

Dan looked out the window of Walt's office as the sun sank below the Chicago skyline. It was late, way past when he usually stayed at the office. But today had been a fucked up day. After Jesse's weird and embarrassing declaration to the office, claiming that Dan was abusing his wife and whoring her out to people, Dan had punched him straight in the face.

It felt great for a few seconds—the satisfying connection of his fist meeting Jesse's eye. Even the pain in his knuckles and wrist felt cathartic. The recoil of Jesse's head snapping back was deeply satisfying. He felt more powerful than he had felt since he had been forced to move to Chicago.

But then the gasps brought him back to reality. The audible sounds of surprise and, for some strange reason, outright fear from some of his coworkers. Several of the women took steps back, afraid they would be the next to be hit. That pissed Dan off. It didn't make sense for them to react that way. But still, they did.

And then Jesse slumped to the floor like a rag doll. Suddenly, a few men were between them, some checking on their old coworker and others standing between him and Dan. It was like the entire office had turned on its head. Now, people that he had worked side by side with were suddenly looking at him in a new way, as if the things Jesse said could be the truth. And that punch had somehow been the confirming proof.

Thinking back on it, Dan knew that the smarter play would have been to rein himself in and walk away from the situation. Or find some diplomatic way to diffuse it. But it was the result of months of frustration that had built up, and the only place for it to go was in his fist and Jesse's face.

Dan's shoulders slumped as he looked out the window. How the hell had he found himself here? His life wasn't supposed to be like this. Not at all. Everything since the punch was a blur. His coworkers hadn't been able to revive Jesse, so an ambulance had been called. The EMTs took him away, but Dan hadn't been there for that.

Dan had been told to wait in Walt's office, so that's where he was—still waiting. Dan checked the time on his phone again. It was so fucking late. The girls had probably gone down almost an hour ago, yet Dan was still in the office.

Most of his coworkers had left for the night, but Dan knew that Walt was convening an emergency meeting with HR and some other important people in the office. It wasn't good. He didn't know where things were going to go from here, and that rightfully terrified him.

He had barely been holding things together before this. But now, things seem to be spiraling out of control again.

His phone began to ring in his hand. He glanced at it, seeing Sarah's beautiful face on his display. How the hell was he going to tell her about this? This fucking mess. Maybe Dan should just get the hell out of the office. The police hadn't shown up yet, but he didn't know if they would. Maybe that's why Walt had been stalling for so long.

Just as Dan was about to answer Sarah's phone call, Walt entered the office. Dan silenced his phone and braced himself for whatever the old man was going to say. The head woman from HR stepped in behind him and stayed near the door.

"Some day, huh?" Walt said, crossing the room and sitting down behind his desk. He looked older than usual. More frail. The last few months had taken their toll on him, and today, things must have been considerably exacerbated. Dan looked at the woman and then turned back to Walt.

"Not how I envisioned my day going when I woke up," Dan said. Walt had a flat smile on his face and couldn't meet Dan's eye. The old man opened a drawer in his desk and took out a bottle of whiskey and two glasses. He poured both and offered one to Dan.

Without hesitating, Dan took the glass and sipped it. It was smooth and burned his throat. It was exactly what he needed just then.

"We need to talk about what happened," Walt said.

"Sure," Dan said, bracing himself.

"Where the hell did all of that come from?" Walt asked, "Did you know he was coming in?"

"Of course not. I had no idea," Dan said. "I don't know what prompted it. He seemed unhinged. It was scary."

Dan was trying, perhaps in vain, to position himself more favorably here. But the expression on Walt's face told him all he needed to know.

"It was certainly something," Walt said diplomatically. "Regardless, you shouldn't have struck him. He's just a kid, Dan."

"No, Walt. He's an adult. An adult that chose to storm into his old employer's office and harass one of its employees." Dan corrected. Fuck it, if he was being thrown under the bus he wasn't going to just sit there and take this shit.

Walt sighed, "I suppose you're right. When you put it like that. But it doesn't change the fact that you hit someone in the workplace. We have a zero-tolerance policy when it comes to workplace violence."

"Does that still apply when a crazy person barges into the workplace and threatens someone both verbally and physically?" Dan said, louder than he'd intended to.

Walt held up his hands placatingly, "I know it's a messy situation. Believe me, I don't want to deal with this either, but here we are."

Dan sat back in his chair. He didn't want to stress Walt out, but he also wasn't going to allow himself to be painted as the villain here.

"Mmm. Here we are," Dan repeated.

"Can I ask you something, Dan?" Walt said. Dan braced for it. He knew this was coming.

"Sure," Dan replied.

"What was all that talk about your wife, uh, Sarah, right?" Walt asked, "Something about, well, private matters. Jesse made it sound quite worrying."

"I can assure you that there is no truth to whatever Jesse was ranting about. Frankly, I don't even know where it came from or why Jesse decided to come here with it. My wife and I have a great relationship built on mutual trust and love. I don't know what the hell Jesse is on, but it seems to have messed with his brain quite a bit." Dan said flatly.

"Yes. Yeah. That's what I thought," Walt said with a look that said he was still unsure about Dan's response. The older man took a long sip of his whiskey. Great. Now the entire office, including his boss, thinks he is some weird cuckold forcing his helpless wife to do nasty shit against her will. How the hell was he ever going to recover from this? He imagined the walk down the hall outside picturing the looks he would get in the office from now on.

"So, what's happening here Walt? What are we doing? I know you were probably meeting with HR and higher ups. Tell me what's going on." Dan said, not wanting to beat around the bush any longer.

"It's, ah... it's delicate," Walt said. "As you know, we are still in a precious place financially, first and foremost. I recognize that you are quite central to several of our key accounts and I truly appreciate that. But we also have to look at things objectively. Incidents like this, here in the workplace, are... difficult for staff to overcome. It's like a raw wound. We are going to hold an all-hands meeting tomorrow to talk about it and have managers individually talk with their team members to gauge how they feel. Maybe we'll have a counselor available, if we can afford it."

"That being said," Walt continued, "We think it's best if you keep a low profile for a while, until we work everything out. Dan, for the time being we are temporarily laying you off while we figure out the best way to approach the situation and everything gets back to normal."

Lay off. Dan hated hearing those words. He felt himself shrink inside.

"So, you should go to your office and grab whatever you need to take with you--"

Dan held up a hand, silencing his boss, "One question. How many people have you called back from the last round of temporary layoffs?"

Walt's eyes flicked to the woman behind Dan before answering, "None. None yet."

"And on what timeline do you expect to settle things here before calling me back?" Dan asked.

"We don't have a timeline yet," the woman said from behind him. Dan didn't even give her the courtesy of turning to look at her. "This is all still so raw. The team will need time to process and come to grips with it. You have to understand that most of the staff have never experienced violence like that in their lives. Our first priority is to ensure they have a safe working environment and are completely comfortable being employed here."

"And what about me, huh? What about my safe working environment? Whatever security you have in place failed to protect me from some deranged ex-employee coming in here," Dan snapped back angrily.

The woman didn't respond. Walt rose and looked at him with a grim expression. "As I was saying, Dan, let's go to your office. Grab some of your things in case it's a while before we can call you back."

"One last thing," Dan said, not standing up, "Tell me how Jesse's father factors into all of this. He's your friend, right? Have you already called him and told him about this?"

Walt didn't meet his eye. "That's personal and none of your business." He continued after a moment in a lower register. "But of course I called him and told him that his son was hurt."

"And what did he say? Did he tell you to fire me?" Dan asked.

"We're not firing you," the woman behind him spoke up in a distinctly legalistic tone, "This is a temporary lay off."

"Sure," Dan said, rising to his feet, "I'll go get my stuff."

Without waiting for another word, Dan stepped past the woman and left Walt's office. As he did, two large men who apparently had been waiting stepped up from the wall on either side of the doorway to follow him. They didn't have a security squad in their office, but the building did. Walt had probably called them up while Dan had been sequestered in Walt's office. Great.

The two men escorted Dan to his office, where an empty bankers box was waiting for him. He quickly filled it with all of his personal items before picking it up and carrying it out with him. There were other coworkers still milling around; he recognized the women from HR and a few department heads. They were all in one of the meeting rooms, making it a point not to look up and acknowledge him as he passed.

The two security guards escorted Dan into the elevator and out into the cold Chicago night. They stood by the door, watching as Dan walked up the sidewalk. He didn't stop walking until he came to a bus stop. He sat down, dropping the box on the bench next to him.

Dan opened his phone and dialed his wife's number. It rang a few times before going to voicemail. He didn't want to text her. He needed to talk to her. Walt made it sound like a temporary thing, but Dan knew better. What the fuck was he going to do now?

While waiting for the bus, he sent Sentinel Securities a quick email letting them know he was now able to increase his workload with them. Hopefully, that could help keep his family afloat.

The pale light from the laptop illuminated the rolls of fat that covered Lester's short, squat body. He strongly disliked using this laptop. It was a poor imitation of his beast of a gaming PC back in his Chicago apartment. Sitting on the hotel bed in this room was getting tiresome. He would much rather be back in his apartment gaming right now.

He scrolled through Discord and saw that his Dungeons and Dragons buddies were all playing together in World of Warcraft. Lester sighed. Sometimes, all this planning and scheming really took him away from what he should've been doing.

The whole hospital ruse was a waste of time. Hearing all of these useless morons drone on and on about useless stuff made him want to burn the entire place to the ground. It was ridiculous. How anyone voluntarily signed up for a role like that for that pittance of a salary was beyond him.

He knew that he couldn't last much longer, or he would have to commit seppuku on himself - ritual suicide. Still, he could cause chaos on his way out the door. This was all because of Sarah Williams, his greatest conquest ever. She was well on her way to sliding down a new path of deprivation that was new even to Lester. His usual procedure was to find a target, be it a roommate or someone other woman, and bend her to his will. Reaping all the benefits that came from the arrangement.

But Sarah was the first mother and the first wife he had broken. Sure, Lester imagined he had made several of the women whom he had claimed mothers, but Sarah was the first woman who'd already given birth that he had corrupted. It was immensely intoxicating seeing her do the things he asked and told her to do. Her husband's subjugation and the fraying of their marriage were just icing on the cake. Her sweet 'I love you' admission that escaped her lips when he fucked her the last time was music to his ears. She was his now, mind, body, and heart.

Still, was she worth all of this? Was it worth upending his life for her? He could be gaming at his command centre this very minute, but instead, he was sitting on a hotel bed like some pathetic traveling salesman wasting his energy on bullshit. He needed to wrap this up soon. There was just one more thread to sever, and he knew he could do so very soon. Then he could be back in Chicago with Sarah warming his bed more often. Taking his seed.

There were several unread message notifications next to one chat in particular. It was one of his old VIP clients, the rich guy who went by the name of Cronos. Lester had been ignoring him lately. The guy seemed

to be obsessed with the idea of Sarah, even though he knew nothing about her. Just knowing that Lester was holding out on him seemed to drive the guy into an envious rage..

Some of Lester's other clients were growing impatient, too. It had been a long time since he had delivered any new content. Ever since Sarah had come into the picture, he was enjoying himself, not wanting to share his trophy with them. Not yet, at least. He was still holding that card to himself, close to the vest.

Out of curiosity, he opened the first message and scanned its contents. Cronos had left half a dozen messages, growing more and more irate at the fact that Lester was ignoring him. The last message caught Lester's eye.

Cronos: Fine. Ignore me all you want but you can't ignore cold hard cash. Here's what I'm offering.

The message was followed by a link that Lester didn't recognize. Lester frowned and clicked on it. A website opened up with a document on the screen. Lester began reading Cronos' lengthy proposal. His eyes widened as several notifications from the software he had developed appeared on his screen. The proprietary software Lester had created to protect himself online and prevent anyone from tracking or hacking him was signalling an imminent breach.

Mother fucker. Cronos had something embedded in that page to try to hack Lester's systems and track down his location. Just who the hell was this guy, and how connected was he? Lester had never gotten the impression that he was particularly tech-savvy. With the amount of money he threw Lester's way, he'd probably hired someone to do this.

A bead of sweat trickled down Lester's forehead as he quickly countered the intrusive actions. Whoever had helped Cronos had been good, but Lester was better. He quickly shut the nascent hack down, though he would have been faster in front of his home command center. Another reason to get back there.

Lester opened Discord back up and replied.

Darkspire: Nice try asshole.

Then he blocked Cronos. The money was great, but compromising Lester's security wasn't going to happen. Lester would need to look further into who was behind the Cronos handle. They were far more dangerous than Lester had initially realized.

Lester spent the next hour ensuring his hardware and network at the apartment were completely secure. He did the same locally with his laptop. The hotel Wi-Fi was a weak spot in his security profile that someone could exploit to get to him. This wasn't ideal. He really needed to get back to Chicago. That thought triggered a reminder concerning that punk Jesse and the time he tried to strong-arm Lester. He made a mental note to circle back and see what'd happened with Jesse and whether or not he had taken the bait and gone to confront Dan.

After he was confident that all of his defensive measures had been secured, he switched gears.

He opened a browser to the dark web and checked on his manufactured order. The custom-made blister packaging and sugar tablets that mimicked Sarah's birth control pills was almost ready to be shipped out to him. He'd ordered extra to test them initially. The last thing he wanted was Sarah to take arsenic or something besides the placebo accidentally. He didn't need another accident like with that other girl a while back. Lester just needed her to take them for a short time so that her body would reset to its natural state, all the while he made sure she was full of his potent virile cum.

It shouldn't be long before he had his hands on the product. And he had everything he needed to switch them out. He'd made a new copy of her latest house key. Working in such close proximity to her did have its benefits.

Lester sighed. She should be over here right now with her sucking mouth around his growing cock but instead she'd decided to play mother again. Lester was growing restless. He opened up the new database he had recently created and began scrolling through it.

One of his favorite things about all of this was the hunt – the planning ahead of time, imagining how sweet his final victory would be. Sarah was already well on her way to becoming his personal full-time slut. Perhaps he would even go so far as to label her his girlfriend. Lester had never had a long-term relationship before, and Sarah certainly fit into that mold. He didn't like the idea of a wife but would happily steal the wife of another.

In many ways, Sarah had challenged Lester. She had pushed him to be more ambitious in his goals, and he had risen to the occasion. Before her, his conquests had been so simple. Now, he was stretching his skills with long-term planning, extended manipulation, and a hint of psychological warfare. Perhaps he could even pull Sarah into his future plans. Maybe she would even be an asset to help him.

His eyes scanned the database. It was full of women. Women Lester had come across in real life or those he had discovered online. Inside of each file was all of the information he'd gathered about them, along with areas for potential exploitation. He scanned his list, feeling his cock grow in his pants as his eyes swept over the dozens of names and pictures.

Many of them would be too difficult to obtain. But he liked the challenge. Avenues of attack were limited, but a few held promise. His eyes kept going back to two in particular. The first was a young woman named Emily in his apartment building. Poor, naive Emily. She lived with her boyfriend and the two of them kept their router set to the factory default password. The cute couple had just gotten engaged, but it seemed like Emily had a secret. A good one, one Lester could use. One she didn't want her fiancée to know anything about. That kind of leverage was exactly what Lester wanted.

The other prey was someone, funnily enough, Dan had helped Lester track down—the wife of a business associate of his. Lester had overheard Dan's meeting with this guy from some marketing company. Lester scanned the file. Bill was the man's name. But the most important thing about Bill was that his wife was drop-dead sexy. Lester had downloaded the best pictures of her he could find online. He didn't know much more than the details of their social accounts, but the couple lived in a suburb close to Chicago. His eyes

roamed her picture and rested on the ample cleavage on display. She was in a bathing suit at some pool party held at what he deduced was their house. She had very similar portions to Sarah. This Amber woman would be quite the delicious treat. The bulge in Lester's crotch would've been obscene in public.

Before, Lester felt like he had been coasting through life. It had all become so routine. Posting the classified ads, preying on his roommate, finding the leverage, and exploiting them. Like a spider sitting in the corner of a room, waiting for a fly to land on its web. It wasn't until Sarah that he had felt truly challenged – that he had to grow.

And now, thanks to her, Lester was looking into the far future. He was setting long-term goals for himself. With Sarah at his side, Lester wanted to spread his seed into as many fertile fields across the country as possible. He couldn't suppress a calculating grin from spreading onto his face. How many lives could he permanently alter? How many futures could he change the trajectory of? How many men could he break while their women moaned in ecstasy for Lester? He was no longer content to be satisfied with the prey that wandered into his web. He wanted to hunt – to fill a trophy case full of conquests. The possibilities were endless. The doting housewife, the virgin bride, the pastor's wife, a Hollywood starlet? Each would bear the fruit of their coupling. And Sarah would help him do it.

Lester closed the database. All of this was just a mere distraction. He knew he'd been getting off-target. He needed to do something productive tonight to further his short-term goals. He logged back onto the dark web and navigated to the shadow marketplace, where he purchased the blister packaging and placebos and sold most of the content he'd created. A moment before he logged off he remembered there'd been one thing he'd almost forgotten about.

He created a brief listing and uploaded the information on the encrypted data packets he had stolen from The Lincoln Group's network. While that company was a big multinational clearly into some shady stuff, it had plenty of competitors who would gladly pay for their information.

Sarah rechecked the Find My app on her phone. Dan's Uber was just around the corner. It felt like a twisted déjà vu of the last time he'd come home after having been laid off. When he'd called and given her the news, her stomach dropped and twisted into a tight knot. They were set back again to this same shitty situation.

If only she'd gotten that CEO position at the hospital. It would've afforded them some much-needed breathing room. Now, her position was even more precarious than before, with the entire administration at the hospital completely different from what it had been. She'd barely be able to cover the mortgage payments with her salary alone.

Lester assuming care of Dan's portion of the rent had been like a fuel injection into their savings account. But without Dan's income, their financial cushion provided by this arrangement was all but wiped out. Dan would need to find another job quickly. Sarah didn't hold out much hope for that. All the news talked about these days was how tight the job market was, and Dan had been tirelessly trying to find one for months now.

At least he had his side income from his other clients. She was proud that he had managed to build that up for himself. Maybe that was the way forward for them and their family.

The Uber pulled into the driveway, and Sarah braced herself for a difficult conversation. Not only did they need to figure out a plan for income, but there was also the elephant in the room from their last conversation—her escapades with Lester. But now might not be the right time to broach that.

Thankfully, the girls were in school. When Sarah told Lester she needed the day off, he didn't hesitate. After she'd told him about Dan's position, he approved her request immediately. It had been a long time since she'd felt so supported by a superior at the hospital. It was still strange that it was Lester in that role, but she was beginning to appreciate his position more and more.

Sarah watched through the blinds as Dan stepped out of the Uber, carrying only a backpack. The rest of his possessions were still back at the apartment. While they figured out their next move, keeping up the Chicago apartment arrangement made sense for the time being, giving them a base of operations in the city. At least that was the rationale she gave to herself.

The moment Dan stepped through the door, Sarah was in his arms. They held each other for over a minute without saying a word. Finally, Dan shut the front door behind him. "I missed you. So, so much. Just having you in my arms...it just makes things easier, better."

"I know," Sarah said, "The past couple months have been tough. Well, things are still tough. But I'm glad you're home. I wish you were here under better circumstances but the girls are going to be so happy when we pick them up from school together."

"I can't wait to see them. I know things are going to be tight from now on but we should have a nice dinner tonight. Together. As a family," Dan said.

"I'd love that. I'll figure out something for dinner. But right now, I just want to know how you're feeling. About everything that happened today at work," Sarah said.

"Fuck. I really, I don't know," Dan muttered, "I'm still processing it all. I didn't expect Jesse to come in like that. Sarah, it was so embarrassing hearing him talk about all that stuff so loudly in front of everyone. Now it's like everyone in the office thinks I'm some controlling guy who gets off on whoring you out. I could see the judgement in their eyes. And also they think that I'm violent now. Even Walt's eyes. I don't know how I can even begin to come back from that. If I'm fortunate enough to get another job in Chicago, this incident could still follow me around for years."

"It's bad. Right now it seems like the world is ending but it'll eventually fade and all of this will be just a sour memory. A blip in your career. I don't think it'll follow you around as much as you're worried it will," Sarah led him to the couch and they sat. She rubbed his shoulders. "We'll get through this like we always do."

“Will we?” Dan looked at her, frustration evident on his face. “We do everything right. We’re good people. We follow the law and do what we are supposed to but we keep getting fucked over again and again.”

“I know.” Sarah sighed as she massaged his back. “Sometimes, it takes hard work to get where we want to be. There will always be setbacks, but that's life. I mean, neither of us predicted that this particular setback would happen. It's not like we could have planned for Jesse to just show up at your work and throw around crazy allegations,” Sarah said.

“No, but I should’ve seen it coming,” Dan said, “After everything that happened at the hotel. I didn’t know how delusional Jesse had gotten.”

“I probably should’ve told you this earlier but Jesse kept requesting to follow me on Instagram. He even tried to connect with me on LinkedIn. I just ignored his requests at the time. I didn’t think much of it,” Sarah confessed.

“You had no way of knowing he’d react like this.” Dan said, “I wonder if Lester had something to do with it.”

“Dan,” Sarah started, “I know you think Lester is behind many things, but I don’t think he could make Jesse as irrational as you told me he was. He isn’t a master hacker or an evil psychologist. The kid might just be messed up in the head.”

“Maybe,” Dan said. “My gut still tells me something isn’t right about all of this. I just haven’t figured it out yet.”

“And normally I’d say, you should trust your gut. But, honey, the past few months have been so hard. So much has happened. I don’t know if either of us has properly processed any of it. We just keep facing crisis after crisis. Do you think it's possible this is coming from the constant stress of that? I know you might not want to hear this, but do you think it's possible that you’re subconsciously conflating Lester with all the problems we’re facing? Like making connections that aren’t there?”

From the little Dan had shared about his investigation into Lester, it didn’t seem like he’d uncovered anything nefarious.”

“I don’t know. I honestly don’t,” Dan said.

“Let’s just take a second to think about it. We’re having income troubles. Lester stepped in to help. Obviously, he’s well off. So there’s some envy there – from both of us. When I faced a crisis at work, I know you wanted to help solve it for me. But then Lester worked it out, which I’m sure didn’t make you feel so great. And then there’s all the sex stuff that we’ve gone through. All of our boundaries were pushed, and even though I know you enjoyed most of it I’m sure part of you feels insecure about things too. Almost like it’s too much. Too much to handle all at once. I can totally see how you’d want Lester to be the bad guy puppet master here.”

Dan just sighed. “When you say it like that, it does kind of make sense. And it all makes me seem crazy.”

Dan groaned and pinched the bridge of his nose before running his hands over his face. “I don’t want to change the subject. I don’t. I want to talk about work, what we are going to do next, and what I am going to do next. But what are we doing with Lester? He’s your boss now, for god’s sake. It’s getting too messy. And I feel like he has this control over you, making you do things so out of the ordinary –”

Sarah cut her husband off, “Dan. I think you know me better than that. No one controls me. No one.”

She gave him a teasing smile and rested a hand on her thigh. “Lester may be my boss on paper, but it really doesn’t feel like that. And he doesn’t ever force me to do things. If I had to describe it, it’s more that he presents me with situations, and I make the choice to embrace them. There has always been a part of me that really got off on the taboo side of things. On being bad. You know about this. We dove into this together when you first moved into the apartment. But it’s like now I’m discovering a new side to myself.”

“What does that mean? I mean, it’s exciting and hot to hear you talk like that, but I just feel like I’m not at all a part of it. Not part of this discovery you’re experiencing. Believe me, it sounds hot as hell. But you’re always doing this with Lester. I’m not involved in it. But I should be. We’re the ones that are married. It should be you and I exploring this together. Not you and Lester.”

He was right. He was so right. At the same time, she knew the truth. That Dan wouldn’t push her into these new experiences like Lester would. Dan would get so caught up with his own problems and focus on them while Lester seemed to be entirely focused on her. She knew it wasn’t a fair comparison between the two of them. But she was still his wife after all. They had been through so much together. Craving Lester the way she did was wrong, even if it felt so right. She needed to steer this conversation and Dan’s feelings to the right place. The place that would let her keep exploring this.

“You’re right,” Sarah said. “We should be doing this together. It should always be you and me. And I want that, Dan. I really do. It always turns me on seeing your face twist into that mix of jealousy and arousal when you see me in these situations. I’ve missed that.”

“What about Lester?” Dan asked. “I want this too. To explore these things with you. Hell, it’s probably a great distraction from all the shit happening right now. But I feel like he’s an unwanted passenger in all of this.”

“He’s an asshole,” Sarah said carefully, “But at least we know him and how he operates. He could be someone safe that we experiment with. I like that he isn’t connected to us in any other way. And he’s kept his mouth shut about all of this. At least we can trust that.”

“Maybe. But does he always have to be involved? Can’t we try some things without him?” Dan asked.

“Yes, of course. And we should too,” Sarah said slowly, an idea forming in her mind. A great way to distract Dan from being so anti-Lester while also fulfilling one of his fantasies. She knew dangling that fantasy in

front of her husband would be hard for him to resist. “We should definitely try things without him. We should use Lester when we want to. Maybe to help push us out of our comfort zones.”

“Can I ask you something?” Dan said.

Sarah nodded and held his gaze. “Anything.”

“Last time we talked you said...I can’t remember exactly what you said but I got the impression that you get off when Lester doesn’t treat me right. Like some of the shit he says or does that’s disrespectful. Is that really a thing? Do you like that?”

Now it was time for Sarah to put her face in her hands. “God, you must think I’m a horrible wife,” Sarah said into her palms. She lowered them to look at Dan and see his reaction. He was leaning in, just slightly. His breathing was growing shallow. Did that admission turn him on too? “I don’t know why, but... yes, yes it does. Maybe it's the whole beauty and the beast fantasy I have, and maybe there's another layer to it. Like the beast taking the princess from the prince. Winning. Flipping the narrative and story on its head. I don’t know why, Dan. I know it's wrong. I know it's not proper and it’s the antithesis of how a married couple should act but there’s just something about it that really does turn me on. Does - does that make me a horrible wife?”

“No...I don’t know,” Dan said. “I know that no matter what, you’re still my wife, and that you love me. But in the heat of the moment, just the possibility of that not being the case. That you somehow would prefer Lester to me...it makes my blood boil. But that blood also pumps to my dick and I get hard from it. Maybe you’re right and my mind is fucked up and conflating things. Maybe it's my own insecurity about money and sex that makes me hate Lester. But there is a part of me that really gets off on seeing you choose his side and act like that.”

“Act like what?” Sarah said, feeling her own body beginning to heat up from the topic of discussion. “Give me an example.”

“All of it. From that first time he saw you, saw us... and you didn’t stop riding me. The time you went into his room to go get him in that robe I got you and brought him out to watch us... have sex. Just seeing you act like that. And even now when I see you moan his name or even when he talks shit to me in the heat of the moment. And when you agree with him and add to it while he’s inside of you. It pisses me off so much but I can’t help but get turned on by it at the exact same time. Maybe you’re right. Maybe we are both messed up in the head.”

“At least we’re messed up together.” Sarah smiled at him.

“The worst...the worst one was that time in the apartment on the couch when you said you loved him while you were having sex. Those little tender moments. That's when I felt like an outsider looking in. Like I was watching myself lose you in that moment. I don’t know why, but sometimes I rub one out to the memory of that moment. And every time I do, I just feel so ashamed after. Like I’m such a piece of shit for getting off to it. It makes me feel like more of a loser and I hate Lester so fucking much more after that.”

Dan's head hung low as the words escaped his lips. His shoulders slumped. He sat there waiting for her response. She knew that whatever she said would impact him deeply and potentially change the course of their relationship. He was vulnerable, admitting something that embarrassed him and scared him. Something that he hadn't fully processed. Thoughts and responses ran through her head trying to express the best possible way to support him in this moment – and to make sure she could have her fun too. Ultimately, she settled on one option.

Sarah ran her hands from Dan's thigh to his crotch, feeling his already hardened cock. He had gotten hard just admitting this to her. He looked up at her, and she smiled back, "Want to go upstairs?"

The diamond stud earring shone briefly in the square of moonlight. Otis quickly scooped it off the floor and put it in his pocket. He went into another cubicle and emptied the waste basket into the bin on his cart. He took a few seconds to scan the desk's contents, looking for anything of value that wouldn't be missed. Nothing.

Otis wasn't an idiot. He knew better than to go on a spree snatching up things off these uptight asshole's desks. One person missing an earring would go unnoticed. A bunch of people complaining about missing things would be a pattern. And Otis didn't want that kind of heat. Not again. Not when this job was pretty easy and had so many other perks.

He took a swig of the beer can hidden propped up in the bin on his cart. There was one good thing about all these people who just sat behind desks all day. They didn't have many cameras on their floors. Unlike the rest of the hospital, these folks thought they were above being monitored. Or they didn't want any kind of record of misbehavior. That sat just fine with Otis. It let him drink freely on the nights he was cleaning up here.

He pushed his cart down the hallway, beer in hand, as he entered the big room. This one used to be the office of that hot piece of ass Sarah Williams but now it was some old crone who worked in HR. Otis still remembered cleaning up that broken desk and the body sweat stains on the window. That Sarah woman acted all prim and proper, but Otis knew for sure that she was one of the nasty ones. The ones who liked getting down and dirty in the filth. Filth like him.

Otis made his way around the desk, carefully appraising its contents. That old crone was just the kind of person who would lay a trap for Otis, so he didn't snatch anything up. Movement in the parking lot below caught his eye. A car was pulling into a spot. That wasn't that odd. The hospital still had overnight staff, but the shift change had been hours ago.

Otis adjusted his cock in his pants when he saw whose car it was. Two figures got out and began making their way into the hospital.

“Are you sure about this?” Dan asked, walking across the parking lot next to Sarah.

“Getting cold feet? I thought this was a fantasy of yours?” Sarah raised an eyebrow at her husband, a teasing smile growing on her face. Dan had been back in Middleton for a couple of days and Sarah had been very giving with her attention. And now, she was apparently determined to make one of Dan’s longest-standing fantasies come true. Sex in the hospital.

“It’s just dangerous. Now that we’re here. It’s getting real.” He could feel his heart beating in his chest as they approached the door. He still wasn’t sure about this. Sarah had never been open to risking this before, but now...she seemed determined to do it. It still worried him. Not so much the act of having sex in the hospital. But how willing she was to do it. Eager almost – like she craved doing things like this. He didn’t know how to bring this up with her, or even if he should. Everything still felt so raw between them. There were so many things they hadn’t talked through yet, but he was afraid to put too fine a point on anything, afraid that the patchwork fix to their relationship would collapse under too much pressure.

“There won’t be anyone in the IT department until morning. The entire floor will be empty. The only people in the building are the doctors, nurses on shift, and maybe a handful of others.” Sarah waved him off as they entered the back atrium of the hospital.

“Still....if you want us to stop, we can. We can turn around, go pick up the kids, and head home,” Sarah teased.

Dan stayed silent for a moment as they walked towards the employee elevators. This is what he had wanted. To reinsert himself into all of this craziness so that Sarah wasn’t on her own anymore. To support her but also to keep her safe. They’d do these things together from now on. To explore this side of them together and find out where their line was. He had to be here. He didn’t want to cede any more of his relationship to Lester. It still fucked with his head but this is what they decided to do as a couple.

Besides, this had been his fantasy. Having sex at work. Whether it was his office or her workplace, just taking that risk and doing it. It had always lingered in that back of his head. And just like so many other things, Lester had done it with his wife before he had. Multiple times now. He couldn’t back down. His pride wouldn’t let him.

“Let’s keep going,” Dan said, pressing the button to call the elevator.

The doors opened immediately, and Sarah stepped inside. “Good boy.” Dan followed her in, and they rode the elevator up to Sarah’s new floor. He needed to take control, assert himself like Lester did regardless of what his wife wanted, and play that role—the role that Sarah responded to so strongly. He needed to be the leading man again, not a background actor.

Dan was the first to step out when the doors opened to Sarah’s floor. The floor was surprisingly dark. He looked left and then right, realizing he wasn’t sure which way to go. Sarah took his hand and led him left down the bright hallway. “This way.”

He let Sarah guide him down the corridor. She'd been right; there was no one around. The overhead lights snapped on as they walked down the hallway. He remembered Sarah having pitched the idea for motion sensor activated lights at night to save energy and money for the hospital. It had been a huge cost-saving success. That had been about a month before he'd moved into the Chicago apartment.

"Here we are," Sarah smiled back at Dan as she pulled open a door with a flourish. Dan followed her through. It took a few seconds, but the interior lights turned on as they took a few steps into the suite. Rows of empty cubicles greeted them. Against the far wall was a bay of windows. Anyone outside would notice the lights. Would a nurse or doctor taking a smoke break find it odd that the floor was lit up? They probably wouldn't care.

Sarah led Dan to one of the few offices tucked away beyond the cubicles, "In here, big boy."

The sign on the door read 'Sarah Williams.' Dan was proud of seeing her name there but couldn't help but feel a pang of guilt. He too used to have his name on an office door. Both times it had been taken away from him. At that moment, he felt envious of his wife and then almost immediately felt immense guilt about that notion. It was dumb. Her success was his success.

Sarah pulled him into the room and flipped on the lights. This office was a lot smaller than her old one, and his envy seemed even more idiotic. His wife had been through so much recently at work but was still keeping her head high. It was no wonder she'd found a new way to blow off steam.

"Close the door," Sarah said huskily as she moved to the window looking out at the cubicles. She slowly closed the blinds while staring at Dan with that fiery intensity she was known to display before she got what she wanted. Without hesitating, Dan shut the door and immediately crossed the room, pulling Sarah into an embrace. His lips met hers and he felt her melt into the kiss. He couldn't help himself. He needed to have her.

The past few days at home had been a great return to form. When the girls went to sleep each night, Sarah and Dan would mess around in their bed. But now they were somewhere new, and this was Dan's chance to supplant Lester in her mind.

Their tongues intertwined, and Sarah moaned hungrily into his mouth. Dan's hands roamed Sarah's body, grabbing a handful of her supple curvy ass through her dress pants. Without hesitating, his hands found the bottom of her blouse and started to move up and over the bare skin underneath.

Sarah's hands had a vise grip on his shirt collar and she wasn't letting go. She held him in place as she kissed him, pulling his toned body against hers. They fumbled their way back towards her desk, their lips never leaving each others.

"Mhmmm," Sarah moan vibrated into Dan's mouth. She could feel how hard he was for her through the expanding bulge at the front of his pants. She didn't want to wait for it any longer. Her hands were on his belt that instant, surprising Dan. Sarah expertly undid the buckle and, in one fluid motion, pulled the leather belt entirely out of the pants' loops, tossing it to the floor.

“I can’t believe we’re really doing this,” Dan groaned as Sarah bit his bottom lip and tugged back on it. He didn’t waste any time. He roughly tugged at her black blouse, pulling it up over her head, breaking their deep kiss. He dropped it onto the floor, and his eyes went wide, staring at Sarah’s heaving shapely breasts clad only in a white lacy bra. His body reacted before his brain did, her mouth diving down to kiss and lick the creamy white exposed flesh of both her breasts. Sarah moaned and arched her back, her fingers fiddling with the button on his pants.

Dan held onto Sarah’s back, pulling her breasts to his face. His pants fell to his ankles, and he awkwardly kicked off his shoes and stepped out of them. Sarah had one hand caressing the back of his head, the other reaching down and stroking his fully hard dick through his boxer briefs.

“Maybe I should call Lester first,” Sarah said in a sultry voice. “To make sure he’s okay with this.”

“What?” Dan said, snapping his eyes up at her. Sarah’s hand didn’t leave Dan’s dick. She stroked it as she stared at him with her piercing green eyes.

“Well, y’know, he’s my Chicago boyfriend,” Sarah bit her lip playfully, “You’ve let him claim me so many times in so many ways. Let him cum in me so many times.....” She let the words hang in the air. “Maybe he really does own me now. You need his permission.”

“Fuck that,” Dan drowled and thrusting his dick against her palm, his head diving forward and kissing her neck hard. Lester wasn’t here. This night was theirs, they didn’t need someone like him to set the pace. Dan would step into the role and show Sarah he could make her fantasies come true just as well.

“Fuck, take these pants off,” Sarah moaned her command. Both of their hands went to her dress pants. Sarah undid the clasp, and Dan pulled them off her body. He paused and looked down at his wife, clad only in her white lacy bra and panties leaning against her desk. Her chest was heaving with her shallow breaths, her face flush and red with lust. He was going to fuck his wife at work and take back an experience from Lester.

A grin spread on his face, “I have an idea.”

His wife regarded him with a smoldering stare, “Let’s hear it, big guy.”

He took Sarah’s hand and pulled her off the desk.

“Dan, what?” Sarah asked, clearly surprised by his actions. He pulled her across the room to the door. “Dan, stop. What are you doing?”

He looked back at her and grinned, “Let’s go fuck on Lester’s desk.”

“Oh. Oh, you’re bad,” Sarah said with a glint of excitement in her eyes. This was exactly the kind of thing Lester would probably do. Dan wanted to up the ante with Sarah and push those boundaries.

Dan opened the door and the LED light right outside the office switched to full brightness at their movement. Dan steeled himself and walked out into the empty office in just his briefs and pulled his almost-naked wife out into the light. He felt her grip tighten on his hand but she came willingly. It was probably one thing to mess around at work behind closed doors, but being in her underwear where normally anyone could see was entirely different.

He had spotted Lester's name on the office beside Sarah's earlier. Another light turned on as he moved to it. Dan grasped the handle and opened the door. He flicked the light switch on the wall, illuminating a messy office. Dan shook his head, not surprised in the least. Papers were piled high on a table against the wall, along with an assortment of empty containers and bits of other filth. How the hell could someone work like this? The hospital staff should say something. Even the couch and table by the window looked messy. Dan adjusted the dimmer on the switch, setting the light down low.

The door clicked behind him, and Sarah stood there expectantly, in just her bra and panties, looking like she was ready to pounce on him. This wasn't the Sarah he'd been with for the past few nights. Her eyes were intense, and she looked like she was dripping with uninhibited sex. Being at the hospital like this had unlocked something needful in her, and Dan intended to embrace it. He didn't think she'd locked the door when she closed it.

"Get over here," Dan moved behind Lester's desk and cleared a space for them. Sarah didn't move. She looked hard at him and then slowly bent over at the waist, until Dan had an exceptional view of the tops of her breasts hanging as an offering for him. She slid her fingers into her white, high-waisted panties and lowered them down her flawless thighs before gravity took them and brought them to the floor. Dan marvelled at her shaved pussy and how perfect it looked. His wife stood back up and sauntered over to him behind the desk.

As she walked, the lights outside the office went out. Sarah didn't seem to notice, still walking towards him with purpose. Dan almost didn't recognize her. That lust-filled gaze almost made her look like someone else.

She went up onto her tippy toes and kissed him deeply, her tongue snaking into his mouth before pulling back and biting lightly at his lip again. His wife gave him a wicked grin and turned away from him, planting her elbows on the desk and pushing her ass back out, as if inviting him in. Its perfect contours swayed back and forth, nearly mesmerizing Dan. He quickly snapped out of his stupor and hastily pulled down his briefs, his hard dick flopping out.

"I'm ready for you," Sarah whispered as he stepped up behind her. He lined his dick up with her pussy and was amazed to find it already soaking wet. The past few nights, he'd had to engage in a lot of foreplay to get her to this point. Not that he minded tasting his wife's pussy again. It had been too long. He took a moment to study her bare lips from behind.

Before he could react, Sarah reached down between her legs and grabbed his dick. She pulled him forward by it and put the head of his cock right at her entrance, parting her pussy lips. Sarah groaned, letting go of his cock and pushed her ass back onto him, taking him part way inside of her.

“Uhhhh,” Sarah moaned, both elbows back on the desk. She hung her head, her blonde locks falling all over Lester’s messy desk. Dan gripped her hips and pushed forward until his shaft was fully lodged inside of her. Sarah’s pussy gripped him tightly. Her ass rocked forward and then slammed back against Dan, setting the tempo. He was surprised how fast and hard his wife was fucking him. He widened his stance and planted his feet, thrusting forward, trying to keep up with her.

Sarah fucked him relentlessly like that for several minutes. She was thrusting back so hard and fast that he almost lost his balance a couple of times. All he could do was hold fast onto her hips and try to keep up with her pistoning frenzy. But even as he struggled to maintain the same rhythm, her drooling pussy never stopped clenching his cock. It felt good. Too good. Dan could already feel himself getting to that ultimate point of no return. But he didn’t want to cum before Sarah did.

“Are you close?” Dan asked, “Are you going to cum for me baby?”

“Fuck. Fuck don’t stop Dan,” Sarah whined against the desk, “I-I’m almost there.”

“Fuck me too, nng” Dan growled.

“Don’t. Not yet. Just a bit more,” Sarah moaned. Dan hoped she was right because he didn’t know how much longer he could hold himself back. As Dan gritted his teeth and contemplated how the hell he was going to stop himself from cumming when one of the automatic lights out in the cubicle farm turned on.

“Shhh,” Dan hushed Sarah with a hand on the middle of her back. She looked back at him, confusion in her eyes. She followed her husband’s gaze and saw the light streaming between the window blinds. Another light came on, and this one was brighter and closer.

Fuck Dan thought. It wasn’t just a one-off. Someone was out there. Another close light came to life again, followed by another even closer to the room.

“Did you lock the door?” Sarah whispered. Her body was rigid and her pussy was still torturously tight around his dick. She had been the last one through the door.

“No, did you?” Dan whispered back.

Without looking away from the window, Sarah shook her head. Dan’s heart beat loudly in his chest as the light right outside Lester’s office kicked on. Could whoever was out there hear the pounding in his chest? Was it that loud? It felt like it was.

Fuck Fuck Fuck Dan thought. All the clothing they’d shed was in the other room. Either that person would go in there and see it all, or they might come in here and see them undressed like this. Maybe, just maybe, they would bypass this office altogether. It could just be someone getting some light night work done or maybe...

The handle to the door turned.

Light shone into the office as the door opened, momentarily blinding Sarah and Dan. The silhouette of a large figure stood in the doorway.

“My, my, my, what do we have here?” A man’s voice said. The figure stepped into the room, pulling some kind of cart behind him. “I went down into the boiler room first. Then I figured I’d check up here.”

Dan felt like he was stuck, frozen in place. It took him a few seconds to compose himself before the questions occurred to him, “Who the fuck are you? What do you want?”

Sarah’s face had a strange expression on it, like she had been caught with her hand in the cookie jar. But he didn’t know why.

“Otis,” the older man said, tapping a name tag on the chest of his dirty coveralls. Dan’s eyes finally adjusted to the light. “And I’m just here for the show. And maybe to repay a favor to that sweet wife of yours.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about, but you need to leave,” Dan said. As the words left his lips, he felt Sarah’s pussy clench around his dick tighter than before and she slowly pushed her ass back against him.

“Mhmmmmmm,” Sarah moaned, her eyes still locked onto the intruder’s. A shit eating grin spread across the old man’s face, crows feet spreading in a network of wrinkles around his dark eyes. He stuck his arm into what Dan could now see was a large garbage bin. He pulled out a beer and cracked it open before taking a healthy drink.

“That’s right,” Otis said, stepping closer. “Put on a show for me, girl. We both know you love it. Come on.”

Sarah looked over her shoulder at Dan with a pleading look on her face. Her mouth hung languidly agape, and Dan saw the desperate look of lusty abandon in her eyes. Her pussy clenched tightly around his cock again.

“Hey. Hey!” Otis barked, “Look at me. I wanna watch you cum.”

Dan watched as Sarah turned back to the janitor and sexily held his gaze. The man smiled wickedly and stroked his beer can. Dan had no idea what to do. In one swift moment, this man had barged into the room, and their entire scenario had been flipped on its head. Sarah was clearly responding to his imposing presence. Dan wanted the guy to leave, but he was torn—torn between embracing this side of his wife or trying to reel themselves back in and get control of the situation. He wanted to support her exploration and discovery.

“Sneaking around at work. Tsk,” the janitor knocked his fist against the center of his chest and let out a loud burp. “Uhh. I’ve been watching your wife. Waiting for her to sneak away and try something like this. I’m glad I was on the night shift. I woulda hated to miss the show.”

Dan opened his mouth to say something, but what the hell was he supposed to say about that? Stop stalking my wife? Stop watching us? Sarah was going wild, slamming into Dan. He could feel his balls tighten and

knew it wouldn't be long before they both came. Both cumming to this fucked up situation. It wasn't like it had been with Lester so long ago when they'd wanted him to watch the two of them have sex. Dan didn't know this guy, even though part of him was thrilled seeing Sarah on display for another rough-looking creep like this.

"Fuck, just watching you has me all hard," Otis chuckled and started to stroke himself through his coveralls. Sarah's pussy clenched around Dan's cock again.

"Fuck, Sarah?" Dan asked. He needed to make sure she was okay with what was happening, to make sure that —

"UHHHHMHMMMMM," Sarah's pussy clenched down hard around his cock locking him in place and he felt her body spasm. She dropped her head onto the desk, her arms splaying out, knocking papers and a generic desk clock onto the floor.

"Uhhhhhh. Ahhhhhhh," Sarah moaned as she came effusively.

"There it is," Otis grinned, stroking his growing cock through his coveralls.

"Fffffff," Sarah grunted as her sweat covered body shuddered. Her torso collapsed onto the desk, "Uhhmmmm."

"Oh fuck," Dan grunted, "I'm gonna cum too."

Despite seeming exhausted, Sarah quickly pulled herself off of Dan and turned around. Their plan had been for him to cum in her mouth. She didn't want to walk through the hospital full of cum. She made it seem like that was an unpleasant experience, something she had already suffered the consequences of.

Before Sarah could lower herself to her knees, Dan came, his eyes blinking rapidly. His cum shot out onto the floor as Sarah grasped for his cock. Dan grunted and shot another load onto the floor. Sarah stared down at his twitching cock as the last bit of cum dribbled out. Dan sat back into Lester's chair and tried to catch his breath.

"Okay, Otis," Sarah said, "Show's over."

Otis grinned at Dan, "Sure looks like it. But I just got here. Have a beer with me, and I'll leave."

He pulled three more cans out of his garbage can. He set two on the desk for Dan and Sarah before cracking the third open for himself. The janitor glanced between Sarah and Dan like he was quickly trying to understand the dynamic at play here. Dan felt the wind being sucked out of his own sails, not knowing where this was going.

"Garbage beer?" Sarah asked, her hands covering her crotch and bra clad breasts.

Otis just shrugged, "It's not dirty. No one's gonna check my garbage for beer."

Sarah straightened, even though she was still half naked, "You shouldn't be drinking on the job."

"And you shouldn't be fucking on your boss' desk but this is where we find ourselves," Otis chuckled and took another generous swig of his beer. Sarah looked back warily at Dan. She wasn't sure how to proceed. This guy had something on her now. Sure, Sarah could also hold this over Otis, but Dan would bet janitor jobs were a dime a dozen. She handed Dan the beer before cracking open her own. Dan took a sip and grimaced. It was warm.

"Alright," Dan started holding up his hands, "We've all had our fun, now I think we should --"

"I'm feeling overdressed," Otis said. He reached up and grabbed the coveralls zipper by his neck and started lowering it. His bare chest began being exposed followed by the loose wrinkled skin covering his stomach. Soon enough, the older man had lowered the zipper to just above his crotch. He was clearly completely naked underneath. He was staring right at Sarah. He wasn't looking back and forth between the husband and wife any more, almost like he was dismissing Dan's presence entirely.

"Otis, what are you doing?" Sarah asked. Otis just shrugged, pulled down the top of the coveralls, and lowered them past his waist. His long, hard cock sprang out and the wiry man got naked. Dan felt disgusted at the sight of the wild ungroomed salt and pepper pubic hair. He looked up at Sarah and saw that she was still looking at the man. She held the beer can in her fist but hadn't had any of it. Her breasts were rising and falling like they had earlier, almost in anticipation of what was to come.

"Just making sure everybody's comfortable," Otis replied.

"Comfortable?" Sarah challenged. She finally sipped the beer and found it equally unappealing.

"Y'all are naked," Otis gestured towards them, "Seems right that now I am too."

"Otis," Dan said, not drinking his beer. "We're done here."

"Oh?" Otis said, stepping further towards them, his lecherous gaze not leaving Sarah, "I think we're just getting started."

Dan watched as the naked older man stepped towards his wife. She held her ground, not wanting to back down from his challenge. Her hands still feebly tried to cover nakedness. It took Dan a second to realize that Sarah was probably still thinking of herself in the role of the hospital administration or at least of herself in her current position. She wouldn't be pushed around by someone in such a subordinate role.

"Otis," Sarah said coolly as the man circled around to her side. Sarah turned to face him, her bubble butt pressing against the side of Lester's desk. Hands still over her breasts and pussy. "You should leave."

“Not before I pay my debt.” Otis bent, put his beer can on the ground, and wiped his lips with the back of his hand. His hard cock jutting at Sarah. Before either Dan or Sarah could react, the wiry older man quickly crossed the distance to Dan’s wife.

Sarah went to step back by instinct but her naked bubble butt was already pressed against Lester’s desk. Dan gripped his beer as Otis with his dangling cock pushed up against Sarah, his weathered hands roughly grabbed her thighs and he hefted her up onto the table with strength Dan didn’t realize the older man had.

Sarah gasped. Dan got to his feet to intervene, but Otis quickly dropped to his knees between Sarah’s legs. He moved the hand covering her pussy to the side.

Otis looked up at her, his mouth open, dark eyes shining. Otis’ head dove forward. Dan couldn’t see what was happening from his angle, but he knew.

“Uhhmmmmm,” a guttural moan escaped Sarah’s lips. She braced her hand against the desk as her head tilted back. Her other hand left her breasts, pushing back on Otis’s head. The old man’s tongue was now inside Dan’s young wife. Dan hadn’t been ready for this. He couldn’t be. This wasn’t what tonight’s plans were supposed to be. He felt paralyzed by the familiar out-of-body sensation that he’d felt before. She could push his head away more firmly Dan thought.

Fuck Dan thought as he watched Sarah’s back arch and another soft moan escape her lips. He felt like he was frozen in place again. He was stronger than this now, though. He couldn’t just, like some stranger walk in here and do this to his wife. Have her in front of him. Sarah’s hand feebly pushed against Otis’ forehead. Dan watched her face contort and her hand seemed to relax. The finger’s splayed out and it moved across his head, caressing him.

Dan willed his body to move. He stepped forward and watched, as if in slow motion, as Sarah’s hand went to press the back of the man’s head into her. Half a second had passed, and Sarah wasn’t showing any effort in trying to push him off anymore. Her fingers ran into his thin greying hair. Her fingers actually arched as she gripped his head and pulled him in even closer.

“Oh fuck,” Sarah said breathlessly. Her beautiful blonde tresses fell down her back as her hips pushed forward to meet Otis’s probing tongue. She hadn’t expected him to be any good at doing this. She hadn’t thought about him this way at all. After all this time that she’d tried to avoid him, she hadn’t expected anything like this to happen.

Her mind was on fire as Otis’s weathered tongue swirled around inside of her. Part of her wanted to glance at Dan and see his reaction, but all she could do was focus on this heavenly feeling. Otis’ tongue felt huge inside of her, just like Lester’s. But he was lapping at places she’d never been touched by a tongue before. Lester’s tongue was fat and thick, but Otis’s seemed longer and skinnier. More agile, he was incredible.

One of Otis’s wrinkled hands reached up and grabbed a handful of Sarah’s supple ass cheek. She moaned at the rough treatment. His fingers kneaded her ass and Sarah shuddered, imagining all the dirt trapped under

his ragged fingernails.

Fuck, was this what he meant by paying his debts? How the old man knew Sarah was in the hospital was still a mystery to her. It was surreal that he was on his knees between her legs on Lester's filthy desk. Sarah looked down and watched Otis skillfully lapping at her pussy. He twirled his tongue like a sexual whirlwind inside of her, not giving her a single second to catch her breath.

The office was filled with long wet slurping sounds and other graphic noises Dan didn't think he'd ever heard before. Dan looked on, and a light turned off somewhere out in the cubicle farm. Only then did he realize that the janitor's cart was propping the door open. Anyone could walk in and hear that noise—see his wife, catch the three of them.

Otis brought his thumb up to her clit and started gently massaging it while his tongue continued to spear deftly in and out of her of her sopping pussy. Fucking her with his tongue. Sarah adjusted herself on the desk, her shoulder pushing Lester's monitor to the side.

Sarah glanced at Dan, who was standing there with his mouth and eyes wide open. Sarah flashed him one of her trademark sexy smiles. He had the same look on his face that she was so used to seeing. That mix of lust, jealousy, and a hint of befuddled confusion. She knew he was enjoying this, even though he had just shot his cum all over the floor.

Otis' thumb circled around her clit, forcing Sarah's eyes to flutter closed. Her breasts heaved and her whole body shook as Otis' tongue swirled inside of her. She couldn't believe she was here, with this man. The problematic near stalker she had been avoiding ever since their illicit encounter in the basement. And that he was making her feel so fucking good.

"Mhmmmm," Sarah mewed as she felt it. The embers deep inside of her being stoked by Otis' tongue. If he kept this up at this rate she was going to cum. Hard.

"Sarah?" Dan said, "Are you good?"

"Uh. More, ah, more than good. Ff-ffFuck baby he's going to make me c-cum if he keeps going like this," Sarah moaned.

Dan felt his cock instantly stiffen at her words. He was now hard as a rock, even though he was impotently standing there just watching. He didn't know what to do. Finally, he took a step. He moved to the door, pulling the cart fully into the room and shutting the door. This time, he made sure it was locked. At least making sure no one else knew there was anything to see in here.

He turned back and bore witness to the scene before him. Sarah arching her back on the desk as this wiry old janitor knelt between her legs, feasting on her open pussy. His wife's hips were thrusting back onto the man's face, and he recognized the familiar frenzy of her motion. She was about to cum.

“Ah, ah ff-fuck,” Sarah’s hand grabbed the back of Otis’ greasy head. She was so close. So fucking close. “Don’t stop, Otis,” Sarah moaned. The saying of his name tasted bitter on her tongue, but that only added fuel to the fire burning uncontrollably inside her.

“Ummhmmmm,” Sarah moaned loudly. Otis continued to loudly lap and suck at Sarah’s pussy while his thumb expertly manipulated her clit. “Nnnghhhh,” Sarah moaned wickedly as she threw her head back. Dan had never heard her make these sounds before.

“Oh fuck,” Sarah’s thighs clenched around Otis’ head. Despite the intense pressure, Otis didn’t stop. His head kept nodding forward as his tongue folded and twisted inside of Sarah. All the muscles in Sarah’s body locked tight as she came in a volatile burst. Warmth exploded from her abdomen and its tendrils rapidly spread all across her body. Her eyes rolled back in her head, her lashes flickering rapidly, her jaw hung open. One of her legs kicked out on its own, arching in the air, her muscles taut.

Sarah tried to catch her breath, her breasts rapidly rising and falling. She was just beginning to come down from her orgasm, which Otis clearly recognized. There was a big slurp sound and Otis took his thumb off her clit.

“Fuck I knew you’d taste sweet,” Otis said from between her legs before resuming.

“Uhh, ahhh, ohhhh,” Sarah squealed as Otis’ tongue slurped up her slit and began licking her clit. He flicked his tongue over and over against it while two of his bony fingers went into her pussy. He immediately began dragging the tips over her sensitive G-Spot. His other hand shot up and began to roughly maul her breasts through her lacy bra.

“Uhhghhhh,” Sarah moaned involuntarily, her body hunching over on its own at Otis’ manipulations. His mouth closed over her clit and he began sucking on it while his tongue somehow continued to flick back and forth across it. His fingers were ramming fast and hard inside of her, trying to set her off again. The hand on her chest pulled at one of the bra’s cups, freeing one heaping breast from its confines. He grabbed onto her naked flesh and roughly pinched at her nipple.

Dan watched as Otis played his wife like an instrument. The foreign guttural sounds coming from her throat were like a symphony of erotic music. Except Dan couldn’t follow the tune. He was transfixed all over again, watching the sordidly graphic display in front of him. He just stood there, his cock twitching as he watched the performance get fully underway.

“Mhmmhmmffuuu,” Sarah grunted, her hips softly rocking on the desk against Otis’s face. Otis’ head continued to bob up and down as he lapped at Sarah’s clit. Licking it aggressively, sucking on it. His elbow pumped up and down as his two fingers rammed into Sarah over and over again, fingertips pressing hard against the rough patch of her G-Spot while his other hand mauled both her breasts. His expert manipulation was too much for Sarah to handle.

“Holy fuck. Holy Fuck. Fuck! Shit, Oh god. God. Oh my fuck, I’m gonna. I’m gonna...” Sarah said through clenched teeth before her body dramatically lurched once again. Fireworks exploded inside of her, setting her nerves on fire. Her eyes blanked and her vision went white. Her brain felt like it was melting as it was inundated with sensory overload from her quivering body. Sarah clenched her thighs around Otis’s head again as another intense orgasm rocked her body.

Otis didn’t stop. Not when Sarah’s thighs were crushing his head like a tomato. Not when her pussy was forced so hard into his face that it blocked his nostrils. The man just kept digging and probing his fingers into the willing flesh of Dan’s wife and licked and sucked on her clit, trying to draw out every second, every movement of her orgasm.

Dan was taken aback by the fact that Otis didn’t stop. Not even once. The guy didn’t even come up for a solitary breath.

“Ohhh, mhmhhh, ohh yess,” Sarah said breathlessly. Somehow, a glint of sweat was running down her back already. Her eyes were closed as she revelled in her post orgasmic bliss. “Fuck that was intense,” Sarah murmured to no one in particular.

A wet splashing sound filled the office. Sarah gasped as Otis withdrew his fingers from her. Sarah’s juices coated his hand and dripped to the floor from his wrist. The hand on her breasts dropped to one thigh, and the other hand snaked up and grabbed the other. In one quick, fluid motion, Otis pulled her legs apart and pushed himself to his feet between her open legs.

“Wha? Otis..” Sarah said in a momentary daze. She thought about trying to to clench her thighs, but Otis held them. He was stronger than he looked. There was another moment where he paused. The tip of his large cock was pushing against her. Again, a look passed between the two hospital employees. Of course she shouldn’t fuck the janitor. Of course this was absolutely something she shouldn’t do. Not here. Not with her husband watching. Not in her boss’ office. No way. No fucking way.

She propped herself up on the desk, her hands behind her and offered her chest to the lowly office worker.

Dan watched as Otis bent forward and powerfully thrust his hips into his wife.

“Argghhhhhuuuuuuuhhhhhh,” Sarah grunted in surprise as Otis impaled himself inside of her. His large cock buried completely to the hilt, hairy balls slapping against her underside. Sarah opened her mouth to say something, and Otis kissed her, his tongue mashing desperately against hers. He held the back of her head while his other hand hugged her back, smashing her breasts against his chest.

“Mhmm! Mhmm!” Sarah tried to say through the kiss. Her arms flailed against the lewd man. Dan stepped forward at the same time that Otis’ ass dipped back as he pulled part of his cock free before thrusting back into Sarah who was still propped up on the desk. He did it again. Then again. Sarah pushed on the older man’s shoulders.

“Buddy, buddy, hey! What the fuck?” Dan quickly crossed the distance to pull this old man off Sarah as he rapidly thrust into her.

“Mhmmmmhmmmmmmmmmm,” a noise came from Sarah’s throat, making Dan stop at just a few feet away. Her hands decisively gripped Otis’ biceps. She turned her head to the side and was returning the janitor’s eager kiss. The sounds of their lips smacking against each other and their tongues battling and surrendering filled Dan’s eardrums. Dan’s eyes went wide as Sarah’s legs wrapped around Otis’ hips, locking him in place. Her ass squirmed on the desk as she tried to thrust back against Otis’s cock.

The older man stood there making out with Dan’s wife while he humped away, thrusting his bare length of cock in and out of the sex crazed woman. In and out, repeatedly. He wasn’t wearing a condom. Dan hadn’t thought to bring one as the plan had been for him to finish in Sarah’s mouth. Not that he usually bought condoms anyways since that was taken care of.

But now some fucking random janitor was fucking Sarah raw and unprotected.

That thought hadn’t even occurred to Sarah. All her brain could comprehend was how fucking good the big cock inside of her felt. She tasted the stale beer on Otis’ tongue and somehow found that the flavor excited her. Her brain wasn’t thinking straight. All that it registered was how different the forceful cock felt inside of her. It curved different than Dan’s or Lester’s and just fit so fucking well inside of her accommodating pussy.

“Mhhmmmgodddd,” Sarah moaned as Otis’ tongue twirled around in her mouth. Her tongue did the same, her taste buds running over the bumps of his as they swapped saliva and made out. Otis broke the kiss first with a self-satisfied smile on his face. His pockmarked face displayed a grunted as he continued to thrust his engorged member into Sarah.

Her jaw hung limp, looking at him in reverent astonishment, her eyes still not believing what was happening to her.

The hand on her back fumbled but finally undid the clasp on her white lacy bra. He peeled the garment off of her, releasing her immaculate naked breasts. He stared down at her nude flesh in triumph as he pounded away triumphantly in the young mother.

“I knew I’d get inside of you sooner or later,” Otis grunted “But I didn’t know you’d be so fucking tight. Jesus Christ, annng.”

“So fucking tight,” Otis muttered looking at Sarah’s angelic face, “Feels like I’m fucking a virgin.”

“I’m not a virgin,” Sarah breathed heavily. Otis smirked and looked over his shoulder at Dan, who stood rooted in place a few feet away.

“He likes to watch,” Sarah teased, catching Dan’s eye.

“No gay stuff, it’s not like that” Otis said to Dan. “I’m just gonna borrow your wife for a while.”

Sarah stared at Dan, waiting for a reaction. Dan was about to say something, but Otis grabbed her by the chin and turned her face towards him. He kissed her intimately again, his tongue diving back in to dance with hers. Sarah moaned into the kiss, and just like that, Dan was standing there alone, an outsider watching the pornographic scene unfold in front of him.

Otis grunted and with his cock still fully inside her, picked Sarah up and walked her over to a wall. This older man was way stronger than Dan or Sarah had been able to tell. Otis slammed Sarah into the wall violently as he thrust his entire organ into her.

His cock pistoning in and out of her as he held her pinned to the wall. Sarah’s hips bucked back against him, trying to match his frantic pace. Otis’s hands never left Sarah’s legs and ass as he held her in place. Her ankles locked behind his old, saggy ass, eagerly accepting this unusual coupling.

Dan just gawped at the sight before him—the contrast between his perfect, young wife with her flawless skin and this old near retiree whose skin looked like the leather in a worn-out baseball glove. Yet here he was, inside his wife, making her moan enthusiastically. His wife and the janitor.

“Mhmmhmm,” Sarah moaned around Otis’ tongue. Tasting it. Sucking on its disgusting spit. It spun in her mouth before Sarah battled it back, pushing her tongue into his. Their tongues slid against and around each other, seeking urgently to get more and more of each other. They kissed openly. Lips smacking, teeth colliding as their heads moved, both trying to show devotion to the other more flagrantly.

Otis pounded Sarah into the wall. A generic picture that hung near them shook as Otis slammed his massive length into Sarah. If there was anyone in the office next door, they would no doubt hear the constant sexual pounding.

“Oh fuck. God. Fuck,” Sarah moaned breaking the kiss. She was breathing hard, trying to catch her breath. Otis’ tongue wasn’t done. Descending to her craned neck, licking along its length, twirling across its most sensitive areas. Sarah’s hips bucked against the thrusting invader, slamming herself against him. She pushed her bubble butt off the wall to meet each of his near perfect cock’s thrusts.

Otis’ leg shook unsteadily for a second before he repositioned himself. Sarah was bucking herself down against his cock like a woman possessed by a lustful demon.

“Ugh. Fuck that felt good,” Otis snarled into her chest. Sarah squeezed her pussy around his cock again making the older man groan as he pulled out of her and pushed back in.

Otis thrust into Sarah hard, stopping her hips. His fingers gripped the bottom of her thighs, and he slowly pulled her off the wall and spun her around. With her legs still wrapped around his waist, Otis walked Sarah past Dan to Lester’s couch by the window. He unceremoniously dumped her back onto the couch and knelt

between her spread legs. He held each one of her armpits and thrust back into Sarah, his large cock spreading her open for him.

“Goddd,” Sarah moaned, lolling her head to the side to look at her husband. Dan still stood where he had been, staring at them. Otis followed her eyes.

“Go sit down in that chair. Now. I don’t like you hovering over there,” Otis grunted. Dan snapped out of his trance and moved towards the chair. Suddenly, he felt utterly exposed and uncomfortable being naked in front of this random stranger. He didn’t sit. Not yet. He wanted to but didn’t want to follow this guy’s insistent directions. It was already bad enough he was urgently fucking Sarah right in front of him.

“Stop looking at him,” Otis barked to Sarah, “Look at me. Me. Got it?”

Sarah did. She focused on the man’s face. The intense gaze in his eyes. The way she could feel the pulse of his heartbeat through the veins in his cock inside of her. How the hell had she gotten here? She was on her back, legs spread for yet another ugly man and she was enjoying the hell out of every fucking second of it.

Her hips bounced off the couch to meet Otis’ pointed thrusts. His eyes seemed to glaze over as he stared down at Sarah’s perky bouncing breasts that jiggled invitingly with each powerful push forward.

“I knew you’d be a good fuck but Jesus Christ. Jesus fucking Christ this is something else.” Otis breathed, “Your body...”

“Just shut up and fuck me,” Sarah said sternly. She reached down and grabbed onto the man’s biceps, beckoning him to come down fully on top of her.

Otis grinned at Dan, “Sorry bud, but I’m gonna ruin her for ya.”

He spread her legs open and fully laid down on top of Sarah. She wrapped her legs around him, taking him even deeper inside her than before, giving him complete access to her. “Uh. Ah. Uh. Uh. Uh. Uh.”

“Squeeze me like that again,” Otis grunted. Sarah’s pussy clenched around him like she was milking his cock. “Fuck. Feels so fucking good. I knew you’d be a hot fuck.”

“Oh yeah?” Sarah said in a more slutty voice than she intended, “Why’s that? Huh?”

“You’re the drop-dead sexiest woman in this fucking place,” Otis spat. “And all you stuck-up women are the same. Once you get the right cock in you, you’ll light up like a goddamn Christmas tree.”

“That’s so charming,” Sarah said sarcastically. “You should really consider keeping your mouth shut. Everyone would be better off.”

“Heh, whatever you say princess, as long as you keep yours open,” Otis stuck the two fingers that he’d had in Sarah’s pussy into her mouth. He slid them in and out mimicking face fucking her. Sarah gagged as the fingers hit the back of her throat but she quickly closed her lips around his pushing fingers and began sucking on them.

“Mhmmm,” Sarah moaned, her tongue running down the underside of his pointer and ring fingers. Dan watched as her cheeks moved in and out as she sucked on the two digits. Her moans filled the room. Dan knew Sarah had a fantasy of being taken by two men at once. It hadn’t happened with Jesse and Lester in the hotel room, but it was close. He knew that one of those men should’ve been him.

This could be his chance to step into that role in her fantasy. He could walk up and stick his cock right into her face and make it all come true. But he didn’t move. He didn’t want to....interrupt. God, what a stupid useless thought.

As Dan’s mind reeled, their two naked bodies slapped against each other on the couch in front of him. Sarah was still squeezing her pussy around Otis’ driving cock eliciting satisfied grunts from the wiry man. Sarah continued to suck and tongue Otis’ dirty fingers as they plunged in and out of her mouth. A small part of her brain knew how fucked up it was that she was doing this. Licking and sucking a janitor’s fingers while he was supposed to be working but the taboo nature of it just continued to stoke the fire building in her belly. A fire that she soon hoped would utterly consume her.

Otis pulled his fingers back out of her mouth and set his fists steadfastly onto the couch as he excitedly drove his hips into Sarah. Sarah wasn’t done, though. She needed more. Her tongue snaked out of her mouth and licked his wrist, one of her hands holding it still as she licked it. Otis shuddered, and a satisfied smile spread across her lips.

Sarah turned her head and began licking the weathered skin of Otis’ chest. Her tongue danced across his skin, swirling through the tiny grey hairs dotting it. She caught his nipple and tasted the bitter flavor of his sweat, triggering a soft sighing moan from the back of her throat. It was like she couldn’t get enough and needed to taste him. Her wet tongue sent shivers across Otis’ body, like his chest was directly connected to his cock.

Otis dropped his entire weight onto Sarah, his arms diving beneath her to pull her ass up for more access. He dipped his hips in low and his cock shot up into her open pussy, dragging over Sarah’s precious G-Spot. She moaned into his chest but never stopped licking it. Dan watched as Sarah seemed to work herself up with each lick of his foul torso into an erotic frenzy. Her hips rapidly rising off the couch to meet his thrusts.

“Cum for me again girl. I wanna feel that pussy explode around my cock,” Otis barked.

Sarah didn’t say anything but Otis’ words seemed to set off a fire inside of her. She thrust back against him in a fevered hysteria as he constantly pounded into her pussy.

“Urrnnnhnnn.” Sarah’s tongue stuck out her mouth against Otis’ chest. His hands grabbed both of her ass cheeks holding her in place as his cock firmly pounded and mashed against her G-Spot.

“You l-like that?” Otis grunted.

“Mmm-hmmmm, uhmmm,” Sarah agreed, her whipping tongue still connected to his skin. She couldn’t find the words to express her ecstasy. Otis was rapidly pushing her towards another uninhibited orgasm, and that’s all her brain was able to focus on. Each time he spoke, his words were like a fuel injector, driving her up to a height from which she could blow.

“Cum on my cock, give it to me,” Otis grunted into her ear. “Fucking give it to me Mrs. Williams. Show your man how old Otis gets it done.”

“Arrhhhh,” an uncharacteristic guttural moan escaped Sarah’s throat as she clenched her teeth. The fire burning in her stomach erupted again, drenching her entire body in an unholy orgasmic bliss.

“AHFUCK,” Sarah screamed as her back arched off the couch, bare breasts pushing into Otis’ coarse chest hair. It felt like a bomb had gone off inside of her, bathing her in nothing but pure pleasure. Her body rocked and convulsed from her second orgasm, and her legs held Otis tightly in place like a vise.

Dan shuddered as he watched Sarah orgasm and writhe in animal heat under the ugly janitor. He still couldn’t believe what he was watching. How was this even his life?

Without thinking, Sarah reached up and grabbed the back of Otis’s head and pulled him down for a sloppy deep kiss. Otis never stopped thrusting, even though Sarah’s pussy held him in a fist-like grip around his cock. The odd couple kept thrusting against each other as they sloppily kissed and licked at one another. Dan watched their tongues sliding in and out of each other’s mouth and across their faces and his cock twitched. A fresh load of cum dribbled out onto the office chair.

Otis’ thrusts slowed, and he focused on just kissing Sarah. It was fucked up for Dan to watch. His mind broke in two when he saw Sarah kiss this guy. All the dues he’d paid and dates he’d taken her on before he’d even attempted to kiss Sarah for the first time, and now this random lowly creep already had his tongue buried down her throat as he fucked her raw. A lowly fucking janitor like Otis making out with someone who used to be second only to the CEO, not to mention the mother of Dan’s children.

Otis broke the kiss and pulled back up to a kneeling position. “Turn over.”

Sarah unwrapped her legs from Otis’s ass and turned herself over onto her knees. She shot Dan a glance before Otis roughly grabbed her hips. He lined his cock up with her slit and said, “You know how much I look at this ass? Wanting to bend you over and just fuck you in the hallway?”

“I’ve caught you watching me,” Sarah said, breathless.

“Only some of the times,” Otis chuckled, “Fuck what a perfect ass.”

He continued to slide the glistening head of his cock up and down her slit. Sarah, lost in a horny dementia, pushed her ass back, looking for connection. Otis looked over at Dan, "I dunno why the fuck you'd ever wanna share her like this but I appreciate it." The older man spit into his hand and smeared saliva all over his cock. "Thanks."

Sarah whined as she kept pushing her pristine ass back, desperately searching for Otis' cock. Otis gave Dan a toothy grin and raised his eyebrows several times. He held onto the wide shaft of his cock and lined it up with Sarah's drooling pussy. She pushed back and the janitor's cockhead started to disappear inside. Otis held the rest of his cock in place and set one foot down on the floor next to the couch.

"Mrs. Williams?" Otis said, still holding his cock from full penetration as Sarah whimpered, her pussy looking for it.

"Yes?" Sarah said softly, turning over her shoulder to look at him. She was on her hands and knees, ready to be taken by the custodian.

"I'm about to breed you in front of your stupid husband," Otis snarled and all at once thrust his entire length into Sarah. She wasn't ready for it. Her body lurched forward, losing her position on the couch. Her arms jerked, bending. Her face hit the leather couch, but Otis was holding her hips up in the air.

The words snapped Dan back to reality. Was that what this asshole wanted to do? He knew that he couldn't. Sarah had taken precautions. But still, that primal desire of this man to claim Sarah in that way....Dan's cock throbbed insistently.

He wasted no time and started to mercilessly pound his cock into Sarah's wet entrance. Sarah screamed in ecstasy, "OHHFUCKMEYESJESUS!"

Otis' weathered hands tightly gripped Sarah's hips as he pistoned his cock in and out of her, drilling her thoroughly. Sarah's entire body was jostled back and forth on the couch with each forceful thrust from Otis. Sarah couldn't control the moans escaping her lips, "Uhh, ahh, fuuuu, goddd, my, fuck, uh, ah, ah, yes. Yes. Fuck. FUCK. FUCK!"

Finally Sarah pushed herself up onto her hands, giving her more leverage to thrust back onto Otis' cock. He let go of her hips with one hand and grabbed one of her hanging breasts, roughly pawing it.

"Eiee," Sarah squealed as he roughly pinched and pulled on her nipple. He did it again and again. Otis's leg on the floor returned to the couch, planted firmly next to her hip. He released her hip and breast, shifting both of his hands to grip her shoulders and pull her whole upper body back onto his cock. He roughly pulled her back each time he thrust forward, making sure she took all of his raging cock. His heavy, saggy balls slapped violently against her clit.

"OH FUCK," Sarah screamed. Otis bunched up her beautiful blonde mane into a fist and yanked back on it as he fucked her decisively. He was fucking her fast and rough in the light of Lester's office. Rougher than

Dan could ever remember fucking her. And she was loving every fucking second of the brutal ordeal.

“You like that? Like my cock in ya? Huh?” Otis demanded.

“YESSSS-SS,” Sarah moaned, her face a mix of pain and pleasure as Otis continued pulling her hair and jamming himself inside her.

“Uhhuh, then, you fffucking scream it. Tell us, tell us how much you’re lovin’ my fat cock,” Otis spat onto the floor.

“ITFEELS SO FUCKING GOOD!” Sarah whined, her bare breasts rocking freely, swaying as Otis fucked her into oblivion, “YOUR COCK...”

“IT’S SO GOOD. SO FUCKING GOOD!” Sarah screamed. Even with the door shut, Dan was worried someone was going to hear her joyous outburst, “YOUR COCK FEELS SO FUCKING GOOD!”

“Say my name, Mrs. Williams. Say it,” Otis grunted.

“OH, OOOOTIS!” Sarah whined, thrusting her unblemished ass back hard against the wiry, older lowlife. Her perfect rear end clapping back with each powerful thrust.

“FUCKING MOAN IT FOR ME, WHO’S FUCKING YOU?” Otis bellowed.

“OTIS,” Sarah moaned loudly, “OTIS. OTIS. FUCK YES OTIS! OTIS! GIVE IT TO ME, OTIS. FUCK!”

“Heh,” Otis shot Dan a dark look and chuckled. He pulled Sarah’s hair back even further until her fingers barely touched the leather couch. He licked up her spine and swirled his tongue at the base of her neck. “I didn’t hear ya moaning like this with your husband before.”

Sarah just gritted her teeth as her eyes fluttered. Otis let go of her hair, and her blonde locks fell down over her face.

“I SAID, I DIDN’T HEAR YOU MOANING LIKE THIS BEFORE!” Otis barked.

“No,” Sarah panted, “No. N-not like this.”

Otis chuckled again to himself, “I thought not.

Hubby don’t fuck you like I do, does he? ” Otis asked.

“N-no,” Sarah moaned, “No. No, he doesn’t.”

“Hah. I bet you wouldn’t have even cum with him if I hadn’t walked in when I did,” Otis grunted, thrusting his cock hard back into Sarah. She yelped and had to reposition her hands on the couch for leverage.

Sarah looked at Dan, and he couldn’t read the expression on her face. Guilt, maybe, mixed with animalistic lust. He barely recognized his own wife.

“But you’re gonna cum again for me aren’t you? Yeah?” Otis said.

Sarah didn’t break eye contact with Dan, “As long as you don’t stop fucking me like this I definitely will.”

“Squeeze me like you did before. Make that pussy work for me,” Otis groaned. Sarah’s pussy clenched unyieldingly around his cock, making it harder for Otis to slam into her as quickly. The older man groaned in near ecstasy as her pussy compacted around the length of his shaft..

Otis pulled his cock almost all the way out and slowly pushed it all the way back in. Driving himself determinedly to the hilt through her near airtight pussy walls.

“Unhnnnnnmhmmmmhmmmm,” a throaty moan rattled from Sarah’s throat. Otis did it again, giving Sarah long, slow, methodical strokes. Sarah dropped her head and another moan escaped her lips, “Gmmhmmmm.”

“Fuck yeah. Feels good, don’t it?” Otis said, “Fuck you feel so fucking tight. Like you’re milking my cock.”

“Ffffucck,” Sarah moaned, her fingers splayed out onto the couch. Her wedding ring was visible in the low light.

“Cum for me again baby,” Otis said, “Cum the way you couldn’t with your husband over there. Show him what it’s like when a real man fills you all the way up.”

“Ah fuckkk,” Sarah moaned as her hips started rocking back faster than Otis wanted.

“Oho, you like that shit huh? You like hearing how much better I can fuck you than your husband?” Otis said. Sarah didn’t respond but she kept thrusting back on his cock. Otis stopped thrusting forward altogether and just knelt there enjoying her efforts.

“Slam that ass back onto me,” Otis said. Sarah picked up her pace. Otis stayed still as Sarah eagerly fucked back on his cock. She was going crazy, her body frenetically thrusting back onto his thick cock, over and over. Her perfect unblemished ass rippled each time she fully embedded herself on his rampant cock.

“That’s it. Yeah, like that. Slam that ass back onto my cock. Cum on it like you’ve never cum with your husband. For Christ’s sake, he’s just sitting there watching you take all of this,” Otis howled.

Dan felt like he was having an out-of-body experience – like he was watching someone else get shit talked to like this. He knew he should react, should say something. Respond somehow. To save face with Sarah and

not be put down in front of her like this. But it was like he'd become a passenger, along for the ride. Just watching as the scene unfolded in front of him.

"Mhmm. Mhmmmm. Mhmmmm," Sarah started mewling intensely, "Mhmmmm. Mhmmmm. Mhmmmm. Ahmmhmmmm."

"Ah, ah ffffuck, don't hold back. Cum for me. Who are you going to cum for?" Otis barked.

"Uhhh. Mhmm. You. You. YOU. OTIS. FUCK. OTIS. FUCK I WANNA CUM FOR YOU. FUCK. OH. OH. OH GOD. OH. GOD. OH MY GOD. FUCK. YES. OH MY FUCKING GOD! FUCK! OTIS. YES. YES. YES. YES!" Sarah's back arched, and she screamed like a howling demon as another powerful orgasm rocked her body "AAMHMMHMHMHMMMMHMHMMMNFFFUCCMHMMMMMM."

Otis' face twisted in a euphoric grin as Sarah's pussy clenched extremely hard around his cock, holding him unmoving in place. Her ass pressed against his crotch, his full length buried deep, deep inside of her body. On her hands and knees like this, Sarah looked like a wolf howling at the moon as she came in repeated bursts. Explosion after explosion went off inside of her, rocking her from the inside out. She couldn't quite feel her toes, and her head felt light. It felt like she was having an out-of-body experience. She's been sent to another place.

Sweat dripped off her forehead and fell onto the couch in dappled droplets. Another bead ran down her back and disappeared into her ass crack, mixing with her own juices and coating Otis' cock.

Dan's cock twitched again and cum just shot out onto the floor. He couldn't believe the sight before him. Earlier, when he'd watched his wife kiss their daughters on the head and say goodbye when they dropped them off, how the hell could he have known this was where the night would take him?

As her orgasms finally finished washing over Sarah, she finally took a breath. Her arms collapsed from the strain, and her torso crashed onto the couch. Otis let go of her hips and withdrew his cock. Sarah's hair stuck to the sweat on the nape of her neck and her face, she looked utterly spent.

Sarah groaned as Otis flipped her over onto her back and crawled on top of her.

"My turn now," Otis said as he spread her legs and pushed his ugly cock back into her. Sarah moaned again, her eyes going up and back into her head. Otis grunted and buried himself fully inside of her in one frictionless push. Sarah's body jolted at the sensation, her breasts jumping on her chest.

"Who fucked you best tonight?" Otis said loud enough for Dan to hear.

"Uhm, you," Sarah said without hesitation, her eyes still closed as she revelled in post orgasmic bliss, "You did. Fuck. Your cock....so good."

“Mm-hmm,” Otis confidently licked a bead of sweat from Sarah’s neck. She visibly shuddered as his tongue ran up the length of her neck and flicked at her earlobe.

“Fuck, I can’t wait to get my, nnrrgg, my nut,” Otis grunted as he grabbed Sarah’s wrists and pinned them down onto the couch above her head. Sarah’s ass pushed off the couch to meet his thrusting cock. “Tell me again how good it is, tell me.” Otis said.

“Oh fuck, it feels so good,” Sarah moaned, “Fuck don’t stop. Ugh, I don’t want this to stop. I love it.”

“Shit, I’m gonna be dragging you down into the basement everyday and fucking you down there in the boiler room from now on you hear?” Otis’ thrusts started growing more frenzied. He held both of Sarah’s wrists down with one hand. The other cupped her face, “You hear me?”

“YYess,” Sarah moaned.

“I’m gonna bend you over and fuck the shit of you whenever I want down there,” Otis grunted.

“Fuck. Do it. Do it. God. Please...,” Sarah begged. Otis held Sarah’s face and planted another kiss on her lips. Dan could hear her moan at the forceful kiss, her head tilting to give Otis’ tongue better access to her own.

Otis broke the kiss, a string of beaded saliva connecting their lips. Both of them were breathing hard, working themselves up to the inevitable. The hand cupping Sarah’s face lowered to her neck. Otis gave it a squeeze. Sarah felt her airway constrict slightly and her hips began thrashing wildly up at Otis’s working cock.

“Try to get up,” Otis said. “Move your arms. Force me off.”

Sarah raised her hip to try to dislodge him. She pushed her hands up against his but they stayed rooted in place. Sarah tried to lift her head but Otis’ other hand kept her pinned to the couch.

Otis leaned in and whispered in her ear. Dan leaned in, trying to hear what he said, but couldn’t make it out.

“You can’t stop me. I can do whatever I want with you. You might act strong during the day but at night you’re mine to do whatever the fuck I want with. And your husband can’t do a thing about it,” Otis whispered. Sarah felt out of control. In trying to free herself she’d opened her legs even wider to accommodate his massive pole. Her pussy was clenching Otis’ cock in response to his words, her hips bucking to meet his cock. Being taken like this. Held like this. Fuck, it was so hot.

“Just my little plaything,” Otis whispered and licked the side of her face as he squeezed around her neck. Sarah managed to wiggle one arm free of Otis’s grasp. She grabbed the back of his head and pulled him down for another kiss.

The couch was rocked, slightly shifting on the floor as Otis pounded devastatingly into Sarah's pussy. Their kiss broke, both of them panting hard. Otis let go of her wrist and neck. He rested his forehead on hers, and they just stared unfocussed into each other's eyes. Her hands went to his back and bicep, bracing herself against him.

Dan knew that if he didn't intervene this cretin was going to cum inside his wife. That notion filled him with both excitement and jealousy. The plan had not been for that to happen tonight. Sarah hadn't wanted the consequences of that, so Dan had pulled out earlier. But now it seemed like that plan was completely out the window. Like it didn't matter what she'd wanted.

He still felt embarrassed by his nakedness, but he balled his hands into fists, letting his nails dig into his palms. He finally mustered the willpower to force himself to his feet, feeling wholly out of place watching the depraved coupling taking place just a few feet from him. Otis noticed the motion and looked up at Dan with a smile. Then he leaned back down and whispered something into Sarah's ear that Dan couldn't hear.

"Fuck, I'm close. I'm going to nut inside of you," Otis whispered. Sarah turned her head and kissed his neck, her tongue venturing out and licking his bitter flesh. It tasted dirty and sweaty, but it sent a thrill through her body.

"Otis." Dan said shakily, "You need to pull out. You can't cum in her."

"I'm going to breed you," Otis whispered, "Breed you right here in front of your moron husband while he stands there with his limp little dick in his hand."

"Mhmmm. Fuck," Sarah whispered back dazed. She was planting slow kisses on the side of his face. "Do it. Give it to me. I want it. I want to feel you. Please. I'm gonna..."

The couch creaked as Otis kept slamming into Sarah relentlessly. Her hips were flying off the couch to meet his thrusts. Both of their bodies were slick with sweat, mixing together. Her pussy was holding his cock tightly as his cock slid in and out of her like a pistoning machine. His old, hairy balls slapping a rhythm against her asshole and alluring cheeks.

"Otis!" Dan stepped forward and put a hand on Otis' shoulder. He grimaced as his palm was greased in the older man's sweat. "Pull out or —"

The words got stuck in his throat. Sarah's legs wrapped more tightly around Otis' ass somehow pulling him even deeper into her. Her ankles locked together. She wasn't going to let him go.

Part of Sarah knew Dan was standing there. His words registered with part of her brain but they were drowned out by the insatiable need to cum on this cock again. Cum again with this dirty man between her legs.

"Oh fuck," Otis whispered to her, "I'm gonna cum. Fuck I'm going to fill you all the way up."

“Mmmhmmffuuck,” Sarah moaned. His words stuck her body like lightning, electricity coursing through her veins, lighting her on fire. The ball of fire in her stomach was subsumed by the feeling, magnifying it in anticipation. His sweet, sweet, degenerate whispers struck a primal cord deep inside of her. Sarah screamed, “MHMMFUCK, GG-GIVE IT TO ME. FILL ME. FUCK I WANT IT. FILL ME. OTIS. OTIS. FUCK. BREED ME, YOU FFFUCKING BASTARD!”

Otis grunted and his cock twitched menacingly inside of her. She felt his balls heave up against her asshole. His thick shaft swelled inside the walls of her clasp pussy. She held her breath as her orgasm teetered on the brink of arrival. The first shot of boiling cum blasted into her, drenching her insides in its scalding heat. That first rope pushed Sarah over the edge, and her largest orgasm of the night exploded inside of her body. All the muscles in her body went taut, her legs locking Otis further into place – her body not wanting to let a single drop of the man’s illicit seed go to waste.

“OHHMYGODOTIS!!” Sarah screamed at the top of her lungs, her nails digging into Otis’s flesh. Her body rocked as each thick, sticky rope after rope of Otis’s cum load drenched her insides, flowing into her, nestling into every little crevice of her canal. She felt completely soaked as his sperm mixed with her own juices in some fucked up chemistry experiment. Her body shuddered, her mind on fire as the only thing she could focus on was the feeling of his cum completely filling her to the brim. Her nerves lit up all over her body as the power of her orgasm washed over her, overriding all logic and sense. Sarah’s eyes fluttered back into her skull as the orgasm tore through her. A stream of cum pulsed out from between where they were joined and ran down the back of her thigh.

Otis grunted hard. Dan watched the unholy scene in front of him as Sarah had just taken this guy’s load. Otis’ ass cheeks clenched again before relaxing as he collapsed on top of the mother of Dan’s children. Dan stood there, naked; his hand still on Otis’ sweat damp shoulder. He pulled his arm back and didn’t know what to do. It felt like many of the earlier times Lester had fucked his wife to exhaustion.

Otis and Sarah lay there, a sweaty mess of tangled limbs. Both extremely winded, both trying to catch each of their breaths. Sarah opened her eyes first and looked up at Dan. She gave him a weak smile when she saw his conflicted expression. She reached out her hand and grasped his, still wet with the janitor’s sweat, trying to give her husband a sense of reassurance that everything was going to be okay.

Dan took a deep breath, her touch calming him down. It would be alright. This was just a strange bump on their journey that they would get through together –

Otis sighed, turned Sarah’s head towards him, and planted a wet, sloppy kiss on her lips. Dan saw his tongue snake into her mouth and then hers do the same to Otis. Her fingers went limp in his hand, but he still held on.

After a couple of minutes a shit eating grin spread on Otis’s face and he pushed himself up off the couch. His cock made an audible slurp as he pulled it from Sarah’s pussy. Dan’s eyes widened like saucers when he saw a viscous dollop of cum pour out of his wife and onto Lester’s leather couch. The flow continued to become an intermittent trickle of the janitor’s seed.

Sarah seemed to come back to reality. She sat up, blinking and putting her face in her hands.

“Dan,” Sarah said, “Can you get me my clothes, hmm?”

Dan gathered up Sarah’s lingerie and gave the set back to her. Otis grabbed his beer can off the floor and finished it before crushing the can and throwing it in his garbage bin.

“Jesus H Christ girl,” Otis said shaking his head, “I knew you’d be a hot fuck but I had no fucking idea. I should take you to my cousin Burt’s hunting camp this summer for some more fun.”

Dan glanced at Sarah as they crossed the hospital’s atrium towards the back parking lot. She had a strange look on her face.

“What’s wrong?” Dan asked.

Sarah gave him a flat smile. “Nothing.”

“Come on. I know things got a little crazier than we wanted. But you can talk to me,” Dan said.

Sarah sighed and looked at him. “I’m leaking.”

“Leaking?” Dan said before it dawned on him, “Oh.”

“Yeah. I think these panties are ruined,” Sarah said. Dan, for the first time noticed his wife’s awkward gait.

“I’m sure you can get the stains out,” Dan started.

Sarah gave him a pointed look. “I’m just going to throw them out. Unless you want to look at a nice yellow stain on the crotch the next time we’re about to have sex.”

“Uhh, no, you’re right. Throw them out,” Dan said.

“I don’t really want to put them in the same washing machine as the rest of our clothes either.” Sarah moved to the back door and pushed it open. The cold night air rushed over them, pulling them back to reality.

“Did you know he was going to be there?” Dan asked.

Sarah shook her head, holding herself, “I’m not responsible for the janitor’s schedules Dan.”

That, Dan noted, was a non-answer. She had clearly been surprised at the moment when Otis opened the door, but Dan couldn’t get that look she’d had on her face out of his mind. Like she had been caught with her

hand in the cookie jar. He'd thought it was because they'd been caught having sex, but what if that look had been guilt? Like she was waiting to see Dan's reaction to Otis' presence. Had she expected something like this to happen?

They hadn't stuck around long after the deed was done. Sarah got dressed, and Otis asked for a kiss goodbye, which she hadn't given him. The older man took that as the end and sat in Lester's chair and drank another beer before he started to clean up the office. He'd said something about always cleaning up after a party, or he might get in trouble.

It irked Dan to know that this guy had probably crept around Sarah's office at night. He must have. That's probably how he knew Dan was Sarah's husband. He'd seen the broken picture on her desk.

"Breed me, you bastard?" Dan chuckled and shook his head.

"Just...don't, okay?" Sarah said, opening the passenger door of their car. "I still can't believe we did that. With him. Of all people. This is going to make my life so much more complicated."

"Ugh, I hate this song," Sarah reached over to the car's radio and switched the channel. She sat back in the passenger seat and looked at Dan, "Penny for your thoughts."

Her husband was driving, but she could tell his mind was elsewhere. He looked over at her and sighed, "I still don't think this is a good idea."

"Come on, it'll be fun," Sarah said. It had been several days since their encounter with Otis in the hospital. She didn't know things would happen the way they had. But she also hadn't told Dan that Otis hadn't been on shift that day – that he was probably working the night shift. She had known but quieted that part of her mind, not letting the truth surface.

Despite the man's claims during sex, he had yet to successfully drag Sarah down to the basement and do what he said he was going to. She had been able to avoid putting herself in any compromising positions. She had worried that when Lester wasn't in the office for a few days, Otis would have tried something, but she had been able to handle his presence without issue.

"We just need to grab some of my things from the apartment. We don't need to make this into a whole thing," Dan said. Since Dan didn't need to be in Chicago for work anymore, he was planning on spending most of his time at their home in Middleton. There were still clients he'd need to take care of in the city, but there was a real possibility that they could let go of the apartment altogether.

"Look," Sarah said, "My parents have watched the kids so often for us this past year. We at least owe them a night out on the town. Besides, when they brought it up, how was I going to say no?"

“I know. I get it, and I agree. It’s just....I’m not really loving Chicago lately. I just want to grab my shit and get back home, not hang around and play tourist with your parents.” Dan said.

“Dan, let’s just give them this one thing, okay? We owe them that much,” Sarah said.

Dan grunted in the affirmative, but she knew he still didn’t like this. “What about Lester?” Dan asked. Sarah hadn’t heard from Dan’s roommate at all, but she assumed he was back in the apartment. He had been working remotely for the past few days. It was either the apartment, his hotel room, or some other area Sarah wasn’t aware of. Aside from the usual work functions, he hadn’t tried to contact her. She felt like he was giving her the cold shoulder.

But if he were in Chicago, she would see him soon and know for sure where they stood.

“What about him?” Sarah said, watching as a car passed them. “My parents have their hotel room. They might want to see where you’ve been living, but I’m sure we can distract them with something else in the city.”

“It still feels weird,” Dan muttered.

“He’s going to be over the moon when I tell him you got fired,” Sarah said with a playful glint in her eye.

“He doesn’t need to know,” Dan said, shaking his head, not wanting to engage in her light flirting, which made it all the more delicious. “He doesn’t need any more ammunition.”

A ringing came through the car’s speakers. Sarah glanced at Dan’s phone affixed to the dash and saw the name ‘Martin - Sentinel Securities’.

“Sorry,” Dan said to her before pressing the button on the steering wheel, answering the call.

“Hey, Martin, how’s it going?” Dan said.

“Hey Dan, it's all good here. Listen, I’m going to cut to the chase. I apologize that this is last minute, but we’re hoping you can fly in tomorrow. I know it’s a Saturday, but we’ve hit a snag and need to move this project along before our funding review comes up. With all the government cuts lately, we need to get this across the finish line yesterday.”

Sarah’s heart sank as she knew what Dan was about to say. He gave her an apologetic look and looked deflated.

“I’ll be on the first flight out,” Dan sighed with what he hoped sounded like enthusiasm.

Irving clutched the green folder tightly as he walked down the hallway. All he wanted to do was turn around and go back to his desk, hoping no one noticed his existence. But he had been given a special assignment and had to go see the boss. Well, his boss' boss, the big man.

He tightened his grip on the green folder and walked up to the pretty woman sitting at the desk outside the boss' office.

"Is he in?" Irving said, trying not to stare at the woman. He'd seen her before, from afar. She had piercing blue eyes and smelled really good. He wasn't sure if it was perfume or if that was just her natural aroma.

"He's busy at the moment." She gave him a polite smile, demurely dismissing him.

Irving wanted to turn and go back to his cubicle. Having a woman who was so beautiful, even looking at him made him want to jump out of his skin. But if the boss found out that he'd had an update to provide and didn't say anything right away...

Irving shuddered at the thought. There were some fates worse than being fired.

"I need to update Marcus on something. It's urgent. He told me to come right to him with it the second I got any news. I have to go in there," Irving blathered.

"Okay," the woman looked back at her computer, "Go on in."

Irving approached the dark oak doors, placing a hand on them. He breathed, steadying himself, and pushed them open.

The head of this division of the Lincoln Group, Marcus Direst, looked up at him with an unpleasant glower.

"Irving," he said, "What is it?"

Irving stood rooted in place, surprised that Marcus remembered his name.

"I, uh, you put me onto that assignment. Do you remember? To monitor the data breach from a couple months ago? Well, it appears that —"

"Spit it out already," Marcus said. "What did you find?"

"Someone, uh, put up files for sale on the dark web. I saw it on one of those shady auction sites. One of the ones we've used in the past. The listing says the files are ours, and we think they are legitimate based on what little metadata we can see. It's probably connected to the breach."

Marcus reached out and picked up the phone on his desk. He dialed a number and stared daggers at Irving, "Buy the files. Find out who this seller is. We're going to nail them. Tell your boss to bring the whole team in

on this.”