

Toxic Attraction Chapter 14 by Don silver

[9 horas atrás](#)

Hello my friends. I am back with the latest installment in the ongoing Toxic Attraction Saga. If you recall, we last left off with Lester taking Sarah without a condom (finally) in her martial bed. Now Dan is on his way back home to confront Lester and lay down the law.

I've updated CH14 based on feedback from the Insiders. It's also gone through several rounds of edits so I hope most things were caught here. If you spot something let me know. Much thanks to Grandeman for all the help.

On a similar note, Detestable Liaisons 2 should be heading your way very soon.

Okay - without further ado, here is CH14. Let me know what you think.

Sarah groaned as she turned over in bed. Dan's snoring was waking her up. She closed her eyes again and revelled in the warmth of Dan's body next to hers. His arm was draped over her, holding her closely. Protecting her. Not wanting to let her go.

She loved the way his naked body felt up against hers. It felt so intimate, so private. It just felt fulfilling. She loved that he subconsciously wanted to be close to her, even while sleeping. To feel her body against his.

But his snoring was extra loud today. She didn't like waking up before her alarm, especially on a workday. Sarah shifted in the bed and moved her butt back against Dan. That's when she felt his heavy, soft cock press into the back of her thigh.

Her eyes immediately snapped open, and she looked down at the arm draped over her. It was too dark to see it so she ran her hand over it. It felt thick and hairy. It wasn't toned like Dan's arm was.

Scooting to the side of the bed and wrestling the arm off her, Sarah sat up and looked down at the sleeping form next to her. She could tell by the faint shadowy outline and the labored snores that it wasn't Dan at all.

The previous night came flooding back to her. It was Lester.

Lester had fucked her in her own martial bed. Twice if she remembered correctly. Sarah racked her brain and tried to remember if he had worn a condom. He had said he had one. She put a hand to her crotch.

He had cum inside of her. It felt different down there than normal, and she remembered being too tired to get up and clean herself. She had slept all night with Lester's cum inside of her. Someone's cum other than her husband's.

Sarah grabbed her phone off the nightstand charger as quietly as possible and tiptoed into the bathroom. She closed the door before turning the lights on. There were several missed calls from Dan. Sarah felt a wave of guilt wash over her. She wanted to call and talk to him, tell him everything that had happened, but it was still early.

She would call him soon. She just needed to clean herself up first. She opened the glass door to the shower and started the water. The hot water hit her hand

quickly, so Sarah stepped in and sat on the built-in granite bench to collect her thoughts.

What was she going to tell Dan? He knew it was likely that Lester would come to the house. He probably even knew how the night would end. But how would he react when he learned that Sarah had failed to uphold their one rule? That Lester had to keep his condom on?

She had thought he'd had one on. By the time she'd realized it, she'd gotten swept up in the incredible sensation of his bare cock, and she didn't want the feeling to end. She couldn't stop herself. She wanted to feel him and get fucked by his bare cock. It felt so much better than feeling the latex condom sliding in and out of her. She hated admitting to herself how much she had bent to Lester's will. She wasn't mad at him for being himself, she knew better. She was mad at herself for so easily submitting to the man. It scared her how easily she buckled for him. And yet, some small part of her was already anticipating their next encounter.

Sarah needed to clear her head. She'd get in contact with Dan and talk things through but for now she needed to get ready for work. There was still a crisis at hand that she needed to deal with. Letting the hot water run over her body, Sarah cleared her head and just focused on the sensation of the shower. How good it felt on her body.

The bliss she felt the previous night came back to the front of her mind. How her orgasms felt while she lay under Lester as he played her body like an instrument. The way his cock felt inside of her. How her body seemed to respond to him and the way he unlocked the most mind-shattering orgasms from her. She was thinking too much about sex. She could feel herself getting worked up, which was never good before a long day at work.

"Is there room in there for two?" Lester's voice broke her trance. She opened her eyes and saw Lester's odd-shaped naked body step into the shower beside her, closing the glass door behind him. She hadn't heard him come into the bathroom. She must have been too lost in her memories of the previous night. She blinked once, temporarily speechless from the interruption.

Sarah backed up into the back wall of the shower as her eyes scanned Lester. He was wearing that shit-eating grin of his. His hair looked thin and greasy, with an unkempt stubble roaming over his neck. His body was hairy, which was in stark contrast to her husband's maintained manscaping. Dan's toned body looked nothing like Lester's - his flabby arms and gut hanging from his torso. She still had trouble comprehending how she felt drawn to him or compelled to please him.

Her eyes darted down to Lester's cock, hanging between his legs. It wasn't limp like it had been a few minutes ago in the bed. Now it was beginning to rise and point itself towards her.

Lester reached down, grabbed Sarah's loofah from the wall, and squeezed some of her soap into it.

"Here, let me help you," He said, stepping up to her and running the loofah over her shoulder. Sarah felt her body shudder as Lester began gently running it over her skin. She wasn't recoiling. Her body felt immediately aroused by his attention. At the confidence of how assuredly he put his hands on her body.

"I..er..we should hurry. Need to get to the hospital and get going," Sarah said, finally making eye contact with Lester. She felt her knees get weak as she looked at the lust-filled expression on his face.

Lester didn't answer. Instead, he stepped close to the young wife, pushing his gut into her flat stomach. Sarah's breasts mashed against his flabby chest, giving Lester a great view. He lowered the loofah and began to clean the tops of her breasts as he ogled them.

"We have time," He smiled as his hips began to move back and forth in time with the loofah in his hands. Sarah could feel his cock growing, its head pushing against the top of her thighs.

"Time for what?" Sarah breathed. Knowing the answer. Knowing what Lester would want.

"Time to talk about last night," Lester said as his cock pressed against Sarah's wet pussy. She felt a jolt of electricity run through her body, "I feel like we reached a new level in our relationship."

"Relationship? What do you mean?" Sarah asked, breathing hard. Her breasts were moving in time with her breathing, pushing up against Lester's chest. Steam was beginning to fog up the shower's glass. She had forgotten to turn on the fan. It was getting hot in the shower. Sarah adjusted her feet for balance, causing Lester's cock to slide lasciviously against her pussy lips.

Lester leaned in and whispered, "You made love to me last night. Made love to your Chicago boyfriend."

Sarah shuddered again at hearing the words. Making love. That was something reserved for Dan, but she couldn't help but realize that was exactly what they had done last night. She and Lester didn't fuck that first time. They had made love. Together. Passionately. And the fact that he called himself her Chicago boyfriend. She wasn't sure how to react to that.

"And you took me with no condom," Lester whispered as he planted kisses on her earlobe.

"I thought," Sarah started, but he shifted his kisses down her neck, "I thought you had one on."

"But then you realized I didn't. And you didn't stop it. You wanted it. You loved how good it felt inside of you," Lester began to push himself against Sarah, nuzzling his cock against her crotch. Sarah needed to think, and she couldn't do that with Lester's cock pressing against her. He had her pinned against the shower wall. The only thing she could do was to get on her tippy toes to try and put distance between herself and Lester's cock.

That proved to be a mistake. She felt her one-foot slip against the water at the bottom of the shower. She reached out to catch herself but Lester was the only

thing within reach. She gripped his arms and felt the head of his cock press against her entrance.

"Ohhhh," Sarah moaned, feeling his strong cock so close to her. She had to do something. To reestablish her control over Lester. She moved her hands to his flabby, hairy chest, "Sit down."

She tried to push him in the direction of the bench. Lester complied and sat down - his ugly face tracing every curve of her body. Sarah followed him down, and soon she was kneeling between his legs, the hot water hitting her back.

"You want to hear how much I enjoyed myself last night?" Sarah asked as she slowly began to play with Lester's cock. Maybe she could get him off quickly and then be on her way to work. As much as she wanted to feel his cock inside her, she was scared of becoming addicted to him. Lester nodded.

"I loved it," Sarah admitted quietly, "You felt amazing inside of me. So much better than with the condom on. I can't believe we made love last night."

Both of Sarah's hands were now working on Lester's shaft. He leaned back against the wall, his mouth hanging open as he intently stared down at her.

"Who did you make love to?" Lester said as his hips bucked off the bench, fucking Sarah's hands.

She lowered her head, extending her tongue, swirling it around the tip of his cock, "To my Chicago boyfriend." She met his eyes as she said it, making clear she meant what she'd said. She knew the phrase would get to him, but saying it out loud was adding to her growing arousal as well.

"Ugh," Lester groaned, hearing her use his own words. Sarah lowered her mouth onto Lester's cock, and she started to get to work. One hand lowered to begin to play with his hairy balls while the other followed her mouth and stroked his cock. Lester just groaned and sat there as the young wife sucked his cock. Sarah alternated between sucking and lowering her tongue down his shaft while staring at him. She had been at it for a few minutes and didn't feel like Lester was getting anywhere close to cumming. She looked up at him, "Are you going to give me more of your cum Lester?" She tried to keep her impatience out of her voice, submissively pleading with him.

"Sorry, I must be running low since I dropped two loads in you last night," Lester grinned.

Sarah had forgotten all about cleaning herself of Lester's deposits. She hoped the water flow running down her back might whisk away some of his excess fluids.

"Let's try something else," Lester bent forward, his gut pushing into his thighs as his hands snaked under Sarah's armpits and pulled her up. Sarah felt her body complying as Lester stood her up and turned her around before pulling her down onto his lap.

"Mmmmm," Sarah moaned involuntarily. She could feel his gut pressing into her lower back. His hands came up and began to run over her body. One grasped at her heaving breasts, while the other lowered itself down her body until it reached between her legs and grabbed his cock. He pulled it up and back so that

it rested between her upper thighs and pussy. Then he began to thrust his hips up and down while he pulled his cock closer to her, steadily pushing apart the lips of her vagina with the shaft of his cock.

"We shouldn't," Sarah breathed, "We don't have time. We need to get going."

"Shhhhh," Lester whispered in her ear as he stroked himself with her pussy and mauled her breasts with his other hand. Lester began to lick the water off her neck. Sarah closed her eyes and let her guilt go. Her body was craving Lester's, and she just wanted to surrender. The workday ahead was becoming a distant memory.

Her hand found the back of Lester's head, and she began to move herself around on his crotch, swaying back and forth as Lester's cock pushed against her clit. Sarah's body ground itself against Lester's cock as he continued to thrust himself up between her legs.

Lester's hands grabbed her breasts hard, eliciting another moan from the young mother.

"Don't you want this cock one more time before you go into work?" Lester whispered in her ear, "To feel it inside you again?" He wheezed slightly at the effort, his breath hot against her skin.

"We shouldn't," Sarah said back as her hand reached down and grabbed the head of Lester's cock. Lester let go as Sarah began to guide the tip against her clit the way she wanted, the way she needed to feel a release. Its heat and rough veins were stimulating her pussy in the way only Lester's cock could.

"Let's not worry about *should*. Let's worry about what we both need," Lester growled into her ear as he continued to thrust his hips up off the stone bench. Sarah had her eyes closed again and leaned back on Lester's body. She was using his cock as a sex toy, teasing her clit and outer lips with it. Now that both of Lester's hands were free, they were running themselves over her chest, feeling every inch of her tits, lightly pinching her nipples. She groaned, resigned to let him do to her whatever he pleased.

One of his hands ran up her chest and lightly grasped her throat before moving upwards. Two fingers pushed past Sarah's lips, and she automatically began sucking them as she would his cock. Her tongue ran over the underside of his fingers before twirling around the digits. While she played with his cock, her other hand held his arm in place, wanting to continue sucking on his fingers. She pictured his cock in her mouth while she played with another giant Lester cock between her legs.

Lester moved his hand to the side, and Sarah turned her head to follow, intent on continuing to suck on his fingers. Lester abruptly pulled his finger out, turned her head further, and somewhat awkwardly pressed his lips against hers.

Sarah felt herself melt into the kiss. His fingers were replaced by his tongue, pushing into her mouth where he swirled it around, the size of it again fueling the horny wife's excitement. Lester held her head in place as he made out with the young mother, tasting her lips and marking her with his saliva.

"Mhmmmm," Sarah moaned into Lester's mouth as her hand stroked his cock against her clit and pussy. She arched her back and pushed her chest out into Lester's hand as he roughly groped her, leaving red marks on her breasts.

Lester broke the kiss and stared at the young wife. She opened her eyes and stared back into his. They were both breathing hard and intently staring, each reading the desire on the other's face. Sarah's mouth hung open. She was overwhelmed by how erotic her morning shower had become. Lester released his grip on Sarah's breasts, moving his hands up to her shoulders. He pushed them forward, pushing Sarah into a bent-over position with her ass still on his crotch. Sarah caught herself by putting one hand on her knee while the other kept its grip on Lester's meaty cock. Her clit pressed hard against Lester's cock, eliciting a soft grunt from Sarah.

Lester's hands held her in place by her shoulders while his gut rested atop her succulent ass. He slid his hips forward and back, running his cock up and down her wet slit. Sarah was getting lost in the feeling of Lester's cock rubbing up against her. She wanted him to keep teasing her all day like this. She loved getting fucked by the older man, but something about the frenzied nature of his thrusting and the spray of the shower was creating a new sensation she wanted time to sit with and really feel.

He abruptly shifted his weight and slid himself down while pushing hard on Sarah's shoulder, forcing her to bend over farther. Sarah's hand slipped from Lester's cock as she quickly braced herself on her legs. Lester quickly grabbed the base of his cock and lined it up with Sarah's opening. Holding it in place with one hand, he grabbed the back of Sarah's neck and pulled her back towards him, straight onto his cock. Half of Lester's considerable length disappeared into Sarah Williams.

"Ah, oh shit, Lester," Sarah grunted, feeling Lester's large cock push into her. She braced both hands on her knees to slow its assault. Slowly, she eased herself back, taking more and more of Lester's girthy member into her. "Mhmmmm fuck that feels good." Lester knew her body well, sensing when he'd prepared her enough to take him.

"I've wanted to fuck you in the shower since the first time you showered in the apartment," Lester held her shoulder tightly as Sarah took the entire length of his cock.

"Why didn't you?" Sarah said, looking over her shoulder at Lester, water running down her back and disappearing beneath Lester's gut. She shook as his thrusts beat a rhythm into her, fucking her the way he knew she craved.

Lester didn't have a good reply to her question; he just met her gaze and continued pounding his cock into her. She probably wouldn't react well to him revealing his peephole or the secret videos he'd made of her for months.

"You should have come in that first time and fucked me," Sarah said breathlessly, feeling the beginnings of her inevitable climax.

"Hmmm, you weren't ready then," Lester grunted. "I had to warm you up to me first."

"All you had to do was drop the towel, hhhuh, oh" Sarah hung her head and focused on Lester's cock invading her. She couldn't remember the last time she and Dan and fucked in the shower. "And show me this beautiful cock of yours. God, yeah, yes, YES"

Lester ran his hands down her back until he grabbed her hips. He pulled her down hard on his cock causing Sarah to grunt. He raised his hands back up, pulling her hips up before slamming them down again. He repeated this over and over until Sarah started matching the pace herself. Lester sat back with his hands behind his head and watched Sarah fuck herself on his cock. Her beautiful ass jiggling each time it came down. She was like a thoroughbred, her pussy made to be fucked on a cock like his. She moved so quickly, jacking his huge cock with the youthful clamping muscles of her heavenly snatch.

"I'm sure Dan would have been understanding," Lester said, licking his lips, "If he caught us fucking in the shower all those months ago."

"He would have come around," Sarah grunted in agreement, her eyes closed. She was focusing on the pleasure between her legs, not wanting this moment to end. "Ah, uh, he uh, you know how he likes to watch."

"Likes to watch you have the best fucking of your life," Lester raised a hand and slapped Sarah's ass. "Ouch! Fuck, Lester," Sarah whined, her eyes snapping open at the pain. WHAP. Lester's other hand came down on her other ass cheek, leaving a red hand print. He kept his hand on her ass, rubbing his fingers in the heat of her reddened ass.

"What the fuck was that for?" Sarah moaned. She tried looking over her shoulder but couldn't see Lester. Her torso couldn't turn past his gut pressing into her back. "Just reminding you that Daddy gets to do what he wants with you." He grinned, his thumbs pressing into her buttocks, gauging the firmness of her backside.

"Tell me," Lester gritted his teeth. Sarah's pussy was already milking his cock so well that he could feel his balls beginning to tingle. "Do you ever want to go back to condoms now? Now that you've felt what it's really like to fuck me." His hand moved to caress her breast underneath her, expertly playing around her nipple, denying her direct contact.

"We uh, ah, fuck, I thought you had one one last night. I didn't know. I didn't, oh, mmm, that's good, that's it," Sarah said as she ground her pussy down against Lester's bare cock. The head was rubbing up and down against her g-spot. She bit her lip and focused on the crazy orgasm she felt herself working towards.

"That's not what I asked. Do you ever want to go back to condoms now?" Lester said, "Are you ready to give up this? Or would you rather feel that shitty latex between us?"

"Dan and I. We, uh, we have a rule. You are supposed to wear a condom anytime -" Sarah lost her train of thought. Lester pushed her forward and stood up. Sarah barely had time to process what was happening. She reached out and pushed her

hands against the wet shower wall. Lester's hand was on the base of her neck, the other on her hips. He started to fuck her hard and fast.

"That's. Not. What. I. Asked." Lester was breathing hard. He held Sarah in place while he fucked her for all he was worth. "Do you want me raw, or do you want a condom on my cock?"

"Raw," Sarah moaned as she struggled to keep pace with Lester's relentless onslaught, "I want you to give it to me raw. "

"Damn right," Lester said. Her answer filled him with pride and made him thrust into her harder. He pushed against her more firmly, and her wet hands lost their grip on the wall. Sarah fell to her hands and knees, and Lester followed her onto the floor of the shower, bending his knees and staying inside her wet pussy. "I can't wait to cum in you again."

"God, ah fuck Lester, you should really pull out," Sarah groaned. She dropped her head onto the floor of the shower, raising her ass into the air. She felt primal in this position, letting Lester take whatever he wanted—submitting herself to him fully, letting him have complete control. Lester held her hips and continued to slide his cock in and out of the young mother. He wedged his cock as far into her as possible. "Mhmmmm shit, ah fuck. Lester. Jesus, you're so fucking huge."

"I'm not pulling out," Lester slapped her ass to punctuate his sentence. "You're getting all of this again."

"It's soo much," Sarah whined from the shower floor. She could feel her orgasm quickly approaching. The angle of Lester's cock was hitting the perfect spot and he continued to press against it over and over. The repetition threatened to make her lose consciousness. "So much cum."

"You love it," Lester sneered. He felt his balls beginning to tense up. "You love my cum. Don't deny it." Sarah stayed silent as she continued to thrust her hips back against Lester. She was so close she needed to feel herself cum. She had lost track of how many times she had cum on Lester's cock in the past day.

Lester stopped thrusting into Sarah and removed his hands from her body, dropping them to his sides. A whine escaped her lips as she kept thrusting her pussy back onto his cock. "I'm gonna cum. If you don't want it, you better get off it." He slowly started to push his cock forward, he had no intention of her disengaging.

Sarah didn't respond; part of her brain understood what he said, but she was too focused on her own orgasm. "Ah fuck, ah fuck, ah fuck," Sarah screamed, her fingers splaying apart as her orgasm rippled across her body. Her nerves lit on fire. The hot shower water battered her back as electricity coursed through her body. "Oh, Lester! OH, OOOOH, OH FUCK, FFFFFUHHH-"

"Here it comes," Lester bellowed, "I'm gonna cum, take it all, Sarah." He grabbed her hips in both hands and forced his rock-hard pole into her clenching vaginal walls. Sarah instinctively squeezed her pussy harder around Lester's cock. She wasn't sure if it was her orgasm or some other part of her mind trying to milk all the cum from Lester's cock. Whichever it was, she felt her orgasm deepen as

Lester's seed exploded into her fertile pussy. She felt a warmth begin to spread inside of her, flooding every inch of her.

Sarah just groaned weakly, feeling Lester's cum spread inside of her. Her head rested on her hands as her orgasm began to wash away. The heat of the shower made it difficult to breathe. Sarah closed her eyes as she felt Lester's cock spurt the rest of its cum into her.

Lester was panting as he pulled his slickened cock from Sarah. When his hands left her hips, her body immediately collapsed into the fetal position as the hot water still rained on both of their bodies. With some effort, Lester grunted and pulled himself back onto the shower bench. He closed his eyes and felt completely fulfilled. Something that World of Warcraft could never make him feel. Not like this. He slowly drifted off as his cock twitched, revelling and gloating over what had just occurred.

Sarah laid there on the floor of her shower, catching her breath. Lester had fucked her three times within twelve hours, and each time he had shot a massive load of his illicit cum into her. She couldn't understand how she'd ended up here. Yesterday had been a typical morning, taking a shower and getting ready for work, and today she had been fucked in the bathroom she shared with her husband and was now probably running late.

Shit. Work. She had to get up and get going. She hadn't planned on getting her hair wet because she wasn't sure she had time to dry it. Now it was soaked since her head had been right under the shower as Lester relentlessly fucked her. Slowly, she got herself up into a sitting position and looked over her shoulder at the troll of a man seated on her shower bench. The first thing she saw was Lester's gut sitting on his thighs. Between his legs, his cock was just beginning to soften, it still looked impressive. Lester's head was against the shower wall. She wondered how often he actually got out of bed before noon.

Sarah stood and let the water hit her body. She moved, trying not to touch Lester's legs sprawled out in front of him. After cleaning herself and trying to wash out as much of Lester's spunk as possible, Sarah quietly exited the shower and dried off. She took her hair dryer to the bedroom, closing the bathroom door behind her. She hoped to get out of the house without Lester trying to fuck her again. She needed to get to work.

She checked her phone, "Shit."

She wasn't late for work yet but she normally left the house by now. She quickly dried her hair and got dressed, wearing another professional blazer, dress pants and a white satin blouse. As she put her earrings on, she looked at the messy bed and tried not to think of the tender lovemaking session Lester had shared with her the night before.

Sarah looked on her nightstand for her wedding ring. It wasn't there. "Shit," she said, throwing herself onto her the floor to look under the bed. It wasn't there either. "Shit, shit, shit, where is it?" She quickly looked around the room, under

the pillows and in her drawers. She couldn't find it, and she couldn't keep looking for it or else she would be late. She needed to leave the house.

Sarah debated leaving Lester in the shower but she didn't want him to have free reign over her house. She opened the bathroom door and knocked on the shower glass. Lester blinked his eyes and looked around not understanding where he was before a sly grin spread across his ugly face.

"Lester, we need to go to work. They are going to tell us if the board approved your proposal or not," Sarah said, dropping a towel on the floor. Lester stood up and reached for the towel as Sarah marched herself downstairs to make a coffee. "Uh, come on, Lester," Sarah threw her hands up in frustration at seeing the sink full of dirty dishes from the night before. There wasn't time to clean them now. Sarah hated waking up to a dirty kitchen and knew she was going to be stressed later coming home to one.

As her coffee finished pouring, Lester came down the stairs in the same clothes he'd worn the day before.

"You aren't wearing that right?" Sarah asked, "That's the same outfit you wore to the hospital yesterday."

"My other clothes are in the hotel. You said we were late, so I figured," Lester said, shrugging his shoulders.

"Then go quickly and get changed. Lester, you are reflecting on me. You can't show up wearing yesterday's dirty clothes." Sarah went to the door and put her heels on.

"I thought we could drive in together, though," Lester's hands came to Sarah's shoulder, giving them a gentle massage.

"I don't think so," Sarah said, getting momentarily lost in his touch. She rolled her shoulder and opened the door, "We can't show up together. If anyone saw that, it would look unprofessional that I have such a close relationship with a vendor, and it would also look really suspicious, especially since you are wearing yesterday's clothes."

Sarah checked her watch, "Besides, there are a couple of errands I want to take care of on the way to work."

Sarah stood at the open door and motioned for Lester to go. Grunting, he put his shoes on and left the house. Sarah locked the door behind her and walked quickly to her car, praying none of the neighbors noticed the odd couple leaving the house.

"Alright, meet you in your office," Lester said as he opened his car door. "Maybe we can get another quickie in."

"Let's just get going. We're gonna be late." Sarah said as she got into her own vehicle and started to back out of the driveway. As she pulled away, she saw Lester's SUV pulling out onto the street.

Shit. She had meant to call Dan after her shower. She would message him once she got to work. Right now, she had to make a couple of stops before getting to the hospital. As she drove, she felt more of Lester's cum seep out of her into her

panties. She knew he was fixed and that she was at a safe in her cycle, but she still felt uneasy about going around all day with little Lesters floating around inside of her.

"So what did the board say, Drew?" As she sat in the war room, Sarah said, "Did they approve us trying to restore our systems?"

"They did," Jerry said before Drew could speak. "They want us to go ahead and prove that he can do it by getting one system online first. We are still talking with Swan Systems but aren't signing a contract with them for the rebuild yet."

"That's great!" Sarah beamed, hoping that the payroll system would be the first up. She looked around the room at her colleagues, who seemed to share her enthusiasm. Everyone except Drew. He looked like a child whose mother had just put him in time-out.

"The board wants us to get systems up and running in diagnostics and anything on the critical path to patient care first," Jerry said, "Other systems, like the ones in pathology, etc, will come online after."

"What about payroll?" Sarah said, looking around the room.

"Not critical," Drew said, slumped in his seat. "We have a manual workaround we can do for now."

"Exactly," Jerry said. "Finance thinks they can cut physical cheques like they used to, so we're going to go that route for now. 'We can't compromise patient care' is the message from the board, so we have to focus our efforts there for now."

"Okay," Sarah said, racking her brain for the next steps. Her phone chimed, and she checked it, hoping it was Dan responding to her earlier text. She had asked when a good time to call and update him was, but he hadn't responded yet. It wasn't Dan who texted. It was Lester.

She opened the conversation and was greeted by a picture of Lester's cock lying across a keyboard. She quickly closed her phone, mortified that one of her coworkers on either side of her would see it. She felt her face grow beet red and realized that the keyboard was the one in her office. *Was Lester putting his cock on all her belongings in her office?*

"If we're moving ahead with Lester," Sarah looked around the room, "Can we do this properly? Having him work in my office yesterday was fine, but perhaps we should set him up with a proper desk and place to get going."

"Agreed," Jerry said. "I've asked my team to clear a cubicle for him in our area. Sarah, now that we are going to put a contract in front of him for the work, I was hoping to take point in our relationship with him just like my department would other IT vendors. I hope that is okay and you understand."

"Completely understood and agreed, Jerry," Sarah said, flashing him her beautiful white smile, "I'm just glad I could make the connection."

"Well then," Drew said, standing up, "Now that everyone is happy and everything is squared away, I think we can call this for now. Jerry, give me updates."

Before anyone else could respond or stand, Drew walked out of the room. The rest of the group began to gather their things and depart. Sarah leaned over towards Jerry, "Any idea what's going on with Drew?"

"Not a clue, but he actively recommended against this solution in the emergency board meeting yesterday." Jerry said, "So I think he is pissed we found a solution that didn't include his buddies at Swan."

"Huh," Sarah said, "Oh Jerry, Lester is parked up in my office. I have a few things to attend to around the hospital. Would you mind sending one of your guys up to fetch him and show him where he'll be working?"

"No problem," Jerry said as he moved towards the door, "I'll send someone up right now to get him."

The train was pretty empty, so Dan was getting a lot of work done. He hadn't felt this productive in months. Working on his own plan to improve his situation felt invigorating, much better than working on the crappy accounts Walt handed him recently. He felt like he was actually making progress towards a goal.

He checked the time on his laptop. It was just after lunch; he should be back in Middleton a few hours from now. Unfortunately, the train was doing the milk run, stopping at almost every station outside of Chicago. But Dan was somewhat thankful for the time to get things done.

Before leaving the city, he had squared away things with his current roster of clients. Nothing too pressing, and he felt confident he was up to date on everything. Now, he had spent the last hour or so writing up a content calendar of LinkedIn posts. His plan was to become a minor thought leader in his space and leverage that into something or get his posts in front of the right pair of eyes that could lead to an opportunity.

The onboard Wifi allowed him to schedule his first few posts, and he felt a renewed energy at what the future could look like. Sitting back from the laptop, he opened his phone and dialled Sarah. The line didn't even connect. He looked at his phone again and saw that he didn't have any bars. Sometimes, the train went through these dead zones in-network coverage. He would have to try again later. He was intrigued by her message and eager to hear the update she had messaged him about.

He wondered about what had happened the previous night. It was gnawing at him, knowing that Lester had likely been alone with her in his own house. Something had kept her from answering her phone, and he could clearly imagine what –

No. Don't derail. Focus on your tasks. Dan set his phone down and returned to his laptop. He checked his to-do list for the train. Social thought leadership posts drafted. Check. Time to move on to read the emails from his old contacts that he had reached out to. His goal was to set up Zoom calls with as many of them as he could to catch up, get a lay of the land in their industries and companies and see if there were any opportunities for him.

After another hour of writing up email responses, Dan shifted gears and started looking for new jobs. He quickly found some industry-specific job boards that weren't in his niche and wanted to search for new roles he could pivot into. He didn't waste his time meticulously tailoring each resume to every opportunity. He wanted to make this trip as productive as possible and get as many applications out as he could. It just felt better to do it here than in the oppressive environment of the apartment.

Dan tried his phone again. It rang but went to Sarah's voicemail. He should be back in Middleton soon. The train was scheduled to arrive just after Sarah finished up work. He would grab a taxi from the station if he didn't get a hold of her. Part of him wanted to arrive unannounced and see what he walked in on.

After sending out close to two dozen applications, he closed the laptop and sat back to think. He felt good. He had momentum on his side today. Now he needed to figure out a plan to get out of Lester's stranglehold on his relationship with his wife.

Sarah closed her front door behind her and kicked off her heels. Her work day had gone by fast, and her feet were incredibly sore. She had avoided her office all day, instead opting to visit different departments around the hospital to catch up on long overdue check-ins with staff. These discussions quickly spiralled into the frustrations they were experiencing due to the ransomware attack.

She had heard that Lester was now set up in the IT department. Still, she avoided her office, the one place Lester knew to look for her and could potentially pin her down. He didn't know his way around the hospital or where she might be, so she used that to her advantage. She needed some space from him. It was better for her to have a clear head when thinking about him. She needed that time to think. Unfortunately, work kept her mind pretty occupied all day. She hadn't even had time to eat lunch. She was busy putting out one fire after another.

During a war room session towards the end of the day, Jerry had given an update that Lester had successfully managed to restore one of their systems proving that he could do it. Drew didn't seem pleased, which Sarah felt was strange. It wasn't lost on Jerry, either.

Sarah flopped herself onto the couch and laid there for ten minutes. It felt good to just be off her feet. She was thinking about ordering a pizza for dinner tonight. The kids were with her parents again. God bless her mother, who heard the stress in her voice earlier during a call and offered to take them another night.

Her relaxed lounging was broken by the doorbell ringing. She knew who it probably was. After a few seconds of not moving and wondering if she had just imagined it, the doorbell rang again.

Sarah dragged herself off the couch and realized she had probably creased her blazer and would need to iron it before hanging it back up in her closet. She opened the door, and Lester stood there with that dumb grin on his face. As much as she hated to admit it, her body reacted to his presence. She could feel herself

growing damp between her legs. This man only meant one thing to her body and it was mind-blowing sex.

"You shouldn't be here, Lester," Sarah said, standing in the doorway. Lester pushed past her and walked into her home.

"You almost got me caught with my pants down," Lester said loudly.

"I'm sorry, what? I haven't seen you all day." Sarah said.

"You sent that IT guy up to your office to get me. I barely got my pants up in time." Lester said, his face flushed with embarrassment.

"Lester, I don't know how you work with other clients but at the hospital, we have a professional code of conduct. You can't just get naked whenever you want, wherever you want," Sarah said in a professional tone. In her mind, she found the whole thing quite funny.

"Argh," Lester threw his hands up, "You were supposed to come back to your office. Not some random guy."

"Lester, that's my place of work. I am busy, and I have things to do, just like you. You have a job to do so I suggest you focus on that," Sarah stood with the door open, "Now I think it's best if you go back to your hotel room. My kids are going to be home soon."

"I'm here for dinner," Lester said, not moving towards the door. "I plan to have dinner here each day that I have to spend in this little town of yours. I want to come home after a long day and play wifey with you. If you want your kids here, that is up to you, but they are going to have to get used to having Uncle Lester around."

"That's not," Sarah was taken aback by his demand. She had thought yesterday's dinner was a one-off thing. She hadn't planned on anything more than that, "That's not what we agreed on. You're already getting paid by the hospital, that should be enough."

"Mmm, well, that pay isn't enough, and it's not why I came all the way out here," Lester said as he walked up to Sarah and pushed the door closed. "I'm here for my little slice of the American dream you have."

Lester pushed his crotch into Sarah's, backing her up against the door, "I want a vacation from Chicago, and I couldn't think of a better place than that bed upstairs with you next to me."

Sarah could feel Lester's growing hardness pressing into her. She moved to the side and, wrestled out of Lester's grip and put distance between them. She backed up into the kitchen and tried to change the subject, "Well I wouldn't mind a vacation myself with Dan, someplace warm. Now, there isn't much I can offer for dinner. The fridge is pretty bare. Maybe you could go and find something close to your hotel?"

Lester walked into the kitchen, his eyes roaming up and down Sarah's body. He looked intent on getting what he wanted. He licked his lips, "I can think of something else I can eat. Why don't we go upstairs and pick up where we left off this morning."

Sarah felt her knees grow weak, thinking about being taken by Lester again. Her panties already felt wet. It seemed so depraved, though, for Lester to keep fucking her in her own house. Having sex with him in Chicago already felt like a line that had been repeatedly crossed. Now he was here, in her kitchen, trying, no, demanding to fuck her. *The kitchen full of yesterday's dirty dishes.*

"It's been a long day, Lester," Sarah said, moving to the other side of the island. "I'd like to just relax tonight."

"There will be plenty of time to relax, after," Lester said as he rounded the edge of the marble island, "You ditched me at work today and you need to be punished for that. From now on, I get you every day in your office and here at home afterwards. I can see by the look on your face you want more of my cock right now anyway."

"Lester," Sarah said, backing up into the living room. She was trying to do her best not to succumb to this strange attraction she had to her husband's roommate. "I can't. It's not right. It's going too far. All of this."

"You'll change your tune once I get this back inside of you," Lester grabbed his crotch as he crossed the room towards Sarah. There was no island in between them now. Nothing holding them back. Sarah backed herself up against the back of the couch. Lester could see the desire on her face; he knew the game she was playing. He just needed to make contact, and she would be his –

The sound of keys turning the lock on the front door caused Lester to stop where he was. Sarah's head whipped towards the sound. The door swung open, and Dan stepped into the room. He stood there silently surveying the scene. They all could hear the crickets chirping in the yard behind him.

"Dan!" Sarah shouted, "What, what are you doing here?"

"Come here, honey," Dan said, gesturing his wife towards him. She moved from the couch and walked up to her husband, who hugged her tightly and kissed her deeply. After a few seconds, Dan broke the kiss and looked up at his roommate, "Lester."

Lester stayed where he was, assessing the situation. Dan took off his shoes and dropped his bag by the door.

"Did I interrupt something?" He asked as he strode into his home. He passed Lester and headed into the kitchen.

"Lester was just leaving," Sarah followed him, feeling a renewed sense of safety.

"Is that right?" Dan asked. "Lester, are you heading out? Why are you here anyway?"

Lester didn't speak right away. He seemed caught off guard and trying to figure out a response. Dan held up a finger, "That's right. You were probably here to try to sleep with my wife, right?"

"Dan, nothing happened, but we need to talk about yesterday," Sarah said.

"We will," Dan looked at his wife and smiled. "I love you. We will. But right now, I want to talk to Lester."

"Let's talk then," Lester said, squaring his shoulders and stepping forward into the kitchen. "I'm here to help your wife out of her work situation and plan on fucking her every night that I'm here. In your bed upstairs."

Dan felt his cock stir but ignored it. He had to press on and not get sucked back into letting his lust win out.

"Is the hospital paying you?" Dan asked flatly.

"Yes, but -" Lester started.

"Then that's your compensation. Sarah and I didn't agree to anything more, and from where I'm sitting, you came down here and took an extra date yesterday that we never agreed to." Dan cocked his head to the side, eager to see Lester's response. It felt good being back in his own environment. He was glad he arrived before Lester could taint it further.

"Hardly," Lester scoffed, "I couldn't keep your wife off me. It's not my problem that she can't help herself when she's around me."

Dan quickly glanced at Sarah, "That's what I want to talk about. Her being alone with you. We're going to change the terms of our arrangement."

"How's that," Lester chuckled. "I'm still getting my dates or I won't pay your half of the rent. I know how bad things are for you right now. You can't afford that."

"Sure," Dan said, stepping closer to Lester. "That's true. For now. But sooner or later, things will change. So if you want to enjoy this brief moment in your life while it lasts, we're going to change the terms. If not, I'll figure out another way to get the money. I'll start working at McDonalds after work if I have to."

Lester rolled his eyes and took a step back, "Let's hear it then. What do you want?" Sarah leaned forward. This was unexpected. She hadn't known Dan was coming home and didn't have a clue what he was talking about. She didn't want to interrupt him and ask. He seemed to be on a roll here.

"Going forward, you two can still have your little dates, but I'm going to chaperone." Dan narrowed his eyes. "Sarah and I started this together, and we're going to stick this out together."

Dan looked at his wife, "I shouldn't have let you go off on your own. For that, I'm sorry. But from now on I'll be there for you."

"I don't think so," Lester shrugged his shoulders. "That's going to cramp my style."

"It's a take it or leave it offer," Dan said.

"You're bluffing," Lester looked Dan up and down as if he was assessing him. "If you can't afford rent, you'll have to crawl back here or get kicked out on the street."

"I've already worked it out," Dan said. He could sleep in the office. Things were so bad right now that no one would notice. He would just appear to be the first one in and the last one out. He could shower at the YMCA down the street. He didn't want to reveal this to Lester, though. Dan had learned it was better to hold onto information around him. "If I need to leave the apartment, so be it but I'm not going to play by your rules anymore. That's over."

Lester stared at Dan for a long time, trying to read his face. Sarah was staring at Dan, loving how assertive he was being. He seemed to have broken out of his funk and stood tall in front of Lester.

"So let me get this straight," Lester said. "I still get to go on dates with your wife, and I'll still probably fuck her, and you are just going to follow us around and watch?"

"Not exactly," Dan smiled, "You still get dates, but nothing else is guaranteed. Which was, if you recall, the original agreement."

"You good with that, honey?" Dan looked at Sarah reassuringly.

"Sounds good to me, boo," Sarah reached out and held Dan's hand."

"I'm not going to pay for you," Lester said, "And you'll have to give us some space."

"Sure," Dan nodded.

"I don't like you trying to strong-arm me, Dan," Lester said. "It's not good form to change a deal that has already been struck."

"Well, it's changed," Dan said, "And it's taken me a bit of time to see it, but I finally realized you aren't really that meek little nerd that you presented yourself as when we first moved in. So now is a good time to renegotiate."

Anger flashed on Lester's face. Sarah didn't know if he didn't like being called a nerd or didn't like that Dan could see the real Lester.

"I have a condition," Lester looked between both of them. "I agree to everything but I have one condition."

"What is it?" Sarah asked.

"Before I leave Middleton, I want Sarah one last time. Here in your house. You can be here and watch whatever you want to do."

"What do you think?" Dan looked at Sarah. She was happy that he looked at her for input. She felt like they were a team again. She found the idea of fucking Lester again morbidly appealing. It was hot thinking about Dan watching them go at it in their marital bed.

Sarah squeezed Dan's hand, "Whatever you think. Once isn't terrible."

"Alright, Lester, once you finish fixing things at the hospital, on your last night, you can come over," Dan said.

"I wasn't finished," Lester said. "I want Sarah to wear an outfit of my choosing too."

"Okay," Dan rolled his eyes, "What are you going to get her like a slave Princess Leia outfit to wear? It's asking a little much here."

"Scout's honor, it'll be something she already owns. Just a certain outfit that she hasn't worn in a while."

"Which is?" Sarah asked. All of the outfits she had worn in Chicago started to filter through her mind.

"I'll let you know on that last day when I'm here," Lester said.

"Fine, Lester. Whatever." Dan put his arm around Sarah's shoulders and held her close. "Another thing. While you are at the hospital and during the rest of your

time in Middleton. Leave Sarah alone. No trying to corner her in her office or anything like that. Got it?"

"Sure," Lester said flatly.

"Let's shake on it then. Seal the deal," Dan extended his hand. "No walking this back. You leave Sarah alone, and I come on your little dates. You get one more date here in Middleton before leaving."

"And Sarah wears an outfit of my choosing on that date," Lester added in.

"Sure, yeah," Dan said.

Lester reached out and shook Dan's hand. Dan grimaced, feeling the sweaty palms of his roommate, "Okay, now it's time for you to go."

Dan gestured towards the door until Lester got the message and moved towards it. Immediately after Lester crossed the threshold, Dan shut the door and locked it.

"Oh, Dan," Sarah said, hugging him from behind, her head against his back. "I'm so glad you are back here. How are you here? What did they say at work?"

"I told them I'm going to work remotely for a bit," Dan turned and hugged Sarah back. "So many people have been leaving lately that they are scrambling to stop the bleeding. I have a bunch of key clients so I decided Walt can bend a little. He didn't have a problem with it."

"Good," Sarah nuzzled her head into her husband's chest and inhaled his scent. He was so different from Lester. "Dan we need to talk about what happened yesterday."

"You're right," Dan said, looking down at his wife. "We do. But right now, I just want you."

Dan's lips pressed hard into hers. They kissed passionately as Dan guided them across the room to the waiting couch. Soon, Sarah was on her back, and Dan undid his belt buckle. Sarah smiled and pulled him back down on top of her. She felt his cock straining against his boxers as it pushed against the crotch of her dress pants.

Dan broke their kiss and sat up. He thumbed the button on her pants and pulled them off of her in one quick motion. Dan grinned, seeing the wet spot on her panties, believing that was entirely his doing.

Soon he was inside his wife. Her arms and legs were wrapped around her husband as they fucked hard on the couch. Neither of them even seemed to care that the living room blinds weren't drawn. They fucked like they hadn't seen each other for weeks.

Dan had an overwhelming urge to reclaim his wife and Sarah eagerly wanted her husband, especially after the domineering display he had just shown.

"Ohhh fuck Dan!" Sarah screamed as an orgasm hit her body. She tensed and her pussy gripped Dan's cock.

"Fuck Sarah," Dan grunted as he came, erupting inside of her. His cum shooting into her pussy. Adding to the overwhelming amount of cum that Lester had

deposited. The couple laid there catching their breath for several minutes. Sarah closed her eyes for a second.

When she opened them, Dan wasn't next to her. The sun coming from the window had dimmed. Had she really fallen asleep? She quickly got dressed and hoped no one saw them through the window. Sounds from the kitchen drew her attention and she followed them.

Dan was standing at the sink cleaning the dirty dishes from the night before. Sarah was relieved she didn't have to do it but felt a pang of disappointment that her husband was cleaning up Lester's mess.

"Hey there," Dan smiled. "Sorry, I just couldn't wake you sleeping beauty."

"Hmmm," Sarah leaned over the counter and watched him work. His muscles were tight as he scrubbed a stubborn pan. "You are my prince charming."

"Heh," Dan smiled, looking at her.

"So I unpacked my bag upstairs while you were sleeping." His face turned more somber, "The sheets in the bedroom were a mess, so I threw them in the washing machine."

This was the moment Sarah had been dreading, to be faced with the reality of the previous night, "Yeah, ugh, last night Lester demanded dinner in exchange for his help at the hospital. Obviously, he tried more than just that."

"Tried? Or succeeded?" Dan was staring intently down at the dishes as he scrubbed them. It was almost like he wanted to take in the information but not look at her and acknowledge the reality.

"Succeeded," Sarah said guiltily.

"In our bed?" Dan already knew the answer but asked anyway.

"Yes," Sarah said quietly, "Twice."

"Twice?" Dan looked up, shocked.

"I'm so, so sorry, Dan. He said I looked tense and massaged me. Then, when I got worked up. Well, you can imagine. After I fell asleep and sometime in the middle of the night..."

Dan held up his hand, "Okay. I get it. Listen, I'm just a little upset at how he came into our house when I'm not here and just took over. You still turn me on and want to hear more details later, but I just need to process it right now."

"Okay," Sarah said. She couldn't help it. She needed to unburden herself, "And this morning before work in the shower."

Dan dropped the plate he was washing into the sink. It clanked as it hit another one, "Jesus Christ, three times? Lester fucked you three times since last night?"

"I know. I'm sorry," Sarah put her hands in her face, "It's like he has some spell on me. I just can't stop him. It's like in the moment, I can't stop it but after, I just feel like shit. Like I'm so weak that I couldn't say no. I'm sorry, Dan."

Dan furrowed his brow and picked the plate back up before scrubbing it hard. He started breathing slowly, trying to relax himself. After a minute of silence, he finally said, "I'm sorry too. For my part in all of this. Anything else?"

Sarah stared at the granite countertop, unable to look up at Dan, "He didn't wear a condom."

"This is why I came home and made those new rules," Dan said. "I fucking knew he was going to try something. Sarah, that was our one rule? Our last rule, honestly. Every single one of them has been broken!"

"I know, I know! I hate myself for it. I'm sorry Dan!" Sarah put her face in her hands again, "I asked him if he had one, and he said yes! Then he just didn't use it, and it was too late before I realized it."

"Really?" Dan said, looking up at her, "When you realized it, you could have stopped. Told him to stop and put one on. You're telling me he tricked you three different times and you still went along with it?"

Sarah didn't say a thing. She just stared at the counter ashamed.

"I assume you enjoyed yourself?" Dan asked.

Sarah looked up at him with tears beginning to form in her eyes, "Yes. I'm not going to lie to you."

Dan sighed. "Look, I know how we can get carried away and lost in the moment. Believe me, you know I can. You've seen how far I let things get out of control in Chicago. It's just, this is a big one. Did he at least pull out?"

"I don't think so," Sarah said, shaking her head.

Dan picked up the bristle brush and started working on the pan with the dried-up pasta. He wanted to go over and console Sarah. He hated seeing her this way. But he didn't want her to feel his erection that was pressing against the lower cabinets. Knowing that Lester had cum in his wife was something that he was having trouble processing. It was a golden rule broken, but it was also extremely hot, thinking that some ugly troll like Lester came bare inside of his sexy young wife.

"At least he is fixed," Dan said as he finished the dishes, "I'm not sure how I would take it if he wasn't."

"Do you hate me?" Sarah asked. "I'm sorry."

"No, I love you, dummy," Dan said, "It's just a lot to process. A whole lot to process."

"I know, I know," Sarah said, looking at the ceiling as if the right words were written there, "I can't stop thinking about how much our lives have changed since you got laid off. I never in a million years would have thought I would be sleeping with someone like Lester in our own bed. Let alone everything that's happened in the last day."

Dan pulled the drain plug in the bottom of the sink before grabbing a bottle of wine from the cabinet. He poured two glasses and slid one across the island to his wife. Sarah eagerly grabbed it and took a long drink. Dan took a sip. He noticed that Sarah wasn't wearing her wedding band but decided not to poke the bear too much. He'd ask her where it was later.

"Listen, I want to go shower and clean up," He moved strategically to conceal his erection. "We can talk more about this later but for now just enjoy that wine, okay? We're still good. We just need to figure some things out."

"You don't hate me?" Sarah said, turning to look at him.

"I love you, you naughty girl," He kissed the top of her head. "We'll figure it out."

As Dan showered, he couldn't stop thinking about Lester taking Sarah bare and cumming inside of her. He wanted to hear all the details of what happened. Needed to hear them. But he didn't want to seem overly aroused when he did. He needed to take care of his dick so he could have a level-headed conversation with his wife.

He wasn't sure that was possible, though. Any details would probably send him into overdrive. His mind was filling in all the blanks of what could have potentially happened. The positions Lester took her in. The things he said to her. How did it happen when he came? Did he tell her what he was doing? Did she nod her consent to it?

Dan reached down and found his raging hard dick. He stroked it. He hated that he was pleasuring himself to the thought of Lester taking Sarah. His plan on the train was to be strong and rise above all of this. He didn't want to backslide.

She said they fucked again this morning. Dan opened his eyes and looked around at the shower he was standing in. They fucked right in here this morning.

Images flooded his mind of how they might have done it. Sarah screaming in ecstasy as Lester's cum filled her, flooding her pussy..

Dan closed his eyes and rested his forehead against the shower wall as he stroked his cock until he came. His cum hit the wall before the water carried his seed down the drain.

Dan worked from the kitchen table in their home for the rest of the week. Much to Sarah's relief, Lester kept to his word and didn't bother her at work. The most she saw of him was his occasional appearance in the war room, giving updates on his progress unlocking their systems.

From what Sarah said, it sounded like the team at the hospital had begun to worship the ground Lester walked on. They were impressed with his technical prowess and grateful about getting back into their systems. It made sense, considering they were originally told it would be months to have their systems rebuilt. Now Lester had them unlocked and back to work in a matter of days.

Dan felt like he was making great progress. In fact he felt that he was more productive at home than he was in the office in Chicago. He wondered whether or not Walt would let him work from home permanently. Walt was kind of old school, though, but if Dan could demonstrate results, it might just be possible.

During his lunch hour, Dan continued to apply for jobs, but he found he was enjoying the engagement his LinkedIn posts were getting. In just a few days, he got dozens of responses to his posts. He enjoyed the interaction and feeling like

a thought leader. He just hoped he could parlay these posts into something income-generating.

One small thought kept dancing in the back of his head. He hadn't seen Sarah wear her wedding band this week. They were in a good place now, and he was sure there was a good reason for it, but he hadn't mentioned it yet.

As he began to type up another post his cell phone rang. It was Sarah. His heart skipped a beat. Even though she said Lester left her alone, he wondered if something had happened every time she called. He felt his cock stiffen as he answered the phone.

"Hey honey," Dan said, trying to sound normal. He didn't want her to hear the anticipation in his voice.

"Hey baby," Sarah said cheerfully, "I have some news."

Dan felt his heart beating in his ears, "Good news or bad news?"

"Maybe both?" Sarah said, "Jerry just briefed us in the war room. It sounds like Lester has gotten us back access to our critical systems. By the end of the day, he should finally have the payroll system back online. There are some other minor applications still locked, but Jerry says they aren't critical and don't have data stored in them. His team can just wipe and reinstall them."

"That's great news, honey. But does that mean that Lester is done with his work?"

Dan asked with bated breath.

"I think so. They are already talking about finalizing his payment, pending board approval. So tonight might be the night." Sarah said quietly.

"I didn't expect that to happen so soon," Dan said. "He hasn't tried anything at work has he?"

"No, he has stayed away like you told him to. I wouldn't be surprised if he shows up to ensure we are going to hold up our side of things," Sarah said. Dan was suddenly very distracted from his work.

"Do you think your parents can take the kids again? If not I could ask my folks," Dan was absently staring at his computer screen. He couldn't believe how unproductive he suddenly felt. He stood up and walked into the living room.

"I'll text them and see. It shouldn't be a problem. They are always eager to spend time with the kids. Though they might invite us over for dinner. It's been awhile since they've seen you." Sarah said into the phone.

"Yeah. Well, if that's the case, I wouldn't mind seeing them too. We'll just tell Lester to come over later on, unless he waits until tomorrow." Dan said.

"Okay, I'll shoot them a text right now. I'll message you if I have any updates. How is work going there?" Sarah asked.

"It's going," Dan said looking back into this laptop in the other room, "Work stuff is pretty much buttoned up. I'm actually wondering if Walt would let me work remotely. I'll see if I can pitch that to him. Those LinkedIn posts I mentioned are starting to pick up traction. We'll see if I can make anything come of that." Dan sat down on the couch and put his feet up on the coffee table.

"I'm so proud of you, baby. I know that soon we'll be back on track and be able to close this chapter behind us." Sarah said.

I hope so. Dan cleared his throat, "Yeah, I know we will, baby."

"Alright, honey, I have to run. I love you." Sarah said.

"I love you too boo. Hope the rest of your day is good." Dan said before hanging up the phone. He sighed and rested his head on the back of the couch. He knew he needed to get back to work but his mind was elsewhere.

After a few minutes, he pushed the thoughts of Lester and Sarah aside and strode back into the kitchen to focus on what mattered. Moving his goals forward. At some point in the afternoon, Sarah texted him that Lester had spoken with her about his intention to visit tonight. Sarah's parents had also offered to take their girls and did want to have them over for dinner. Dan didn't let the message rattle him too much. He was able to successfully focus on getting his work tasks done for the week. He needed some fresh air so he took a walk to brainstorm ideas for his social posts.

A few hours later, Dan and Sarah had eaten dinner with her parents and left the girls in their care for the night. At home, Sarah and Dan opened a new bottle of wine and shared a glass before texting Lester and letting him know it was clear to come over.

"I can't believe we are actually doing this," Sarah was sitting on the kitchen counter with her wine glass cupped in both hands.

"What do you mean?" Dan asked, "I know it's kind of out there, but it's pretty par for the course of the last few months."

"I just mean," Sarah started, "It's in our house, and we're waiting for someone to come over to have sex with me. It just feels like we are living in a different reality."

"I guess in some ways we are," Dan crossed his arms and leaned back against the countertop across from Sarah. "Ever since my job blew up, it is like we've been living in the twilight zone."

"I guess you're right," Sarah took a drink of her wine. "Before he gets here, is there anything we need to talk about? Or go over?"

"You mean like a safe word?" Dan asked. "I'm going to insist on the condom. I'm putting that genie back in the bottle. Other than that, I'm not entirely sure."

"Are you going to be there?" Sarah lifted her eyes from her glass to look into her husband's, "You know, like in the room with us?"

"I think so," Dan said, "I mean, I would be lying if I said I didn't want to see it. It's been awhile, and it's been like torture knowing it is happening but not being there for you."

"Okay, good, I want you to be there," Sarah slid off the counter and leaned into her husband, "It's not the same without you. Sure, I might enjoy it, but I really love watching your face and seeing your reaction. That's probably the hottest part of all of this."

Dan kissed his wife's forehead. They stood there silently together until the doorbell rang. Lester had arrived.

"I'll get it," Dan said as he gently eased his wife off his body. He headed to the door and opened it. Lester stood there wearing a cheap-looking tuxedo that didn't fit him properly. The sleeves were too short, even though it appeared oversized on him, "A rental?"

"Yup," Lester stood impatiently as Dan waited, stock still in the threshold. After an uncomfortable few seconds, Dan eventually stepped to the side and gestured for Lester to come inside.

"What's the occasion, Lester?" Dan asked, "I've never seen you dressed up before." "I thought it was appropriate," Lester said smugly, "Since we are celebrating tonight, after all. The hospital is free of its ransomware."

"Right, well, come on," Dan shut and locked the door. "Let's get on with it then." Sarah appeared and leaned against the doorway to the kitchen. "Nice tux. So, what outfit of mine did you want me to wear tonight? I'll go get changed."

Lester grinned and pointed towards the table against the wall, "That one." Sarah and Dan's eyes followed Lester's fingers to the arrangement of family photographs on the living room table against the wall. There were several photos he could be pointing towards. Dan and Sarah both walked towards the table to see which one he was talking about.

"I thought you meant like a lingerie set, not some everyday outfit," Sarah said.

"The wedding dress," Lester breathed. "Not an everyday outfit."

Dan turned and looked hard at Lester, "That's not what we agreed to. You said an outfit you haven't seen in a long time."

"Actually, when we shook on the deal, what I said was that it was an outfit she hadn't worn for some time." Lester grinned triumphantly.

"That's not happening," Dan said.

"It's been years. I probably don't even fit into my wedding dress anymore," Sarah added.

"We shook on it. And I quote, you said that we were 'sealing the deal.' I held up my end of things. I didn't bother Sarah at work once, and I took care of the hospital's problem. Are you really going to renege on the deal now that I've done all the work?" Lester said.

Dan could feel his muscles tensing. He thought he had every angle covered here and was already allowing this Chicago bridge troll into his house to crawl between his wife's legs. Then he felt Sarah's soft hand on his back and it immediately slowed his heart rate.

"Shit," Sarah said quietly. "We agreed to this. I don't like it either, but we can't back out now."

"We can, though. It's your wedding dress," Dan said, "It's not just some outfit."

"I know. Like I said, I probably don't even fit into it. I've had two kids since then, for god's sake." Sarah said. "I can't imagine getting into that dress again. Especially for something like this."

"You only wore that dress once, for me, on our wedding day," Dan said, closing his eyes and pinching the bridge of his nose.

"And now she is going to wear it tonight for me." Lester grinned.

"Lester, do me a favor and go sit in the kitchen for a second while I talk to Sarah upstairs," Dan said pointing in the direction of the kitchen. "Come on, Sarah."

Dan led Sarah upstairs and around the corner before speaking in a hushed voice, "Are you okay with this? It's your wedding dress, Sarah. Don't you want one of the girls to wear it in their weddings one day?"

"Maybe. But they'll probably also have their own style of dress," Sarah said, "Dan, it's just a dress. It's been collecting dust at the back of the closet for years. Yes, it is special to me and to us, but you know how Lester is. He makes an outrageous demand like the dress that he knows you'll have a problem with so that you compromise for something else that he really wants. The way I see it, this is our way of coming out ahead."

"I still don't like it." Dan felt like punching a hole in the drywall, "He's pushing things too far."

"Well, I guess we don't have to like it, but we just need to get it over with." Sarah put a steadying hand on his chest to calm him down. "I suppose next time we should get all the details up front before agreeing to something with him."

"Next time," Dan scoffed. "You know, when I came back here the other day, I thought I finally had the momentum to control him and control this, but now I feel like I got outplayed, and the rug's been pulled out from under me."

"Hey, you still got this," Sarah smiled up at him reassuringly, "It was super hot the other day how you came in and took control of things. Don't let him rattle you. We got most of what we wanted from that. This is just a speed bump. Don't forget, it's you and me here. Lester is just a guest, and we'll remind him of that."

"What do you mean?" Dan said. He watched as a mischievous smile appeared on his wife's face, and her hand descended until it reached his crotch."

"Hmmm, all this wedding dress talk clearly has had an effect on you." Sarah's hands had discovered Dan's hardening cock. "Don't be ashamed. I know how it is for you. What I mean is, this whole thing is because of something we did together, and we can do that again tonight. I'll think about you and just focus on you there. Let's just look at Lester like a sex toy for something between us. Nothing more than that."

Dan sighed. He liked that reframing, and that viewpoint could get him through tonight, "Okay. I still don't have to like it, despite what my dick might be saying to the contrary."

"We can still back out. Maybe we can buy some more time to think up something else? Sarah smiled at him reassuringly. "What do you think we should do?"

"Let's just get it over with," Dan sighed. He was already breathing quickly, anticipating what the night would hold. "I'll just make sure we get it dry-cleaned in the morning."

"Okay," Sarah winked and stood up on her tippy toes to kiss her husband. "Go back downstairs and get yourself a drink. I'll get changed quickly for *you*, and we can get this over with."

"Alright. Thanks for calming me down," Dan said as he turned back towards the stairs. "I was ready to throw him out on his ass."

"And I would have liked to have watched that," Sarah said, backing down the hallway, "But I would be worried about what would come after."

"Like his ass would break the side walk," Dan said under his breath. He nodded to his wife as he walked down the stairs. Lester was sitting patiently at the kitchen table, staring at Dan as he entered. Dan went to the cupboard and made himself a drink. He purposefully didn't offer Lester one.

"So what's the verdict, chief?" Lester said from behind him.

Dan took a long drink before turning around to look at this squat roommate. He narrowed his eyes and moved to Lester's side of the island. Crossing his arms, he leaned back against it, "The verdict is that we are going to go ahead with it tonight. You're going to have to wear a condom, so you better have some. Afterwards, you get out and don't come back to my house."

It unnerved Dan the way that Lester smiled back at him. Sarah seemed to think Lester had another motive for the proposal, some other compromise he was willing to settle for, but his reaction seemed victorious.

"I'll go to my car and grab some condoms," Lester said standing. Dan didn't reply. He just watched the little man cross the room and exit through the front door.

Lester huffed as he crossed the driveway to his car. He slid into the driver's seat and shut the door behind him. His plan was working out. Sure, he hadn't expected Dan to arrive home in the middle of the week, but he was still getting what he wanted out of the arrangement.

He would have liked to have bent Sarah over her work desk or taken her somewhere at her work but for now, he would make due. There was still hope things could work out in the future. Besides, now he would get to fuck Sarah in her wedding dress in front of her husband. How much more humiliating could it get for Dan?

Lester looked back at the house to see if Dan was watching from the window. Satisfied that he wasn't, Lester opened the center console and removed the box of condoms marked with the orange X. He shoved a few condoms in his suit jacket before putting the box back in the console.

Dan didn't realize it, but he could very well be the key to pushing Sarah across boundaries that might have taken Lester months to break on his own.

As Lester closed the front door to the house behind him, his breath caught in his throat as Sarah came down the stairs. The picture he had looked at earlier in the week did not do Sarah justice. She looked absolutely stunning.

The dress was strapless, showing off Sarah's sexy, slender shoulders. The corset was snug to her breasts, pushing them up to show off her cleavage. Lester licked his lips as his eyes roamed the tops of her breasts. She looked like she belonged on the cover of a wedding magazine. The white material of the dress had lace

flower patterns on it. It hugged her hips tightly, enough to make any priest rethink his life choices. Sarah held the train of the dress in front of her as she took the last step. It ran down past her feet in what Lester thought was called a mermaid style. Her hair was tucked up and a sheer veil sat over her face. He couldn't wait to fuck her. This might be the only time he didn't want to get her naked, well, not immediately.

"I guess it still fits," Dan said, leaning on the kitchen door frame.

Sarah blushed, "I'm surprised it does."

"I'm not, honey, you look the same as you did that day," Dan said.

"Much better than the Princess Leia slave outfit, huh Dan?" Lester was grinning ear to ear as he stepped up to Sarah. She looked quickly towards her husband who gave her a slight nod of reassurance.

Lester took Sarah's hand, held it above her head and made her spin in a circle for him. He whistled as his eyes danced over her ass, straining against the tight fabric of the dress. "Shall we?" Lester held out his arm for Sarah. She looked over her bare shoulder at her husband once more.

"Lester," Dan pushed off the doorframe and stood up straight, "Do you have the condoms from your car?"

Lester tapped his breast pocket, "I do."

"Let's get this over with then," Dan said, crossing his arms. Sarah smiled at her husband before turning back towards the stairs. Lester looped his arm in hers and walked up the stairs.

As the odd couple reached the top of the stairs, Dan placed his hand on the railing and started to follow. Lester looked down at him and said, "Doesn't this kind of feel like you giving your wife away to another man at a wedding?"

Dan felt his cock twitch in his pants, "Just shut up, man." Lester chuckled as he led Sarah around the corner, out of Dan's sight.

"You don't have to be such an asshole," Sarah said quietly. She didn't want Dan to feel emasculated, as she came to his defense. "We can all have a good time without you acting that way."

"I do it because I know you both love it," Lester remarked, "I know Dan's disdain for me adds something to this for both of you, so why not lean into it."

Sarah didn't respond but quietly contemplated Lester's words. She knew they were true for her. Something about submitting to someone her husband disliked was so taboo she couldn't help to be drawn to it. She knew Dan felt similar. As they neared the bedroom, Sarah heard Dan's footsteps on the top of the landing behind them.

"One sec," Lester cast a quick glance back at Dan before throwing Sarah's arm over his shoulder and leaning down to grip behind her legs.

"What are you doing?" Sarah was taken aback and didn't understand what Lester was doing.

"I want to carry you across the threshold," Lester wheezed as he picked Sarah up in his arms. His beady eyes looked down at her cleavage, now at a great angle for

the pervert. He swayed slightly as he stood on unsteady feet before taking several steps and walking with Sarah into the Williams' bedroom before awkwardly setting her down.

"Jesus Christ," Lester muttered as he let Sarah walk a few steps ahead of him. His eyes were glued to her ass. The dress hugged her body tightly, but the material was no match for her amazing behind. The fabric strained to contain her ass. Lester licked his lips and had no doubt that the eyes of every man in attendance had been on her ass as she walked up the aisle. The dress exposed Sarah's flawless naked back as well. Lester couldn't wait to run his dirty tongue up her spine.

Sarah turned around and looked past Lester at Dan, who was tentatively approaching the bedroom. "What now?" she said to both men. Lester gestured towards the bed with his beefy hand, "Sit down there on the edge."

Sarah cast one last glance at Dan before complying with Lester's command. She shivered but didn't think either of them noticed. Following a command from another man in the presence of her husband felt strangely erotic. Especially coming from someone like Lester.

Sarah sat on the bed and watched as Lester approached her with a hungry look in his eyes. She noticed Dan slide into the room and hover near the chair in the corner. The chair never got much use - originally, Sarah had purchased it as a reading chair, which is why she spent time finding something comfy with a fabric she liked. Unfortunately ever since Dan lost his job, she hadn't had much time for reading and the chair sat unused. Now it seemed to have found a new purpose. Dan kept his leg against it, its presence anchoring him to reality as the unbelievable occurred before him.

Lester knelt in front of Sarah and ran his eyes over her dress. He looked to the side and cast Dan a wicked smile before grabbing the bottom of Sarah's dress and slowly raising it. He took his time, being agonizingly slow, enjoying gradually exposing Dan's wife. "Just what I hoped," Lester muttered as Sarah's white stocking-clad legs came into view. Her husband watched as she posed her legs for his roommate. Her eyes submissively sought out Lester's approval.

He rested the dress above her knee and used both hands to run up one calf until they came to rest on her lower thigh. "I've always wanted to do this," Lester said as his hands rose higher. Sarah closed her eyes and threw her head back. Feeling Lester's hands on her was already making her wet. She felt guilty that her body was already responding to his touch. She felt even guiltier that Dan was right here and had no idea. She had told Dan everything that happened earlier in the week with Lester at their home, but words couldn't convey just how deeply Lester had affected her. Her breathing deepened as the fat man touched her.

Lester's fingers gripped the garter on her thigh, and he slowly lowered it down her leg. Even though he could already see her legs, feeling the material of garter peeled away from her skin felt like an additional, symbolic exposure. Sarah tried not to show how aroused she was, worried Dan might grow jealous and put a

stop to things. She felt like she was losing her grip on reality but was ready to just let go.

Lester pulled the garter and stockings free from her legs. He turned and flung the garter at Dan, hitting him in the chest. Lester didn't bother to note Dan's reaction, his attention was already back on the young mother on the bed. Lester carefully removed the garter and stocking from her other leg and dropped them on the floor.

He stood up and hovered over Sarah. He stayed still until she opened her eyes and looked up at him, wondering why he wasn't touching her. That's when it occurred to Dan that Sarah hadn't glanced in his direction. She was breathing hard, the tops of her breasts straining against the fabric of her wedding dress as she stared up at Lester longingly. Dan recognized the look on her face. Lust. Suddenly the room felt really small. Suffocating. Dan felt the immediate need to sit down. He slid onto his wife's chair next to him and felt himself leaning forward, morbid curiosity drawing him in. He felt like he'd missed out on something again. Seeing his wife staring up at Lester with such desire was shocking. He remembered back in Chicago all those months ago when he was on the couch with Sarah. Her attention was entirely on him. Dan had told her to turn her head and to look at Lester. Pushing her to help fulfill his fantasy. Now, she was looking at his roommate freely with an entirely different expression on her face. Somehow, Dan hadn't realized how deeply his wife had succumbed to his roommate.

Lester reached a hand forward and placed it on her bare shoulder. Sarah's body stiffened. Lester's thumb gently caressed her collarbone. He ran his hand up her neck until he was cupping her cheek beneath the veil. He stroked her cheek with his thumb before letting it come to rest on her lower lip. He played with her bottom lip, pulling it with his thumb and letting it fall back in place. Before Sarah realized what she was doing, her tongue had eased out and met Lester's thumb, licking his fingertip. Boldened by her actions, Lester pushed his entire thumb into her mouth, which Sarah began to suck on. Sarah rolled her tongue around Lester's fat finger as she sucked on it. Her brain vaguely registered a cheesy taste, but she was consumed with wanting to suck his digit as she would his cock. She felt her arousal grow as the familiar taste of Lester's skin danced across her taste buds.

Dan watched as Sarah eagerly sucked on Lester's finger like she was sucking on his cock. Her eyes were open, and staring up at the short man before her. Lester removed his thumb from her mouth and gently pushed on her shoulder, causing Sarah to fall back onto the bed. Dan waited for Lester to look his way and grin but he never did. He was entirely focused on Sarah.

Lester got onto the bed with Sarah, kneeling between her open legs as he stared down at the young mother lying in anticipation before him. Her blonde hair sprawled across the bed. The tops of her breasts rising and falling against the corset. Lester moved up the bed and pressed forward, his weight coming to rest on Sarah's body as he came face to face with her.

Dan felt his cock straining against his pants and a pit forming in his stomach as he watched Lester delicately lift Sarah's veil from her face. The same thing he himself had done so many years ago in a room filled with their closest friends and family. Lester stared into Sarah's eyes. He cupped her face with one hand and slowly inched his own closer. They didn't break eye contact as his lips slowly got closer and closer to hers. When they were just an inch apart, Lester held her gaze for several seconds. It seemed far more intimate than Dan had expected. He was surprised Sarah hadn't looked over at him yet.

"You forgot something this morning," Lester whispered. Even though Dan's heartbeat sounded like it was reverberating off the walls, he could still hear what Lester said.

"What?" Sarah said, breathing hard and looking up at the ugly face above her. Lester reached into the pocket of his tux, "This." He slid out Sarah's wedding band and engagement ring. The ones she had been looking for this morning. Lester must have taken them before she got out of the shower. He took her left hand in his and held it up before sliding the bands onto her ring finger. Sarah shuddered, feeling Lester's intimate display.

Lester closed his eyes and pushed his lips against Sarah's. He kissed her softly and sensually. Sarah's eyes closed involuntarily and she returned the short man's kiss. Their wet lips exploring each other. Slowly, Sarah felt Lester's tongue begin to run against her soft lips. She extended hers automatically in response. Their tongues gently met and caressed each other before pushing deeply into each other's mouths. She could feel the heat coming off Lester's body, and his inescapable primal scent filled her nostrils.

Dan wanted to take off his pants and stroke his cock, but his fingers were gripping the arms of the chair. Lester was kissing his wife like he would an intimate lover. He remembered seeing them like this for the first in the apartment, where he stood in the shadows of the hallway. He wanted to turn, feeling like he was intruding. He felt the same way now, like seeing something that was only supposed to be private between two lovers. His wife's hand grasped the back of his roommate's head, intensifying their contact.

Sarah felt the weight of Lester on top of her, pushing her into the bed. His gut pressed into her stomach. She felt like she was suffocating, but she continued to kiss Lester lovingly. It felt as if his lips were the oxygen she desperately needed. After gently kissing each other for a few minutes, Lester's kisses became more passionate. Hungrier. He started thrusting his hips between her legs, rubbing his growing firm length against her panty-covered sex in time with his rough kissing. His hands began to roam her body, running over the tops of her breasts and against her exposed shoulders before snaking his hands under her and groping her butt, seizing her cheeks in each of his grubby paws.

Sarah could feel Lester's hard cock pushing against her soaked pussy. Even though it was under his pants and likely his underwear, there was no denying its presence. She longed to feel its naked form against her bare skin. It throbbed as

Lester sunk his tongue into her mouth. She pressed her open crotch back against him in response.

Dan felt like he was watching a couple grope each other on prom night. Or worse, a couple of newlyweds about to consummate their marriage. Sarah looked so beautiful. She was more beautiful than she did on their wedding day. She never believed Dan when he told her she grew more beautiful as she aged, but he could see it was true. Now he was watching that beauty be ravaged by a brute who had no business even breathing the same air as her. It was as if they were consuming each other.

Suddenly, Lester broke their kiss; a string of saliva connected them briefly as he moved back into a kneeling position and struggled to remove his suit jacket. He fought to remove his arms from the shortened sleeves. Dan was ready to laugh but stifled it as he watched Sarah's hands reach forward and unbuckle Lester's belt. Before Lester could free one arm from the suit, Sarah had expertly pulled his belt from his pants and tossed it onto the floor. Then she determinedly started working on the pants button and zipper.

Dan's mouth was hanging open as Sarah's hand reached in and began to caress Lester's cock. Lester finally freed one arm from the jacket and started working on the other.

"Take it out," Sarah said loudly. Dan stared at the impression of Sarah's hand rhythmically moving beneath the belt line of Lester's pants, "Take it out, Dan."

His eyes snapped to hers. Her head was to the side and she was looking at Dan, seemingly staring into his soul. Her green eyes were focused on his. She was looking at him with that face that meant she wanted to be fucked, "Show it to me." She licked her lips sensuously.

Dan quickly complied, standing up and pulling off his pants. His boxers quickly followed until he was standing there in just his shirt. "There it is," Sarah said, biting her lip, "Don't forget to give it some attention for me. I'm going to be a little... busy." The tempo of her hand quickened in Lester's pants, ensuring his erection was ready.

He didn't need to be told twice. Sarah hadn't forgotten about him after all. He was in this with her together, just like she said earlier. Dan reached down and began to stroke his cock. It already felt like a gun ready to go off with a hairpin trigger. He needed to be careful or he would blow his load before anything happened.

Lester's suit jacket was now on the ground. He was off the bed, getting out of his pants. Sarah ran her hands over her breasts and down her abdomen as she stared at Dan's cock, "Don't stop, big boy," Sarah said as her hands reached under her dress, "Keep stroking him for me."

Sarah hooked her fingers under her white panties and began to lower them. Sarah's eyes continued to alternate between looking at his cock and the lust painted on his face. Dan was vaguely aware that Lester was naked now, but he couldn't take his eyes off his wife. She was mesmerizing.

Lester reached forward and deftly pulled Sarah's panties the rest of the way down her legs. Grinning he knelt back on the bed and gripped the base of his cock. He held up the skirt of Sarah's wedding dress and stared at his prize between her legs. He took in a deep breath, savoring the scent of her arousal.

Sarah broke eye contact with Dan, her gaze shifting to Lester's cock pointing at her. Dan's eyes followed hers, and for the first time in weeks, he saw Lester's large bare cock. This time the grotesquely swollen organ was here in his bedroom. Lester shifted his knees, getting closer to Sarah. He was going to slide his girthy cock into her.

"Condom," Dan mumbled before catching himself and speaking loudly, "Condom, Lester."

Lester shot him an annoyed look. Dan held his gaze, challenging him to defy him. This was his house, and he wasn't about to be pushed around. Not anymore.

A small snarl appeared on Lester's face. He backed away from Sarah and looked around the floor for his suit jacket. He made a show of grabbing the condom he'd retrieved and tearing it open. He slid it onto his bulging cock and waved it at Dan. Then he turned and got back onto the bed, crawling up between Sarah's legs. He grabbed his swollen member and pushed the head of his cock against her wet entrance. Sarah was biting her lip as he eased the head of his cock just inside of her, her lips wet with anticipation.

"Do you want this?" Lester said as he eased himself down onto her. He held his cock at her entrance as his gut came to rest on her. There was a beat where the only sound in the room was the heavy breathing of the unlikely threesome.

"I do," Sarah said. Dan wasn't sure she understood the phrase that she'd just uttered but it wasn't lost on Lester. A sly grin appeared on his face. Lester slowly and deliberately pushed the entire length of his cock into the young mother. Sarah's hands gripped his shoulders, her face contorting in pleasure. Her legs spread further apart, opening herself up, allowing Lester unrestricted access to her most prized possession.

"Ahh, fuck," Sarah moaned as she felt Lester's condom-clad cock slide into her, "Ah, Ah, Mhmmmm, oh, ahhh," Lester grunted, and he started a series of slow, long thrusts into the young mother. Sarah's pussy felt suddenly alive with the electric sensation of the cock within it.

Dan watched in awe. He hadn't seen this in a while, but it was much more vivid and gut-wrenching than he remembered. It was such a turn-on. He realized he was stroking his cock too quickly. He felt how shallow his breath was. Dan watched as Lester sunk his full length into Sarah, and her body convulsed once and then again. Sarah's long, slender legs extended and wrapped around Lester's waist, pulling her closer to him.

Sarah turned her head towards him and lazily opened her eyes. She smiled at Dan and blew him a kiss. Lester's thrust interrupted her, causing her breasts to jiggle and her face to register her ecstasy as her mouth formed an 'O' when she felt his

length push deeper into her. Lester's grubby fingers grabbed Sarah by the chin, and turned her head back to face him.

"How's that feel?" Lester grunted as he continued his slow assault on Sarah's married pussy, punctuating his question with a hard push. Sarah closed her eyes and gritted her teeth, focusing on the feeling of Lester's cock sliding in and out of her. She'd become used to the ritual of her body adapting to Lester's increasingly frequent visits, but he seemed so much larger this time.

"Goo—" Sarah's breath caught in her throat at Lester's thrust, "Good. So good. Oh, oh, my—"

"Did you tell Dan about all the fun we had while he was in Chicago?" Lester smiled, looking down at the young woman enjoying his cock, "All the fun we had right here on this bed?"

Sarah nodded her head and turned to look at Dan. Lust and a hint of worried shame played on her features. She wanted to focus on her husband like they'd planned. She tried not to think about how tenderly Lester made love to her and then how he fucked her again in the bed and then the shower. Lester's hand began to play with Sarah's breasts. Kneading the tops of them, stoking the flames of her excitement. "But did you tell him how many times you came on my cock? How long we went at it? Did you tell him how you begged for me to cum inside you?"

Sarah closed her eyes, remembering the feeling of Lester's hot cum spurting out like a geyser inside of her. She could feel an orgasm beginning to stir, a deep vibration that seemed to be happening all over her body at once. Sarah felt her ankles lock and tighten around Lester's fat ass. She ran her hands up his stomach, rings of his hair running through her fingers until they came to rest on his flabby chest. She tried to picture Dan on top of her but the distinct aroma and lack of tone chest was too much of a disconnect. It could only be one person - Lester, "Mhmmmmmmmm," the moan escaped her lips and surprised her.

Lester cast a glance towards Dan, "It's true. She couldn't get enough once I got it in her raw. She went wild for it. She practically came right away. When I told her I was going to cum she wouldn't let me pull away."

Still facing Dan, Lester suddenly pushed his hips forward, redoubling his effort and thrusting his cock hard into Sarah. He rapidly thrust several more times in quick succession until the condom broke. He felt his bare core break free of its latex prison and feel the true warmth of Sarah's pussy. If Sarah realized she did not react, Dan was completely oblivious to Lester's scheme.

Dan wanted to say something, but his throat suddenly felt really dry. He tried to say something to counter Lester, to put him back in his place, but he couldn't think of anything. All he could think of was seeing Sarah orgasm under Lester.

"Isn't that right, Sarah?" Lester turned his attention back to Sarah. "Tell him," Lester turned her head towards Dan. She lazily opened her eyes. "It felt good. So good." She was speaking to her husband, but her eyes weren't focused at all.

"You wanted my cum, didn't you? Tell him," Lester began to pick up his pace. He could feel Sarah's thrusts back against him growing more urgent. He knew she was on the verge of cumming for him.

"Ah, uh, ah, mhmmmm," Sarah moaned as she felt her orgasm growing closer, "Dan, I, uh, ah, mhmmmm. I didn't stop it. Ah, mhmmmm. I didn't stop him. Didn't want to stop. Couldn't stop, ah." Sarah dug her nails into Lester's ass, urging him deeper into her, ensuring he didn't stop what he was doing.

"Don't stop," Sarah whined, "Don't, don't stop Lester. Oh, oh fffuu-" Sarah's hips were rising off the bed frantically to meet Lester's thrusts. Even with the condom on, it felt like Lester's bare cock was pulsing inside of her. It felt just as good as it did earlier in the week. She could feel the veins of his cock as they rubbed against her sensitive insides. Moisture from the walls of her pussy flooded in, covering Lester's cock.

Dan was sitting back in the chair freely stroking his own cock with abandon. He knew Sarah was about to cum. He couldn't stop himself - he wanted to cum with her at the same time. He wanted to cum as he watched her face contort in pleasure of receiving a dick other than his.

"Cum for me, Sarah, cum on my fat cock," Lester grunted as he thrust hard and rapidly into Sarah. Dan had trouble reconciling the dweeby nerd he had met that first day in the apartment with the man now power thrusting into his wife, rattling the headboard of his bed.

"Ah fuck, ah fuck, ah fuck, fuck fuck, FUCK," Sarah screamed as her orgasm ripped through her body. She felt her nails dig deeper into Lester's ass, pulling him as far into her as possible until his balls pressed against her. Her toes curled, and she felt every fiber of her being contract as pleasure washed over her. "Ahhhhh mmhmmmm fuuuck. Oh my God, Lester. Oh my fffucking god."

Dan couldn't hold back any longer, hearing Sarah vocalize her pleasure always sent him over the edge. He didn't say anything, his cock just began erupting all over his lower body, his hand covered in his own spunk. Clarity slowly began to seep into his mind. He watched Sarah come down from her orgasm but realized that Lester hadn't cum. He was still pressing forward, thrusting himself into Sarah. His wife was lifting her ass off the bed again, fully intending to cum again. The room suddenly felt very small around him. His throat was dry and he couldn't catch his breath. He felt dizzy. Dan stood up and walked out of the room into the hallway and down the stairs.

It was only when he reached the main floor bathroom that he realized he'd left Sarah up there alone with Lester. She said they would do it together as a couple, and he left her. He quickly cleaned himself up and walked into the kitchen to get a glass of water. His throat felt like a desert. As he took his first sip of that thirst-clenching water he heard Sarah scream from upstairs.

Dan downed the rest of the water, his dizziness seeming to clear up and slowly approached the stairs. "Ahhhhh, ughhhhhh, mhmmmm," Sarah's moans echoed

through the house. She seemed louder now than she had earlier. *What is going up there?*

He wanted to sprint up the stairs but his body wouldn't let him. He took the stairs slowly, each step punctuated by another sound from his innocent wife, "Ah, ah, uhhhh, fuuckk. YES! YES! Right there!"

"LESTER!" Sarah screamed as Dan reached the top of the stairs, "Oh FUCK!" As he neared his bedroom, he could hear rhythmic slapping sounds, Lester's heavy breathing, and of course, his wife, "Uh, ah, uh, oh, mmmhmm."

Dan's eyes bulged out of his head as he stepped back into the room. Sarah was on her elbows on the bed, her ass in the air as Lester stood next to the bed as he repeatedly fed her his cock. The zipper on the back of her corset was unzipped and her breasts were spilling out of her top as Lester fucked her from behind. Her veil was nowhere to be seen. He had her dress bunched up around her hips. Lester was a mess. Sweat was running down his hairy chest and dropping onto the pristine white of Sarah's dress. His hands disappeared underneath the fabric of the dress, but one reappeared for a split second before coming down hard and slapping Sarah's ass.

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"Ahhhhh fuck," Sarah moaned into the mattress. Lester was holding her tightly as he fucked her relentlessly. "Did Dan fuck you like this on your wedding night?"

Sarah stayed silent, not wanting to reveal anything to Lester. She hadn't shared the events of her wedding night with anyone, and she wasn't about to tell them to Lest-

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Lester's fat palm came down on her ass again, leaving behind a red handprint. Sarah whimpered at the pain but felt herself grow wetter at Lester's dominance. She felt her resistance crumbling beneath his weight.

"Did you get fucked like this on your wedding night?" Lester said louder. He squeezed Sarah's ass cheek to emphasize his question.

Sarah hadn't seen Dan reenter the room. Who knows if she even noticed if he left or not. "Uhhh no, no. Not like this." Lester smiled at Dan as he put one leg up on the bed to push himself further into the young mother, "What was it like?"

"Uh, uh, uh, fast sloppy drunk sex and then we fell asleep." Sarah groaned, feeling Lester's cock inside, pushing deep into her. "Not like this."

Lester chuckled, "Well, let's consider this a redo then and consummate this marriage right." Lester roughly pulled Sarah back onto his cock, dragging her toward the edge of the bed. He pushed down on the small of her back, pressing into the fabric of the dress with his sausage fingers.

Dan thought this was going too far. Lester was being too disrespectful. He stepped towards them, "Alright, that's enou-" Something wet squished under his foot. Dan looked down and saw a discarded condom on the floor. While he was gone, Lester must have taken it off. Lester the bridge troll of a man from Chicago, was raw inside of his wife.

"Lester! What the fuck!" Dan said causing the couple to stop, "You took the fucking condom off!?"

"It broke," Lester said as he slowly continued thrusting into Sarah. Her hips pushed back to meet his, "I put on another one. It's okay."

"I don't fucking believe it," Dan said, "Sarah, is he wearing one?"

"I think so," Sarah moaned from the bed. A mess of her hair obscured her face. Lester sighed and pulled himself out of Sarah, causing her to groan in disappointment. Dan looked down and saw Lester's bare cock covered in Sarah's juices. A broken condom hung limply at the base of his cock.

"Shit, not again," Lester said, pulling off the broken condom. He chucked it toward Dan. It landed at his feet. Lester quickly grabbed his suit jacket and grabbed two more condoms out. He set one down on the bed, and he ripped the other open and put it on his cock, "Happy?"

Lester had just had his bare cock inside his wife. Dan's face felt flush with anger, but he was surprised to feel his cock was hard as a rock again. Usually, he needed minutes if not up to an hour, to recover from cumming, but here he was already hard.

Without asking for permission from Dan, Lester stepped back up behind Sarah. She reached between her legs to grab his cock and line it up with her waiting pussy. "Now, where were we?" Lester pushed back into the young wife, and she immediately moaned, "Mhmmmmmmmm."

Dan stood there, unsure how to react. Lester had put the condom on like he asked, but he had still been naked inside of her. What if he had cum? The thought of Lester's cum inside of his wife was too much to bear. He leaned against the wall and just watched the obscene coupling happening before his very eyes. Soon he could hear the unmistakable sound of his wife about to cum.

"Ah fuck, ah, ah, oh, oh Lester, oh, Lester, mhmmmm, Lester," Sarah ground her ass back on Lester's cock. Trying to take it as deeply into her as she could. This was nothing like their wedding night. After all the dancing, they had fucked quickly, and both passed out from booze and exhaustion. Dan glanced at his watch. They had been going at it for over forty minutes, and it didn't seem like Lester intended to stop.

"Get it." Lester gasped out. "Get it inside you." Lester began power thrusting, punctuating each of his words with his body as he leaned forward and fucked Sarah harder than anyone had ever done before. "Get. This. Cock. All. Up. In. Side. You!" He held himself firm, entirely inside the young wife, shaking with his own pleasure and the thrusts back from her sweet pussy. Dan saw the muscles straining in his neck as the odd man exerted himself.

"Squeeze me," Lester grunted, "Squeeze my cock. Yeah, just like that, my little bride. Keep squeezing Uncle Lester." He groped around and hefted Sarah's left breast, tweaking a nipple before returning his hand to her ass, caressing it lustily. "Ah fuck, ah fuck, fuck, FUCK," Sarah screamed, throwing her head back as she thrust her body back onto Lester's waiting cock. Lester tried to continue thrusting

into her, but her pussy held him still, not letting him move an inch. "Uhhhhhhhhhhhhhh," Sarah moaned, feeling the electricity of her orgasm rock her body.

"Uhhhhhhhhh holy fuck," Sarah grunted as her head fell back onto the bed. Lester leaned forward and grabbed a handful of her hair. He pulled her back up until she was on her hands and started to power fuck her again, pushing through her clamping pussy. He gripped her hair tightly, holding her in place. Dan watched as Sarah's corset dangled limply off her body, her magnificent breasts jumping freely with each of Lester's thrusts, her nipples occasionally rubbing against the bedsheet. The mermaid train of her dress was bunched up around her hips. Parts of the dress had fallen to the floor where Lester stood on it with his bare, dirty feet. Dan's eyes were drawn to the light glimmering off Sarah's wedding band as she scrunched the sheets with her hands.

"Tell me how good you're getting fucked on your proper wedding night," Lester grunted, "How's my cock feel inside of you."

"Uhhhh, so good." Sarah grunted, "So fucking good. Fuck me properly, Lester. Don't stop. Give it to me. I want it."

"Are you glad you're getting a redo?" Lester grunted.

"Oh yes, yes, yes Lester," Sarah's nails were digging into the bed as she used whatever leverage she could to push back and get more of Lester's cock. Both of their bodies were smashing into each other with abandon until they both suddenly came to a stop.

Dan didn't know what was happening, but something had changed between them. He was absentmindedly stroking his cock again, feeling his balls beginning to swell, "What going on?"

"The condom broke again," Lester said. He was standing still, not moving. Sarah's hips were gently thrusting back onto his bare cock, "Feels fucking fantastic. Did you have Sarah bare on your wedding night like this?"

Dan didn't answer. Sarah was ovulating on the night of their wedding, and they didn't want kids right away. He had been careful. Despite their drunken state, he had remembered to wear a condom. He didn't need to tell Lester that.

"Sarah," Lester breathed. "We need to stop so I can put on another condom." Sarah didn't move for several seconds. She kept her grip on his cock. Dan didn't know how to react. He hated how intoxicating it felt knowing Lester's bare cock was inside of his wife at that moment. That someone so foul and beneath him was experiencing everything she had to offer.

Finally, Sarah released her grip on Lester's cock. Just like before, his big hairy cock was jutting out of the broken latex. Dan averted his eyes and decided to move back to his chair in the corner of the room. He needed to sit down and catch his breath. His balls felt painful, waiting for release again.

Lester ripped open the condom package and rolled it onto his cock, "Last one." He looked at Dan to make sure he heard his announcement. He walked back to the side of the bed. Sarah was bent over, her ass hanging in the air. Her hips

were gently rocking side to side, waiting for the return of Lester's cock. Instead of pushing himself back in, Lester moved around her and climbed into the bed. He sat himself down against the pillows and the headboard, "Come to Daddy."

Sarah lifted her head and saw Lester sitting there waiting for her. His big cock stood upright between his fat legs. She smirked and crawled up the bed towards him, the train of her wedding dress following her. Sarah struggled to gather up enough of her wedding dress in front of her so she could mount Lester's cock, wrapped in latex. Dan watched as his loving wife lowered herself onto Lester's cock, her wedding dress sprawled out around her.

Hearing a sharp intake of breath, Dan knew that Lester's cock was inside his wife. Sarah's eyes were closed as she slowly descended, taking more and more of Lester's cock into her wet pussy. Parts of her wedding dress were bunched up between them, pressing against their sweating bodies. Lester reached up behind her and unzipped her dress the rest of the way. Her corset dangled limply between them. Lester's hands reached under the sides of her dress until each one found an ass cheek to grip.

"Ohh god," Sarah hung her head, her eyes closed as she began to ride Lester's cock in earnest. Her arms were on his shoulders. Lester's ugly face stared up at her. He was breathing hard. Dan knew that he had to cum soon.

Dan could feel his own impending release. His cock felt like it was ready to explode like a rocket. He gently stroked it every few seconds. Anything more, and he would cum. He didn't want to cum early like last time. He wanted to see this through to the climax.

Sarah began to move her hips rapidly, rising up and falling back down onto Lester's cock. It almost looked like she was dancing on him. "Mhmmmmmmmm god." Sarah moaned. Lester grinned. He gripped her ass cheeks and started to thrust up off the bed into the young mother. Sarah's back was glistening with sweat, her face red.

"You love my cock?" Lester said through gritted teeth. He was breathing quickly. Sarah nodded and kept her eyes closed. "Say 'I do.'" Lester said, thrusting up to meet Sarah. Her ass jiggled each time she slammed down onto his cock.

"I do," Sarah moaned, "I do." Lester cast a glance at Dan who was totally fixated on his wife's face. "Louder," Lester demanded. "I DO!" Sarah shouted, clenching her pussy around Lester's cock. "I DO Lester, I DO. I LOVE YOUR COCK. I DO! OH FUCK!"

Sarah bucked her hips. She was racing towards an orgasm. She could hear Lester's breathing beginning to change. She knew she was about to make him cum. She rode him fast. Harder. She wanted to make that big cock cum for her. She felt amazing. She felt his cock pushing inside of her. It felt amazing. She felt his bare cock expanding inside of her. The condom must have broken again. She didn't slow down. She needed release.

Lester glanced at Dan, "Condom. Broke again."

"What?" Dan said, tearing his eyes away from his wife. She looked so beautiful in the throes of pleasure like that. "The last condom broke."

Dan stayed silent for several seconds, processing Lester's message. Sarah was still riding his cock. She was getting close to cumming. He felt his own cock twitch, he was so close to cumming himself. He didn't want this to stop.

"Sarah?" Dan said, looking for confirmation that the condom was broken. She turned to him, her face masked with pleasure. She was biting her lip, staring at him. She nodded, confirming that she was riding Lester's bare cock.

Dan wanted to stop this but he didn't want to stop Sarah from cumming. He needed to cum himself. He felt paralyzed with indecision, torn between the angel on his shoulder and the devil on the other one. Lester decided to tip the scales, "Sarah tell your husband how good my bare cock feels inside of you. Look at him." Sarah stared at Dan with her bedroom eyes, "God, Dan, it feels so good. So fucking good. It's so big, it's touching me everywhere."

"Tell him you don't want to stop, that you can't stop riding this cock." Lester grunted, lifting his ass off the bed. He could feel his balls beginning to swell. One way or the other he was going to cum in Sarah Williams again tonight.

"Fuck Dan," Sarah rolled her hips, "It feels so good. So good. I don't think I can stop. Should we stop Dan?" She leaned over and swabbed her tongue on the side of Lester's neck, knowing from experience that it would spur him to thrust harder. Dan's cock twitched again. He didn't dare touch it or else he would explode all over himself again. "Tell him, hhh, tell him you want to cum on my cock."

"God, Dan, I'm so fucking close, Sarah moaned, arching her back, her hands coming to rest on Lester's fat thighs. Dan stared at her wedding band pressing against Lester's leg. Lester released his grip on her ass, and his hands started to maul her breasts, "So fucking close, Dan. I'm going to cum. What do I do? Dan? Dan, tell me what to do."

"Don't stop," Dan whispered with a hoarse voice. His throat felt incredibly dry again. "Keep going."

"Are you sure?" Sarah breathed hard focusing solely on Dan staring into his eyes hard. "Do we really do this?"

Dan silently nodded. He had secretly fantasized about seeing something like this happen for years. Despite all the safeguards and justifications he had put in place, they still had somehow found themselves at the pinnacle of his own perversions. He felt guilty that his once proper wife had fallen with him to the point that she wanted it too.

Sarah nodded and pushed herself back up, and started to ride Lester's cock. Her hands fell onto his head as he opened his mouth and started to lick and suck Sarah's breasts. Her wedding band shone, distracting Dan. She gripped onto his head, holding him close. Her wedding dress was plastered to his hairy gut with sweat.

"God I'm close," Sarah groaned. Lester's big cock splitting her in two, and his mouth on her breasts was too much for her to handle. She could feel the walls about to crumble and a wave of her orgasm ready to burst.

"Me too," Lester grunted, "I'm going to cum. Beg for it." He latched onto her right nipple and sucked hard, grazing it with his teeth..

"Ahhhhhh fuck," Sarah screamed as her orgasm rippled through her body. Through clenched teeth, she shouted, "Give it to me, Lester. Give me your cum. I want all of it. Cum for me. I want to feel you. I need it. Fuck me! Oh my God, ohmygod, OH MY FFFUUUCKING GHAAAAA!"

"AHH, AHH, AAAAAARRGH! AHH, FUCK YES! FUCK! YES!"

Lester roared triumphantly in harmony with Sarah, he roughly gripped handfuls of her wedding dress over his hips as his cock erupted inside of Sarah. Ropes of cum shot out and plastered her insides, filling her to capacity as her pussy milked him as she came. Sarah felt her body being filled with Lester's virile cum, spreading inside of her. Reaching everywhere.

Dan's cock exploded without even being touched. It shot a load of cum across the room, almost hitting the bed. More cum shot from his cock, hitting the carpet, the last drops dribbling onto the chair as he sat there exhausted and mentally fucked from what he had just witnessed. Dan had held his breath throughout the entire explosion.

Lester and Sarah slowed their bucking bodies, both of them breathing hard. Their foreheads touching one another. Sarah's eyes were closed as she tried to catch her breath. Lester looked up at her, "You may now kiss the bride." His lips pressed hard onto hers, his tongue snaking its way into her mouth.

Dan watched in stupified silence as Lester and Sarah sat there kissing. All Dan could think about was Lester's cock still embedded in his wife, with loads of his sperm swimming around inside of her. Eventually, Lester and Sarah broke their kiss, a beady string of saliva connecting their lips. Sarah groaned as she dismounted from Lester's cock and rolled to the side.

Lester sat there satisfied with his cock still half hard, covered in their combined juices. Mission accomplished. Sarah got up off the bed and stumbled immediately. She caught herself on her dresser, her legs weak from riding Lester's cock and the all-around workout of their fucking. As she walked to the bathroom, her dress fell off her body of its own accord. She felt Lester's massive loads of cum running down her thighs and watched as a big glob of it dripped onto her dress.

Dan felt pathetic at having let Lester cum in Sarah. This was the one outcome he had wanted to avoid. After his planning on the train and his discussion with Sarah earlier, this was the one thing he wanted to rectify, and he had failed. His wife went into the bathroom, shutting the door behind her, leaving Dan and Lester alone in the bedroom.

Sarah stepped into the shower and let the hot water hit her naked body. That had been intense. Not only had Lester fucked her senseless, but she had done it in front of Dan. Seeing his face as Lester took her, nodding to her and encouraging her to let Lester cum inside of her. She wondered what she would have done if he had said no. Could she have pulled herself from Lester? Right now she felt that she would have easily been able to but part of her worried that if asked in the moment, she might not have been able to.

She felt warmth on her legs, and it wasn't the water. More of Lester's cum was trailing down her legs. She shuddered, thinking about Lester's ugly face contorting as he came inside of her, but the wave of pleasure that followed. Never in a million years would Sarah have thought that she would let a brute like Lester deposit his seed inside of her. Dan's fantasy had taken them to places neither of them had imagined. It wasn't just Dan's fantasy anymore, though. She had learned to embrace it a long time ago, and now she was with the consequences.

Sarah ran her hands through her hair. She still had difficulty reconciling how easily she had begun to bend to Lester. It was like everything else washed away whenever he was there in front of her, and she had trouble focusing on anything else. She was a professional hospital administrator, respected in her workplace. She was a daughter, a loving mother, and a dutiful wife. But when Lester was there, it was as if she was there to pleasure him as much as possible.

All she wanted to do now was shower off and try to get as much of Lester out of her as she could. Then, she could crawl into bed and sleep. She felt exhausted. Sarah really wanted to talk to Dan and know what he thought of what just happened. Would he be turned on or would he be pissed? Would he want to reclaim her tonight, or maybe they would have morning sex tomorrow? Either way, she just looked forward to being held by her husband and knowing everything was going to be okay. She had a hard time imagining all of this happening without him. She loved him with every fiber of her being. She needed to know he was okay.

As if on cue, Sarah saw the bathroom door open out of the corner of her eye.

Lester didn't pay Dan any attention, but Dan grimaced, looking at the ugly man sitting on his bed, looking satisfied with himself. He couldn't look at him anymore. His ugly grin and satisfied smirk were a reminder of Dan's failure to get a handle on his own destructive fantasies. Dan's gaze fell to Sarah's discarded wedding dress on the floor as he heard the shower starting from the bathroom. It was such a bizarre sight. He was used to seeing its pristine white fabric hanging in the closet in a protective garment bag. Now here it was bunched up in a pile on the floor like regular laundry, deeply in need of cleaning, if not burning.

Dan pinched the bridge of his nose as he contemplated what to do next.

As he released his nose, his gaze fell back on the dress. Lester's fat foot stepped over it. He looked up and saw Lester enter the bathroom and close the door

behind him. Dan's traitorous cock stirred in his pants as a soft moan seemed to punctuate the sound of the shower in the other room.