

“Morale is not good right now,” Sarah said as she sat in the hospital’s makeshift war room. Around the table were the heads of all the major departments and Drew, who looked like he hadn’t eaten in a week.

“Across the board, from custodial to nurses and doctors up through administration, everyone is on edge figuring out how to operate this place without our computer systems. Everyone is doing their own thing to get through the day, patient care is inconsistent across the board, and we are having to invent new ways of doing things or, in some cases, reverting back to how things were done before computers.” Sarah breathed, looking around at her colleagues. She hadn’t felt this stressed in a long time. She wished she could just pause time and escape to Chicago for a break from it all.

She shifted in her seat, thinking about laying under Dan while they made love. Getting lost in his touch, feeling him between her. Knowing she is being watched through the hole in the wall.

“That’s the problem,” one of her colleagues chimed in, “We have a lot of millennials and Gen Z on staff who’ve never had to do their jobs, let alone do anything in their lives without a computer. Now we are telling them to operate like we used to in the 80s and 90s, and their little brains just can’t handle it. I’ve got pathologists using tape recorders for dictation, for god’s sake. Then, someone will need to transcribe those! We used to get biopsies done in a single day, but now we are backed up at least six weeks. It’s ludicrous!

Sarah noticed the mood shift in the room. Everyone looked frustrated, which she knew fell back on her to solve. She had to figure out a way out of this situation and unify everyone. Something Drew should be doing but was proving incapable of.

“Everyone is going to be even more pissed this week,” the head of finance chimed in.

Drew looked up from his phone, “What do you mean?”

“We’re locked out of all our systems. We can’t do payroll. We can’t pay our people. We pay them every two weeks, which should be this week.”

“Jesus fucking Christ,” Drew said, putting his hands to his face.

Sarah quickly did the math in her head. She needed to get paid this week. Usually, she got paid on Thursdays, the same as Dan. That helped cover the mortgage payment that came out on Friday. Without that payment, she’d have to dip further into their already depleted savings.

“Can’t,” she heard herself saying before her brain registered she was speaking, “Can’t we just go to our bank and get cash or checks and issue those to staff?”

She realized she was saying this more as an employee who desperately needed to get paid, not as the hospital administrator she was.

“Do you know how long it would take to get checks printed and write them all out manually? Do the calculations on who had vacation time and who didn’t show up for shifts? We have hundreds of employees. It’s impossible,” the man sat back, huffing.

“It’s a pain in the ass, but it’s not impossible. Sure mistakes will be made, but it’s better than having our staff walk out on us,” another person chimed in.

Drew still sat in the back, covering his eyes.

“Drew,” the CTO said loudly, trying to quell the upset voices in the room, “What did the board say?”

Drew sighed as he lowered his hands and stared at the table in front of him, “They didn’t approve of us paying the ransom. They said we can’t pay it. We’ll have to rebuild all our systems from scratch.”

The room erupted in a series of groans.

Sarah turned to the CTO, “There’s really nothing we can do here?”

Someone stood up and started berating Drew. The CTO, Jerry, turned to Sarah. She had to lean forward to hear him over the rest of the devolving discourse, “Every consultant or firm we have reached out to has told us that everyone either pays or rebuilds. Bad Rabbit is just too hard to crack. And if they could crack it and fix this for us, it might take months and that’s something we don’t have. The scammers gave us a deadline to pay or they will wipe the systems anyway. We’re fucked.”

Sarah sat back in her seat, stunned. Her colleagues continued their outbursts but Sarah couldn’t engage. All she could think of now was her upcoming mortgage payment and what she needed to do to make sure it went through. She’d have to get the head of finance to take action and issue physical checks, but she also needed to find a way to solve this problem.

She gulped. She hadn’t told anyone at work about Lester yet. He claimed to be able to help. She just wondered what it would cost.

“Come on,” Dan mumbled as he looked through the cabinets in the kitchen. “Just one clean mug. All I need is one clean mug. Would it kill him to ever clean up after himself?”

Dan had left his Yeti tumbler at work and was trying to make a coffee before starting his day. He heard a shuffling sound from the other room. His eyes flicked to his watch. It was just past seven am. His interview wasn't until this afternoon.

The toast popped out of the toaster, but Dan ignored it. He took a few steps to glance into the living room. Lester was sitting on a chair, struggling against his gut as he put on his boots. After watching him for over a minute, Lester finally got both boots on. His face was flushed beet red as he stood up and seemed out of breath.

"You're up," Dan couldn't remember the last time he had seen Lester get out of bed before noon, "Where are you going?"

Lester smirked at him as he opened the door, "To go see your wife."

The door shut behind Lester, and Dan rolled his eyes, "What a fuckface."

Dan returned to the kitchen, spread peanut butter on his toast, and started eating. He took bites as he continued to look around the cabinets for a clean mug but eventually gave up. I'll hit Starbucks on the way in.

As Dan sat on the bus to work, he ultimately decided to skip Starbucks and just make a coffee in the office. That was at least free. His mind turned to thoughts of Sarah and the issues she was experiencing at work. It sounded like her workplace was in quite a tight spot. Someone had clicked the wrong link, and now the entire hospital was locked out of their systems.

He knew it was a stressful situation but he still didn't like that Sarah had called Lester for his opinion. It didn't sit right with him. The only things Lester was an expert on were eating Cheetos and playing video games. *<i>And fucking your wife.</i>*

Dan shook his head. Self-defeating thoughts had been creeping up more often lately. He tried to keep a positive outlook but his situation was beginning to turn on him. It

was frustrating. He wanted to take action, to do something to improve their situation but there was nothing for him to do. He couldn't work hard at a job that didn't exist. He could grab a lifeline that wasn't being thrown to him.

The only thing he could do right now was toil away at his current job while hoping to find a better one. He needed to stop spiralling, especially today. He needed to focus on his interview.

As the elevator doors opened on Dan's office floor, he couldn't help but be taken aback by how quiet it was. When he'd first started, the office would be bustling by now. As he walked towards the kitchen, he nodded to his glum-looking coworkers. It wasn't lost on him how many cubicles and offices now sat empty. He got the distinct feeling he was on a sinking ship.

He rounded the corner into the kitchen and saw one person in front of him, making their coffee. His boss, Walt.

"Morning Walt," Dan said as he grabbed his Yeti tumbler off the drying rack, "How goes the battle?"

Walt turned to Dan and smiled. Dan hadn't remembered Walt ever looking so old.

"Good Dan, good," Walt said, "I think we are finally on the right track, we're turning a corner. By this time next year this will all be a painful memory. But say, Johnson just put in his two weeks and I was hoping you could take on his workload. He has some projects on the go, so nothing too much."

"Yeah, no problem," Dan said. He didn't bother asking about compensation for the additional responsibilities. He knew what the answer would be.

"Thanks, Dan. I think this place would fall apart without you," Walt said, patting him on the back as he headed towards his office with his fresh brewed coffee.

Dan stepped up to the coffee machine and pressed the button. Dan watched his tumbler slowly begin to fill as the delicious scent of coffee hit his nose. He heard the rhythmic beat of his cell phone. A text message.

He reached into his jacket pocket and retrieved it. It was from Sarah.

> Hey baby. I'm at work safe and sound. Another emergency meeting. They are saying we can't pay the ransom and have to rebuild everything from scratch.

Dan read her message and watched as three dots appeared. His coffee finished brewing but he stood there waiting for the dots to disappear. Eventually, a message replaced them.

> Lester thinks he can fix this. I'm not so sure but I asked him to come in and see what he can do. I know, I know, it's Lester, right. But he has a website and everything, he actually looks kind of legit.

Dan felt his stomach drop. Lester had been serious this morning when he said he was leaving to see Sarah. Could he have stopped him then, before he left? Dan felt like he let another opportunity slip through his fingers. But this time that opportunity had designs on his wife.

He balled his hand into a fist. He was cornered at work and felt like the rest of his life was slipping out of his grasp. Once again he had underestimated Lester and it had cost him. Lester had been truthful with him and presented an opportunity to counter but he had missed it.

Another message came in, sharing a URL. Dan clicked it and it looked very professional and gave an air of expertise and competence. Still, something about it seemed almost too perfect. Dan couldn't quite put his finger on why it bothered him.

It was probably his bias that Lester was heading to Middleton, his hometown. To come in and be the knight in shining armor to his wife. He gritted his teeth as he put the lid on his tumbler and headed for his office. He would toil away at these projects for Walt to what end? None of it would get him closer to his goals and none of it would get him closer to being back with Sarah and the kids.

As he closed his office door behind him he exhaled and took a deep breath. Focus. You have the interview this afternoon. That could be a game-changer.

“Screw this,” Dan said as he sat down. Work would have to wait. It was time to prep for his interview.

Rain was beginning to hit Sarah’s office window. She watched the parking lot below as speckles of rain began to dot the cars. Holding her warm coffee mug to her chest, Sarah closed her eyes and focused on her breathing. She’d used this technique for years to center herself, try to relax, and shut out the world and problems around her by breathing.

The ringing of her desk phone broke her focus. Sighing, Sarah turned around, walked over to her desk and answered it.

“Hi Mrs. Williams. This is the security desk downstairs,” the female voice on the other end said. “Your, uh...guest has arrived.”

“Thank you,” Sarah said, feeling the hairs on the back of her neck stand up, “I’ll be right down.”

Sarah hung up the phone and took one last glance out the window. Dark rain clouds were on the horizon. With one last sip of coffee, she left her office and headed to the elevator.

As Sarah entered the hospital lobby, it was striking to see Lester standing there. To see him out of the apartment, out of Chicago – in her place of work, in her hometown. She felt uneasy about it. Her brain wanted to digest and process. This was something she needed to think about. But Sarah had a job to do, and hopefully, Lester could help her get it done.

Lester was standing in the middle of the hospital lobby, awkwardly scrolling on his phone. He wore scuffed dress shoes - Lester's baggy jeans covered the heels. His grey sweater didn't look too bad, but it seemed to strain at his bulky mass. A faded white collar indicated he wore a dress shirt underneath, though Sarah couldn't be sure what state it was in. The strap of a black backpack hung over one shoulder.

Sarah rolled her eyes. She already knew Drew would hate him. Sarah should have thought ahead and gotten Lester better clothes. He was, after all, a reflection on her.

She nodded to the security guard as she walked across the lobby towards Lester. It only now dawned on her that perhaps this was a terrible idea. Her coworkers and colleagues would see her with Lester, her husband's roommate. Someone she had been intimate with.

Sarah straightened her skirt before stretching out her hand to Lester, "Lester good to see you again. Thank you for coming down."

Lester smirked at Sarah's professional etiquette, "Great to see you too, Sarah. Lead the way."

Sarah led Lester to the back of the lobby towards the elevator bank. They didn't receive as many stares as Sarah was accustomed to, likely because they weren't presenting as a couple.

As they rode the elevator down, Lester turned to Sarah, "You look great. Maybe next time we go out, I'll get you to wear something professional that I can take off you."

Lester reached up and brushed a strand of hair out of Sarah's face, tucking it behind her ear. Sarah gently pushed his hand away, her eyes darting up to the concealed camera.

"Not here. Not now," Sarah said through gritted teeth. Thankfully, it was just them in the elevator. "Let's act professional, okay?"

The elevator doors opened and Lester put an arm out to hold them and gestured for Sarah to exit first. As she walked past him he said, "So I shouldn't tell them how much you love my cock?"

"Sshhhh," anger flared on Sarah's face. She stared daggers at Lester, "I'm serious, Lester. Not now."

"Alright, whatever," Lester said, following her into the hallway, "Professional, you got it."

"Okay. Thank you." As they rounded a corner, Sarah said, "We're heading to a meeting room with the CEO and all the department heads. I've given them a brief heads up email about you. To be frank, the board and CEO are pushing for the entire system to be rebuilt. That's based on the advice they've been given. We can't or won't pay the ransom and everyone thinks it's unlikely we can get back control of the system."

"Yep. That's usually how it goes." Lester said.

Sarah stopped outside the meeting room door, "Listen Lester. I'm putting a lot on the line bringing you in here, okay? Please don't make me regret it."

Lester held up two fingers, "Scout's honor." She'd seen him do and say that before. She knew it meant nothing to him.

Sarah let out a long breath. There was no going back now. She turned the knob on the door and stepped into the war room. Heads turned and the entire room looked at her.

"Hey everyone," Sarah said as she walked into the room. Lester followed her in. She focused on the people in front of her. Do they know? Can they tell? Stop it Sarah, there is no way.

"This is Lester, the consultant I sent the memo about. He might be able to help us get back into our systems." Sarah gestured to Lester.

The CTO, Jerry stood up and shook Lester's hand, greeting him. A few others followed. Drew remained seated. He loosened his tie and said, "Nice to meet you, Lester. I'm sorry - I'm just a little skeptical. Everyone we've talked to, and to be clear, we have talked to the foremost experts in the field, who have told us it's impossible to get back into our systems in the timeline the ransomers have given us. We are making plans to push forward and rebuild our systems and network. I apologize if i'm not more excited to meet you, it's just that I don't have a ton of faith that you can do what Sarah here says you can."

Sarah looked at Lester, she didn't know how we would react to that. He was so unpredictable.

"No problem, sir," Lester started. "I get it. Most other consultants and firms would say that. It makes sense - they really aren't incentivized to do anything other than help you rebuild your systems. I don't think they are malicious, but they might not have the skill sets. So their best course is to bill you a ton to rebuild your systems."

“Listen,” Drew said, putting a hand up, “We are very close with our vendor Swan Systems. They are perfectly capable of doing the job.”

“I’m sure they can rebuild it, but wouldn’t you rather have your system back under control?” Lester said. Sarah was taken aback by Lester’s confidence here, walking into an unfamiliar environment and going toe to toe with her boss.

“Sure,” Drew said. “But that’s not going to happen.”

“Let me take a look and diagnose what’s happening. If I can help, great. If I can’t, we won’t waste more of each other’s time.” Lester was still standing in front of the long table.

“The Swan System’s team won’t be happy,” Jerry, the CTO, said looking at Drew, “But I think we should at least give the guy a crack at it.”

Drew shrugged his shoulders and looked at Sarah, “He’s your guy. I don’t want to waste money or time on this option but if you think there might be a chance, go for it.”

“Right,” Sarah said, “I think it’s good we explore all angles. Who knows? Maybe we get lucky here. It’s worth a shot.”

“Alright then,” Jerry said. “Mr...Lester, what do you need?”

“I just need someplace quiet where I can plug into the network and run a diagnostic. It would also be helpful to see the security documentation that Swan Systems provided to help me diagnose what your security infrastructure looks like.” Lester said.

The CTO glared at Drew, "Yeah, I would like to see that too."

"Alright," Drew said. "You need a quiet place to work? It isn't here. Why don't you go plug in out of the way somewhere? Sarah, what about in your office?"

Sarah felt her face go red. She hadn't expected that, "Sure, sure, that works."

She rose and led Lester out of the room as Drew berated someone from the communications team. She led Lester back into the elevator. They rode up to Sarah's floor in silence.

Sarah was surprised Lester didn't say anything. She led him into her office and showed him to her computer. Her chair squeaked as Lester sat down. He opened his backpack and brought a laptop, several wires, and what looked like USB drives. It all looked very technical and suddenly Sarah could feel a glimmer of hope that he might be able to rectify the situation.

"Okay Lester," Sarah was eager to get back to the war room. "Do you have everything you need?"

Lester nodded and started typing on his laptop.

"Okay then, I'll be back in a bit," Sarah said, leaving Lester alone in her office.

> What's going on?

Dan stared at his phone screen. Sarah still hadn't replied to his message. He was sure Lester was already at Sarah's hospital. His mind was going wild with the implication. Dan had a hard time imagining Lester being able to help Sarah, he was probably just taking advantage of the situation, something he seemed to be an expert at.

Focus.

Dan had to push the thought of Lester out of his mind for now. He trusted Sarah. She knew what she was doing. He needed to focus on what was in front of him. His interview. He'd spent the last few hours running through mock interview questions, researching the company and people who may be involved in the interview process.

He glanced at this computer and saw several emails from Walt, forwarding information over on his new projects. He didn't want to even look at them yet. He hoped he could nail this interview, secure a new job and all these projects would be the next guy's problem.

His phone screen lit up—a message from Sarah.

> Hey baby sorry for taking a bit to respond. Lester is here and looking at our systems. No one is expecting much but I hope he can fix it. If not we might miss payroll this week if the finance team doesn't get their shit together.

Dan reread the text. The word payroll bugged him as much as Lester. Their mortgage payment was due Friday. He didn't track the state of the accounts as closely as Sarah, but he knew they'd be hurting if their pay cheque got delayed. Maybe he could call the bank and explain the situation.

Thoughts of their mortgage immediately turned Dan's attention to their house. Lester is going to try to go to their house, isn't he?

He typed up a quick response to Sarah.

>They better figure that out. It's not acceptable for a business not to pay their employees.

> Do you think Lester is going to try something? I'm sure Lester will try to worm an invitation out of you.

Sarah quickly responded.

>Nothing yet. I'll give my parents a call just in case. I'm heading into a meeting and might not be able to respond for a bit. I love you. I will let you know what happens.

Dan replied.

> I love you too

Dan gritted his teeth, thinking about Lester in his home while he was miles away in another city. The thought made his stomach turn.

"Goddammit," Dan said as he realized his dick was as hard as a rock. The thought of Lester alone with Sarah in his house, in his bed, where he was supposed to be. Taking his place like that. It was too twisted not to get turned on by it. He needed to change his situation, if not just for the economics but so he wouldn't have to be confronted by his fantasies each time Sarah visited. It didn't help that in the time between visits, Dan's horniness would grow as would his desires to see his fantasies acted out.

Focus on what you can control.

Dan got up to go for a walk. He needed to get out of the office and clear his head so he could get back to preparing himself for his interview.

> My parents will pick up the kids from school. Would be nice anyway just so I don't have to be mom tonight.

> I'm not planning on Lester coming to our house though. Feels weird.

> Good luck on your interview

Sarah finished sending her messages to Dan. She had just peeked her head into her office to check on Lester. He barely looked up from the screen; he seemed to be working diligently. At least, she hoped he was. Sarah couldn't help but feel a sense of foreboding at the rain peppering the window.

She took the elevator back down to the war room and settled into the chair. Everyone was quietly working on their laptops, coordinating different activities from their respective departments. The IT team was able to set them up with new devices that weren't compromised, so they could at least try to coordinate things, but they still couldn't access critical systems though. Sarah took her seat, placing her phone down next to her laptop.

"So," Drew said, breaking the silence, "Where did you dig up that guy from, Sarah?"

Sarah shifted uneasily in her seat. She didn't like being put on the spot. Her professional corporate persona took over, " He's from the city. He has done work with my husband's firm in the past. He comes with good recommendations."

"Well, I've never heard of him." Drew didn't seem to like that she presented a plan other than his. She worried that his judgment was clouded because of his relationship with Swan Systems. Perhaps they wouldn't be in this mess if they'd gone with someone else.

"I don't know what to tell you, Drew. Perhaps I just have a better network." Sarah said.

Jerry and a few others stifled a laugh. Drew furrowed his brow and focused his attention on his laptop.

"We're supposed to get a big storm tonight," Jerry said. No one responded. Everyone was heads down in their work.

After an hour, Sarah checked her watch. It was already late afternoon.

"I'm going to go check in with some folks," Sarah locked her screen and rose, leaving her laptop and notebook on the desk. As she crossed the room she felt eyes lifting from computer screens, watching her body covertly.

She walked through the hospital and checked in with some friends and coworkers across different departments. While she trusted the department heads in the war room, she wanted to hear what the real pain points were. It was better to hear from the source rather than the sanitized versions that department heads might present.

Eventually, she found herself back in front of her office. She opened the door and found Lester hunched over his laptop. At some point, Lester must have left as she noticed a can of Coke and a Cheeto bag on her desk. The desktop had a fresh dusting of orange crumbs.

"How's it going in here?" Sarah said as she crossed the room. She realized she'd left him alone in her office for a few hours. She'd never have done that if she hadn't been locked out of her computer. As it was, he couldn't access anything personal on her work machine. Maybe she'd had him stay in her office to hide him away, like she did in Chicago.

"Good." Lester said, looking up from his computer for the first time. "After looking at everything, I'm confident I can restore access to your systems."

"Really?" Sarah said more skeptically than she'd intended, "How? Everyone we've talked to said it would take months at the earliest to regain access and they couldn't guarantee it."

"It shouldn't take months," Lester scoffed. "I should be able to restore access and lock them out in a couple of days at most. The Bad Rabbit ransomware they infected your systems with is outdated. It has its own vulnerabilities that I can exploit to take control of it. Then it's just a matter of shutting it down and purging it from your systems."

"Lester, this is great news. Thank you. Thank you so much. We should go down and tell everyone now before Drew progresses too far on the rebuild." Sarah was relieved. She felt like she was walking on air as she nearly floated out of the office.

Lester rose from the desk and followed Sarah to the door. As she went to open it, Lester's hand came from behind her and pushed it closed.

"There is just the matter of payment that we need to work out," Lester whispered in her ear. Sarah felt her breath catch in her throat and knew her face had turned beet red. The floating feeling had disappeared as suddenly as it had arrived. In its place was dread, sitting in the pit of her stomach, and a slight hint of something she couldn't quite name yet.

She turned around. Lester was standing closer than she had anticipated, "We should head downstairs and discuss that with Drew and the others."

"Heh, eventually, we will. But there are parts of my compensation that only you can fulfill." He looked intently into her eyes.

Sarah wanted to back away, but she held her ground. This was at her place of work. She could be in serious shit if Lester tried something here.

"What exactly are you proposing?" Sarah asked.

Lester reached up and tucked a loose strand of hair behind her ear. This time, she didn't swat his hand away.

"Yes, I am going to ask to get paid by the hospital, but tonight I want a nice, warm, home-cooked meal. Think you can make that happen?" Lester's eyes narrowed.

Sarah understood the implication. Lester wanted to come to her house—the house with a mortgage payment that was going to get missed this week. Dan had been right. She was running through different scenarios in her head, different things she could say, alternatives she could try. She felt her pocket, searching for her cell phone. It wasn't there. You must have left it down in the war room with your laptop.

She really needed to contact Dan before she agreed to anything. He had predicted something like this might –

"Don't be coy," Lester said, closing the distance between them. His gut pushed into her flat stomach. "We both know how this goes. You pretend not to want this, and you put on a good show, but in the end, once I get you alone, you'll keep begging me for more."

A small smile formed on Lester's face, "I'll save you effort. Let's skip the song and dance. Just say okay."

Sarah stayed silent. Lester had her cornered in her workplace where she never let anyone walk over her. Here in her office, that was her domain and hers alone. How did he make her feel this way? As if she would cave to whatever he said.

Lester ran the back of his hands over her chest. He was groping her. He was still trying to maintain some level of professionalism but he still knew what he was doing, "Just say okay." His knuckle had grazed against her nipple, now he ran his palm over it, noting how firm it had become.

Part of Sarah's brain realized that she was being sexually touched in the workplace by an outside contractor. She thought HR might love to know that. She opened her mouth to speak, to put him in her place like she would if anyone else in the building tried this.

"Okay," she said, looking up into Lester's eyes. Part of her brain protested, she hoped her eyes looked defiant. But she knew they didn't. Lester's demand felt like a weight being placed on her, it was easier just to give in than to push back on it. Did she really even want to push back? He was about to try and help everyone, did she really want to ruin that?

Lester grinned and backed away from her. She felt the heat from his body being drawn away. He motioned towards the desk. Sarah furrowed her brow, "Shouldn't we head downstairs and talk to everyone?"

"In a minute," Lester said, still motioning toward her desk. With a sigh, Sarah stepped past Lester, went to the other side of her desk and sat down.

"So," Lester said, stepping around the desk until he was looked down at Dan's wife, "What are you going to make me for dinner?"

“I’ll figure something out,” Sarah said, weighing different options in her head. She’d figure that out later. “Can we go down now and talk to Drew about your payment terms?” He was close enough that she could catch his scent. She crossed her legs, feeling vulnerable in this situation.

“Are you sure they can afford it? The price might be quite high.” Lester grinned as he rested a hand on her desk. Sarah glanced at it, wondering if the desk would support his weight.

“Well, we won’t know if we don’t ask them,” Sarah said looking up at Lester.

“That’s the problem. I didn’t want to come all the way here and not get paid. I think I’m owed a little down payment. Right now.” Lester stepped closer to Sarah. His knees touched hers, she was eye level with his crotch. She just now realized this had been his plan all along.

“Lester,” Sarah said flatly, “This is my workplace, I’m not going to sleep with you here. I could really get in deep shit.”

Sarah thought about what would happen to her if she was caught doing this. Professionally she would probably be fired, which would ultimately devastate her financial plans with Dan. Personally, she knew how much her coworkers gossiped. Something like this would ruin them if it got out to her friends and family.

“Heh,” Lester licked his lips. “I wouldn’t dream of it. Besides, I don’t want to spoil my dessert for tonight. Here.” Lester handed her his phone. Sarah glanced down at it. On the screen was a picture of a large cock. She immediately recognized it as Lester’s.

She took a sharp intake of breath, looking at it. She quickly broke her gaze and looked up at him, towering over her. He was grinning again. The familiar environment

of her office suddenly seemed illicit and cramped, as if she were once more in the back of Lester's car. She realized how large Lester's body seemed and how much space it seemed to take up.

"I haven't been satisfied with your sexting," Lester said. "Before we go back downstairs, I want to watch you touch yourself while staring at my cock."

Sarah glanced back down at the phone screen. Her eyes lingered too long. She felt herself salivate and heat emanating from between her legs, "Lester, I can't. Someone could just walk in."

Lester retreated to the other side of the desk and walked to the door. He locked it while looking her in the eyes. Sarah didn't move. Lester walked back and stood in front of her.

Sarah felt an odd sense of relief when Lester locked the door. She had been yearning for an escape from her responsibilities and problems. Part of her wanted to run to Chicago and lose herself again. But now it seemed like Chicago had come to her. She was locked in a room with Lester in a familiar place. It wasn't his bedroom or his car but it was her office. How he looked at her made her feel like she was the prize conquest in a high-stakes game. His stare felt intoxicating.

"I'm not going back downstairs until we do this," Lester said. "However long it takes depends on you."

Sarah glanced back down at the phone and then back to Lester, "Why? Why do you want this?"

"Because I want to see it first hand. I know you've looked at all the pictures I've sent you. I want to see you get off to them." Lester reached down and swiped the phone screen. Another photo of Lester's cock from another angle appeared. Pre-cum clearly leaking from the slit on its head.

Sarah stared at the screen. Lester took the opportunity to reach down and undo the button on her pants. Sarah glanced down and swatted at his arm. He quickly unzipped her pants before stepping back and leaning against the window.

She stared back at the troll-like man. She could see the intensity written on his face - lust mixed with determination. He intended to get what he wanted. It was then that Sarah realized that she was breathing hard, her arousal clearly evident to Lester. She too could sense his excitement - the bulge of his cock was beginning to press against his baggy jeans. It wasn't obvious or obscene, but Sarah knew the shape of his cock well enough to know when Lester was getting hard.

Without breaking eye contact, Sarah raised her hips off her office chair and pulled her pants down to her calves. Lester broke eye contact first, tracking the pants descending down her body. His eyes running over her smooth and toned legs, so unlike his own.

Sarah bit her lip, exposing herself like this in front of him. At her workplace no less, in front of the large windows. She knew no one could see them but part of her still felt the thrill. She had mentioned a sexual fantasy to Dan once. About having sex in one of their workplaces. She never imagined she would be fulfilling part of it with someone other than her husband.

Lester's eyes lifted from her legs, back to her face. He was waiting. Sarah looked away from him, casting her eyes on the phone in her hand. Lester's angry cock was there, looking up at her.

Sarah breathed out as she dropped her other hand down to her panties. She played with the top of her white pantyline until her fingers disappeared below the fabric. Her eyes shut, and she leaned back in her chair as her fingers came into contact with her clit. She started to play with it, gently pushing against it in a circular motion, her fingers gliding over the slick hood.

“Mmmmm,” a soft moan escaped her lips. She couldn’t believe she was doing this in front of him.

“Open your eyes,” Lester said, “Look at the phone.”

Sarah complied, opening her eyes. She first looked at Lester, she noted that his cock had continued to grow in his baggy jeans, and then she turned back down to her phone. To Lester’s large cock. She swiped the screen. Another image of his cock sprang to life, his hand clearly visible as he stroked it.

Her fingers began to move faster as she focused on the screen in front of her. She took in the details of Lester’s cock while her body remembered what it felt like inside of her, the depths of pleasure it had taken her to. She closed her eyes again.

The image of Lester’s cock burned into her brain. She could imagine what it looked like on the phone without even opening her eyes. Sarah bit her lip and continued to touch herself. She could feel herself working her way toward an orgasm. She just needed to keep the fire burning –

Something clanged on the floor. Sarah opened her eyes and looked at Lester. His pants were around his ankles and his impressive cock was pointing right at her. Sarah looked between the cock on the phone and the real hot throbbing cock next to her. She didn’t know which one to focus on. Lester’s musk filled her nostrils. Her facial expression was moving from slight confusion to deep lust.

“Put the phone down,” Lester said as he waddled up to her. His hairy knees touched her as he stood directly in front of her. He slowly began to stroke his cock while looking down at Dan’s wife.

Lester had his cock out in her office. In her place of work. It was just inches from her, pointed right at her. How did she get here? Sarah’s eyes were transfixed on the head of Lester’s cock. She leaned forward slightly towards it but caught herself. She pushed herself back into the chair despite what her body wanted.

Sarah put the phone down on the desk, her eyes never breaking from Lester's cock. He continued to stroke it slowly as Sarah increased the pace of her fingers. It was too much for her to resist. She could feel the fire burning inside her and wouldn't stop now. Couldn't stop now.

Her fingers continued to massage her sensitive clit. Sarah stared at Lester's cock as his fist travelled up the shaft toward her. As Lester gripped it close to the head, a bead of pre-cum began to ooze out. Sarah watched as it dripped out and hung on the base of Lester's cock before breaking free and dropping. Dropping down until it landed on her thigh.

It felt wet and warm. Sarah could smell how pungent it was. She stared at the glob of cum coating her pristine white thighs as it travelled down her thigh. Feeling it on her body, watching the trail it left behind, the whole situation was too much for Sarah to comprehend.

"Oh fuck," Sarah squealed as her thighs pushed together against her hand. Sarah came. She lifted her feet off the ground, and they touched Lester's shins. Her eyes closed, and she stopped breathing as her orgasm rippled through her body, "Mhmmmm."

"That's right, Sarah, cum for my cock," Lester growled. It was still his favorite thing to hear. The sound of the immaculate wife cumming was music to him.

Sarah opened her eyes and looked up at him. She fixated on the hunger in his dark eyes. Lester took a breath, seeing the lust also coming from her eyes. She came down from her orgasm and her fingers continued to lightly stroke her clit, continuing to fan the flames.

Lester took a step forward, pushing her knees further apart. Sarah looked down at his cock mere inches away from her face. She looked back up at Lester's ugly face and then down to his beautiful cock. She could feel the heat coming off of it on her cheek.

Sarah continued to play with herself as she leaned forward towards him. She met his eyes, and her lips parted as she descended onto the head of Lester's cock. She could taste the salty pre-cum that had oozed out of the head. She delighted in the taste.

"Fuck yes," Lester growled as the head of his cock pressed against her tongue. Sarah gripped the shaft of Lester's cock with one hand while the other continued to work on herself. She knew there was something pressing she needed to do, but all she wanted to do right now was please Lester's cock. She whimpered as another spurt of Lester's foul precum oozed across her taste buds.

Sarah pulled her head off of Lester's cock, running her tongue up its length as it left her mouth. She lifted his cock up slightly and began to lick its underside, assessing the large specimen proudly as she bathed it with her tongue. Lester put a knee on her chair, just between her legs, giving Sarah more access. She leaned forward and licked down his entire cock until she reached his balls. Sarah stuck her tongue out and licked where his balls connected with his cock as her fist started pumping his shaft.

She could feel his heartbeat in the veins of his cock, pulsating for her. Lester's pubic hair pushed into Sarah's face and nose as her tongue twirled around his ballsack. She felt fulfilled, knowing she could cause Lester's cock to grow to its full length.

Sarah could feel the wrinkle of Lester's ballsack on her tongue. The hairs were getting in the way, but she didn't care. Lester leaned back, pushing more of his balls into Sarah's waiting mouth. She was pumping his shaft furiously as she quickly ran the tip of her index finger in circles around her clit. She licked all over his balls, not content until she had completely covered every inch of them in her saliva. She sucked each one into her mouth, savoring the primal taste. She heard Lester's grunt of approval and it fueled her activity. Her hand moved faster as she soaked through her panties.

She could feel the veins of his cock pulsating in her hands. Lester leaned further back as Sarah dived forward with her tongue. Her eyes were closed and she licked further down than she ever had on Lester before, licking the area under his balls.

Lester's body shook at the sensation. Sarah didn't know what came over her but she liked causing that reaction. She licked him there again, swirling her tongue around the area. It tasted coppery and bitter the further she went.

"Ughhh," Lester groaned, his hand finding the back of her neck and pulling her tight against him. He pushed forward as Sarah continued to work under him. His balls, coming to rest, squashed against her face.

His body started to involuntarily thrust into Sarah's petite hands. He never lost control like this. His fingers found the hair at the base of her neck and he made a fist. He pulled her face up in an attempt to regain control, his balls running against her cheeks as her tongue followed behind. She continued to lick him as he pulled her up his shaft. When her lips reached the head of his cock she didn't hesitate to wrap her lips around it again. Sucking it feverishly.

Lester pulled his cock out of her mouth. Sarah stuck her tongue out, trying to get contact with it. He held her by the back of the head with one hand while the other gripped the base of his cock, just underneath Sarah's hand. He took his cock and rubbed it all over Sarah's face. Her saliva and his pre-cum mixing onto her forehead and cheeks, smudging her makeup.

"Mhmmmmmm," Sarah moaned, feeling Lester's large cock draped and dragged across her face. She moved her head around, trying to lick Lester's cock as it moved over her skin. The wild movements of the slickened pole were driving the wife's excitement.

Lester grew harder, hearing Sarah moan as he dragged his cock over her face. It wasn't in his notes that she enjoyed that. He pulled back and roughly smacked his cock against the side of her cheek. Sarah's breath caught in her throat.

Lester stood still, appraising the situation. Sarah took advantage of his hesitation and grabbed his cock with both hands, and started working them up and down his shaft. She bobbed forward until her mouth found his cock and she rolled her tongue around its head. Her mouth opened and she took more of him in, sucking as hard as she could.

Gripping the back of her neck, Lester started to thrust sharply into her mouth. Sarah's hands tried to meet his thrusts but they were too unpredictable. The head of his cock tapped the back of her mouth, causing Sarah to gag as he tried to enter her throat. She quickly recovered and braced herself as it happened again. And then again. She focused on opening her throat for his unforgiving cock. Mascara ran down her cheeks as her eyes watered from the repeated intrusion. Her hips undulated as she sucked the fat man, in imitation of how she wanted to ride the organ presently pistoning in and out of her mouth.

Lester was fucking her mouth in her office with abandon. Somewhere far away, she heard a phone ringing.

"Uh, Uh, Uh," Lester grunted as he fucked the young mother's sexy lips. He wanted nothing more than to keep going, to cum down her throat. He looked down and saw both of her hands stroking his cock. This wasn't what he had planned.

He put a hand on her shoulder and pushed her back into the chair. Sarah's hands still held onto his cock. Her hips still moved seductively.

"Touch yourself," Lester said, prying her hands from his cock, "Touch yourself." He nodded at her panties, "Down there"

Lester stood up off the chair and continued to stroke his cock in front of Sarah. She stared at him, upset at having her prize toy taken away. She quickly complied and put one hand back into her panties as she teased her own clit. Her finger wandered briefly into her drenched crevice, sampling the heat there. She was getting closer.

Lester stood directly in front of her, stroking his cock while staring at the young wife's face. Her eyes were locked onto his angry cock head.

"Did you touch yourself?" Lester said through gritted teeth. He could feel his own orgasm quickly approaching. "When I sent you the pictures? Tell me." The soft slap of his playing with himself was doing something to the young wife. His fleshy tempo was building ominously to something she craved deeply.

"Yes," Sarah said before her mind could tell her not to. "I did." The depravity of confessing the truth to his face as she performed the same sin added considerable fuel to the fire inside the married woman.

"I knew it." Lester pumped himself faster, his sausage-like fingers gripping his bulging tool. Sarah's fingers moved to keep pace with Lester. "What did you like about them? What did you think about why you touched yourself? Did you like the pre-cum? Did you like the veins? Did you like the ones with my hands stroking –"

"Ugh, fuck, I thought about how good it looked. How it tasted and how fucking good it feels inside me," Sarah said, cutting Lester off. "Keep stroking for me, big boy. I'm almost there."

"You going to cum for me, Sarah? Cum staring at my cock. Don't stop looking at it." Lester grunted as he felt his balls tingling.

Sarah stared, transfixed by Lester's cock. Watching the slit in his cock head, waiting to see him explode. She was going to dart forward and take as much of him into her mouth as she could. She wanted to feel his cum hitting the back of her mouth. She wanted to swallow that warmth into her belly.

Sarah's fingers pushed hard into her clit. The images of Lester's cock exploding filled her mind, "Ah fuck. Oh god. Fuck!" The wet smacking sounds of their mutual masturbation were almost loud enough to be heard in the hall outside.

Sarah came hard for the second time ever in her office. Her thighs squeezed her hand and she felt wetness all over them.

“That’s it...fuck,” Lester said as his balls exploded. He felt the rush of pleasure expand through his cock. Sarah moved forward toward his dick, but Lester quickly put his hand on her head and palmed it like a basketball, holding her in place. The first rope of cum splattered across Sarah’s neck and chin. Her body revelled in the warm feeling of Lester’s cum on her skin. That he could paint her with his considerable lust, covering her with it.

Sarah rode the increasing wave of her bliss, a breathless groan passed between her lips, “Ahhnnngg.”

The second stream of cum blasted her dark blouse over her breasts. The third painted her blouse again, as well as her cream blazer. Sarah was still revelling in pleasure. With her other hand, she reached up and felt the cum on her chin, absentmindedly dragging it up to her lips.

She sucked on her fingers, tasting Lester’s perverted spunk as her fingers danced over her clit and her orgasm started to recede.

Lester bent forward and another rope of cum sprayed her panty cover hand. Lester leaned forward, putting his knee back up on the chair. Sarah removed her hand from her panties and placed it on his chest. Lester squeezed his cock and another rope of pungent cum blasted out again onto her white panties. Together they watched as it thoroughly soaked them in his fluids.

He braced himself, moving his hand to the back of the chair behind her head as he caught his breath. Sarah could still taste Lester’s cum on her lips as she sat there, looking up at the beast of a man, wondering what he was going to do next. She stuck her tongue out and licked, then kissed his hairy chest, lingering on the sour taste of his acrid sweat.

Eventually, he stumbled back and leaned against her desk. It squeaked as it moved slightly across the floor. Lester was smiling from ear to ear, looking down at the masterpiece he had just created.

Sarah's eyes followed his, and she looked down at herself. Her blouse and blazer were stained with Lester's illicit cum.

"Lester!" Sarah scolded, "What the fuck? We have to get back down to that meeting."

Lester was grinning ear to ear like he was very pleased with himself.

"Yeah, you're going to need to clean yourself up." He left her to it, turning to put his clothes back on.

"It is entirely doable to get you back into your systems within a couple of days," Lester said from the front of the meeting room. All of the department heads were listening eagerly.

Sarah saw Drew's head turn towards her. She felt his eyes on her. She pretended not to notice as she kept her attention on Lester. No one had said a word when she entered wearing just a tank top with her pants, but she was sure more than one of them thought the bare shoulders and arms weren't appropriate for the workplace.

If anyone said anything, Sarah was prepared to say that had spilt coffee on her shirt and blazer and this tank top was the only thing she had to change into. Still, she didn't like how much skin she was showing to her coworkers. This tank top had a slight v-neck to it, so her coworkers could get quite the view at the right angle. She had cleaned off her remaining makeup, so hopefully, not too many eyes were on her.

She had worked hard to attain their respect and be put on equal footing. She didn't intend to mess that up now. Besides, they were in crisis - what she wore to this meeting should be the furthest thing from anyone's mind.

Still, Sarah couldn't help but think Lester was subtly showing her off to her coworkers, flaunting his sexual conquest of her.

"The version of Bad Rabbit that infected your systems isn't impenetrable," Lester continued. Sarah squirmed uneasily in her seat. She could feel her wet panties but wasn't sure if it was herself or Lester's cum that was causing them to stick against her skin. She just hoped that it didn't make a damp stain that might be seen on the front of her pants.

"In fact, it has its own weaknesses that we can exploit to get you back in control of your systems. We'll have to disconnect you from the outside world for a period, isolate each system, and then regain control one at a time, but it should take days, not months. I can get started tomorrow." Lester stated to the group.

Sarah saw something in her coworker's faces that she hadn't seen in days. Hope. They looked around at one another, eager to believe Lester's prognosis.

"Okay, so what would something like this cost?" Drew said as he crossed his arms.

Lester nodded to Sarah, "Well, normally, it would be quite a bit more, but Sarah has already negotiated me down substantially. She is really quite impressive, I must say."

Sarah felt herself blush as Lester continued.

"I can draw up a contract to show you the particulars -"

“How much,” Drew said, irritated.

“Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars,” Lester said flatly, “I don’t require anything upfront payment net thirty once you regain access to your systems.”

That is a lot of money.

Sarah couldn’t help but think about how that much money could change her family’s life and solve so many issues for them. If only Dan could figure out a way to bring that much into their bank account. How much money does Lester have?

“That’s ludicrous!” Drew said loudly, “Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for a couple of days work!”

“Drew,” Jerry said in a calm manner, “With Swan System’s the rebuild would cost substantially more than that.”

“That fee is for my expertise,” Lester said, “And for quickly returning your access to your systems. Not only will you spend much more on rebuilding your systems, but if you go that route, consider the scope creep that will come with it. You will save months of productivity by not having your people perform manual workarounds. Like I said, I’m undercharging for this.”

“I still don’t like it,” Drew huffed. “I think we should proceed with Swan Systems. Thank you for your time, Mr. Lester.”

“Drew,” Jerry said, “You have a duty to present this option to the board. You can’t just walk away from it. His terms are good. He doesn’t get paid unless he gets us back in, isn’t that right, Lester?”

“That’s right,” Lester said smugly from the front of the room.

“Fine. Whatever,” Drew waved his hands dismissively as he stood up. “I’ll take it to them now. Jerry, they might call you in as well as some of you folks in legal. Be on standby.”

Drew left the conference room as he punched a number into his phone. Jerry stood up and approached Lester, eager to get his teams ready to try and enact Lester’s plan.

Sarah sat in her chair, watching the demeanor of the group change. She was happy that she was partly responsible for making that happen. She realized she was biting her lip as she glanced at Lester. No one usually stood up to Drew like that.

Now she just had to figure out what she was making for dinner.

> Dan

> The hospital board is going to weigh Lester’s proposal.

> but he has a condition on helping. He wants a home-cooked meal tonight.

Dan stared at his phone as people bustled around him. He was early for his interview, so he decided to wait down in the lobby of the building. He planned to sit and mentally prepare himself. To calm down and be as professional as possible.

Now, he was short of breath, wondering what was happening back home. Dan typed a response to his wife.

> Home cooked, as in cooked at our home?

This text exchange was coming at the wrong time. Dan could feel himself growing hard thinking about what could happen tonight. He imagined Sarah naked, just wearing her cooking apron. Lester coming up behind her with his grubby little hands.

He leaned back and breathed. He needed to focus. He couldn't go into his interview with a hard-on. Why the fuck does this effect me like this?

A reply came in from Sarah.

> Yes. I don't know how to say no to this. Our mortgage payment comes out this week and work can't pay anyone with the systems frozen. I'll need to move money out of our savings to cover it. Lester can fix it for us.

Dan gritted his teeth. Obviously, Lester had more on his mind than just food. He was just thankful his daughters weren't going to be home. He reread Sarah's message. This all started with Lester as a way for them to explore their sexual fantasies. Him and his wife. Sarah's messages made this sound more transactional. This isn't something they would have ever considered before. Sarah would have shut it down if it was a random contractor offering to fix things to bang the hot hospital admin. But now she had a relationship with Lester.

Relationship. That word sounded dirty in his mind. The thought of Sarah having a relationship with that asshole. Dan tried not to think about the blood swelling to his crotch.

Another message came in from Sarah.

> should I say no? Dan, what do you want me to do?

Thoughts of Sarah on her knees with Lester's cock in her mouth. Dan shook his head, hating how easily his thoughts had slipped. He needed to get a handle on this. A handle on the rest of his life. He felt himself spinning. He was going to be a mess for the interview. He checked his watch. It was twenty minutes before he was scheduled to be upstairs. Rechecking Sarah's message, he typed out a response.

> I don't like it. I don't like Lester at our place.

Dan felt like Lester had him by the balls with the threat of the mortgage payment hanging over their heads. They could dip into their depleted savings and cover this payment, but what about the next one? If Sarah's workplace was still fucked up, they couldn't keep going back to their savings.

And if they said no to Lester this time, would he up his demands if they went back and asked for help again? He thought back to when they first took the apartment. He couldn't have anticipated how different his life would look.

> I get the reasons why. We need to figure this out, figure out how to change our situation for the better. I'm not mad at you, I just feel like things are getting out of control.

Sarah typed a response.

> I know. I hadn't expected any of this.

> What should I do Dan? He said he'd walk away if I don't have him over for dinner tonight. I know we can figure things out if we have to, but what do you think?

> I need to tell you something else. Lester cornered me in my office today too.

Dan felt his eyes bulge out of his head as he typed a response.

> What do you mean cornered you? What happened?

Three dots appeared on the screen. It seemed like they wouldn't disappear, but soon they were replaced with a message.

> He wanted a down payment on the deal. He showed me the pictures he sent and asked me to touch myself and then he stuck it in my mouth.

Jesus Christ. Dan hadn't even seen Sarah's office and Lester had already been in it and gotten a blow job from his wife. He could feel a tent forming in his pants, which was the last thing he needed before this interview. Now he was picturing Sarah on her knees, giving Lester a sloppy blow job in their bed. He hated himself for how much he wanted to see that actually happen.

Finally he found the strength to respond to his wife.

> I'm not mad about the blowjob. We already laid ground rules for that. I'm just going nuts thinking about Lester in your office before I have even been in there. The thought of him in our house.....

Dan didn't know how to finish his thought. He meant to add another word to explain his thoughts to Sarah, but it didn't come. He felt conflicted. He was feeling too many emotions. Sarah beat him with her response.

> the thought of him in our house what? Makes you angry, upset? Jealous? Or turned on?

There it was, staring back at him. All the emotions he felt bundled up in one nice little message. The problem was he felt all of those emotions, some more than others. Right now, he felt turned on and jealous, but he knew that if he were to beat off that angry and upset would quiet the others.

> Yes

It was a simple and honest response. Sarah didn't respond back to him immediately. Thinking the situation through, he added another message.

> I can both not like it and be turned on by the idea. You know how messed up my brain can be. I honestly don't know what the best thing to do here is. What I know is that we will figure this all out together. I love you baby and I trust you. If Lester has to have dinner at our place, so be it but we can make it about us afterwards. Maybe use it and what happens to fire up our next time together.

Three dots appeared as Sarah typed up a response. Dan checked the time on his phone. He needed to get upstairs.

> I love you too baby. I can't wait to be with you again and figure things out. I'll keep Lester in line and let you know what's happening. And you're right, we can use this for the next time we are together. Remember some of the role play we did in the past? I like that idea, and I can tease you for years about what happens tonight.

Dan smiled. It wasn't a total win, but he would take it for now. He really did need to get upstairs for his interview, though.

> Babe, I need to run to this interview. Shitty timing I know. I love you baby and I trust you. Try to enjoy yourself tonight. I want to hear about it after. We'll figure out what to do next together. Let's just get through this next little bit.

> I'm going to call Lester myself when I get out of my interview and set up some ground rules.

One last response came in from Sarah.

> I love you baby. Good luck on your interview. I know you are going to crush it. <3

Sighing, Dan stood up and walked towards the elevator. He needed time to think things over. As the elevator ascended, he tried to push thoughts of his wife and Lester out of his head. He needed to concentrate on what was in front of him—the interview.

The elevator doors opened to a sophisticated office that was quite busy. Dan stepped out and looked around. This is a place I would enjoy working at.

After a few seconds of watching people mill around the office, Dan spotted the reception desk and walked over.

“Hey there, my name is Dan Williams. I'm here for my 3 pm interview with David Hutchinson,” Dan smiled at the receptionist as he took in the office beyond her desk.

“Thank you, take a seat. I'll let them know you're here,” she returned the smile. As Dan sat down, he cast a glance back at the receptionist. Her brows were furrowed as she looked at her computer.

Dan wanted to check his phone, but didn't pull it out. He wanted to appear professional and focused on the task at hand. He wondered if Sarah had sent him another message. He relaxed his shoulders and sat back in the plush leather waiting room chair. First impressions were important, he didn't want to appear too eager or worse - desperate.

After sitting longer than expected, Dan calmly checked his watch. It was ten after three. His interview should have started ten minutes ago. He scanned the room and briefly set his eyes on the receptionist. Her head was down, again focused on her computer.

He wondered if something was wrong. It was normal for interviews to start late. Sometimes they were scheduled back to back with other meetings that might run long. Soon this, David Hutchinson would walk out and apologize for the delay. Dan just hoped he had enough time in the room during the interview to impress them.

After an hour, a stocky man with salt and pepper hair appeared and bent down to whisper to the receptionist. Her eyes flicked up to Dan and she pointed in his direction. The man nodded and mouthed something again before standing up and walking in his direction.

Dan stood up, walked several steps and stretched out his hand.

"Dan Williams?" The man said, not returning the handshake.

Dan put his hand back at his side, "Yes, that's me. Mr. Hutchinson, I presume?"

"No, not exactly." The man thumbed toward the receptionist, "Beverly tells me you are here for an interview?"

"Yes, I have one scheduled today with David Hutchinson," Dan said.

“Unfortunately, I think some wires got crossed. Dave’s been on vacation for the last two weeks. He’s on my team and isn’t hiring anyone at the moment. I’ve double-checked with our HR team, and there aren’t any active positions currently being filled.” The man said flatly.

“What?” Dan said, not fully processing what the man said, “I got an email from David Hutchinson to come here for an interview.”

Dan pulled up the email on his phone and handed it to the man. The older man took it and read through the message.

“Huh. That certainly is David’s email signature,” he continued, staring at the phone. “Well, there it is.”

“There ‘what’ is?” Dan asked.

“The email address. That isn’t ours. It’s close. It looks like ours but it’s a different address. That didn’t come from David. It’s not from us. It might be some kind of phishing thing, maybe.” the older man handed the phone back to Dan.

Dan took it and reread the email in disbelief, “No way.”

“Look at the email address. That’s not our website. It looks close to ours but that isn’t quite it. Hey, could you forward me that email? Our IT folks and HR teams might want to be aware someone is posing as us, talking to candidates.” The man held out a business card. Dan took it numbly.

“Sorry that you wasted your time coming down here. It really sucks that this happened to you.” The man said as he gave a sympathetic look before turning to leave.

“One second,” Dan said. The man turned around to look at him. “Can I send you my resume as well? I have a strong background that I think would benefit your team.”

“Sorry,” the man shrugged, “We don’t have the budget for any new roles at the moment.”

“What if you just humor me and take a look at it. If there isn’t a fit right now, that’s okay, but when something opens up, maybe we could discuss it.”

The older man shrugged, “Alright. Fine. Send it over with that email. I’ll take a look at it.”

“Thank you,” Dan said as the man turned and walked away.

Dan took one last look around the office and had an overwhelming desire to leave. He felt like a joke. It was embarrassing, and he suddenly felt like all eyes were on him. He rode the elevator and exited onto the cool Chicago streets.

Now, he had a phishing issue to deal with. That was just great. At least he didn’t put any personal information besides his email address. Everything else could be gleaned from LinkedIn. Still, something felt off about the email.

Dan started walking. He didn’t have a destination, he wasn’t even sure this was the right direction to get to his apartment. All he knew was that he wanted as much distance between himself at that building as possible.

He fished his phone out of his pocket and reread the email. He stopped at the entrance to an alleyway and googled ‘how to find out who owns a website.’ As he followed the instructions, a rough-looking man emerged from the alleyway dragging a backpack on the the ground. The homeless man looked around with wild eyes.

They locked onto Dan's for a split second before he limped off across the street. Dan noticed some scraggly tattoos on the man's knuckles.

He turned his attention back to his phone. The website the email address came from was listed as having a private owner. It was a dead end. Probably some overseas phishing operation. Or maybe it was something closer to home. What if someone was fucking with him? Did Jesse figure out that Dan sabotaged him?

Maybe he would have to check in with Jesse and see. Maybe he could just do some sleuthing and figure out what Jesse had been up to since he got fired. Part of him wondered what would have happened if he hadn't taken action against the kid. For one, Lester wouldn't be taking Sarah on dates. But would Jesse have let sleeping dogs lie, knowing what he knew?

Dan pinched the bridge of his nose. Enough is enough.

He was getting tired of all the setbacks life was throwing at him. He needed to make a change and take control of things. He started to walk again, this time with purpose. He made a mental list of all the issues and roadblocks he was facing. They seemed insurmountable, but if he broke them down into smaller pieces, he could figure them out and slowly overcome them.

He dialled Lester's number. It went straight to voicemail. Dan didn't bother leaving a message. What was he going to say? Be respectful while you fuck my wife tonight?

An image of Sarah moaning as she straddled Lester popped into his head. He stuffed it back down. He needed to get a handle on that part of his life. It was becoming all-consuming and spiralling out of his control. He wouldn't be as distracted if he could get that back in line. Everything else should fall in line afterwards.

He felt energized as he walked. He would reign in Lester and add new boundaries to things. Dan needed to get to Middleton. He scrolled on his phone to look up train tickets.

Once he got onto a train, he would research all the potential firms in Chicago and the surrounding areas where he could work. Maybe some other adjacent industries he wasn't aware of could use his expertise. Once he made a list, he would see who was hiring. If they weren't hiring, he would reach out anyway and see if he could network with important figures in the organizations.

He needed to fix things. If he didn't, he was worried about what life might look like a year from now.

The rain was battering the windshield of Lester's SUV as his squat body sat behind the wheel. He was parked on the street around the corner from Sarah's house, waiting patiently for her text message.

Lester threw a handful of Cheetos into his mouth and then licked his orange fingers clean. Realizing he was done with the bag, he crumpled it up and threw it into the backseat. He was scrolling through his Discord app when her message came in. It was just her address: no pleasantries or other text.

Heh. Lester grinned as he started the ignition. As much as she liked to put up a good fight, he was going to have her moaning his name before the night was over. Whether she realized it or not, tonight was a special night for them.

The windshield wipers cast the rain aside as Lester's SUV rumbled down the street. He didn't bother responding to Sarah. She probably thought he would take at least half an hour to arrive but he already knew where she lived. He wanted to surprise her and catch her off guard.

Lester swung his car into the Williams' driveway, parking directly beside her vehicle. He parked extra close to her car to make it hard for her to open the driver's side door. Never know when something like that will present an opportunity.

As he exited the car and the first pelts of rain hit him, he couldn't help but feel his bulge beginning to swell. Soon he would be in her home. He reached back into the car and retrieved the large bottle of red wine he had purchased earlier. He knew it was her favorite and would serve to loosen her up. He chuckled as he realized he hadn't even thought about using his proprietary blend.

He couldn't account for many variables on the other side of that door, but his prize was too sweet to ignore. He had already put the scales in his favor tonight. Coming in like a white knight to her workplace, throwing his weight around with her boss. Manipulating their systems to lock them out in the first place. Not to mention ensuring that Dan was preoccupied in Chicago and couldn't intervene.

That worked out well for him the last time. Thanks to Dan's coworker Jesse he had finally bedded Dan's wife. Now, he was preparing to cross another threshold with the young mother.

Lester knocked at the door and composed himself. He tried to suppress his grin as he heard footsteps approaching from inside the house. The stunning Sarah Williams opened the door with a confused look on her face. Her eyes scanned him up and down before settling on his face and realizing it was him.

"Lester? I just texted you," she said, still standing in the doorway. She looked past him at the quiet street. Lester assumed she was checking to see if her neighbors noticed him.

"I was in the neighborhood," Lester said as he stepped forward. His foot crossed the threshold. Sarah hadn't expected that. She was still standing in the doorway as his body pushed against and past hers.

“Nice place,” Lester said, looking around at the well-kept home.

“Thank you,” Sarah said, closing the door. She was still wearing her work clothes with an apron draped across them. “I didn’t expect you so soon, I’m still just in the middle of cooking.”

Lester was disappointed that she wasn’t dressed sexier but he reasoned that he had surprised her. Who knows what she would have worn for him had he exercised patience. “You keep cooking, I’ll give myself the tour.”

He handed her the bottle of wine and started moving towards the stairs.

“Where are you going?” Sarah said, but Lester didn’t answer. He picked up a photo of her from the hallway table. Dan loved the photo of her. It was taken on the day of their wedding. She was wearing her wedding dress, posing for the photo in front of a rustic wall at their wedding venue. Dan always said how it looked classy while at the same time being incredibly sexy.

Sarah stood there watching him as Lester began to show himself around her house. The way he showed up early and caught her unprepared made her uneasy. Now he was walking through her house unaccompanied, like he owned the place, poking his nose into anything he pleased. He went up the stairs and disappeared around the corner. Sarah glanced at the bottle of wine. It was her favorite. She dashed into the kitchen, put it on the counter and then darted to check the pasta cooking on the stove before quickly following Lester upstairs.

As she rounded the corner, his hand was on the doorknob to the girls’ room, about to push on in.

“Not in there.” Sarah said. “That’s the kids’ room. Off limits, Lester.” She said flatly. There were some lines she wouldn’t allow him to cross. Forget the hospital, forget

the mortgage payment. Lester was to be kept entirely apart from her children. He was already encroaching on the rest of her life, but she wouldn't let him cross that line.

"No worries," Lester raised his hands innocently and strolled down the hall. He peeked his head into the bathroom and the office before finally reaching the master bedroom. He stood in the doorway, scanning the room's contents. One large king bed, some dressers, makeup mirror, a couple of end tables, a walk-in closet, an ensuite bathroom. Lester stood up straight and took a deep breath.

Sarah felt the hairs on the back of her neck standing up. Seeing Lester at the entrance to her bedroom made her anxious. Nervous at how confidently he was walking around, she wished Dan was here, but she also pictured Lester on her bed, taking her from behind like she'd seen him do with Lizzie. She didn't know what to expect. Everything felt so unpredictable. For someone like her who liked to be in control, she couldn't help but wonder what he might try next.

He turned around to see Sarah staring at him.

"This is where the magic happens, huh?" Lester raised an eyebrow. Before Sarah could respond, he walked past her back down the hallway, "Smells good down there."

"Just so we are clear," Sarah said, following him down the hallway. "This is just dinner okay? There isn't going to be a sleepover. I assume you got a hotel room, right?"

"Yeah, I have one," Lester said, rounding the corner. He paused momentarily and glanced at the family photo hanging on the wall.

Sarah followed him back down the stairs and into the kitchen. He seated himself at their island counter. The sight of him heaped on her barstool just looked wrong. Sarah returned to her spaghetti sauce and could feel Lester's eyes on her.

“Can I have a taste?” Lester said.

She dipped the wooden spoon into the sauce. Cradling the spoon over her other hand, she brought it over to her husband’s roommate. Lester didn’t make any move to take the spoon from her so Sarah lowered it to his lips. Lester opened his mouth and took part of the spoon in, slurping her sauce. His eyes lingered on hers before saying, “Mmmm, tasty.” He slowly licked his lips in satisfaction.

Before Lester could see her blush, Sarah turned around and returned to the stove. Feeding Lester like that felt strangely intimate. Her mind had barely registered how earlier he stepped past her into his house, breaking the sanctity of her home’s threshold.

Lester sat at the counter and watched until the spaghetti was finished cooking. Sarah spooned generous helpings onto two plates and brought them into the dining room. Lester followed with two glasses of wine and sat down in Dan’s place at the head of the table. Sarah paused for a moment. She hadn’t thought about where they would sit. She placed Lester’s plate in front of him and sat at the other end of the table.

Before Sarah could pick up her own fork, she heard Lester slurping his noodles from across the table. She looked up at him and was reminded of a toddler doing their best to eat. Sarah neatly used her spoon to twirl a tight ribbon of pasta around her fork before neatly putting it in her mouth.

She looked at him sloppily, eating her dinner. This was her go-to recipe that Dan had always enjoyed. Now that she thought about it, she had made it for him the last few times he’d visited from Chicago. She couldn’t believe that the oily, unkempt man sitting across from her had put her boss in his place a few hours earlier. She hadn’t expected that. She also hadn’t expected how intrigued it would make her feel about him. Not to mention that Lester seemed to be the one person who could save her family from missing their mortgage payment this week.

“Did all that cyber security stuff today make you work up an appetite?” Sarah said as she began to twirl another portion of pasta. She was falling into the easy rhythm of conversation with Lester. She’d become used to talking to him over a meal.

“Not really,” Lester said, slurping another couple of noodles, “I just want to build up my energy for tonight.”

There it was. So far they had danced around anything happening here other than dinner but Lester had just made his intentions crystal clear. Sarah sat trying to will a witty retort to materialize but nothing came. She slid her wine glass closer and took a sip. It felt both like she had a decision to make and that it had already been made.

She tried to change the subject “If...when you get the systems back up at work. Can you focus on the payroll department systems? There’re a lot of people needing to get paid.”

Lester put his spoon down, “Don’t worry, I’ll take care of you. I’ll get it done.”

Sarah blushed, realizing that she probably showed her hand to him. She should be more careful about how she phrased things in the future.

“You look tight,” Lester said, prompting Sarah to raise an eyebrow. “Tense. You could use some time just to relax. Just for you.”

“I’ll make sure to do that after all of this cyberattack stuff is behind us,” Sarah said as she took another sip of her wine.

The odd couple ate mostly in silence as rain continued to batter the house’s windows. When she didn’t feel Lester’s eyes on her, she heard him sloppily inhaling his dinner. When they were finished, Sarah downed her wine and took their plates back into the kitchen to the sink. Lester followed behind her.

“Dinner was delicious. Why don’t you let me do the dishes, and you can go upstairs and get ready,” Lester’s eyes looked greedy. The power flickered briefly.

“Ready for what exactly?” Sarah said, placing a hand on her hip as she sized Lester up. If he wanted her, she was going to make him work for it.

“Ready for the rest of our date tonight. It would be rude of me just to eat and run. And I realize I surprised you earlier and you didn’t have a chance to get ready.” he stepped close to the young wife. “Why don’t you go upstairs and change out of your work clothes into something more comfortable.”

His fingers traced a line down her bicep before reaching past her to grab the dish rag in the sink. He didn’t wait for a reply, he just stepped past her and started washing the dishes. Sarah wanted to tell him about the dishwasher but thought better of it.

“I thought our date nights only took place in Chicago,” Sarah challenged.

“There was never anything that specified that in our agreement,” Lester said as he started to scrub their plates. He looked back at her to see if she had any reply. Sarah followed his eyes to her nipples, showing their hardened state through her top.

Sarah blushed and reasoned that she really did want to get out of her work clothes and shed the stress of her day, “Fine, I’ll be back in a few.”

“Take your time,” Lester said, not turning away from his dishwashing as she left. When he heard her feet going up the stairs, he dropped the dishcloth and walked away from the sink. He poured Sarah another glass of wine and set it on the counter.

Sarah was upstairs in her walk-in closet, stripping off her work clothes before throwing them in the laundry hamper. She looked through the clothes hanging in her closet, trying to figure out what to wear for Lester.

Wear for Lester. The thought seemed so inconspicuous in her mind before she caught it. When visiting Chicago, she'd bring some sexy outfits and lingerie for Dan. Lately, Lester had been the beneficiary of her choices, seeing them before her husband could, but she couldn't help but enjoy the extra attention she got when she wore them out with him. Now, she was mulling over what message she wanted to send to Lester. If Dan was here, she might open her lingerie drawers and find something really sexy to –

She heard the front door close. Sarah grabbed the first robe she could find and threw it on. As she hurried down the hallway, she realized it was a sexy teal one that stopped at her mid-thigh. She reached the bottom of the stairs as Lester returned through the door with his backpack over his shoulder.

“Just getting something out of the car,” Lester said, eyeing her, “Were you disappointed? Did you think I left?”

“I just heard the door and wanted to see what was going on,” Sarah said. For a second, she thought that Dan might have come home. She slowed her breathing down from the excitement of rushing to the door.

“You really took my instructions on dressing comfortably to heart,” Lester's hungry eyes were on her legs as he scanned her whole body. Sarah tightened the robe's belt and went back up the stairs.

Lester went to the kitchen to retrieve the wine bottle and glasses with his bag still over his shoulder before following her. When she heard the bedroom door open, Sarah was back in her closet trying to figure out what to wear. She peeked her head out and saw Lester standing in the doorway like he had earlier.

“Lester!” Sarah said, “Go back downstairs, I’ll be ready soon.”

“You’re already ready,” Lester said, stepping into the room and unzipping his backpack. He placed the wine down on the bedside table and pulled a dark bottle with a pump out of the bed. Sarah watched as he topped up the glass of wine and handed it to her.

“You’ve had a rough time lately with the cyber attack,” Lester said as he moved closer to her. His voice grew softer, “As your Chicago boyfriend, I wanted to come over tonight and help you relax. I brought my massage oil. Do you like massages?”

“Uh, yes,” Sarah started before Lester took her by the elbow and led her to her bed. Lester’s proximity was making the air thick in the room. Sarah could already feel several different parts of her body responding to the short man’s presence.

“Let me take care of you. Let me make you lose all this stress you’re carrying for everyone else.” Lester said as he guided her towards her bed.

“Lay down then, and I’ll get started,” Lester said, sitting her down on the bed and taking a sip of his wine. Sarah followed him and took a long sip. The wine felt smooth in her mouth, and she could feel it beginning to relax her. She took another long sip and welcomed the beginning of a comfy burn in her belly.

“Lester, I don’t know, are you sure you want to do this?” Sarah said as her body relaxed from the wine, “We could always go downstairs and watch a movie or something.”

“Finish your drink and lay down,” Lester thumbed his phone and relaxing music began to play. He grabbed the bottle and pressed the pump down until vanilla-scented massage oil squirted into his hand.

Seeing the oil in his hands seemed to quiet Sarah's protests. She took a large gulp of her wine and placed the glass beside his. The music was working for her as well. She wouldn't have suspected that Lester had any taste, much less that it would sync with hers. She smiled to herself and undid the belt on her robe, laying flat, face down on the bed. The wine felt warm in her stomach.

Lester's eyes opened wide. All of his planning was coming to a head in this crucial moment. Sarah Williams was lying prone on her marital bed, ready for him to touch her body. There was just one last thing he needed to do. He reached down, silently grabbed her phone off the charger, and muted it. Now, they wouldn't be disturbed.

He rubbed his hands together, spreading the oil between them. He crouched on the bed with her and his finger found the top of her robe near her neck. Lester slowly peeled it off her body until it was discarded on the floor and Sarah's nudity was exposed to him. He marvelled at the sight of her fantastic ass, his eyes feasted on her long-toned legs. She had an incredibly sexy back.

Lester put his oiled hands on her shoulder blades and massaged the young mother. Years ago, he had missed an opportunity with a roommate by providing a lacklustre massage. He then vowed never to let an opportunity pass him by again. Now, Lester considered himself quite proficient at using massages to work a woman up.

His hands pressed into her back, over and over, moving in a circular motion. He pressed into the areas where he could feel Sarah held a lot of tension. He worked methodically and deliberately, loosening up one small area at a time. His cock continued to swell in his boxers as he moved his hands over the beautiful wife.

"Mhmmmmmm," Sarah moaned involuntarily as Lester continued to put pressure over her tight shoulder blades. He focused on the area for several minutes, eliciting soft moans of approval from her. Sarah could feel herself relaxing into the bed. She wasn't sure whether it was the massage or the wine fully taking effect, but she just enjoyed the sensation.

Lester's thumbs started working over her lower back, right where her spine met her hips. It felt good. Really good. Dan didn't give massages often and she hadn't had

their area focused on before. Lester's thumbs sank into her flesh and pushed up her spine until his hands pushed down on her shoulder blades again.

"Uh," Sarah moaned as Lester's hands moved up to her shoulders, kneading the knots she hadn't realized existed. Lester's weight shifted on the bed and she felt his legs on either side of her hips. He was straddling her from behind. She could feel the change at once, it seemed like he was able to push harder down into her back, using gravity for assistance.

"Mhmm," Sarah groaned. Lester began pushing his hands from her hips up to her shoulders and then repeating the movement. Each time he did, it felt amazing. She couldn't even stifle the moans.

This move was deliberate by Lester. Each time his hands pushed up the young wife's back, his crotch would push against her magnificent ass. He had stripped his pants off and his cock was tucked under the waistband of his underwear. After several minutes he noticed Sarah's hips beginning to push back against him as he pushed into her back. Time to toy with her.

"Just a minute," Lester said, as he eased off the bed. He walked over to the light switch and dimmed the lights. He reached into his bag and pulled out a lighter and some candles. Lester also took the time to remove his shirt and underwear quickly.

"What are you doing?" Sarah's eyes were closed but she could hear Lester moving around the room.

Lester set the candles on the tops of the dressers and bedside tables. He lit them and turned off the light completely, "Just setting the mood." She felt the air shift by her feet as he returned to her.

A relaxing fragrance drifted into Sarah's nose. She couldn't quite place it but she could tell it was from a candle. He began tenderly massaging her feet before she could ask Lester about it.

“Uhhhhhh,” Sarah groaned as Lester’s chubby fingers began to knead at her soles. He spent time on each of her toes, her heels, and the tops of her feet before moving on to her ankles. The pressure he applied got steadily firmer as he worked up her legs, but it never crossed over into unpleasantness. Sarah spent a lot of time on her feet at work and felt like she was in heaven - Lester was worshiping her. She would be all for it if more of their ‘dates’ could include massages. Gone were the thoughts of repulsion for this strange, oddly proportioned man.

She knew what Lester would probably want after the massage was over. But she could worry about that then. Right now she just wanted to enjoy the feeling of being pampered and getting lost in someone’s hands running over her body.

Once the massage was over, she would call Dan and update him on what was happening. Earlier, he had given her the green light to sleep with Lester tonight but she would confirm it with him beforehand. He would probably give her his silent approval like usual as he breathed into the phone.

As much as this started with them exploring Dan’s fantasies, she needed this tonight. With all the stress, the finances, the issues at work, carrying the weight of everything. She just needed a release.

Lester’s hands worked over each of her ankles, rotating them around, pressing down in strategic spots. He softly put her leg back onto the bed and pressed his knuckles into her calf. He was subtly building a rhythm with his hands, reinforcing the tempo he imagined he’d take his prize with.

“Uh,” Sarah groaned as Lester’s palms ran up her calves before pushing down in the middle with his thumbs. They made semi-circles as they worked their way up and down, “Mhmmm.”

After several minutes of massaging her calves, Lester moved his hands up to her thighs. He expertly elicited more soft moans from the young wife before his fingers began to work on her upper inner thighs.

Sarah could feel Lester's fingers working her skin just inches away from her sex. As his hands continued to press into her, she felt something drag across her calf. She knew instantly it was Lester's cock brushing against her skin, over and over.

She could feel herself growing wet at the sensation, not to mention the pressure that Lester was applying to her body. She couldn't remember the last time she felt this relaxed. He moved his hand slowly up the inside of her left thigh, he was going higher and higher.

Sarah bit her lip, wondering how high he was going to go. On their own, her knees moved outward and she propped her backside up, thighs spread open. His fingers just brushed the outside of her lips as his fingers began to work over the top of her thighs. Every few seconds his fat fingers would accidentally touch her now raised and open pussy. Each time Sarah's body would move down and grind itself against the bed a little bit, searching for more stimulation. Each time Lester's digits would pull away, leaving her wanting more.

Lester's fingers abruptly left her thigh and switched to the other leg. He repeated the teasing process, this time his fingers would occasionally press more into the lips of her undulating pussy.

Lester smiled as he saw Sarah's hips moving back and forth, looking for contact with his fingers. He wasn't going to give her the satisfaction just yet. He wanted her hurting to get more. Desperate for more. Desperate enough to let him slide into her with nothing between them.

He raised his hands off her thighs, letting his fingers dangle tauntingly over her wet folds. She groaned loudly as he slid his hand up her moist slit before coming to rest on her ass. Lester applied more oil to her body and began to massage each ass cheek in turn. He used the palms of his hands to put pressure on each cheek before his fingers would firmly grip them. It was a cross between a massage and an outright grope, but Sarah loved it. Her hips were moving on the bed and he could hear her whimpering into the pillow.

Lester pushed her back to prone and continued to work over her ass for several more minutes before scooting up her body and resuming his original position, straddling her ass as he massaged her back. This time his naked cock was resting against her sweet ass as his balls dangled between them, pressing against her dripping wet pussy.

As Lester's hand began working their way up her back, his hips followed suit, pushing into Sarah's naked backside. Sarah could feel Lester's large hairy balls pressing against her opening, his cock sliding up against her ass crack.

He continued putting pressure on her back while slowly thrusting against her body. Lester kept quiet, not wanting to snap Sarah out of it. Her hips pushed back against him with each thrust, and soft moans were escaping her lips.

As Sarah's hip thrusts became more prominent, Lester slowed himself down. Her ass bounced back against him several times while he held himself still. Her body already wanted him, he just needed to send her over the edge.

Sarah groaned in disappointment as Lester got off and kneeled next to her. He quickly dropped one hand between her legs and started to play with the outside of her slit.

"Ohhhh, uh, mhmmmmm," Sarah moaned as Lester teased her. Her hips continued to thrust back towards his hand until he extended one digit. As she pressed back against him, his finger slid into her wet pussy.

"Uhhhhh," Sarah groaned as she felt Lester's fat finger begin to stretch her out. Lester added another finger and pressed them down toward Sarah's sensitive G-spot.

She continued to moan as she gently thrust herself back against Lester's hand. He only moved his hand slightly to maintain the illusion of thrusting, in reality, Sarah was doing all of the work trying to get herself off.

“Mhmmmm,” Sarah moaned as her hips started to thrust back faster. Lester’s fingertips were pressing against her G-spot. Each thrust she made had them slide against it. Lester could feel Sarah’s pussy beginning to tighten around his finger. Her thrusts were growing faster and faster. She was going to explode soon.

Lester pulled his fingers out of Sarah.

“Naaahuuu,” she groaned in frustration. She had been so close. Sarah needed relief. All she could focus on right now was that feeling. Raising herself up on her elbows, she looked back at Lester. As soon as she made eye contact his hands were on her hips, flipping her body over. He’d read what she wanted loud and clear.

“Do you have a condom?” Sarah breathed hard, staring at the man’s troll-like features. She found herself drawn to him, despite his appearance. Her mind was in a million different places. Work was a distant memory, she thought about Dan and wished he was here but more than anything, she realized that Lester was about to fuck her in her marital bed. Her legs parted for him slowly

“I do,” Lester grinned as he quickly lowered his head between her legs, his tongue parting her lips and pushing inside of her.

“Oh fuck,” Sarah’s thighs squeezed Lester’s head. Her legs seemed to be spasming from his touch. One of her hands found her clit and started to massage it as his tongue twirled inside of her.

The fat man was in heaven, he was dining on the finest woman he’d ever seen, about to make her cum repeatedly in the bed she shared with her husband. He formed a tight seal with his lips while thrusting his enormous tongue deep inside Sarah Williams, further up into her than any man had ever been. He placed the tip of his tongue against her g-spot and firmly pushed, tasting the place that made the wife cum so hard, trying to set her off.

“Oh my god,” Sarah’s free hand gripped the sheets. Thunder roared outside, shaking the house. The rain was battering the roof and windows but all Sarah could focus on was the feeling of Lester’s large tongue inside of her. “Uh, don’t, oh, uh, don’t stop.”

The tree in the backyard groaned in protest against the winds battering it—the tree where Dan had installed a swing for the girls the year before.

Sarah let go of the sheet and grabbed onto Lester’s head, trying to pull him further into her. She wanted as much of him touching her as possible. Her thighs continued to squeeze the sides of his fat head as his tongue probed her most private of areas.

Her hips were lifting off the ground as Lester began to dart his tongue quickly in and out of her, fucking her with his tongue, his head moving smoothly with her thrashing hips. Her nails dug into the back of his head as she pulled him closer.

Sarah groaned as Lester’s tongue pushed deep inside of her. His finger was expertly working her clit in time with this tongue. She was ready to come, she was so close. She could feel her body yearning for it, reaching for it. It was almost there. It felt like the walls to the dam were about to burst. She closed her eyes and gripped Lester’s head with her hand and thighs, preparing to ride the tidal wave of an orgasm that was going to wash over her.

“Oh, fffuuuh, oh fuck ohfuckohfuck...”

Lester could feel her muscles beginning to tense up. He withdrew his tongue and stopped massaging her clit.

Sarah felt her orgasm receding. All the build-up being washed away, disappearing, “Uh...noooo. Why?”

Lester climbed up the bed between Sarah’s open legs. They parted further for him as he ascended her body, his weight settling on top of her. Sarah’s bare breasts

mashed together against Lester's, he snaked his hand around to the back of her neck and turned her face towards him.

Sarah's hips raised off the bed as Lester's mouth devoured hers, "Mhmmmmmmmm."

His large tongue parted her lips and searched for hers. When it found it, his tongue swirled hard against hers. Sarah's tongue responded by dancing with his, her own tongue pushing back against his until it darted into his mouth. Sarah moaned involuntarily into the wet, sloppy kiss. There was a rightness to how natural this felt. She felt like that should bother her more.

Thunder cracked outside again. It sounded so close. She could feel the electricity in the air surrounding her, almost like she was a lightning rod, attracting a deadly lightning strike. She couldn't stop.

Lester's bare cock rested on top of Sarah's pussy. His shaft parted her outer lips and pressed against her clit while his cock head rested on her lower abdomen. With his tongue buried deep in the young mother's mouth, Lester began to slide his cock up and down over Sarah's wet slit.

Sarah's body shuddered, feeling Lester's huge cock sliding against her. His cock was running over her clit, sending electric sensations throughout Sarah's body. Her soaking wet lips parted around the base of his cock, wanting more. She ground her hips against his cock as he slid it up and down her, "Ugh. Mhmmmmmmmm." Her bare feet were in the air on either side of the fat man's ass. Her toes clenched, expressing her need as they brushed against his buttocks. A stranger seeing them together might think Lester was crushing the sexy wife, but Sara felt otherwise.

The weight of Lester's body on top of hers was intoxicating. She felt pinned down and helpless as his gut pushed against her stomach. She hadn't ever been attracted to a body type like Lester's but now she found herself getting lost of the sensation of being underneath him.

Lester broke their kiss and hunched himself. He grabbed Sarah's bare breasts in his hands and pushed his face into them, alternating sucking each one. His tongue sloppily ran over her breasts like a man possessed. He began flicking his tongue and sucking on her nipples. Sarah whined in pleasure as he sucked on her nipples. She spread her legs a little wider, feeling the bottom of his wide shaft opening her lips, the hot head of his cock lay against her clit.

"Uh," Sarah moaned as she arched her back off the bed, thrusting her breasts into Lester's face as she continued to grind her hips up against Lester's cock.

He picked up his speed, sliding his cock up and down her pussy faster and faster. He dipped his hips a bit, causing his cock head to press into Sarah's clit. It slid over it faster and faster. Sarah's hips raised off the bed to meet his urgency, she could feel herself growing closer to the orgasm that had been eluding her all night. She needed to feel that release. Her hands were on the back of Lester's head as he feasted on her breasts.

Lester pushed himself up until he was looking down at Dan's wife withering beneath him. A light caught his eye. Sarah's eyes were closed, focused on the ecstasy between her legs as his cock continued to tease her clit and outer lips. Sarah's phone screen lit up, an incoming call from Dan.

He smiled, knowing his moment was at hand. Thunder shook the house again. Lester grabbed Sarah's hands and placed them on her chest. She immediately started to grope herself, running her nipples between her fingers. Lester placed his hand on her shoulder to hold in place. He stared at her beautiful face as it contorted in pleasure.

Lester slowed his thrusts and let his cock rest on Sarah's pussy. She continued to grind her clit against his cock, matching the pace they had set together. She needed to cum. It was so close. She could feel it there, just on the other side of an invisible barrier.

Sarah opened her eyes and looked up at her husband's roommate. He stared intently at her with that hungry, conquering look that drove Sarah wild. His face was

full of lust. Lust for her and her body. Seeing him stare at her like that caused her to pick up her pace, sliding herself against his now still cock.

She ached for it. She didn't understand why he stopped moving, she wanted to feel it against her again. She rolled her nipples between her fingers, "Uhhhhh. Mhmmmmmm, fuuuckk."

Lester could tell she was getting close. She was on the edge of an orgasm. Her hips were thrusting against him faster now, her pussy running over his cock as she stimulated herself against him.

He didn't break eye contact, he wanted to savor this moment forever. He pulled his hips back as Sarah did the same, his cock head running down her clit, down her slit until it was positioned with her entrance. He kept his cock still, waiting for her.

As Sarah pushed her hips and pussy back towards Lester's cock, she felt her pussy open and take in Lester's entire cock. Her mouth formed a large O on her face, and surprise flashed behind her eyes. She pulled her hips back and pushed back down onto Lester's bare cock. As she did it again, Lester sunk his hips down, pushing his cock inside of her.

"Ohhhh fuck," Sarah moaned, feeling Lester finally push his cock into her. It felt like gasoline had been poured on the orgasm so close at hand. She bit her lip as she felt herself being stretched around Lester's cock. Momentary pain was replaced with pleasure. She raised her hips again and thrust back, feeling the entire length of Lester's cock fill her.

Lester had immediately begun his breathing exercises when his cock entered the lusty young mother. It was simply the finest pussy his cock had ever felt. He focused on how much he deserved to fuck this pussy, on how much work it took him to get her. He grinned as he shifted his hips and fucked her at the same tempo he'd massaged her with, continuing to build pleasurable associations that only he knew about.

There was something she needed to say. Some distant thought she needed to focus on but it was just a distraction from her orgasm. She focused on Lester's cock plunging between her legs as he sunk down over her, her breasts mashing against his chest. Her nipples pushed against the skin and coarse hair on his flabby chest.

Sarah wrapped her legs around Lester's girthy hips, locking her ankles behind his trembling ass. She felt his big hairy balls slapping her wildly under her pussy and then Lester slowly began to pull himself out and push back in, thrusting into her.

"Ahhh oh fuuuuuuu," she couldn't tell if lightning had struck or if it was just inside her as Sarah came on Lester's cock. Her pussy holding onto it as she squeezed him tightly around the widest part of his shaft. Her hands left the sheets and grabbed onto his back, holding him in place so he wouldn't leave and tease her again. Sarah felt her eyes roll back and saw stars as she finally got the orgasm her body had been craving.

Lester pushed through the vice grip Sarah's pussy had on his cock, continuing to thrust inside of her, building back to the steady pace. Now that he was in her bare, he imagined taking her in all kinds of different positions and locations, watching her face as he taught her how to fuck. But for tonight, he would fuck her like this.

Missionary was his favorite position. The ultimate pose of submission, lying on their backs, allowing him between their legs, watching their face as he fucked them. Watching as he made them cum.

Lester grinned. Tonight he wasn't just going to fuck Sarah. He was going to make love to her in her marital bed. Lester began to plant light kisses on Sarah's neck as she came down from her string of orgasms.

She began to release his cock from its vice grip. Lester thrust into her slowly and deliberating, ensuring a controlled pace. He kissed her neck and held her face with one hand like a lover would. When his lips reached her ear, he whispered, "God, Sarah you feel so good. I love this." His pistoning hips never stopped their work.

A large branch cracked from somewhere outside as rain pummeled the roof of the Williams' home. Sarah, lost in lust, moaned back, "I love it, too."

Lester felt so different in her tonight. So much larger, so much better. So good. As her pussy gripped his cock she could feel all the ridges and veins running over it. She groaned as she could feel his bulbous head running up and down the canal of her pussy. His cock always felt so good inside of her but tonight it felt so much better. So fucking good –

"Ah, uh, Leesster, uh," Sarah was having trouble putting her thoughts together, "The, uh, uh, condom. Is it on?"

Lester grunted, his mouth sucking on her ear lobe, "Oh, no, I forgot it."

Sarah's hips pushed against him at the admission, the reality of Lester's bare cock in her caused her body to respond. Lester was the second person who had ever put their bare cock inside of her.

Thank god he is fixed. She couldn't stop fucking him now. She needed to cum again. It felt so good having Lester's bare cock inside of her. She never liked the feeling of the latex. Feeling the bare skin of his cock, the ridges, the veins. Just knowing she was letting his raw cock into her pussy made it all feel so much better. And maybe she was kidding herself, but she could swear his cock was bigger with the condom off.

"God, mhmhhh. We shouldn't be. This is bad," Sarah groaned. She tilted her hips towards him, allowing him deeper inside her.

"Feels good to me," Lester swirled his tongue around Sarah's earlobe, "Do you want me to stop?"

After saying that, he pulled his entire length out of her until just his cock head remained. Then he slowly pushed it all the way back in until his cockhead was pressed against her cervix.

“Ugh...mhmmmmm,” Sarah groaned feeling the sensation of Lester’s bare cock inside of her. She knew better but she didn’t want it to stop, “Don’t stop. It feels so good”

“Feels better than with a condom?” Lester said.

Sarah nodded.

“Tell me how good it feels.”

“So fucking good. I love how you feel inside of me,” Sarah moaned. She knew how much cum Lester could make. If he wasn’t fixed she would be much more worried right now. But even if he wasn’t, would she stop things?

Lester continued to plant little kisses all over her neck before reaching her lips. He didn’t shove his tongue into her like usual. He just planted soft, gentle kisses on her lips. She kissed him back, matching his movements.

Her hands found the back of his head as she held onto him. Lester continued to caress her face. He broke their kiss and looked into her eyes, “I love being with you. You make me feel like a better man.”

Sarah realized that Lester wasn’t fucking her like he usually did. He wasn’t fucking her hard and fast and saying lewd shit to her. He was saying loving things. He was fucking her slowly. He wasn’t fucking her at all. He was making love to her.

Making love to her in the bed that should be reserved for her husband. Sarah moaned at the realization and felt her pussy grip Lester's cock milking it.

Lester whispered while staring at her. He caressed her face, his thumb stroking her cheek, "Do you love being with me? Do I make you feel good?"

"Uh, yes," Sarah said quietly, "You make me feel soo good."

They were the only ones in the house, why were they whispering? It seemed too intimate.

"Tell me," Lester said as his cock slid out to the tip and slowly back in, "Tell me that you love being with me."

He wasn't asking if she loved his cock, or loved getting fucked by him. The question was being with him in his entirety. Sweat dripped off his forehead and landed on her chest.

"I love it," Sarah said, closing her eyes, and focusing on how good he was making her feel.

"Then show me," Lester said, "Cum for me. I want to feel your body cum around my cock as I make love to you."

"Uh," Sarah grunted. The feeling of Lester's weight pressing down onto her. As his body thrust into her, his chest pushed against her, stimulating her nipples. This man fucked her so good but now he was making love to her, whispering things in her ear. The only other man to ever make love to her was Dan, something they had done countless times in this very bed.

Now Lester was taking that too. He was claiming her in a way she hadn't expected. Sarah always loved when Dan made love to her, she felt their connection deepen. It felt so different than when they would fuck. It was like she was opening herself up to him, letting him touch her heart.

"I miss being with you," Lester whispered, "All I think about is you. This feels so right."

Lester was trying to plant thoughts into her head, trying to make her feel things for him, "I can't get enough of you."

"Fuck, Lester," Sarah moaned. His slow, deliberate lovemaking was working her up. Her skin was glazed with sweat. His bare cock felt amazing inside of her. She could feel another orgasm building, seemingly emanating from Lester's cock, "God, don't stop. Don't, uh, ah, fucking stop. Right there, Lester." Her legs were clamped around him, drawing him up into her.

"Tell me how much you want me," Lester whispered while kissing the side of her face. His hand continued to stroke her face and hair.

"I want you so fucking bad. Keep going baby," Sarah whimpered. She thought about how Lester wanted her to call him 'daddy,' but she couldn't. Baby still felt too intimate, though, something reserved for Dan.

"I like you calling me that," Lester said quietly. Lightning flashed and illuminated the room. The candles around them still burned, casting shadows of Lester and Sarah's coupling on the walls.

Sarah's hips were thrusting quickly against Lester, trying to break his deliberately slow pace. She could feel her chest and neck growing flush. Her back grew tight, her toes began to curl. Tension spread throughout her body, waiting for release, "Uh, ah, mhmmmm, yes."

Lester's hand found Sarah's. He interlaced his fingers with hers and held them to the bed above her head. He felt her wedding ring pressing into his finger. He relaxed his grip on her and slid the ring off her finger. He placed it on the pillow next to them and again interlaced her fingers.

"Tonight, you are all mine," He whispered, "Give yourself to me. Cum on my cock. Be mine."

"Uh, this is so wrong," Sarah moaned. Lester taking off her ring in her marital bed felt so wrong. She couldn't deny that it was wrong, making it hotter than expected. That ring symbolized her love and commitment to Dan. Lester just removed it from her body.

"Tell me that you're mine tonight, Sarah. All mine," Lester whispered, his cock sliding out and pushing back into her.

Sarah didn't hesitate, she knew saying the words would help her get off. It was so lewd and taboo and it turned her on, "I'm yours tonight, Lester. Only yours. Fuck me. Take me from my husband.."

Lester grinned at her words. He could feel her body tensing under him. She was frantically thrusting back into him. She was going to cum.

He leaned back and looked deep into her beautiful green eyes. She stared back up at him with an animalistic lust. Lester's licked his lips, "Fuck Sarah, I'm going to cum."

He felt her legs tighten around his waist. She wasn't going to let him go.

“I’m going to cum in you, fill you with my cum. You’re going to take all of it.” Lester grunted as he increased his pace, feeling his balls begin to fill with cum, “Do you want it? All of my cum?”

The alarm bells in Sarah’s brain were silenced by her overwhelming focus on her body’s imminent orgasm. The thought of Lester, her husband’s roommate’s illicit cum flooding her unprotected pussy was the match that ignited the flame.

“Give it to me,” Sarah screamed, breaking their hushed whispers, “Cum for me, Lester, Cum. I want it all.”

Sarah felt the tension in her back give way as a massive orgasm exploded across her body. She let go completely as ecstasy washed over her body. She felt Lester’s cock pulsate and then felt the familiar feeling of hot cum shooting into her, washing her insides. Lester’s illegitimate seed was exploring her married, forbidden pussy. A loud, groaning shout erupted from the short man. To Sarah, it sounded like a triumphant warrior her whole lower body quaked, the bliss extended by the sound.

It felt like Lester’s cum was covering every inch of her insides, there was no place they weren’t exploring. Her orgasm intensified, knowing Lester had just cum inside of her, “Oh god. Uh, ah, ooh fucckkk. Mhmmmmmmmm.”

Lester looked down at Sarah, her eyes were closed but her mouth hung open, gasping for air as she felt his cum flooding into her body for the first time. Claiming her body as his. Unlike Dan, Lester wasn’t fixed. His cum was just as potent and virile as ever.

Knowing that his was cum was blasting into her fertile pussy brought immense satisfaction to Lester. He had finally achieved what he set out to do all those months ago. Have his roommate’s wife, mother to his children, willingly take his cum. Beg for it.

With a labored breath, Lester emptied the rest of his ballsack into Sarah before collapsing onto top of her. The sweat from their bodies melded together as his cock lay buried in her. His full weight on top of her was starting to crush her.

Lester rolled off onto the pillow next to her, onto Dan's side of the bed. He smiled, full of satisfaction as the storm continued to rage outside.

Sarah's mind was messier than her body as she lay there covered in her sweat and Lester's. She needed to get up and go to the bathroom to try and clean herself up after Lester had deposited copious amounts of his pungent cum inside of her. She felt exhausted from the lovemaking with Lester. She would get up in a couple of minutes. She just needed to catch her breath for a second.

Dan tried to call Sarah's phone again. For the third time, it went right to voicemail. He checked the time. It was late enough that she should have checked in by now. He knew what was probably keeping her: his roommate, Lester.

He cringed at the idea of Lester being in his home and felt shame and arousal at the thought of Lester taking Sarah in their bed.

Dan paced around the living room. He had returned to the apartment after a few hours of wandering, thinking things through. Dan walked over to the couch and sat down, opening his laptop.

He bought a one way ticket back home for the following afternoon. Dan was going to crash whatever it was Lester was doing. Taking out his phone, he sent Walt a text telling him he would be working remotely for a few days.

Switching tabs, he opened up LinkedIn and his email and slowly started reaching out to old contacts. It was time to engage the power of his network and make it work for him.

Tomorrow, on the train, he will do another exhaustive job search. Not just for positions in his field but ones in adjacent fields or teaching positions, whatever job or combination of jobs he could find to right the ship of his life. If he had to, he would take a second job working in fast food.

Knowing Lester was fucking his wife set a fire in his stomach. He wanted not only to reclaim her but also to reclaim their life together.

Lester opened his eyes and looked around. It took him a few seconds to take in the unfamiliar surroundings and realize he wasn't in his room. He was in Sarah's.

He wasn't sure how much time had passed, but the rain outside had stopped. Shuffling out of bed, Lester made his way to the ensuite bathroom. He took a piss and then quietly looked through the medicine cabinet and drawers in the bathroom. No birth control.

His cock stiffened at the thought. Lester made his way back into the bedroom as the moonlight shone in through the window, illuminating Sarah's naked form. She was lying on her side, sound asleep.

Lester kneeled on the bed next to her and ran his grubby hands over her soft, naked skin. He parted her lips with his thumb. Sarah's eyes slowly opened as she sucked on the digit in her mouth. She was having an intense dream about her husband's roommate.

She felt something dragging back and forth against her pussy. She looked down and saw Lester looking down at her, watching her face as his hand stroked his cock against her, "Lester."

"Sarah," he answered, licking his lips. He pushed forward slightly, and the head of his cock pushed into her. She gasped, remembering Lester's naked cock cumming in her earlier. She had fallen asleep and never got up to clean herself up.

Sarah looked up at him, not saying anything. She understood what was about to happen. Lester could read her thoughts through her eyes. Adoration. Lust. Desire.

"Turn over," Lester said.

Too tired to protest, Sarah did as he asked. She felt an overwhelming need to please Lester. She felt how hard he was and wanted to make his cock cum again. Sarah lay flat on her stomach, just like when he massaged her.

He took a moment to admire the amazing sight of Sarah's ass as she lay naked on the bed.

Within seconds his cock was pushing into her pussy from behind, stretching her.

"Uh, God. Yes," Sarah moaned into the bed sheets. Her hand moved underneath her until her fingers found her clit. She started to touch herself, caressing her sensitive area gently. Lester grabbed each of her ass cheeks and grabbed them hard as he pushed his entire length into the young mother.

"Ohhhh fuck, Lester," she said through gritted teeth as Lester pushed his entire cock into her. She felt his balls dangle between her thighs. His hands moved off her ass cheeks, one putting pressure on her lower back while the other pushed her head into the mattress. His gut dropped onto the small of her back, pushing down on her

supple ass. He moved himself inside her, giving her the animal fucking she craved. Hitting her from behind with powerful thrusts.

Sarah felt immobilized by his weight. She could feel her body pushing down into the mattress. The pressure from his meaty hand on her head caused her pussy to throb. She felt powerless to stop whatever Lester was going to do to her. She wanted him to do it. She wanted to be taken roughly by him.

Lester started bucking his hips, fucking her hard and deep. He wasn't making love to her like before. Now he was fucking her. Fucking me raw.

Guilt momentarily flashed into her mind but was replaced with a sense of urgency and lust. She rubbed her clit as she pushed her ass back onto Lester's cock, trying to take more of him into her body. She wanted to feel every amazing inch of him inside of her, "Mmmhmmmmmm shit. Ohhhh."

Sarah opened her eyes. Her worldview was shaking as Lester pounded into her. Her bedroom door was open. She was still shaking off her dreamlike state. She imagined her past self standing in the hallway, watching her get pounded by a brute like Lester, watching as she moaned under him.

Lester was relentless as he pounded repeatedly into Dan's sweet wife. He held her in place and concentrated on fucking her. He wanted to feel her cum on his bare cock again before he blasted another load of his cum inside of her. He gritted his teeth and thrust into her, relishing in feeling her pussy without a condom. Sweat ran down his torso and onto Sarah's back. The heat from their bodies creating a furnace in the room.

Her pussy was soaking wet, she worried about Lester slipping out of her. Lester's gut was already slipping on her back from sweat. She gripped his cock hard, trying to hold him in place. She wasn't sure if she was strong enough down there to clamp onto a cock as large and strong as Lester's. She couldn't believe where she was, in her martial bed, pinned down and loving getting thoroughly fucked by her husband's odd little roommate. She remembered the first time she met him. If only her past self could see her now. The reverie triggered a quick flash orgasm as Lester adjusted his

knees and fucked deeper into her. He held his cock firmly in the young wife and began fucking her again.

Lester threw the pillows off the bed as he rammed himself hard into the young mother. Both of them stayed silent as they fucked, each focusing on the immense pleasure the other was giving. Both felt changed by their raw fucking. The only sound in the room was that of their bodies slapping together.

“I’m gonna cum,” Lester said. It was a statement. He wasn’t asking for permission. It was just a fact. Lester was going to cum inside of her unprotected pussy again for the second time that night.

The words rang in her ear and sent an electric spark right down to her vagina. She gripped him hard and started frantically massaging her clit. Lester’s cock throbbed, and Sarah could feel the blood pumping in it. She could feel his balls begin to move between her legs and Lester’s cum move up through his widened shaft.

Sarah’s body was wracked by another orgasm as she felt the first spurt of Lester’s cum shoot into her, adding to the already hefty deposit he put in earlier, “Ahhhh mhmmmm.”

Her fingers pushed hard into her clit as her body was overrun with pleasure. Sarah felt out of control of her body, her vagina clenched around Lester’s cock, milking him for his creamy substance. Every fibre of her body seemed to tingle all at once. She never wanted this feeling to stop.

Lester grunted as his cock continued to shoot load after load of his virile cum into the young mother. His balls tightened as he flexed them, trying to empty himself into her. Trying to empty every last drop.

Satisfied that he had deposited all the cum his balls could produce, Lester let his arms give way and collapsed onto Sarah. She felt his large body push her further into the mattress, his weight making it difficult for her to get a full breath.

Grabbing her hips, Lester rolled off of her onto his side. He pulled her with him, keeping his cock buried in her pussy. He didn't want anything leaking out. His large, fat arm draped across her body, holding her in place.

Sarah felt how warm Lester's body was behind her. It felt good. She felt too tired to push his arm off right now. She just wanted to close her eyes for a second and wait until Lester fell asleep. Then she would get up.

As they both lay in the sweat and cum soaked sheets, their breathing began to slow in unison. Together they both drifted off to sleep while Lester's cock stayed hard inside Dan's young wife.