'Oh lord, what if it seems like I'm coming on to her,'* I worried, glancing at Linda. I was ever confident, but for some reason, I felt myself nervous to tread wrongfully.

She wasn't reacting negatively, but I wasn't sure if that was just her. Was it the alcohol talking, or had I somehow unintentionally read into her hints that she was actually hoping we could potentially hook up? This Friday had been fantastic so far, so why end it there? But would I be ready for that? Would she? Would we have enough courage and no regrets tomorrow? And what about Kim and our deal? Was it even an option I had to think about?

But a large part of my worry was that Linda thought my statement was strange. Like I didn't find her attractive at all, like I was forcing this out in my 'duty'. Maybe she didn't want anything physical from me. And why should she? A silly comment shouldn't set her up expecting to be ravaged at the end of the night. Perhaps I could apologize, and play it as just being funny in my slightly drunk state. Why was I such a mess all of a sudden? Was I worried my comments would land badly? How much did I drink again?

"You're such a charmer," Linda giggled. I looked up at the snow.

"We better hope no winter storms are lurking behind those snowflakes," I said.

"Why, didn't you like it when I curled up against your big, warm back?" Linda smiled, referring to our sleepover a while ago.

"I liked it a lot, in fact," I said, offering her my arm again. Linda happily took it. "What is it with you and storms anyway?" I asked.

"I'm not sure. The sound of thunder can be so overwhelming. And the howling wind makes me anxious like I'm being taken away somewhere," she mused. "But a small storm can be nice. A tiny one."

"I'm not a fan of thunder either," I said.

We approached the lot near our office where I had parked the Civic. Perhaps I should've brought the Rolls for such a date, but I was very positive that the lack of a luxury car would affect Linda in any sort of negative way. She didn't care about those things. She just appreciated the company, that we both were dressed a bit better than normal and having a good time.

The whole deal reminded me of a book I once had, a fairy-tale collection or something. The story of a prince living the high life with riches and all that and how the guy just needed the right woman, one who'd put up with his bad temper or lack of foresight. In my case, the lack of a Rolls Royce, or a Lamborghini, but Linda was way better than anything such a princess. And as my mother had always said, actions

spoke louder than words. So instead of a braggadocious car to show her how we could share the world, we shared the small box of a Honda. Not that Linda had many issues fitting inside anyway.

"You drive stick?" Linda teased, taking her seat on the passenger's side.

"Careful now with the teasing," I chuckled, backing the car out of the spot and onto the road.

"Don't tell me what to do," Linda said, turning in her seat to look at me.

"Is this how our relationship is going to be?" I said, shaking my head. "The man getting bossed around by the woman?"

"Oh shut up, you love it," Linda said, giving me a light slap on the shoulder. "It's good for you."

"And now she's beating me," I sighed, earning a chuckle from Linda.

"I'll beat you up good," Linda said, pretending to throw her fists at me. Then she whispered, "Maybe I'll have to find some other punishment for my man."

"Oh?" I said, looking over at her. Her face was serious, but then she broke out into a smile.

"Or maybe not," she giggled. "I guess it depends on how good you are."

"Well, we'll see about that," I said, suddenly feeling a hand on my thigh. I glanced over at Linda, but her eyes were glued forward. I looked down at her hand, resting on my leg. It felt warm and comforting, yet still very sensual.

I felt a tinge of guilt, but I couldn't help how I felt. I wanted her to touch me, to hold me. I wanted her to do more than just touch my leg. But I knew I had to be careful. I knew I had to tread lightly. I didn't want to ruin our friendship. But I also didn't want to ruin the fun we were having. I had to find some sort of middle ground, some balance between being friends and being more than just friends.

"Are you going to be a good boy for me?" Linda asked, her voice low and seductive, still looking ahead as she started to massage my thigh gently.

"I think so," I said, trying to keep my focus on the road.

"Good," Linda said, grinning as her hand slid to the inside of my thigh, stroking it slowly. She turned in her seat, bringing her face closer to mine, and looked at me with lustful eyes. "Because I really like this suit on you," she said, her hand moving to cup my package through my pants.

I moaned softly, feeling her hand squeeze me gently. I could feel myself getting hard under her touch, and I felt like I should stop her, but I couldn't. Her hand felt too good.

"And I really like how our evening has been going," she continued, rubbing me through my pants. I could feel myself getting harder and harder, and I knew she could feel it too.

"I do too," I said, my voice barely more than a whisper. Then Linda's hand disappeared as we closed in on our home. The big mansion grew as we rolled down the long driveway.

"Sorry, I got a bit too... excited," Linda muttered. "Perhaps too much wine."

I shook my head. No way was Linda going to feel bad after such a nice end to the week. It would be criminal if she did.

I exited the car, rounded it before Linda had time to get out, and lifted her out of the vehicle. She gasped softly, looking up at me with wide eyes.

"What are you doing?" she giggled.

"Carrying my girl inside," I said, kissing her softly on the lips.

"Oh god," Linda moaned, wrapping her arms around my neck.

I carried her into the house, kicking the door shut behind us. I kissed her again, my tongue finding hers as she moaned against my lips. She tasted sweet, her lips soft and warm against mine. Her body felt good pressed against mine, and I found myself wanting more. Her room was closer, and mine was all the way upstairs, but as a middle ground, I managed to carry us both down to the sofa group, all the while still kissing her. She was so light, so easy to carry. I only paused to slump down on the white leather couch, Linda mounted across my lap.

Linda's hands moved to my chest, and she started working on my tie, her eyes locked onto mine. There was a fire in her eyes, a hunger, a need, and I felt like I was going to explode. She managed to remove the tie, tossing it aside. She then started working on the buttons of my shirt, pushing it off my shoulders as she leaned in to kiss me again, her hands trailing down my bare chest, her nails scratching lightly as she did so.

I moaned against her lips, my hands sliding up and down her sides as she kissed me. I could feel her body pressed against mine and her ass felt full and shapely. Fit, but with her wide hips, it was perfect to just grope and feel. She groaned against my lips as she worked on my belt, fumbling a bit due to the wine.

"Linda," I mumbled, as she pulled away from the kiss for a moment. She looked at me, her eyes dark with lust.

"I... I'm sorry, I got carried away," Linda said, moving to get off me. But I grabbed her wrist, stopping her.

"Don't be," I said. "I like it."

Linda looked at me for a moment, before leaning down and entering my mouth again, now with renewed vigor as her tongue lashed into me with desire. I kissed her back, my hands roaming over her body. She moaned softly into the kiss, and I could feel her body reacting to my touch. She was getting turned on, and I couldn't blame her. I was too.

And I suddenly felt how Linda was different from most other girls. I had seen it, I had even tasted her a bit, but feeling her press up against me was something else entirely. But that didn't seem to bother me oddly enough. Not now. I intriguingly wondered how she had kept it hidden under that dress, but feeling her excitement pressing against my crotch told me everything I needed to know.

I started unzipping her dress, and Linda pulled away from the kiss to look into my eyes. She reached behind her neck and released the top part of the dress, allowing it to fall and reveal her beautiful breasts, perfectly round with areolas that were a lighter shade than the rest of her light skin. They were incredible, her nipples were begging to be sucked on. I could feel them, brushing up against me as she leaned forward, and her face told me they were indeed as sensitive as expected. I couldn't resist running a hand over her nipple, making Linda hiss through her teeth.

She started grinding against me slowly, causing her dress to ride up and show more of her shapely thighs. My hands roamed over her body, making her moan softly as I grabbed her ass, pushing her down onto my lap harder until I could feel her erect cock pressing through her thin panties and her dress. It felt so weird and odd, and yet, excitingly, wonderfully sinful as well.

It was a moment of finality, I felt. I had admired her body for so long and resigned myself to the friend zone, but now I had the opportunity to feel what Linda felt like. Her ass, her breasts... all those things I had so longingly watched Kim do and get done to. And now I had the chance. And she was every bit as fantastic as I could imagine.

"Do you like them?" Linda whispered, moving up so I could see her breasts closer.

"You're gorgeous, honestly unbelievable," I said.

"I know you're supposed to be my boyfriend," Linda said, a shine of red filling her cheeks. "But I won't put out on the first date," Linda smiled.

"Heh, that would be a bit far," I chuckled.

Again, I hadn't truly or fully evaluated the true mechanisms of potentially having sex with Linda, if it were to ever happen. Like, who would do what? Would she expect... I mean, want to fuck me? Dominate me like she did Kim? Or perhaps she'd be gentle, like when we had our threesome in the cabin?

The latter intrigued me. A gentle, but domineering little brunette... that thought did things to me.

"I hadn't even thought of that... How would that even work?" I said, stumbling right into a can of worms. That was perhaps a sensitive topic for Linda. But she took it in stride.

"Do I need to talk to you about the birds and the bees?" Linda smiled. "Not tonight, not like this..." she said, biting her lower lip.

"Perhaps it's best not," I admitted.

"Perhaps we should just... leave it for the moment. I want to, but I don't wanna rush anything," Linda said, running her hands through my hair. It was such a picturesque moment; Linda in my lap under the moonlight on our white leather couches, her black cocktail dress bundled around her waist, sending electricity through me as her fingers ran across my scalp.

"Come here," I said, pulling her closer. I kissed her, my hands moving to her ass. I grabbed it, squeezing her cheeks through her dress. Linda moaned into the kiss, her body pressed against mine. She was turned on, and so was I. My cock was rock hard, straining against my pants. I was just so hungry for her.

I pulled away from the kiss and moved to her neck, kissing her soft skin. She smelled amazing, and her skin felt like velvet against my lips.

"Josh..." she whispered, her voice thick with lust.

I moved to her cleavage, kissing and licking her soft breasts. She moaned, arching her back, and pushing her chest toward me.

"Fuck," she groaned, as I started sucking in air from between her breasts, before making a suction cup around a nipple and letting it go with an audible pop. "Jesus, Josh..."

"You like that?" I asked, grinning at her.

"I love it," Linda said, looking at me with her dark eyes. "I love... it. But... let's take a break. Or I'm going to rip those pants off you and take you here on the couch."

"Heh," I was all I could say, suddenly intimidated. Linda had after all a cock, so those words from her didn't come lightly.

And I think she knew I caught on as Linda grinned at me, giving me a wink as she buttoned up her shirt again, her eyes trailing over my body as she did. The shyness from before was gone, instead replaced by that fierce little brunette I admired so much. And the hunger for me seemed to be a constant feature now.

"I better head to bed," Linda said, zipping herself back up in her dress.

"Yeah, me too," I said.

"I had a great time tonight," Linda smiled. "And the dessert was very nice too."

"Glad you liked it," I said, moving a hand to grope her ass cheeks one final time before bed.

"Can't get enough, can you," Linda smiled confidently.

"Not at all," I said, leaning up to draw in breath from her neck, giving her a peck. "You smell so good. What perfume is that?"

"I'm not wearing any. I didn't have any with me at the office today," Linda smiled. "Why? Do you like my scent?"

"Love it," I said, kissing her again.

"God, you're making it hard to leave," Linda said, closing her eyes as I kissed her. But with a determined shove, she was off me. "Like I said, I don't wanna rush anything."

"We can just hang out," I suggested.

"Don't tempt me," Linda giggled. She gave me a quick kiss. "Night, Josh."

"Good night, Linda," I said, watching her leave the room. Her hips swayed in that tight black dress, and I couldn't help but stare at her ass as she left.

"You should wear a suit more often," Linda called over her shoulder, catching me staring.

"Heh," I chuckled.

I watched her leave, my eyes glued to her ass until she was out of sight. I shook my head and looked down at my crotch, my cock straining against my pants. It was an odd feeling. I didn't know how to handle this new feeling of desire for someone else. I felt guilty about Kim, but I also knew that she didn't mind. In fact, she seemed to be enjoying herself, having fun with Luna while I was taking care of Linda.

I sighed and headed upstairs, trying to clear my head.

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After a quick nap, talking with Josh, and some League of Legends to get my mind distracted, I saw something that sent a cold wave through me. On my Instagram, on a picture, where I hadn't advertised any of my OF content at all, I saw Alex had left a comment complimenting a video I had made. The problem was, the only video I had made lately was the one 12-second one of me in very little clothing, teasing the hem of my red boxer shorts.

Had Alex found my OnlyFans?! And why would Alex post that on my public Instagram? Anyone could see. God...!

I freaked out completely, throwing my phone away and burying my face in my hands. Fuckfuckfuckfuck. I had to delete it. I had to delete it now!

I quickly grabbed my phone again and logged into my Instagram and went to delete Alex's comment. Then I saw that he had actually sent me a DM. Jesus, what did that asshole want now?

*'hey gurl, saw ur in LA. wanna hang out?'* he wrote.

*'Why did you write about my vid in my comment?!'* I replied.

*'woah, didn't know it that wasnt cool. ur stuff is bussin'* he wrote back. *'ill delete my comment asap'*

*'Thanks,'* I wrote back, trying to stay polite even if I was still pissed.

*'hey, srsly, i didnt know. Wanna grab that coffee? u said we could still hang out now and then, right?'* Alex wrote.

I sighed deeply. I didn't want to hang out with Alex, but I didn't want to be rude either. And he had apologized for the comment. I guess it was only fair to give him a chance.

*'Sure,'* I wrote back. *'But no funny business.'*

*'got it! ;)'* Alex wrote back. *'Ill swing by in a few mins, k?'*

*'See you then,'* I replied.

My heart thudded. Why did I agree to that? I knew what Alex wanted, and it wasn't just a cup of coffee. I knew he'd love to fuck me, or more accurately, to make me just another notch on his belt, to make Josh's wife no less than another trophy. The thought made me angry, and yet, I found myself curious at what would happen if Alex did seduce me. Would I do it? Would I be a slut and let Alex reaffirm his view of himself as an alpha and that it was his right to fuck any woman he had his eyes on, to reaffirm that he had that power? Was I that shallow? Apparently so as I used that idiotic terminology... alpha... as if.

But what if I could get something from it too? What if I could use Alex to my own advantage, to make him think he had won and was getting what he wanted, while I would get my fix? My appetite for sex hadn't been sated this morning, nor truly on a regular basis for a while, but who could say how things would progress with Alex?

I found my breathing hitch and my heartbeat increasing as I imagined Alex trying to make a move on me, his abs flexing as he stretched me open. Him viewing himself as a rival to Josh seemed to only fuel the ember inside of me, and without even thinking I had let a hand travel down between my legs. Jesus, just thinking about it...

Perhaps having sucked of Vincent had left me weak-minded, or perhaps the taboo element was part of its thrill, but I pictured his sweaty chest and firm ass flexing with ease as he'd put me in my place while I was bent over on all four.

The thought made me tremble in excitement and slight disgust, and I felt like an utter slut as the thought was forming itself. Was Alex, someone so annoying to me, really doing this to my senses? I had to think of something else, fast. He was literally on his way here right now, I couldn't cloud my mind even further with stupid, nonsensical fantasies like that.

At least, I wasn't dressed sexy or anything, so perhaps nothing would happen anyway.

Checking out how I looked, I saw my hair was slightly messy from having been in bed relaxing for most of the day, gaming a bit. No makeup. I wore sweatpants and a t-shirt, though I had a pretty nice thong underneath. Still, that wasn't exactly trying to seduce material, right?

Then there was a knock on the door, and before I knew it, I saw Alex's smug grinning face looking straight at me.

"You're here? I was thinking we'd grab that coffee in the lobby or something," I said, crossing my arms defensively across my chest.

"Nah, figured we'd chill here. Unless you wanna go somewhere?" Alex asked.

"No, it's fine," I said, sighing. "Come in."

Alex walked into the room and looked around, whistling lowly. "Nice room."

"Yeah, well, Josh doesn't hold back when treating his wife," I said, reminding Alex, just as much as myself, that I was married. To Josh. Who'd kick Alex's ass like it was nothing, who had asserted his alpha-sigma-ness over Alex before, no less.

"He treats you well, I see," Alex said. "Can't be all bad."

"It's not," I said, shrugging. "I got a coffee machine," I added, moving over to it. Once the coffee was gone I could toss him out of here. Maybe I could beg Luna to fuck me later or something. Alex would be a mistake, I was realizing that now.

"Well, that's good," Alex said. "I'm glad to hear it. So, how've you been?"

"Fine," I said, getting two mugs. "Just working and stuff. Nothing special."

"Oh, cool," Alex said. "I bet it's nice to get away for a bit. See the sights?"

"Yeah, it is," I said. "Josh is really supportive, and I'm lucky to have him."

"He's a cool dude," Alex said, though I knew Alex didn't much care for my husband. "He's lucky to have you too, though. I'd be all over that."

"Yeah, enough flirting, okay?" I said, handing him a mug. "I told you, nothing's gonna happen."

"Alright, alright," Alex said, chuckling. "Can't blame a guy for trying. A rizzlers thoughts should always be on his next—"

God what an obnoxious prick he was. His view of women... objects to be conquered...

"Well, don't," I said, rolling my eyes, and sitting down at the edge of the bed. Alex had taken the couch, and the chair was occupied by my bag, so the bed would do. It was far enough away at least.

Looking at Alex, I knew he was actually quite handsome. Fit. But. He was such a dick, such an insufferable fuckboy, and the constant flirting and cockiness was too much for me to deal with right now, I realized. My encounter with Vincent had left me horny, frustrated, and unsatisfied, and all those feelings of desire had been replaced by frustration.

And having touched myself to the thoughts of this very man just a few minutes ago, who had come barging in on me when I wasn't at my best, and when I felt horny as hell, was far too much of a threat. Especially when I knew what he had come here to do.

Alex smiled at me, his brown eyes taking me in. He wasn't shy at all, staring at me intently. I shifted a bit, blushing under the intensity of his gaze.

"So... what brings you to LA?" I asked. "Such a crazy coincidence that you're here just after I told you I'd be here," I said, trying to sound sarcastic.

"Yeah, I know, right," Alex said. "Actually, bro got a few meetings. Trying to get a job out here, make my way up." I knew he was lying. Alex didn't do much actual work. He was here because he wanted to fuck me.

"Oh," I said. "Good for you. I know it's harder to get jobs and stuff now."

"Yeah, it is. You're lucky your hubby's willing to help you out like that. I hoped to get some position at Entrendy in sales, or something, but bro wasn't very interested or at least low key about it, or didn't sound like it. His L, so whatever."

"Ah," I said, not knowing how else to respond.

"Some are meant to be self-made, perhaps I'm one of them. Anyway, I won't bother you with that," Alex said. His eyes scanned me. "Even in sweatpants," he muttered.

"What?"

"Nothing," Alex said, flashing me a small grin. Yet, he didn't hide as he shifted his bulge.

Inadvertently, my eyes traveled to the front of his jeans, and I could see the outline of his cock. It was long and thick, and I felt my mouth watering. Fuck. He was as hung as he was confident.

I heard him chuckle softly. He knew I had been staring.

"Hey, I've seen some of yours," Alex began, no doubt referring to my lewd pictures on OnlyFans. "Wanna see some of mine? Just to balance it out?" he jokingly offered.

I hesitated, the sultry side inside me winning over the embarrassment. God, the thought of him exposing himself, seeing his abs in real life... those abs I continuously imagined flexing as he would thrust deep inside of me. Shit. Fuck. Why were my thoughts taking such a dark, slutty turn lately? Maybe already having caved once made it easier now on some fucked level.

"No cap. It's only fair," Alex said with a smirk. God he was insufferable. "What about just my shirt?" he added, like it was some sort of innocent offer.

My heart was thudding hard in my chest. This was a mistake. Everything about this was a mistake. I shouldn't have agreed to him coming over.

"Alright," I heard myself say. Alex didn't miss a beat, lifting his black hoodie up over his head in a fluid motion, showing his six-pack and firm muscles. His tanned skin and the way his abdominal muscles tightened and moved beneath his skin made me breathe rapidly.

"You work out?" I asked. Alex grinned, tilting his head slightly.

"You know I do. Are you not impressed, Kimmy?" he gloated confidently. I mean, Josh was bigger and had bigger muscles pretty much everywhere, but Alex had that slimmer look to him that made him seem even trimmer.

The nickname didn't exactly help. It felt patronizing somehow, and I couldn't help but feel turned on. I tried to ignore the taunt, feeling myself blush. "Do you want to go downstairs now? That coffee was good and all, but this seems..." I didn't have the words. It was awkward, it was weird, and I was afraid, terrified really, of the mess my actions and decisions were in the process of causing.

"I could drop a bit of fat though," Alex said, looking down as if he was in the middle of assessing his physique.

"What? You're ripped," I blurted out, falling right into his trap.

"Yeah? You wanna feel 'em?" Alex asked, standing up. His cockiness was annoying, and yet, there was something strangely arousing about it. And as he stood, my heart started to beat even faster. This was a terrible idea. All of it.

Before I could even answer, my fingers were already grazing his six-pack. A shirtless, ripped alpha stood in front of me, and I was feeling him up. My pussy was already betraying me, aching to be filled. Alex looked down on me with that small, shit-eating grin.

"You see?" Alex said. "Feel good, right?"

"Y-Yes," I gasped. Alex's muscles rippled under my touch, and I was starting to feel warm and tingly all over. Shit. How did he always get under my skin, into my head, to screw my rationality? My resolve, or pride or dignity or whatever you wanna call it? Was it my horny libido and that stupid brain dopamine that kept fucking with me? Perhaps it was indeed easier to cave a second time. I could've just gotten up and thrown him out, or said nothing at all and simply moved on.

But instead, my hands moved without me even noticing, exploring every inch of his lean, sexy body, the contours and lines of his muscles and abs. Alex was breathing heavily, clearly enjoying this. He flexed occasionally, which made me jump a bit. I don't know why he had such an effect on me. I was a married woman. A loyal and a somewhat faithful one.

Yet Alex had an almost magnetic pull, and I seemed to have trouble resisting him as suddenly my left hand traveled to the hem of his pants, then beyond, down into his boxers and onto his warm cock. And he was big. Thick more than anything. Hard as steel, yet soft like silk. He was clearly excited, no doubt enjoying his power over Josh's wife. And by his smirk, Alex was confident that Josh's wife would cave to him and become a notch on his bedpost. I don't know if he knew how right he was.

God, I knew this was stupid. Alex would brag about fucking me to his boys. And worse of all, he probably wants to do it more often and not just once. And if Josh were to find out? What would happen then? What would become of us then? Would the fantasy world I had envisioned between us crumble because of such a silly mistake? Would I be able to smoothe it over this time?

I closed my eyes and tasted the danger in my mouth, letting my hand stroke Alex's cock for a moment, the feeling of its thickness filling me with dread and excitement. If I didn't stop soon, I wouldn't be able to stop at all. This had gone so far already.

Yet, I found myself getting up from the bed and sinking to my knees, sliding down the front of his jeans. A long, turgid dick emerged as I pulled his underwear down, free from the constrictions. It throbbed, inches from my face, bobbing gently. His musky, sexy scent filled my nose, making my pussy tingle, sending chills of arousal through me.

"Yeah, go on, you know you want it," he smirked. I groaned, wrapping both hands around his girth, stroking his warm, hard cock. It felt good. Right, somehow. So dirty, and yet so right. "Something bigger. Something better."

I started stroking his length faster, rubbing his dick all over. My breasts heaved up and down with anticipation. I loved the feeling of it, and knowing it would be inside me soon made me feel all warm and fuzzy inside. Alex would fuck the shit out of me, make me cum all over his cock without a single regret to his name, then brag to his friend how he had fucked Josh's wife. The thought made me drip with excitement.

It was all part of my twisted fantasy with Josh after all, right? But it also felt real, dangerous. There would be consequences for my actions, there had to be. Alex's smug smirks told me all I needed to know about the situation. He would rub his victory in everyone's face, especially my husband's. The thought of it only made me even more excited, as I licked at the underside of his shaft and lapped my way up toward his tip, coaxing a low moan of pleasure from Alex.

I was now less than an inch from letting my loving husband get cucked by Alex. My mind was a wreck, torn apart as much as my shame, and still my mouth parted and Alex fed his cockhead inside. A shudder passed through my entire body, the anticipation was palpable and made me groan, clenching my thighs as the erotic tension welled up inside of me. Alex moved his hips forward in an exaggeratedly slow motion and the shaft slowly disappeared into me.

Inch by inch I surrendered to his assault. Inch by inch, Alex took his victory. I was letting him win, even helping him do it, the shame of it was making the whole situation just so deliciously exciting. Josh didn't deserve it, but fuck if it didn't turn me on! Alex's hot meat invading me like this, was making me wild.

I greedily started to bob up and down, the noises of my mouth pushing and pulling on Alex throbbing cock started to fill the hotel room. So far Alex had done most of the job, but if this were to happen, I wanted it done right. I wanted Alex to feel good, to feel great, for his victory to be as sweet as possible.

"That's it," Alex murmured. "You're such a good slut."

My heart thudded. His words were so hot, so humiliating. I hated that I loved them, that they turned me on, but at the same time, I loved the shame, the humiliation, the thrill of doing something wrong, something taboo, something forbidden. Something so wrong, yet so right. With a hand down my pants playing with myself, I was getting quite ready for him.

Alex started grabbing my head, controlling me. I moaned as the feeling of degradation surged, the shame of losing the fight, of giving in, of becoming the slut I was. Alex had won. I was no longer Josh's, not now. I was about to become Alex's latest conquest, and until he was satisfied, my body was his. God how I yearned for it.

"You love this, don't you?" Alex laughed, his voice almost a mocking hiss. "Josh's little wife sucking me off."

"Umm," I moaned.

"Greedy slut wants alpha cock, doesn't she?" Alex said, pulling his cock from my throat. "Get on the bed."

I barely hesitated and quickly did as he had said, removing my sweatpants and t-shirt. Lying back on the mattress, my heart fluttered like crazy. What was happening?! My mind was racing as Alex was soon hovering above me, his hot cock now inches from penetrating me. I shivered slightly as Alex's intense gaze landed on me. Was he really going to do this? I couldn't stop it now, not when we'd gotten this far.

"This'll make you finally be nice and friendly to me, Kim," Alex grinned smugly, slipping my thong aside, then teased me by letting positioning his cock right at my opening, letting it rest lodged against my folds.

So close to entering, yet not actually there. Alex seemed to enjoy this moment right before plunging it in, savoring his conquest of me. I wanted it too; that last step. That feeling of being taken by an alpha, being filled. I wanted it so badly that my lust and arousal had built up into almost a boiling point. He looked at me smugly, thinking it was due to him that he won, not knowing I was just letting him due to my cravings. But did that truly make a difference? Did it matter who was the victor of this battle? All I knew was that his cock would be inside me very shortly and I was excited as hell about it.

Alex's weight shifted, pressing himself deeper into my folds, stretching me a tiny agonizing bit before resting. God. It was happening. The bastard was going to do it, he was going to conquer me fully.

But instead he wanted to torment me.

"What's happening right now?" Alex mumbled, grinding his big fat cock up and down my slit, applying a wicked pressure, yet not actually sliding inside, slowly but surely sending me into an even more agonizing spiral, my whole sex pulsating with need.

Fuck. What was I doign? What had I done? What had I done to end up here?

"Alex," I murmured softly, biting my lip, the wet sound of my pussy being teased was filling the air. "Don't tease. You got your victory," I said.

"Tell me, what am I about to do?" he demanded. I frowned and moaned slightly, my pussy yearning to be filled.

"What the fuck does that matter?" I asked in utter frustration.

"I want you to say it. Admit defeat," Alex said, looking deep into my eyes. There was something menacing, almost predatory about his gaze and mannerism. A confidence that I had deemed highly unjustified. Yet, he was winning this battle. He could see me squirm, feel me twist underneath, trying to get him deeper without success. He wanted my full surrender, he demanded it.

"I, ah, I..."

I wanted to play, to have a little fun, but Alex insisted on his games.

"You're about to stretch me out," I gasped.

"You mean I'm about to impale you on my big cock? Make you feel real good with my big dick?"

I was flustered. I had give him his little victory, the wordplay made me feel shameful, like I was a pathetic slut who needed to obey his alpha cock.

"Yes," I moaned.

"Is this what you came here to do, though?" Alex asked.

"No," I moaned.

"But it's happening. And you need it," Alex said.

"I need to get fucked," I groaned, almost on reflex from his taunts. "Just shut the fuck up and put it inside me."

Alex chuckled, and again shifted his hips, and then slowly, and painfully slow, began inching his length inside of me. I whined as my pussy stretched around his thick girth, finally penetrated by the guy I had considered nothing more than an asshole. I'm just that much of a desperate whore, aren't I? And wasn't I ever so ready and eager!

"Oh shit..." I whimpered, overwhelmed, and nearly fell over the edge of orgasm from the sheer thrill. Alex still pushed, and every inch inside of me, it was like I was getting what I always needed.

My tight hole accepted Alex's hot cock willingly and I basked in the joyous sensation of being stuffed, stretched and conquered by my new lover. The pleasure of Alex's victory was mixed with the knowledge he'd lord this over my face forever. That just made the experience all the more devious, sexy and utterly addictive. The pleasure was extraordinary as our bodies moved in sync and I got drunk off it. I surrendered and began to lose all control, so close to climaxing fiercely on Alex's cock like a craven slut, moaning for more.

"Fuck you're tighter than I'd ever imagine," Alex moaned, starting to pick up the pace. "You feel like you really needed this."

"I do!" I yelped as his thrust became more frantic.

His hands gripped my legs, positioning them more towards my shoulders, giving himself complete and total access to my wet pussy and completely pinning me in place.

I shuddered, already feeling my own pleasure rise higher and higher as Alex thrust away into me. The humiliation, the bliss, it was almost too much. I groaned, clawing at the sheets as I felt Alex bottom out inside, his pelvis pressing up against my pussy lips. God... how I'd wanted this.

"Does Josh know about this?" Alex taunted.

"No!"

"But you want me to fuck you still?"

"Yes, fuck me, fuck Josh's wife!" I cried, delirious and drunk on the sheer erotic energy.

"Fuck yeah, that's exactly what you need," Alex grunted as his hips started slapping against me, each movement rocking me hard, shoving his dick right back inside. "You love being a cheating slut. Who'd thought Josh's wife would be so easy, eh?"

His hands pinned my arms above me and I could feel him moving fast and hard, his thick length throbbing already, but I ignored the warning signs as Alex pumped his cock deep and fast within me. I was too close to exploding, too excited about what was coming, too lust-ridden. It was too late. We couldn't stop. Damn, it felt so good to finally get fucked by a stud again!

Alex groaned, and suddenly grew ridged as his cock twitched and jerked inside of my pussy as the floodgates finally came open, and Alex started spurting thick ropes of hot seed inside of me. Sticky sperm clinging to my insides as he painted my womb as it defiled me.

"Fucking take that cum, Kimmy," he grunted, his hand squeezing my breast. I gasped and arched, my legs tightening up around his hips as my entire body shuddered, my own climax arriving. "God damn..."

I laid back and savored the afterglow of sex, relaxing back and shuddering. It felt so good to be creamed and taken. I came, but it was sort of short-lived by Alex's slightly premature ejaculation. Good, but not as mindblowing as I hoped. But feeling him still spewing his potent young batter was unbelievably good. Marking his territory. A stream so thick, white and virile...

As the afterglow lingered, reality and shame came crashing back in.

"Ahh... Jesus, what just happened?" I muttered.

"You just got fucked, that's what," Alex smiled at me smugly. "A better lay than your husband, am I right?"

I nodded, though honestly, Alex was capable enough but wasn't the best fuck. And yet, I was dripping with delight, coming back down from an orgasm that wasn't even as earth-shattering as I needed it to be. So why did I want another? Perhaps Alex just needed to get off so the real fun could begin.

For now, his length flexed hard, swelling, and then more ropes shot free, shaking my world. Alex's cum was simply so vicious and copious. His balls were endless in their capacity, churning out so much goo, the sensation was incredible.

"So much," I muttered, staring up at his smug face as his nuts jumped and flexed with each hard throb, bringing on more thick, chunky ropes that were filling me up good.

Alex grinned at me. "Josh took a huge L for ever letting someone as sexy and fun as you out of his sight."

I was moaning for more, feeling his thrusts turning to slow grinding, his load no doubt partially splashing free as he shifted and bucked atop me. It was like some wild fantasy; a hot and sweaty guy pounding his length into you, not stopping and not holding back, using you for their pleasure, claiming you as their own, shooting off their seed deep into your fertile womb.

Fuck.

I forgot a condom.

"What-guh-what are you doing?" I groaned.

"Sh-Shit, bruh, I'm gonna make sure I knock you up," Alex moaned, panting with pleasure, clearly delighted by the idea of doing so, the possibility of impregnating another man's wife.

Oh... Fuck. How could I forget that? If Alex only knew how dangerous this was for real... Perhaps he did and didn't give a shit.

"Yeah, make me pregnant, fill me up with cum, please," I heard myself gasping, half-moaning and half-pleading, already losing control once more to the sexual haze. He probably thought it was dirty talk, idiots like him liked these stupid '*competitions*' of who was knocking up who and who was the alpha and all that crap. I, however, was thinking of my husband, which made the betrayal feel oh-so deliciously exhilarating. I could hardly think of anything else.

I would never let Josh find out about this, though. If the word got out about this, that would be the end of us. As much as it turned him on when I flirted with or fucked other men, he wouldn't be so thrilled by this. I would never admit to it. This had to remain my little secret. I just had to make sure Alex wouldn't brag too much.

*'What a slut...'*

Alex was still buried inside of me. Even though his sperm had stopped flying out of him, I could feel his cock jerk and pulse, causing little electric shocks that traveled along my nerves. It was like it wasn't done and tried to expel everything into my womb, making the slightest bit extra go inside, as much as it possibly could.

Alex slowly pulled out, creating a loud nasty wet noise as his thick length came free, glistening with sperm.

"Oooh..." I whimpered as his cock left me.

I closed my eyes and gasped. It was a release like no other, the taboo of it, the danger of it, the nastiness. But beyond that, the warmth and pleasure that had spread through my whole body, it was exactly what I needed, as crazy as it was. I was weak, too weak.

I couldn't quite process what had happened. Or the full magnitude of what it might lead to. Right now, though, I could only lie back and let the endorphins do their job. It was weird. Alex was as annoying as he was handsome and athletic. A bit of a cocky shit.

His first round wasn't the best sex I had experienced, both Linda and Toby, even Josh, had blown my mind way better. But yet, when Alex brought his slimy cock to my face, I was eager to nurse him back up for round two. Perhaps he just needed to blow the first one out quickly so the second could last longer, right?

I wasn't really in a condition to ask him to leave, even less so to suggest it to him. Alex's tanned chest gleamed with sweat and the look of him towering over me with a massive hard cock made me tremble with excitement. The satisfaction of watching him stroke his sticky cock while grinning smugly made me gasp. My mouth opened automatically, and then Alex held my head steady and his big, meaty thing shoved into me. He was clearly horny and getting himself back to full erection after unloading inside of me seemed no problem.

God, his cock looked and smelled so delicious. It was definitely big enough to satisfy a woman, even if he lacked a bit of skill and technique.

My eyes watered slightly, a salty, sweaty taste and scent filling my nose as he slipped further down my throat. He used me, no doubt thrilled to use Josh's wife as his cocksleeve and fuckhole, and I loved it, sucking like there was no tomorrow. There was a sense of degradation that came with him being far less impressed with me. For him, I was merely a conquest and another name to put on his list. And the feeling was a strange thrill, his enthusiasm clear despite his somewhat lackluster performance, his hungry and passionate groping was alluring and fueling the fire inside of me.

Alex grunted and groaned, and the wet sloppy noise of my oral servitude filled the air as I found myself pleasing him again, all the guilt was gone for now, as if it never had been there at all. I was only focusing on making him feel good again, and he seemed to really enjoy the warm wetness of my mouth sliding along his pole. I was quickly learning how he liked it, and how his body responded, and my heart fluttered in anticipation. Alex seemed like he'd be happy to go all night long, which meant we had a long way ahead of us.

"Fuck..." Alex moaned. He let me do as I wished, so I played with his length, bobbing and licking the underside, coaxing more and more precum out of him. He seemed happy with the service, and it was so hot to hear his appreciative moans and soft gasps.

I moaned too and felt the pressure building again, and without any control, I started fingering myself. It was all the confirmation he needed to be pushed to the next level. I knew he wanted to fuck again. And even though I knew it was dangerous, and the sex had been a bit lacking in comparison, the adrenaline coursed through my body like electricity, urging me on.

Alex rolled me onto my stomach, taking advantage of me not giving him any resistance. My butt cheeks were spread open and exposed, my pussy leaking semen and wet with my arousal, ready and primed for yet another good fucking. I could sense his body looming, hot and sweaty. He pressed up against me, hot and hard. I felt his stiff member running up and down my slit. He was taking his time. Teasing and savoring it. Making the anticipation drive me wild. I quivered, whining for him to do it, the urge for it growing stronger every second.

"Oh, Jesus!" I moaned as the hard shaft pierced me once more. He filled me up so good, stretching and spreading me wide around the thick base of his prick. The warm, sensitive flesh wrapped and squeezed him. Our bodies fit together perfectly like they were meant for each other.

And suddenly he was thrusting into me, driving his thick cock deep into me again and again, and I gasped with surprise. He grunted in pleasure as his hands clutched my ass cheeks. I was burning up, sweat stinging my eyes as my whole world went white. My mouth opened wide to suck in great big gulps of air and he pounded me hard and relentlessly. My body rocked back and forth, matching his forceful rhythm. My pussy ached as he claimed me.

I loved being filled with this virile man, his potent cum still inside of me, most likely impregnating me if I didn't take measures later. His muscles flexed and rippled beneath his skin, his dick throbbed, and my eyes nearly rolled back at the erotic bliss. His muscular build, his trim waist, his strength and potency...

Alex's muscular body hammered me harder and faster, like he was determined to beat the same time record from before, he'd lasted less than 5 minutes last time, and he was not gonna get anywhere near that time right now. As I gasped with each thrust, the pressure built quickly again, and I couldn't hold back anymore. I gasped, a series of shuddering grunts escaping from my chest, my moans long and desperate.

"Fuck yeah, take that cock," Alex hissed, his fingers gripping harder and his shaft penetrating deeper.

My fingers clutched the bedsheets so hard they felt like they would rip. Then, right as my climax was building, Alex pulled out and I felt hot wetness splash onto my butt, my back, and my thighs as his cock jerked and fired ropes of goo all over my back. My entire body trembled and my pussy clamped tight as I cried out in slight frustration. Alex felt so good, and the mental depravity was off the charts, but I was starting to realize that perhaps he was more for quantity than for quality, and not in a good way.

At least it had been quite exciting, and as I rested my head on the pillow, I could feel Alex smear his cock all over my ass cheeks and back, slowly jerking his semi-flaccid dick against me, causing another sort of delight. My brain couldn't handle all the endorphins right now, nor all the conflicting emotions, I only knew I wanted this stud to fuck me, to prove he could out-perform my beloved and cuck my darling husband.

It was sick, wasn't it? That was what I was thinking as my hands touched his dick, fondling him again and bringing him back to life, wishing his cock had filled my need, as inexperienced or delusional as the guy might be. The things you do in the throes of passion.

"Hey, why don't we make some content for your OnlyFans?" Alex suggested, smacking my ass with his wet cock.

"Erh, that's not a good idea. I don't even want to talk about that stuff with you," I said.

"Why not? We'll keep our faces out and no one will know."

I hesitated and the implications of letting him film a bit of our sex were racing through my mind. Then I quickly decided to hell with it. Why not? Might as well milk the opportunity of getting banged like a slut with Alex.

Without waiting for an answer, Alex brought out my phone and we began to fuck in various positions while having him stuff his length deep and hard, filming it for some nice Pay-Per-View videos, while we'd leave our faces out of the video. I wouldn't give the guy any leverage that could turn out to bite me in the ass, even more.

There was a level of degeneracy in the situation, and my only wish was for him to perform properly. The sex was good, just not as mindblowing as I hoped. We probably made about two and a half hour's worth of porn videos while we fucked for almost 5 hours. The videos were raunchy as all hell and got more daring and dirtier as Alex loosened me up with his repeated entries.

I had all the titles ready in my brain too. Popular ones, no doubt. *'Cheating on my husband with a stud', 'impregnated by gym jock', 'what wives do on business trips'*, and the like.

"Ever been fucked in the ass by Josh?" Alex asked. It was Saturday morning after a brutal night of decent sex and video-making.

We had slept on and off, but Alex woke me up at least twice by nestling his cock into me. It felt like my insides were on fire, all filled up with his big loads that still warming my pussy and making a mess out of me, and yet I could hear him stroking his hard dick, getting another hard-on at the thought of stretching my asshole to the limit.

The idea of letting Alex fuck my ass too, something Josh didn't even know I loved, was incredibly hot, and as he continued rubbing and pushing it up against my puckering hole, I just let him. "Not yet, no, but do it," I whispered, biting my lip. It was the truth. Josh had never been there. He didn't even know of my anal adventures as far as I could tell. Only Linda.

That was when a massive pressure overtook my rosebud, and my eyes widened as it began to spread open. I was opening for him, my tender ring clasp tightly around him as he pushed past with his wide cock. And as his dick eased deeper, my lips parted in awe.

"Holy fuck..." I whined, squirming in delight. My face buried deep into the pillows as the pure depravity of his cock claiming my ass overwhelmed me.

I arched, screaming in a mix of agony and elation, giving over to the sensations that were swirling inside. My breathing slowed down to heavy pants as the head of Alex's cock slowly breached deeper into my tight ass. I had taken it all, and my body was filled with his throbbing meat. It seemed almost impossible for me to have the head of that thick shaft buried entirely up into my bowels. He filled me, literally stretching me to the limit, but it was incredible.

As he began to shift, gently grinding his hips back and forth, his thick and meaty cock began to churn. The pain was quickly washed away, replaced by an intense wave of euphoria and pure lust. It was simply wonderful. The tension and the ache slowly started to fade, becoming just a memory, and my insides completely molded themselves to fit him, accepting him. The sensation was still new to me, and my heart was thundering in my ears. The muscles wrapped him, squeezing him.

"Yeah," I cried, throwing my head back in bliss. I loved getting fucked in the ass. Being sodomized was incredible, the feeling of taking an entire big and hard cock so deep into me was fantastic. My rectum wrapped around the thick and hard thing, enveloping it and feeling it pulsing and throbbing within my anal passage.

It felt good, so good to be his slut for the duration of my stay in LA. This wasn't what I had planned when I had come here, but I was quickly falling into a very comfortable pace of sluttiness with him. Even if Alex's skill didn't hold a candle compared to what I hoped. And it wasn't like it was bad sex, but I certainly felt Alex was falling short.

I had fully given into the wildness, the delirium, of being screwed in my tight little butt, enjoying each and every minute of it as much as possible. My rectum ached, as it was filled and stuffed with Alex's rock-hard dick, stretching it so wide and to the limit, my hole gripping him so tight. It felt good, the best in fact. Having him stuff me full with his thick cock. The naughty feelings came flooding in, and I was overwhelmed.

"Alex, fuck my ass harder," I groaned in pure lust and pleasure, spurring him on even further as Alex's balls slapped my thighs and pussy with each and every thrust.

"You gonna let me fuck you when we get back?" Alex taunted. "I'd love to rail you in Josh's own office and make you squirt all over his paperwork."

"Yes, yes, fuck!" I yelled. "Do you wanna cum in me while I'm bent over Josh's desk?"

The words felt natural and fell from my mouth on instinct, the sexual euphoria overruling any rational decision. Shit, was I really flirting with the idea of letting Alex actually rail me in our workplace? Would I let Alex fuck my husband hard and good in Josh's own office? There was nothing holding me back at the moment, nothing was standing in the way of Alex having his wicked way with me whenever he wanted. And Josh would just sit there, none the wiser, as another man conquered his wife right under his nose.

I mean, why not? The guilt wasn't there; not anymore. I would just make sure to clean up well enough not to get found out. At least I hoped.

There was something about doing what Alex told me to do and something about the prospect of doing such things behind Josh's back, the forbidden feeling of being his loving and caring wife on the outside and a cheater and a slut on the inside, that lit me up inside and sent shivers along my body.

I was literally the worst. Alex wasn't even the best cock available to me and I was so turned on. But the wrongness of cheating and betraying Josh by fucking some douchebag that wasn't even that great was only making things better. The act of me deceiving my Josh, letting another man, this immature, hotheaded boy, stuff his big dick in my ass was such a thrill.

How could I crave something so degrading like this? Especially from Alex! The whole thing was surreal, the forbidden side of my nature that had gotten me into trouble.

Alex seemed to sense that, however.

"You like making your Josh a pathetic cuckold, huh?" he grinned. "Love showing him who the bigger alpha is, don't you?"

"Yes!" I moaned in confirmation, begging Alex to carry on. "I do, I like Josh being humiliated!"

"Fuck yeah..." he chuckled, shifting his grip to my shoulders as he went down to his elbows, hugging me tight. His abs and obliques were crushed to my lower back, his fat dick sunk into my rectum even deeper, pressing my ass harder.

He was everywhere, around me, enveloping me, inside me. Alex grunted and thrust hard, driving himself into my depths as he simply used me for his pleasure.

Then when it started to get good, like really good, Alex pulled out and slammed himself into my pussy, burying himself to the hilt and I knew I was seconds away from being filled again.

I felt Alex's thick seed emptying into me again, flooding my uterus, drowning my egg, and completely wrecking my unprotected sex with its fertility. Another man had probably just put his baby inside of me, while my beloved husband would be the only suspect of the pregnancy. The thought almost sent me over the edge. How dark had my mind grown in these hours, during the taunts from Alex?

My entire body convulsed, clutching and trying desperately to milk his cock for as much cum as it could. Alex panted and sweated, his toned body, covered in sweat as he spent several ragged thrusts pouring himself inside of me. It was daunting how much Alex came every time, and how he insisted on shoving it as deep as he could inside of me. Was he actually trying to knock me up? I knew this whole alpha breeding stuff was something up the alley of a guy like him.

Admittedly, the notion of knocking up another man's wife, cheating on my Josh, and carrying the bastard child of his competitor, it was... God. Just the mere thought of it. I knew now that I was drunk on lust that it sounded like the most hot, most depraved action. When I sobered up I'd deal with the consequences.

A treacherous heat rose and exploded into an eruption of fire throughout my body. I trembled, shaking and clawing the sheets, feeling Alex's meat stretching me so wide, and his balls pressed up against my clit, still churning more virile milk deep into my pussy.

Alex's hands on me, his body pressing me down, his weight upon me, it felt divine. I could almost hear the gulps with every twitch I felt, shooting his massive load straight to the entrance of my womb. It was crazy and a part of me knew it was crazy, but the adrenaline, the endorphins, the lust, the passion...

We stayed like that for a bit, just breathing together. The feeling of his body on mine felt soothing. And, though I could hardly wrap my mind around what had happened, I had become a cum-dump, a personal cocksleeve, a cheap sex toy for the pleasure and entertainment of Alex, to fulfill whatever fantasy or kink of his I could satisfy.

\*

After passing out and getting some rest, and some room service in, we had started up another round and were now on the bed, Alex lying comfortably against the pillows. I was bent over in front of him but with my face stuffed in his crotch, sucking him off as I looked him straight in the eye, Alex holding my phone with its camera facing toward us as he filmed another video.

"Yeah, get me hard and wet so I can plow your married pussy. That's it, keep going," Alex grunted, using his other hand to guide my head to bob the way he wanted.

Fuck, I couldn't believe how slutty this guy had gotten me in less than 24 hours. Being recorded, and putting on a show for the camera, seemed to spur me on almost as much as being a cheating slut. Or perhaps a conjunction of the two, I really didn't know.

As my tongue worked along the length and head of Alex's cock, the head throbbed, slowly swelling and thickening. To think he had already plowed me all Friday, and now Saturday was starting off so well. I'd be sore for days after, but it would be worth it.

Alex looked pretty smug about everything. So sure that he had conquered me, thinking I was in awe of him, all of it because of how little sex I had with Josh. And yes, perhaps the idea of cheating on Josh did bring up some butterflies in my stomach, but that wasn't all there was to it. If I had known how badly he'd be performing I would've taken Linda with me. But Alex had just been too insistent and he was there when I needed an extra large cock to wreck me.

Honestly, Josh hadn't fucked me nearly enough since I came off the pill. Alex seemed insatiable, fucking me over and over. Being fertile, and wanting a family, I had expected Josh to be all over me. Perhaps he was in the beginning, but as I had scorned him again and again it had been less and less. It was my fault, but the result was the same; I needed my guts rearranged as often as possible. Josh hadn't done that, Linda did to an extent, and Luna had waned in her interest after our little *'honeymoon'* period.

If you ask me, having a successful businessman as a husband, and with the amount of money and time it took for him to run his companies, well, I can't blame Josh entirely for not satisfying me all the time. He did tear his ACL too a month ago, which didn't exactly help either. He was a hard-working man and it wasn't even his fault that I now worshiped Alex's cock, but it was the truth: I did worship Alex's cock now for those reasons. And Alex was more than happy to flaunt it. Fuck, I could actually feel myself changing as it went on.

"Oh my god, so good," Alex moaned, letting my hand stroke and gently caress his length while he recorded.

I just kept rubbing his shaft and massaging his heavy balls. We weren't having sex, just giving me time to recover before my sore, tender pussy would be ravaged again. Alex clearly enjoyed being pampered, and he seemed pretty pleased about having filmed all these depraved moments with me. No doubt he would use them later in his social circle or wherever he wished, bragging and shit. Luckily it was all on my phone and not his. I didn't want him to have such a clear trophy as actual videos of him fucking me.

I kissed my way down his shaft, finding his huge nuts. God, his sack had such a musky smell and my head was spinning. I wrapped my mouth over each of his balls, tonguing each and soaking them thoroughly with saliva. And as I ate at his big sack I felt his length, slick and throbbing, rest across the top of my head. God, he was such an alpha, so dominant. I hated all that stupid alpha bullshit, but Alex? He

truly was. The muscles, the demeanor, his looks, he had it all. It wasn't just a title. He lived up to every implication of being an alpha.

And him being an alpha, it was my duty to be his whore, and suck, fuck, and worship his dick like one. Even if his performance was a disappointment. He was young and would improve, it wouldn't be right to punish him just because his moves weren't perfect.

My mouth and tongue sucked and swirled all around the sides of his smooth sack, coating them thoroughly with spit. The musky smell of his dirty nuts filled my brain, and it was driving me wild. They were full of cum, moist, and warm against my nose and lips.

They hung big, heavy, and plump with potent virility. Fat and steamy, and I could feel them churn inside of his sack. Ready to be used on my unprotected and needy sex. But right now, I just sucked them. Kissing, tonguing, licking. Getting them nice and moist and drooly. I wanted them nice and slippery before I really got going, and boy did I get going. While Alex had lots to learn, I wanted to show him how good of a slut I was.

When they were good and covered and well-massaged and relaxed in the warm soft confines of my mouth I slowly popped my lips free. Then with the wet slippery balls out of my mouth, I slowly began to kiss my way further down toward their destination: that tight ass of his.

With each and every slow inch that my lips moved toward Alex's puckered hole, I noticed his hips start to squirm a bit. This would definitely take him by surprise. It would be something new for him, it seemed, but I was happy to give it to him. I knew men were hesitant about it, but at least Josh loved it when I did.

But then I stopped.

Oh, my goodness, Josh!

Out of nowhere a massive wave of realization came crashing down on me. I was about to eat another man's ass after having cheated in the most filthy ways with a douchebag like Alex. What the fuck was wrong with me?

However, Alex seemed to sense where I had been heading, and when I hesitated, he curled his fingers into my hair, nuzzled my nose into his musky sack, and I was more than happy to let my tongue fall out of my mouth and onto Alex's smooth taint, following that lovely groove down towards that little sphincter.

"Yeah, stick that tongue out, baby. Fuckin' lick me out..."

"Mhmm," I murmured, getting into it again. My tongue slipped down, finding itself at the entrance.  
"Mmmhmm."

"Ahhh... yeah, that's right," Alex breathed. He moaned, enjoying it quite a bit. Alex's muscular body quaked a bit, his tight ass clenching up as I started to lap him. His puckered hole twitched against my wet and sticky tongue and I pushed my face in further.

"Keep that fuckin' tongue out," he groaned. Alex ground his ass onto my face, soaking it in, and he groaned happily, reaching out and grabbing the sheets as he found my tongue's soft and wiggling point dancing around and poking his asshole.

"God..." Alex moaned. "What a nasty slut you are..."

One hand was fingering my hole while the other stroked the length of that big, beautiful shaft as my tongue danced in small circles around the edges of his tight asshole, leaving my eyes rolling back into their sockets and a tingling sensation to build throughout my pussy.

I could taste his body on my tongue, musky and earthy with a hint of sweat and soap. He probably showered before we ended up in bed, which was good. Good hygiene is important when you're going to stick your tongue up a man's ass.

I swirled it a bit longer and harder. And as I got lost in eating another man's asshole and thinking about how hot that was, it seemed as if Alex could no longer take it anymore and the desire to fuck overpowered him. Alex pulled me up roughly by the hair, quickly positioned himself behind me, and after a hard slap across my ass, he mounted me.

It was amazing how dominant Alex had become, taking what he wanted when he wanted it. So demanding, controlling, and even ruthless.

His strong hand went straight to the base of my neck. His long, hard cock parted my dripping and wet folds easily and without much warning. My walls had stretched so easily and wonderfully around that thick and long shaft, and the sheer thickness of Alex's girth had sent a lightning bolt straight down through the center of me, leaving me feeling hot and electric.

"Give me all that big cock!" I cried.

\*

I got ready for bed and tried to fall asleep, but all I could think about was Linda. I felt guilty and aroused at the same time, and it was driving me crazy.

Linda had always been attractive, but tonight she had really shown a new side of her. A sexy, confident side. All for me. And I loved it. She was hot, and I wanted her. But I knew I couldn't have her. At least not yet. And that thought made me want her even more.

I tossed and turned in bed for a long time, my mind racing. I was thinking about Linda, and how she had looked in that dress. How her lips had felt against mine. How her body had felt pressed against me. How her ass had felt under my hands. It was driving me crazy. I could feel my cock throbbing, straining against my boxers.

Suddenly my bed felt very lonely. Empty. Not right. I thought back on how it had felt when Linda had curled up to me during the night, and how comfortable I had felt with her there. Her warm body pressed against me, her soft breathing, the light scent of her shampoo. It had felt good. Safe. Nice. And it had stirred feelings in me I wasn't sure I could understand.

It wasn't a conscious decision, but there was something I had to do. At least, I thought so, as I was suddenly standing on the carpeted floor. And with silent, careful steps, I exited the bedroom, went down the stairs, and suddenly I stood outside the annex where Linda was sleeping.

My thoughts swirled as my fist came to hit the door gently. Not even waiting a second, or contemplating further if this was such a smart idea, I was cracking the door open and peeking my head inside. Linda was wide awake in bed, with no trace of alcohol in her eyes anymore. It seemed that she had only just removed her makeup, though she was still incredible.

"Hey there," Linda said, surprised to see me.

"Hi..."

"What can I do for you?" Linda said with a smile. She seemed to enjoy my arrival, even if I hadn't explained why I was there.

"I'm lonely," I said, sounding more like a child than a grown man.

"Aww, poor thing," Linda said, pulling the covers away from her legs. "Come here."

I moved towards her, my eyes never leaving hers. Her gaze was intense, but I couldn't look away. She was mesmerizing. I sat down on the edge of the bed, and she reached out for me, pulling me closer. My head came to rest on her shoulder, and she wrapped her arms around me. I sighed contentedly, snuggling close to her. It felt good. Right.

"You okay?" she asked quietly, letting me rest in her arms.

"Yeah," I said softly. "I'm sorry, I just... I don't know. I guess I'm just not used to this."

"It's okay," she said, running her fingers through my hair. "I get it. It's all new and weird. But we're going to figure this out together."

"I'm not sure what I'm supposed to do," I said.

"Well, for starters," she said, lifting my head up and kissing me softly on the lips. "We can just do things like this."

I kissed her back, savoring the feeling of her lips against mine. We stayed like that for a moment, just kissing each other gently. Then she pulled away, looking into my eyes.

"And if you want to, you can stay with me tonight," she said.

"I think I'd like that," I said, smiling at her.

She smiled back and kissed me again. Her hands moved to my shirt, and she started unbuttoning it slowly, kissing me as she did. Her lips were soft and warm, and I could feel myself getting aroused again as she touched me. When she finished unbuttoning my shirt, she slipped it off my shoulders and threw it aside. Then she ran her hands over my bare chest and her lips moved hungrily against mine again.

"Wow," she whispered, breaking our kiss momentarily to admire my body, even in the dark of the room.

"Now you," I whispered, gesturing her to remove her loose-fitting sleeping tee.

Linda didn't hesitate for a second, raising the hem over her head, showing her perfectly sculpted abdomen, followed by her ample breasts in a light blue bralette. I groaned and started massaging them, rubbing my thumb over her hard nipples.

"Hmmm," Linda sighed happily, enjoying the attention. She was always one to enjoy having her breasts massaged. My eyes traveled her body, landing on a black thong that perfectly showcased a bulge from the cock I had felt earlier on. Again, an odd curiosity stung through my system, but the more I looked, the more aroused I felt.

"Wow, your body looks incredible," I whispered, staring at her, running a hand across her smooth belly.

"Really? You think so?" she whispered back, sounding a bit embarrassed.

"Of course," I said, looking at her.

She blushed, biting her lip. She looked incredibly hot. And she didn't even know how attractive she was.

"Even a girl like me?" Linda asked, a tad bit lower than her previous whisper.

"Especially you," I said, bringing my mouth down to her ear. "You're so fucking sexy," I whispered, making Linda shiver. She was enjoying this, and I had to admit, so was I. She was so dominant, yet I was able to make her giddy.

"Oh Josh," she said, kissing my cheek softly. "Thank you. You don't know how much that means to me."

"I can't resist you," I whispered. "And I don't want to."

"I... I wasn't planning on this," Linda said, her breathing heavy.

I looked into her eyes, feeling her gaze was intense, the most intense I had experienced so far from her.

"Let's just take this slow. We can enjoy ourselves without sex," Linda said, biting her lip. "But... I mean... if you're interested... you would definitely enjoy it if we ever get that far."

Her confidence seemed to have returned, and her hand was traveling further down, feeling out my crotch. That along with her statement made me swell quite rapidly.

"Okay," I moaned as she groped me, unsure how to even respond.

"Just promise me we can do this more. Even when they're back from California. Please," she said, kissing my neck gently.

"Yes," I mumbled, closing my eyes as I enjoyed her kisses and caresses.

"Kim won't mind," Linda said, slipping her hand into my boxers and grabbing hold of my cock. "In fact, she likes it. A lot. So let's just enjoy this weekend and then... if it feels good... perhaps we can move forward? Like in the future?" Linda proposed.

"Okay, I... I like spending time with you. And I would love to explore what we can have... but sex right now is something I can't quite handle. I would want to, but... I can't."

"I understand, and believe me, the anticipation will make it even more amazing," Linda smiled. "Believe me. And trust me, if we ever get that far, I will make you feel things you never knew you could experience." Again I felt myself throb in how Linda so confidently promised me so much. Part of me was eager to learn how right she was.

"You're quite confident," I chuckled, though wincing as Linda's thumb grazed the sensitive part behind the tip.

"A confident girl with a nice cock will do wonders to you," she grinned.

"Are there..." I started.

"Yes?"

I hesitated, not sure what spurred me on.

"Are there other things we can do?" I said, not entirely sure what I implied. But something inside me wished to explore what Linda.

Linda smiled knowingly at me, giving my length a nice squeeze.

"And what would that be? What is it that you want to do, Josh?" Linda asked, her voice low.

I looked at her, my heart beating fast in my chest. I didn't know what to say.

"If it makes it any easier, I can make the decisions," she suggested.

A surge of excitement shot through me. Why did that suggestion entice me so much? Arouse me? A dominant girl like Linda ordering me to pleasure her. Take care of her needs. Obey her.

Linda didn't hesitate, grabbing the hem of her panties to pull it down, her hard cock pointing directly upwards, demanding my attention.

"Now, I know what you're curious about, so be a good boy," Linda said.

There was a raw authority in her voice. Something that made me want to obey her. And something that made me incredibly aroused. My cock twitched in Linda's hand, and she smiled, realizing the effect she was having on me.

"Take a closer look," she whispered, her voice thick with lust as she gently, suddenly a hand was on my head. Not really forcing or pressuring. Just resting there. "If that is what you want."

"Yes," I muttered, the sight of her cock so close was stirring feelings in me I couldn't comprehend. The only thing I could think about was wanting to taste it.

"Good boy," Linda purred.

Linda was rock-hard, and her cock glistened with precum. I looked at it, my mouth watering. It looked perfect, the way her shaft curved slightly upward, the head shiny and swollen. My cock throbbed in my

boxers, and I wanted nothing more than to take her in my mouth, to taste her, but I was too afraid to actually do it. I mean, I was still a confused mess, and while I looked up at Linda I saw a girl, but... this was just something else entirely.

"Come here," Linda whispered, her hands on my face as she guided my head closer to look at her. "You don't have to. We can just curl up and I can cuddle the shit out of you instead. I can keep you nice and cozy."

But something was different now. Seeing her cock like that, her panties pulled aside. The smell of her arousal. That musk. Feminine, yet strong and forcing its way into my nostrils, into my brain, clouding it. And my curiosity got the better of me, the little, wondering piece that wondered what Linda's cock would taste like, feel like. Kim had once forced me, but this time it was just Linda and me, and the right circumstances.

And I just couldn't fight my curiosity anymore.

"You are a very good boy," Linda said when I started climbing down the bed. Her legs spreading a bit further, and her hand was cupping my face as I settled between her thighs, and without thinking twice, drew a long, lingering breath from her crotch.

Her scent was intoxicating, and it made me want her even more. I wanted to taste her. To feel her cock in my mouth. To make her feel good. To shrink my world down to Linda and nothing else than her and her pleasure.

"Oh God," Linda moaned, her eyes fluttering closed as I took her in my mouth. "Josh..."

She tasted amazing. It was just the tip, but I could feel her cock twitching in my mouth, and it felt incredible. I'd hardly be able to believe the situation I was in, but I couldn't focus on anything but Linda's warm skin, and even the heat that emanated from her body.

"Keep going," she gasped, her hips pushing upwards, more of her cock sliding into my mouth further, nearly pushing the whole head inside my eager mouth. I wanted more.

As if by instinct, I was lowering myself, starting to bob up and down, sucking gently on her beautiful cock as it disappeared deeper and gagged me as it bumped against my throat. But I just worked the part I was able to. It was heavenly. I was amazed at how natural it felt to do it, and how good it felt. My tongue moved on her cock of its own, lapping at her skin as she pushed into my mouth. I could hear her moans and groans as I took more and more of her in my mouth.

"Yes, yes, that's it," Linda moaned, her hand on the back of my head.

Like a small spurt from my own arousal, there was a pang of fear, a small worry that it was wrong and perhaps disgusting or bad or something. But that thought didn't linger for very long. In its place came a realization that I felt safe. It was probably an odd sense of security, coming from a cock pushing against

my throat. A strange idea, no doubt, and yet there it was. Because it wasn't like Linda had used this opportunity to shove everything down. She was taking care of me, being her gentle self, though assertive, as she slowly guided me around her cock.

"You're a very, very good boy," Linda hissed.

"Mmm," I moaned as I tried my best to stuff her into my mouth. It felt nice being called that, being a good boy.

"That's right, Joshy," Linda moaned, running her fingers through my hair. "Just like that. I'll let you do your job, but in the future, I might have to fuck your mouth."

The promise of more, and the promise of an active and powerful woman taking me, made me moan, nearly gagging myself on her. Her fingers tightened in my hair.

"God, your mouth feels amazing," she whimpered. "Please keep going."

So I did. I kept going, doing everything I could to make her feel good. It felt amazing, the way her cock slid in and out of my mouth, the way she was pushing and pulling my hair. It felt incredible.

"Yes, that's it," she moaned, her hips thrusting gently as she started getting closer to her release. "You're a very good boy. I knew you would be perfect. Keep going just like that and you will get me there."

I sucked and bobbed faster, feeling her body tensing under my touches. She was close, I could tell, and I wanted her to cum. Wanted to feel her filling my mouth. I wanted everything.

"That's right, just like that, just like that, right, Joshy!" Linda's voice trembled as she neared her release. I reached a hand up, rubbing her lower belly soothingly. Her breath hitched, and her grip on my hair tightened. "O-oh-oh, shit," she gasped, her cock jerking in my mouth.

Then it happened. Her cock swelled, and my mouth filled with a rush of thick, warm liquid. She moaned as her body convulsed and my mouth filled with her creamy, warm seed. It tasted delicious, and I swallowed eagerly. It was hot and salty and sticky and I could hardly believe how turned on I was by the act.

"Oh, fuck yes," she groaned, her cock pulsating with each jet of hot cum. Her whole body tensed as her orgasm rippled through her. "God!" Linda cried out, her body shaking as she rode out her orgasm.

Then the taste of her sperm overwhelmed me and with an impulse I didn't know I had I tried swallowing everything down. Linda seemed to like that, feeling her grip on my head loosen a bit, giving me some leeway to control my bobbing. Her cock was pulsating like crazy as if the orgasm would last forever.

"Jesus..." she whispered, looking at me in awe. I smiled sheepishly. She cupped my face. "You're so damn good, Josh," Linda said, gently pushing a strand of hair off my face.

She sighed, her breathing heavy, as her cock went back to soft.

"Come here," she said, patting the bed beside her. "It's time we get some rest, Mr. Perfect."

I moved up to the pillows and curled up close to her, resting my head on her shoulder. It was odd lying like this. I was always the one being settled on, but it was nice to be the one being held for once. She stroked my back gently, kissing the top of my head.

"This has been an awesome night," Linda chuckled, settling against me. "... I had no expectations for what would happen this weekend, but you... Wow."

I just grinned, and fell into the deepest sleep, relaxed and content.

"Wow," I repeated after her. "It was alright then?" I asked, feeling like a silly high school girl, trying to confirm that I wasn't that horrible at pleasing her.

"You did amazing," Linda giggled, kissing my cheek. "I really like the view I got of you sucking me off. I could get used to that, Joshy boy."

I blushed, closing my eyes and sighing softly. It had been an amazing night indeed.

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The weekend continued in a relaxed fashion. Saturday morning was slow, and Linda and I had breakfast together in a lazy, sensual style. I had gotten her off that morning too, her cock oozing onto my eager tongue as she held my head steady for me to consume every drop from her beautiful cock. I couldn't believe how much I loved that taste. Soon enough, I was convinced that blowjobs had nothing but positives.

Linda had been quite surprised but was soon bucking her hips along with her intense blowjob. It was rather thrilling seeing that display from her, to hear her moans and gasps. She even let me feel her balls for the first time too. It had been surprisingly arousing to run my fingers over them while sucking, to feel the silky skin and how warm they were.

And her size. She was significantly bigger than me, I realized. But I liked it. And I liked how she treated me. As if I was her good boy, her sweet man who deserved nothing but the best. I craved more. I needed her. And I wanted her to fuck me. To dominate me.

It was then, as Linda came again in my mouth, that I realized I hadn't cum myself in ages. All this sexual activity, all the making out, all the aching throbbing hardons I'd had, not once had I released any of the tension. I wondered how this would work with someone like Linda. She was clearly a top, and I kinda preferred it that way, but you start to wonder right?

So after our breakfast, I awkwardly tried to gauge Linda's interest in... I'm not sure what, but returning the favor, perhaps?

In any case, after having done the dishes, I returned to the kitchen island, sitting down a bit awkwardly. Everything around this was strange to me, but it was perhaps justified given the amount of uncharted territory.

"Have you... ever tried it the other way?" I asked, trying not to sound too hopeful.

Linda looked up at me and grinned.

"Are you asking if I've been fucked by a man before?" she said, raising an eyebrow.

I nodded, my cheeks burning.

"No," she said, shaking her head. "No man has ever touched me in that way. But... I think that might change."

I looked at her, my heart beating fast in my chest. I could feel my cock getting hard at the thought of fucking her. She smiled, her eyes locked on mine.

"You want to fuck me, Josh?" she whispered.

I swallowed hard, unable to speak. My cock was rock-hard, and I could feel my pulse racing as I stared at her. She smiled, walking over to me. She leaned in close, her lips brushing against my ear.

"Do you want to fuck me, Josh?" she asked again, her voice low and seductive. "Do you want to fill my tight holes with your big cock?"

I groaned, my cock throbbing in my pants. She chuckled, reaching down to rub my hard length through my pants.

"You want to feel me around your cock, don't you?" she whispered, squeezing me. "You want to feel me squeezing you tight. You want to bury yourself inside of this tight, virgin pussy? To be the first to feel me?"

"God, yes," I moaned, my hips thrusting into her hand.

"You want to fuck me until I scream, don't you?" she teased, grinding against me. "Pull my hair, spank this ass you're staring at all the time?"

"Fuck," I groaned, my cock throbbing in my pants.

"Do you want to fuck me, Josh?" she asked yet again, her lips brushing against my ear. "Do you want to make me yours?"

That broke me. And my answer was instantaneous.

"Yes," I gasped.

Linda pulled away from me, her eyes dark with lust. "I'd do it... and I know you're my boyfriend for the weekend, but I hope... is it okay if I just suck you off?"

I was almost floored. Of course, Linda didn't want to throw away her first on a game of roleplay. I was so stupid. But I understood. "You don't have to do that either. I'll survive," I said with a smile.

"Don't worry about it," Linda said, looking at me. "I want to."

She moved closer to me, kissing me softly. Her hands moved to my sweatpants, slowly pushing them down along with my boxers, my cock springing free. I moaned as she wrapped her hand around me, stroking me slowly.

"You're so hard," she whispered, her fingers moving up and down my shaft.

"You do that to me," I groaned.

"Yeah?" she giggled, rubbing the sensitive spot underneath the head of my cock, making me moan loudly.

"Mmmh," I moaned.

"I better take care of that, then, don't I? Like a good girlfriend should."

She kissed me deeply, her hand working over my cock. She was so good, so incredible at touching me. My eyes closed, and I let out a soft moan as she pumped me. Her thumb ran over the slit, spreading my precum over my head as she stroked.

"Does that feel good?" she whispered. "Does that feel good, baby?"

"So fucking good," I groaned.

"That's right," she purred. "I'm your good girl, aren't I? I'm going to take good care of you."

My eyes opened as she sank down on her knees between my legs, her face inches from my cock. "Let me show you," she murmured, her hand never leaving my length. "You've got a beautiful cock, you know that, Joshy?" Hearing that from someone who had a nice one herself was oddly flattering.

She leaned in and pressed a kiss to the tip. My body shook and my hips bucked involuntarily, causing her to giggle. "Easy," she laughed, her breath ghosting over me. "I know I'm hot, but you need to let me do my job."

Then, without warning, her warm mouth engulfed me. Her tongue swirled around my shaft, licking and sucking on every inch she could. I moaned, grabbing her head, my fingers tangling in her hair. She was so good, taking all of me in her mouth. It was so perfect, the way her tongue stroked me and how her lips wrapped around me. I didn't know how I would ever go back to sex without Linda. She was so amazing.

But as she wanted to do her job, I removed my hand from her, just briefly brushing her hair out of the way to have the full experience of seeing her on my cock, worshipping it. That was definitely the case as she started sucking me faster, harder, her hands moving over my thighs. She looked incredible, and her eyes locked on mine as she started bobbing her head, taking more and more of my cock in her mouth.

I felt like I was on cloud nine. Her eyes burned into me as she swallowed my cock. The sensation was unlike anything else I had felt. It was like she knew exactly what I wanted. Like she could read my mind. Her hands moved up to my balls and squeezed, making me cry out and shudder.

"Fuck," I groaned. I was so close. So fucking close.

Her hand began to work my shaft, and she took one of my balls in her mouth. She sucked hard, swirling her tongue around it. Her other hand gripped my ass, massaging and squeezing. Sometimes tender, sometimes with a strong grip, digging her nails into me.

"Oh, God. Fuck," I groaned. It was almost too much, the sensation of her mouth and tongue on my sensitive skin. "I'm... I'm gonna cum..."

"Not yet," she whispered. "Wait for me. You're not done till I say so."

"Gah!" I gasped. "What..."

She grabbed my ass tighter, squeezing. Her other hand squeezed my balls, and I felt them tighten in response. "Almost," she whispered.

"Please..." I begged. "Please..."

"Just a little longer," she urged. "Just a little longer, baby, and then you can cum."

I gritted my teeth, fighting every that instinct screamed at me to let go, to fill her mouth with my seed. It was almost too much, and then suddenly... a finger slid up my ass, causing me to tense up. But the pleasure was overpowering.

"Now," she said, pushing her finger deeper in me, sending sparks throughout.

With a cry, I erupted into her mouth. She swallowed every drop eagerly, and as she was milking my cock dry with her hand, she drew her finger in and out from my ass.

"Fuck, oh shit!" I cried out as I exploded, sending streams of cum down her throat.

Linda kept swallowing my cum and pumping her finger up my ass. Each wave of pleasure was amplified by her ministrations, and soon, I couldn't even think anymore. Everything turned into pure ecstasy, and I was lost to her touch. When I finally finished cumming, she released my cock, giving me one final swallow and lick of my tip.

I leaned back against the counter, panting hard. I looked at her, sitting on her knees in front of me, her eyes hooded with desire, as she slowly withdrew her finger, and then got to her feet. She smiled at me, biting her lower lip.

"Hmm, I love this look on you," Linda giggled.

She brought her hand to my cock and held it. My breathing calmed down a bit, and she began gently stroking my cock, coaxing a few drops of cum to bead out on the tip, running down my length.

"Mmm," I heard her coo. "So delicious."

Her finger, the one she'd fucked my ass with, went to her lips and she sucked the digit. My breath caught, and a sharp bolt of arousal went through me.

"Jesus," I muttered.

Linda grinned, pulling her finger out. "I'm gonna go rinse out. And yes, Josh. I will take care of your releases. I know being with a girl like me makes you a bit intimidated, but... Well, I will be considerate of your needs," Linda said with a warm smile. "Like you were for me."

Linda left, and I didn't know how I felt exactly, but that morning had been a crazy ride. I was still a bit out of it. It wasn't like I held a tier list, but Linda really gave me one of my most powerful orgasms. Perhaps due to being pent up for so long.

But sitting alone, I was suddenly overwhelmed by emotions I didn't know how to control. This situation was insane, and there was no explanation for it. I felt guilty. I felt dread. I felt confused.

I sighed, my heart hammering in my chest. Why did I have to feel like this just after we had such a great time together?

It was hard to pinpoint what triggered me, but I think I was simply overwhelmed, torn in too many directions. I loved these two evenings with Linda, and I was so glad that we still had a full day left, and then some hours on Sunday. But I didn't want it to end. Would it end? I wasn't sure if this outcome, the feelings I was starting to feel, was what Kim had in mind, but what could one do? Linda was just fantastic.

And as fantastic as our time together had been, I knew there was someone else out there. Someone who had Linda's attention. I knew we weren't truly dating, so it wasn't any of my business nor was it justified, but I felt an incredible amount of jealousy. It was almost painful. To think that some other man out there was oblivious to this woman, to think someone else could have Linda instead of me, broke my heart. Or at least, that's what it felt like.

And I was married. To Kim. Not Linda.

I couldn't shake it off. These intrusive thoughts just didn't want to leave, didn't want to settle on the idea that everything was working out. I buried my face in my palms, slumping down on the couch.

My mind was racing. I felt like I was going crazy. I couldn't believe how much I was letting myself get caught up in this. But I couldn't stop.

Linda came back into the kitchen after a minute. Linda apparently saw this change of heart, her brows furrowing and her smile wilting.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"Nothing," I replied hastily.

"Are you regretting... everything, you know, us?" Linda asked, suddenly unsure. "We can... leave it. It doesn't have to... well, mean anything."

I looked into her eyes, seeing a sudden sadness in them. It broke my heart, and I suddenly hated myself for it almost as much as I hated whoever it was who held her attention. "No," I said, pulling her in close. "But I have to know..."

"What?" Linda asked confused.

"I know you said I interpreted that little conversation," I said, not fully able to hide the pain in my stomach, an ember building toward my throat. "But you said there was someone out there who, well, that you like."

Linda's face went from sad to confused, then to relief. "Oh," she said, slumping back on the sofa. "That..." She looked a bit baffled by the apparent confusion, her palms resting against her forehead for a moment.

"Well, you said back then," Linda said, rolling back on top of me. "That I should tell him, and it might be scary, but perhaps he might feel the same. I know the former is true, and the latter is not."

My heart sank. I had no right, but the dread that there was another he, another man to sweep her off her feet, was crushing me. "What do you mean?" I asked carefully, bracing myself for the answer.

Linda smiled sadly. "It's you. The guy I'm crushing on, it's you," she said, a sudden insecurity washing over her face. I hadn't even answered, but she already started fumbling. "It's okay if you don't feel the same. It doesn't have to... mean... I mean, I know you're married and everything, and I know how confusing everything has been for you so I won't torture you by expecting anything in return. In fact, I didn't think I'd come to a point where I'd let you know, least of all like this, but I don't want to see you hurting like this because of some stupid misunderstanding."

I looked at her, stunned. I had never expected that. I knew she was attracted to me, but I thought it was just physical. I thought she just wanted to sleep with me because I was her friend and I was willing to give it a try. But she actually had feelings for me. That was something else entirely. I didn't know what to say.

"I didn't... I didn't think you liked me that way," I said quietly.

"I've liked you for a long time, Josh," she said. "I've wanted you for so long. Ever since that first time we met, I had a huge crush on you... and then over the months of getting to know you, I guess it sort of developed from that. I just never said anything because I knew it was impossible for you to reciprocate, and I didn't want to risk our friendship. I just figured if I kept my feelings to myself, things would be fine, that living around you, working for you, that it would be enough. But I see that perhaps our little pretend-boyfriend thing got me a bit too excited, and now you're hurting because of that mistake... I should've never have asked."

"Hey, there were no mistakes," I said urgently, taking Linda's hands in mine. "I'm glad you told me. And I'm glad I got to spend this weekend with you."

She smiled at me, her eyes shining with unshed tears. "I'm glad too," she whispered. "Even if it's just this weekend, I'm glad I got to experience it."

I pulled her close, kissing her softly. I could feel her body trembling against mine, and I held her tightly.

"Josh," she breathed. "I love you."

It was strange, hearing those words from her lips. It was something I'd never thought I'd hear from anyone other than Kim. And while they were words I'd heard from many people, it felt different coming from Linda. They seemed to hold so much meaning. As if they held all the answers to my worries.

Flashes of all my interactions with Linda over the last year flashed before my eyes with new clarity. It was like a blockade in my brain had been lifted and I saw clearly for the first time in millennials. How had I not seen it? Rapidly, almost so I could touch and see it, I felt my own emotions change. Form from one shape into another. It gave me an awkward feeling in my gut, but it wasn't entirely unpleasant, though hard to identify.

"You don't have to say it back, I know you're still a bit of a mess after everything," Linda said. "But I just had to say it. I had to tell you the truth. And I promise that I will always be there for you."

"I know you will," I said, giving her a soft kiss.

"I will be happy for whatever you are able and ready to give, whether it's just friendship, or..." Linda whispered, trailing off.

"We'll see where things go," I said, kissing her again. "But for now, I just want to enjoy the weekend. I can say that I wish it wouldn't end so soon, but then again, that makes me feel pretty guilty for even thinking that. For you, for Kim. And for me, I guess."

She nodded, resting her head on my chest, and we stayed like that for a long time, just holding each other.

I knew it was wrong, but I couldn't help it. I was falling for Linda. And I knew that I had to stop it. But I also knew that I couldn't.

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The rest of the morning was amazing, and we spent a lot of time together. We walked Barney down to a cafe and got lunch together. The staff was nice enough to let the dog join us as he was friendly and calm. Some brave kid even said hello to the big mastiff, patting him gently.

Walking home, I saw that Linda was more or less radiant. She looked happier than I had ever seen her, and it made me realize just how special she was. No matter what, I wanted to make her happy, to do everything I could to give her what she needed and deserved. I knew it was wrong, but I couldn't deny it anymore. I was sort of realizing that I wanted to be with her, but that meant giving up on a relationship I had had since I was a kid. Kim and I had been through everything together. I shoved it away for now. I'd enjoy my time with Linda for the time being.

And like before, nothing really changed in how she talked with me. A smile was on her face all throughout, but she was as fun to talk to as ever. When I tried to order no salad, she even chided me and made me order one anyway.

We spent most of our afternoon building the rest of the fence around the yard. I say yard, but it was a pretty large space I wanted to fence in so that Barney could roam around on his own without worrying us whether he might wander too far. He'd never run off, that was for certain, but he could be a bit in his own world sometimes.

With both of us doing the work, it was finished faster, and then we were looking at quite a gorgeous garden surrounding the house. Though it was more of a grassy field with a few small slopes and knolls. It was snowy now though, and the frost made the work tedious, but there was potential and a sense of achievement having finished the fence.

"What are you thinking?" I asked as we inspected our handiwork.

"It's beautiful," Linda said. "Have you thought of making it into an actual garden?"

It was mostly grass for now, except for a patch of a few trees where I knew Luna liked to do some cosplay photoshoots before when she still had time for that. Not so long ago, I had thought I'd watch Kim and my future kids run around here playing with water guns. Perhaps it was best for everyone's sake that we put a pause on that until things were more stable.

I guess I was sort of realizing I had had some doubts even before Linda had declared herself to me. How I didn't exactly trust Kim, how she had teased me with things we swore never to bring back up, how I had pushed her away that one time. How she had more or less sexually assaulted me when she stuffed Linda's cock in my mouth and taunted me about it. Perhaps, and it was a rather ugly thought, but perhaps she had pushed me away towards Linda rather successfully.

"Maybe a pond or something with a little bridge, perhaps," Linda proposed, staring at a patch of ground by the small little grove. "There's plenty of room for a lot."

"Yeah, you're probably right," I sighed, staring at her ass while she leaned over and rested her hand against the fence. I smiled, my thoughts getting distracted as they often did while admiring her form. She really was perfect.

"Earth to Josh, come in Josh," she said, smiling. "Helloooo?"

"Hmm, sorry I zoned out for a bit there," I said, shaking my head. "Got caught up in something."

"Care to share?" she said, leaning over slightly, exposing a bit more of her cleavage in my direction.

"Just enjoying the view," I said, unable to stop myself from reaching out and lightly touching her ass.

"Oh really? You enjoy that, huh?" she purred, grinning seductively. "I'm sure you can get much closer to it than that, babe."

I chuckled, pulling her close to me, letting my hands drift along the curve of her ass. She moaned, pressing back against my hands. My cock was hardening as I kneaded her firm rear, and she pushed back against my touch, groaning softly.

"Mmmm," she hummed. "Feels so good."

"Yes, it does," I murmured, squeezing gently, feeling the muscles beneath her jeans. "You're such an incredible woman."

She purred happily.

"But, I am going to need that in a red dress some day," I said, starting to enjoy myself.

"Do I even own one?" she asked.

"I'll get you one," I said, trying to picture Linda in a red silky dress. What shade of red would suit her best? A deeper one. Maroon, like that top she had.

"Hmmm, well," Linda said, taking hold of my shirt, dragging her nails down, and under the hem, gliding her hand up and over my chest, smirking. "Another gift from the wardrobe at the office?"

I kneaded her ass cheeks some more, and kissed her cheek. "Sure," I whispered, savoring the sensation of her breath.

"God, Josh," she gasped as I slid my hands around her waist and into her jeans and to her naked ass cheeks, filling my grip with her perfect flesh. "Mmmm, that feels so good... I love the way you can't keep your hands off of me. You have no idea how much I've wanted this."

"I can't help it," I said, kissing her neck. "You're so sexy."

"And you're so adorable," she giggled. "And sweet. And cute. And strong. And handsome. And kind. And smart. And funny. And-"

"Okay, okay, I get it," I chuckled, nipping at her neck. "I'm not that special."

She turned in my arms, wrapping her arms around my neck and looking up at me with a smirk on her face. "Yes, you are," she said, pulling me in for a deep kiss. "And don't you forget it."

I pulled her tight against my chest, kissing her passionately. I felt her body molding to mine, and I couldn't resist letting my hands wander, exploring every inch of her soft skin.

"Josh, it's barely afternoon and we're out in public. Kinda, anyway," Linda pleaded, her voice breaking as I nibbled on her neck. "And while I love it when you touch me, I'm afraid of... well... getting excited, if you know what I mean, outside where people can see."

"I know," I whispered, kissing her deeply. "I just can't help myself when it comes to you."

She kissed me back, her fingers tangling in my hair. "Mmmm, well, while I like this, I want us to be able to do more than just fuck around all day."

"Of course. Just had to grope you a little bit," I said, smacking her ass lightly.

She giggled, swatting my ass in return. "Now, come on, let's get going before I have to do something very naughty to you out here."

I chuckled and followed her back to the house. We decided to make the rest of the day an excursion to a farm nearby, and we took Barney with us. The dog was quite happy to join us, and the local animals didn't seem to mind him either. He was a calm dog after all.

We bought a few fresh groceries from the store they kept at the farm, different cheeses, eggs, veggies for storage, and such, before sitting down at the picnic table outside. The sun was warm despite it being January, but there was a nice breeze that kept us comfortable as we ate the lunch we brought and chatted.

"Maybe we should grow some veggies going too," I said, gesturing to the paper bags stuffed.

"Yeah," Linda chuckled, munching on a carrot. "Good idea, although I've never had the talent for it."

After a pleasant picnic together we came back home, Barney letting himself collapse on the couch immediately as if the trip had been exhausting. He was such a big, lazy dope, but we all adored him so much.

As I had promised her on Thursday, next up was an art gallery on Main Street. I know I promised a museum, but we didn't have any fun ones in our vicinity. As Courtington wasn't exactly the Paris of the Midwest, nor the Paris of Indiana for that matter, it was a collection of many types of art. Paintings, sculptures, furniture, and a lot of other stuff, by various artists, mainly from the Pacific Northwest or our region. But the good thing was that it was free, though they asked for a donation at the reception desk.

Linda had donned a beige coat to brace against the cold, and I guess so did I, though just a suit coat. She dressed casually nice for the evening, as after the gallery was heading home anyway. Linda had insisted on showing off her potential as "wife material", in a playful manner mind you, by taking the lead on making us dinner later tonight.

"So you know I am not a talented artist, but my first impression," I said, referring to a sculpture shaped somewhat as a chair, though definitely not fit for humans. "They like... fucked-up couches and broken chairs," I said.

"Well, art is a subjective experience, is it not?" Linda asked, her arm taking mine. "It's probably something they worked hard on, right? I know I get sick of the assignments and themes at work, so why should that be any different for artists?"

"What, you think they got sick of making this 'chair'?" I asked.

"Maybe they were on drugs," Linda chuckled, shrugging. "It would explain things."

"Oh yeah, sure," I said, shaking my head. "You're ridiculous."

The paintings were in their own section, and here I was more at home. Sure there are different ways of interpreting a painting like there is with sculptures, but most of the local artists chose themes I enjoyed. Nature, the universe. Some stuff that could go as some synth-wave-y cyberpunk vibes with lots of neon. One artist had translated the classic Miami Beach vibe to fit Indiana instead. But it wasn't photoshop, it was hand-painted in acrylic paint and it looked fantastic.

Linda was also impressed by the paintings and she took time to read the little descriptions and explanations about each work.

"Hey, look at this one," I said, pointing to a painting with some sort of futuristic cityscape. It was mostly dark with neon lights illuminating the city, with a skyline that was recognizable as ours, but not really. It

was simplistic, but also quite impressive in its details. Each window had something unique silhouetted against the light from each apartment. Or office, whatever was inside those dark walls.

"Those are some details," Linda said, leaning a bit closer to one of the windows of the painted building. "I'm not sure if this is an apartment building or an office."

"Maybe we live in our offices," I said, trying to sound like a smart ass I guess.

"Maybe. Didn't think of it like that. Or we're reading into it too much," Linda said.

"A wise woman once said, 'Art is subjective'. Sure analyzing art may be over my head, but we can interpret it how we want," I said.

"Oh, I see. You're being a smartass," Linda said, playfully nudging at me. "No, you're probably right. But perhaps it's a bit gloomy?"

"Maybe this is just what the artist saw in Courtington?" I said.

"Perhaps. Though not a single building here is as tall as that one," Linda said. "Come on, let's go check out the constellation paintings."

"Want me to buy you one?" I asked, half-joking.

"No. I know you can afford these prices, but it's way too much money for you to spend on me," she said. "Not like I could hang it up anyway. Besides, the art in our office is more than enough. The landscapes and seascapes are amazing. Just because they're abstract doesn't mean I can't appreciate them."

"I was only joking. Partly," I said, moving over to some other painting.

"Do you sometimes take inspiration from art when designing clothes? Like, find patterns and such?" Linda asked.

"Not really. I haven't even thought of it, it has so far come pretty easily," I said. "But that Hunter Schafer dress is quite the piece of art if you ask me."

"I've never met a man who has such an eye for clothing design," Linda mused, looking at me curiously.

"Simple clothing design," I said. "Too much flare and unnecessary details is distracting in day-to-day clothes; which is what we focus on at Entrendy."

"Sounds like a sales pitch," Linda chuckled.

"It is. I've answered that notion quite a few times, let's say," I said.

We took a break from the art gallery and walked around Courtington for a while, enjoying the fresh air and each other's company.

"Hey, Josh..." Linda said suddenly, breaking the silence between us.

"Yeah?" I asked.

"Do you think there's a chance that... that we could share a bed tonight as well?" Linda asked. I wasn't sure why she was so shy. Perhaps she was afraid of a misstep, feeling extra vulnerable after the cat was out of the bag.

"My bed or your bed?" I asked with a chuckle.

"Mine. It feels better that you're joining me in mine rather than I join you in hers," Linda said. I guess that made sense. Linda's bed reeked wonderfully of her sweet odor anyway, so it wasn't a hard bargain.

"But the night is still young. It's not even fully evening yet," I said.

"I know. But we should get back, I need to make you dinner," Linda said.

"That's true," I said, smiling at her. "So, you want me to come over tonight as well then?"

"Of course!" she said excitedly. "I want to spend every moment I can with you. And besides, it's our last night together. I don't want to waste a second of it."

I kissed her cheek, my lips lingering on her soft skin for a moment before pulling away. She was way too sweet and almost innocent. To think she had thought of me this way all this time. I felt flattered, and I also felt bad for Linda that she had kept this secret.

"Then let's get back," I said.

After that, we headed back home and Linda started to prepare us something for dinner. I wanted to help, but she sent me to the TV room to watch the news or something. Apparently, she wanted to cook for me. Or I should say, she wanted to be my "perfect housewife", as she put it.

I didn't want to argue, so I endured the smells and the curses from emanating down the hall from the kitchen. As I was waiting for Linda to finish up with our food, I texted Kim.

*'Hey babe. How are you doing?'* I wrote.

*'I'm fine. How are you? Everything good?'* Kim replied.

*'Yeah, we just got back from some art gallery downtown.'*

*'Oooh. That sounds fun. Anything that caught your eye?'* Kim wrote.

*'The woman cooking for me.'*

*'Haha. That's nice. Is she being a good girlfriend to you?'* Kim asked.

*'I think so. She's quite a catch,'* I wrote, hoping to sound playful, not really sure how this was truly playing out.

*'She is, isn't she? I hope you're treating her well.'*

*'I hope so too.'*

*'Good. I'm glad you're having fun with her. I can't wait to see you again.'*

*'Me neither.'*

Kim seemed perfectly fine with everything that happened so far. Some fantasy part of my brain wondered if we could make this into a threeway thing, as I was more than enthralled by Linda. It was like a switch had flipped when she told me her feelings. We were so good friends to begin with, perhaps the next set of emotions wasn't so far away. But I didn't dare voice those thoughts.

A sick, though devious, part of me even thought it would almost be a blessing if Linda had knocked up Kim, though under better circumstances. I think I would love that child like it was my own, especially knowing it was from them. But that was farfetched, but we men think stupid fetishist thoughts like that sometimes. I shook my head as intrusive thoughts of Linda with Kim snuck into my brain. Linda and Amanda. Even Linda and Luna. Linda and me... All of us wrapped under a spell from her perfect thrusting cheeks.

I had to grip the arm handle on the couch to almost literally drag myself out of the gutter. This wasn't normal. What was I thinking? I chuckled as I stood in the middle of the room.

I could hear Linda singing in the kitchen, and I smiled at hearing her so cheerful. My little thought excursion was probably just a byproduct of how much fun I'd had with Linda so far.

After another five minutes or so, she emerged from the kitchen and called me over to join her for dinner.

"This looks amazing," I said, admiring the plate of delicious-looking food she had prepared for us. Pan-roasted lobster, fettuccine, and Chive Beurre Blanc sauce. A glass of Riesling each, and a bottle for refill. Candles and nicely decorated napkins. "Where did you learn how to do this?"

"Internet," she grinned, starting to plate food. First for me, then for herself.

"Huh," I said, amazed at her ability to create such a feast without my knowledge.

I took my seat across from her, digging into my meal as soon as possible. It was incredible, and I moaned in pleasure as the flavors of the food washed over me.

"So, do you approve?" she asked, a look of amusement on her face.

I nodded. "It's incredible."

"Glad you like it," she said, grinning happily. "And you'll also have to enjoy my special dessert that I'll be serving once we're through with this. Then perhaps I could show you one more time how to treat you like a boyfriend."

The lustful look in her eyes caused a shiver of desire to race up my spine.

"Well, we need to eat first. Eager as I am for that, this food can't go to waste," I said. "It tastes way too good. And the effort you put in must not have been simple."

She giggled as she sipped her glass. "Well, I think it's awesome that you like it."

"Hmmm," I hummed appreciatively.

She looked positively radiant, the glow in her face was dazzling.

"This weekend... and in general... has been very amazing, Josh," Linda whispered. "If you didn't know, this is how I feel whenever we hang out. I just have to hide it behind my jokes, but whenever I'm in your company I can't stop being happy. When we laugh or talk, everything feels like it fits."

She was staring deep into my soul, and I found myself unable to look away. Her words seemed to resonate with me, and I couldn't help but smile at her.

"And I hope that doesn't change, even after this weekend. I hope we can still be friends, and perhaps... sometimes we can do stuff like this again," Linda suggested hopefully.

"You bet," I said, gesturing toward the food. "Especially if you have talents like this."

Linda smiled. "Men, always thinking with their stomachs."

"Well," I said, pouring both of us a glass of wine. "I've enjoyed our weekend too. It's like all the troubles has disappeared for just a few days, and it has been comfortable, serene... lovely, if you will."

Linda nodded her agreement, getting up to take our plates and get the aforementioned dessert. Continuing with the French theme, apart from the Riesling, Linda had made Creme Brûlée. Another recipe she found online.

I honestly loved the effort and invention she had put into making us a weekend filled with love. She was as good a girlfriend as I ever could imagine, though of course, Kim would be a close contender to her in that regard. But Kim had had the benefit of experience and was also a great cook. Not that it was a contest, but one compares, you know.

With dessert eaten, Linda cleared up, and as the hours were getting late and the date, to use a cliché, was drawing near to its inevitable conclusion, we ended up on the sofa cuddling, with the TV running some silly rom-com channel. I don't know, nor did I care, who was in what and why. It was the voices on the background, a mindless noise that accompanied the warmth of our bodies next to one another.

Her head resting on my shoulder as we watched the film, and as time passed, she would nuzzle against my neck every few moments. Her hands were gently stroking over my chest as she lay draped over me.

Her touch was wonderful, but also exciting. Knowing that the end of our evening was coming soon made the sensations all the more enjoyable. Each brush of her fingers over my skin was electrifying, sending sparks through my whole body. I had missed this feeling more than I ever thought possible. It made me feel alive, connected to the person beside me, and as I closed my eyes, I knew there was no place I would rather be than right here with her.

"Why are we watching this crappy thing?" Linda suddenly piped up.

"Well, you seemed entranced earlier," I replied.

She looked up at me with a frown. "Wanna go to bed?" Linda asked a hopeful gleam in her eyes. When she saw that I got slightly nervous, she added, "I won't do anything you want. I know some others like to force you into scenarios where you're uncomfortable, but I won't."

"There are still some things we can do," I said, surprising myself. I surprised Linda too, it seemed.

"Really?" she asked.

"Yeah," I said, feeling more confident about these things after our evening together. "You seemed to like it yesterday. And this morning. Perhaps I'm a bit weird, but I don't mind your cum as much as I thought I would. Perhaps it was from having just given you pleasure, or being wildly turned on myself, but... well... I don't mind."

Linda grinned. "What are you suggesting, Josh?"

"Well, I guess you could say I'm open to... well, doing things..." I said, trying to explain without having to spell it out. "And... I wouldn't mind if you were, y'know, dominant like you are. As long as you're you."

Linda gave me a mischievous smile.

"You mean you'd let me do whatever I wanted to you? And you'd like it?" she asked.

"Well, within reason," I said.

She giggled. "Okay," she said, getting off of me and extending a hand. "Come on, let's go."

I took her hand, and she immediately led me to her bedroom. She closed the door behind us and locked it. Nobody was home, yet her locking me in with her seemed to heighten my excitement.

"Get undressed, Josh," she ordered. "Then lay on your back on the bed, and close your eyes."

"Okay," I said, quickly stripping myself. She watched me intently as I removed each item of clothing, smiling at me once I was finished. I laid myself on her bed, and waited for further instruction, my eyes closed and the anticipation was increasing.

"Hmmm, very good, Josh," she praised. "Keep your eyes closed." I could hear her moving around the room, but I stayed still on her bed. "Open up your mouth, baby."

I felt her weight join me in bed on my right side. I heard her soft breathing as she studied me. Then suddenly she slid two fingers into my mouth. She was testing me and seeing if I would resist the intrusion. When I didn't, she began to fuck my mouth, forcing the fingers deeper and deeper.

"Oh, my bad boy likes having something inside his mouth, doesn't he?" she purred, sliding her wet digits back and forth.

My cock swelled, and I let out a moan. She giggled and removed her fingers, wiping my lips. "Look at you. You're so eager. So sexy," she teased.

She grabbed me roughly, yanking me to her lips. My eyes burst open at the sudden force but closed quickly as she kissed me fiercely, her tongue plunging into my mouth. Her fingers gripped my hair tightly and her nails dug into my skin. It stung a bit, but I didn't care. All I cared about was Linda and how much pleasure she was giving me.

"You like that, don't you?" she groaned. "You want to be mine. You want to feel my cock in your mouth."

"Yes," I gasped. "Please."

She smirked and grabbed my hair. "Then I'll oblige. How do you want it? Want me to fuck your mouth, or make sweet tender love to your mouth? Or do you need a spanking first, to get you into a proper headspace?"

I wasn't sure what I wanted, so I just leaned forward and kissed her deeply.

"Oh, Josh," she moaned into the kiss. Her fingers brushed my face, tracing down the contours. "My big man. Jesus, sorry, I can't wait any longer."

Linda shoved me back, straddled my chest with her bulging panties right on my face, and tugged them down enough to unleash her weapon of mass destruction, all within seconds. It was like her whole demeanor had changed as she wasn't playing a game anymore. She didn't bother getting ahold of my head and controlling me as her cock just sprung free and slapped me right across the face. Warm and slightly moist with her musk.

It hit me with a thick, hard thwack across my cheek and eye, making my head bounce backward slightly. Linda grunted a low moan and swatted at me with her shaft a second time, even harder than before.

"Open," she groaned, her hands now grabbing my hair for a better hold. It was a short warning before it lodged against my lips. Her pulsing veiny muscle twitched. "Open that mouth, babe. Yes, mhh," she groaned.

She pushed and probed my lips with her thickness. She was barely patient as my tongue flicking out for a moment's contact was just enough for her cock-head disappearing behind my lips. Linda hissed immediately, shoving as much as she could of her shaft into my mouth before triggering my gag reflex.

"Ouh yeah," she cried out. Her member stiffened for a hard throb, and I tasted a wave of saltiness of her precum, flooding my taste buds. "Everything alright? I'm too rough for ya?" Linda asked, sliding back. Her eyes gleamed violently with anticipation and lust.

"More," I grunted, turning towards the meat again.

She grinned, wrapping my hair in both of her hands. She was about to plow away, her head pressing forward before retreating, as she started to angle her position so she could use more of both her hips and her thighs to thrust.

Lost in lust, my arms went around her strong legs as she swung herself into me, gagging my throat and keeping the rhythm steady, and I sort of held onto the back of her thighs. I had to hold her tightly because the speed and force with which she rammed into my mouth and throat were too great otherwise. I was convinced she'd fuck my skull through the mattress if I didn't grab onto something. She didn't even manage to enter my throat, but that didn't seem to deter Linda.

Looking up at her, I saw her staring back at me with both love and affection, yet her eyes glinted with lust and an overwhelming need to dominate. As my vision blurred with tears and spit, her hips drew a firm pattern of thrusts, always managing to hit exactly the point to cut off my breath as she repeatedly surged forward, only stopping just before my gagging would've stopped us both from going anywhere.

"Ah-ha-fuh-ck," Linda gasped. "Mhmmm. Gahhd. Josh. Can't believe this. Oh fuck. Unngh."

I almost choked, barely able to breathe and was losing consciousness. Spasming with coughing, I held a hand over her shaft as a sign to stop for a brief moment, but Linda simply took my hand away, reaffirming her grip on my head. She then rose one foot up to more straddle my face, determined to give me what she wanted, and resumed her brutal, slow, rhythmic pace.

"Sorry, I have to. I need to fuck your face, Josh, sorry," Linda almost pleaded.

I'd tell her it was alright, despite the gagging and the occasional lack of oxygen, but I'd be her trooper and some control and some of my masculinity. Besides, I relished the position I was in. Just being dominated, my world being no other worries than Linda and her throbbing erection invading my mouth. Believe it or not, it was a comfortable place to be in, at least psychologically.

Soon enough, Linda's grip on me was getting less and less sure. She tried to brace herself against the wall behind bed. That allowed her a better angle. She rammed into my mouth even faster, causing a steady flow of her warm spit and her precum, flowing down my mouth as well as the chin.

"Your mouth is just incredible. You're a natural, Josh, fucking hell," Linda kept cursing, fucking my mouth so expertly like a skilled stallion. She leaned forward more, now resting her elbows on the wall, arching, using more and more of her weight to thrust my face. "Fuck, I'm gonna cum soon, oh fuck yes. Josh... can't hold on, gonna... just wanna keep going forever, but I can't..."

Then suddenly she stopped, pulled back her shaft, and out, and I inhaled a full mouthful of her sex musk. My throat hurt and I was gasping for breath. But the euphoria, the sensation of serving such a powerful woman and watching her orgasm, was enough to wipe all pains away and more.

"Too close," she panted, pushing herself up and letting her cock-head trail against the skin of my face. "Wanna enjoy you longer. Want it to be unforgettable."

"We can always do it again if that's easier," I suggested, making Linda smile.

"Aw, you're such a sweetheart," she said, then taking hold of my jaw, and tilting my head towards her, lining up her cock for more. "You sure?" I nodded. "You really want it straight from the source, don't you?"

"Yes," I moaned, hardly able to believe myself.

"Want me to punish you for being so greedy?"

"God, yes. Do it. Fuck. Fuck my mouth and cum straight down my throat!" I was craving more of her.  
"Don't stop, Linda."

As I uttered the last syllables, her cock pressed back on my lips and shoved forward, resuming her thrusts, her weight driving me back down. The glans hooked at my lips again, and Linda fucked her length into my throat. She pushed deeper than ever. But not fully satisfied, Linda pulled out, then tugged at me for me to move further down on the bed.

Once she deemed I was in a better position, Linda took my wrists, pinned them above my head, and pressed her throbbing hotness right up against my lips. "I'll fuck your face until I cum, okay Josh?"

Still, with my hands pinned above my head, she teased her slick length against my cheeks, smacking her stiff shaft down with a twerk of her hips. I opened my mouth, and Linda took the invitation and shoved her thick cock straight into me. In that moment, I did not care a bit if anyone outside saw us and heard the sound of Linda's groans and grunts as her hard cock moved slowly in and out of me. All that mattered was the person above me, her glinting gray onyx eyes staring at me, enjoying herself in a state of pure pleasure, and taking her pleasure with me.

"Now stay right here," she ordered as she adjusted her hips slightly, getting in a better position over my face. The warm weight of her cock settled in my mouth, stretching my lips around its width.

Linda started to move back and forth, hitting the back of my throat with each thrust. She moaned loudly as she fucked my face, her eyes never leaving mine. As her strokes grew more forceful, Linda pressed her weight against me. With my hands trapped above my head, there was nothing to do except surrender.

It was actually wonderful, just letting her take control like this. My mind focused on the feeling of her thick, pulsing cock between my lips. With each thrust, she was filling me, making me feel so complete. I could smell her sweet, sweet scent and feel the wet warmth of her precum throb out onto my tongue.

"Josh... I'm so fucking close," she moaned, increasing her pace. "Your mouth feels so fucking good! You like this, huh? You like sucking my cock?"

Her words were coming faster, as were her hips. There was a surge of her sweetness flowing down my tongue, coating my mouth.

"Do you want me to cum in your mouth? Down your throat? Are you a greedy little cock slut, Josh?"

"Uh-huh!" I managed to force out with my limited space. It made her tremble.

"Oh yeah, Josh," she panted, picking up the pace. "You can feel it coming. You feel that throb, knowing what's about to happen, you adorable man?"

With her hand still holding me, she began moving her hips faster.

"Sooo fucking sexy. This is it, baby. Here it comes!"

With that she slammed all the way to the back of my throat and exploded. Hot ropes of sweet salty spurts flooded down my throat, and the sensation of her warmth filled me.

"Take it all. Every last drop, Josh," she purred as the pleasure ran rampant through my body. It seemed to go on and on. Each jet of her warm sticky release pulsing through me. "Fuck! Fuck!" she chanted, overly sensitive with her orgasm.

Her spasming cock remained in my mouth until it softened and slipped out, and with a weak smile, she pulled off of me to rest by my side, hugging me fiercely. "You're fantastic," she muttered against my ear as I struggled to get back to my wits.

She cradled me against her breasts and pulled a sheet over the two of us. "Just rest here. I wasn't too aggressive, was I?" she asked, hopeful.

I shook my head. "No."

"Good," she whispered.

"I have to say, it's oddly... comforting when you're like that. Like, I don't have to worry about anything. And that you're praising me sort of reaffirms it, making it, as brutal as it is, an almost, erh, tranquil experience in a strange way. I get sucked into this vortex of... submission where nothing else matters. If that makes any sense at all."

"Oh it totally does," she said, her fingers moving through my hair. "I just want you to enjoy it. I know I love it."

"Mhmm, it was great. You were amazing," I said, snuggling closer to her. "You always are."

Linda giggled and kissed me softly.

"Talk to me like that and we'll have to go again," she promised, stroking my cheek. "And then we can get some sleep. How does that sound?"

"Perfect," I replied, kissing her chest.

She smiled and let out a contented sigh as I made my way down from her chest to her belly.

"Perfect," she moaned, gripping my hair.

\*

On the flight back home, Luna was thoroughly pissed with me. During my tryst with Alex, I had completely forgotten about a lunch date with my sister-in-law. That is, I had seen her messages asking where the hell I was, but I was just too busy. And when I got a moment of spare time, I rushed to the pharmacy. That is, I found an ATM first, not wanting this on my credit card bill.

Luna was even more annoyed with me when I didn't even tell her why I stood her up other than "I got caught up in something." Luna knew of Josh's cuck tendencies, but I wasn't sure how the playing field was for now, so I had to be vague for now. Besides, fucking a douchebag was hardly an excuse, and I honestly felt bad for her.

"Want something to drink?" I asked her, but Luna just rolled her eyes at me and ordered something herself.

I turned to my phone, secretively checking how my videos were doing on OF. I mean, I haven't published all of them, except for some snippets from some of them. It was a huge leap with me having sex on camera, but Alex and I had managed to keep our faces out of it.

But god damn how good it looked. I was sort of regretting fucking Alex in the sense that he wasn't the greatest, but it looked pretty impressive on camera. And the notion of being his cheating slut, the secrecy, was all a huge thrill. I'd tell Josh eventually, but I just wanted to keep this whole ordeal for myself for the time being. The planning of how I would tell Josh about Alex and not fuck things up was another thing.

"You've never stood me up before, Kim," Luna muttered.

"I know... sorry," I said.

"Why?" Luna demanded for the hundredth time.

"I can't..." I said, getting an annoyed grunt from Luna in return.

So needless to say, the rest of our trip back to Indiana, and the drive from Indianapolis to Courtington, was a very quiet one. I drove, as Luna was a lunatic, and she played on her Switch. It wasn't just that I stood her up, it was that Luna worked so hard on this trip, and the little free time she had was designated for me and I had just ghosted her. It made me feel awful, rightfully so.

"You owe me," was what she muttered before getting out of my car and slamming the door behind her without another word.

I sighed and shook my head, wading through the small amount of snow over to where someone had shoveled the driveway. Another person had me in the doghouse... During the hours spent with Alex it had felt so right, so devious, so tantalizingly evil, and in hindsight... yes it was. It was horrible what I had done, the things I had said, the things that had driven me nuts with lust.

But why couldn't I just be happy with what I had? With Josh?

I shook my head and walked into the house.

The house was warm and nice, but there was an odd smell we rarely encountered in our house. Burning firewood. I knew we had a fireplace, but we never used it. Walking down our hallway to the lounge area where the fireplace was, I saw that indeed it was lit. And on the couch, I saw a few blankets thrown aside, and the clear signs of a pair having just been snuggled up under there. But where were they?

I looked around and then saw some movement outside. Barney was running around out, having just disappeared behind the pool house. I slid the double glass doors aside and headed out. That's when I saw them.

With their backs toward me, staring out onto our now-fenced-in backyard, and our fields of grass and trees beyond that, stood Josh and Linda. They hadn't noticed I had come home. They just stood there, Josh's arm wrapped around Linda as they talked in low voices, looking at Barney playing in the snow.

It almost felt like I was intruding, looking at them like this. And reality was starting to sit in. It wasn't Linda who was supposed to be in Josh's embrace, that it was supposed to be me. I was Josh's wife, but right as I saw them sharing their little moment of intimate connection, I was starting to realize what I was potentially throwing away.

And then Linda turned, smiling at Josh as she did. But as she saw me, she stopped. Her smile disappeared, and I saw fear in her eyes. Was she afraid of how I would react, or was she afraid I was here to ruin their fun? Or did she see the woman that held the keys to the kingdom that she desperately wanted for herself?

I was supposed to understand that this was a moment of jealousy, of rage, but all I felt was regret. Regret that I had fucked Alex and put this whole weekend in jeopardy, and that I would have to confront my feelings. And then I realized that I could've done more. I could've stopped Alex. I could've told him no. I could've been devoted to Josh instead of playing all these games. I knew the danger of letting Josh too close to Linda, and now I was reaping the poisoned fruits from my labor.

And then I realized that I had also not prepared myself for coming face to face with Linda after she had confessed her love to Josh. That the weekend had ended, and that we were back to our roles. Back to reality, where this weekend hadn't even happened, and that we would go back to being normal. As

normal as we could anyway. I was staring at the girl who openly was a challenge for me, and who at that had literally dated my husband for a few days now, with my blessing. I knew I was fucking up.

I smiled at Linda, though it probably came off as a grimace.

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The blue spandex boxer shorts I had been given so long ago had seen better days. It was a relic from a distant past from when everything was still brewing. Still an adventure. Still so innocent, at least that was the perception I gave them. Yet, it was a trophy I had collected and kept, even though the scent was long gone, replaced with a vile odor of bleach and its silky material had gone from smooth and soft to stiff and crusty.

When I saw her pictures and her videos... I knew it wasn't Josh, the big idiot oaf, in those videos. He was much bigger in all aspects. Which meant she was being naughty, being the nasty little slut I wanted her to be, and possibly behind Josh's back. Sure, her face was not in the frame, but I had seen her naked body so many times before I knew exactly who it was. Especially when I could so easily match it to her Instagram.

"You're changing memberships? Ah shucks," the cute receptionist at the local gym said as I was indeed changing my membership. I had been going to a local gym where they had both weight training and some combat sports classes, but it was time for a change.

"Yes, the other one is just much closer to where I live," I lied. The receptionist was cute and I could tell she had a thing for dorks, but my eyes were on someone else.

The receptionist did what she had to do, and thus I was out the door. While heading out, I opened up Instagram, with my brand new account, and I found her page. This time I wasn't going to fail. I knew it. I could almost smell and sense it. Oh, how I had missed that tight body of hers. I sent her a small message, knowing it was not likely she would see it at first, but I had other avenues.

And Josh... coming in my way, humiliating me, beating me... I had to be more careful this time around. Revenge is sweet, and even more so when the prize was sweet Kimberly. And it would be sweet indeed.

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*I sort of think this concludes this middle arch. I'm not sure if I'll give the third and final arch a new name this time around, but if you folks want me to, I might cook something up. Let me know what you think of the chapter, or anything at all. Thanks for reading.*