

Sarah shifted the car into park, then took a look at herself in the mirror. She knew it was vain to think so positively of herself, but she looked darn good. Despite all the stress and issues she was going through. None of it showed on her face. Her round, piercing blue eyes still looked back at her confidently, framed by her healthy blonde hair and sharp facial features.

In the passenger seat, Sarah's mom, Renee, put her phone into her purse, looking equally radiant yet further on in years. Sarah prayed she would age as gracefully as her mother seemed to.

"The restaurant should be around the corner," Sarah said, opening her door.

"Is this really the best neighborhood?" Renee asked, still in the car, holding onto her purse tightly.

"Mom, it's fine. Maybe it's not the best neighborhood but all the up-and-coming chefs who want to open their own places can't afford to lease in the more popular areas. You chose this place, remember? Instagram, right?" Sarah asked. A chilly wind ran up her legs, playing with her little black dress.

"It looked nice inside," Renee said before opening her door and stepping out. "If I knew it was this kind of neighborhood I would have told you not to wear that dress."

Sarah looked down at her dress and suppressed a little wicked thrill of enjoyment. It was fun wearing something your mother disapproved of in front of her. It made her feel like a teenager again. Nonetheless, she knew her mom had a point. Her dress was a little too sexy for this dinner with its spaghetti straps, plunging neckline and high hemline. She knew why Lester had purchased it for her. He knew how turned on she got when people looked at her.

She tried not to think of her husband's roommate, but her mind always seemed to drift back to him.

"Sarah?" Renee said, snapping Sarah out of her thoughts.

"Sorry. Yes?" Sarah quickly covered her blush and joined her mother in front of the car.

"I hope it's not far," Renee said, "I don't like you walking around here dressed like that. It attracts the wrong kind of attention."

I love all kinds of attention. Sarah thought. But she did look around at the run-down buildings, crumbling asphalt, debris and swirling litter strewn about. Her mom was right. This wasn't a good neighborhood.

"It's not that bad," Sarah lied, guiding her mom out across the crumbling parking lot and past a row of vacant storefronts. It reminded Sarah of the neighborhood Lester had taken her where the adult theater was.

Half a block ahead, the sign of the restaurant stood out from the building, beckoning them in. As they neared it, the smell hit Sarah's nose first. She couldn't place it, but her mind immediately went to spoiled milk, foot

fungus and urinal pucks.

“I KNOW YOU,” a raspy, unhinged voice yelled as they passed. Both of their necks snapped towards the sound. Coming down the alley was an old homeless man with a dirty, bushy, crumb-filled beard. His eyebrows were just as frizzy over his crazy eyes. His hair stood wildly on end, jutting out at all angles. The ripped t-shirt was tight over his lean frame and pot-belly with gray chest hair poking through the holes. He was wearing sweatpants, but large sections of the material over his thighs were just missing. Scrawny bare feet were shoved into sandals, exposing his feet crusted with months of city grime.

“Hurry,” Renee muttered, taking Sarah’s arm, “Let’s go.” Sarah’s eyes went wide as the man scrambled closer. She did know him. He was the homeless man from the night with Lester in the parking lot. The one on the other side of the fence. Across his knuckles were tattoos of the letters C-A-S-H.

Cash reached into the giant hole in his sweatpants and pulled out his cock. “CASH SEEN YOU. GOD’S DIVINING ROD ONLY POINTS TO FERTILE ONES.”

Renee tugged on Sarah’s arm, and they both hurried towards the restaurant. Cash scrambled onto the street, one hand around his shaft, the other holding one of his flip flops in the air, “CASH’LL TRADE YOU. THIS FOR A HANDY! HA!”

Renee and Sarah hurried into the restaurant, pulling the door closed behind them.

“Good evening,” the hostess said to them, “Do you have a reservation?”

Sarah’s face was beet red and flustered. She quickly composed herself, “Yes, Williams. For two.”

“Excellent right this way –”

The waitress trailed off as something smacked into the window. All three women turned to see the manic homeless man splaying himself against it, humping the glass, smacking the flip flop against it, “LET’S TRADE.”

“I’m...so....” the waitress trailed off again as she saw that Cash’s cock was out, “Sorry about that. This never happens. I swear.”

From the way she’d said it, Sarah didn’t believe her. She quickly led them to their seats, then hurriedly whispered something to one of the waiters, who stomped to the back. Sarah and Renee shared a look before quickly moving their attention to their menus.

Sarah was both mortified and amused by the whole situation. Throughout their appetizers, she couldn’t stop thinking about the random chance encounter, her mind drifting back to that night in the parking garage with Dan sitting in the car while she entertained Lester.

Her mom was talking about the girls' school, but Sarah wasn't really listening. She kept thinking about the wild man roaming around outside and the random, chance encounter they'd had so many months ago. She realized she'd finished her glass of wine and focused on its warmth in her stomach.

After the waiter took away their finished appetizers, Sarah got up and excused herself to the washroom. She saw her mom take her out her cellphone and knew she'd be lost for a while in her scrolling. Sarah focused on the wine inside of her and looped around the restaurant back to the front hostess' station, taking special care that her mother didn't notice her.

"Forgot something in my car," she smiled to the hostess, "Be right back."

The girl smiled and nodded back as Sarah stepped out into the chilly air. In the brief time they'd been in the restaurant, the sun had started to set, and shadows had begun to fall over the buildings. Sarah tried to push any constructive thoughts from her mind. She was operating on autopilot against her better judgment.

She wasn't sure if this was Lester's influence or something darker within her, but she stepped into the alley where the homeless man had been. Immediately, she grimaced, his lingering stench hitting her nostrils even though he wasn't there.

She stepped further in.

"Hello?" she said, surprised by how sultry she sounded. She licked her lips and ran her hands down her dress. Her skin was already sensitive to her own touch. She stifled a soft moan, thinking just how bad of an idea this was. Dan wasn't here. Lester wasn't here. This was just her.

The scattering sounds of bottles and debris further down the alley made her pause. A shadowy figure stumbled out in the dark and just stood there at the edge of her vision. Sarah took a step back but steadied her breathing.

"You want to trade?" Sarah said, purposely injecting sultriness into her voice. The man shuffled forward and Sarah got a better look at him. He was wearing only one flip-flop; the other held in his dirty fingers. She shuddered as she took in the homeless man's form. His busy beard, wild eyes, matted hair and his stained and dirty clothing. Sarah felt herself grow wet, and part of her screamed in disgust. But this man might be the pinnacle of what she shouldn't want. A man like this should never even be allowed to breathe the same air as her, yet here they were in the same dank, dark alley. With her beauty and the beast fantasy in control of her, Sarah repeated herself, "Let's trade. What was it? A handjob for the flip flop?"

"FUCKING A," The homeless man growled and eagerly limped forward towards her. Sarah's nose rebelled, but she pushed down at the bile rising in her throat. The man's crazed eyes locked on the plunging neckline of Sarah's low-cut dress, at the size and shape of her perfect, flawless breasts.

He shuffled further faster with a newly aggressive expression.

“Come to ol’ Cashy Cash Cash,” the man, Cash, muttered to himself. The hand not holding the flip-flop was outstretched towards her, making grabbing motions. When he got close enough to touch her, Sarah made her move.

“Not like that,” Sarah said, grabbing the man by his greasy shirt and pushing him into the brick wall of the building. This wasn’t Lester. She didn’t need to be dominated. She wanted to indulge her fantasy on overdrive and stoop down to a level she hadn’t been to before. She still wasn’t going to let things get too far out of control and needed to establish things early.

“CASH FUCKIN KNEW YOU!” Cash shouted at her. Sarah pressed a manicured finger to his lip to shush him up.

“Yes. You did. We’re old friends, aren’t we? Now, be a good boy and keep that mouth of yours closed. Got it?” Sarah said. She could feel the heat emanating from his body. Cash’s crazy eyes seemed to glass over a little, and he lazily stuck his tongue out of his mouth and licked her finger. A surge of repulsion struck Sarah, but she quivered at the same time.

“Flip-flop,” Sarah said, holding her hand out to him. The man looked between her open palm and the flip-flop in his hands several times as if he were evaluating whether it was a good trade or not. In the end, Sarah just grabbed the flip-flop out of his hand and tossed it over her shoulder.

“Now, what was I supposed to trade you again? Oh, that’s right, a nice handjob, right?” Sarah said. Her voice made the man shudder as he slumped back against the brick. A wicked smile spread on Sarah’s face at the effect she was having over him. The power she held. Sarah ran her hand down the man’s body until she found what felt like a long shoelace holding his baggy pants up. She untied its knot single-handedly and pulled his ragged, hole-adorned pants to his knees.

“Oh,” Sarah sucked in a breath as her eyes took in the large, girthy erection sticking out at her. She leaned on the brick wall next to the man, far too close for comfort. Part of her worried his stench was going to rub off on her when she went back to the restaurant. “What do we have here?” Sarah bit her lip and looked up at the man’s eyes.

“That’s CASH’S D—” his voice caught in his throat.

Sarah had wrapped her fist tightly around the man’s girthy shaft, “Divining rod from God, right? Does this mean I’m fertile?”

The crazed derelict just stared back at her without uttering another sound. She squeezed him and felt the grains in the grime coating his cock. His wild eyes were darting all around her body, taking her in. Sarah didn’t break eye contact but leaned forward, breathing through her open mouth. The air between them was heavy and musty. But she gave him one of the sexiest looks she’d ever produced and let some spit drop from her mouth and land on his cock. Sarah massaged her saliva into her palm and onto his cock, giving his rod a much-needed spit-bath.

Then she began to fulfill her end of the trade, running her hand up and down over this homeless man's cock, stroking him like she would her husband or Lester. She knew precisely how wrong this was. It was a betrayal of her husband and even a betrayal of Lester. But she needed to do it. She felt like she was losing control and just wanted to let it ride. All the stress in her life, her job, the financial strain. All of it took a back seat to the excitement of this moment.

Sarah pumped the homeless man's cock with her manicured fingers, enjoying the soft, pathetic moans coming from his throat. She'd worried he'd be out of control; loud and unhinged, but she'd been confident he could be subdued. No matter how crazy, a man was still a man and would respond to a woman like her. She knew she had the power over them; she just had to wield it.

Cash's eyes closed behind heavy dirt-stained lids, and he started to grunt and pump his hips forward. Sarah watched him with a horrified fascination, as if she were sitting at home watching an urban nature documentary on PBS.

"Mhmmm, that's it," Sarah cooed, "Pump it big boy. Pump it for me." Sarah skillfully jerked her wrist in time with his pumping hips, squeezing and rotating her fist to give this disgusting old man his perverse pleasure.

Cash responded by increasing the urgency of his thrusts, "Fackin good." Sarah bit her lip, carefully watching every second of his reaction. Part of her brain was wondering how much time had elapsed. It felt like she'd been out here for hours, watching this man respond to the clutch of her dainty little suburban hand.

A dribble of something fell from Cash's bottom lip. His eyes lazily opened, and he drank in the sight of Sarah's heavenly form leaning on the wall next to him. He turned his body towards her as she continued to jerk him. Sarah looked down at the thick cock pointed at her and the precum that was beginning to appear at its slit. This grungy, destitute man could give Lester a real run for his money and just for a split second, Sarah wondered how it would feel inside of her. Would he fuck in a domineering fashion like Lester, or would it be more something like a spastic romp infused with the frenetic energy of a caged animal? She shuddered thinking about just being used like that, nothing more than a hole for a deranged man like him to empty himself into.

Cash's eyes widened, and his grubby, filth-streaked hands - Sarah could see the dirt embedded under the nails - reached out and grasped one of Sarah's breasts. It was only then that she realized how hard her nipples had gotten as she wantonly arched her chest into his touch.

Sarah looked down at the dirty hands groping her and stifled a moan. The dirt and grime on him would leave marks on her dress. That was the thought that convinced her to lower her spaghetti straps. She rolled her dress down to her midsection, letting her heavy breasts fall free in public, for all in the alley to see.

The cool air ran over her naked skin. Part of her still couldn't believe she'd left a meal with her mother to make her way into this dingy alleyway. That she was here with someone like him. But as those thoughts

swirled in her head, her fist pumped his cock faster. Her body responding to the depths of her illicit thoughts and her initial repulsion.

Sarah sucked in a breath as Cash's dirty fingers grabbed and marred her naked breasts. Without a thought, she threw her head back and again thrust her chest out into his greedy palm. Cash's hips were thrusting forward, fucking Sarah's delicate hand. She could feel his pulse beating in the veins running along the underside of his cock. The dirty organ radiated an arousing heat.

As she ran her hands over him, something wet ran down the skin of her wrist. In horrified fascination, she saw his heavy, creamy precum running over her hand. She had a homeless man's seed on her skin. Sarah shuddered, and her nipples stiffened even harder under Cash's rough groping.

"Cash knew, knew it," Cash muttered under his breath. His eyes unfocused, staring at Sarah's large udders, "KNEW IT."

He started mumbling something else, but Sarah couldn't make it out. His lips were moving rapidly, but he was whispering to himself in a manic way. Sarah watched his lips move with perverse fascination. It was as if the presence of her body was short-circuiting his brain.

"Get it," Cash mumbled, his hand mauling Sarah's heavy breasts. She couldn't deny that his rough treatment was having an effect on her. The tramp's crude manipulation had added to the fucked up situation; her body was on fire.

Cash's hand drifted down to the bottom hem of her dress and started pulling it up, revealing Sarah's slender legs and tiny white panties.

"Hey! Hey there! Slow down, big boy," Sarah said, tugging the dress material back down. She hadn't expected him to do that. She was supposed to be the one in control. Cash's hands tightened over the bunched material and lifted it again as he thrust himself forward. Sarah squeezed his cock with her palm as he pushed, and it jutted under her dress.

Part of her cringed at his dirty fingers, balling her dress into a fist. But that thought instantly evaporated when the head of his huge cock hit her panty-clad pussy. Sarah's shocked mind did a double-take, and she felt a wetness down there but didn't know if it was from her or from him.

"Fuck," Sarah breathed as Cash's cock head repeatedly punched against her pussy. She closed her eyes and felt herself getting hammered there over and over again. It didn't help that he was close enough that his fetid garbage smell was oppressively heavy.

"Gonna get it," Cash mumbled to himself as he thrust himself against Sarah. She didn't let go of his cock, pumping it with her hand. It had run free of Cash's pre-cum, so Sarah spit down onto his cock, and her hand ran over it and pressed her fresh saliva into his grimy cock skin.

“Gonna get it,” Cash muttered a little louder. His smudged paw left Sarah’s heavy breast, and both his hands grabbed her hips as he fucked her hand.

“Slow, slow,” Sarah muttered, bracing her other hand against his shoulder. She could feel the polluted film of the streets on his raggy clothes. They both leaned awkwardly against the wall, Cash pumping his cock into her hand while Sarah tried to hold him at bay. His fingers dug into her hips and began interlacing with her white panties.

“Gonna get it,” Cash mumbled. Sarah couldn’t help herself and asked, “Gonna get what?”

Cash’s crazed eyes blinked, and some focus seemed to creep back into them. He looked up at her as if seeing her for the first time. His eyes took in her face and her heavy breasts bouncing in front of him.

“What are you gonna get? Cash? What are you gonna get?” Sarah whispered, already knowing the answer.

Cash grunted, “Cash gonna get his nut.”

The clarity in his eyes disappeared, and his hips started humping forward with abandon. Sarah knew the motion. She could feel the urgency in his thrusts against her hand. Cash pulled one side of her panties down, and Sarah stopped breathing.

“Cum for me,” Sarah whispered, “Cum for me. Give me your nut Cash. Get it. Get it. Get it Cash.”

His cock pulsed in her hand, and she watched the homeless man’s face contort into a disgusting and agonizing display of orgasmic bliss. Half her panties were down by her thigh, and Sarah knew her pussy was on full display to this old, dirty homeless man. Sarah squeezed his cock in her hand in a vice-like grip as he struggled to push himself forward. He grunted and groaned, and she felt his cock swell and pulsate in her hand before a thick smattering of cum blasted out, smothering the outside of her pussy. Sarah flinched in both revulsion and sick pleasure, feeling herself being bathed in this man’s spunk. He just kept cumming, completely covering her pussy. Sarah moaned loudly, her knees going weak, her head resting on the brick wall as she struggled to breathe.

Cash’s eyelids fluttered, and he let go of her as he stumbled back, catching himself on a nearby dumpster. Sarah chanced a look down at her soaked pussy and winced as she saw the homeless man’s creamy white cum dripping off of her onto the ground. With a grimace, she carefully pulled off her panties and used them to wipe his seed off of her. Now that the deed was done, she didn’t find it as erotically charged as she had when she’d come out here.

Sarah dropped her soiled panties onto the ground, straightened out her dress and quickly walked past Cash on her way back to dinner. She chanced a look over her shoulder and saw the man pick up her panties and shove them in his pocket. Then he looked back at her with those same eyes that seemed to hold a sliver of clarity.

“FERTILE,” He barked at her as she exited the alley and hurried back into the restaurant. The hostess gave her a quizzical look, and Sarah quickly brushed past her and ducked into the bathroom and put herself back together as best she could.

Thankfully, she hadn’t been gone so long that she’d raised any suspicions with her mom. When she returned to the table, her mother asked if everything was alright.

“Everything’s fine, Mom,” Sarah said as the waiter arrived with their food. Sarah sat down daintily in front of her plate. When the waiter left, her mother’s nose wrinkled, and she said, “This food stinks. It smells like it was made in that alleyway. What the hell?”

Sarah’s face flushed, and she hated the idea that some part of that man was still with her. His cum was probably embedded deep in the pores of her pussy lips, but she hadn’t considered that his scent would linger on her.

“Maybe the kitchen vents out into the alley,” Sarah offered. Renee still looked disgusted and refused to eat.

“I can’t wait to go home tomorrow,” Renee said to herself.

After her excursion in the alley, Sarah’s stomach was ready to eat. She reached for her fork and froze. She’d been so worried about hurrying back to her mom so her time with that disgusting man wouldn’t be discovered that she never actually went to the washroom. She hadn’t washed her hands. The grime of that man was still embedded on her hand. As was an opaque streak on the back of her hand that could only be one thing.

Sarah looked up at her mom, who was tentatively poking at her food, still put off by the smell. It wasn’t the smell of the restaurant or the food she was picking up on, but the stench that Sarah carried in with her. The evidence of what she had done.

Sarah carefully rubbed the opaque evidence into her skin with her other hand. Every instinct in her told her to get up and wash her hands. But her mom thought she had just returned from there. An extended trip to the washroom.

Her stomach rumbled, and she made a decision. She grasped her fork and dug into her food, despite the scent of her hand.

The sun was high in the sky as Lester steered his SUV down the highway. He was being exceedingly careful to stay several car lengths back from Sarah’s vehicle. She probably wouldn’t notice him, but he didn’t want to be on her radar either.

He hadn't so much as said goodbye when Sarah and her mother left the apartment. But he was ready, watching the camera with his keys in hand. He had several reasons to follow them home.

The least of which was the hospital. He needed to wrap things up there. With Sarah no longer employed there, he had no incentive to continue the ruse. He'd see what else he could milk out of the place before running off into the night.

Sarah's car took the exit to Middleton. Lester slowed his vehicle and breathed a sigh of relief as a few other cars exited as well. He slid his car onto the off-ramp and kept his eyes on the Williams' vehicle.

Sarah took a left - the opposite direction from the way to her home. Lester smiled. He followed, making sure he was at least four car lengths behind them when no vehicle was between them. When Sarah's car pulled off onto a side street, Lester slowed to a crawl, making sure to keep his distance before following.

He stayed a block back until the car pulled into a driveway. Lester pulled onto the shoulder and killed the engine to watch. Sarah and her mother got out and went to the back of the vehicle, where they pulled out Renee's suitcase. Lester licked his lips and took out his cell phone. He snapped pics of them, the house, and Renee going to the door where her husband, James, opened it and greeted her with a big hug and a quick kiss. Sarah exchanged some small talk with her parents before getting in her car and driving away.

Lester drove past the house as the door shut and took a mental image of the house and address to look up later. He turned his attention back to following Sarah and smiled to himself again. A proper plan was only as good as the information on which it was based. Lester usually didn't do field work like this, but found he was enjoying the recon and the possibilities it could open for him.

He followed her car throughout the streets of Middleton until it pulled into the Williams' driveway. Lester killed the engine and watched his corrupted project walk into her own home. As predicted, Dan wasn't home. He'd overheard the fact that he was heading back to Washington on a business trip.

Such unfortunate timing for the cuck husband. When he should be here shoring up his home front, he was called away. Alas. How sad. Lester sat on the street for over an hour, thumbing through his phone, occasionally looking up at the house.

He *could* just stroll up to the front door and take Sarah. He was tempted to push between her legs and have her curse and scream his name to the empty family house. But Lester knew the value of patience. It had served him well with Sarah so far. She had fallen so far, so fast already.

His phone pinged with emails from the hospital. Several high-priority messages were anything but. Lester rolled his eyes as he read through them, silently cursing himself for ever bothering to get involved with the hospital. He was tempted just to cut and run, but he didn't want to raise any alarms. He'd quit in the next few days and then decide whether he'd burn the place again. Normally, it wouldn't be prudent to ransom the same place twice, especially after the purported upgrades he'd installed himself. But he genuinely hated the people who worked there and wanted them to suffer.

Lester read another email from the CEO, Thornhill and rolled his eyes. It was a company-wide email full of generic, aspirational bullshit that all CEOs nowadays spew. It was a sign of weak men, parroting the talking points of other weak men. Using aphorisms instead of getting shit done.

He opened Discord and read through the messages from his D&D group. They were getting together soon and needed a place to host. Ned's wife had apparently thrown a shit fit after their last session and wouldn't let them host it there anymore. Ned's shop was always a possibility. Lester was tempted to offer his apartment again and see if he could once again push Sarah into situations, but he didn't want any of those little fuckers, especially Eugene, to be able to put their hands on her.

As he looked over the guild World of Warcraft server, a direct message popped up on his sidebar. Lester side-eyed it before clicking on it. It was from someone he hadn't spoken to before.

He opened it and frowned.

UnknownEntity: Hey Dipshit

Lester didn't like that one bit.

Darkspire: Fuck off, Eugene.

UnknownEntity: Wrong. Try again.

Darkspire: I don't really give a shit. Blocked.

UnknownEntiy: The mighty Darkspire is a pussy. Surprise surprise.

Lester stared at the screen and felt his face growing red. He didn't like this on a deep level. He didn't like the idea of some unknown factor coming out of the woodwork and pursuing him. Someone was fucking with him. He mentally ran through the list of his other contacts on Discord when another taunting message came in.

UnknownEntity: How'd you like our little test?

Lester knew the right move was to block this asshole and move on, but the message tugged at him.

Darkspire: What fucking test are you talking about?

UnknownEntity: The one on your network. We're getting close to cracking it.

Lester's eyes narrowed.

Darkspire: Cronos.

UnknownEntity: Winner, winner chicken dinner.

Darkspire: Your team sucks at infiltrating. It's like a bunch of chimps trying to brute force it. I hope you aren't paying them too much.

UnknownEntity: Oh, I am paying them an absurd amount of money. It'll be worth every penny.

Darkspire: All this because I wouldn't send you more videos for you to jerk off to. That's pretty sad.

UnknownEntity: Wrong again.

Lester just stared at the screen and felt a pit form in his stomach. He didn't like this at all. He didn't know who Cronos really was or what his game was, and hadn't taken the time to find out. There were now too many variables he couldn't account for. And he didn't want to play someone else's game. There was no winning to be had.

Darkspire: I don't really care.

UnknownEntity: You should.

Darkspire: Yeah? And why's that?

UnknownEntity: Let's just say that you've built something special with your little network of buyers and contacts. Interested parties want to acquire it.

Interested Parties? What the fuck does that mean? Lester thought. He'd heard enough. He blocked 'UnknownEntity' and moved to restrict the setting on his server, banning new membership and removing the last 100 people who'd joined. UnknownEntity was among them. Lester wondered just how many others were there to fuck with him that he didn't know about. He made a note to comb through membership and cull anyone who hadn't yet purchased or had said they would potentially purchase.

Movement out of the corner of his eye brought his attention back to the street in front of him. Sarah was leaving and heading toward her car. Lester reluctantly put his phone away. In the back of his mind, he was aware that it was the wrong move and he should focus on the Cronos' threat, but he couldn't let an opportunity like this go to waste.

Sarah got into her car, and Lester glanced at his clock. It was probably pick-up time at the girls' school. Lester punched in the address and saw it was a fifteen-minute drive. That gave him a little over half an hour if he factored in traffic and potential pick-up delays at the school. Sarah backed her car out of the driveway and sped off in the direction opposite his car. Once her vehicle turned out of sight, Lester pulled into the Williams' driveway and headed up to their front door.

Lester whistled the Imperial March from Star Wars as he fished his key ring out of his pocket and quickly found his copy of the Williams' key. Dan had done a thorough job of changing the locks, but Lester had ample opportunities working and being with Sarah to copy it.

He let himself into their home and closed the door behind him. He unslung his backpack and dug into it, finding the small box he was looking for. He marched up the stairs and made his way into the Williams' ensuite bathroom. Under the sink, he found the open box identical to the one in his hand and rifled through it. He frowned when he saw only a single, half-used blister pack left. With a sigh, Lester made the changes to his own and swapped it out. His watch told him he'd only been in there five minutes.

He made a swift retreat back to his car and threw his bag on the passenger seat. He took out a red pen and marked the one he'd just taken so he wouldn't mix it up with the others in the bag.

With a quick look over his shoulder, he backed out onto the street. There wasn't another car in sight. He doubted any of the neighbors had seen him. If they had, he'd just say he wanted to surprise Mrs. Williams, but she hadn't been home.

Lester drove off towards the hospital to set his final affairs there in motion.

The dreadful PowerPoint slide clicked on, and Lester felt the familiar feeling of wanting to smash his forehead against the meeting table. Richard had insisted that he attend this presentation with an outside vendor. Lester had declined, but the aggravating man had then insisted. It angered Lester that this vendor was from an IT security firm and that Richard had brought them in without consulting him, his IT director.

It was petty and stupid. Lester didn't give a shit about the hospital's security. But he did hate being undermined, especially by someone as small as Richard was. Lester didn't like the man and had his own score to settle with him because of what he'd said to Sarah. Bringing in an outside vendor, in Lester's domain of expertise, without consulting him was tantamount to a declaration of war.

Lester tapped the table and looked around at the sycophants assembled around the table. Mary from HR and all the other department heads that Lester hadn't bothered to learn the names of. He had to at least entertain this pitch; he didn't want to seem too disinterested, then quit and have the hospital suffer another attack. It would look too suspicious, and Lester realized that he now desperately needed not look like a guilty party. The hospital had security cameras with footage of him. He'd had to take a picture for his ID badge. Maybe the hospital had never been worth the squeeze.

The tall, lanky man with stupid glasses stood at the front of the room, pitching his company's enterprise-level security system. Lester couldn't help the yawn that loudly escaped his mouth. It was all so basic, jargon-y, and filled with buzzwords meant to entice overpaid and hapless C-Suite executives. And it seemed to be working.

Lester covertly pulled out his phone under the table and texted Sarah to ask what her plans for later were. While Dan was away, Lester was going to play. And he would bring Sarah down to another new level, but tonight would take her there in a different way.

“Lester,” Richard said. Lester snapped his head up to look at the old man sitting at the head of the conference room table.

“Yeah?” Lester asked, Richard, looking on expectantly.

Richard scowled. Lester wanted to hurt him. “Irving,” Richard said, gesturing to the lanky man, “...asked you a question.”

Lester sighed and turned his full attention to the awkward, angular man. His phone buzzed in his pocket, and he wanted to see how hard Sarah was going to play the ‘resist Lester’ game tonight. Lester made a point of not apologizing for his distraction.

“I was just asking,” Irving said, “About your security protocols. How your network infrastructure is built and what kind of redundancies you have in place. To put an accurate quote together, I’d need to know whether you can use out-of-the-box or if you’d require any custom integrations from us.”

“We’d do the custom integrations ourselves. Look, I’ve seen every kind of network screwup you can imagine. I clean up other people’s disasters for fun. Honestly, half the time I’m the one telling them what the threat actors are going to do before they actually do it.” Lester smirked and cast a glance at Richard.

If this asshole thinks he can just bring someone in and do this job any better, he has another thing coming.

“That’s the problem with your off-the-shelf software. By the time you’ve installed it here, it’ll already be six months out of date. And every system is different. You can’t possibly cover all of a complex system’s weak points. You can’t really understand a system unless you get inside its head. Or make it show you its pressure points.” Lester continued, letting the anger flow through him as Darth Vader might.

“Look, I’ve been running IT long enough to know the difference between someone who *thinks* they understand security and someone who actually does understand security. Spoiler: most people are deluded. Your system sounds lovely on paper, but until we actually test it and attack it, we won’t be installing it here.”

“I assure you,” Irving said, “We test our software and servers daily for exploits, using the latest methods. We have a team that —”

“You have a white-hat team that works in a nice cozy office doing penetration testing and attacks on its own software? I don’t think that’s sufficient for testing any serious system.”

“Well, then what would you suggest, Mr. Marshall?”

“What would I suggest?” He leaned forward, elbows on his knees. This child didn’t know what he was talking about and needed someone to educate him. “Real attackers don’t sit in ergonomic chairs with HR-approved coffee mugs. They’re not following a checklist item by item.”

He flicked his fingers dismissively.

“They’re hungry. Creative. Unbound. They don’t think like testers—they think like… predators. They don’t care about compliance, or procedure, or whether their VPN cuts out in the middle of a meeting.”

Something passed over Irving’s face that Lester didn’t quite fathom. An understanding of some kind. Lester chalked it up to this kid finally being in front of someone who knew what they were talking about.

“A system isn’t truly tested until someone tries to break it who has no reason not to.”

Irving frowned. “So… what? We hire criminals?”

Marshall smiled, slow and self-satisfied, as if Irving had said something adorably naive.

“No. Not criminals.”

Lester paused for dramatic effect.

“Outliers.”

He settled back, arms crossed, his smile turning sharper.

“People who can’t help thinking sideways. People who poke at a system not because they’re told to, but because they’re curious. Unsupervised curiosity, you understand, is the most powerful penetration test there is.”

Irving hesitated. “And where would we find people like that?”

Lester shrugged lightly, as if it were obvious.

“You don’t find them. They find you.”

He paused, then said, “If your defenses can’t withstand someone who tests your perimeter at… let’s say… two in the morning, on a whim, anonymously, and purely for sport?”

He lifted a brow.

“Then your system isn’t secure. It’s just unchallenged.”

Lester shot Richard an irritated look as his phone buzzed in his pocket again. Sarah had messaged him again. She wanted his cock, and he was going to take her hard and forget all about this stupid hospital.

“Look,” Lester said, standing and checking his watch, “I have another meeting to run to. I’d be happy to look over your proposal or send you whatever you need to make a quote. Just send me whatever it is. I’ll look it over when things are quiet.”

Maybe it would be worthwhile for Lester to test their software out. If he could find an easy exploit, he could attack all of their customers. “Oh, and can you provide us with some references from other companies that use your software? They don’t need to be hospitals either.”

Lester clasped Richard on the shoulder as he walked past him before heading out the door.

“The way Tricia made it sound,” Dan said as he poked at the food on his tray. Sentinel Security had its own cafeteria with mostly comped stuff. It was actually a lot nicer than any of the school cafeterias Dan had ever visited. There seemed to be actual professionally trained chefs in the kitchen instead of being run by old lunch ladies.

Carlos had explained to him that this was not only to increase morale but also to keep all employees on-site. Less opportunities for other entities to compromise employees. Dan watched his ‘coworker’ shovel his baked beans into his mouth and continue, “It sounds like there’s going to be more work coming my way in the near future. I foresee myself getting a lot busier with new projects here.”

“There’s a lot going on,” Carlos said between spoonfuls of mashed potatoes. “And you know—” he said, stabbing his fork and pointing it at Dan, “It would be a LOT easier to talk to you if you were fully on board here. I’m not just talking about additional hours, but on the for real payroll. It’s exhausting dancing around stuff that I can talk to another employee about.”

“Sounds rough,” Dan smiled, “Poor you.”

“Heh,” Carlos chuckled, “Any word on something like that happening? Getting offered a full-time spot?”

“Nada. But Tricia has hinted at it. Something about a lot of internal people wanting my services,” Dan said.

“Be careful with that one. She’s trouble,” Carlos said. “But she’s probably not wrong. A lot of projects get delayed by environmental issues, and you have a reputation for expediting them. Even I’ve heard that, and it’s not even something that concerns my department.”

“Well, put in a good word for me then,” Dan smiled, enjoying the conversation. It was nice to talk about something other than Lester and his marital troubles at home. Being in Washington was a nice escape from everything going on back in Illinois.

“Already have, buddy,” Carlos winked and gave him a thumbs up. “I can’t promise anything, but I think it’s just a matter of timing and budgets. More ‘when’ than ‘if.’”

“Well, it’d be nice if it came sooner rather than later,” Dan said absently.

“Yeah? What’s going on? Need some moola?” Carlos said.

“Everyone can always use more cash,” Dan replied, not wanting to give any insight into his financial situation.

“Well, when you do get in, then you can really start to double dip,” Carlos was now shoving more lukewarm baked beans into his mouth.

“What do you mean? Double dip?” Dan leaned forward.

“We’ve got something called a bounty program,” Carlos said. “Say I’m looking into something specific for one of the three-letter agencies. Super narrow scope, right? But what if, in my searching, I come across a few other bad guys or illegalities? The scope says that’s not part of what I was asked to do, so I don’t need to report everything I see. But Sentinel pays for leads like that. So I could send those kinds of things into our bounty program and get a little kickback for myself. The company brings the info to one of our illustrious ‘clients’ and then maybe they ask us to dig more into it, creating more billable hours. It’s a win-win-win.”

“That’s really interesting,” Dan said. The phrase was the same Lester had used to describe their ‘throuple.’ But now he found his mind immediately turning to his suspicions that Lester was responsible for the ransomware attacks on the hospital and Jesse’s workplace. He didn’t have any proof, just his strong suspicions. “What kind of crimes can you report to the program? Violent crimes? Cyber crimes?”

Dan waited for Carlos to finish chewing, trying not to lean out of his chair.

“Anything,” Carlos said. “The cyber crimes area is my specialty, so I always like pitching those to the bounty program. But yeah, we could send pretty well any crime over to the clients. It’s up to them if there’s an appetite for it.”

“I assume the bar would be pretty high to submit something, right? You’d need at least some evidence to get their attention.” Dan said, casually batting at his food but wholly invested in where the conversation seemed to be going.

“Most of the time, yeah. Those guys are stretched thin, too and don’t want to go on any wild, good chases. But if they feel like there’s something there, they can always kick it over to us to do a quick background and see if it’s worth pursuing.” Carlos said. “Sometimes people come across something that looks fishy, but they don’t want to kick it into the bounty program in case it’s nothing. We have an anonymous tip line for employees. So people are still encouraged to report crime, but they just leave their name off it and don’t make the bounty.”

“Huh, so if I came across something suspicious but didn’t have much to go on, I could call that tip line?” Dan asked.

“Pretty much,” Carlos said, “It’s not perfect, but it’s what we got.”

Back in his little cubicle tucked away in the corner with other contractors, Dan’s mind kept mulling over his conversation with Carlos. Was Lester really responsible for the ransomware attacks? Could this be his ticket to a Lester-free life? He didn’t know how long it took for things to work their way through the bounty program or for an actual government team with authority to investigate or to contract it back to Sentinel, but for the first time in a long time, he felt a sliver of hope.

He just needed some runway. If something happened to Lester tomorrow, financially, he didn’t know what that would look like for them. If things picked up with Sentinel and Sarah got a job, they might be okay. With Lester out of the picture, how would things shake out with Sarah? Would they be okay? Could they find their way back to each other like it had been before?

He didn’t like thinking about the future and how far the present was from how they used to be. It just made him sad and numb.

Dan opened the Discord app on his phone and scrolled through the gaming server. He saw Lester’s friend Ned asking about setting up another session of Dungeons and Dragons. His blood spiked when he saw Lester had replied within the last couple of hours. Dan opened every channel and scrolled through months-old conversations, looking for anything that even hinted at something incriminating he could bring to the anonymous tip line.

“Well, fancy meeting you here,” the sound of the sultry voice snapped him out of his obsessive scrolling. Dan wasn’t sure how long he’d been head down in his phone, but it wasn’t something he liked to do, or be caught doing, especially not in the workplace.

Dan’s eyes shot up to the entrance of his cubicle, and he gulped. Trouble was at his door. Tricia was standing there, looking at Dan like a cat toying with a mouse. And she looked good doing it. Black heels, toned slender legs ending and a snug pencil skirt that was *just* the appropriate length for a workplace. The pencil skirt hugged her tight and accentuated her natural curves, drawing the eye up to her top, where her bust was prominent yet professional and in full display. Her blonde hair curled around to her breasts, framing her attractive face with that mischievous smile that seemed to hint at an unspoken promise of wild nights.

Dan steadied his breathing and refocused his eyes on his laptop, “It is my little cubicle.”

“Mhm, that’s exactly what I came to talk to you about,” Tricia said, and without invitation moved into Dan’s cubicle. She didn’t sit in the empty chair tucked on the back wall. She sat herself directly on the edge of his desk, next to his laptop, giving Dan an unobstructed view of her tanned legs outside his peripheral vision.

He kept his eyes focused on his computer, but he didn't fail to notice her uncross and recross her legs. She gently pushed on the arm of his chair with her foot and spun him to face her.

"This *little* cubicle doesn't suit you," Tricia said, leaning forward. Dan looked up at her, his eyes automatically going to the tops of her breasts on display. When he corrected it and looked up at her face, there was a knowing smile there that he'd been caught.

"A man like you," Tricia said, her foot still playing with his chair, spinning him slightly back and forth, "...needs something *bigger* Don't you think? When I think of you, I don't think something like this little cubicle will do."

Dan was fidgeting with the wedding ring. Tricia noticed. Her smile grew wider, more predatory.

"Oh?" Dan said, "How often are you thinking about me?"

Tricia's smile turned predatory, and she said, "More than you would probably think or would be appropriate to discuss in the workplace."

"Careful," Dan said, "That almost sounds borderline inappropriate."

"Oh, it definitely was," Tricia said, "'Borderline,' that's it. Not something that would get me in trouble with HR. Maybe just a light spanking. Too bad you don't work in HR, hmm?"

Dan just chuckled, "You're bad."

"I know," Tricia said with a gleam in her eyes, "But I wasn't kidding about your bigger... office."

"What do you mean?" Dan asked.

Tricia nonchalantly looked at her nails and said, "Oh, I was just complaining to some of the directors about how much walking I have to do to come down and see you to discuss our projects. You know, I think they like to keep me around upstairs and don't like to see me slum it down here."

She put her hand back on her knee and looked at him.

"Anyways, they know how many projects you're lined up to work on, and it only took a tiny bit of convincing that things would be more productive if you joined us upstairs. There was some pushback about our policy with contractors, but in the end, they're willing to bend that little rule."

"Isn't that the best?" Tricia's eyes looked over Dan's body and pointedly paused at his crotch, "Bending the rules?"

Dan didn't know what to say, but the message she was sending him was crystal clear. He felt himself begin to stiffen and prayed her gaze wouldn't be focused enough to notice.

"Why don't you get your things?" Tricia said and ran her fingers slowly over his laptop, shutting the screen. "And come upstairs with me."

She let the words linger, and Dan felt his mouth go dry. Finally, he managed to choke out, "I don't have a choice, do I?"

"Not if you want to keep the directors happy. It's a done deal now. They bent the rules for you, remember? You can't back out now. Besides, there's a lot of work for you coming down the pipeline. I'm going to keep you very, very busy."

Tricia pushed off his desk and, for a few seconds, stood far too close to Dan. Then she slowly turned and walked out of his cubicle as his eyes found their way to her supple, shifting ass. She looked over her shoulder and flashed him a knowing smile, then asked, "Coming?"

She walked away, and Dan grabbed a few of his things and followed her upstairs. After an elevator ride where Tricia effectively used silence to ratchet up the sexual tension, she led him out onto the floor where a lot of his contacts sat. She led him deep into the floor, and they stopped at an inner office.

"This is you," Tricia said, gesturing to the empty office with a sliding door. It was nice. Nicer than what Dan had with Walt or with his previous employer. There was no window, but it felt nice that people were going to bat for him.

"I'll let you settle in," Tricia said, "I'm right down the hall, if you need anything. Anything at all. Don't be a stranger, neighbor."

For the second time that day, Tricia walked away from Dan with a seductive movement of her hips. Dan shook his head as he watched her go and stepped into his new office, letting a bit of tension escape from his shoulders.

Irving had barely gotten into his rented car when Marcus called him.

"What's the verdict?" Marcus's stern voice said through the speaker. Irving suppressed a sigh at the demanding executive, knowing full well that the man held the fate of his career and future in his hands. Irving had come across some obfuscated details of the man's special projects. He didn't know everything, but he knew that the Lincoln Group was into some things that neither the public nor most employees were aware of. Things that skirted normal morals and ethics.

There was a project regarding a self-sustaining community, and some of the deeper files on it made Irving shudder at the scale of ambition and potential implications of such a project.

“Irving,” Marcus repeated with no patience in his voice, “Is he our guy or what?”

“I had to pressure the CEO even to get Lester Marshall to attend that meeting. And he was disinterested and refused to engage for the most part,” Irving said.

“Irving,” Marcus said, and Irving could feel the man’s narrowed eyes through the phone, “I’m not interested in how the meeting went. Is he our guy?”

“I think so,” Irving said.

“Explain,” Marcus said.

“Like I said. He didn’t engage for most of the meeting. But I managed to bait him out,” Irving injected some steel into his voice. “And the guy couldn’t help but latch on to it. Almost waxing poetically about how good he is and talking about people being able to hack into systems in a wistful, romantic, nostalgic way. Factoring in the connections to us, it seems more and more likely he’s who we’re looking for.”

“Good,” Marcus said, “Good. That’s good, Irving. I look forward to reading your full report on the meeting.”

“My phone recorded the entire conversation. I was going to use it to help make notes. But I could send you the audio file if you want to listen to it,” Irving quickly said.

“I don’t have the time. Nor do I want to sit through a manufactured sales pitch. The transcript with his parts highlighted will be sufficient,” Marcus said.

“Okay. I can do that,” Irving held his hands on the keys, ready to start the ignition the moment the conversation was over. “What now?”

“Now we look into the couple. And keep digging into Mr. Marshall,” Marcus said.

“How do you want me to proceed, sir?” Irving asked.

“Your part is done at least for now. You can’t make that same pitch to Sentinel Securities; they’ll see right through it. Besides, you’d never get in the door, and we don’t want to attract their attention. We could manage it, but it’s still something I’d rather not incur. I’ll put another team on them, and we’ll see what shakes out,” Marcus said.

“Okay, that makes sense, I think that —”

Irving paused as the dial tone emanated from his phone, signalling that Marcus had terminated the call. Irving was about to throw out a curse at his boss, but bit his tongue, knowing full well that kind of monitoring and recording technology the company had developed. And he was on a company phone, after all.

He turned over the ignition and silently gritted his teeth as he drove out of the backwater town of Middleton towards O'Hare Airport. He couldn't wait to get home.

Sarah eased her car into the empty parking space up the street from her house. The sun had set, and the street was dark. She hated lying to her parents, but she couldn't have Lester pick her up for their date at the door. As far as her parents knew, Lester was a fixture who remained in Chicago. They didn't need to know about his frequent trips to their town and his connection to the hospital. It was a convoluted mess; she'd rather not get into it with them.

So there she sat, in her car under a busted streetlight, waiting for her husband's roommate to pick her up. That description wasn't entirely accurate. It hadn't been accurate for a long time. Lester was more than just Dan's roommate. She didn't like putting a label on it. It made it too real. But what was to her? Her lover? They were apparently in a throuple now, so did that make him her boyfriend? Her partner? Legally, he wasn't her husband, though he certainly enjoyed performing husband type duties on her.

Sarah fidgeted in her seat and checked her phone. Lester's last message was a simple 'On my way.'

He knew not to pick her up in her driveway. She checked her message history with Dan and sighed at the lack of back-and-forth. Things were tense. Their conversations looked clinical. He let her know he landed in Washington. Then a long time passed until he was on his way back. He hadn't said whether he'd landed yet or not. Sarah wasn't sure if he'd just forgotten or if he'd deliberately chosen not to update her.

He'd said nothing about being hung up on after her encounter in the laundry room. He never even brought it up. Like it never happened. Usually, he might ask for details or seek some relief from her. Agonize over it, which would turn her on and let them get off together—a shared experience. But now, his silence felt deafening.

She knew she wasn't a saint in their evolving commitment. But she also felt like Dan was being unreasonable and that a lot of this situation was completely his fault. She shamefully took full blame for what had happened at the hospital, but first he set them on this course and then tried to slut-shame her into feeling bad about enjoying herself. If it weren't for her relationship or whatever it was she had with Lester, they wouldn't have this lifeline right now. And Dan hated that part too.

Putting her phone away, Sarah closed her eyes and laid her head back on the headrest. Lester hadn't answered when she'd asked what their 'date' would entail, but her body was reflexively burning with anticipation, and she felt a soft dampness between her legs. The feeling was not unpleasant.

A few minutes later, headlights streamed into her vision, forcing her to raise a hand to block the glare and avert her eyes. The familiar large black SUV slowed and pulled up beside her. Its tinted driver's side window rolled down, and Lester's fat face was revealed with a shit-eating grin on it. Without getting out, Sarah rolled her own window down. Before she could say anything, Lester grinned and said, "How much?"

Sarah stared daggers at him and rolled her eyes before getting out of her car and locking it. Without another word to Lester, she walked around to the passenger side of his SUV and got in.

"You sure know how to make a girl feel special," Sarah said as she clipped in her seatbelt.

"Oh, sweetheart, that's not how I make a girl feel special," Lester chuckled, then licked his lips and flicked his tongue out rapidly at her while stroking his crotch.

"You're so gross," Sarah said, looking out her window. The car started forward and cruised down her quiet street.

"You love it," Lester said as he drove, "You love letting a gross guy like me between those slender little legs and making you cum harder than you ever have in your life. Admit it."

Sarah didn't dignify that with a response and just stared out the window.

"Fine. Fine. Be like. Play hard to get. We both know how this works. You pretend like you're better than me. I wear you down. By the end of the night, you're begging for my cock and cumming your brains out. It's fine. This is all foreplay for us anyway."

"Where are we going?" Sarah asked.

"All business tonight, huh?" Lester asked, "I can do that. Let's get down to business. I'm thinking you may have some unresolved issues with the people at the hospital, and I can certainly help with those. But first we need to stock that fridge of yours, don't we?"

"What are you talking about, Lester? I don't want to go anywhere near the hospital," Sarah sighed, feeling the cold spike of anxiety and anger boiling up inside her. Just the thought of how poorly she had been treated at the end enraged her. Mary's condescending face. Richard's blatant use of her. She realized her nails were digging into the SUV's leather handrests, and she forced herself to relax and breathe.

"We're not going to the hospital," Lester said, but sarcastically added, "Besides, I can't be seen escorting a fired employee onto the company's premises. I'd be let go myself."

"You really like working there?"

"Not one bit," Lester said and pulled into an Aldi's parking lot.

“Why did you ever start then?” Sarah asked.

“To help you, obviously. Now that they fired you, I don’t have many reasons to stick around. I’ll be leaving soon.” Lester said.

“Don’t...” Sarah started, as she stared up at the happy couple walking into the front of the store together, hand in hand. Her mind went to the first time she’d gone grocery shopping with Dan after they’d moved into their first apartment together. She’d been so happy then. How had she ever gotten to where she was now? “You don’t have to quit because of me.”

Lester gave her a flat look, “I don’t need their measly salary. And it's not fun without you around.”

Lester opened his door and got out. Sarah was about to follow suit when Lester hurriedly shambled in front of the car, darting towards her door. He opened it and bowed with an uncharacteristic flourish that made her look around to see if anyone had noticed.

“What are you doing?” Sarah hissed, eyes darting around.

“Opening the door for milady,” Lester answered, still bowing.

“Stop that, it’s weird,” Sarah said.

Lester let the door hang open and stood back up, “I guess chivalry is dead then.”

She didn’t want to be seen out in public with this man. Chicago was one thing, but here in Middleton, the chance of her running into someone who knew her was much higher. This was the Aldi’s where she usually shopped. She’d rather avoid it tonight, but she had a prescription to pick up.

Against her better judgment, Sarah got out of the car and headed inside with Lester. He tried to hold her hand, but Sarah pulled hers back.

“What?” Lester said.

“Not right now. I don’t want to run into someone I know,” Sarah said.

“Oh, you’re not too good to take my money, but you’re too good to hold my hand? I thought we were in a relationship together. You, me, and the big pussycat, or is that only behind closed doors?” Lester said.

Sarah sighed, “You know how it is, Lester. It's not something I want to advertise. Especially here in town.”

“Sure, whatever,” Lester huffed and grabbed a cart.

Sarah's mind drifted to their fridge at home, and the items and dishes her girls liked. She started to plan her route through the grocery store, then remembered her parents were at home waiting for her return.

"How, um, long are we going to be tonight?" Sarah asked. Lester gave her a confused look.

"I don't have a strick itinerary, why?" Lester said.

"Just..." Sarah started thinking of Lester's SUV backed up in the driveway and unloading groceries with her parents and Lester side by side. The questions that would raise, "I don't want to pick up anything that will spoil in the car if we are out late."

"We can always just drop everything off at your house after this," Lester smirked.

"No, thank you," Sarah said, resolving to only purchase non-perishables, "Let's head to the aisles then. And thank you, Lester, for doing this. I know you don't have to."

"I like to enjoy a slice of the domestic life every now and then," Lester said. He ran his hand up Sarah's back and rubbed it before dropping it down to cup her jean-clad ass. Sarah shot him a look, and he just chuckled in response.

She rolled her hips and hurried her pace to dislodge his hand.

"What? Can you blame me?" Lester said from behind her, "You just look too damn good not to feel."

Sarah rolled her eyes. She knew she looked good. She'd dressed and gotten ready for their 'date' like she would if she were going out with Dan. But she hadn't dolled herself up too much. She was wearing her hip-hugging jeans and a tank top with a cropped sweater. Her blonde hair hung down by her breasts in light curls she'd styled in.

Sarah pushed the cart down the aisle and began grabbing items to fill it. Snacks for the kids, boxes of pasta, sauce, and other sundry goods that could feed her family. Lester's plodding footsteps got closer, and their earlier conversation in the car came back to her, "What did you mean in the car when you talked about helping me with my unresolved issues with the hospital?"

Lester's eyes gleamed, and Sarah saw something dangerous behind them. He grabbed her hand, stopped her in her tracks and pulled her to him. His hips pressed into hers, and she felt his cock pressing into her thigh.

"Revenge," Lester said.

"Revenge?" Sarah repeated not completely repulsed by the public contact. Lester's cock felt quite hard, but not yet at its biggest.

“How’s that sound? Let’s take them down a peg for how they treated you. I have it all planned out. You just need to say yes,” Lester ground his hips against her. Sarah bit her lip, trying not to get lost in his subtle movements.

“Against who?” Sarah asked, pushing past her body’s urge to take control and haul Lester out to the parking lot. “Revenge against who?”

“Tonight, it’ll be that bitch from HR. Mary,” Lester sneered, “She’ll get just a small taste of what's coming to her. What do you think?”

Sarah bit her lip. She hated that woman. She needed to pay for what she did to Sarah. Sarah felt the guilt, shame and embarrassment of her last day swell inside of her. Then the rage she felt. The idea of revenge. A righteous fury rose inside of her, and before she could fully grasp it she said, “Yes. Let’s do it.”

Lester’s arm encircled her shoulders, “That’s what I wanted to hear. Good girl.”

Then his fat lips were pressed against hers, and Sarah felt her back push up against the boxes of kid cereal. Lester ground his hips into Sarah, positioning his body so his bulging cock was pressed against her pussy. Sarah moaned into the kiss, ready to let it go wherever Lester wanted. What he’d said earlier had been right, that she’d eventually just give in to him.

Lester’s tongue parted her lips, and she pulled on his clothes, begging him to press harder into her. She was pinned there, moaning in the cereal and snack aisle, when an awkward cough tore her from her reverie.

Sarah’s eyes opened to see the disgusted face of an old woman passing by them, shaking her head as she pushed her cart. Lester turned and saw her, too and started to chuckle. It hadn’t been anyone she knew. Sarah stifled her own laugh, and they met each other’s eyes, and Sarah felt those butterflies in her stomach. She felt like a teenager getting caught being too handsy with a boyfriend.

“Let’s go,” Sarah said, taking Lester's hand and moving back to the cart. He smiled at her and stepped up to push it, letting her hand fall. They spent the next twenty minutes driving through the aisles, filling the cart with whatever Sarah wanted. A few times, she would look at something and not put it in the cart, feeling like she was taking advantage of Lester’s generosity. But then he would simply grab the item and put it in, saying he was “Taking care of his girl.”

Eventually, they reached the pharmacy, and Sarah stepped up to the counter. Lester didn’t pry and made himself look busy scanning the snack bags nearby.

“How can I help you?” the pharmacist assistant said.

“I’m picking up a prescription. Sarah Williams,” Sarah said.

“Oh, I see it right here. One second,” the woman said, moving away. A minute later, she came back holding a white paper bag with Sarah’s pills inside.

“Just one second,” the woman said and rang it up on the computer, “Huh. That's strange. You have health insurance, right?”

Sarah’s stomach dropped. The hospital had swiftly kicked her off its plan. For the first time in her life, she didn’t have coverage. “No, uh, not right now. I’m between jobs.”

“Okay then,” the assistant said. Sarah tried not to feel judged, but couldn’t help it. She felt like a second-class citizen, “Without coverage that comes to one hundred and ten and fifty-six cents.”

Sarah’s stomach tightened again, and she fumbled in her purse looking for her wallet. Lester was by her side in a flash, pulling out his wallet and thumbing through a thick stack of bills. The woman’s eyes widened at the amount Lester carried, and Sarah couldn’t help but be taken aback, too. Lester took out several bills and handed them over to the dumbstruck woman. She gave him a confused look.

“She’s my wife,” Lester said. The assistant looked back and forth between them, like she was trying to figure out the logistics of how they worked together. Lester just gave her a knowing wink, took the prescription bag, and tossed it into the cart.

Sarah followed him as they headed towards the front of the store to check out.

“Those are your birth control, right?” Lester asked.

“Uh, yeah,” Sarah said.

“It’s not my business. Obviously,” Lester started, “But unless you plan on whoring it up for a bunch of new guys, I don’t think you really need those. I’m happy to keep paying for them, but it just feels like a waste of money since Dan and I are both fixed.”

Sarah’s stomach turned, and the guilt washed over her again. She had decided to get on them shortly after she’d had sex with Lester for the first time. It seemed like a good decision when she’d made it. But things had changed since then. She’d changed since then. It felt wrong to make Lester pay for something they didn’t really need.

“I’ll think about it,” Sarah said as they loaded their groceries onto the conveyor belt. Lester again paid with cash. “Where are we going now? How are we....” She looked around, not wanting to talk about Mary or revenge out loud, “going to do it?”

Lester smirked, “You don’t have to worry about a thing, I already set it in motion.”

Lester drove them down a dark street Sarah didn't recognize. Lester drove past a house with a sign out front that said 'For Immediate Possession'. He went up the block, turned around, killed his headlights, and drove back to the house. It was a brick ranch with a carport next to it. The grass was overgrown, and it looked like it was on the verge of being abandoned. Lester backed the car into the driveway, under the carport and killed his engine.

"Lester, what are we doing here? Where are we? Whose house is this?" Sarah asked, looking around.

"The house belongs to one Mr. Mahurin, who moved to Jacksonville, Florida, a few months ago. He hasn't been able to sell the place. The agent showed me around earlier today," Lester said. He reached past Sarah into the glove box and pulled out a bag of Cheetos.

Sarah just stared at him as he opened it and started munching.

"And?" Sarah asked.

"And what?" Lester put a handful of Cheetos in his mouth, and the orange dust drifted down onto his shirt.

"And what are we doing here? Are you buying the place?" Sarah said.

"This piece of shit?" Lester chuckled, "No way. It'd be a horrible investment in this economy. I'd rather keep my assets liquid. This place is a money pit, I'd just be throwing good money after bad."

"Lester, did you take me to a derelict building for our date? Is this your idea of showing a girl a good time?" Sarah asked.

"I already answered this. You know how I show a girl a good time," Lester said and patted his inner thigh. Sarah followed his hand as he raised it from his lap and pointed to the house across the street.

"That's why we're here," Lester said, "That's Mary's house. She lives alone."

"How do you know where she lives?" Sarah said as she squinted and looked at Mary's house. It was a cute two-story that she'd obviously taken good care of.

"I'm the head of the IT department, Sarah. Have you already forgotten all the information we have access to? It was just a quick search."

"You know that's breaking hospital policy, right?" Sarah said, sterner than she'd meant to.

Lester gave her a flat look, "At this point, I think we're both old pros at breaking hospital policy, don't you?"

Sarah rolled her eyes, "So what are we doing watching Mary's house? Are we going to put on ski masks and bash in her knees when she leaves? I'm not sure I'm comfortable with violence like that."

“Pssh,” Lester said, looking at the time on his phone. “Just watch.”

A few minutes later, a disgruntled-looking man in dirty clothes walked up to the house. He looked over his shoulder like he thought he was being watched. Sarah saw his wild eyes and unkempt beard.

“Who’s that?” Sarah asked.

“Customer number one,” Lester said with a wry grin, “Come on, let's get in the back and get comfortable.”

Lester silently opened his door, got out, opened the back door and got in. Sarah didn’t know what was going on, but she pushed herself between the seats and sat on the backseat with Lester. He immediately put his arm around her and got suggestively close to her.

The man across the street went up to the doorbell and rang it. He scratched his neck like a heroin addict, and Sarah concluded he almost certainly was one. Mary answered the door and looked disturbed, taken aback by the sight of the man. They talked, and both of them grew increasingly agitated, with the man beginning to yell. Mary slammed the door closed, and the man started banging on it.

“Lester. What the fuck did you do?” Sarah asked. Her voice was heavy with guilt, revulsion and a non-subtle amount of vindictive pleasure.

“Oh, I just put an ad on Craigslist, marketplace and a few other sites that I, ‘Mary,’ was looking to sell my extra diabetic test strips,” Lester said and leaned forward to grab his bag of Cheetos. He popped some into his mouth, then held one out to Sarah with his orange-encrusted finger. Sarah looked at it for a second before taking it and munching on it.

“It’s illegal to resell government-paid strips,” Sarah muttered, her mind racing to the few stories she’d heard while working at the hospital.

“Good thing we aren’t actually selling anything,” Lester said with a chuckle. He put the bag down on the seat next to him and turned to Sarah with predatory eyes. “We’re just going to sit here and watch as Mary has a terrible night as a dozen or so low-lives show up looking to make a quick buck flipping the strips.”

“Lester....that’s...” Sarah started but stopped herself as Lester gently tugged at the bottom of her sweater. Sarah eagerly let him take it off her, letting his eyes feast on the bounty contained in her plunging black tank top.

The man on Mary’s porch yelled a string of profanities at her now closed door, then he kicked it hard. He started moving around the side of the house, trying to look into her windows. Sarah smiled, knowing Mary was in there, probably scared and helpless. That woman took joy in putting Sarah in a similar situation, toying with her before letting her go. Now she was getting a small taste of her own medicine.

Lester's skilled mouth danced on Sarah's bare shoulder, causing her eyes to close, and a soft moan escaped her lips. She felt his bloated gut pressing into her side and knew that just a few inches below that, immense pleasure grew awaiting her.

Lester's tongue made circles over Sarah's collarbone, and she swore she could feel the residue of his Cheetos being marked on her skin. At that moment, she really didn't care. His hand slowly traced up from her hip to her stomach until it finally lightly fell over her breast. Sarah sucked in a breath at his touch.

Slowly, the pressure of his hand began to increase as he roughly grabbed her. His tongue traced up her neck, leaving goosebumps in its wake. She stiffened and moaned as his tongue circled around the side of her neck and settled in one of her most sensitive areas. Sarah's own hand rose up and gently caressed the top of her chest, teasingly adding to Lester's manipulation of her body.

A soft moan escaped Sarah's throat as she turned her head towards Lester's. His probing tongue was working its way up her neck and under her jaw. His rough mauling of her breast had her squirming in her seat. She couldn't wait for him any longer. His slow teasing was driving her insane. She reached for him, grabbing his fat melon of a face and pulling his face to her. Her lips hungrily mashed against his, and she pushed her tongue into his mouth, tasting him and his indulgent powder tinged snack.

Lester's Cheeto-encrusted tongue battled against hers, swirling and pressing into it. She turned fully towards him, pressing her body against his, pushing herself harder into his rough palm. Sarah moaned as Lester's thumb and pointer finger pinched her nipple, sending her body into complete overdrive. As Lester's fat tongue seemed to be giving her a free dental exam, Lester pulled back, slipping it out of her mouth.

Sarah opened her eyes, confused and disappointed. Lester's ugly features were turned up in a smirk. He gently pressed his thumb to her chin and turned her head towards the windshield. "Look," he said.

Sarah reluctantly followed his suggestion and looked out the window at Mary's house across the street. At first, she didn't see anything, just the dark street and her porchlight illuminating her house. Then she saw a shadowy figure work its way up the sidewalk and cut across the lawn. This wasn't the same man she'd seen before. He was taller, leaner, and dark-skinned. He looked like he'd lived a rough life, and Sarah couldn't help but think of her encounter that morning with Cash, the homeless man.

She shivered at the thought and decided she'd keep that secret to herself. The man walked up to the door and knocked on it. Lester undid the top button on her jeans. She went to look at him, but he just turned her head back towards the street.

"Keep watching," Lester said and slowly unzipped her jeans. He yanked on them, and Sarah lifted her ass as Lester tried to tug them off over her supple booty. When the jeans were just partway down her upper thigh, Lester abandoned the effort and shoved his greasy, hairy hands into the front of her panties.

Sarah closed her eyes as his brutish fingers traced down her slit.

“Open your eyes,” Lester commanded in her ear. Sarah did so, as Mary peeked out a window at her porch. The man saw her and gestured wildly to her. Mary quickly closed the blind, and the man started pounding on her window.

Sarah was about to ask about the first man when Lester’s fat finger pushed into her wet entrance. Her head lolled back onto the headrest as his digit pushed further in. He made a ‘come here’ motion with his finger, and the tip of it pressed oh so agonizingly against her G-Spot.

“Uhh,” Sarah moaned into the empty car.

Lester’s mouth was nibbling on her earlobe, “I wonder what Mary is thinking right now. She’s probably pretty freaked out. A second dangerous-looking man was at her door in her normally safe neighborhood. Do you think she’s called the police yet?”

“Uhmhhh,” Sarah breathed, “Maybe...probably doing it right now.”

“You’re probably right. That guy is still there,” Lester said as the man on the porch was knocking on another window. “And the other guy hasn’t left yet. He’s probably around back looking for a way in.”

“Why?” Sarah moaned as Lester spun his finger around inside of her. His thumb pressed into the slit about her opening and found her clit. As he fingered her, his fat thumb moved around, teasing her. Occasionally, it hit just the right way for her to roll her hips involuntarily.

“Why what?” Lester said, a teasing tone in his voice.

“Why won’t they leave?” Sarah panted, “Why are they sticking around?”

“Desperate and weak,” Lester’s breath was hot and heavy on her neck. “Predictable, like all weak men. They’ve seen this before. People not wanting to sell the strips. Wanting to jack up the price. Hiding inside as a negotiating tactic. They want these strips. The price I put online was nice and low. Plenty of room for them to mark ‘em up and flip ‘em. Lots of people will buy them who don’t have insurance. It’s a really seedy grey market that attracts pieces of shit like this.”

“This is so bad,” Sarah closed her eyes. Lester pulled his finger all the way out of her, added a second to it and pushed both back in. He felt her pussy grip him as he touched her inside.

“Ahmhhmmm,” Sarah gasped, her eyes prying back open. The first man came running back from behind the house. He saw the dark-skinned man on the porch and said something to him. At first, it seemed civil, but then the shouting started. There was pointing, and then the yelling started.

“And then the competition begins,” Lester said and started to increase the tempo of his fingering. Sarah spread her legs wider, letting Lester get more of his slick digits inside of her. Sarah grabbed the back of Lester’s head and pulled him into a wet, sloppy, lingering French kiss before she had to pause and catch her

breath. Lester's sausage fingers never stopped pistoning, delving deep inside of her and with each withdrawal, he made sure to stroke her G-Spot.

Lester couldn't suppress the grin on his face as he watched Sarah's eyes flutter open and watch the two men across the street devolve into a pushing match. It would be even better if Mary was involved, but he couldn't control every variable. Still, watching Sarah get off to the torture they would put Mary through was such an interesting phenomenon to bear witness to.

The men were pushing and yelling at one another. Sarah watched on as things got physical, and she clenched her pussy around Lester's dirty fingers. Mary's head popped out from behind a curtain, and she spoke into her cellphone. She watched the men fighting in her yard and started talking rapidly.

"Lester..." Sarah moaned, eyes closed and threw her head back. Lester's fat tongue was already working its way down her chest, drawing little circles over her exposed skin. Lester worked his way back up to her shoulder and slowly lowered on her tank top's straps. Sarah moaned at the motion, and Lester looked behind them at the pile of groceries at the rear of the vehicle. He was pretty sure he knew where the bag with the birth control pills were. Against his wishes, she had insisted on helping him load the SUV after he'd paid for them. Lester had planned to swap things out then, but she'd made it difficult for him. But the best things in life never came easy.

Lester licked at Sarah's exposed shoulder and lowered her other strap, leaving just those of her bra on her shoulders for now.

"Keep watching them, Sarah," Lester said, "imagine Mary inside, freaking out. After all the pain she caused you. Imagine how scared she is. Bask in your revenge. This is just the top of the iceberg. We can keep going and make her life hell."

"Bitch," Sarah moaned as Lester corkscrewed his fingers inside of her. Sarah tried to spread her legs open further, but her tight jeans wrapped her thighs, preventing that. With a frustrated, almost feral growl, Sarah bent forward and pushed her jeans off until they dangled around her ankles. She kicked a couple of times, and they were loose in a pile on the floor.

"Hmm, good girl," Lester chuckled and pulled her panties further down, dropping them onto her abandoned jeans.

"God,...Lester...fuck that feels good," Sarah whimpered. Sarah's skin was bathed in a red and blue glow as the police cruiser slowed in front of Mary's house. It pulled into the driveway, and Sarah bit her lip, eyes lazily opened, watching the scene play out. The men jostling stopped and separated as two police officers got out of the car. Mary was back at the window, clutching herself with the phone pressed to her ear.

"Ummm," Sarah whined, pushing her scrumptious ass off his leather seats to meet his thrusting fingers.

"Fuck I need your big cock in me now."

Sarah's hands were on Lester's pants, already finding his hard cock through his sweatpants. She couldn't make up her mind on what to do. She was stroking it through his pants, but kept having to stop to tug on his waistband. In the end, her hand plunged below it and grabbed onto his naked shaft.

"Uhhhh," Sarah groaned, feeling the gigantic warm cock in her hand and the beating life of its pulse. She couldn't help but think of the alley. "Take it out," Sarah moaned, "Take it out, Lester."

Lester didn't reply and just shuffled awkwardly out of his pants until they were dropped on the floor next to Sarah's. She licked her lips and stared at Lester's long, fat cock, partially wrapped in her hand. She wished the other homeless man were here so she could compare them and then know which one was bigger.

Shouting momentarily stole her attention from Lester's cock. The dark-skinned junkie was face down on the ground with his hands pinned behind his back. An officer was kneeling on his back, and for an instant, Sarah felt guilty about all of this being set in motion for her benefit. The other man was sitting up, clearly cooperating with the police. The second officer helped secure the black man, and they loaded him into the back of their squad car.

One of the officers quickly went up to the front door and knocked. Sarah tightened her grip on Lester's cock when Mary poked her head out, a terrified expression on her face. Long gone was the stern, arrogant woman sitting across the desk from her, shattering her entire world.

Sarah was enjoying this. Seeing that horrible bitch get taken down a few pegs. Sarah couldn't stop watching, but she was aware that her hand was sliding up and down Lester's fat cock. And she was aware of his eyes boring into her, enjoying her reactions to the scene.

The police officer was talking to Mary while the other officer talked with the first junkie.

"Lester," Sarah breathed without taking her eyes off Mary's troubled face, "Fuck me."

"Get up," Lester said, pulling his fingers from her with a dripping *squish*.

Sarah let go of Lester's cock and planted her hands on the sides of the seat in front of her and pulled herself up, ass in the air. Lester shuffled in behind her, and without waiting for him to say anything, Sarah reached between her legs, grasped his fat cock and lowered herself onto it.

"Ughhhhhhmhmmmm," Sarah groaned as she was split open. Her eyes rolled back in her head for a second as she adjusted herself to him, feeling her body expand around Lester's massive organ. Sarah finally took his enormous cock all the way to the hilt and felt him buried deep inside of her.

Lester flexed his cock, and she couldn't suppress a plaintive moan from escaping her lips. Sarah groaned and raised her body in reverse cowgirl and slid her wet opening up his cock. Lester lifted his fat ass and pushed his growing cock up just as Sarah was sliding back down onto it.

“Uhhh...god...Lester,” Sarah moaned.

“Yeah, baby. Take my cock. Enjoy it while you watch the show,” Lester said, snapping Sarah back to reality. Her eyes were on the scene in front of her. To her disappointment, it looked like things were wrapping up. The first junkie had disappeared, and the officers were getting in their car and pulling out of the driveway.

“It’s over,” Sarah said, clenching herself around Lester.

“The night’s still young,” Lester said, his hands deftly unclasping her bra and pulling it free of her body. Sarah felt so exposed as the police car backed out at an angle, its lights shone across Lester’s SUV. For a brief moment, Sarah thought they could see her, naked and riding a man’s cock. But then they drove away.

Lester’s fat hands went to Sarah’s hip and breast. He squeezed both of her curves hard as he pumped his cock into her. Sarah bit her lip and let her head fall, her blonde locks trailing down her back and around her face.

“Fuck, Lester,” Sarah moaned loudly now that the cops were gone. “You feel so fucking big. So fucking big.”

“That’s because I am big,” Lester said, and slapped one of her ass cheeks hard. Sarah yelped and winced, but Lester held her hip firmly down, keeping her embedded on his cock. His hand left her breast, and both of his hands started mauling her ass cheeks, his fingers near her asshole. Using them to grab her cheeks, pulling them down onto him as he fucked her.

Beads of sweat started rolling down the windows, and they began fogging with condensation. Lester couldn’t have that. Especially the front windshield. He leaned to the side and pressed the button to roll down the window. Thankfully, the car’s battery hadn’t turned off completely with the engine yet.

“So big,” Sarah moaned, “So fucking big.”

“Heh,” Lester chuckled, “Your mom thought so too.”

“Mhmmmm....wha –”

Lester dug his fingers into Sarah’s sexy hips and started pummeling her pussy with his cock. He heaved at the awkward angle, thrusting his fat gut into the air and shoving his cock deep into Sarah. Pulling it back out quickly and hammering it back in again, not letting her get a second to compose herself or catch her breath.

“Uhhhh,” Sarah grunted as Lester’s cock battered her insides. Her mind was still trying to process what he had said, but each time his fat cock pounded into her and rearranged her guts, hitting her G-Spot perfectly, her mind lost focus, and she lost any grasp on rational thought.

She grabbed onto the leather seats in front of her for support as Lester mercilessly fucked her like a machine. Her jaw hung open as Lester hit all the right fucking spots. Lester was in heaven, sitting behind Sarah, watching as her body ground back on his cock as he power fucked her. Her ass was bouncing up and down,

jiggling in time with every violent thrust. He just wished she could see those marvellous orbs rocking for him. Sweat dripped down Sarah's back, and Lester managed to quickly lick it up without breaking his punishing pace. He pushed his head back onto the top of the seat to help him thrust his cock up and down into his quivering lover.

As he admired the taut muscles contracting on her back, he saw more movement out of the corner of his eye. Another one of his Craigslist catfish victims was walking across the lawn. This one, Lester recognized.

"Lookey, lookey," Lester grunted.

WHAP

A red handprint was left on Sarah's ass as she cried out. She turned to look at him over her shoulder with an angry, seductive look, "What the fuck?"

"Look who came for the party," Lester smirked at her as he nodded to the windshield. Sarah's ass was on fire. She wanted to punch Lester in the face, but instead turned to look. A figure was making its way across the lawn, and it wasn't the first junkie she'd seen. This one looked a little more put together, older, wearing some kind of dirty uniform –

"Oh my god," Sarah moaned and clenched around Lester's iron-firm pole. He fucked her through it, and Sarah's whole body vibrated, "Otis."

"Yep. Looks like our boy's trying to make a quick buck too," Lester chuckled. Walking onto Mary's porch was one of the hospital's former janitors known to them both. The sleazy, stalkery Otis, who had trailed Sarah throughout the hospital. The one she'd blown in the boiler room at Lester's prompting. The one who'd taken her from Dan in Lester's office. And the one she'd been fired for fucking in a meeting room.

Lester grinned at the unexpected outcome. They were all here. All the players in Sarah's downfall. He hadn't planned this. He didn't believe in fate either, but sometimes life had a funny way of working out that just seemed too convenient to be mere coincidence.

Sarah tried to track what was happening across the street, but it was like watching TV during an earthquake. Lester's cock was still pummeling her, raking through her inside.

"Mhmmhmmmmffffuuuuu," Sarah's mouth gaped as Otis ascended the stairs and gently knocked on the door. He looked over his shoulders, up and down the street, before knocking again.

"Fucccckk," Sarah groaned as Lester's already fast tempo increased. She didn't know how he was doing it or how he was hitting the angle that he was, but it was magnificent, and she wasn't going to let him stop. Her nails dug into the leather seats, and she pushed her ass back against his thundering waist. His giant cock lit up all the nerves inside her pussy, making Sarah want to close her eyes and let them roll back in her head. She

felt the sweat running down her breasts as she struggled to breathe. The air in the car was thick with their sex.

The house's front door opened, and Sarah saw Mary. She'd opened it a bit too much. Her face looked confused, expecting to see one of the police officers; her expression morphed into a look of horrified surprise as she recognized Otis. She tried to slam the door, but the former janitor's hand slammed against it, keeping it from closing.

With the car window open, Sarah could hear Otis's shouts. She couldn't quite make out the words, but she could hear the indignant anger he seethed with. Lester's cock throbbed inside of her, and for a second, Sarah let herself fall all the way onto its massiveness, dropping all her weight onto his waist.

Lester gritted his teeth and struggled to breathe, his skin coated with sweat. Finally, he let the straining position go, knowing he couldn't hold it anymore. Sarah's full weight on his hips was proving too much for his untested lower back, which was strained from hunching over a computer all of his adult life.

With a quick breath, he pushed forward on Sarah's shoulder, sending her between the two front seats. Her hands landed on the car's centre console, and Lester awkwardly stood behind her, his head to the side pressing against the ceiling as he leaned his torso forward.

Sarah gasped at the new angle of Lester's cock. Her hands were planted hard on the plastic. She dropped her head as she gasped for breath. Lester's fingers were wrapped in her hair a second later and then he balled it into his fat fist. He reared her head up, holding her in place.

"Open your eyes," Lester snarled, "Look at what you've done."

Reluctantly, Sarah's eyes opened. Across the street, Mary was screaming and crying, trying desperately to close her door as the janitor stood there verbally berating her.

"Oh fuck," Sarah cried. Otis' anger. Mary's fear and desperation. The bitch was getting what she had coming to her. Lester pumped into her violently from behind, and Sarah felt her body ramp up. "Oh fuckinggodd."

A small part of her mind cried out in horror at the scene unravelling in front of her. How badly it could devolve. But it was drowned out by the desperate need of her body to cum. At the righteous, justice taking place across the street.

Sarah's fingers ground into the center console, splaying out as she pushed her hips back onto Lester's cock. Lester had to re-plant his feet and hold onto one of the seats for leverage as Sarah's hard thrusts back threatened to knock him off his pudgy feet. He gritted his teeth and pumped his hips forward, not about to lose this momentum.

"Fucking watch Sarah. Take it. Take my fucking cock while you watch what you've done," Lester growled.

“Uhhhhfuccckkkk,” Sarah whined as the shouting across the street intensified. Otis punched the door with his hand, and Sarah swore she felt the impact deep inside her pussy. “Mhmmmmmm. Mhmmmm.....ahhhhhhfffff....Lesster.....ffuuuccckkkkk..... godddddd....mhmmmmmm.....mhmmmmmm.....ahhh...ahh...ahhh...ahhh.ahhh... uhhh.....Lester.....FUCK.”

Sarah’s body spasmed, and her orgasm hit her hard all at once, rocking through her body like chain lightning. She lurched forward towards the center console, clenching her pussy around Lester’s cock before thrusting hard back into it, taking every inch of Lester’s thick cock, agonizing, torturously deep inside of her. She couldn’t stop herself from doing that if she wanted to.

Her eyes were fixed on the screaming woman across the street. The sides of her vision started to get blurry, and stars started flashing from the house and lawn before her eyes rolled back in her head. Her eyelids fluttered closed, almost like a seizure, as her face contorted in the ecstasy of a higher plane of pleasure.

Lester pushed into the balls of his feet and rammed his cock forward one last time as his balls tingled and swiftly unleashed a torrent of cum deep into the besotted young mother of two. Lester grinned like a maniac as her bottom jumped and writhed as he deposited his potent seed inside of her. Soon, he’d watch this act knowing conception was finally taking place.

Sarah’s body clenched even harder around his cock, milking every last drop from the huge pole. Sarah groaned as the fireworks inside of her exploded, and then the rushing heat of wetness of Lester’s load blasted into her, soaking into every crevice and part of her, fully claiming her as his. Sarah screamed as another orgasm rippled through her, eclipsing the first and rewiring her brain to accept a new level of pleasure.

Lester’s thrusts eased up, and Sarah finally was able to catch her breath. Her eyes remembered how to open. Across the street, Otis was still standing in the doorway. Mary was still desperately trying to close the door, but Otis’s anger had waned, and he was staring across the street at the house they were parked at.

“Shit,” Sarah whispered, “Did he see us?”

Lester pulled out of her with an audible plop of a cork, and his seed spilled out of Sarah. He flopped back onto the bench seat, “What?”

“Otis,” Sarah said, scrambling back next to Lester, behind the cover of the front seats, “He’s looking right at us.”

Lester raised his head to look. Otis was indeed looking at them, but the frantic woman screaming at him seemed to snap him out of it. He turned back to her as another shadowy figure was standing at the edge of the lawn, watching the exchange.

“Lester,” Sarah said, pulling on her panties. They were already soaked from just a second of contact with her dripping, drooling pussy. “We should go.”

Lester let out a big, dramatic sigh, “Fine. Fine. No romance anymore, huh? No spooning. Just wham-bam-thank you, Lester.”

“Lester, if they see us...”

“What? They’re gonna fire you again? Who cares?”

“Please, Lester,” Sarah said, “Let’s go.”

“Uh, whatever,” Lester said. He reached into his opened bag of Cheetos and shoved a handful in his mouth before silently opening the door. His fat naked feet hit the asphalt driveway as his cock swayed between his legs, slick with Sarah’s juices. He watched the exchange across the street and saw the shadowy figure turned to look at him. Neither Mary nor Otis noticed. Lester silently got into the driver’s side door and slid behind the wheel.

Sarah was lying on the back bench, trying to pull her jeans over her voluptuous ass when Lester started the car. His headlights shone, illuminating Mary’s porch and her struggle with Otis. Both of them stopped what they were doing as Lester flicked on his high beams, momentarily blinding both of them. Lester peeled out of the driveway and off into the night as Sarah struggled to get dressed in the backseat.

Lester drove naked for a few blocks before throwing out, “So much for Dan tonight, huh? I remembered to call him last time so our throuple could be complete, but looks like tonight he got ice’d out, huh?”

Sarah pulled on her tank top, “We should have called him. I haven’t been able to get a hold of him.”

“His loss,” Lester shrugged, “Hey, speaking of, how do you want me to drop these groceries off with your parents still there?”

“I don’t know,” Sarah said, cursing herself for not thinking of this before, “Can you drop me off at my car and then just wait?”

“You want me just to wait around. How long?”

“I don’t know, maybe twenty or thirty minutes? I’ll try to get my parents to leave, but they might want to talk, especially my mom.”

Something clicked in Sarah’s head, “What did you mean when you said that about my mom? While we were having sex.”

“Oh, nothing,” Lester shrugged, “Just that I’ve noticed her checking out my bulge on numerous occasions. Think I have a chance?”

“Lester just shut the fuck up and stay away from my mom. Or else.” Sarah said.

“Sounds like a sexy promise to me. What do you have in mind?”

Sarah didn't respond and put on her sweater. She didn't bother getting in the front seat with Lester and just buckled one of the seatbelts for the bench.

Lester pulled onto her street and silently parked his SUV behind her car. He killed the lights and said, “You know, the thing about those test strips.... It's funny, the hospital is missing a bunch of them.”

“How do you know that?” Sarah asked.

“Well, because I doctored the hospital's inventory today and fudged an invoice. Some are missing. If someone were to alert them or the police to the theft, it might just make a detective look twice at any recent incidents relating to them in the area. It is a federal crime afterall.” Lester turned to look at her over his shoulder with an evil grin.

Sarah saw the pieces he was pulling together and gave him a wicked smile, “That's.....evil. Genius but evil.”

“I thought you'd like it,” Lester said, turning back to the frontseat. “If someone were to make that call. Anonymously, of course. It could be quite the issue for Mary. Shame. Head of HR and all. What do you think? Does my love want me to tip them off?”

Sarah chewed her lip for a moment before answering, “She does.”

“Done then,” Lester said, tapping the steering wheel, “I'll take care of it while you go talk to your parents.”

Sarah leaned forward and kissed Lester on the cheek before leaving his SUV and getting behind the wheel of her vehicle. She drove it up the street and pulled into the driveway. Lester watched her go inside and counted to thirty. He slipped out of his door and went and opened the trunk.

It took him a minute to find her bag, the one Sarah had picked up at the pharmacy, and he quickly sliced it up and switched out the blister packaging. With a giant shit-eating grin, Lester walked back up to the driver's side door, naked cock flopping around and got back behind the wheel.

His keys rattled as he unlocked the apartment door. Dan's hackles went up as he pushed the door open, anxiety and tension creeping into him. He didn't know what was waiting for him inside. He could just imagine the living room covered in Sarah and Lester's fluids as they fucked on the couch.

Or worse, just the faint moans of Sarah coming from Lester's bedroom and Dan needing to go and investigate, reluctantly looking through the peephole in the wall to see his loving wife on her hands and knees as Lester plowed into her from behind with his huge cock.

But the only thing that met Dan in the apartment was silence. Dan just stood there, hand on the doorknob, bracing himself for the inevitable sound of Sarah's ecstasy. But it never came. They hadn't been talking. He hadn't texted her. As far as he knew, she was still in Chicago, and her parents were looking after the girls. He hated this. The dance they were doing.

But the apartment was silent, so Dan shut the door and stepped all the way in. This place was supposed to be his home away from home, but all Dan felt was a pit in his stomach. His fight or flight response nudged him in the back of his head to get the hell out of there.

But Dan wasn't going to be there long. He wanted to get back to his real home and face whatever the fuck waited for him there. Still, he stood there alone in the living room, just listening. Waiting for the next inevitable gut punch.

After a full minute of silence, he finally began to believe that he was safe. He tightened his grip on his bag and walked down the hallway to his room. It was empty. So was the bathroom. With a heavy heart, he lifted the new obnoxious anime poster and looked into the peephole to Lester's room. It was dark, and he couldn't see or hear anything. He didn't hear any sounds of pleasure nor the snores of someone sleeping.

Dan mustered his courage, stepped back into the hallway and tried Lester's door handle. To his surprise, it opened. He peered into the darkness for several seconds, then slowly shut the door. He didn't want to step in there. It felt wrong.

Back in his room, Dan went to his closet and knelt to go through his things. With his bag open, he finally retrieved the hidden cameras he'd purchased so many months ago and stuffed them in. He knew Lester was probably having his way with Sarah while Dan was away. He needed to know what was happening. And part of him thought about documenting it in case he ever needed proof.

The idea of a divorce from Sarah made his stomach turn. Shattering their family like that. But another part of him whispered that he should get his ducks in a row, just in case.

With all the cameras loaded in his bag, Dan was about to leave when he found something else he had forgotten about. A simple, plain-looking USB that he'd been given by that mysterious man Martin to use in Byron's office. It was supposed to be a keylogger or something like that.

Dan stared down at it in his palm and debated just throwing it out. He was done with the Lincoln Group, and there was no need for it. Instead, he tossed it in his bag with the hidden cameras.

Having spent less than fifteen minutes in the apartment, Dan was back outside heading to his vehicle. There was one last stop he wanted to make before the sunset, and he headed out of Chicago.

He punched the address into his phone and followed the map until he pulled up at another apartment building across town. It was a large twelve-story building that looked nice, if not a little run-down. Dan couldn't help

but wonder how much the rent was and if it could beat his current place. It was hard to beat free rent, though, courtesy of Lester.

Someone was walking out as Dan was walking in, so he got into the building without buzzing in. As he rode the elevator up, he couldn't help but think about Tricia and the potential lucrative projects on the horizon. He tried not to dwell on how enticing she looked earlier and whether she'd actually follow through if he ever challenged her flirtations. Instead, he thought about the upcoming projects and the amount of billable hours he could accrue. Or the dangling carrot of full-time employment. He felt like he was on the cusp of securing a part of his life that could have a domino effect for him. He didn't dare say anything out loud to Sarah, in case it didn't come to pass or that Lester would somehow find out.

His sixth sense told him that he couldn't let Lester know about any potential success coming his way. The elevator dinged, and Dan got off on the sixth floor and quickly found the apartment number he was looking for.

He knocked on the door and waited, unsure of what he'd find on the other side. After a few seconds, the door opened, and a beautiful, young redhead appeared in the doorway. Dan was taken aback by just how stunning the young woman was. And just how pregnant she was. Dan couldn't help but stare at her stomach for a few seconds before looking back up at her face. It was hard to judge because she still had an athletic frame, but she looked several months pregnant.

"Can I help you?" The young woman asked.

"Lizzie? Right?" Dan asked before shaking his head, "Sorry, I'm Dan. Dan Williams. Do you remember me?"

"Vaguely," Lizzie said as she scrunched up her face and took him in, "What can I help you with..."

"Dan," Dan said.

"Dan," Lizzie said, "What can I help you with?"

"We met briefly, months ago. I'm Lester's roommate," Dan said.

Lizzie's hand went to her pregnant belly, and a look of distress crossed her face. "What do you want?"

Dan opened his mouth to say something, but a male voice from inside the apartment spoke first. "Liz, who is it?"

"Nobody," Lizzie said, her athletic frame tense, "Wrong apartment."

Lizzie moved to close the door. Dan felt a sudden surge of momentum, finally, after all these months. And stuck his foot in the way.

“Listen,” he said, his voice low so her boyfriend, fiancée, or whoever couldn’t hear. “I don’t want to cause trouble for you. I’m the one in trouble. Aren’t I?”

Lizzie swallowed hard and quickly broke eye contact, “I can’t. I don’t want to get involved. Please.”

“I wouldn’t be here if it weren’t serious,” Dan hissed.

“Please,” Lizzie whispered, her voice nearly breaking. Her hand on her pregnant stomach, “Please just leave us alone. Please.”

Dan wanted to press the issue further. Force her to talk. To say something to reveal her past with Lester. But this young woman’s eyes were welling up, and she was pregnant, and Dan didn’t want to be an asshole and push her too hard. Maybe send her into distress, and something happens to the baby.

Dan let out a defeated sigh, reached into his pocket and found an old receipt and pen. He jotted down his phone number and forced it into her hand.

“Okay. I’ll go,” Dan said, “But take this if you think of anything. Or can tell me anything. Please...”

His shoulders slumped, and he added, “I think my wife and I are in trouble. But I don’t know how deep in it we are. Can we trust Lester?”

Dan removed his foot from the doorjamb and stepped back, looking at this teary-eyed young woman with his shoulders slumped. She was beautiful, but now, when he looked at her, she looked so frail, like a scared church mouse. There was something there.

Lizzie crumpled up the receipt and shoved it into her pocket. “No,” she said, and without meeting Dan’s eyes, she shut the door. Dan stood there and heard the lock engage and then the chain clasp.

He shook his head as he walked away, feeling both defeat and a renewed sense of dread. The girl had freaked out as soon as he mentioned who he was and how they were connected by Lester. It didn’t seem like that was just heartbreak from a failed relationship. But maybe it was a sore spot with the husband or whoever was in there. Hearing about Lester was probably the last thing they wanted, especially with their growing family.

Dan pressed the call button and waited for the elevator to return. He smiled faintly, thinking about Sarah when she was pregnant like that. Sarah had been similar, with a small stomach, but somehow the weight stayed off. It was like that all the way up until she gave birth. He idly wondered how far along Lizzie was. He felt even more like shit that he’d tainted what should be a happy time for them with unpleasant memories. The last thing she probably wanted to think about while she was growing a precious baby inside of her was Lester.