

Dan adjusted his tie as he stared at the text on the computer screen. It said, 'Waiting for the Host to Start the Meeting.' He had already been sitting there for five minutes waiting for his scheduled interview with the Nexcom Corporation.

He looked around the living room as he waited. The updated furniture and decor made a much better background than the stark white walls of his room. He didn't want his bed visible during his interview as that seemed unprofessional.

He hated how nervous he felt. In the past, he would do interviews just for practice, graciously turning down the offers that always followed. Now he was in a more desperate position. The economy was much tighter, and the supply of open positions wasn't there. With his current company reducing wages and his devil's bargain with Lester, he felt more anxious than he cared to admit. He really didn't want that anxiety to be apparent in the interview.

Perhaps he shouldn't have been so hasty to have dismissed Byron's offer. Maybe he could have negotiated. It wasn't like Byron could have been serious about what he was insinuating regarding Sarah, could he? He regretted how he'd handled that, but Byron did have it coming. Perhaps there was some way to salvage the situation –

The text faded to black, and in its place, the screen was divided in two, with a man and a woman appearing on each side. The hiring team at Nexcom introduced themselves and made some small talk with Dan before diving into the interview.

"So, tell us about the most recent project you've been working on," the woman asked. Dan could tell from her demeanor that he wouldn't have to work hard to convince her he was qualified for the position.

He paused briefly before saying, "I'm working on this really great project based in Minnesota that includes a ton of challenging sustainability requirements. It's going to be one of the flagship buildings for our clients. With it, I'm constantly juggling new requirements that pop up from our client. And I'm coordinating our internal team as well as all the contractors to line things up so that we deliver on time and under budget."

"What would your clients say about you if we were to ask them?" the man added. He was terse, and his eyes betrayed his caution. This was who Dan needed to convince.

Dan smiled, "Well, I think they would say I have been very accommodating to them, listening to their evolving project and ensuring I've helped them realize their vision, but I'm also able to guide them and push back in certain areas that don't make sense and might compromise their project. Overall, I'm sure they would say I have been an invaluable asset to their project and that they'd retain our firm for future projects going forward."

"Do you have other past clients like that? I ask because powerful referrals like that could help build up our book of business. Do you think you have clients in your network that might follow you to a new company?"

Dan felt like he was sliding back into a well-worn groove, "Of course. Granted, these are my relationships. I've cultivated them for years, and my reputation with them is important. I would need to ensure their interests would be protected and respected by any new company, so I likely would need to evaluate that over my first few months before I commit them to it."

The interviewers nodded and jotted down some notes. The man looked up first and said, "Dan, before we continue, I wanted to follow up on one point here that I see in your resume. Overall, your resume looks excellent and is pretty much an exact match for what we're looking for. Now I just want to clarify that we do take this hiring process very seriously, and as such we expect the same from our candidates."

"Of course," Dan replied, smiling.

"Great, great," the man looked down at a paper in front of him and then back up at Dan, "What I want to ask about here is the lack of certifications listed on your resume. The posting clearly stated we need candidates with certified training in project management, earthquake resistance design and other supporting fields. Are you certified in these areas?"

Dan took a second to collect himself. He was sure that all of his certifications were listed on his resume. "Yes, I am certified, and I double-checked what was required of the role to make sure I met each requirement before applying. Perhaps there was some mistake with my application; all of those certifications should be listed. I can provide you with that full list if you give me a moment."

"Please do," the man said, "It's essential we have someone in this role with a keen eye for details. Is that you, Dan?"

“Yes,” Dan said, feeling as if he was being led somewhere by the conversation. “I take pride in the fact that I double-check and often pick up on details that others miss.”

“Then why,” the man said, “Is your resume littered with spelling errors? Even when you mention your attention to detail on your resume, the word detail is spelled wrong.”

Dan knew that was bullshit. His resume was impeccable, and there weren’t any issues with it. He was ready to correct this man but reminded himself that doing so wouldn’t do him any favors.

“Perhaps,” Dan started, looking at the woman on the screen, trying to discern how she felt about him, “An old version of my resume was submitted incorrectly. For that I take responsibility and would like to send you an updated one to ensure we are on the same page moving forward.”

“I think that’s wise,” the woman said, “Obviously, we like your experience and wouldn’t be interviewing you otherwise.”

Her tone suggested she was lightly scolding her colleague. “Dan, perhaps you can tell us some more about your background.”

“I would be happy to. Again, I will get you that updated resume. Prior to my current role, I used to work at....” Dan’s voice trailed off as he heard a sound in the apartment. Lester was awake, which generally didn’t happen until much later in the morning.

He stayed focused on the screen and tried to keep his composure despite the background noise, “I used to work at a design firm, Entra & Peck, that worked on projects around the globe. I spearheaded many prestigious projects for dozens of clients, most notably was....”

Dan could hear Lester’s door shut and some shuffling sounds around the apartment.

“It was an 80-story skyscraper in New York City. The project required us to coordinate a massive amount of contractors and work under tight budget –”

Dan stopped in mid-sentence as he saw a white blob move behind him on the camera. He watched in horror as the interviewer’s eyes grew wide with shock. The woman put her hand over her mouth, and the man stifled a laugh with his fist. Dan watched in horror as Lester’s naked form walked across his screen and paused behind him as he casually scratched his ass.

“Uh, I, uhh,” Dan stumbled, trying to remember what he was just saying. He couldn’t recall what the question had been. His eyes were glued to Lester’s hairy, naked body.

“Okay, Dan,” the man finally said, “I think we are done here for now. We’ll be in touch.”

The man’s screen abruptly disappeared, followed shortly by the woman. Dan sat there frozen as his screen was filled with his own camera feed, displaying just himself as Lester walked past him towards the kitchen. Disappointment washed over him, and he became angry.

“God dammit, Lester!” Dan shouted, standing up. He marched towards the kitchen. As he rounded the corner, he immediately regretted it. Lester was stark naked, bent over, rummaging around the refrigerator. Dan was treated to a view of Lester’s hairy ass. His musty scent filled Dan’s nostrils. Lester’s shower was obviously not part of this morning’s routine.

“Ew, fuck. Come on, man. Put some clothes on.” Dan said.

“Huh?” Lester stood up and turned around, his flaccid cock dangling between his legs. “Did you say something?”

Dan ignored Lester’s dick, “You just messed up my interview! Why did you have to get up early and walk around here naked? Come on, man.”

“Oh shit,” Lester shrugged, “I’m sorry. I thought you’d be at work already.”

“Didn’t you hear me talking to people out here?” Dan said, not intending to let Lester get off the hook.

“I just assumed you were talking to our girl Sarah. Were you on a video call?”

“Yes!” Dan said. He didn’t like Lester calling Sarah ‘our’ girl. “They both saw you come into the room naked. You ended the interview right there.”

“I feel violated.” Lester said, “If you had told me you had an interview, I wouldn’t have come out until it was over. Why didn’t you tell me?”

Dan closed his eyes and pinched the bridge of his nose. Lester had a point, as much as he hated to acknowledge it. Dan hadn’t told his roommate. It hadn’t even occurred to him. Somehow, he just expected Lester to have figured it out on his own.

“Just...don’t do it again, okay? We’ve talked about the naked thing in the past.” Dan returned to the living room and started packing his laptop.

“Where are you going?” Lester followed him, still naked. “We haven’t finished talking about how you exposed me to strangers.”

Dan looked at Lester flatly. He saw the bemused grin on the fat man's face. "I'm going to work. I told them I'd be late today. Pretty much a huge waste of time now." Lester watched as Dan gathered up his belongings for work into a bag. He put one foot up on the arm of the couch, his cock dangling openly. "Hey, don't blame me." "Dan slipped on his coat and put his bag over one shoulder. He turned to face Lester, momentarily stunned once again at his brazen nakedness. He held the door to the apartment open, "Why do you have to be the way you are?" Lester smiled, "I am who I am. If you remember, I am a mother fucker after all, right?" He chuckled, enjoying his own joke alone. Dan stared at him coldly before walking into the hallway and letting the door slam shut behind him. He could still hear his laughter as he neared the elevator.

Sarah's fingers raced across her keyboard as she pursued her dream of having zero emails in her inbox. She was replying, forwarding and organizing her emails as quickly as she could before heading up to visit Dan in Chicago.

Sitting alone in her office, she had finished most of her work for the day. In her calendar, she had this time marked for cleaning up her inbox. There wasn't anything unusual today: typical approvals of department expenses, correcting an error made by Suzie in the billing department for the tenth time and putting off sales pitches by overly enthusiastic medical device salesmen who couldn't keep their eyes from staring at her chest. She paused on an email from the head of IT titled '*mandatory training*' so she could glance up at the time.

It was well past the time of Dan's interview. He should have had time to get to work by now. She pulled her phone out of the breast pocket of her blazer and called her husband.

"Hey baby," his warm voice greeted her. "How are you doing today? I miss you."

"I miss you too, baby. Work is work. It's going quickly. I can't wait to finish up so I can come up and see you. How did your interview go?"

"Ugh," Dan replied. "It was going alright, not the best by any means. They said there were some issues with my resume, but I know for sure there weren't. But it wasn't enough to stop them from interviewing me, so I handled it, but then Lester....god. Lester walked by the camera naked, and it put them off, and they cut the interview early."

"Wait, what?" Sarah asked. "Did Lester walk into your room?"

“No,” Dan said, “I should have known better. I did the interview in the living room and he walked by in the background. I wouldn’t be surprised if he did it on purpose.”

“Neither would I,” Sarah said, “Though next time, maybe do it in your room. Or maybe put up a virtual background.”

“Lesson learned,” Dan said. “I just wish I could do these at home in our house. I can’t risk doing them here in the office, so there are limited places I can have them.”

Sarah clicked on the next email, “Well, maybe this weekend we can find a table and chair for your room so you can have a better setup to take these calls.”

“I like that idea, I just don’t know if we should be spending any money right now,” Dan said.

“Then we’ll figure something out, we’ll look on Facebook Marketplace or something,” Sarah replied. “Point is, we’ll figure it out together.”

“Yeah, okay,” Dan said.

“We’ll get you out of that apartment this weekend and find something to cheer you up,” Sarah smiled. She wondered what their weekend together would hold. She missed spending time with her husband. It seemed like every time she went up to Chicago, she had been spending more and more of her time with Lester.

As if on cue, a small chime went off in her ear. She pulled back the phone and saw a new text message.

“Hold on a sec, honey,” Sarah said as she opened the message. Lester’s angry cock was staring back at her. Lester’s grubby hand was gripping its base, pointing his cock head to the camera. It was captioned ‘thinking of you.’

“Sarah? You still there?” Sarah shook her head, not realizing how much time had elapsed since she’d received the photo.

“Sorry, Dan, I just got distracted with a work thing here.” She lied. “Is there anything I can do this weekend to cheer you up? Maybe I can bring a special pair of lingerie I could model for you?”

“I like the sound of that. Maybe that white set that makes you look so innocent,” Dan said.

“I can do that.” Sarah smiled. “By the way, you need to tell your roommate to stop sending me pictures of his junk. It’s going to get me in trouble at work one of these days.”

“God, I don’t think Lester will listen to anything I tell him to do, but I’ll try,” Dan said.

“Have you responded to him at all?”

“No, I haven’t,” Sarah said.

“So, what? He just keeps sending you pictures of his dick. Like your text thread is just a wall of dicks, basically?”

“Pretty much,” Sarah said quickly. She hadn’t told Dan how many pictures Lester had sent her or how frequently she had looked at them. Knowing they were always there on her phone in her blazer was a constant thought throughout the day.

“Maybe you should just text him back and tell him to stop. Or block his number.” Dan suggested.

“Maybe I should. Hold on.” Sarah pulled open the thread with Lester again. She had been resisting texting him back. She wanted to keep her interactions with Lester contained to the apartment. Even there, it was starting to seep out into other areas of Chicago. But here, she could at least keep a firewall between herself and him while at work and home. She didn’t want to give Lester access to her on a whim at any time through her phone.

Hesitantly, she typed a message.

> Lester, please stop. I’m at work.

“Okay,” Sarah breathed, “I just told him to stop and that I’m at work –”

Bzzt

> What are you wearing?

“Ugh,” Sarah said, staring at the phone, “He just replied, asking what I’m wearing.”

Sarah waited for Dan to respond. He was silent for several seconds, “Dan?”

“Yeah, sorry,” Dan said. “Just a little caught off guard, is all. I’ve been replaying the interview in my head, and the thought of what he said threw me off.”

“Threw you off, like, did it distract you from what happened with the interview?”

“Yeah,” Dan breathed into the phone. “It did.”

“Really?” Sarah said, swivelling in her chair. “What do you think I should do? Should I tell him? What if I show him, Dan?”

“Fuck, Sarah,” Dan whispered into the phone. She wasn’t sure where he was in his office, but she smiled as she played with her husband.

“What? What’s wrong, Dan?” Sarah could feel her body heating up, “Can’t you imagine me sending Lester a picture of what I’m wearing? You don’t even know what I’m wearing today. Maybe I’m in a sexy little nurse outfit. Or maybe I could show Lester what I have on underneath my outfit.”

After several seconds of silence, Dan finally said, “God, you are bad, Sarah.”

“I just like to hear you squirm, dear,” Sarah smiled, loving the effect she was having on Dan.

“So what are you going to send him?” Dan breathed.

Sarah had just been toying with her husband. She didn’t actually plan on sending Lester a picture of herself, let alone take one while at work. “Do you seriously want me to send him something Dan?”

Dan was silent for several seconds before whispering, “Yes...”

Sarah didn’t say anything, hoping that Dan would elaborate. After more silence, he finally added, “I know it’s messed up, but the idea of you messaging someone like Lester pictures....I mean I just had a bit of a fight with him this morning over what he did and knowing he’d get to see you today after all of that...I don’t know.”

“That is certainly messed up,” Sarah swirled her chair to face the window in her office. She looked out at the parking lot and buildings further in the distance, “You wanting Lester to see me. See my body. He has already seen so much of me. I told you what happened in his car last time. Sending him pictures feels like I’m actually dating him or something. What should I send him Dan? Just a selfie? Or should I strip down here in my office and take a picture for him?”

“I..” Dan started, “I don’t know. Just start with a selfie and see where it goes.”

“Ahmmmm,” Sarah thought of ways to toy with her husband. “Maybe. We’ll see. I was thinking something a little more risqué.”

“What do you mean?” Dan breathed into the phone.

Sarah smiled, knowing she had gotten her husband sufficiently distracted from his interview woes. “Don’t worry, my love. I’m just going to send him a few private pictures.”

“What kind of pictures?” Dan asked.

“That’s between a girl and her boyfriend, mister.” Sarah smiled, knowing how worked up Dan would get at that line. “I’ll show them to you when I get to Chicago, but for now, you’ll just have to use your imagination.”

“You’re so fucking bad,” Dan said into the phone, “I wish I were there so I could fuck you right now.”

“Mhmmmm,” Sarah mimicked a moan into the phone, “I’d like that. You better do that this weekend...unless your roommate beats you to it.”

“Not going to happen,” Dan declared, “I need you. You’re going to be mine.”

“Promise?” Sarah asked.

“Promise,” Dan said confidently. “I love you.”

“I love you too, baby,” Sarah smiled.

“I have to run, honey,” Dan said. “Walt called a meeting, and it’s starting in two minutes. I can’t wait to see you this weekend.”

“I know, me too, baby. I miss you.” Sarah wished the conversation didn’t have to end but she knew she would have to get back to work soon too.

“I miss you too, baby. I’ll text you when I get out of work. I can’t wait to see you.” Dan said.

“Love you,” Sarah said one last time.

“Love you more,” Dan replied before hanging up.

Sarah sat there looking over the parking lot, not feeling like pursuing a zero inbox any longer. She wanted to go for a walk instead and stretch her legs. She looked down at her phone and saw another unread message.

Again, it was from Lester.

> Show me what you are wearing.

Thinking back to her conversation with Dan, a small smile spread across her face.

She held the phone up in front of her and took a selfie of her body, and sent it to her husband’s roommate. Sarah stood up and intended to leave the room when her phone buzzed again.

> I meant, what kind of underwear are you wearing

Sarah bit her lip, toying with what to do. Before she could respond, another message came in.

> I need to see what you have on.

Sarah raised an eyebrow and typed a quick response.

> And why is that?

> Because I’ve been stroking my hard cock to send you pictures, and now I need relief

> Why don’t you watch porn or something then?

> Those girls don’t compare to you. Come on. Show me something.

The thought of sending someone like Lester a sexy photo had intrigued her while she chatted with her husband. Knowing that he intended to jerk off to them, that even hundreds of miles away, she could get someone off just by looking at her. She could feel her breathing begin to change and found herself getting slightly wet between her legs.

Sarah unbuttoned several buttons on her blouse to expose her chest. She was wearing a simple black bra that still accentuated her breasts. She held the phone in front of her chest and with a moment's deliberation, snapped the picture and sent it to Lester.

> That's what I'm talking about. Those look great. I can't wait to see those in person this weekend.

> Who says I'm coming this weekend? Why do you think I'll let you see these?

> Your husband talks loud. And because of this.

Another picture of Lester's swollen cock appeared on her screen, still as hard as it was before.

> Are you wearing matching panties?

> Maybe

> Show me

> Lester, I'm at work. I can't just strip for you.

> Show me

Sarah looked out the window. She was several floors up, and no one would be able to see in. She took off her blazer and gently laid it across her chair. Sarah undid her belt and kicked off her heels before lowering her white jeans down her legs. She walked in front of the mirror on her office wall.

She had never exposed herself like this at work before, even when sending Dan selfies of herself. There was a thrill knowing that on the other side of these walls, other people were working, and they had no idea what she was doing. She shivered at the thought. She held up her phone to the mirror, angling the camera to exclude her face and anything in the background that would identify the setting. Satisfied with the angle, Sarah turned to the side and pushed her ass out to give Lester a great view of it as well as her breasts that were still jutting out from her open blouse. The profile shot left little to the imagination without any other identifying information.

> That's more like it. I can't wait to fuck that body of yours.

> Tell me how much you miss this.

Another photo of Lester's angry cock appeared on her screen. This time it was leaking pre-cum.

> Tell me how much you want it so I can finally cum for you

Sarah stood there, undressed, in the middle of her office, debating what to send. She realized her thighs were rubbing against each other, and her fingers had started to play with her panty line. She bit her lip and sent Lester a message.

> I want your big, juicy cock Lester. I crave it.

Lester didn't reply for several seconds.

> Fuck

A photo followed of Lester's hand wrapped around his cock. He must have been lying in a prone position. Cum was dripping down the length of his cock, running over his hands.

> You're going to have to clean up this mess this weekend.

Sarah stared at the photo, transfixed by the sheer amount of cum Lester had produced. Just seeing that made her remember the taste of it and how it dappled on her skin. Her body felt extremely hot, and she needed release as well. She turned and walked back towards her desk.

As she rounded the corner, she stopped in her tracks as she heard the door open.

"Sarah, did you see this email from IT? Who approved another training for –"

Drew, Sarah's boss, stopped dead in his tracks at the entryway to her office. He held the doorknob with one hand as he gawked at Sarah's state of undress.

Sarah covered herself with her hands as she scooted behind the desk, "Drew close the door!"

"Ughhhh," Drew stepped into the room and closed the door behind him, spinning around, his eyes lowering to focus on Sarah's exposed breasts.

"No! Not in here. Get out!" Sarah exclaimed.

"Right, right. Yeah." Drew quickly opened the door, stepped back into the hallways and pulled it closed behind him.

Sarah stood there mortified for several seconds before quickly buttoning up her blouse and pulling her pants back on. She sat in her chair and held her head in her hands as her phone buzzed with another message from Lester. She ignored it. This is what she had been afraid of. Her games with Dan and Lester spilling out into the rest of her life.

Lester stared at his phone, waiting for a response from Dan's hot wife. He wished she was here lapping up all the cum that he had splattered all over his cock. *Maybe I can get her to do that soon.*

He was leaning back in his chair with his legs propped up on his desk. The video of the first time he fucked Sarah was playing on his computer screen. Her moans of pleasure were like music to his ears. In all this time spent with the women in his apartment, nothing was sweeter than the sounds coming from Sarah as he finally conquered her and made her cum on his cock.

His eyes flicked down to the timestamp on the conversation. It had been a few minutes, and she still hadn't responded.

"Fuck," Lester said as he stood up and plodded over to the pile of dirty clothes on his floor. He reached down and grabbed a discarded shirt and used it to wipe his cock and thighs clean. Satisfied that he had cleaned himself up enough, Lester dropped the shirt back onto the floor. He surveyed the state of the room and how his clean habits had quickly regressed once he had bedded Sarah. Around the same time, his maid service had quit, and Lester had yet to find a new one.

Lester put the mess out of his mind. He didn't like the thought that his old habits had returned. That meant he wasn't in control, and his tendencies had won out in the end. Lester didn't like not being in control. *It's simply that Sarah is hooked on me, and I have leverage on Dan, I don't need to keep up appearances any longer. Besides, I have more important things to do than laundry.*

Sauntering over to his command center, Lester plopped back down in this chair. The chair's gas cylinder squealed in protest against his weight. He eyed the time again and pulled his computer chair closer to the desk. He fired up Google Hangouts and started the meeting.

Dan wasn't the only one with an interview today.

The video feed of a man popped up on his computer screen. He looked fairly forgettable, an average everyday background character you'd forget just after passing him by. Maybe late twenties. He introduced himself as Tim, his eyes nonchalantly looking over Lester.

"Tim, what did you think of the pictures I sent you?" Lester asked.

"Your girlfriend has a smoking body, man. I really want to see her face," Tim said excitedly.

Lester held up a hand to try and temper Tim's enthusiasm. He already wasn't enjoying Tim's energy. At one point, he had researched Dan's coworker Jesse, diving into his background and family. Ultimately, Jesse could be a variable Lester might not be able to control. His ties to Dan's professional life could have unforeseen

consequences Lester couldn't predict. Lester kept the file on Jesse archived for the time being.

"How many sexual partners have you had?" Lester said flatly.

"Uh, like three, man." Tim said eagerly, "Is your girlfriend there? When do I get to talk to her?"

"In good time," Lester scoffed, "I want to get a feel for you first. Are you clean? Can you pass an STI screening?"

"Yeah, I mean, I think so. I haven't ever been tested or anything." Tim said, confused.

"How big is your dick?" Lester said.

"Hey now, man," Tim said, "Where's your girlfriend? I'd happily show her what I have, you know? But I'm not so sure, man, this is kind of creeping me out right now."

Lester ended the call, and Tim disappeared from his screen. *Waste of time.*

He had been chatting back and forth with Tim for a couple of days, trying to set up this conversation to learn more about him. He'd have to try a different tactic going forward.

The cursor on his screen shifted between apps. Discord had several messages from Ned and his D&D group. Their next session was coming up soon, much less frequent than they used to be. There were also a dozen or so unread messages from Cronos that he continued to ignore. As he continued to scroll, a notification appeared in the screen's lower right-hand corner.

He reflexively clicked it, opening the post from a Facebook employee group for Sarah's employer. The poster was complaining about another mandatory IT training session.

Lester smirked. *What funny timing.*

Dan put his phone on the coffee table and hurried over to open the door. He poked his head into the hallway and heard the elevator chime. A few moments later, his loving wife Sarah came into view, pulling her carry-on luggage behind her. She looked great wearing a pair of sneakers, tight-fitting blue jeans and a t-shirt under a loose hoodie. Her blonde hair pulled up into a bun. When she saw him standing there waiting, a broad smile appeared on her face, and she quickened her pace to close the distance between them.

Without saying a word, she was in his arms, and his lips were on hers.

"I've missed you so much," Dan said when their lips finally parted.

“I’ve missed you too. I love you so much, baby.” Sarah smiled, looking up into his eyes. For a second, the rest of Dan’s problems seemed to melt away, and he just wanted to be in this moment with his wife forever.

When reality came back, Dan reached down, grabbed his wife’s luggage, and led her into the apartment.

Dan shut the door behind them, and as if on cue, Lester’s fat feet could be heard smacking against the wood floors as he marched down the hallway toward them. Soon, the mass of his body shadowed the entrance to the living room as his eyes scanned Sarah up and down. With a grin plastered on his face, he started to walk with purpose towards the young mother.

Sarah froze, trying to reconcile the tender moment with her husband with his predatory roommate marching towards her, “Lester…”

Before Lester could close the gap to Sarah, Dan stepped in his path, holding up his hands. “Lester, take it easy. She just got in. Back up man.”

Lester’s eyes finally met Dan’s, not bothering to hide his annoyance, “We have an arrangement.”

“We do,” Dan said, “And I’ve been thinking about that. You get a date but it doesn’t mean you just get to come over and we do everything you say.”

“Whatever,” Lester said, relaxing his posture, “I can wait a few hours before properly greeting your wife.”

“Yeah about that,” Dan said, “I’m actually taking Sarah out tonight. It’s been a long time since we’ve had a moment alone, just husband and wife.”

“What?” Lester said, becoming visibly irritated, “No that’s not the agreement. I get to take Sarah out.”

Sarah came up behind Dan and hugged him from behind, her head resting on the side of his arm. “I’d really like some time with my husband. I just drove a few hours to be here with him, Lester.”

“The agreement,” Dan said, “Is that you get dates with her. We never specified when these dates happen, so tonight I’m having time with her. You can go on your little date tomorrow.”

“Are you sure she wants that?” Lester challenged. “She’s been alone for weeks, she’s going to need something to satisfy her needs tonight.”

Dan eyed Lester. He could feel his desire to see Sarah with Lester beginning to stir inside of him. He couldn't let it get the better of him this time. "Don't worry yourself about that. I, her husband, will take care of everything she needs, Lester."

"Are you sure about that?" Lester said, his gaze shifting to Dan's wife.

"Dan always leaves me very satisfied, thank you very much Lester." Sarah chimed in.

A bemused grin formed on Lester's face, "I'm sure he does. I'm sure he does a commendable job checking that box but we all know that you've never had those mind-blowing orgasms from Dan, like the ones you have with me. The ones that rock you to your core."

Lester stepped back, turning around, "Have fun with your little rendezvous tonight. Dan, try not to overthink about how much Sarah is fantasizing about me while she is stuck under you tonight."

"Fucking asshole," Dan said as Lester retreated to his bedroom. He turned around and noticed Sarah's face was flush.

"So," Sarah said, putting her hands on Dan's chest, "Where are you taking me tonight?"

"I thought it would be a nice change of pace to get out of here and go walk around the Art Institute and then grab some dinner at the food truck festival a few blocks over. That sound good?"

"That sounds amazing," Sarah beamed. "When are we leaving?"

"As soon as you want, no rush," Dan said.

Sarah looked down the hallway towards the bedrooms, "Let me just go freshen up and we can head out. Maybe in like 20 minutes?"

"That sounds perfect," Dan said, kissing her forehead.

Sarah grabbed her suitcase, "I'm just going to change out of these car clothes, pee, and touch up my makeup."

"You look great already baby but do whatever you need to," Dan said.

"Muah," Sarah said as she pulled her luggage towards the bedroom.

Dan stood there with his hands in his pockets, listening intently to the sounds of the luggage rolling down the hallway. He heard a door open and the luggage roll into it. He hoped it was his bedroom door but deep down a part of him longed for it to be Lester's. Sarah walking into his room to change right in front of him and Lester taking advantage of the opportunity.

He heard the sound of light footsteps next followed by a door shutting. Sarah walking across the hall into the bathroom.

Dan let out a long breath, "Get a hold of yourself."

Within half an hour, Sarah emerged from the hallway looking as radiant as ever. She was wearing a slim pair of black jeans with a tight-fitting blouse tucked into it at the waist. Her hair was down, and she accentuated her naturally beautiful face with light makeup.

"Looking fine, girl," Dan said as he opened the door and held out his hand for his wife. They left the confines of the apartment and travelled down to the ground floor before getting into an Uber and heading to the Art Institute of Chicago. They spent the next few hours just talking as they walked past paintings and sculptures. Dan felt grateful for the time to reconnect with his wife. It reminded him of some dates they'd had earlier in their relationship before they'd married.

Eventually, they found that both their stomachs were beginning to rumble, so they left the museum and headed up the few blocks to where the food truck festival was being held. A few dozen food trucks were stationed in the parking lot with makeshift tables and chairs in the center. Light bulbs strands were strung across the entire lot, adding an air of intimacy to the ambience. Despite all of the options available, both Sarah and Dan gravitated towards one of the taco trucks. Both ordered steak tacos, margaritas and some Mexican fries to split. Afterwards, they both enjoyed an order of churros.

Their Uber home stopped in front of a hotel in downtown Chicago.

"Dan, I think he got the wrong address," Sarah whispered.

"Nope, we're here. Steve, thank you for the ride. Five stars from us, man. Let's get out honey." Dan said as he opened the door and ushered Sarah out his door onto the sidewalk.

"What's going on Dan?" Sarah smiled.

"A night alone, just for the two of us is what I promised. That does not involve going back to the apartment." Dan took her arm and guided her into the hotel lobby.

"But Dan, we can't really afford this right now." Sarah protested as Dan ushered them up to the check-in counter.

"Checking in, Dan Williams," Dan said to the clerk. He leaned over and whispered to his wife, "We don't get any time together when you are visiting or when I can get

home. We need to take advantage of the time we have together. Besides, I need to get to you first before you leave me and roll around with Lester in his car.”

Sarah blushed, “It’s not like that...but I am glad we are going to be alone tonight, even if we can’t afford it.”

Taking their key from the clerk, the couple made their way up to the fifth floor. As their hotel room door shut behind them, Dan was all over Sarah kissing her and mauling at her clothing. It wasn’t long before both of their clothes were strewn around the room and they found themselves on one of the queen beds in their underwear.

Dan was hungrily kissing his wife while his hands roamed her body. Her ass felt terrific in his hands, he was looking at it all night and loved feeling her bare skin in his palms.

“Oh, Dan,” Sarah mewed, “I missed this so much.”

“Me too, baby, I’ve been needing you so badly.” Dan said as he began to tug at her panties.

As he pulled them off her ankles and threw them on the floor, he looked back at Sarah who was staring at him with her sexiest bedroom eyes.

“Get up here mister,” she said.

Dan didn’t even bother replying. He got back on top of his wife as she pulled his boxers down. Dan shimmied out of them, and his already hard dick sprang out. Sarah’s hand found it and guided it down towards her wet pussy.

“Uh, fuck Dan,” Sarah moaned as he started to push himself into her.

Dan eased his cock inside of Sarah and felt her body grip him tightly, “Feels so good Sarah.”

“Uh, Uh, I needed this so badly Dan.” Sarah moaned as she licked his shoulder.

“God.”

Dan was in ecstasy as he felt his wife’s body respond to his touch, her hips pushing against his dick as her tongue began to tease his chest. “Sarah.”

“Don’t stop fucking me Dan,” Sarah said as her hands found his ass and she pulled him further into her. Her large breasts were pushed up against his chest, a tantalizing view that was driving Dan crazy.

Sarah bit her lip and looked up at her husband’s face. The lust written all over it turned her on, seeing his animalistic side begin to take over, his lack of control as he

fucked her. Without thinking, she said, “He’s was wrong. You know just how to satisfy your wife.”

Lester Dan thought. He gritted his teeth and pushed his head down beside his wife’s. She held onto the back of his neck and started to lick the side of his neck, sending shivers down his spine.

That’s what Lester said before we left. Satisfying her. Images flashed into his head of all the times he had witnessed his wife with his roommate. The lustful way she looked at him. The way her hands looked wrapped around his cock. The way she moaned as he pushed himself into her, the way her body reacted as it orgasmed with him. The shit-eating grin Lester wore each time he did it. Could he satisfy his wife, the love of his life, better than her husband?

As these thoughts were racing through Dan’s head, he unconsciously began to move his hips faster and faster, pumping his dick in and out of his wife at a rapid speed. Her body responded, she was breathing quicker and her hips tried to match his pace.

Dan’s aroused brain couldn’t help but think of the sounds his wife was making now in response to Lester. Her making these same sounds, moaning and urging him on. Her legs wrapped around his body, her hands pulling him closer. Her tongue on his neck.

“Ah fuck,” Dan grunted as he came, his cum shooting into his wife. He gasped for breath and collapsed onto his forearms. Sarah’s hips slowed until they stopped moving.

Catching his breath, Dan said, “Fuck, I’m sorry. I know you didn’t finish, I just couldn’t help it. It was all pent up. It was too much.”

“Shhhhh,” Sarah said, holding his face with one of her hands. “It was still wonderful. You felt so good. I love you.”

“I love you too,” Dan said as he rolled off his wife. Sarah rose and went to the bathroom to clean herself up. Dan heard the water from the tap running as he laid in the bed staring at the ceiling, knowing that he hadn’t satisfied his wife the way she wanted—the way she needed.

Tomorrow, she’d be with Lester. The thought was like a punch to the gut, knowing that Lester may very well make his previously innocent wife cum and satisfy her.

Sarah and Dan arrived back at the apartment in the early afternoon. The couple enjoyed a lazy morning at the hotel before extending their time together at a restaurant for lunch.

Dan was preparing himself for another confrontation with Lester as they entered the apartment. To his surprise, Lester didn't emerge from his room.

Dan wasn't about to look a gift horse in the mouth. Perhaps Lester was actually occupied today. The couple settled in on the couch and Sarah put on the latest episode of a Netflix show she had started back at their house.

After thirty minutes, Dan started looking around, wondering exactly where Lester was. He wasn't about to go looking for him but it was out of character, especially given their last meeting.

Sarah reached forward, grabbed the remote and paused the show, "I'll be right back."

Dan watched his wife's hips sway and she left the couch and walked down the hallway. Her ass always made him stop and appreciate just how lucky of a man he was. She stepped into the bathroom and closed the door behind her.

When she came back out five minutes later, Dan was staring down at his phone. She threw a bundle of lacy material into his lap.

"What's this?" He said looking up at her.

"It's from Lester. He hung it in the bathroom for me." Sarah said.

Dan held up the lacy fabric in front of him, it unfolded itself, revealing a set of black bra and panties with sheer material and some kind of garter and belt, "Jesus."

"Lester bought that for me on our last *date*," Sarah said. "It had this sticky note on it."

Dan looked at the sticky note that Sarah was holding. It says 'Date starts at 3pm.'

"Well I guess he is taking a more passive approach this time," Dan said, still eyeing the black lingerie he was holding. He was wondering just what it would look like on Sarah.

Sarah grabbed the lingerie from his hands, "Guess so. I better go get ready for my hot date."

She smiled at the word hot, enjoying the reaction it got from him.

"You're bad," Dan said, he suddenly felt very alone on the couch. "I really wish you could just stay here and we could watch more trash TV."

“I know baby, me too,” Sarah smiled, leaned forward, and kissed Dan. Her lips lingered on his before she broke her kiss and walked toward his bedroom.

Dan shouted after her, “I want to see pics of you in that outfit.”

Just as 3 P.M. was approaching, Lester finally emerged from his dungeon. Dan stifled a smirk as Lester walked down the hall towards him. He was wearing oversized khakis that needed to be ironed and a short-sleeved button-up shirt that just didn't fit properly. It looked tight in all the wrong places and loose in all the others.

Dan had to remind himself that he probably shouldn't underestimate Lester. He had, within the course of a few months, managed to bed his faithful wife after all. While Dan certainly lit the match, Lester had taken it and was burning the whole fucking house down.

The idea of his wife moaning with pleasure due to this troll sent a shiver down his spine.

Before Lester could utter a word, the sound of another door opening caused him to turn around. Both men watched as Sarah emerged from the bathroom wearing a black, high-waisted, pleated tennis skirt that ran down to her mid-thigh. A dark green, crew neck, long-sleeve sweater sat on top of the skirt. It looked soft and loose, but her breasts still made their presence known. The stockings from the lingerie set hugged her legs, but the garter was hidden under the skirt.

His wife was wearing the lingerie set that Lester had set out for her.

“So,” Sarah walked into the room, clearly trying to break some of the tension. “Are we ready to go? I think there is too much testosterone in this apartment at the moment.”

Lester twirled his keys on one of his fingers, “Yep, I'm all set. Let's go.”

He headed for the door as Sarah approached Dan on the couch.

She bent down and kissed him before whispering in his ear, “I love you baby.

Remember, this is just temporary. And...”

She paused and, in a seductive voice, said, “I won't do anything you wouldn't approve of.”

“Dammit, Sarah,” Dan whispered, “I love you too, just don't stay out all night okay?”

“I’ll try to be back before curfew,” She winked at him and then walked towards the door. Dan watched as Lester smirked as he put an arm over her shoulders as they walked out the door.

Dan counted to thirty and jumped off the couch and crossed the room to the door. He grabbed his jacket and followed Lester and Sarah into the hallway. They were nowhere in sight. Dan sprinted down the hallway to the elevator and pressed the down button.

It seemed like it took forever but eventually, the elevator doors opened and Dan got into the empty car. He descended down to the first floor and poked his head out into the parking lot, looking for Lester’s vehicle. He couldn’t see it, so he hurried across the parking lot to Sarah’s car and started it up. As he was getting behind the wheel, he noticed a black SUV pulling out onto the street.

He hurriedly backed out of the parking space and tried to catch up to the other vehicle. He was several car lengths behind them and sped up a bit to close the distance between them. Dan felt like he was James Bond, pursuing a foreign spy, not a husband following his wife on a date with his roommate.

Dan was not three car lengths away from them. He hoped that it was actually Lester and Sarah and not some random stranger. The SUV tapped on its brakes as the light at the upcoming intersection turned yellow. Dan slammed on his brakes at the same time that the SUV’s brake lights disappeared. The SUV accelerated and crossed the other side of the intersection as the light turned red.

A steady stream of vehicles flowed in across the intersection. Dan craned his neck to try to keep track of the SUV but lost sight of it as it got onto the Chicago Skyway.

Lester pulled into the parking lot and quickly got out of the car, hurried around the side to open Sarah’s door for her.

“Thank you,” Sarah said as she got out of the vehicle. Lester’s hand eagerly found hers, and he directed them around the corner of the building and into the backlot. Stalls and vendors were set up in rows for a weekend farmer’s market. Lester had learned about Sarah’s affinity for certain things by going back through years of her Instagram posts.

The couple strolled through the market. Sarah was enjoying looking at different stalls. Lester had thought a farmer’s market was the perfect outing. Not only was it

something Sarah enjoyed but it was also easy to make conversation. He could just comment on the wares of each stall and ask her what she thought.

They received a lot of glances from other attendees, likely for their mismatched pairing. After ten minutes, Lester decided to lay the foundation for what he hoped would be a way to endear himself to Sarah.

“It’s nice being back here,” Lester said, plastering on a cheerful smile, “I don’t think I’ve been here since before I broke up with Lizzie.”

Sarah perked up at Lester, offering details about himself. “Would you guys come here often?”

“Oh yeah,” Lester forced a show of enthusiasm, “Almost every other weekend. It feels like it’s been years since I’ve been back here.”

“Is it hard being back here with all the memories of her?” Sarah asked.

“It’s a little easier today,” He said as he squeezed her hand. “It’s frankly been a little hard going anywhere, to be honest. It’s easier just to stay in my room.”

“I get that,” Sarah said. “Breakups can be rough.”

“Have you been through a lot of them?” Lester asked.

“No, not a lot. I only dated a couple of guys before Dan.” Sarah said as she held Lester’s hand. They turned a corner and headed down another aisle. The vendors here sold all sorts of knick-knacks and trinkets. “I’ve consoled a lot of girlfriends through bad break ups, though. I’m something of a therapist to my friend group.”

“So what would you say is the best way to get over someone? To get out of the depress– the funk.” Lester asked.

“Well, I would say, you know, just get out there, right? Don’t hole up in your room and shut the world out. Get outside and do things, and try to find someone to share it with whether that’s romantic or not. Being social is a huge driver of all sorts of chemicals in the brain that help you through a break up instead of wallowing alone with your thoughts.” Sarah realized she had forgotten she was holding onto Lester’s hand.

“I will say,” Lester started, “That being out here on a sunny day today with a beautiful woman like yourself does make it easier.”

“Okay, stop that.” Sarah said, “See, Lester if you just get out more, it might be easier to lighten up.”

“Lighten up?” Lester asked.

“You know,” Sarah waved her hand, “Sometimes you can come across as pretty intense. Especially when it comes to Dan.”

“Well, I think it’s only natural to get a little intense when you’re competing for a woman like yourself.”

“It’s not really a competition Lester,” Sarah looked at him, “I’m married to Dan.”

“Nobody’s perfect,” Lester laughed then turned serious. “I mean, who can make you cum the most times and scream their name at the top of their lungs.”

“Shhhhh,” Sarah slapped him on the arm, looking around mortified.

“Anyways, I’m just saying these dates have been nice. With the breakup, I either just threw myself into games on my computer or buried myself in work. I keep taking on more new clients than I can handle lately.” Lester stopped to peek at a vendor selling vintage comic books.

“You said you work in IT right? We have an IT department at work so I know IT is kind of a broad category. What exactly do you do?” Sarah asked.

“Hey let’s go in here,” Lester directed her into a storefront. Sarah stepped inside and smiled. She loved cozy independent bookshops.

“Let’s grab a couple of books, my treat.” Lester said.

As they perused the shelves of books, Lester resumed their original conversation,

“Yeah I normally just say IT because people understand that and honestly don’t care to dive any deeper. I work in IT security. Basically, making sure networks are safe, doing penetration testing, and helping resolve issues companies have. Stuff like that.”

“And you can do most of that from home?” Sarah asked as she started to grab a few books off the shelf.

“Yeah I can do a lot of it remotely from my workstation in my room, but occasionally, I’ll have to go into a client’s office, especially if they have some kind of issue. I think I’m going to get this book.” Lester pulled a copy of *Flowers for Algernon* off the shelf.

“I love that book,” Sarah exclaimed, “It’s amazing. It’s heartbreaking and inspiring.”

“Yeah? Well, I’ll definitely get it then.”

Lester and Sarah walked back to the front of the shop and Lester purchased their books.

Dan was upset with himself at having lost Lester and Sarah. He uncorked his bottle of whiskey and poured himself a drink. He took a long pull from the glass and then looked down at it with disgust. *Alcohol is such a waste of money right now.*

Dan took another sip and moved to the living room. His wife was out there in the city doing god knows what with his roommate. If things got too serious, she would call, though, like she did last time.

He shouldn't worry. He loved her and trusted her completely, but they were in uncharted waters right now, which both thrilled and terrified him. He just wanted to know where she was, to see what she was doing.

His imagination was running wild with scenarios. He couldn't wait for her to come home and confirm what had happened.

He opened his phone and dismissed a series of work emails. He wasn't in a good state to respond, neither should he given it was a weekend and the abysmal salary he was currently on. Dan pulled up Safari and typed, ' how to turn on iPhone tracking.'

As he scrolled through the pages, he learned about how he needed to add Sarah as a family member so he could track her. Dan wondered whether she thought that would be a violation of privacy, but the more he debated the more he was sure she would be okay with it.

He imagined following them to a secluded alley and watching as the windows team up on Lester's SUV. Dan noticed how hard his dick was. He needed to get control of his fantasies before it consumed him. He was losing his grip and with the work and life situation, it was like watching Sarah play with Lester was an outlet for his stress, letting him disassociate and just enjoy himself.

Dan continued to read the instructions and thought about what else he needed to do to regain some semblance of control.

Lester held the door to the restaurant as Sarah stepped out onto the nighttime streets of Chicago. The sun had set some time ago while they'd been eating. Sarah pulled her phone out of her purse and checked the time, it was getting close to 10 P.M.

"Are we heading back to the apartment now?" Sarah asked as they walked towards Lester's car.

He opened her door and held it for her, "Just one more stop and then we'll go back."

"Where's that?" Sarah asked.

"You'll see," Lester said as he closed her door. He walked around to the driver's side of the car, got in and started to drive.

After a few minutes, Lester pulled onto a quiet street with less frequent street lights. “Lester, where are we going?” Sarah asked from the passenger seat. She could feel the anticipation growing between her legs. She hated to admit the hold Lester was beginning to have on her. He’d started this fire with his texts earlier in the week, and it hadn’t been taken care of yet.

“Just up here,” Lester said as he turned into a tree-lined driveway. The driveway opened up after about 20 feet into a large, dark parking lot. Trees seemed to line the exterior of the parking lot, blocking its view from the street.

Lester pulled the car into the corner of the lot and shut off the engine.

“Why don’t you get in the back seat?” Lester said.

Gone was the seemingly gentle man she had strolled around the farmer’s market with. Sarah could see the lust behind his eyes, threatening to envelop her.

“I should call Dan,” Sarah said as she eyed the backseat.

“Why?” Lester said, “Are you expecting something specific to happen tonight?”

Sarah blushed at the comment. They both knew there was only one reason why she would need to call Dan. Sarah had telegraphed exactly what she was thinking.

Lester reached out and stroked the back of her neck, “How about this? We get in the back, and if things progress to that point, I’ll even call Dan myself.”

Without waiting for a response, Lester shoved himself out of the car and walked the short distance to the back door. He opened it and heaved himself into the back seat, waiting expectantly for Sarah to join him.

“Come on back here,” Lester said, pointing down in front of him “I want to see you wearing the lingerie I bought for you.”

Sarah rolled her eyes, let out a sigh and moved over the center console into the back seat. Lester sat in the middle of the bench seat and stretched both arms across the top.

“Come to daddy,” Lester growled.

“Please, don’t say that Lester,” Sarah said as she moved to sit down in the seat next to Lester. In her mind the only daddy in her life was Dan, the father of her kids. The thought of Lester in that role, calling him daddy. It made her feel uncomfortable.

He grabbed her around the waist and pulled her down onto his lap. He slid his hand down onto her thigh and pulled her over him so that she was straddling his lap, her pleated skirt sprawled over him, concealing his crotch.

“Mmmmm, that’s what I like,” Lester said, “So, what are you going to do back here tonight?”

“You tell me,” Sarah said.

Lester grinned, “You say that like you don’t want to admit what you want,” he leaned in closer, “But I could always take that as you’ll do whatever I want.”

Sarah shuddered as Lester leaned forward. His belly pressed against her stomach, so his hands found her back and pulled her closer. His face disappeared under the side of her hair as he audibly sniffed her neck.

“You smell sweet,” Lester said as his hands ran down her back until they disappeared beneath her skirt. His grubby hands found her soft ass cheeks and he gripped both of them hard.

“Uh,” Sarah moaned involuntarily. She hated to admit how much she enjoyed how rough Lester could be.

“In your text, you said you craved my cock. But when I saw you yesterday, you seemed so standoffish. Were you putting on a show for Dan?” Lester whispered into her ear as he began planting kisses on her neck.

Sarah rested her hands on Lester’s flabby chest, feeling the lack of definition. She closed her eyes and focused on the sensation of Lester’s lips on her skin. There was a time she might have disassociated and imagined Dan, pretending it was her husband’s lips on her, but now there was no denying it was Lester. Her husband’s creepy roommate. He was expertly playing her body like an instrument. Try as she might to deny it, under the surface, she couldn’t help herself. She was beginning to crave his touch.

“Tell me,” Lester whispered, he pulled back from her neck and stared up at her emerald eyes. Moonlight shone into the car, framing her face. Lester couldn’t help but marvel at how beautiful she was. Her eyes betrayed her thoughts, he could tell she wanted him.

“I just,” Sarah started, “Don’t like to be so blatant in front of him. It’s different if we all have already worked ourselves up and things are happening in the moment but it’s different during other times.”

Lester made a mental note of this barrier. Perhaps in the future, they’d have to stay in for a date night. He wanted her to show him affection whenever he wanted. He would have to crush that if Dan and the apartment were a barrier.

“Hmmm, why don’t you make it up to me by taking off that top and showing me the bra I bought you?” Lester said.

Playfulness danced in Sarah’s eyes as she smirked at him. She reached forward and pulled the bottom of her sweater over her head, dropping it onto the seat next to them. Lester’s eyes tracked down, staring at her heaving breasts rising and falling with her breath. He had forgotten how good this bra looked on her. His time with it in the changing room was all too brief. He cursed himself for not setting up recording equipment in the car to capture this. He’d have to make her model it around the apartment for him.

“Was it worth the money?” Sarah asked, running her hand seductively up the strap of her bra.

“Every penny,” Lester smiled, licking his lips.

“Now it’s your turn,” a wicked grin spread on Sarah’s face. She moved off his lap and began to undo the clasp on Lester’s pants before tugging them down. Sarah raised an eyebrow as she looked down at the ratty boxers underneath, “Let’s take these off too.”

Sarah pulled off the boxers, and Lester’s hairy cock sprang free, “There it is.”

“How about you put that sweet little mouth of yours on my cock and greet it properly,” Lester sneered.

Sarah bit her lip, “Not today.” Lester frowned, but that disappeared as she got closer to him.

She mounted and straddled his lap again, pushing her underwear-clad pussy against his throbbing hot cock. She began to move her hips, pushing herself back and forth against it.

“Mmmmmhmmmm,” She moaned, feeling his large hard cock pushing against her most sensitive area, “You have a condom right?”

“I do,” Lester said, raising his hips up off the seat to meet her movements, pushing his cock harder against her dampening panties, “But what if I didn’t?”

Sarah didn’t answer. Instead, she threw her head back and held onto her shoulders as she ground herself against his cock. Lester felt powerful when she opened herself up to him.

“What if I didn’t have a condom Sarah? Would you let me slide it into you raw. Fuck you bareback? Let you feel all of me?” Lester grunted as he kept pumping his hips, matching the rhythm of her riding.

“I don’t I...I...” The thought of feeling Lester bare inside of her sent tingles over her body. She didn’t like condoms, Dan had stopped wearing them after he had been fixed, once they decided two kids were enough. But Lester was also fixed. The condoms almost seemed symbolic at this point, of her keeping one last thing for Dan. In the car, at that moment, with Lester’s cock between her legs, it almost felt silly, “Lester, I don’t...I...Oh shit. Lester, someone else is here.”

Headlights shone into the empty parking lot as another car entered. Lester turned and narrowed his eyes, wondering if Dan had somehow followed them. He smiled when he noticed it was a different car.

Lester knew there was a good chance another car might be in the parking lot. He had hoped this would be the case. From the research he had done, this area was quite popular with enthusiasts of outdoor sex and others who liked to watch them. He knew Sarah liked being exposed to others. He intended to exploit this to fuel the flames of her lust and have her associate it with him.

The car turned in their direction, its headlights illuminating the inside of their vehicle. Sarah ducked down behind the seat, trying to conceal herself. Lester held onto her thighs, keeping her from disengaging.

“Lester!” Sarah whispered, “They can probably see inside the car.”

“The windows are tinted,” Lester said as the sound of the car’s engines grew nearer. Sarah slid his hands off her thighs and turned to lean over into the front seat. She reached over to Lester’s door and pressed the lock button. The car’s headlights shone into the vehicle. It was clearly headed in their direction.

With two hands, Lester pushed himself off the seat and raised the back of her pleated skirt into the air, exposing her ass to the unknown car.

“Lester!” Sarah hissed, trying to push herself backwards. He held her thighs firmly, his knees pressing into her calves. He quickly pulled down her panties down her thighs to her garters, making it hard for her to move her legs, “Lester move, please.”

“Okay,” Lester said and he bent forward and stuck his tongue into her tight pussy.

“Oh fuck,” Sarah moaned as she quickly grabbed onto both front seats for stability. Lester’s tongue swirled around her insides, touching every sensitive nerve ending. The oversized appendage pushed deeper into her before Lester started to bob his head, thrusting his tongue in and out of her.

Sarah quickly tried to close her thighs to repel Lester’s assault, but her legs stayed open. She felt her knees grow weak as Lester’s large tongue pushed further inside of

her, lapping at the juices that were flowing out of her. The sounds of Lester devouring her crotch filled the small space.

“Uh, god, Lester. Please,” Sarah said. Gravel crunched next to the SUV. Sarah opened her eyes and saw the dark shape of a vehicle pull in next to them, the headlights illuminating the woods beyond. “Oh fuck. Don’t stop.” Sarah bit down on her knuckle as her elbow rested on the front seat. She gasped as he continued to build the fire inside her.

The headlights turned off. Sarah closed her eyes as Lester’s tongue continued to swirl around inside of her. He somehow began to expertly flick his tongue inside of her, against her g-spot, sending shockwaves of titillation throughout her body. She heard a car door shut from somewhere close by. She opened her eyes and craned her neck to the side, but all she could see was the dark shape of the front of the car. Gravel crunched softly over and over. Footsteps were moving around the other car. The crunching was growing louder. The driver was walking towards their vehicle.

“Lester,” Sarah whispered, trying to stay quiet. She wanted to stay quiet and not be discovered. Lester’s hand rose up from her thigh, his fingers opening the lips of her pussy until they found her clit. He gently began to rub it with his index finger.

“Oh fuck,” Sarah moaned. She tried to make a fist and put it in her mouth to stay quiet. She could feel her body betraying her, as an orgasm was quickly building up, fueled by Lester’s tongue and fingers. The presence of someone unknown so close, Watching them. Watching her.

“Oh god, Oh fuck Lester, Mmmmmm. Uh, fuck....fuck....oh right there....fuck.....don’t fuck....Lester!” Sarah screamed as she came. Her body unleashed a flood of endorphins that washed over every nerve in her body. Her hips thrust back into Lester’s face, pushing his tongue as deeply into her as possible. Her nails dug into the leather seats as her eyes rolled back in her head. The frustration of having held and teased this pleasure for most of the week had her shaking from the release. Sarah was breathing hard, holding onto the seats for balance as she came down from her orgasm. Lester withdrew his tongue and pulled Sarah back onto his lap, his hard cock pushing up between her thighs. She laid her head back on his shoulder. As she opened her eyes she noticed the features of a shadowed man standing outside the rear window.

“Lester,” Sarah whispered, “Someone is out there, watching us.”

She held her hands over her chest to conceal her breasts. Lester's arms came up and gripped both wrists and pulled them toward him, exposing her bra-clad chest to the stranger.

"It's dark, he doesn't have a great view of us. Relax. Let him watch. I know you've always fantasized about something like this." Lester relaxed his grip on her wrists. Even though her mind screamed at her to cover herself, her body was growing hotter knowing some stranger was a few feet away watching her, seeing her exposed. She had waited months before she let her husband see her like this when they were courting. Now, a stranger had the same intimate view within seconds.

Moonlight began to illuminate the parking lot once again. Sarah saw the beat-up pickup truck next to them and finally saw the rough-looking individual standing outside the window. He was older than both Sarah and Lester. Unkempt salt and pepper hair with a shaggy beard that matched. She couldn't see much of his body, but he didn't look athletic like Dan. His clothes reminded her of something a miner or an auto worker might wear.

The moonlight continued to sweep across the parking lot. Its edges illuminated Lester's SUV. The man outside grinned as Sarah came fully into view. Their eyes locked.

Sarah's breathing quickened. She didn't make a move to cover her chest, even though she felt her breasts rapidly rising and falling. Lester was unbothered, looking down between them. He had begun to rub his cock against her bare pussy, using it to play with her clit.

Sarah gulped at the sensation of being on display while being played with and closed her eyes.

"Lester," Sarah said, "He's staring right at us."

"No, he's staring at you." Lester corrected her. "What's his arm doing?"

Sarah opened her eyes and looked at the man again. He was staring at her hungrily with the same lust-filled mask that Dan and Lester both wore when they wanted to fuck her. She broke eye contact and looked down at his arm. It was moving back and forth rapidly.

"He's touching himself," Sarah whispered.

"What's he doing," Lester said as he pushed the head of his cock against Sarah's clit. Pre-cum oozed out of his cock and dribbled onto her clit. Lester rubbed the cum back and forth against it.

“He’s jerking off watching us,” Sarah said through gritted teeth.

“Watching you,” Lester’s other hand rose up and started to caress the tops of Sarah’s breasts, gently stroking her skin. He didn’t want to maul her, he was trying to work her up, “What’s he jerking off, Sarah? What is it? What’s he got?”

“His cock,” Sarah said loudly, “He’s jerking off his cock watching me.”

“Can you see it?” Lester asked.

“No, we’re too high,” Sarah said.

“Let’s get a closer look then,” Lester said as he used all of his strength to move Sarah off of his lap and over onto the seat next to the window.

Sarah stared at him with a look of lust and betrayal, “What are you doing?” Her voice was low, just above a whisper.

“Giving him a better view. Look at him,” Lester’s fingers quickly found her entrance. He stuck in one finger and began to push it in and out of the young wife slowly.

“Ohhh, uuhhhh, Lester,” Sarah moaned, closing her eyes, revelling in the feeling of Lester’s fingers and being on display for this strange man.

“Open your eyes, look at him,” Lester said as he put another finger inside of her.

“Ah, fuck,” Sarah moaned as she opened her eyes. The man was hungrily staring down at her chest, his eyes feasting on her flesh. Sarah could see the dark outline of the stranger’s first pumping his cock.

“I don’t think he can hear us very well,” Lester said. He reached over and pressed the window control switch on the door. The window lowered, and the cool Chicago night air blew into the vehicle. The cold air caused goosebumps to run over Sarah’s skin.

“Fuck, Lester,” Sarah moaned. The window stopped a quarter from the bottom, giving the man an unobstructed view of Sarah. The SUV was high enough that the man still couldn’t easily reach in, but his face was inches from Sarah’s. Lester continued to piston his fingers in and out of Sarah.

“Don’t stop looking at him,” Lester growled in her ear. Sarah’s eyes met the stranger’s. She saw his mouth hang open and his eyes hungrily staring back at her.

“Blow him a kiss,” Lester said, remembering what Dan had made her do in the apartment several months back. Sarah puckered her lips and made a kissing gesture towards the man.

“God you’re so fucking sexy,” the man said.

“Talk to him,” Lester whispered, his fingers curling and dragging against her g-spot. Sarah could feel another orgasm building inside her. His fingers felt great but it was the lewdness of the situation that was pushing her over the edge.

Sarah didn’t know what to say, this situation was all too much, too quickly. She took a deep breath and slipped back into her confident, sexy persona.

“Are you stroking your cock for me?” Sarah said to the stranger. Lester grinned.

Sarah’s pussy was audibly gushing as Lester’s fingers moved in and out of her. “Do you like what you see, big boy?”

“Ah fuck ye,” the man said, “I’m stroking this big old cock I got for you. God, you look so fucking good. You’re young enough to be my daughter. You’re so goddamn sexy.”

“Are you going to cum for me? What are you picturing right now?” Sarah moaned as Lester’s fingering was bringing her close to an orgasm.

“I’m staring at those tits of yours wondering what they look like under that bra. I’d love to shove my cock in between them,” the man’s hoarse voice said.

Lester slowly withdrew his hands from her wet pussy. Sarah looked at him with a look of disappointment. He stared into her eyes as he raised a hand to her bra strap. Lester gently held her chin with one hand and turned it back to face the man stroking his cock for her.

Sarah understood and kept eye contact with the man as Lester slowly lowered one strap off her left shoulder. Sarah felt her body tense as Lester’s fingers looped around the other strap on the right and slowly pulled it down, exposing her bare shoulders to this stranger.

“Jesus Christ,” the man breathed as he stared into the vehicle at Sarah.

Lester pushed his arm back behind the seat and Sarah’s back until he found the clasp. His other hand held onto the bra cups as he pulled it off her body. Sarah’s large, perfect breasts were unveiled to the parking lot.

“Hot damn,” the stranger growled, “I ain’t never seen titties that nice. Those are perfect. I wish I could get a taste.”

“Mhmmmm sorry, you can watch but these are just for my man here,” Sarah purred. She’d had enough foreplay. She turned and looked at Lester, desire burning in her eyes, “Where’re your condoms?”

“Center console,” Lester said tersely. Sarah moved from her seat and bent over to look in the center console.

“If you think her tits are great, you should see her ass,” Lester said as he raised the pleated skirt giving the man a full view of Dan’s wife’s behind.

“Fuck,” the man said as he continued to stroke his cock. “Ass is perfect too.”

“Girl, why are you wasting your time on a fat man like that?” The man said, “Why don’t you hop your ass on out and join me in my car? I’ll show you a real good time. We can go right now”

Sarah grabbed a condom package and, reached up and undid the clasp on her skirt, letting it fall to her ankles. She turned and ripped open the condom package and rolled the condom down Lester’s large cock.

“Tempting...but Lester just gets me off so well. I’m not going to give that up. He may be big but he knows exactly how to please a woman.”

She was now naked in front of a complete stranger as she straddled Lester and positioned his cock at her entrance. She slowly lowered herself onto his dick, adjusting to fit his size.

“Fuck, well alright. I just can’t wait to see you get fucked,” the man said from outside the car.

Sarah pushed herself down until she was fully impaled on Lester’s cock, “Uh, oh fuck Lester.” Sarah loved how it felt when Lester pushed his huge cock inside of her. In her ecstasy, she leaned in to kiss him, her tongue ready to push into his mouth. Lester stopped her, putting his hand on her chest, “Keep talking to our guest.” He smiled as he raised his hips and pushed his cock deeper into Dan’s wife.

“Uh, oh, shit,” Sarah moaned, feeling fuller than ever before. She looked over at the stranger with her bedroom eyes. “Mhmmm, it’s too bad you didn’t get here earlier. Maybe it could have been you, here, in the backseat. Would you have liked that?”

“Fuck yes, I would have given you the night of your life,” the man said determinedly, his arm jerking himself faster.

“I don’t know,” Sarah breathed. She could already feel her pussy beginning to throb in anticipation of another huge orgasm, “Lester here has given me plenty of amazing nights.”

“But how would you do it? Which way would you take me?” Sarah eyed him as her hands made fists with Lester’s chest hair. She continued to ride Lester’s cock as his large stomach pushed against her.

“Well, I’d bend you over that seat and give you a good what for,” the man said, smiling like a hyena.

“Mhmmmm, I, I like the sound of tha- Oh, OHHH, oh shit,” Sarah looked at him as she bounced up and down on Lester’s cock. “Maybe next time you should get her earlier, so I could be moaning like this for you.”

Then she started fucking Lester in earnest, she gripped his cock with her pussy and started to push down onto his cock, harder and faster, “Uh, uh, uh, oh, uh, OHH, oh, OH FUCK Lester.”

“Fuck Lester, don’t stop, don’t fucking stop!” Sarah moaned.

“I’m not going to, cum for me baby. Cum for daddy,” Lester growled, thrusting his hips up to meet her. He bent his head forward and started to suck and nip at Sarah’s nipples. His tongue swirled around her areolas. Lester gripped one of her ass cheeks tightly while he raised the other hand up and slapped her ass hard.

“Ah fuck,” Sarah moaned, the pleasure and pain together cranking up her bliss. He slapped her ass cheek again.

“Fuck, man, give it to her!” the man encouraged from the lot outside.

“Uh, oh god,” Sarah’s nails dug into Lester’s chest. Her mouth was agape, and her head locked down so that she was staring directly into Lester’s eyes. Her shocked look was accompanied by a high whine at the back of her throat. She came again for the second time that night, it felt as though she’d reached a new point of sexual delight with Lester’s cock buried deep inside of her. Sarah held her breath and saw stars as his giant organ continued to drill her, it felt like every part of her body was on fire as a monumental orgasm continued to rock her body.

She finally let out a breath and slowed her pace on top of Lester, trying to catch her breath. Lester snaked his hand around her neck and pulled her down for a wet, sloppy kiss. Sarah’s tongue ran over Lester’s with wanton lust. She knew she would cum at least one more time that night. She sucked his tongue deeply into her mouth, telling him she wanted more.

“Get up,” Lester grunted as he pulled at her thighs.

Sarah got off of him. As his cock snaked out of her, she felt the emptiness it left behind. Lester put a firm hand on her back from behind her and pushed. Sarah fell to her knees on the seat as Lester positioned himself behind her. She looked up and saw the stranger outside staring at her as Lester pushed his cock into her from behind.

“Ah fuck,” Lester grunted, feeling Sarah’s pussy walls gripping his shaft, “God, Sarah you feel so good today. Very tight, I need to fuck you more often.”

“Uh, fuck me now Lester,” Sarah moaned as she fell onto her elbows. She pushed her hips back onto his cock as it pushed deeper into her, “God, fuck me right here you creep.”

Lester smiled and grunted as he pushed the entire length of his cock into Sarah. “Holy FUCK!,” Sarah moaned as Lester pushed deeper into her than Dan ever had. A fleeting thought passed through her head, she had something she needed to do. Something about Dan. Lester pulled his cock out to the tip and rammed it all back into her.

“Uhhhhhhh,” Sarah was jostled forward, her head mashing against the inside of the car door. She focused on taking Lester’s cock and the feeling of it inside of her. Any other thought a distant memory as Lester consumed her entire being. She never wanted his pounding to cease.

“Right there,” Sarah moaned, “Right there Lester, don’t stop.”

“I’m not stopping til I make you cum on my cock Sarah,” Lester grunted as he ran his hand up her back and grabbed a fistful of the hair on the base of her neck. He pulled her head up, sending pain up her neck as his cock continued to throttle her dripping-wet pussy. Again, a damp sucking sound filled the car, making the three of them aware just how soaked Lester had gotten her.

Sarah lazily opened her eyes to see the stranger a few inches away as he pumped his cock while watching her get fucked by her husband’s roommate.

“That’s it. Take it! Take it, baby!” the man said. “Ah fuck yeah, god you’re so sexy.”

“Ah, oh fffuh- fuck me,” Sarah moaned, staring into the stranger's eyes. At this point she really didn’t know whether she was talking to him or to Lester. She just needed to keep feeling the sensation of getting fucked. “Fuck me.”

This situation was too much for Sarah to handle. She was in the backseat of a car, in a strange city, getting fucked by her husband’s creepy roommate while a stranger jerked off, staring at her. It felt like her sex was on fire. She could feel another orgasm getting ready to set ablaze and consume her, “Don’t, uh, oh uh, don’t stop, uh, uh, Lester...oh, uh don’t fucking stop! FUCK MEEEE!”

Lester felt Sarah’s pussy gripping his cock. She was close. He wanted to send her over the edge, “I’m going fucking cum Sarah. Give it to me. ”

“Uh fuck, uh, yes,” Sarah grunted as she thrust back on Lester. “Cum for me, Lester. Cum, baby.”

Lester rammed hard into Sarah, pushing her further forward. She quickly adjusted and planted her hands on the car window to steady herself. She felt Lester's cock begin to throb inside of her, he was about to cum. The sensation of feeling him pulsate inside of her caused her pussy to respond in kind, "Oh fuck, Oh fuck, Uh, Uh."

As Sarah was beginning to feel the first wave of her orgasm about to slam down on her, she felt a hand on the back of her head. She had forgotten where she was. Lester's fucking had pushed her head almost all the way out of the car window. Sarah opened her eyes and saw the gravel under the man's work boots. As she quickly got her bearings, her eyes widened at seeing a strange cock below her. Sarah had never seen an uncircumcised cock before, let alone seen someone furiously stroking one. Its size was similar to Dan's, but this man's manhood wasn't as well kept as her husband's. The greying hair around the base was wild and untamed. She stared at the uncircumcised head, wondering what the difference would be to a woman.

Lester thrust hard into her, snapping her her attention back to the cock firmly embedded inside of her. She realized she had been staring. The man shuffled his feet as he stepped closer. Sarah quickly glanced up at the stranger's face.

The man pulled firmly on the back of her head as he stood up on his toes. Sarah opened her eyes in time to see the man's mouth open and his tongue darting out towards her. Sarah's pussy gripped Lester's cock as this stranger pushed his tongue into her mouth. Sarah couldn't help it, her body was on fire and out of control. She sucked the man's tongue as it penetrated her mouth. She tasted cigarettes and stale coffee and she loved every second of it. Her tongue pressed back into the man's mouth, her bliss making her lose control.

Sarah's orgasm finally hit just as Lester's cock began shooting warm cum into the condom. She felt blast after blast of cum explode inside her. Sarah's mind reeled as she kissed the man back hard, she moaned into his mouth as a tsunami washed over her entire body, spreading pleasure out to every inch of her. Her pussy gripped Lester's cock as it tightened and she milked every last drop of his cum out, squeezing his pole like a frantic lover.

"Ughhhhh," the stranger pulled his tongue back but their lips stayed partly together, a strand of saliva connecting them. He bucked his hips and came hard, his cum shooting onto the side of the SUV's door.

As the stranger finished cumming he moaned and lazily kissed Sarah. She felt Lester withdraw from her. She stayed at the window for a few seconds, kissing this stranger, her tongue dancing with his. After a moment, she finally got her bearings, blinked her eyes and pulled herself back from the window. Lester was peeling off his condom before tossing it onto the floor.

The man stood there looking exasperated, staring at Sarah. She could still see the burning hunger in his eyes. She turned to Lester and whispered, "Okay, take me home."

"We're going to head out now," Lester said breathlessly to the man, sitting comfortably naked in the back of the car.

He got the hint, trudged back to his car, and got inside. Lester eyed him suspiciously before pulling on his own pants and shirt. Satisfied that the man would stay in his vehicle, Lester opened the SUV door, got back into the driver's seat, and rolled up the back window.

Sarah's limbs felt like jello, and she took her time getting dressed, gradually slipping back into her outfit. By the time she was done, the other car was pulling away, its headlights briefly illuminating Sarah as she stared back.

"I think I'm going to stay back here," Sarah said to Lester. She put on her seat belt and let out a long breath. She couldn't believe what just happened. She lazed in the back seat, her legs slightly spread.

Lester started the ignition and drove out of the parking lot.

Sarah was tired. She hadn't been fucked like that since the last time she was with Lester. She had almost forgotten how intense her orgasms were with him. She couldn't believe she'd put on a show like that for a stranger, let alone that he had kissed her, and she'd responded in kind. Part of her worried what she would have done if that door hadn't been locked and the man had opened it and come inside. She stared out the window as they passed by different Chicago streets. Her eyes felt heavy. She would just close them for a bit until they got back to the apartment. As she drifted off to sleep, Sarah felt completely satisfied for the first time that week.

"Hey, wakey wakey," Lester nudged Sarah from the open car door. She opened her eyes and looked around getting her bearings. She was in the back of Lester's SUV in just her bra and panties. She didn't remember putting them on but she didn't

remember passing out either. The last thing she remembered was the taste of old coffee.

The details of the last hour came flooding back to her, "Ugh."

"Time to go upstairs," Lester said from the car doorway, "We're back at the apartment."

"Give me a sec," Sarah felt the cold night air against her soft white skin. She undid her belt and looked searched around for her clothes. She found her sweater and pulled it on over her head. She searched on the floor for her pants when he hand touched something sticky and wet.

"What the hell?" She looked down and saw it. Lester's large condom just sitting on the floor, cum oozing out of it.

"Oh, would you mind getting that?" Lester smirked.

Sarah rolled her eyes and grabbed the condom, being careful not to let any of Lester's pungent cum leak out onto her. She went to pass it to Lester, but he didn't react.

"I don't want it, I just wanted you to get it out of my car." he said.

Sarah stared at him flatly, wondering what happened to Lester from the bookshop. "Fine," she said as she moved past him, got out of the car and walked to a nearby garbage can against the building.

Sarah knew Lester was trying to play games with her but she wasn't having it. She was too tired. He wouldn't expect her to walk out of the car in just her panties and a sweater, so that's what she did.

Lester retrieved her pants and shoes from the SUV and closed the door.

"Here," He said, handing her the discarded clothing. Sarah took them and put them on along with her shoes. After Sarah was dressed, they made their way into the apartment building.

Sarah looked at her reflection in the elevator's mirror. She looked like a hot mess. Her hair was tussled, and she looked like she just had a marathon sex session which she had. Hopefully, Dan was asleep so he wouldn't have to see her like this.

As the doors opened, Lester held them for her to step through first. The man was a walking puzzle to her, polite and chivearous one second and then he would talk to her like and jerk and do whatever he wanted. Her thoughts on Lester persisted until they reached the apartment door.

Lester stuck his hand against the door frame, barring her from going further.

“Before we go in,” Lester said, looking into her eyes. “I want a goodnight kiss. I don’t want that getting taken away from me.”

As Sarah was about to respond, Lester grabbed her by her waist with both hands and pulled her body against his, mashing his lips against hers. Sarah closed her eyes and responded, kissing him back, his tongue pushing into her mouth, waking up her tired body.

Lester abruptly broke their kiss, leaving Sarah reeling. He turned and opened the door to the apartment and walked in, leaving her in the hallway. Sarah blinked her eyes and followed him.

Walking into the apartment, she saw Dan staring daggers at Lester. His gaze finally turned to her, and his expression shifted. He looked worried, taken aback by her appearance. He clearly knew what had happened and in that moment, understood that she fucked Lester and hadn’t called him. He also looked like he either wanted to murder someone or fuck someone.

“Heh,” Lester chuckled as he left the couple standing there. Lester shutting his door made Sarah realize she was still standing in the doorway. She stepped forward and closed the door behind her.

“Dan,” she said, moving toward him, “I’m so sorry. I didn’t mean to forget to call you. Things just kind of escalated and got out of hand.”

“What happened?” Dan was staring at her with intense eyes. They ran across her body, trying to decipher what happened. He could put the obvious pieces together but needed her confirmation.

Sarah shifted on her feet, she met Dan’s eyes, “Well we went to a farmer’s market and then dinner. After Lester drove us to a wooded parking lot where –”

“Not here,” Dan said as he turned and marched to his bedroom. Sarah was taken aback by him not greeting her with a kiss or holding her hand and bringing her to the bedroom. He must be angry with her.

She followed him down the hallway and gently closed the door behind her. She closed her eyes and braced herself against the door for a second. She took a deep breath and turned around. Dan was sitting on the bed, staring at her.

“Tell me what happened in the parking lot,” Dan said, trying to stay calm.

Sarah sat on the bed next to him, “We pulled into this wooded lot. I told Lester I needed to call you to check-in. He told me to call when something was about to

happen. He said he would call, which obviously he didn't. We both got distracted when another car pulled into the parking lot."

"Another car?" Dan asked.

"Yeah, it drove slow and parked right next to us. It was so weird because it was a big parking lot and we were the only ones there." Sarah glanced at Dan. "The driver got out, came up to our window, and started watching us."

The intense look on Dan's face didn't dissipate. It looked like he was trying to hold something in.

"The guy watched us through the window. And then he started to touch himself." Sarah whispered.

"Touch himself where?" Dan asked hoarsely.

"You know where," Sarah said.

"Tell me exactly," Dan said.

"His cock. He started touching his cock while watching us." Sarah admitted.

Dan shifted on the bed. She could see he was starting to breathe faster. She still didn't know exactly how he was reacting.

"Go on," Dan said, not looking at her.

"Then Lester rolled down the window partway to give the guy a better look. Lester took my bra off and got me to talk to the guy."

"What did you say?" Dan said, staring at the wall across the bed. He gulped.

"Honestly, Dan I don't know what got into me but I said all sorts of stuff about him watching me, him wishing he was Lester right now and he kept saying how much he wanted me."

"Did you fuck this stranger, Sarah?" Dan's eyes snapped to hers.

"No! No, I wouldn't do that Dan. That's something else." Sarah said placing a hand on his thigh. Dan didn't move to reciprocate the gesture. Sarah could see the tension in his shoulders. "Lester fucked...Lester and I had sex and the guy watched from the window."

"Did you make Lester wear a condom?" Dan asked sharply.

"Yes," She said, "He wore one. I put it on myself."

Dan grimaced at the admission, "What else?"

"The stranger kept watching and saying lewd things. Then Lester pushed into me so hard that it pushed my head out the window, and the man grabbed me and kissed me."

“Kissed you? Jesus, a stranger?” Dan said. Sarah could see that Dan’s dick was beginning to grow in his pants, “What happened next?”

“Nothing. I broke the kiss, and Lester finished. Lester told the guy to get out of there. I fell asleep in the back and Lester drove us back here.” Sarah felt a weight lifting from her chest.

“Sarah...” Dan started, “I don’t know whether to be pissed at you, pissed at Lester or pissed at myself. This is something beyond what I ever expected.”

“I know,” Sarah said. “I know. I didn’t plan this; it was a spur-of-the-moment thing that just happened. We got lost in the heat of the moment.”

Dan sat there silently.

“Can I ask you something?” Sarah said. Looking past Dan at the wall he shared with Lester, she noticed that the peephole cover had been removed. Dan must have taken off when he walked in.

“What? What is it?” Dan said.

“Are you pissed it happened, or are you pissed you weren’t there to see it happen?” Sarah asked.

Dan gulped and let out a long breath. He pinched the bridge of his nose, “If I’m being honest, I don’t know. I’m not sure how I would have reacted in that situation if it was happening right in front of me.”

“I think you do,” Sarah whispered.

Dan looked at her, his expression somewhat softened, but a fire still raged behind his eyes. Sarah recognized the look. It was the beginning of the lust overtaking him.

Sarah slid her hand off his thigh and onto his crotch, “If you were there and this man started watching me. If I looked at you, would you have stopped it or given me your silent nod?”

Dan’s cock twitched under his pants.

“Would you have let that stranger watch me get fucked? What if it was you and me in the car? What would you have done?” Sarah was now stroking Dan’s cock through his pants.

Sarah withdrew her hand and pulled at the bottom of her sweater. She pulled it over her head and let it drop onto the floor. She gently played with her bra strap as she laid back on the bed, “What would you do if the stranger saw me like this? In just my bra? Would you stop it Dan?”

Dan stared at her, she could read the turmoil on his face. Eventually, one side won out. He crawled over to her.

“No,” he whispered, “I’d let him watch us.”

Sarah pulled at the waistband of Dan’s pants. He quickly pulled them all the way off and did the same with hers, shortly followed by her panties. Sarah bit her lip as Dan lowered his boxes and tossed them onto the floor.

“Show him. Show the stranger how you fuck your wife,” Sarah encouraged as she pulled her husband toward her.

The intense expressions returned to Dan’s face as he grabbed Sarah by the back of her head, his other hand on her waist. Without any hesitation, he lined his cock up with her pussy and pushed his entire length into her.

“Uh, oh fuck.” Sarah breathed. “Fuck Dan.”

“Mmmhmmm,” He grunted, “You like getting watched while you fuck Sarah?”

“Uh, oh, yeah,” Sarah gripped Dan’s shoulders tightly. Dan was fucking her hard and fast, just like she needed. “I love it. Someone watching us together.”

“Watching you,” Dan grunted as he pulled his cock out and pushed himself fully back inside of her. “Watching how you moan, how you cum, picturing you doing it for them.”

“Fuck Dan,” Sarah bit his shoulder as he fucked her, “Don’t stop baby. So good. So good.”

Dan just grunted in reply as he pushed his foot onto the floor to get leverage, he tweaked his hip and continued to push into Sarah with renewed vigor.

“Fuck,” Dan gritted his teeth and gripped Sarah harder. He looked down at his wife and saw her face contorting in pleasure. The pleasure from his cock. Someone came over him, some primal urge for victory. Knowing that he was pleasuring her was electric.

Sarah opened her eyes and saw Dan staring down at her with an animalistic lust. He never looked more attractive to her. She reached her hands up behind his head and pulled his head down to hers as she sucked on his lips.

Dan pushed his tongue into his wife’s mouth as she moaned around it. He kissed her hard and fast in time, with his cock pumping into her naked pussy.

“God,” Sarah broke the kiss to catch her breath, “Don’t stop Dan, right there.”

Mhmmmm fuck. Uh. So good Dan. Keep going. Don’t stop.”

Hearing her words, knowing she was so close, Dan felt his balls tingle. He pushed himself up on the bed and held onto Sarah's hips as he rammed her cock into her faster than before.

"Oh fuck Dan," Sarah moaned. "Uh, uh, yeah baby, uh, uh, fffFffffFUUUUCK."

Sarah came on Dan's naked cock. She felt like her body was melting into his as he continued to pump himself into her.

"I'm going to cum Sarah," Dan breathed.

"Cum," Sarah said through her teeth as her orgasm continued to wrack against her body. One of her legs lifted into the air as her toes curled, her nails digging into Dan's back, urging him to stay in place as she came.

"Fuck," Dan said as his balls emptied and cum shot of his cock into his wife's fertile pussy, "Fuckkkkk."

"Mhmmmmmm," Sarah moaned as she felt Dan's hot cum shooting into her, washing over her insides, looking for purchase. Feeling Dan's cum inside of her caused her orgasm to intensify and prolong, her body rode it like a wave washing over a beach, never-ending.

Soon, Sarah and Dan were lying there panting, staring into each other's eyes.

Neither said a word. Dan rolled off his wife.

Sarah stared at the ceiling, wondering what Dan was thinking and whether he was still upset and had just gotten caught up in the moment with her. What was going to be next for them with all the craziness that was happening in their life? Now that clarity was returning to her husband's head, what would he say?

As if in response, Dan's hand found hers. She encircled her fingers around his as they both lay there in bliss. Neither said a word. Both just enjoyed the glow they felt at that moment.

Feeling the first bit of sleep begin to take him, Dan's last thoughts were about Lester.

Hope he heard that. Creepy prick...

The hot coffee sat untouched on Sarah's desk. She sat at her desk staring at her computer screen, her eyes unfocused. She was having a difficult time staying focused today.

She kept replaying the events of the weekend in her mind. Her date with Dan and the thoughtful gesture of getting them a private hotel room, followed by a nice sex session helped them feel reconnected. Then the next day, Lester takes her out,

culminating in her once again fucking him in his SUV while putting on a show for a complete stranger. Not just putting on a show but actively talking and flirting with the stranger at Lester's urging. Letting that stranger kiss her...and kiss him back.

It didn't escape her how similar the situation was to her early times with Dan on the couch while Lester watched, only Dan wasn't there this time. It was Lester who was both simultaneously playing Dan's role of putting her on display but also the one making her cum and pulling her further into risqué scenarios.

Lester had actually had a conversation with her this time, it felt more like a genuine encounter and she saw a side of him she hadn't previously. It was clear that he was in a bit of a funk since his break up but their dates seemed to be re-energizing him. She almost felt sympathy toward him; if it wasn't for his attitude and the intense way he fucked her she'd feel sorry for him. It was like she was peeling back the layers of an onion and discovering more and more about this trollish man.

Her thoughts were interrupted as her cell phone rang. She smiled warmly when she saw it was her husband calling. How he took her after she returned from the parking lot date with Lester flashed into her mind.

"Hey, love," Sarah said as she answered.

"Hey baby, I got some good news," Dan said.

"Oh yeah? Don't hold out on me, tell me what it is." Sarah said excitedly.

"I got another interview with another firm here in Chicago. This time in person, but it's in two days at their headquarters here in Chicago." Dan exclaimed.

"That's wonderful, honey," Sarah was silently dismayed that it was another Chicago job. She wanted her husband at home. "I'm so happy for you. I know you are going to do great, and at least in person, there hopefully won't be any naked people walking into the room."

"Heh, yeah, can you imagine? I'll have to take the morning off, but I don't think it'll be a problem. The office is pretty empty these days anyway." Dan said.

"It's getting that bleak there?" Sarah asked.

"Yeah, it's just sad, honestly," Dan replied. "Uh, honey, I wanted to ask something else while I have you."

"Sure, babe, what's up?" Sarah noticed a bunch of email notifications popping up on her screen but kept her focus on her husband.

"About your date with Lester. I just wanted to double check, like, do you still feel safe? I'm pretty pissed that he would expose you like that to a stranger." Dan said.

“I mean, it’s not like he planned it. The guy kind of just showed up, and Lester just rolled with it. I’m not going to lie, it did feel a little unsafe, not knowing what this person would do. But the danger did add something to it. It’s like the same feeling I’ve had when we roleplayed scenarios like that, but turned up 100 percent. It was intense.”

“What if something like that happens again? Do you think we should talk more about it? These dates, I didn’t expect them to go in a direction where some random guy could get involved —”

Sarah’s desk phone started ringing. She sent it to voicemail.

“Sorry baby, just a work call.” Sarah said.

“Yeah, no worries, what I was saying is, do you think we should —” Dan was cut off again by Sarah’s desk phone ringing.

“Babe, sorry, this must be urgent. Can I call you right back?” Sarah asked.

“Yeah, no worries, I get it. I love you baby.” Dan said. He sounded a little crestfallen.

“I love you too baby. Bye, my love.” Sarah said.

“Bye baby.” Dan said.

Sarah picked up the receiver of the desk phone, “Sarah Williams.”

“Uh hey Sarah, it’s Drew,” her boss said awkwardly as if he just remembered their last interaction. Sarah felt her face blush. She still hadn’t spoken to Drew about what had happened. She was mortified that he had walked in on her while she was in her underwear. She didn’t even know how to approach that conversation.

“I need you. I mean, uh, you are needed. Come down to meeting room A114 this is an urgent situation that just happened.”

“I’ll be right there,” Sarah put down the receiver and left her office. It was a short elevator ride and a bit of a walk, but she reached meeting room A114 within five minutes.

She wondered what she would find on the other side of the door. Perhaps Drew has waiting for her with HR to talk about her conduct in the office. That seemed unlikely. If anything, he was probably worried about her going to HR. The idea of doing that to him made her sick, considering the games she was playing with Lester at the time. She opened the door, and the CTO, the head of IT, was standing in front of a projector addressing a packed room. Other department heads were present, along with some of the legal and communications teams. It was never a good sign when the lawyers came to a meeting.

She ducked into the room and stood in an open space along the back wall.

“It’s not just our hospital,” the CTO said to the crowded room, “several clinics in our network have also been locked out of their systems. The group responsible hasn’t mentioned the clinics yet, just us. They might not even know they have compromised other systems since those clinics shared our infrastructure.”

“So, what are our options?” Drew said, looking around, confused. “How does this happen? Whose fault was it?”

“I think,” the CTO started, “That who is to blame isn’t important at the moment. We can figure that out afterwards. Right now, we need to consider our options going forward.”

He gestured to the lawyers and the communications people. “We’re completely locked out of our systems here. The group claims to have our patient records and will release them online. The only way to get our records back and to get back into our systems is to pay their ransom.”

“How does this just happen?” Drew said, exasperated.

“It appears that someone clicked a link in an email that was addressed from you. Obviously, it wasn’t you, but they clicked it, and the ransomware installed itself on their computer and infected our entire network before we could catch it.”

“Why didn’t you catch it!” Drew said, standing. “This is why we have an IT department, is it not!?”

The CTO locked eyes with Sarah as if looking for sympathy. He suppressed a flash of anger that came over his face, “We’re under-resourced here. Our budget is continually slashed. We barely keep on top of maintaining our current systems, let alone doing preventative work. You suggested that we outsource things like our firewalls, security, and redundant systems to Swan Systems two years ago. You should really take this up with them - they haven’t answered our calls yet. Their response time is abysmal.”

Sarah cringed. She knew that Drew had insisted on using Swan Systems because he could slash the hospital’s budget and eliminate some jobs. It was also widely known that he was golf buddies with the CEO of Swan Systems and may have received an undisclosed kickback for awarding them the contract. There had been underlying tension between the CTO and Drew since the signing, but this was the first time it had come to a head.

“We’re fucked!” Drew yelled. Some of the people in the room flinched at the outburst. “We’re going to be cooked when the public finds out about this. All our data - compromised! The board is going to have my ass if we have to pay this astronomical ransom.”

“If I may,” Sarah said, stepping forward. “I think we’re all upset by this. Obviously the bad guys here are the ones that are holding our data hostage. Right now we need to all take a breath and figure out our next steps. Let’s do this; we set up a command center here in this room. Let’s tighten the circle on this, only those who need to run point for their departments stay in the room. Department heads, pick someone from your teams who can lead the effort and coordinate your teams. Make them aware that if someone says jump, they need to jump *fast*.”

All eyes were on Sarah, and Drew seemed to deflate a bit, knowing someone was taking charge. “Next, let’s all of us do our jobs, people. Can the IT team take the next hour to give us a list of options here from a technical perspective as well as how we prevent this from happening again? Drew, can you get ahold of the CEO of Swan Systems? Even if you have to drive down there and bang on their door. Maybe take some of our guys with you. We are paying them, after all.”

Sarah looked at the lawyers in the room, “Can you guys figure out what our options are from a legal standpoint and what our obligations are?”

Then she turned to the communications team. She mentally noted a few people appraising her body as she moved, “We need some plans for how we communicate this to the public and to our patients. Even our staff. Maybe different options for different scenarios.”

Sarah looked back at the CTO, who was nodding along, “Which system are we locked out of? Patient records? Diagnostics? Payroll?”

“All of it,” the CTO said, shaking his head, “It’s a big headache.”

“Okay, okay, alright.” Sarah had her hands on her hips. She unconsciously had her chest pressed out as she surveyed the room. “Alright, well, department heads, it’s time to figure out how to run a hospital without our current systems. Figure out where things are at with all the patients who are currently in beds, get the nurses on the phone to call outside doctor’s offices to see who is supposed to be coming in. Hell, call in family members to help. Cancel non-emergency surgeries, and figure out what we can do. I’ll connect with you all soon.”

Sarah stood there, wondering what to do next. All eyes were on her. She looked at Drew, hoping he would step up and rally the troops. When it was clear he was comfortable sitting back she had to take reigns, "Alright, let's get going people. The only way we are going to get through this is to get moving. We're in this together. Let's go."

With that, people began filtering out of the room. The head of payroll slid up next to Sarah, he said, "We need to find a solution that gets us our data back. We have hundreds of thousands of dollars in outstanding invoices. We can't just ignore that debt. If we can't get back up and running, we won't even know how much we need to bill out for today. What about the procedures we do tomorrow? It's going to be a nightmare."

"We'll figure it out," Sarah said. "Let's just get started on the first step and then figure out the rest."

As people were filtering out, she heard a couple of people mumbling.

"Lives are at stake, and he wants to know who to blame?" one said.

Another chimed in, "He's worthless, but she is probably severely underpaid for keeping this shit together."

An hour later, Sarah was in the makeshift war room as the CTO was briefing a small subset of hospital staff.

"Our teams are on it, but we are reasonably sure we can't get in. We've identified it as a Bad Rabbit ransomware package. Our staff is mostly system admins, guys that maintain the network, repair our systems and manage devices - they don't handle this kind of thing. This should really be on Swan Systems. It is in their contract with us that they manage security."

"Let's get Drew on the line and see what he says," one of the other members said.

He reached forward and dialled Drew's number from the conference phone in the middle of the table. It rang a few times before Drew answered.

"Hello, Drew here," his voice echoed into the room.

"Hey, Drew, we got the whole crew here. We're wondering what Swan Systems is saying about this." the CTO said.

"Uh, yeah, they are saying it's going to be impossible to get back into the system. We need to either pay the ransom and hope they give us back our data and pray that they don't extort us further. That or else we ignore it, and we'll have to rebuild our systems and set up a bunch of new servers from scratch."

“That’s not going to happen quickly,” someone said.

“Do they have any other options for us?” the CTO asked. “We have some data backed up, but I don’t know if it’s compromised. It shouldn’t be since it would be from before the scam email we identified, but we would need to check it thoroughly.”

Drew said from the speaker, “They are suggesting that we start rebuilding our system and not pay the ransom. That seems to be a typical approach in these situations.”

“Of course, they’d suggest that,” the CTO scoffed, “They are the ones who are going to be billing us to rebuild everything. They’ll make a ton of cash off of us.”

Sarah’s mind was reeling. She didn’t know how to solve this situation, she was out of her depth. She just wished she could get her hands dirty, do the hard work and figure out a solution, but this wasn’t her kind of problem.

The lawyers had already chimed in that the board would likely vote against paying the ransom. They’d reached out to other contractors, and IT security firms people had in their networks. They either replied with the same options that Swan Systems did or hadn’t responded.

If she had known that this was the mess she’d be walking into on Monday morning, she would have called in sick and stayed in Chicago with Dan and Lester.

A thought occurred to her. It was a Hail Mary idea, but she might as well try it. Sarah pulled out her phone as Drew and the CTO continued to deliberate over the conference line. Under the table, she opened her messages. She ignored Lester’s last message and typed.

> Do you know anything about ransomware?

> I know a bit about it. . What’s up?

> Have you heard of one called Bad Rabbit?

>I have. It’s popular. A lot of my clients are dealing with it.

“Excuse me, I need to make a call,” Sarah said as she rose from the table while dialling Lester’s number