



# Toxic Attraction Chapter 15

## **Visualizar no aplicativo**

The wait is over for the next installment of Toxic Attraction. As per usual, I have gone well beyond my target word count. This may be the longest chapter of Toxic Attraction to date, sitting at just over 26k words or roughly a 1/4 of some novels.

Big shout out to Grandeman for his editing prowess and suggestions. It's not easy when I drop a huge pile on his lap. We've reviewed this chapter multiple times with a fine toothcomb and a few AI tools to find any spelling/grammar issues. If you see anything that was missed, feel free to let us know here in a comment, DM, discord or email :)

Also, thank you to all the Insiders who have provided a ton of great feedback to help refine this chapter.

When last we left our couple, Lester had just spent the night with Sarah while Dan watched. Sarah went to the bathroom to shower, with Lester following her shortly after, leaving Dan alone with his thoughts.

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Dan sat in the chair in their bedroom, unable to move his body. His gaze was still transfixed on Sarah's soiled wedding dress on the floor. He had just watched Lester repeatedly power fuck his wife in front of him without a condom. Worse, Dan himself had wanted to see his vile roommate take his wife unprotected and finish inside of her. Even though the room was quiet, the shared screams of the two lovers still echoed in his head.

Another soft moan seemed to ring out through the sounds of the shower punctuated by a splash of water. Dan shook his head, trying to regain his bearings. This hadn't been what he wanted. When he came back to Middleton, he hadn't planned for this. He needed to push through and try to regain his footing.

Dan stood up and pulled on a pair of sweatpants. He strode warily across the bedroom, taking special care not to step on Sarah's discarded wedding dress.

He reached the bathroom door and turned the knob. He exhaled, relieved it wasn't locked. Dan pushed open the door and stepped into the steamy fog of their master bathroom. His breath caught in his throat.

Lester's ugly, squat body was sitting on the bench in the shower, his face buried in Sarah's ample chest. His tongue was lapping at her breasts as she stood before him, offering herself, her hands bracing herself against the wall as the hot water hit her back. Steam billowed out of the shower. Lester's rough hands were groping her ass and back as his mouth tasted her breasts.

"Uh," Another soft moan escaped Sarah's lips. Her eyes were closed. Neither of them had seen Dan enter yet. Sarah shifted and put her foot on the bench next to Lester, seeming to ready herself for him again. Dan tightened his fist, trying to hold back his depraved fantasy from overtaking his rational brain. His own dick swelled in his pants, and he willed it from getting any stiffer.

Lester's hand found the back of Sarah's neck and pulled her face down towards his. Sarah's lips immediately opened and pressed against Lester's. The two shared a long passionate kiss before Sarah's hand ran down Lester's chest, past his flabby stomach until it reached his cock.

Sarah gasped and started to stroke his cock, "I can't believe you are already hard again. Fuck."

"How could I not be with you right here in front of me." Lester grunted as he started to kiss her neck. Sarah's body leaned forward and seemed to melt onto Lester, her hand never leaving his cock as she stroked it.

"Mhmmmm," Sarah moaned as she lowered her body onto Lester's thigh. He was arching his leg while she began to tease herself, grinding her sensitive pussy on it, "Uhhhhh."

Dan steeled his nerves and breathed deeply before exhaling through his nose. He opened the shower door, reached in and turned off the water.

Sarah seemed to snap out of her trance while Lester looked up at Dan with an annoyed look. She put her raised foot back on the shower floor, but her breasts were still in Lester's face. Sarah looked flustered and slightly disappointed that things had ended while looking ashamed because of Dan's reaction.

"Date's over," Dan said. He felt shaky but used the same voice he had countless times at work: "It's time to go, Lester."

Lester didn't budge. He sat there looking up at Dan while Sarah's breast was pushed against his cheek. Lester held his gaze for several seconds. Without looking down, all three of them were aware that Lester's cock was still firmly pointing straight up. Dan felt like Lester was challenging him to see which of them would back down first. Dan felt his cock throb. Thankfully, having just emptied his balls, he could think clearer than he had a few minutes ago.

"Now," Dan added sternly. Sarah stepped back out of Lester's reach, leaving the troll-like man sitting there alone with his hard-on.

"Fine," Lester grunted as he stood. Dan took a step back, allowing the awkwardly shaped man to pass. Without asking, Lester grabbed one of the towels hanging on the wall and dried himself off. When he was done he dropped the towel on the floor.

Dan kept his eyes on his roommate as he followed him back into the bedroom. As Lester began to dress, Dan registered the state of the bed. It was in complete disarray. Dan could feel Sarah's presence behind him. He turned and softly said, "Go finish your shower in peace. I'm going to walk him out."

Sarah nodded and shut the bathroom door. Dan heard the lock engage before hearing the shower start again. Lester finished getting dressed. He left the bedroom without a word or a look in Dan's direction. Dan followed him through the hallway and down the stairs to the front door. Smelling a freshly showered Lester as he followed him was odd for Dan. Their mutual exhaustion made it almost like they were leaving a gym after a workout.

He felt slightly awkward standing there, watching Lester put on his shoes. Lester's movement was casual, as if this were a regular occurrence. Dan felt the need to say something to ensure his roommate understood that he was closing the door to him ever coming back here. "See you back in Chicago," Dan said as Lester started to open the door.

Lester turned to him with a half-smirk. "Right," he drew the word out slowly before walking out of the house down the driveway to his car. Dan stood in the doorway watching Lester until his vehicle drove off out of sight. Sighing, he closed and locked the door, knowing that he needed to go upstairs and figure things out with his wife.

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Lester pulled his SUV into the parking lot of a 7/11. He gritted his teeth as his fingers dug into the steering wheel. He thought he had finally broken Dan, that

his acceptance of letting him cum in his wife while he looked on was the nail in the coffin of his defiance.

He heaved himself from his car and walked into the convenience store. After walking up and down the aisles, he found what he was looking for - a party-size bag of Cheetos. He navigated to the back of the store to fill up an extra large Big Gulp. Whenever it seemed like he'd finally broken Dan down and had gotten him to submit to his whims, the idiot would suddenly grow a spine. Perhaps breaking a man down vs a woman was not as similar an undertaking as he'd considered. He knew there would likely be some differences, but it's not like this was something he could Google for answers.

This was something he would need to consider more. With women, they would inevitably develop some kind of emotional connection that Lester could leverage. With Dan, he wasn't as sure. Maybe his ego was the thing getting in the way of his submission. Still wanting to be the man in the bedroom and not wanting to be supplanted. Or at least not once he came and began to think clearly. Would he respond better to Lester leaning in to replace him, or would it be easier to manipulate the man if Lester appeared to let him take the lead?

With his Cheetos and Big Gulp, Lester paid the clerk and deposited his goods into his car. Lester had a long drive back to Chicago with a mind full of ideas and scenarios to run through. He smiled as he pulled his car onto the street, thinking about the surprise Sarah might be discovering at work.

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Dan checked his watch as he ascended the stairs. It was getting late. Sarah and Lester had fucked for longer than he expected. A lot of things had happened differently tonight than he expected. He would figure it out. Right now, he had to focus on what was right in front of him.

He stifled back a yawn as he opened his bedroom door. For a moment, the scene from hours earlier flashed in front of him; his wife bent over in ecstasy, repeatedly slamming herself back against the monster they'd let in. Reality reestablished itself - Sarah was sitting on the bed in just a towel as she dried her hair with another one, "I wasn't planning on a shower tonight. Wanted to take one in the morning. And now I can't sleep until I dry my hair."

"Why not use the blow dryer?" Dan asked as he stepped into the room. He had to admit that his wife looked good with just a towel wrapped around her. He

looked to the floor and saw that Sarah's dress was no longer there. She must have hung it back up.

"I'm going to take it to get dry-cleaned tomorrow," Sarah said, noticing where Dan's eyes had gone to. "And I'm not using my blow dryer yet because I wanted to hear you come back up. I didn't want to miss you. I feel like we should talk."

"What gave you that idea?" Dan said, reservedly crossing his arms and leaning back against the door frame.

"Don't be like that," Sarah said, giving him a flat look. "I knew something was wrong when you burst into the bathroom and threw Lester out. I thought you wanted him in there at first, or else you would have stopped him, so I went along with it. I didn't think you would be upset. Now that I know you are, I just want to check in and see how we are doing."

Dan pinched the bridge of his nose and exhaled. "I think we are okay. It's just that things got a little carried away. More than I was expecting."

"Like the wedding dress?" Sarah asked, leaning forward with a concerned look, "I know that was a bit of a surprise. It was a surprise for me too, I just - "

Dan held out a hand to silence Sarah, "It's not, yes, it is the wedding dress, but it's also more than that. The whole multiple broken condoms thing and then letting Lester, y'know cum inside of you."

"That wasn't just on me, Dan," Sarah said, "Yes, I admit I got lost in the moment, but I looked at you and asked you what you thought I should do, and you told me to keep going."

"I know," Dan said, pushing himself off the wall and walking over to the bed, "I know I did. It's just in the moment, seeing you like that, with that fire, and then especially hearing you ask me in such a sexy voice, it's like I'm powerless to say no."

"I still feel like you're making this my fault, Dan and that isn't fair," Sarah said as she broke eye contact and focused on drying her hair, "In the moment, you want it, but then afterwards, it's like you get buyer's remorse and take that regret out on me."

"Let me start over," Dan said, holding his hands up, "It's not just about you. When things are heating up and escalating, it's like my mind glazes over, and all I can

think about is seeing it happen. All reason and everything else goes out the window. It's like I can't say no, and then it scares me."

After a few moments, Sarah stopped drying her hair and placed one of her hands in Dan's, "I know what that's like. I get the same way once things progress past a certain point. It's like my body and mind are disconnected. Like my body is in control and my mind is locked in a closet somewhere. I can hear its muffled protests, but it's not in the driver's seat. In the heat of the moment, I can't think of anything else, but afterwards, I can't understand why I did what I did."

"Exactly," Dan breathed. "When I see you with him or think about you with him or, Christ, or with others, it's like another part of me takes control and just wants to see it happen, damn the consequences. And yesterday, before things started, I know we talked about doing it together and being in it, but once it started, I just felt like I wanted to melt into that chair and just watch."

"Would you...want to get involved next time?" Sarah asked. "Like with Lester and I?"

Dan shuddered, "No, I don't think that's something I need to experience. I don't think I want to be that close to Lester, especially during something like that. It's just a strange idea - it seems wrong. What I mean is I felt like we both kind of forgot about each other. You seemed focused on him, and I'm not, like, upset at you because I also did the same thing - I focus on what he's doing to you. I got so lost in the events that I forgot about you and what you wanted. I just needed to see it happen. And I feel like shit that I left you in the middle of it and went downstairs."

"I was wondering about that. What happened? I'm not going to lie. I was surprised to look up and see the chair empty. Where did you go?" Sarah asked.

"I just needed to get out of the room. I splashed my face, then grabbed a drink of water. It felt like the room was closing in on me, and I couldn't breathe." Dan said.

"That worries me," Sarah said, caressing his hand, "What do you think caused it?"

"I don't know, probably my mind wanting and yet not wanting to see what was happening. At war with itself. Using up too much brain power and oxygen fighting with itself. I don't know if that's a thing." Dan shrugged, looking into his wife's eyes. "I'm a mess."

"Well, I feel like a mess, too," Sarah shrugged. "Sometimes I feel like this powerful woman in the workplace, strong and independent, and I somehow balance being

a mom and dealing with all these stresses that we have, financial and otherwise. When it comes to Chicago and Lester, it's like an outlet to put those things in a box for a while, you know? At first, it was just a fantasy, but now it's become something more. I love seeing your reaction. I feed off of it, but now it feels like we're doing something else, something different."

"I get it," Dan said. "I get it. I do. I just don't know what we do going forward. It's not like we can call things off and just pretend he doesn't exist. He's my roommate, and I'm stuck there right now until we can figure out another source of income."

"Yeah. With him covering your rent, it's making a big difference financially but there are other costs associated with it. Like my time with you in Chicago is split with your roommate. And we're also dealing with all of this stuff we've just been talking about." Sarah laid her head on Dan's shoulder. "Here I was trying to be sexy for you tonight, and it seems like I just ended up torturing you."

"It's not that bad," Dan breathed, "You did look incredibly sexy. And the whole thing did turn me on. It's just that I can get a little lost in everything. Honestly, sometimes I think I need you to protect me from myself."

Sarah leaned up and looked at Dan, "Is that something you actually want me to do? Like if I notice things going the wrong way, do you want me to pull back and put a stop to things?"

"I don't know," Dan said, not wanting to admit what he wanted fully. He did need it. He felt like a sex addict needing his next fix. Unfortunately, his wife was in the passenger seat with him as he was speeding towards a cliff. "I don't know, maybe? Maybe we just need to check in with each other and make sure we are both okay and that we're making decisions together."

"It might be hard, but I'll try. Just don't get mad at me if things don't happen as neatly as we want. Like I said, I can get lost in things too." Sarah smiled and kissed Dan's cheek. "Should we have some kind of safeword?"

"Safeword? Like the phrases kinky couples have?" Dan asked.

"Yes, and not to judge, but I think we've officially crossed the line into becoming one of those kinky couples," Sarah playfully pushed on his shoulder, "What I'm thinking is that in the moment you said it's hard for you to think straight. Your body doesn't respond because it's fighting against your mind. Maybe with a safeword, all you need to do is say that one thing, and it'll stop. That way, it's

clear to me or you that we both need to pull back without either of us having to go into it.”

“Okay, I think that’s a good idea,” Dan said. “What should our safeword be? Pineapple?”

Sarah laughed hard and rolled onto her back, “Pineapple? That’s not sexy at all.” She couldn’t stop laughing and buried her face in her hands.

“I didn’t think it was supposed to be sexy,” Dan said, grinning from ear to ear, “That’s the whole point.”

“Sorry,” Sarah said, sitting up and wiping tears from her eyes, “You’re right. Probably best it isn’t sexy. ‘Pineapple’ it is.”

“That doesn’t have to be it,” Dan said, rolling his eyes, “It was just the first thing I could think of.”

“Well, I like it. ‘Pineapple’ stays,” Sarah smiled warmly, and Dan felt his heart flutter the same way he had when they’d first been dating. It was clear to him that no matter what they went through, he would always love her, and she would always be crazy about him.

“I was thinking,” Sarah bit her lip, and her eyes flashed that dangerous, seductive look, “Back to yesterday when we mentioned wanting to do this together. Let’s think up some fantasies, scenarios - and other situations that we want to explore. Even if Lester is there, it’s something we can do together. For each other. Lester doesn’t need to know. It’ll be between us. Something private, secret to keep us connected in the moment. Just for us.”

“I like that,” Dan said, “Even with Lester around, it’s like we can take control of it and have the events be something fulfilling just for us.”

“Exactly,” Sarah yawned. Dan felt the pull of sleep then, too. Now that they seemed to be back on the same page, it felt like their bodies were winding down and ready for rest. He couldn’t blame her, given the events of the night. Sarah held her hand over her mouth as she finished yawning, “So what fantasy do you think needs to get fulfilled next time I’m in Chicago?”

“Hmmm, That’s hard. I think I need to make a list first.” Dan smiled and thought about all the fantasies he had dreamed up over the years. The ones he had told Sarah about and the ones that he had kept to himself. “You know, I will say that

I'm a little jealous that I missed out on your escapades in Lester's SUV. I think I'm owed a do-over."

"Are you now?" Sarah said, leaning forward and kissing Dan's lips. "Well then, as your wife, I think I need to make that happen for you."

"Oh yeah?" Dan grinned back, blinking as his eyes began to feel heavy, "What if Lester says no and wants something else?"

"You forget how persuasive I can be," Sarah said, "Besides, I think it's time Lester remembered that women hold all the power in relationships."

"Hmmm, I like the sound of that," Dan yawned as he put his head back onto his pillow, "And maybe some dirty talk while you look at me."

"That I can do," Sarah stood up and walked back to the bathroom, "Just let me blow dry my hair, and I'll join you in bed." Dan nodded as Sarah went into the bathroom. The sound of the blow dryer started, but the partially open door obstructed his view of his wife. Soon, the white noise from the blow dryer lulled Dan's mind off to sleep.

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"Shit, Sarah," a voice said from close by. Sarah didn't want to open her eyes. She needed more sleep. The bed was warm. Her eyes couldn't open anyway. She could just sleep a bit more. She didn't have anywhere she needed to be. "The hospital's calling."

"Ughh," Sarah's eyes begrudgingly opened. She looked up at Dan, standing beside the bed with her phone in his hand. He was already dressed and looked too handsome for whenever it was in the morning. It wasn't fair.

"Uh, what time is it?" Sarah asked as she extended her hand for the phone.

"It's just after nine, but I think your phone was on silent. I think they've already called a couple of times," Dan said, crossing his arms and moving across the room to give her some privacy. He would still listen in but likely didn't want to make any noise while she was talking to her workplace.

Sarah swiped the answer button on her phone, "Hello, this is Sarah."

"Sarah," After a few seconds of her brain fog clearing, she recognized the voice as Jerry from their IT department, "It's Jerry. We've been trying to reach you. The

board called an emergency meeting for all senior staff and department heads this morning. You need to get in here fast. The meeting is at ten.”

“Sorry, yeah, Jerry, I’ll be in. See you soon. Thanks for letting me know.” Sarah hung up the phone and let it fall onto the bed. She closed her eyes and felt the pull of sleep reaching back to her.

“What’s going on?” Dan asked. Sarah opened one eye and saw Dan’s concerned look from across the room.

“Some emergency meeting,” Sarah sighed and sat up, “Need me in there for ten, which means I need to get there earlier. I have to get up. Good thing I showered last night.”

“Emergency meeting,’ I don’t like the sound of that. The last emergency meeting I had was the one where my pay got cut. Besides, I thought we could go out for breakfast before picking up the kids.” Dan’s face of concern melted, and he smiled, shifting gears, “Okay, what can I do to get you moving faster?”

“Mhmmm, I love you,” Sarah smiled warmly at her husband. “Coffee, please. I’m going to get dressed.”

“On it,” Dan said as he left the room, walking with purpose. Sarah slowly got up and shuffled over to her closet to find something to wear. As she stripped out of her pajamas, she thought about how Lester had disturbed her while she was in there earlier in the week. That had led to Lester fucking her raw for the first time. And then last night, how he had fucked her in her wedding dress. She took a moment, remembering what had happened, then she glanced at the garment bag hanging up. She grabbed it and put it on the bed, intent on bringing it to the dry cleaners after work.

Dan’s comment about the emergency meeting at work set her on edge. It couldn’t be that bad, could it? She didn’t see how they would be cutting her pay. The hospital was already severely underfunded - unless Lester had done something with all the systems access he’d been given.

She shuddered at the thought and moved a little faster. He wouldn’t do something, would he? What could he possibly have done? She realized she didn’t know what Lester was capable of with a computer.

“Got you coffee,” Dan said as Sarah finished getting dressed. He presented her topped off work tumbler, the smell of coffee waking up the rest of her senses.

“Thank you, you’re a lifesaver,” She said, taking a long, warm sip. “That’s good.”

“Your bag is ready by the door. I threw in some snacks and a water bottle in case things go longer than expected,” Dan followed her out of their room and downstairs to the front door.

“I love you,” Sarah said as she put on her shoes. “You’re too good to me. I’ll try to get back as early as I can. Maybe after the kids go to bed tonight, we can spend some time together.”

“I like the sound of that,” her husband said as he leaned forward and kissed her. It was a soft, lingering kiss. Sarah melted feeling the electricity run through her body. Dan broke the kiss and looked into her eyes, “Hurry back. I’ll go grab the kids from your parents and take them to McDonalds for breakfast.”

“No fair,” Sarah pouted as she opened the door to leave. She was joking but didn’t want to miss a family meal together. They got so few of those lately as it was. “I’ll be home soon, I hope. I love you.”

“Love you too, babe. Drive safe, okay?” Dan stood at the door as she walked to the car. She could feel his eyes on her until she pulled onto the street and out of his view. Now, all her thoughts were back in work, wondering what she was walking into. Why was the board calling a meeting? This was highly unusual.

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Sarah managed to get to the war room before most of her peers. She sat in the back with Jerry, both with their laptops open on the table they faced. Sarah couldn’t help but feel back to herself again, having her laptop connected to their network, able to operate as she usually did.

She had asked Jerry why the emergency meeting was called, but he didn’t want to say. He knew something, but he stayed silent despite her best efforts to pry it out of him. The room filled with her peers, preventing Sarah from grilling Jerry further.

A middle-aged man with graying hair and a sharp suit walked in exactly at 10 o’clock. “Hey everyone, thanks for coming in on a Saturday. You may not recognize me, but I’m John Walsh, a member of the board. The board asked me here to relay some news to you all.” He was polished and calm, giving no hint of what was to come.

Sarah and her peers looked around anxiously at each other, wondering what the news would be. Then, Sarah realized that she hadn't seen Drew yet this morning.

"As you may have noticed, Drew Bailey isn't here. As of yesterday evening, the board unanimously agreed to part ways with Mr. Bailey. We will be conducting a hunt for a new CEO starting Monday. For now, I will operate as the interim CEO, and you will all report to me. Now, don't worry, I plan to be pretty hands-off and expect most of you to be able to handle your departmental responsibilities with autonomy. I'll be posted up in Drew's old office for now, so come to me with anything you need escalated and support on."

The head of HR raised her hand. Sarah had worked with her, Marcie, long enough to know that she liked being in the loop on everything personnel-wise in the hospital. Marcie looked upset. Clearly this was the first time she'd heard the news about Drew. "What happened? Why was Drew let go?"

"Well, there were a number of reasons," John said, wringing his hands. "For now, though, we don't want to get too into the weeds, and we'd rather look to the future. The handling of the cyber attack highlighted some ongoing concerns the board had."

"From what we have heard from you in this room and others closely involved, he wasn't much help in navigating the crisis." John looked around the room, and his eyes settled on Sarah, "If it weren't for Mrs. Williams, we probably wouldn't have gotten through the crisis as quickly as we did. Sarah, thank you for holding things together across the hospital and bringing in that specialist. I don't even want to know where we would be without you. The board wanted to thank you for your efforts as we navigated this crisis." He was nodding at her and made his sincere gratitude clear.

Sarah hadn't expected to be put on the spot. She felt her cheeks blush at his comments. At the same time, she cringed as she felt the remnants of Lester's cum start to leak out of her. "Thank you, I was just doing my job."

"You went above and beyond. Thank you again." John smiled at her warmly before turning his attention back to everyone else.

"And thank you to everyone else in this room who held things together," John said. "The board is well aware of our great team here, and we are behind you 100 percent. I'll be here for the rest of the day and through the weekend to help oversee the transition. If anyone has anything, please stop by the office and let me know."

“Excuse me?” The head of legal said. “So what are we doing about Swan Systems? Are they still our vendor? What will prevent a security breach like this from happening again?”

“I’ll take this one,” Jerry said, leaning forward, “We plan to continue our relationship with Swan until we find another vendor. A proper vendor that can meet all of our security needs and requirements. Until then, we will take some of the tasks on internally and hire accordingly. We’ve also offered Lester Marshall a contract to help us secure our network, conduct regular pen testing and other things to ensure we are secure.”

“What’s pen testing?” Sarah asked, the realization dawning on her that Lester might have done too good of a job.

“Penetration testing.” Jerry said, “To see if outside actors can penetrate our network.

*Penetrate* Sarah could feel a large glob of Lester’s cum oozing out of her and soaking her panties. She prayed she wouldn’t have a wet stain on her pants that she would need to explain. “Thanks, Jerry.”

“Okay, thank you all again for coming in,” John said before opening the door. Several people rose and approached him with questions. The rest of the room got up and began to filter out. Sarah quickly glanced down at her pants and was relieved that no dampness was present. She stood up and felt Lester’s cum on the tops of her thigh. *How much of his cum is inside of me?* This triggered a memory of him yelling and thrusting as he’d emptied himself into her the night before. Her eyes widened at the image, and she decided to head to the bathroom.

“Sarah, one second,” Jerry gently held her elbow, holding her back. He watched as everyone began to filter out. Once no one was in earshot, he said, “I wanted to let you know John and the board really do know how much you did to navigate this crisis. We made sure to let them know. Drew was a scared chicken lashing out while you acted to fix things. I really think you should put your name in contention for the CEO position.”

Sarah was taken aback. She hadn’t considered that an option at all, “I’m flattered, Jerry. Thank you. It means a lot. I just don’t know if I’m qualified for it.”

“You’ve basically been doing Drew’s job since he started. All the department heads respect you more than they ever did with him. The only thing he did that you didn’t was make fraudulent contracts and go golfing with vendors. You should really think about it.” Jerry patted her on the arm and went to leave.

“Jerry?” Sarah said in a hushed tone. He turned back, looking confused, and then returned to where Sarah stood. “About Drew. It was clear John wasn’t happy, and something went down. Do you know what happened?”

Jerry looked around, making sure no one was within earshot, “Listen, you can’t repeat what I’m about to tell you. The board wants to keep it hush hush so they don’t look bad.”

Sarah nodded, and Jerry continued, “While we recovered each system, I had asked our IT specialists to try to search and find any contractual obligations that Swan Systems had regarding the hospital, especially around security. As you know, there were strong objections to using them, and IT was never consulted on our contracting with them. Drew handled that himself. Unfortunately, we found details that Drew was essentially receiving kickbacks from Swan Systems. Drew was profiting off the relationship while Swan delivered us sub-par service, resulting in the mess we found ourselves in.”

“Really?” Sarah said, “Holy shit.”

“I know, it’s a mess, honestly. My department has a ton of work to do. We’re really going to be leaning on Lester to help us out here.” Jerry said as he made his way to the door. “Think about what I said about the CEO position. I mean it.”

Sarah found herself standing in the conference room by herself. This morning had not gone as she had expected and was getting stranger by the minute. Sarah took a step towards the door and froze. She swore she could feel Lester’s cum running down her thigh. She needed to clean herself up and maybe check in with a department head she was friendly with before returning to Dan and the kids. She still couldn’t wrap her mind around the bomb Jerry had just dropped on her.

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Sitting in the booth at McDonalds, Dan smiled as he watched his daughters bicker while eating their hash browns. It felt good to pick them up and spend some father-daughter time with them. He needed to make this a regular thing, to find his way back to something normal. He knew things needed to change.

As Dan was finishing up his breakfast sandwich, a notification pinged on his phone. He assumed it would be Sarah, letting him know she was done with work. When he checked his screen, it wasn’t his wife. It was a LinkedIn notification. He opened it, hoping it wasn’t a pointless contact request.

Eyeing his daughters, who were still too invested in one-upping each other to notice, he checked the app. It was a message from someone he didn’t know

asking about some of the work he'd mentioned doing in his posts. It appeared that this person wanted to meet on Zoom to chat about one of Dan's past projects. The message mentioned the contact was undertaking a similar project and might require some guidance.

It was a small victory, but Dan felt like the plan he'd put together was starting to bear fruit. This was just a Zoom meeting, but who knows, it could lead to something else down the road. It could be a paying freelance opportunity for him. It was a start.

For now, he had to keep his day job going while he looked for a new company to join. His freelance dreams were just that. A dream, at least until he found someone willing to pay him. He couldn't strong-arm Walt into letting him work remotely full-time. Dan would try to leverage what he could, but he knew the old man wouldn't let him go full time.

Dan quickly responded to the message and set up some potential times later in the week to meet this guy. He put his phone back in his pocket and looked at his two young daughters. *Whatever it takes.*

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"Here it is, my wedding dress," Sarah handed over the garment bag to the woman at the dry cleaner. With the emergency meeting done at work and all the bombshells that had been dropped, she was thankful to be out of the hospital and back on with her weekend. She just had to drop off her wedding dress before she could join Dan and the girls. She just hoped the dry cleaner could erase the previous night and restore her dress back to its pristine condition. "Just take extra special care of it okay? Oh, and there should be a veil in the bottom of the bag. Could you be extra careful with it? The veil is made of lace from Belgium. We bought it while we were overseas just after we got engaged."

"Very beautiful, I'll take care of it," The woman unzipped the bag and pulled out Sarah's dress, "But I don't see any veil in here."

Sarah scrunched up her nose, "Weird, okay, I'll check at home. Thank you."

The woman scrunched her nose and looked closer at the dress. A suspicious look appeared on her face as she appraised the state it was in. "Very beautiful," she said again, though it sounded more accusatory this time. "Maybe ask your husband about your veil."

Sarah smiled and nodded as she headed for the door. The woman's use of the word husband threw her off, since it was Lester who had done the damage to her dress. Sarah calmed herself down and headed for her car.

With her dress dropped off, Sarah got back in her car and headed for home. Dan's message said they were done at McDonalds and heading back to the house, too. Sarah wanted to beat them home and go upstairs and look to see if her veil was under the bed. Unfortunately, Dan and the girls got there first. She picked up one of her daughters in her arms and fell back immediately into mom mode. Sarah reveled in having her family back together under one roof and set off making dinner plans and figuring out which Disney movie they would watch with the girls tonight.

She wanted to make the most of their family time before Dan had to leave for Chicago.

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Lester's fat fingers formed a steeple as he sat back in his command center chair, staring at his computer screen. The Williams' file was open on his desktop, where he had made fresh annotations and had reviewed all the information he'd compiled. Two new sections were on the Williams' home and Sarah's hospital.

Since Dan had become his roommate, Lester had spent most of his time devising how to push Sarah's buttons and edge her closer to his ultimate goal. Now, he had his focus entirely on Dan. Who did Dan think he was pushing him out of the house like that? Did he not understand his place in all of this? A simple bystander who needed to get out of his way so he could have Sarah? Lester was growing red in the face with anger. He didn't like how Dan had humiliated him twice in the last week, especially in front of Sarah.

Lester smirked, thinking about how he had still managed to overcome Dan's presence and take his wife right in front of him. Even cum inside of her unprotected, breaking Dan's number one rule. *What would Dan think if he knew I wasn't snipped?* Lester's grin broke wide.

On the drive back to Chicago, he had debated which course of action would be better. To let Dan think he was complying with his rules or to put Dan in his place and make him face his new reality. He so wanted to do the latter. Lester logged onto WoW to distract himself from his impatience. He knew that he shouldn't let emotion cloud his mind and throw off his planning. He needed to take out some

aggression. Emotions led to compromising behavior, the same way Sarah and the women he'd had before her had opened themselves up to his manipulation.

No, he needed something else for the Williamses. Something else to both punish Dan and to further tighten his grip on them. For the first time since this all started, he felt like he was wavering, unsure which was the best course of action. Sarah had finally succumbed and let him cum in her fertile pussy, unprotected, willingly. But he needed to dominate her completely. Dan and her kids might be the things letting her hold on, but he needed to make her let go. He needed to break Dan's will and teach him his place.

He logged off WoW and brought up his videos of Sarah Williams. Lester pulled down his sweatpants and began to slowly stroke his cock, watching Sarah's face contort in ecstasy as he fucked her. He knew these videos of Sarah could bring in a substantial amount of money, but he didn't want to share them. She was his. Cronos got close to discovering her, and he wouldn't let that happen again. Lester unlocked and opened his desk drawer. He reached in and pulled out Sarah's veil and smelled it. Her sweet scent lingered on his nose, adding to the sounds of her moans emanating from his computer speakers.

He would make her his. Completely.

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It had been a few weeks since Dan had been at home in Middleton. Since then, things have been going great. His LinkedIn posts were gaining a lot of traction. Several people had reached out to him to connect, and one was getting close to hiring Dan to do freelance work on the side for a very generous fee. They were waiting for the rest of their team to sign off on Dan's proposal. With any luck, he could secure several other new clients in short order.

He hadn't told Walt about the side work. His day job kept him plenty busy. He had checked his contract, and no provisions prevented him from moonlighting with outside clients. In fact, Walt would probably encourage it if it could help land the company a meaty client. As it was, the side work was mostly shaping up to be somewhat trivial things for Dan. He was careful not to take any calls or work using work resources. He was even careful not to take important calls in the apartment anymore, just in case Lester decided to walk around naked.

His cell phone and a new Chicago Public Library card gave him lots of new resources. It felt good just getting out of the depressing apartment. He felt like

things were on the upswing. He just needed to hold on for a bit longer before things truly happened for him.

Things were moving ahead for Sarah as well. Things at the hospital were going great. One of her colleagues thought she should try for the CEO position. Dan certainly agreed that she could do it, and he'd finally convinced her that she was qualified enough for it. She was much more hands-on than any of the past CEOs, and she knew that place inside and out. Sarah had begun to make small moves at work to show the interim CEO just how capable she was. If she could land that job then Dan could score some of his own clients and maybe even upgrade his job to something he could do from home. They would be out of this mess and could put it behind them.

When his cell phone chimed, Dan practically jumped off the couch. He opened his phone and read the message.

"I'm here," It was from Sarah. She would have just pulled in downstairs. Dan rushed out the door and took the elevator down to greet his wife. As the door opened on the lobby, Sarah walked in, pulling her carry-on suitcase behind her. Her face beamed when she saw him. Dan held her and kissed her. "I missed you so much. I love you." Sarah looked and smelled fantastic. As always, his love for his gorgeous wife buoyed his spirits.

"The girls and I missed you so much, too," Sarah whispered into his ear. They rode the elevator back up to his apartment. Dan held her carry-on as they walked down the hall to his place. As he opened the door, he was waiting to see Lester's ugly face waiting for them.

Ever since he threw Lester out of his house, his roommate had barely shown his face around the apartment. He'd hoped that Lester had got the message, but Dan was on high alert, waiting for him to try something. It was a few weeks since Lester's last *date* with his wife. He would probably poke his head out of whatever hole he was hiding in and demand his due.

That's why Dan had planned ahead. He was ready for Lester. As Dan closed the door, he was relieved and wary that Lester hadn't appeared to try to grope his wife. "Sarah, I know you just got in, but I have reservations for us for tonight. Get ready. Ten minutes tops, and we are going out."

"Ten minutes? Dan, I just got here. I want to relax a little bit. Where are we going?" Sarah asked, looking bewildered. "I'm just surprised you made reservations."

“Listen, I have been dying to hold you in my arms again since I left you and the girls. I don’t want you-know-who ruining things tonight, so I got us reservations at a nice French restaurant, and then we’re going to see that comic I was telling you about at the Chicago Theater. We’re going to Uber there and back so we can have a great night.”

“Dan,” Sarah said, linking her hands around his neck, “I love this. I love seeing this side of you again. It’s like you’re determined and looking forward. I’ve missed this, Dan.”

“So have I, baby, so have I.” Dan leaned forward and kissed his wife before taking her hands and putting them down at her side. He twirled her around and gave her a playful slap on her ass, pushing her down the hallway. “Ten minutes and we are out the door.”

Sarah smiled over her shoulder as she left the living room. Dan felt his heart thumping in his chest, excited to get his wife alone. Especially to get her alone away from Lester. As much forward momentum as Dan felt right now, he worried about how much he might backslide if Lester and Sarah were in the same room together.

He just prayed the fat little troll didn’t come out before they left.

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Lester listened to the couple catch up and trade cute little small talk. It was disgusting. His computer screen showed a live video feed of the couple in the living room. Sarah was too domesticated for Lester’s tastes. She should be on her knees under his desk, worshipping his cock. He knew she thought about it. Thought about him all the time. This whole show she was putting on with Dan was growing tired.

He sneered at the screen and reached for his cell phone. He had spent every day since his time in Middleton formulating different plans for the two of them. His new contract with Sarah’s employer provided many great opportunities for him to push the envelope. He just needed to figure out how to break Dan down some more.

The keys lay in Dan’s fantasies. Lester would weaponize them. Corrupt them. While showing Sarah that only he could be the one to satisfy her darkest desires. Make her feel complete. All while turning the screws on Dan. He’d found one particular pressure point he knew would get Dan to buckle.

He dialed a number on his cell phone. After a few rings, it answered. "It's Lester. We're still on for tomorrow."

Lester listened to the voice on the other end before abruptly cutting them off "Listen, when she goes up on the dance floor, that's your signal. Then you do your job. Got it?" He rolled his eyes as he listened to the person on the other end. "Good."

He hung up and turned his attention back to the couple on his screen. It was time to set things in motion.

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Sarah was surprised that Lester hadn't tried to interrupt her night out with Dan. She was sure he would try to intercept her before they left, but much to her surprise, he hadn't. Dan took her to a great little restaurant and afterwards to a comedy show at the iconic Chicago Theater. It was a great night, and she cherished spending time alone with her husband.

It was a nice distraction from the thoughts that had been dominating her mind. Should she go for the CEO position at the hospital? The more she thought about it, the more it made sense. Sure, she might lack some experience dealing with a board of directors, but she felt like the rest of her resume was solid. She knew the hospital inside and out and had plenty of ideas on how to make it run better. She could comfortably schmooze with donors and other stakeholders. It was strange, thinking that she might just have a shot at that position. It had always been a man in that role, but why not her? The board seemed fairly progressive, and she was making good inroads with John. She knew she could do it.

What surprised Sarah the most about her night out with Dan was Lester didn't try anything once they got back to the apartment. She'd had a few drinks with Dan throughout the evening, and both of them were feeling great. The Uber home allowed them to partake a little heavier than they might normally have on a date night back home. There had been so many times before in the apartment when she would be fooling around with Dan, only for Lester to deliberately interrupt them. She was expecting something, but Lester didn't come out of his room. She felt a pang of anger, wondering what could be so important as to keep him in there. Still, it was nice just getting Dan alone and naked under the sheets, even if his bed was a little small for the two of them.

Without the kids anywhere in sight, they could sleep in until the late morning. She even managed to shower quickly without Lester popping his head out of his room. Sarah was wondering if he had lost interest or maybe Dan had said something

that scared him away. Maybe Lizzie had reached out, and he wasn't even home. It was a few minutes before Sarah realized she was standing in just a towel in Dan's room. She had been thinking about Lester for longer than she'd realized. Sarah crossed the room and opened her suitcase to find something to wear. She held up the sexy shirt and pants she had considered wearing last night. Ultimately she didn't have time to iron them before their Uber arrived, so she wore something more modest. She'd packed them, hoping to be able to wear something sexy this weekend, but with the way things were going, it didn't seem like Lester was going to cash in on his date either. Maybe she would just lounge around with Dan and spend the day in the apartment.

Sarah opted for a pair of hip-hugging, tailored sweatpants and a tight white tank top that showed off her midriff. She undid her towel and dried her body off before putting on a matching pair of white bra and panties. The sweatpants felt snug on her legs, and she almost laughed at how well defined her chest looked in the tight white tank top. She felt like she was wearing a second push-up bra with the way her cleavage sat on her chest.

Before leaving the room, Sarah looked over herself again in the mirror. Satisfied that she still looked presentable, even if the outfit wasn't exactly CEO material, she left Dan's room and joined him on the couch. They sat there together for a few hours while Dan resisted watching her reality shows. Instead, they watched the last half of a TV movie. At some point, Dan checked his watch and said, "It's already getting close to four. We're going to have to think about dinner soon. I guess no Lester today?"

"Yeah, I'm honestly surprised he hasn't poked his head out yet. It's strange." Sarah kept her eyes fixated on the TV. She didn't want to look down the hallway again. She nuzzled her head into Dan's shoulder.

"Who knows what that guy is up to. I don't know if he is even here –" Dan cut himself off as the sound of Lester's door opening and closing reached them. They simply sat there listening as the door to the bathroom opened and closed. They exchanged a glance before the bathroom door opened again, and the sounds of fat feet plodding grew ominously closer.

Sarah stared at the screen, her head unmoving. She didn't want to look first. She didn't want Dan to see her looking for Lester. Dan should look first. After the way that Lester fucked her the last time, she didn't want to seem too eager in either of their eyes.

"Lester," Dan said flatly as he turned his head toward his roommate.

“Dan,” Lester’s voice came from behind Sarah. He must still be standing at the entrance to the living room, “Hey, Sarah. Looking good.”

“Hi. Thanks,” Sarah gave him a quick glance and a wave. She felt her chest growing flush and could hear her heart beating in her ears. Since when did her body react like this to just the mere presence of this man? It was like her body associated him with sex and was preparing itself for him. She tried to control her breathing, worried that Dan would notice Lester's effect on her. She hadn't forgotten their discussion back home about doing things together and for each other. She kept that front and center in her mind, even if her body wanted other things. She casually folded her arms over her chest.

Lester stepped into the room and walked along the back of the couch. His hand ran over the leather until he reached the section behind Sarah’s head. Dan stood up, likely so he didn’t have to look up at Lester—some male thing of being on the same level.

“I think,” Lester started, “That, if I’m not mistaken, tonight is my date night. Since you stole your wife away last night.” He said the last part with a slight sneer.

Sarah could feel Lester’s fingers begin to stroke the hair on the back of her head. She scooped her butt up away from the back of the couch and turned to face Lester. He was wearing a pair of worn sweat shorts and one of his signature faded t-shirts. This one had a piece of cake with the words ‘the cake is a lie’ underneath. He looked just as disheveled as he usually did. His hungry eyes immediately met hers and then flicked down to feast on the sight of her chest. Sarah felt her breasts rising and falling rapidly as she breathed, putting on an unintentional show for him. The determined look in his eyes reminded her of the way he had taken her in her home.

“I’m right here,” Sarah said, trying to steel the nerves in her voice, “I’m not some property you two trade back and forth. You can talk to me too.”

“Right, sorry,” Lester smirked, “It’s time for our date night. I have a full itinerary planned.”

“Where are you planning on going tonight?” Dan said flatly, “Don’t forget I’m tagging along now to all your little dates. Got it?”

“I haven’t forgotten,” Lester rolled his eyes, “As for the plans, you’ll just have to wait and see.”

“Not good enough,” Dan said, “We want to know ahead of time what to expect. Not that I don’t trust you or anything.” Sarah smiled inwardly at Dan’s use of the word ‘We,’ affirming that they were in this situation together.

“Fine,” Lester said sourly, “Tonight I’m taking Sarah dancing. Only the place doesn’t open until later, so I ordered some food. I figured we’d just enjoy some time together watching TV until then. Is that fine with you, Dan?”

“What kind of place? Not a strip club, I hope, because that’s not happening,” Dan crossed his arms looking at Lester.

“Not a strip club. A regular club that plays music where you dance,” Lester shot Dan an annoyed look. “Anything else? Any more questions? Because you are taking up precious date night time.”

“You can dance?” Sarah blurted out. She couldn’t imagine Lester dancing, but she was excited to get out and dance. It had been years since Dan had taken her dancing, and she felt a pang of shame at being so excited.

“I’ll make due,” Lester said. He opened his mouth to say something else, but a knock on the door interrupted him. He turned away from the couple and answered it. A delivery man handed Lester a bag before he paid with a credit card.

Lester shut the door and walked into the kitchen before returning with bowls and cutlery. “You like Chinese, right?” Lester said as he placed the food on the table before them. Lester began unpacking the bag, putting take-out containers all over the table. Dan stood there looking at this all unfolding like he was trying to figure out how to respond. Lester finished unpacking the bag and sat down next to Sarah. “I ordered you Cantonese chow mein and barbecue short ribs. Those are your favorite, right?”

Sarah was taken aback. She hadn’t realized that Lester knew what her favorite dishes were. When was the last time she would have eaten Chinese in front of him? “Yeah, those are my favorites. Thank you, Lester.” She cast a glance at her husband. He was eyeing the food.

“I got the sweet and sour chicken for myself,” Lester eyed her mischievously, “But I am always open to sharing.” Lester opened a container and started to dole out food into a bowl. Sarah grabbed one of the bowls Lester had set out on the table. As she was about to start putting food into it, she realized that there wasn’t a third bowl for Dan. She looked around for another bowl before Lester said, “I just grabbed food for me and my date. It’s one thing if you want to tag along, but I’m not paying for a third wheel.”

“Such a dick,” Dan muttered under his breath. Sarah cast Lester a hard glance, stood up, and strode over to the kitchen. She found a bowl in the cabinet and brought it back to the table, where she put some of her food into it. She handed the bowl to Dan and gave Lester a flat look.

“Play nice, Lester,” She said as she sat back down and started eating her food. Lester hid a smile behind a mouthful of sweet and sour chicken. That he kept close to himself. Sarah wondered if he knew whether or not that was Dan’s favorite dish. It seemed to be another thing of Dan’s that Lester was trying to enjoy for himself.

The three of them ate the remaining Chinese food in silence. It was delicious. The food was from the same place that Dan liked to order out from, close to his workplace. They threw all their garbage into the takeout bag, which Sarah grabbed, along with the empty bowls, and took into the kitchen. When she returned, Lester was sitting in the middle of the couch with his legs spread wide and his arms on the back of the couch, while Dan remained seated in the other chair. Lester thumbed the remote, flipping through Netflix to find something to watch. His head turned, and his eyes ran up and down her body. He patted the couch next to him, “Date night has started. We can’t go out until later, but we can get cozy on the couch.”

Sarah’s eyes flicked to Dan, who rolled his eyes, crossed his arms and sat back in the chair. He nodded, telling Sarah he was okay with what was happening. Sarah made her way back to the couch and began to sit down. She tried to sit an arms length away from Lester, but as she sat down, he scooted his rotund body over towards her. As her firm ass sat down, Lester was right beside her with his fat arm behind her seat on the couch. Lester grinned and looked over at her husband. “You really want to sit there alone the whole time while we watch a show?”

“I’m not going anywhere bud. Welcome to the new status quo,” Dan said as he stared ahead at the screen. Lester stared at Dan as his hand moved to Sarah’s shoulder. She felt his grubby fingers resting on her skin. One of his fingers drew light little circles, sending little volts of electricity coursing through Sarah’s body. Lester’s scent was invading her nostrils. Sarah shifted in her seat as she felt herself being pulled against Lester’s body.

“What do you think of this one?” Lester asked as he stopped the screen on ‘Love is Blind’ one of the trashy reality shows that was one of her guilty pleasures. “I heard it’s good.”

“Sure,” Sarah said. If she had to be here in this awkward situation, she might as well let herself get distracted by a guilty pleasure like this, “I haven’t seen the new season yet. Can you start it?”

“You got it, boo,” Lester grinned and started the show up. Sarah saw Dan roll his eyes and cast her an amused glance. She returned the smile and nodded her head, letting him know she was on the same page as he was. They were in this together even if Dan couldn’t stand these types of shows.

After an hour and a half of watching the show, Lester looked in Dan’s direction and asked, “Hey Dan, why don’t you head to the kitchen to grab us all some drinks?” Without taking his eyes off the screen, Dan replied, “You got two legs bud.”

“Hmmm, well, I’m kind of busy,” Lester grinned as he took Sarah’s hand and placed it on his sweatpant-clad crotch, “Sarah is about to be too.” Lester used Sarah’s hand to stroke himself over his pants. Sarah was shocked at the movement. Her eyes immediately broke from the TV and tracked the movements of her own hand. She could feel Lester’s hard cock rubbing up and down the palm of her hand. *When did he get so hard?*

She could feel the heat emanating from between her own legs as she felt Lester’s cock rock hard against her hand. She had expected something later in the night but not so soon. She couldn’t believe how wet she had become with just this one simple gesture. Sarah squeezed her fingers over Lester’s cock and started to stroke him. She realized that she had been staring down at his hidden manhood and flicked her eyes up to her husband.

Back in Middleton, they had agreed to do everything together, but she felt ashamed that she had forgotten that just for a brief few seconds. Lester’s cock had distracted her. Part of her worried she might let go again and get lost with Lester. Dan’s eyes flicked up from her hands and met her eyes. She could see the hunger in them. The desire to see her touch Lester. Gone were any regrets or trepidation. She knew she had to protect him from his fantasies to stop things from going too far. They had their safeword they could use if either of them felt uncomfortable. Right now, she didn’t think a hand job was anything she needed to worry about.

Lester shifted his hips and pulled his sweatpants down his chunky legs. Sarah had to break contact with his cock for a second but was immediately pleased to see that Lester wasn’t wearing any underwear. His musky primal smell once again filled the air between them. Her delicate hand touched the skin of Lester’s oversized cock and began to stroke him. He raised his hands behind his head

and focused his attention on the TV. Dan's eyes stayed fixated on her hand encircling Lester's cock. Sarah made eye contact with her husband and licked her lips while raising her eyebrows at him. She mouthed 'love you' to him. He smiled and mouthed it back. Lester's hand started playing with Sarah's tank top strap. Without looking, he looped his thumb underneath it and pulled it down her shoulder. His fingers began to slowly caress her shoulder before inching down and caressing her collarbone and then the top of her chest. Nothing aggressive, delicate lingering touches that began to rile Sarah up.

"What time are we going out?" Sarah asked as she stared into Dan's eyes. Dan was rocked by the surreality of the situation. Her mouth was so close to Lester's cock it was as if she'd spoken into it, as if it were a microphone. He blinked, trying to clear his head.

"After I make love to you again," Lester grinned as his hand dropped into the top of Sarah's tank drop, beneath her bra until his hand was massaging her naked breast. Sarah let out a whimper as he rolled her nipple between his thumb and finger. She could feel her body responding to Lester's touch. She looked down at his cock in her hands and could feel how hot it was. Her body wanted to feel it inside of her. All she needed to do was lower her pants and let Lester fuck her here on this couch. It had been a while since she'd been fucked in this apartment.

Lester paused the show, his other hand coming up and lowering her shoulder straps. Was Dan going to do anything, or would he watch Lester take her? He'd seen her get fucked by Lester before but he hadn't been there when Lester made love to her. It was different. How would Dan react? Lester began planting soft kisses on her neck. She closed her eyes and let his ugly lips move up and down, exploring her. Tasting her. His fat fingers touched her chest, his lips and tongue on her neck. His other hand was beginning to tug at her tight sweatpants, trying to inch them off of her. She was about to have sex with Lester in front of her husband. Her eyes snapped open, and she looked at Dan. He had that same hungry look in his eyes. She knew he was giving in to his fantasies, letting them play out before him. She watched his lips, looking for their safe word, but it didn't come. Sarah could feel herself breathing hard. She knew that in just a few moments, Lester would push her onto her back and have his way with her.

He had managed to work her sweatpants down to her knees, her toned legs exposed to the entire room. She knew Dan wanted this but back home he had mentioned wanting to watch her with Lester in a car. He wanted the dirty talk. He wanted them to do this together. Sarah used all of her strength to push Lester's hands off of her. Lester looked shocked, but Sarah stood up and moved away from him before he could say anything.

She could feel both men's eyes on her, tracking her movements. Disappointed by what she hadn't done, but intrigued by what she was doing. Sarah needed to take control. She turned and looked at both men before reaching down and pulling the bottom of her tank top up over her head. Then she stepped forward between both men and bent forward. She stared into Dan's eyes as she lowered her sweatpants the rest of the way. Dan's eyes flicked down to her bra-clad chest, not realizing that Lester was staring at Sarah's perfect ass as she was bent over at the waist.

"Lester," Sarah purred as she stood back up. She gave Dan a playful look before turning to look at his roommate. "I don't need someone to make love to me tonight. I need to get fucked."

Sarah stared into Lester's beady eyes as she closed the distance between them. She pushed apart his knees with her legs and stood in front of him, "But you're going to have to wait." She wanted to fulfill Dan's desire to see her in the car with Lester, to do that she had to hold him off until later on. "I really want to go dancing, and I don't want to get tired out before we go."

She lowered herself onto her knees and ran her manicured nails up Lester's pasty thighs, "I wonder, is there anything else we could do in the meantime?" Her hands gently began to tease Lester's cock. Lester was looking down at her, his face flush. He seemed to be caught off guard by her assertiveness. She smirked and looked at her husband, who stared intently at her. "What do you think, Dan? Is there anything you can think of?" she smiled wickedly at her husband as she lowered her face towards Lester's cock.

She stuck her tongue out, inches away from Lester's manhood. Lester bucked his hips, trying to push his cock into her mouth, but Sarah moved her head to the side. "Should I lick it?" She whispered loudly to Dan. "I want to. Licking his cock makes me so wet. I think it'll help when he puts it inside me later."

Dan stayed silent and just stared. He nodded and eagerly watched as Sarah leaned forward and ran her tongue up Lester's shaft. She didn't break eye contact with her husband until her tongue reached the head of Lester's cock. Sarah twirled her tongue around his head and closed her eyes. She involuntarily moaned, feeling Lester's cock at her lips, "Mhmmmmmmmm."

Her mind raced, trying to think of dirty things to say that would turn Dan on. She opened her mouth and took Lester's cock into it, stretching her lips. Lester thrust his hips up off the couch, his cock hitting the back of her throat. Sarah placed her hands firmly on Lester's thighs to hold him in place as she sucked his cock. Satisfied that he wasn't going to try something again, she let go of one of his

thighs and brought her hand to his cock to stroke it. She enjoyed being in control of Lester and his cock. It felt good knowing she was the one that got to decide when his powerful cock would come. She cast a glance at Dan. His hungry look turned her on. She knew that if she looked at Lester he would likely have the same look. Knowing that they both craved her caused her to rub her thighs together. She was intoxicated by having this power over two men. Her men.

“Mhmmm god Dan, this thing tastes so good,” Sarah took her mouth off Lester to talk dirty to her husband. She looked at Dan and winked. She wanted to make this memorable and wanted to lean into the thing she knew would drive him crazy. “I’ve missed tasting you, Lester.”

“You taste so fucking good big boy - mmMMMMM,” Sarah said as she slid her tongue down Lester’s shaft. His public hair pushed into her face as her tongue began to swirl around his balls. She felt Lester’s hands on the back of her head, trying to take control. She pushed herself back from him until she was back between his thighs. “No, no. Now you be good. Today, I do the touching. You just get to watch and feel what I do. I know how to make you feel good.”

“You like these lowered, right?” Sarah said as she played with her bra straps. Then she reached behind and undid the clasp on her white bra, letting it fall to the floor. “What do you think, Dan? Should I cover up, or should I let your roommate keep looking at me?” She cupped her breasts in her hands and held them up to Lester while looking at her husband.

Dan was looking at her like she he wanted to throw her down and fuck her. She couldn’t get enough of it. “Are you going to stop me, Dan? Or are you going to let me suck on Lester some more?”

She stared into Dan’s eyes as she inched herself closer to Lester’s cock. Waiting for him to say something. To say their safeword. But he didn’t. He just watched until her lips pressed against Lester’s cock, and she began to kiss every inch of his shaft. She started to kiss it faster. She needed to kiss it faster. Her body wanted to feel his cock in her mouth. She kissed up the shaft until she reached the head and it disappeared into her mouth. Sarah moaned around Lester’s cock, feeling it fill her up.

Lester sat back and let Sarah suck his cock with abandon. She was trying to put on a show for Dan to show she was in control. Lester decided to sit back and enjoy the show, neither of them aware of what he had planned for later that night. He’d let her have the illusion of control for just a bit longer before giving her what she needed.

“Mhmmmm,” Sarah moaned as her tongue lapped up some precum oozing from Lester’s cock. Sarah was using both hands to stroke Lester’s cock, feeding it to her mouth. Her cheeks hollowed out as she sucked him in and down, his head stopping at the entrance to her throat. Lester’s fat fingers started stroking the back of her head. She told him not to touch, but she didn’t care at that moment. She just needed to feel this cock in her mouth. Lester’s hand pressed down on the back of her head, and he shifted his thighs up, pushing his cock deeper into her mouth.

“Mhmmmmhmmmm,” Sarah groaned as she felt his powerful thrust into her. It was like he was fucking her mouth. Her body shuddered, remembering how Lester fucked her in her wedding dress. How he took her on her bed in front of Dan. Knowing Dan was watching, seeing how she behaved excited her in ways she was still just beginning to understand. She understood Lester though. The troll kept the pressure on her head and thrust up again. He wanted to cum and was wrestling her for control.

Sarah kept one hand on his cock and pushed the other down onto his thigh. He pushed up again, hitting the back of her mouth. Sarah was impressed by his strength but finally broke free from his grip. Her mouth left his cock while her hand continued to stroke it, “I said no touching. Today I’m in contro – hrmpff.” Lester shoved two fingers into her mouth and pushed down on the middle of her tongue. He slid them back out until his fingertips touched her lips and then shoved them back in all the way to the knuckles. Lester had a determined look on his face as he firmly worked his digits into the sexy mother’s mouth.

“Ughhhh,” Sarah moaned around his fingers. She started stroking his cock faster as Lester fucked her mouth with his fingers. He pistoned his fingers in and out, mimicking a second cock in her mouth. Sarah sucked his fingers with abandon, running her tongue under his digits, tasting the remnants of Cheetos on them, “Mhmmmmmm.”

Lester brought his fingers down towards his cock, Sarah’s mouth followed. He pulled his fingers out and used his other hand to push on the back of her head, pushing her mouth back down onto his cock. Sarah groaned at feeling Lester’s real cock stretch her mouth. Lester pushed his fingers into the palm of her other hand, in and out, just like a cock would.

Sarah’s grip tightened around Lester’s fingers, and she stroked it. She sucked on Lester’s cock while stroking his other fingers. Her brain started to imagine there were two Lesters and she was being shared between them. One cock in

her hand, the other in her mouth. He pulled his hips back and shoved his fingers back into her mouth, alternating which cock she was imagining sucking on.

With both of Sarah's hands full, Lester shifted his weight and sat up, pushing Sarah backwards off the couch, fully onto her knees before him. Lester turned his body so he was fully facing Dan. Sarah followed his cock and fingers turning her body, not realizing Dan was no longer in her line of sight.

"You like that?" Lester said, "Having one cock in your mouth and another in your hand?"

"Mhmmm hmmm," Sarah responded as her mouth was now full of Lester's cock again. Her pussy was dripping wet. She could feel herself losing control, but she didn't care. She just wanted to feel the cocks in her hands explode.

"I can't hear you," Lester said as he pulled his cock from Sarah's mouth.

Sarah stared up at him defiantly and nodded, "Yeah, I love it. Having two cocks to play with."

"That's what I thought," Lester chuckled as Sarah's mouth started to suck on his fingers while her hands rapidly stroked his cock. "If you're good, maybe I'll make that happen. Give you a second cock to pleasure."

"Mhmmmm," Sarah moaned around Lester's fingers. She could feel her body working up to an orgasm even without touching herself. Just the idea of pleasuring two cocks at once was explosive. Two men at once. Both of them wanting her, both of them hard for her. "Mhmmmmmm."

"I'll tell you one thing, though," Lester said as he pulled his fingers from Sarah's lips. She turned her head and quickly found his cock, sucking it into her mouth. Her fingers instinctively reached out for Lester's fingers. He grabbed onto her wrists instead, holding her in place, delaying her search for a few seconds before letting go. She quickly began stroking Lester's fingers like it was another cock. Lester stood, his hand gripping the back of her head as he started to thrust his cock in and out of her mouth.

Sarah tried to set the tempo with her hand but failed. Lester's pistoning cock was setting the pace, and all Sarah could do was try to hold on. Feeling Lester's cock force itself in and out of her mouth, taking what he wanted was making her want to push him down and fuck him. To feel him inside of her. To get fucked the way he was using her mouth. Her hips began to undulate in the air, visualizing the fucking the hot wife imagined.

“If we ever do involve another cock,” Lester grunted, feeling his balls tighten. “It won’t be your husband’s.”

“Mhmmhmmffffmhhh,” Sarah had forgotten all about Dan, but her mind was quickly aware that Lester’s thrusts were getting erratic. She felt his balls contract and knew his delicious cum would be shooting into her mouth. She pushed all other thoughts aside for now. All she wanted to focus on was his cum. The first rope hit the back of her throat. Then another. It seemed like Lester had been saving all of his cum for her arrival. Sarah swallowed. Her mouth was filled again with Lester’s cum, some leaking out before she could swallow again.

Sarah let Lester’s cock fall from her mouth. She was panting and tried to catch her breath. After several seconds she regained her focus and realized she was still stroking Lester’s cock and his fingers. She opened her hands and let go. Lester flopped back onto the couch with a dumb smile on his face.

Sarah looked over her shoulder at Dan, who had a bewildered look on his face. His pants were still on, but she wasn’t sure if he had been touching himself. It felt like time had skipped - she’d been watching Love is Blind on the couch and the moment she’d touched Lester’s hard cock she needed to make it explode. She’d lost track of him the moment Lester started to take control. That thought worried her, but more importantly, she was worried Dan was hurt or upset again. She made her way over to him and whispered, “Are you okay?”

“I just wish we could go into the bedroom where I could fuck you,” Dan whispered low enough Lester wouldn’t be able to hear, “That was intense.” He didn’t mention that he could smell Lester on her breath. He also didn’t mention that fact wasn’t making him any less hard.

“Okay, though?” Sarah asked.

“It was okay,” Dan said nodded looking exhausted, “It was a lot but it was pretty hot. You’re a dirty girl.”

“Stop it,” Sarah smiled. She leaned forward and whispered. “I’m going to freshen up, but maybe you can meet me in the bedroom, and I’ll show you just how dirty I can be.”

Dan looked caught off guard by her comment, he raised an eyebrow. Sarah smiled mischievously, left the boys in the living room, and went to the bathroom. She felt incredibly horny after blowing Lester. Her body needed to be fucked, and she wasn’t sure she could wait until afterwards. Shutting the bathroom door behind her, Sarah started to freshen up. She made sure to brush her teeth and

use some mouthwash, not wanting Dan to accidentally kiss her after she swallowed loads of Lester's illicit cum. Staring at herself in the mirror, Sarah felt a wave of guilt wash over her. While she had been blowing Lester and sucking on her fingers, her mind had imagined a second Lester or even some stranger's cock. She hadn't been picturing Dan. She'd briefly forgotten about her husband, which made things worse. The plan was for her to put on a show for Dan, but at some point, that changed and she was entirely focused on Lester's cock.

*If you really wanted a second cock, you could have asked Dan to join in.* Sarah stared at herself in the mirror at the realization. He was right there while she was lapping on Lester's fingers. All she had to do was turn around and tell him to get it out. She would make it up to him right now. Even if he didn't realize his lack of participation, she needed to do something to alleviate her guilt.

Sarah finished freshening up and left the bathroom. As she walked back down the hall toward the living room, she tried to think up something sexy and seductive to say to Dan to lure him to the bedroom. As she stepped into the room and opened her mouth, Lester spoke first.

"I think it's time we all get ready to go," He said, standing up, "It's getting a little late, and the club should be open by now from what I've seen online."

"Really?" Sarah asked, walked over, and grabbed her phone. She was surprised to see that it was after 9:30 pm. *How long was I sucking on his cock for?* Dan came out of the kitchen with a glass of water and approached her.

"Are you still okay with going tonight?" Dan asked as he gave her lower back a loving caress. "I think you've already had a little mini date here."

Sarah had been looking forward to dancing. It had been ages since she had gone to a club. Dan rarely took her anymore. She wanted to go. Getting ready would take some time, but she needed to get out. She would make it up to Dan and soon get him alone in the bedroom. Besides, she couldn't fulfill Dan's desire to see her in a car with Lester from the apartment.

"It's okay," She said, putting a hand on Dan's chest, "I want to go." Sarah kissed Dan on the cheek and moved back towards the bedroom. "I need to go get ready. Give me twenty minutes," She said loudly enough for Lester to hear. As she walked down the hallway, she thought of the outfit in her carry-on that she had wanted to wear the previous night. She knew it would cause the jaws of both men to drop. A sly smile spread across her face as she closed the door behind her.

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“What’s taking her so fucking long?” Lester was pacing back and forth in the living room. An amused smile crept onto Dan’s face, and his eyes flicked up to look at his roommate. His arms were crossed, and his going-out outfit looked hilarious. His clothes looked newer than those he usually wore, but he looked like a background character from *Night at the Roxbury*. He probably felt like a kid going to his first-grade school dance.

“She said twenty minutes. It’s been almost a full hour,” Lester looked at Dan, frustrated. Dan maintained his spot in his chair, his attention focused on his phone. The Chicago Blackhawks were up 2-1 over the Kings. “What’s taking her so long?”

“You sure seem not to know a lot about women,” Dan said, glued to his phone. “Perfect takes time. You might as well just sit down.”

Dan heard Lester huff and continued his pacing. A few minutes later, Sarah finally emerged from the hallway. She walked into the room as if she hadn’t just taken an hour to get ready, ignorant of Lester’s impatience. Dan felt his cock stir looking at the way his wife was dressed. He always loved when Sarah did her hair up. She had one of the sexiest necks he’d ever seen. The shirt she was wearing, if you could call it a shirt, did a great job of accentuating the elegance of her neck. To Dan, it looked like a piece of black material that just covered her breasts and the front of her stomach. A thin little strap went around the back of her neck and connected to the black, satiny-looking material that obscured her chest. It was cut so that there was a large V that went down between her breasts, exposing her chest. Her cleavage was hidden, though, as the material stretched over the tops and sides of her breasts, enveloping them, another thin strap running across her ribs and clasping behind her back. The rest of the material ran down over her stomach, but the sides were exposed for anyone to see.

His wife wore high-waisted white pants that hugged her body, leaving very little to the imagination. Her ass looked amazing, popped out slightly but not obscene, as always. The pants were cut like jeans, but they were made of some other cotton or polyester-like material. She had a pair of black high heels on, too. Dan loved these kinds of outfits. Even before everything had started with Lester, he’d always gotten off on seeing other men’s heads turn to watch his wife when they were out.

“Ready to go, boys?” Sarah said as she turned and looked at herself in the mirror.

Dan looked at Lester, who seemed equally stunned at Sarah’s appearance. Dan stood up, eager to get this night over with. “Yep, let’s head out.”

The odd trio walked down the hallway together. It wasn't wide enough for them to walk side by side, so Lester followed behind the couple until they reached the elevator. As the doors closed Lester spoke, "Dan, are you planning to ride with us or drive yourself?"

Dan hadn't thought that far ahead. He'd been too preoccupied with the hockey game. He could probably watch the score while they drove if he rode with them, but he didn't love the idea of sitting in the backseat like some child. Besides, Lester could try to pull something and ditch Dan at the venue before taking Sarah someplace else. If he drove himself, there was a chance Lester could try to ditch him like he had that one night, but now he had Sarah's location tracking enabled on her phone. He could find her. He preferred to have his car with him anyway.

"I'll take my car," Dan said while slyly checking out his wife. "I'll follow you there." Sarah raised an eyebrow at him, but he nodded reassuringly. When the elevator doors opened, Lester stepped out, seemingly oblivious to the custom of letting ladies out first. At least he opened his SUV door for Sarah. Dan navigated the parking lot and got into his own car. He quickly drove to the other side of the lot, where he was surprised to find Lester's SUV was still waiting. As soon as he got close, it started to drive.

He followed them out onto the street. Lester led them to another part of town that was unfamiliar to Dan. He wasn't a Chicago native, and most of the city was still new to him. This area had some rundown-looking storefronts but if Dan was correct about his Chicago geography, it was in the general neighborhood where he'd thought he'd had a job interview a few weeks back. That area had at least been nicer than this one. After a few minutes, Lester turned off the street into a driveway that went down into an old parking garage.

Despite its age, it featured a modern payment system. Dan had to tap his card before receiving a ticket that would let him exit later in the night. Everything seemed fairly automated; the door rolled up as he took his ticket, and the gate closed behind him. There wasn't anyone in the old security booth, and Dan spotted several burnt-out bulbs that needed changing. This garage didn't seem to be as well maintained as others Dan had been to. Dan followed Lester's vehicle through the garage and up a ramp onto the next level. There weren't many cars up here, and it was more dimly lit than the previous level.

Dan guessed that the garage was fuller during the weekday with office workers but probably emptied out at night and on the weekends. Lester drove to the part of the garage where no cars were parked. Dan followed as they turned around a concrete wall and into an empty section of the garage. A brick wall was visible beyond a chain link fence. They were likely at street level, and the brick wall was

from the next building over. Lester parked parallel to the fence, backing into a spot. Dan pulled in directly in front of Lester's SUV so that the noses of their cars were facing each other. Just in case Lester tried to pull a fast one and leave the garage before he did, his roommate couldn't maneuver his car out of the spot.

Both doors on the SUV opened up. Dan quickly killed the ignition and stepped out of his vehicle, locking it behind him, "Why the hell did we drive through the whole parking garage? There were plenty of open spots."

"Closer to the stairs," Lester pointed at a door against the far wall, "Unless you want to walk around the block. Elevators don't run on the weekends. The club is just around the corner."

It seemed like Lester was somewhat familiar with this club and this part of town. That struck Dan as odd, given Lester's reclusive nature. Lester began walking, but Sarah stayed and waited for Dan. "All good?" Dan asked as they fell into stride together.

"A complete gentleman. Didn't talk too much, to be honest." Sarah said as they closed in on Lester. He was at the door, holding it open. "Good," Dan replied. Sarah didn't mention that he hadn't so much as touched her either, which, if she was being honest with herself, she wouldn't have minded. She knew she was still worked up from earlier.

Lester let Sarah walk through the door and then stepped through behind her. Dan caught the door before it could shut and followed them up. Lester was ogling Sarah's shimmying ass with each step of the staircase. Soon, they reached the top, and the door opened onto the empty Chicago street. Lester reached down, grabbed Sarah's hand, and led them down the block. Dan followed behind, not enjoying Lester's PDA. He was surprised that Sarah didn't look back at him, almost like she didn't think holding Lester's hand was a big deal.

Dan finally saw the club. The 'Sound-Bar' sign lit up a small alleyway just off the other side of the street. Lester led them up to the door and knocked on it. A heavysset-looking bouncer opened the door and eyed them up before he stood aside and let them through.

"Twenty-five dollars each for the guys," a young girl behind the coat check area said to the group. Lester paid for himself and went to walk ahead into the club. Sarah held his arm and waited for Dan to pay. He hadn't planned on dropping a \$25 cover charge but he sure as hell wasn't about to let Lester take Sarah into a

place like this alone. Dan paid with a wincing look on his face and followed Sarah and Lester into the club.

As Dan rounded the corner he felt a wave of heat rush over him. The club was packed with bodies gyrating together to loud house-style music. Dan felt a pounding that began in his ears and proceeded throughout his body as the bass on the track continued to bounce. They had to walk down a flight of stairs to get to the club floor. It was a space with several different dance floors, rooms and bars. As they navigated the crowd, Dan saw different roped-off sections, including dance floors and bar areas. Different rooms had different DJs playing music. Every room seemed to have bodies pressed against one another on the dance floor. A balcony ran across the top of the space, ending with doors that went into unknown rooms.

Sarah looked back at him and said something, but he couldn't make it out, "WHAT?" Dan shouted. "BAR. LET'S GO TO THE BAR." Sarah yelled back. The three of them went up to the bar and eventually got the bartender's attention to order a round of drinks. Lester took out his phone and started typing on it before wandering away from them. Dan slid up next to Sarah and rubbed her back while taking in the club's sights.

It had been a long time since he had been in a nightclub and never one quite like this. Lester returned and handed his phone to Sarah. She read the screen and then handed it to Dan. There was a message written on it, 'Remember, like we agreed, if you see something and want to stop, just say it. Also, I'm not paying for you.' Dan rolled his eyes and gave Lester the OK sign with his hands.

Lester leaned in and whispered something in Sarah's ear. She turned to Dan, "LESTER WANTS TO DANCE. IS THAT OKAY?" Dan nodded and gave his wife a thumbs up. He couldn't wait to see Lester attempt to dance. It would probably be one of the funniest things he'd see all year. He turned back to the bar and downed his drink before telling the bartender he wanted another. As she was getting his drink ready, Dan turned back to watch Sarah and Lester, but he couldn't see them. He'd lost them in the disparate crowds of bodies on the dance floor.

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Lester led Sarah through the pressing bodies of the crowd. He hated it here. It was too loud, and there were too many people. These were the kinds of people he had hated ever since high school. Idiots drinking their faces off until they couldn't function anymore. He did like the look of some of the women in here, though and would be more than happy to help them after their night was over.

Tonight was about Dan, though, and humiliating him for throwing him out of their home. He needed to be taught a lesson.

He led Sarah to the roped-off section at the back of this room. The bouncer was standing at the foot of a short set of stairs that led to a raised platform with its own dance floor and private round booths inset into the falls. A small railing partitioned the raised area from the rest of the club. The bouncer nodded to Lester, recognizing him from earlier. The bodies were packed tightly around them. Lester turned to look at Sarah as they stepped up the stairs. She looked back at him, seemingly overwhelmed by all the stimulation around her. He was confident she hadn't noticed they had moved to a more private part of the club.

Dan wouldn't be allowed up here. Not unless he had pre-purchased bottle service. Still holding Sarah's hand, Lester led her to a private booth where the waitress had already set out some drinks for them. Lester slid into the booth, and Sarah followed, looking over her shoulder for her husband. Lester handed her a drink and took a long sip of his.

'WHERE'S DAN?' Sarah said as she started on her second drink of the night. She could already feel a slight buzz beginning to creep up on her. "I SAW HIM STANDING BY THE BAR A FEW SECOND AGO. GIVING US SOME SPACE MAYBE." Lester said, pointing toward the bar they had just come from. Sarah craned her neck but couldn't see him.

"WHERE?" she said loudly, leaning back towards Lester. He pointed in the general vicinity of the bar. He honestly had no idea. All he knew was that Sarah wouldn't be able to see the stairs leading up here from their booth if Dan was there trying to convince the bouncer he belonged. "OVER THERE," Lester pointed again.

Sarah shook her head, unable to locate her husband. He couldn't have lost track of them that quickly, could he? He was probably watching, just like Lester said. He would probably look on the dance floor for them since that's where they said they were going. She leaned into Lester's shoulder, "I THOUGHT WE WERE GOING TO DANCE?"

"I DON'T DANCE," Lester said back, "BUT I'M GOING TO WATCH YOU DANCE."

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN?" Sarah said loudly and then took another long sip of her drink, shocked that it was already done. Lester grabbed a bottle off the table

and mixed another drink for both of them. To Sarah, it looked like it was mostly tequila.

“YOU’RE GOING TO FULFILL DAN’S FANTASIES. GO UP ON THE DANCE FLOOR AND DANCE WITH THE FIRST GUY THAT APPROACHES YOU. DANCE FOR DAN AND ME TO WATCH. DOESN’T MATTER WHAT THEY LOOK LIKE, SHOW DAN HOW DIRTY YOU CAN BE.” Lester ran a finger up her bare spine, causing her to shiver, reminding her of what was to come. The music was already causing her body to sway back and forth. She wanted to move to the beat. It had been ages since she’d gone out and danced.

Lester thought she needed to be pushed over the edge. He leaned forward into her ear and said, “Remember, Dan calls the shots tonight. If he doesn’t like you dancing with someone else, he can put a stop to it. But I think we both know it’s going to drive him crazy.” As he was talking, he noticed she’d moved closer to him, ostensibly to hear him better, but she seemed comfortable with her ear against his mouth. Once he’d said what he had to say it was a long moment before she moved away.

Sarah looked back at Lester. He could tell she liked the idea but was eyeing him suspiciously. Sarah slid out of the table, and Lester groaned, watching her ass in those tight pants. With a mischievous glint in her eyes and a smirk tugging at the corners of her lips, Sarah subtly raised her eyebrows and downed the rest of her drink before motioning to Lester for another. Lester finished pouring her another drink and saw the playful spark in her eyes, silently acknowledging that she was up for the game he wanted her to play.

Lester sat back and stared at Sarah’s ass and uncovered back as she made her way onto the private dance floor, unaware of the plan he had set in motion.

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Sarah was only alone in the crowd of bodies swaying on the dance floor for a moment before someone slid up behind her. Back in college, this is where she would either stop moving and get away from the person or look back to see who it might be. Tonight, it didn’t really matter. They were just a prop for her to tease Dan and Lester with.

She took a sip of her drink and continued to move her body to the music alongside this stranger. The heat from his body was running up her bare back as his crotch pushed against her ass. Sarah felt his hands on her hips, tentatively touching her body. Sarah scanned the crowd for Dan, hoping he was watching. She hooked one arm around the back of the stranger's neck and ground her ass into his

crotch. His hard bulge was immediately evident, and part of her was satisfied that even after two kids, she could still have this effect on a man.

As the song ended, another began with a slower tempo. Sarah's eyes tracked the crowd, looking for Dan, but she couldn't find him in the sea of bodies. Lester stood out from the booth, staring in her direction. Even from here, she could tell how turned on he was watching her. She pressed harder against the stranger behind her as she stared at Lester. Her bare back pressed into his chest. She could feel his breath on her neck and his dick pressing into her ass. She ground her ass back and forth against the stranger's dick. Closing her eyes, she tried to picture Dan's face watching her, but soon all she could focus on was the hard dick pressing into her ass, so close to her. If a couple of layers of clothes were removed it would be touching her bare ass.

The stranger's hands began to move off her hips slowly. One ran down and rested on her thigh while the other started to graze the naked flesh of her stomach. She wouldn't normally let a stranger touch her like this, but she wanted to turn Dan and Lester on. Dan would intervene if something crossed the line, right? Sarah continued to sway her hips, goosebumps running over her skin as the stranger's fingers traced up her bare rib cage. Sarah dropped her hand from his neck and let it fall to her side as she danced.

Another song started with a faster tempo. Sarah danced a little faster, her partner matching her movements. She decided to tease him a bit, moving her ass off his crotch. Denying him her touch. Now she was turning her hips and body with the music, not just grinding her ass back into his crotch. He was trying to keep up with her, but she could tell he wasn't the best dancer. As Sarah moved her body to one side, he was a few seconds behind her. As the beat of the song increased, so did Sarah's movements. She turned her body with one hand in the air, the other holding her drink. The stranger was behind her, trying to match her movements, she turned, and her hand accidentally grazed his crotch. For a brief second, her fingertips could feel his hardness. As soon as she felt it, they moved again.

Sarah could feel her heart thumping in her chest. Her body felt like it was on fire. She looked back at Lester and saw him smiling. She wondered if he saw what had just happened. Another song came on with a less frantic tempo. The stranger stepped back up and pushed his crotch against her ass. Sarah could feel his hard cock pushing into her. She instinctively ground herself back against it as her bare back pressed against his body. One of the man's hands was on her hips while the other was slowly tracing its way up her bare back. Sarah shuddered, feeling another man's hand on her.

Her breathing was getting shallow. The man's hand came to rest on the thin material on the back of her neck before he slowly pushed forward. Sarah knew what he wanted. She'd love to see Dan's face watching. She wished he was here in the crowd with her instead of off to the side somewhere watching. Sarah obliged the man's demands. She would show Lester and Dan just how dirty she could be. The man's hand continued its pressure. Sarah bent forward, pressing her ass further into the man's crotch. She ground her ass up and down along the man's considerable cock.

His hand moved to her shoulder, pulling her back up to him. Sarah could feel sweat dripping down her forehead. There were so many bodies in here, not to mention the heat emanating from the man behind her. His hand snaked its way around her torso and found the opening in her top. Sarah watched as the man's white hand disappeared beneath the sheer material of her black top and cupped her bare breast.

Sarah's breath caught in her throat. Wet lips began to kiss the nape of her neck, one of her most sensitive areas. Sarah's ass pushed back into the man's crotch all on its own, seeking connection with his hardened cock. She could feel his hot breath on her neck, driving her crazy. The man's other hand quickly grabbed hers and pulled it behind her, pushing her palm against his hard cock.

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Dan had done a lap around the club, looking through various rooms, but couldn't find them. The buzz of the alcohol was dimming his senses. He made his way through the dance floor, looking for Lester. He would stand out in a place like this. Bodies pressed against him on all sides, and some young women pushed their backsides against him as he passed.

He returned to the main room where he had lost them and ordered another drink. As he paid the bartender, he finally caught a glimpse of Lester over her shoulder. His fat squat body was sitting alone in a booth in the back of the room. Dan kicked himself for not seeing them earlier. They hadn't gone nearly as far as he'd thought.

Taking a big swig of his drink, he moved to the back of the room. *Where was Sarah?* As he approached Lester, he realized his roommate was alone, but his attention was transfixed on the dance floor. Dan stared in the direction Lester was looking. All he could see on the raised platform were bodies dancing. He squinted, looking through the throngs of people until he saw a glimpse of Sarah's outfit. She was dancing but she wasn't alone. Someone was dancing with her.

He couldn't quite see exactly what was happening. Dan looked to his side and saw a short staircase to get up there.

He quickly approached it, but a firm hand pressed against his chest, "VIPS AND BOTTLE SERVICE ONLY."

"I'M SUPPOSED TO BE UP THERE. MY WIFE AND ROOMMATE ARE WAITING FOR ME." Dan shouted back.

"THEN HAVE THEM COME GET YOU. I CAN'T LET YOU IN WITHOUT A PASS." The bouncer pushed firmly on Dan's chest. Dan left the bouncer and walked around the outside of the raised platform, trying to get Lester's attention. His roommate's beady eyes were laser focused on Sarah dancing with some stranger.

"SARAH," Dan tried shouting, but he knew it would be fruitless over the club noise, "SARAH." Some people left the dance floor, and Dan got a better look at Sarah. She was grinding her ass against the man behind her. His hand was inside of her shirt, groping her breast. Her head was leaning back against his chest as the guy was kissing his wife's neck. Then Dan felt his heart sink, recognizing who she was dancing with. It was Jesse.

*Fuck that bouncer.* Dan quickly jumped onto the railing and climbed over it, landing on the same platform as Sarah and Jesse. He felt his legs sway a bit, the quick motion not agreeing with the alcohol he had consumed. Dan pushed through the other club goers on the dance floor until he reached Sarah and pulled her off his ex-subordinate. Jesse had an amused look on his face, and Sarah was shocked to see the anger in Dan's eyes. She looked back and saw that it had been Jesse she was dancing with and looked mortified in response.

"DAN, I DIDN'T KNOW!" Sarah said loudly, clutching his arm. Dan balled his hands into fists and was about to have a serious conversation with Jesse. Suddenly, a pair of strong arms grabbed Dan by the shoulder and pulled him backwards. Soon, another pair of hands were on him, pulling him away from Sarah through the crowd. Dan was disoriented and tried to fight off their strong grips, but he couldn't. A door opened up somewhere ahead of him, and cool air washed over his body. Suddenly, he felt like he was flying, and then he felt pain as he landed on concrete.

He blinked open his eyes and realized he was outside on the street. Sarah was quickly by his side, asking if he was okay. Over her shoulder, he could see a pair

of bouncers looking at him angrily as they shut a side door to the club behind them.

“Are you okay, Dan?” Sarah asked, holding his arm, trying to get him to stand up. Dan knew he was going to have a wicked hangover in the morning. He let Sarah pull him to his feet, hoping the ringing in his ears would subside once he was standing straight. “Just my pride,” Dan said.

“What the hell were you doing dancing with Jesse?” Dan could feel the crease on his brow furrow as he looked at his wife. “I lost track of you guys.”

“I thought you were watching me the whole time,” Sarah said. Lester appeared from around the corner, clearly not knowing about the secret side door. Sarah continued, “Lester didn’t want to dance, so he told me to go put on a show for you and him. I didn’t even look back to see who I was dancing with. I was more focused on being sexy for you. For both of you. I thought you would stop things if it made you uncomfortable.”

Dan eyed Lester, “Why was Jesse dancing with Sarah?”

Lester looked dumbfounded, “Who’s Jesse? What are you talking about? All I saw was you jumping the railing and getting us kicked out of the club. Were you trying to ruin my date night?”

“Jesse! He used to work with me until he got fired. Why was he dancing with Sarah?” Dan shouted.

“How the fuck should I know? I have no idea what you are even talking about. Did he know Sarah from before?” Lester shouted back.

“Yeah he had met her a couple of times on business trips,” Dan said, looking back and forth between Lester and Sarah.

“On these trips did he ever, you know...” Lester trailed off, looking at Sarah.

“Ew. No way,” Sarah exclaimed. “The trips weren’t like that. At all.”

“Okay, so he saw your wife on the dance floor by herself and tried to take his shot then?” Lester shrugged, “How would I even know who the hell he was? I can’t keep track of everyone from your past, roomie.”

Dan wanted somewhere to direct his anger but Jesse was still inside the club. Lester was the next best choice. It didn’t make sense that Lester would know

Jesse. Besides, Lester couldn't keep his hands off his wife. He was more likely to try to get her alone in a dark corner of the club.

"Why were you dancing alone?" Dan asked Sarah.

"That's on me. I knew Sarah wanted to dance, but I don't like dancing. I feel like an idiot up there. So I thought it would be hot to watch her dance, and I figured it would get you off to see her dancing with another guy. It's my fault. I fucked up. I'm sorry," Lester said sincerely.

Lester's apology caught him off guard. He looked shaken up by what happened. The little cave troll probably wasn't used to violence. Seeing the bouncers throw him out probably spooked him, "Whatever, let's just go." Dan said as he rotated his shoulder. He had landed hard on the concrete and wasn't looking forward to the pain tomorrow. At least for now, the alcohol had numbed everything.

Lester led them back up the sidewalk as Sarah and Dan followed hand in hand.

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Sarah felt mortified as she held onto Dan's arm. As they walked down the parking garage's staircase all she could focus on was the events of the last few minutes. Jesse's tongue on her neck, his body pressing against hers. The feeling of his hardening cock pressing into her ass. Her hand on his crotch. She hated that she now had some idea of the size of Jesse's cock - he was not small. The anger in her husband's eyes as he pulled her from Jesse.

She couldn't lie to herself. Seeing the anger and jealousy on Dan's face had been incredibly erotic. Sarah felt ashamed at just how horny it had made her. In her defense, Lester had turned her on earlier when she sucked his cock. She wanted to take Dan after that, but they had gone out. The sweaty bodies and gyrating in the clubs hadn't done anything to temper her horniness. And Jesse's dancing and groping only served to dial things up.

Still, she knew how mad Dan had gotten, but she couldn't help feeling embarrassed at the scene they had made, seeing her husband being man handled and thrown out of a club. Everyone's eyes were watching them as she quickly followed the bouncers out. She was glad to be out of there, away from the judgemental eyes. She wished she could have spent longer in the club and danced with her husband. Lester had at least thought of Dan and tried to plan something involving him and his fantasies. She would have to find a way to thank him for that.

Lester opened the door onto their floor, and the trio crossed the empty parking level. Sarah did feel bad about Dan getting thrown out of the club. She wanted to find some way to make it up to him. As they neared the cars, an idea hit her—the car. Dan had wanted to see her in a vehicle with Lester. He had missed out on her past dates with Lester and wanted a redo of her performance.

She stopped and held onto Dan's hand, slowing him. He turned to face her, "What?"

With Dan's back blocking Lester's view, she ran her hands up and down Dan's crotch, "Did you still want to see what I do with him in the car?"

Dan gulped. She could see him doing the mental calculations in his head. He nodded softly, unable to verbalize a response. Sarah smiled, "Remember, we have the safeword." She could see Dan's face turn a shade of crimson. She leaned into her husband and gave him a deep kiss, shoving her tongue into his mouth. "I think you're going to like this."

Holding his hands, she led them to Lester's SUV, where he was waiting, "Lester, get in the backseat. Dan, go get in the passenger side." Sarah opened the back door of the SUV and got in while both men stood there dumbfounded. Lester was the first to move, heaving his body through the door following Sarah. Dan quickly moved between the vehicle's hoods and opened the passenger door. He did it carefully, trying not to hit the chain link fence that looked out into the alleyway.

Once Dan was in the seat and turned around to look at them, Sarah got started. She knew this would turn Dan on, and she wanted to lean into the dirty talk for him. She felt like she failed him earlier and wanted to make it up to him. The first thing she did was repeat the kiss she had just given her husband, but now it was Lester she kissed. Dan watched as their tongues played against each other, his heart sinking as his roommate clutched the back of his wife's head. Once the kiss had gone on nearly a minute, they broke apart, each breathing heavily. Staring into Dan's eyes, Sarah dropped her hand and started to massage Lester's crotch, "My, my, what do we have here?"

"You're gonna have to open that up to find out," Lester grunted. Dan could hear his heart beating in his ears. The volume in the club had messed with his eardrums and now seeing Sarah and Lester together in the car was causing his body to go into overdrive. He had wondered what this would be like. He hated imagining Sarah alone with Lester in the car, like their previous dates without him. Now, he was seeing it happen. Was this how they had started it before?

Dan gulped as he watched his wife slowly unbuckle Lester's belt and pull down the zipper on his roommate's pants. She reached in and began caressing Lester's cock. She turned and stared at Dan, her chest heaving as she said, "I found something, Dan. I think I need to get a closer look at it. What do you think?"

All Dan could do was nod wordlessly. He knew he was about to step off a cliff here but couldn't stop himself. Lester sat back and let Sarah tug at his pants. She pulled them down past his knees until his tight white underwear appeared. Sarah hungrily yanked those down, too, until his cock sprang out and slapped against his thigh. Lester used his legs to kick off his pants and underwear as Sarah wrapped her hands around his cock, "It looks like someone's happy to see me."

Sarah continued to gently stroke Lester's growing cock with her delicate, manicured nails. She stared at Dan and said, "It's crazy how this thing is always hard and ready for me. Even though I already swallowed a load earlier, look at it." She gently squeezed him, her thumb massaging his glans and the pronounced ridge of his cockhead.

"That's because it loves you," Lester grunted, thrusting his cock towards Sarah's face. She turned and kissed its head. Dan watched as Sarah looked at him and said, "And I love it too. God, this cock really has me begging for it. I think about it all day while I'm at work."

"How are you doing over there, baby?" Sarah said, looking at her husband as her tongue licked the underside of Lester's cock. "Feeling better?"

Dan gulped and whispered, "Yeah. Better."

"Good," Lester chuckled, "You seemed pretty upset with your old friend there. What was his name again?"

"Jesse," Dan muttered as he focused on his wife kissing and sucking Lester's cock.

"Sarah," Lester's eyes flicked to Dan to see his reaction, "You seemed to enjoy yourself on the dance floor. Do you think Jesse enjoyed himself, too?"

"What do you mean?" Sarah paused, looking up at him.

"Could you tell if he was hard or not?" Lester grinned, "As you moved your ass against his crotch."

Sarah squeezed Lester's cock and looked at her husband, "He was." Dan felt his stomach drop and his cock twitch, knowing that little shit Jesse had his cock

pressed up against his wife's fantastic ass. Getting stimulated by her dancing on it.

"Let's not focus on that," Sarah said, looking back at Lester as she lowered her lips to the top of his cock, "Let's focus on rewarding you for such a nice night out. It would have been nice to stay and dance a little longer with you boys, but I want to show you how much I appreciate the effort."

"Fuck yes, show me how much you appreciate me and my cock," Lester thrust his cock up towards Sarah's face.

Sarah smiled and kept her focus on her husband as she planted soft kisses up and down the shaft of Lester's cock, "I'd do anything for this cock. I love the taste of it." Dan groaned from the front seat, hearing his wife talk like this. How she looked at him was almost too much for him to bear. She was toying with him like she always did. When she looked at him like that, he never knew if she was being serious or performing for him. He knew she loved toying with him, and he was putty in her hands.

"Anything?" Lester smirked, looking down at Sarah, whose tongue was delicately licking his shaft; keeping him hard but not sucking him off. He smiled inwardly at just how little effort he had to put into the evening. Here he was about to have his cock in Sarah's mouth in front of her husband. He thought back to their first meetings and all the subtle manipulations it would have taken for her to even touch his cock. Now, she was willing to do anything for him. Sarah looked up at Lester repeating his thought, "Anything."

Lester grinned and looked back and forth between Sarah and Dan. "Then follow me." Dan stared in disbelief as Lester opened the door and looked like a weirdo stepping out into the parking garage without pants, his hardened pole flopping around in public. He quickly peeled off his shirt and threw it back into the car. Sarah looked at Dan, who could only shrug in response, not knowing what would happen. She followed Lester out of the car, and he guided her directly in front of his SUV.

Dan watched Lester kneel and disappear from view. Sarah planted her hands on the hood of the SUV and squirmed back and forth. Dan tried to get a better view of what was happening, but soon Lester stood back up, holding Sarah's tight white pants victoriously. Dan's eyes immediately scanned the garage roof, looking for video cameras, but didn't see any. He doubted a dingy parking garage like this would be equipped with the latest in surveillance. Dan's eyes shifted to the rest of the garage. Behind this concrete wall, they were obstructed from view.

The rest of this level had very few cars parked on the way in. He felt confident no one would accidentally stumble upon them.

Lester whispered something in Sarah's ear. She looked up and held her husband's gaze as Lester's hands began to explore her body. Sarah was biting her lip, and then Dan understood what was happening. Lester's hand must be in her panties, playing with her.

"Uhhhhh," Sarah moaned as Lester's fingers played with her clit. He was rubbing his finger against it softly in a circular motion.

"Keep looking at Dan," Lester whispered as he nibbled on her earlobe, "He loves seeing you like this. Let's put on a show for him."

"Mhmmmm," Sarah kept her eyes locked on her husband's through the windshield. She could see that hungry look in his eyes. The same one she had pictured on the dance floor. Then she remembered his anger. She focused on that as Lester's fingers started to run up and down her wet slit. Soon, Sarah was bucking her hips back towards Lester. She could feel his hard cock pressing into her panty-clad ass.

Lester looked up at Dan and started planting kisses on Sarah's neck. He was enjoying every minute of this. Why he had never gone after a married woman before baffled him. It was one thing to dominate a woman and make her open her legs for him. It was on another level to do that in front of her husband. Lester relished the control he exerted over the couple. Dan had better learn to stay in his place from now on, after his lesson tonight.

"Ah fuck," Sarah braced herself against the hood of Lester's SUV as he pushed a finger inside of her. Soon, a second followed, causing Sarah to drop her head to try to catch her breath. She hadn't realized quite how worked up she'd remained with all the ups and downs of the evening. His other hand groped her ass cheek as he opened her up. Lester smiled as he pushed his fingers into Dan's wife. Even at this angle, he made sure he could brush them against her g-spot to make her body quiver for him.

Dan watched from the passenger seat with a mixture of arousal, lust and disgust as he watched the coupling. Seeing Sarah's beautiful face contorted in pleasure while Lester's ugly, determined face was next to hers sent chills down his spine. He felt like he was taking a drug and couldn't stop watching.

Part of him wanted to open the door and step out into the garage with them. The other didn't want to move, to continue to watch the events unfold behind the

safety of the windshield. It felt surreal to him, and it would become more real if he stepped out to join them. He felt his cock aching in his pants. For now, he just gently rubbed it; not sure if he wanted to pull his pants off in Lester's car.

"Uh fuck, Lester," Sarah squirmed back on his fingers. Lester licked the side of her neck, "I love it when you say my name, Sarah. It sounds so sweet off your lips."

"Lester, mhmhhh Lester," Sarah moaned, "Don't stop Lester, right there. Right uh, mhmh, there." Down her thigh behind her she felt the tip of Lester's cock graze her. It never ceased to amaze her how long and thick Lester's cock was. How big it got before it was inside her.

Lester pulled his fingers out of the wife and pushed down on her back. Sarah's hands collapsed, and her elbows dropped onto the SUV. Lester pulled his shirt off and ripped off Sarah's white panties, tearing them at the sides, "Ahh, uhhhh."

He lined his cock up with her wet slit and slowly pushed the head of his cock into the young mother, never forgetting to savor how her walls held him tightly, milking him from the very start. "Oh my god, fuck," Sarah moaned, feeling Lester's cock beginning to enter her. Lester's eyes flicked up to watch Dan's reaction. He was still sitting there transfixed on his wife, whose hair was now splayed out across the hood of Lester's car. *Good. No reaction from either one of them about my bare cock.* His subtle, patient planning had paid off.

Lester felt he deserved an Oscar for his performance at the club earlier. Watching Dan get thrown out brought him immense pleasure. Dan wanted to throw him out of his house? Well, Lester made sure the same thing happened to him, just more painfully and more publicly embarrassing. Sometimes it was too easy. Dan could be so predictable. It was a success in another way, though. Learning just how sensitive Dan was to his old coworker Jesse. There was plenty more to leverage there. Jesse was quite the open book about all things Dan and seemed easy to manipulate.

"Oh fuck Lester, slow baby slow it down," Sarah whimpered as she felt Lester's cock stretching her out. Lester had his hands upon her bare back, intent on ripping off her top soon. He gripped the back of her neck and pulled her up off the SUV. At the same time, he shoved the entire length of his cock into her. "Ah, shit, Lester." His casual disregard for her while taking what he wanted put Sarah dangerously within reach of an explosive orgasm.

"I know you, Sarah Williams," Lester grunted loudly into the empty parking garage as he pulled his cock out and slammed it back into her, "And what did you say

before? You don't need love tonight? You like getting fucked hard and fast, and that's how I'm going to give it to you tonight." His eyes focused on some faraway point as his hips sped up.

Lester's pudgy fingers sank into Sarah's hips as he started to pound her pussy relentlessly. Sarah tried thrusting back against him, but the angle of their connection and his furious pace made it impossible. She braced herself with her elbows against the SUV and just hung on as Lester fucked the shit out of her.

The troll-like man slowed his pace and grabbed a handful of Sarah's hair, yanking her upright. He turned her head and shoved his tongue into her panting mouth. Sarah's tongue snaked into his, exploring and tasting him. Lester broke the kiss, and Dan watched his wife look at his roommate with intense arousal. Then Lester started kissing her neck, planning a trail of kisses onto her shoulder.

"God, you're so fucking beautiful," Lester said as his kisses set her nerves on fire. "I just want you in my bed every night so I can fuck you senseless." Lester stopped his kisses at the nape of her neck before increasing his pace once again.

Sarah was panting, her head resting on the hood. She opened her eyes and saw Dan's face staring at her. His arm was moving. He was stroking himself, watching her get fucked by his troll of a roommate. She never expected her beauty, and the beast-type fantasies would include getting fucked by the beast in a parking garage.

Suddenly, she felt her body begin to tense up. Lester's cock head was rubbing up against her g-spot. Back and forth. Back and forth. Her orgasm came without warning, causing her to push off into the balls of her feet into her high heels. It radiated throughout her body and her breath caught in her throat. Her perfect ass pushed back onto Lester's cock, letting him fully penetrate the young wife. "Ohhh fuckkkk ahhh Lester." Her fist pounded on the hood emphasizing the turmoil inside the young wife.

"That's it," Lester grunted, sweat beginning to drip off his forehead "Cum for me, my little slut. Squeeze daddy's cock." Sarah held her breath as her body stiffened, and she felt a wave of pleasure wash across it. Her eyes closed, and Dan disappeared from view. All she wanted to focus on was riding this orgasm out. Even though her pussy was gripping Lester tightly, he still was pushing into her, keeping her orgasm alive.

Sarah exhaled and took in a deep breath. She had to breathe. Holding her breath so long gave her a minor headache, and the booze was making her a little dizzy. She stepped back down into her heels and steadied herself against the SUV.

Lester pulled his cock out of her and spun her around until her ass was pressing up against the hood of Dan's car. She instinctively laid back, resting her heels on the front bumper as Lester moved between her legs.

Dan stared, watching his young wife lay herself onto the hood of his car as Lester got into position to mount her. This whole experience was like some pornographic amusement park ride - the inside of the car shook and shuddered from the couple's frenetic fucking. The corners of Dan's mouth formed a disgusted look, now being treated to a view of Lester's hairy, flabby ass.

Lester pushed his cock into Sarah, and her legs wrapped around his waist, the high heels jutting into his ass. Nothing was going to stop him from fucking her. "Did you forget something?"

"Fuck, uh, what?" Sarah grunted as she finally could move her hips down and fuck Lester's cock. "What?"

"No condom," Lester said through gritted teeth. Immediately Sarah's bucking on his cock increased. Lester grinned, knowing that her body had responded to the idea. He wasn't sure whether it was because of its taboo nature or desire to be bred, but he would surely reap the benefits of it, "Want me to stop and get one?"

Sarah's eyes were closed, focusing on the sensation of Lester's bare cock sliding in and out of her. Fucking her senseless. There was no way she wanted to stop right and lose this feeling. Not when she could feel another orgasm starting to build up inside of her.

"Want me to stop?" Lester repeated, holding her hips tightly as he fucked into her, "We can ask Dan to grab a condom."

"Don't," Sarah started. She heard a sound someplace off, but it barely registered in her brain. She needed to feel his cock. She didn't want to stop. Didn't want to let this feeling go. If they stopped, it would ruin everything, and there was a chance Dan might say the safeword. "Don't. Fucking. Stop."

Lester grinned and threw his weight forward, plunging his cock as deep into Sarah as possible. His fat gut pushed her legs slightly apart as it came to rest on her stomach. He gripped her hands and held them over her head, pinning her to the hood of Dan's car, "Good because I wasn't going to stop anyway, not until I fill you with my cum."

"Ah fuck," Sarah grunted. She felt a second orgasm rippling its way to the surface. Lester pinned her down and increased his pace. Saying that he was going to fill her up, not letting her have a choice in the matter. It was all serving as fuel to

make her explode again. "Fuck Lester, give it to me. Give me your cum. Give it to me."

Lester leaned in and whispered in her ear, "We don't need condoms anymore because your pussy is all mine now."

Lester wasn't stopping. He kept hammering his cock into her at lightning speed. Sarah felt her body tensing again. Another orgasm began to rip through her.

"Ah FUCK, FUCK," Sarah's screams echoed in the empty parking lot. Her entire body felt like it was on fire, every nerve dancing together in harmony as her body squeezed Lester's cock for his cum. She wanted it. All of it. "Mhmmmmm, holy shit, Lester."

Sarah was panting, unable to catch her breath as the last traces of her orgasm started to soften. She felt another one slowly building as Lester continued to fuck her. He leaned in and whispered in her ear, "I'm going to be back at your hospital soon. I plan on fucking you at your desk. What do you say?"

"Fuck," Sarah grunted, pushing her ass down onto Lester's cock. She could feel his big hairy balls slapping against her ass with each thrust. "I can't wait."

"Heh," Lester grinned, wondering what Dan would think. He agreed to stay away from her in the workplace until he got their systems back online. He never promised to stay away forever. Sarah's head came up off the hood and she sucked on his neck, spurring the fat man to fuck her harder.

A sound from his right got his attention, and Lester turned his head towards the chain link fence. Slowly, the shadow of a man came into view. Lester slowed his thrusts into Sarah as the shadow got closed. Soon, the dim lighting of the garage illuminated a vagrant in shabby clothes making his way down the alleyway. The man's dangerous eyes were transfixed on Sarah lying across the hood.

Sarah opened her eyes, wondering why Lester had stopped giving her the fucking she craved. She saw his ugly features looking to the side of the car where the fence was. Her eyes followed his, and she was shocked to see another man standing on the other side of the chain link fence watching them. The man looked homeless with stained, baggy sweatpants and shoes that were falling apart. His black t-shirt was full of holes and stains, and a dirty denim jacket was over it. Sarah could smell the booze from here. He reeked of it. His face was sun-damaged with tons of wear and tear on it. The man's face had a permanent scowl, and it looked like he hadn't shaved for weeks. His eyes looked hungry and desperate, one seemingly bigger than the other.

“Don’t stop because of Cash!” The homeless man shouted, “Keep fucking her!”

Lester turned his head and looked back down at Sarah. She was staring at the homeless man, but her pussy was squeezing his cock. Lester was surprised when Sarah gently rolled her hips on his cock. He shouldn’t have been so surprised. He had noted extensively that Sarah was likely a closet exhibitionist, and she did get turned on by lesser men. What’s lower than a homeless bum? It was time for her to come out of that closet.

Dan sat there like a deer in the headlight as this homeless vagrant was staring at his half-naked wife. With his eyes solely focused on Sarah, he hadn’t noticed Dan in the car. What should he do? Should he get out and try to warn the guy off or stay concealed in case something happens and he needs to act? All these thoughts ran through his head, trying to formulate a plan. Figure out the best way

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“Mhmmmmmm,” Dan’s mind blanked as he focused on the sound and the car dipped again more forcefully than before.. He looked back at Lester and Sarah. Lester had started moving his hips again, and Sarah seemed to be thrusting back onto him. She was okay with Lester fucking her in front of a homeless man? Dan’s erection twitched in his hands. He tentatively stroked his bare cock. The idea of some street trash seeing his beautiful, proper wife naked and getting fucked seemed to add fuel to his lust. Soon, he felt like his hands were slipping off the steering wheel of his self-control.

“Ugh fuck,” Sarah groaned, closing her eyes. Lester let go of her arms and held onto her hips as he resumed his relentless pacing, sliding his cock in and out of her. “No,” Lester grunted as his balls slapped against her ass, “Open your eyes.”

Sarah opened her eyes and looked up at her husband’s roommate as he fucked her. “Don’t look at me,” Lester grunted, “Look at him.”

Nervously, Sarah turned her head to look at the older homeless man staring at her. His dirty sweatpants were around his thighs, and he was stroking his cock. He looked at her like she was a meal he needed to devour. He looked desperate for just a taste. Lust was painted across all of his features. Neither Dan nor Lester had ever looked at her with such intensity. Her eyes dropped to the motion of his hand stroking his cock. Her eyes bulged out of her head when she saw his cock. It wasn’t as big as Lester’s, but it was girthier and far more unkempt.

“Like Cash’s cock huh, girlie?” The homeless man shouted. He was stroking his cock with one hand while the other hung onto the fence. There were old letters tattooed on his knuckles, but Sarah couldn’t make out what they said. Sarah

turned her head away. Her face was beet red at having been caught staring at the homeless man's cock.

Lester grabbed her chin and turned her head back to look at the strange man. This was just like when Dan had first fucked Sarah on the couch and made her look at Lester. He doubted any of them recognized the similarity except him. And now he was in Dan's place, bare inside the young wife while a stranger looked on.

"Tell him you like his cock," Lester grunted as she pushed his cock deeper into Sarah eliciting a loud moan from the young mother. Sarah's eyes snapped back to the homeless cock a few feet from her, "Your cock looks thick."

"Come and get a closer look," the man shouted as he thrust his cock through the fence. It was pointing right at her, desperate to get as close to her as possible, "Hey, lardass, let's see those tits. Cash ain't got all night."

Lester felt sweat running down his back as he fucked Sarah. He shot the man an angry look before slowing his pace and running his hands up Sarah's stomach and then to her chest, still covered by the sheer material. Sarah turned her head and watched as Lester's hands reached her neck. She felt her breathing increase and her chest get flush at the idea of being completely naked. Not only would she be naked on the streets of Chicago but in front of some dirty old homeless man. Yet she didn't make a move to stop him.

Lester found the clasp at the back of her neck and undid it. Then he reached under, found the other on her back, and followed suit. He stared into Sarah's eyes as he pulled the sheer material from her body, exposing her completely to the dark Chicago night. Sarah felt the cold air wash over her nipples, making them harder. Lester tossed the top aside and took a firm grip on Sarah's thigh.

"Holy Fuck," The man rattled the fence with both hands, "Whoooo-wee! Holy fuck, look at 'em!" Sarah looked at the man and saw him licking his lips, devouring her with his eyes. He started pumping his cock faster, "Fucking hell, woman."

"Her name's Sarah," Lester grinned as he watched Sarah's beautiful breasts jiggle as he resumed fucking her.

"Sarah, Sarah, SARAH," The homeless man shouted. "SEXY SARAH. Cash wants to come all over those tits. Whadya say you share sexy Sarah with Cash, huh?"

Lester smirked as he looked down at Sarah. Her legs were wrapped around his waist, her nails digging into his biceps as he fucked her. Her eyes looked up at

him with pure lust. He wasn't sure she would say no if he did decide to share her. Dan might protest, but who knows? But for tonight, Lester wasn't prepared to share Sarah. Not yet.

"She's all mine," Lester slid his cock all the way out before slamming it back in. "Ah fuck," Sarah moaned in response.

"Isn't that right, Sarah?" Lester furrowed his eyebrows and started to fuck her quickly, "You're all mine."

"Mhmmmm," Sarah rolled her head to the side to look at the homeless man. "Just his," she teased.

"Cash is still cumming for you tonight," The excited man seemed full of energy, bouncing around on the other side of the fence as he stroked his cock. "Tell Cash you want to see Cash cum."

Lester smirked and nodded to Sarah. She bit her lip and looked at Cash's cock. "I want to see you cum for me. Cum for me, Cash."

"Arrgghh, Sexy Sarah," the man grunted as he continued to stroke his cock. He was staring at Sarah's white pristine chest as he furiously stroked his member."

"Lester," Sarah whispered, "Don't stop. I'm close. So close."

Lester shot a glance over his shoulder. Dan was still seated in the car, watching everything unfold. He wondered how far he could push things until Dan snapped. Lester bent forward and mashed his lips against Sarah's, slowing his fucking. She wrapped her arms around his head and kissed him back, her tongue massaging his. From the car Dan watched as the lovers' heads twisted with each other, delighting in their contact above and below.

Lester broke the kiss and slowly pulled his cock all the way out of her. Sarah expected him to slam it back in, but he didn't. Instead, he grabbed her by the thighs and pulled her off the hood of the car. "I want to cum in you from behind," Lester said as he pulled Sarah to the side of the car.

Sarah gulped as Lester pulled her beside the car, directly in front of the chain link fence, in front of their homeless stranger. The smell of booze and the street was stronger right in front of him. Lester leaned back against the side of the car and pushed Sarah's hips, causing her to bend over. She caught herself on the fence as Lester pushed the head of his cock into her.

“Ah FUCK yeah,” The homeless man shouted into the night. Sarah was bent over right in front of him, her perfect breasts presented on display. “Come to CASH, Sexy Sarah.”

Sarah held onto the fence for dear life as Lester began fucking her in earnest. Her body slammed her ass back against his cock, needing to feel it deep inside of her. She opened her eyes and saw the homeless man staring at her. He was licking his lips and bouncing around with the energy of a caged animal, with its prey lying on the other side of the fence. He kept stroking his fat dirty pole furiously. Sarah couldn't stop herself from looking down at this strange, girthy cock just a foot away.

“Ah fuck Lester,” Sarah said through gritted teeth as she gripped the fence. “Don't stop. Close, so close.”

“CASH is close too!” The homeless man shouted as he leered at Sarah. He seemed to be alternating between stroking himself and thrusting his cock through the fence at her.

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Dan sat there staring at the scene unfolding in front of him. Lester was taking his wife from behind while she braced herself against the fence where the homeless man was standing. His cock was hard as a rock, and he wasn't even touching it. It was standing upright, twitching. Dan watched as Sarah's breasts shook from Lester's fucking, her ass jiggling as it slammed back against Lester's cock. Sarah's eyes stared down at the homeless man's cock. The look of lust on her face as she stared at it.

“Pineapple,” Dan whispered to himself as his cock exploded on its own, drenching his thighs in cum.

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“Fuck yes, right there, Lester. Don't stop. Ah, Please. Uhhh.” Sarah gripped the fence as hard as she could as she thrust her pussy back onto Lester's crotch. Her mouth hung agape as she breathed hard, her firm breasts hanging back and forth.

The homeless man stared at her breasts, licking his lips as he stroked himself in front of her. Sarah couldn't help it. From her position, her head hung down, looking right at the angry cock of the vagrant.

“Say my name, Sarah,” Lester slapped her ass hard, causing her to yelp and jerk forward before pushing herself back down on his thrusting cock. “Say my fucking name. SAY IT!”

“LESTER!” Sarah shouted for anyone to hear, “FUCK ME LESTER.”

“Ugh yeah,” the homeless man grunted, “So fucking sexy.” The man was pressing himself up against the fence. It looked like he was trying to will his body through the fence so he could get closer to Sarah’s naked body. He was still jerking his cock while trying to push it through the hole towards her.

“Do you like being watched by this guy, Sarah?” Lester bit down on his lip as he took long, powerful thrusts into Sarah. “Are you going to let him watch you cum?”

“Uhh, ahh, ffuuck,” Sarah moaned, closing her eyes as she fucked Lester back. The image of the vagrant’s cock was still burned into her memory. She could still see it even with her eyes closed.

His own sweat was beginning to sting his eyes and he could taste it. Almost there. “Sarah. Tell him. Tell Cash who I am. Tell him who’s fucking the shit out of you.”

The defiled wife looked up at Lester with an exhausted quizzical look on her face. “Wha? Lester?”

Lester’s exhausted look turned into a toothy grin as he punctuated his words with each thrust. “TELL. CASH. WHO. IS. FUCKING. YOU. IN. THIS. CITY. TONIGHT!!” he shouted.

Sarah wailed as she felt the beginnings of the one she’d been waiting for. “OH, OH. My, my boyfriend, Cash my Chicago Boyfriend is fucking the shit out of me!”

“I’m gonna cum Sarah. I’m going to fill you up again with my cum. No condom. You want it, right?” Lester slapped her ass hard again, leaving a visible red mark on it. Gripping her waist tightly with one hand, he used the other to grab her by the hair on the nape of her neck. He pulled her head back, “Tell me how much you want it. Tell our friend here how much you want your Chicago boyfriend’s cum.”

“I WANT IT!” Sarah shouted again into the night, “I want your cum Lester! Give it to me. Fill me up.”

“Youse gonna get knocked up tonight, girl!” A toothless smile spread onto the homeless man’s face. “That Chi-town fucker’s gonna fill ya.”

“Ah fuck, Lester,” Sarah moaned at the abhorrent thought of Lester putting a baby into her. She knew it wasn’t possible, but the illicit idea set her body on fire. Her pussy clenched down on Lester’s cock as her orgasm reached a crescendo and burst inside of her, “Ahhhhhh FUUCK. Mhhmmmmmmmm, god.”

Sarah was on the balls of her feet again as she came. Lester felt her squeezing his cock harder than she had in weeks. He couldn’t hold back any longer. He felt his balls tighten and came, “Take it Sarah. All mine now.!” His foot stamped on the ground giving him leverage to get every last bit of his cock inside the screaming woman.

Sarah felt Lester’s hot cum spray into her, running unchecked through her sensitive pussy. As rope after rope of cum battered her insides, she felt each one ratcheting up her orgasm, making it hit new heights. She closed her eyes and focused on his cock, “Fuck LESTER. Oh. MY. GOD. FUCK. MHMMMMMMMM.”

“Take it,” Lester was panting as sweat dripped off his body. He stared down at Sarah’s heart-shaped ass connected with his crotch. He leaned forward, spent and licked some sweat off the young mother’s back.

“HERE CUMS CASH!” The homeless man yelled. Sarah’s eyes snapped open in time to see the girthy cock in front of her begin to spasm as cum shot out. A thick milky white rope of cum sprayed from his cock and easily crossed the small gap between them. It hit Sarah square in the chest, dripping over her naked breasts. Another hot load of cum landed on her breasts, causing Sarah to quiver. She had been coming down from her orgasm but feeling the hot cum on her skin set her body back aflame.

“Ah fuck,” Sarah whispered, gritting her teeth and holding onto the fence as hard as she could. Lester could feel Sarah’s pussy tighten again on his cock. He knew she was cumming again. “Holy fuck,” she said with a hoarse voice.

“Ughhhhhhh,” the old homeless man growled as another rope of cum hit Sarah on the hip, inches above her pussy. The man seemed to be leaning against the fence for support now, physically spent. Another load of cum hit Sarah on her bare foot while another hit the pavement in front of her.

Sarah grasped the fence, gasping for breath. Lester groaned from behind her. She looked over her shoulder and saw him leaning back against the car, looking like he had just run a marathon, sweat pouring off of him. She just wanted to lie down and go to sleep. Knowing she couldn’t sleep here, she took a mini-step forward, spreading her legs and letting Lester’s cock slide out of her.

From inside the car, Dan watched as his wife stood there, covered in the cum of a vagrant while remnants of his roommate's orgasm dripped down between her legs. He couldn't help but think he'd never seen her more sexually alluring. He'd married a goddess and he was seeing her now covered in tribute. It was both an incredibly low moment and one in which he realized he'd never loved her more.

Sarah stepped away from Lester, and her foot landed on something sticky. Letting go of the fence, she turned to look for her clothes. A wet sensation touched her shoulder. Sarah jerked back from the fence, only to see the homeless man sticking his tongue through. He had just licked her, "You taste sweet."

With her rational brain coming back online, Sarah put distance between her and the fence, resuming the search for her clothes. Her ripped panties were next to the car. She quickly picked them up and found her pants close by. She looked around for her shirt but couldn't find it.

The door to the SUV opened, and Dan stepped out looking shell-shocked. In that moment, Sarah realized she had lost track of her husband and potentially failed to help protect him from himself.

"Who the fuck are you?" The homeless man said, reaching through the fence. Sarah saw his hand grab a pile of black material from the ground. Before she could say anything, he withdrew his hand along with her shirt. He sniffed the material and tucked it into a pocket inside his denim jacket.

"Her husband," Dan said, coming around the car to help shield Sarah from view. He opened the passenger door of his vehicle for her. Sarah put her pants on while looking at the homeless man, "Please give me my shirt back...uhh. Cash?"

"No can do. It's Cash's now. That's the rule of the streets. Cash gonna use it later unless you want to trade for it?" A hungry glint appeared in his eyes, and Sarah knew what kind of trade he meant. She took her ruined panties and tried to wipe off the homeless man's cum from her body. Dan saw some of Lester's body hair matted with sweat, stuck against Sarah's bare back.

"Fine, keep it," Sarah grunted as she pulled her legs into the tight-fitting pants. She didn't want to think about how dirty the shirt would smell now that it was tucked in his pocket. Sarah slid into the passenger seat of their car, Dan closing the door behind her.

Lester was moving now, pulling on his pants and shirt, "See you back home," he said to Dan as he opened the driver's door of the SUV. Dan circled his car, trying not to get close to the fence within reach of the homeless man.

He stood there at the fence, staring at Sarah through the windshield. As Dan got in the car, "Let's get out of here."

"Roger that," Dan said as he turned on the ignition and took his shirt off, handing it to Sarah to put on. Sarah could see that the muscles in his neck were tight. She shook her head, looking at his toned body. When her husband looked like that, here she was, bent over by a fat troll-like man while a homeless guy jerked off to her. *What was she doing?* Dan paused partway out of the garage and turned on his GPS to help him navigate back. Lester had already left.

"Her husband!" The homeless man cackled as he walked off further down the alley. "That's fucked up!"

"That was something," Dan said when they were a few blocks away from the parking garage.

"I didn't expect that guy to show up. It was, I don't, I don't even know, honestly. I'm still processing it." As she looked out the window, Sarah said, "It wasn't too much? I know I lost control back there, but what about you? How are you feeling?"

"Honestly, I don't know," Dan said, watching the road, "I think I need some time to process it too. I just can't believe a homeless man saw my wife naked."

"Me either," Sarah shuddered, remembering the desperate hunger in the man's eyes. "I really need a shower before bed."

"Let's get you home, baby. We'll figure the rest out in the morning," Dan said, looking over at her and smiling. "I still love you, don't worry about that."

"I love you too," Sarah said, relieved. As crazy as the night had been, she still had her rock in Dan. Always there to ground her. "Did you, you know. Did you cum?" Sarah asked.

Dan momentarily glanced down at his crotch. "Yeah. I did."

"When?" Sarah asked, "How long ago was it?"

Dan didn't answer but kept his eyes on the road. After a moment, he whispered, "Right before you came, right when the homeless guy started going nuts."

Sarah didn't respond, but her mind started working. Did the homeless man being there turn Dan on? Did he like seeing a guy so below him, so, so far down beneath him seeing his wife exposed like that? She will have a ton of questions for her husband tomorrow.

As they rode in silence, Sarah felt a warm rush of liquid leak out of her. Lester's cum. She thought back to the homeless man's comments about her getting knocked up. She turned to Dan, "Lester didn't use a condom again."

Dan tightened his grip on the steering wheel, "I know." Dan shifted his weight in his seat. Sarah quickly glanced down at his crotch, and although she noticed his cock getting hard. She didn't say anything. Not yet. She leaned her head against the passenger seat window and closed her eyes. She'd just sleep for a little bit until Dan got them back to the apartment.