

Hey folks, hope your Saturday is going well. Here's chapter 42 of Toxic Attraction. Things are getting interesting. Looking forward to hearing your thoughts and discussions as we push forward. I wonder who you think will come out on top in this chapter.

“What the fuck?” Dan blinked, staring at Lester’s outstretched phone screen. His brain took a few seconds to register what it was he was seeing. Sarah, Lester and himself on the screen. Dan’s face felt red hot, looking at how pathetic he was sitting in Lester’s chair. “What the fuck?” Dan repeated, trying to break himself out of his mental loop.

Lester chuckled and pulled the phone away as Sarah tried to reach for it. He casually strolled back into the living room, leaving Dan and Sarah standing at the open door. They stood frozen in place for what felt like an eternity as their brains tried to fit these new pieces together. Lester slumped back in one of the chairs, completely disregarding them, eyes down in his phone.

They had been so close. Dan’s foot had almost crossed the threshold, leaving the apartment for good. But now he was hovering at the door with Sarah at his side.

“What the hell, Lester. Delete that,” Sarah hissed, taking a step into the living room. Dan’s stomach twisted, and the image of a bear trap jumped into his mind. “Lester, are you listening to me?”

Lester just thumbed his phone like he hadn’t heard her. There was a noise out in the hallway. They could be discovered. Dan couldn’t bear to glance toward the noise and reluctantly shut the door and engaged the lock. He saw a smart smile flash across Lester’s face, as he did before it quickly disappeared.

“Look,” Sarah said professionally, calm, supporting her voice. “I understand you’re probably upset about us wanting to end things like this. We didn’t give you much of a heads-up. I know you’ve grown attached, but recording us like that, it’s not okay.”

“You’re completely right,” Lester said, looking up at her. Sarah’s shoulders seemed to relax a touch.

“Then fucking delete it,” Dan snapped. Sarah shot him a hard look over her shoulder, urging him to calm down and let her handle it. She steeled her face before turning back to Lester.

“Lester. Please, don’t have us end things like this. I’ll always look back at our time fondly. More than fondly. But if we end things like this, it will ruin it for me. Forever. Can you just delete the video, and we’ll pretend it never happened?” Sarah said, putting a hand on Lester’s leg as she sat at the table.

Lester sighed and again said, “You’re right.”

“Can you delete it then, please?” Sarah said softly. Dan hovered behind the couch, watching the interaction, stomach twisted at how soft and familiar Sarah was talking with this asshole. His eyes were glued to where Sarah’s hand gently rested on Lester’s fat thigh.

Lester played nervously with his phone and asked, “Are you really leaving? For good.”

Sarah shared a glance of uncertainty with Dan. He nodded. Something colored her face, but she put on a smile and turned back to Lester, “Yes.”

Lester held his phone towards her and made a show of deleting the video.

“Thank you, Lester,” Sarah said, gently rubbing his leg.

“And delete it from the trash folder,” Dan said. Lester shot him an annoyed look, thumbed through his phone, and repeated the deletion process.

“Thank you,” Sarah said softly.

“One last kiss? Before you go?” Lester sounded pathetic, and Dan wanted to punch him. He couldn’t believe Sarah would fall for this. But without looking at her husband, Sarah leaned forward and pressed her lips to Lester’s. It was soft and drawn out. Not hungry. Almost loving.

Dan’s stomach twisted further. Sarah broke the kiss with a smile and left Lester sitting there. As Dan turned to walk with Sarah to the door, Lester sneered, “That’s just the one copy.”

“Excuse me?” Dan spun to face his shorter, dumpier roommate and narrowed his eyes, “What the fuck did you just say?”

“I said,” Lester stood, squaring his shoulders and looking more imposing than he had any right to be, “That I just deleted a copy. I have that video and more backed up. Locally and in the cloud.”

“Lester....” Sarah started before Dan cut in, “Are you serious? What kind of fucking game are you playing right now?”

“Deadly serious,” Lester smirked. He was enjoying this. Enjoying how irate Dan was getting. Dan felt like he was playing right into Lester’s hand. “And I’ve been playing this game since the first fucking day you emailed me to see the apartment.”

Dan balled his hands into fists at his side. Before he could step forward, Sarah was between them, stopping him, “Lester, what are you talking about?”

Lester rolled his eyes, “You two sure are fucking dense sometimes, aren’t you? That video was just the tip of the iceberg. Think back over all our lovely times together in this apartment. All those

orgasms. All those late nights?”

Realization dawned on Sarah’s face, “No...you...Lester...no...thats not...”

“Not what? Did you just think I was some disposable incel man you could throw away whenever you wanted? You two have been dancing on my fucking strings since the jump,” Lester chuckled. “Man, this part is always so much fun.”

“I’m going to kill you,” Dan seethed, stepping past Sarah. He rounded the couch and grabbed Lester by his shirt and pinned him against the wall, “I’ve been wanting to hit you for so long, and now you’ve finally given me a reason to.”

“Oh, was fucking your wife senseless and making her cum harder and more often than you ever could not eno——”

Dan threw a haymaker into Lester’s gut, sending the pathetic little man sprawling onto the floor. Dan was ready to hit him again, but Sarah held onto his arm. Lester wheezed from the ground, struggling to catch his breath as he clutched his gut.

He groaned and sat back in a seated position against the wall, looking up at them, “Your friends, colleagues, any recruiters you use, your mother, fathers, siblings, nephews...internet strangers. How will they react to the videos? Hm? Wonder what your friends at your fancy new job will think.”

Dan cocked his hand back, and Lester laughed, holding his gaze, “You know how many times you’ve complained about work in this apartment? About colleagues? Your little clients? Poof. Gone.” He snapped the finger of the hand not clutching his gut.

“What do you want?” Sarah’s voice shook. Dan couldn’t tell if it was from fear or betrayal.

“Well, first Captain America here is going to sit down and finally understand what his fucking place is,” Lester said. He held his side, pushing himself up the wall into a standing position, staring up at Dan. Dan shook with rage, fist still clenched and cocked back.

“You going to hit me again? Go ahead. Even if you kill me, last night I made sure everything will be sent to those you respect and love unless I stop it. And keep stopping it. Let’s see how tough you are when you get fired from your new job, and neither of you can find work for the next fucking decade.” Lester said.

Dan shook with unbridled fury. Against every fiber of his being, he lowered his fist back down to his side. Sarah stepped in front of him, “Lester...don’t do this...what do you want? Why are you doing this?”

“Because I can, and why not?” Lester said. Lester pointed to the couch, “Sit down, Dan.”

Dan didn't move.

"Now," Lester snapped.

"Let's sit," Sarah whispered, grabbing onto Dan's arm and guiding him to the couch. He thought the leather might melt under the immense amount of rage-driven heat his body was throwing off.

"So what? You just manipulated us, all this time? Manipulated me into sleeping with you?" Sarah said, hurt plainly evident in her voice.

"Yes and no," Lester said with a grin, "But don't expect me to start monologing like some two-bit villain. I hate that trope. Honestly, it's so cliché, and I'm not a hack. All you need to know is that you belong to me now. Both of you. So your little ride off into the sunset is cancelled, capiche? Good. Glad we understand each other."

Lester left them sitting there, minds racing to understand just what the hell was happening. From the hallway, Lester called back, "Sarah, whenever you're ready, darling."

Before either of them could ask what he meant, Lester's door shut, leaving the couple completely alone. Dan stared at the electrical outlet in the wall, recognizing, for the first time, the small slit where a camera hid. He'd seen these devices before. He'd bought similar ones and installed them in his own house. His own bedroom.

"Godammit," Dan muttered, feeling like the biggest mark in the world. He should have seen this coming. He'd seen the red flags. He'd known something wasn't right. He'd even confessed this to Sarah. But they both had still gone along with it. Sarah had fallen deeper than he had but still... *What the fuck...*

"I should have seen this coming," Dan muttered to himself. Sarah looked shell-shocked. Not crying, not upset, just numb. "Are you okay?"

"I don't know," Sarah chewed her bottom lip. She absently picked at her nails like she had a new nervous tic. "I don't know what I'm feeling."

"Me neither," Dan said bitterly. He put his hands to his face and groaned into them. "The sick fuck is probably watching us right now."

Sarah stopped picking her nails and crossed her arms over her chest, ineffectively trying to shield herself. Dan looked at the apartment door. It felt so far away now; moments ago, they had been ready to cross over it, "I just want to go home."

"Me too," Sarah said softly. She gulped and stood, not looking at her husband.

“What are you doing?” Dan asked, trying not to look at the camera, where he knew Lester was enjoying watching them. He caught sight of another outlet with a hidden camera and felt the sea of rage boil inside of him anew.

“I’m going to get us out of here,” Sarah said quietly. “I’ll go see Lester, and then we’ll go.”

“What?” Dan asked, “What do you mean? Why...”

It clicked into place, and Dan’s stomach dropped. Sarah, his beautiful wife, leaned in for a brief kiss before pulling away. He watched her disappear down the hallway and desperately wished he had punched Lester way harder than he had.

Lester gleefully watched the monitor in front of him. Watched the downfall and submission of Dan Williams, the once proud and strong father, reduced to putty by someone he looked down upon.

“Oh joy,” Lester hummed to himself before shoving a handful of Cheetos into his gullet. Sarah’s lithe body moved gracefully down the hallway towards his room. He watched, with one eyebrow raised, trying to discern the emotions plastered on her face. She tried his door handle, but he’d locked it, just in case Dan had further ideas of heroism. There hadn’t been a delayed sending mechanism; he just needed Dan to back off and not hit him again. Lester didn’t like physical confrontation; it was beneath him. He silenced the part of his brain that reminded him of the violence of too many unpleasant memories growing up.

Lester hefted himself out of his computer chair, wincing at his stomach in the process. He opened the door and gestured for Sarah to come inside. She gave him a hard look but had no hesitation as she stepped back into his lair. Lester locked the door behind her, eyes trailing over her tight jeans and white t-shirt. She’d snuck out of bed before he could give her another deposit, and he was ready to rectify that.

“You’re disgusting,” Sarah said, holding her arms as she looked at his monitor. The screen was split with different camera feeds, and Dan sat on the couch in the upper corner. Lester didn’t feel the need to hide this side of himself.

“And yet you’ve let me fuck you and cum in you over and over,” Lester said, stalking through the piles of refuse and debris towards his prey. “Begging, pleading, even demanding.”

“That was before I knew about all of this,” Sarah gestured to the screens, her eyes lingering on Dan. “Before I knew what a fucking creep you were.”

Lester laughed hard enough that he winced at the pain coming from where Dan had punched him. He kept chuckling, “Oh that’s funny. Did you forget about my cameras? All over the apartment. I’d

sit here and listen to you and Dan shit talk about me, talk about how pathetic and how much of a loser I am. How much of a creep I was. Yet that didn't stop you from spreading your legs and letting me stick my cock up your married pussy did it?"

Sarah's hand connected with Lester's cheek, leaving a large red mark. He felt it, momentarily disbelieving that she'd actually struck him. Sarah regarded her hand with wide eyes in a similar sense of disbelief before uttering, "I'm sorry."

She stood up straighter, "No, I'm not sorry. You've been lying to us and making porn of us this entire time."

"How many times have you let me record us? Huh? You're not this much of a prude," Lester sat on the end of his bed, crossing his arms over his gut.

"You know that's not the same thing, Lester, so don't pretend it is," Sarah snapped.

"I know what the real issue is here," Lester said with a 'tsk', stepping up to Sarah. She didn't meet his eyes and took a step back. Lester knew it was time to press and did so, "You feel betrayed, that I lied to you, deceived you, but that's not how it is at all."

"How is it then? Sarah shot back, her eyes finding his.

Sarah flinched as Lester cupped her cheek. He held it there anyway, "It-it's because I'm falling in love with you, and I think you love me too, and I was afraid to lose you. I thought you were about to walk out of my life. So I got desperate and wanted to show you the real me. All of me. Finally."

Sarah opened her mouth to say something, but closed it. *Perfect*, Lester thought. *Keep them off balance. Keep them guessing, conflicted. Never able to ground themselves.*

He stroked her cheek with his thumb and saw the uncertainty as she tried to process his words. Distraction, misdirection. "I thought Dan was going to take you away from me," Lester said. Sarah opened her mouth to say something, but Lester sealed it shut with a kiss. He felt the tension in her body. Her shoulders rise up, her eyes open, her muscles flex. He ground himself into her, his body pressing against hers, his tongue probing her lips.

The tension in her body eased as she melted into the insistent kiss. Lester smirked internally and pulled her tighter against him, encircling her body with his flabby arms. He pulled her against his gut and felt her knees give a little.

Lester pressed his advantage, increasing the passion of the kiss. Lips, tongue, speedily overwhelming her senses. He ground his lengthening cock against her. Lester's tongue trailed down to her sensitive spot on her neck. A soft moan escaped her lips.

His hands roamed over her body, grasping, groping. Chubby fingers on her ass, pulling it forward while he ground into her from the front. Hairy knuckles dragging over her chest, kneading and grabbing her breasts hard, the way she always responded to.

“Lester...” Sarah panted. He didn’t give her the chance to finish her sentence, silencing her with his tongue. He humped against her. She moaned into the kiss, her own tongue sliding into his mouth, roiling over his. He took her hand and guided it down to his sweatpants-clad cock.

She moaned again into his mouth. He didn’t even need to make her grab it; her little fingers failed to circle around his shaft as she began rubbing him through his pants. He needed to keep up the offensive. In one fluid motion, he pulled down his sweatpants, letting his cock fly free. He thrust forward, pressing the shaft against Sarah’s open palm, his cock head pressing against her stomach.

Sarah sucked in a sharp breath, Lester’s meatstick urgently hammering against her. Need rapidly began to overtake her. She gripped his shaft as much as she could. It was warm. Its veiny underside pulsed in her palm, tamping down logic. Lester thrust determinedly, and she stroked him. She knew how those thrusts felt. Reasoning began to dissipate.

Lester spun them until Sarah’s bubble butt was braced on the end of the bed the way it had been the night before. She knew what the path to pleasure was from here. It was a well-worn route she longed to travel. More. She needed more like last night.

Lester’s leg spread her knees apart as he continued to hump against her, pushing himself into her hand. He was towering over her now, and Sarah felt enclosed once again by his mass, taking up most of her vision. Lester thrusting grew more desperate, faster and faster. His cockhead slid into her palm, leaving a greasy trail of precum before it jutted out and hit her in the stomach.

Her other hand dropped from his shoulder and found his hairy balls. Her delicate fingers teased them the way she knew he liked. Part of her brain screamed at her to get her shit together. To focus. But she couldn’t remember what she needed to focus on. She didn’t want to focus on that because it would veer her off this path to pleasure.

“I need you,” Lester whispered, voice dripping with desperate energy. Sarah kissed him back, licked him back, her body and mind in sync, trying to communicate how much she needed him too. “I love you,” Lester repeated over and over as he kissed her. The words danced in Sarah’s ears, touching something in her. Opening something in her and filling it.

His hairy hand was on her ass, and he tugged it forward. Tugged her towards him. He tugged again, and her perfect jean-clad bubble butt shifted off the end of the bed, and gravity took her. She slid down, gasping and disappointed, away from Lester’s slick lips. His hand travelled up to the back of her head.

She lazily opened her eyes and looked straight into the angry, pre-cum dripping slit of Lester's cock. Her hands hadn't left his balls and shaft. Sarah let out an involuntary moan as she stared it down, her own hands moving like phantoms with their own minds, stroking and teasing the massive member. Cum gloomed out of his cock and fell down onto her white shirt. She was breathing hard, mouth dry. She licked her lips.

Lester smirked at how transfixed Sarah was by his cock and did the only logical thing. He thrust it forward into her face. Her grip tightened on his shaft, now with both hands. He speared her in her cheek. Sarah turned her head, opening her mouth wide and took his thick cockhead into her mouth, letting a guttural groan escape from her throat and dance along his cock.

Lester smiled, gleefully at the way her lips parted. At her moan, the wet warmth of her mouth as she began to suck him. Began to suck his cock literally minutes after he fully revealed himself. Lester chuckled, looking over his shoulder at the monitor. Dan was ineffectually pacing in the living room now, pausing every so often to stare down the hallway.

Get comfortable asshole, Lester thought. Sarah was lovingly worshipping his shaft.

"Mhmmmmhmm," Sarah moaned, sending vibrations into Lester's cock, "Uhmhmmmmmm."

The sounds were like music to Lester and evidence of how far Sarah had fallen under his thumb. He held himself still while she sucked and stroked him. Both hands moving in perfect unison, abilities that would make a concert pianist red with envy.

Sarah twirled her tongue around his shaft, letting its weight settle on her as she lapped at it. She pulled her mouth off and started licking and sucking down his shaft between her furious hands. Lester grinned, watching as the young mother made sure his cock was perfectly lubricated for her hands to glide up and down his shaft.

Lester put his hands on his fat hips, letting Sarah take her time, worshipping his cock with abandon. This is what he'd been training her for. Overwriting of what she should do, falling back into well-worn routines within her mind. Neural plasticity in action.

She gripped her shaft as tightly as she could with her fingers and stroked Lester's monster cock. She gulped, her mouth salivating as she went back to licking around her hands, licking every thick fucking inch of Lester's shaft. She went further, her nose tickling against the coarse hair of his ballsack

Her tongue whipped around like a hurricane, washing over his unkempt balls, slathering him in her saliva. Lester groaned in satisfaction, grinning from ear to ear as Sarah bathed his balls with her tongue. She was on her knees, devouring him just a few minutes after he'd revealed himself, and Dan sat limply in the living room.

He ran his hand through Sarah's hair, her blonde locks flowing between his fingers. He brought his hands to the base of her skull, giving her a gentle massage, and she moaned, tongue delving deeper into the jungle of pubic hair. Lester flexed his fingers around the base of her skull. Sarah's body tensed up at the joy of pain, her fists reflexively gripping his shaft tightly in response. He didn't let up. She thrust forward, his cock pushing through her fists, fucking her palms.

"Uhmhmmmm," Sarah's throat moaned. Lester pulled her head towards him, her face disappearing into his pubes. He thrust up while pushing her further down. Her tongue lapped out, dancing along the underside of his balls. Lester pushed forward again, and Sarah fell back slightly, holding onto his cock so she wouldn't fall all the way back to the floor. His balls were in her mouth; she sucked and licked, still holding onto his shaft, jerking it up and down.

Lester was bent over like a troll, holding onto Sarah's head as he fed her his balls. He pushed forward, her tongue lapping up against his coarse pubic hair, venturing further down as he pushed. He could hear her muffled moans from under his taint, her tongue swirling around as Lester was bent over, groaning openly. She tried to catch her breath, but Lester redoubled his efforts, pulling on her face, pulling her deeper into his undercarriage until he felt her tongue swirl around his asshole, making him shiver.

The lewd act made Sarah's body squirm with pleasure as she moaned into his ass. Her hands were still jerking him off with abandon. Lester bent down further, sending his asshole against Sarah's lapping tongue. She quivered and shook, a mix of revulsion and arousal coursing through her.

Lester pulled her hair into a tight fist, forcing her back off his asshole, her tongue dragging over his skin, past his taint to the other side of his coarse balls. She had a second to gasp for breath, straining to open her eyes, blinking hard in time to see Lester's dripping cock spearing towards her. She didn't have time to open her mouth as the cockhead rammed her succulent lips. It pushed forward, prying the mother's lips apart before inch after inch of it disappeared into her mouth.

Sarah's hand reflexively squeezed the shaft, trying to push it back, and the other slapped Lester's thigh. The fat man redoubled his grip on the back of her head, pulling her mouth onto his cock as he fed it into her mouth.

"Gaalaalkk," Sarah's voice made inaudible sounds as her spit was forced back by the invading cock. She struggled to get her touch under it, her lips strained wide trying to accommodate his size. She held back her gag reflex as his cock head pressed into her throat. Then the cock pulled back, giving her an instant to breathe through her nose before it rammed itself back in, bruising the back of her throat.

"Gaaalkk," Sarah's throat sounds like a saliva-soaked chew toy, "Gaalkk....Gaaalkk!....Gaalkk."

Lester held her tight as he fucked her throat. He revelled in the tears forming at the corners of her eyes, in her fingers tightening and then slowly relaxing, giving in to his needs. He felt the shift, Sarah's head started to bob on its own in his hand as he force feed her his cock. He couldn't keep the smirk from his face. He grabbed her by both sides of her head, stepping up to straddle his legs over his chest and fucked those pretty lips.

Her throat and mouth made the most interesting sounds accompanied by soft, inaudible moans as he body responded on the floor below him. She peered up at him, through watery eyes, with a primal desire to please him.

Lester's fingers pressed into the sides of her head as he speared her mouth, driving his cock back down into her throat. Sarah stifled gags as saliva poured down her face. Lester's heavy, hairy balls hammered her chin.

With disappointment, he pulled his cock all the way out, and Sarah turned her head, gasping for breath. Her breasts rising and falling rapidly, her lungs burning with fire. The room spun around her due to the lack of oxygen.

Lester wasted no time. He hefted he up onto the bed, stripped her of her jeans and tore her white panties off at the hip, making her squeal. Sarah was still breathing hard, wiping tears from her eyes; the room was still spinning, and stars were dotting the edges of her vision. But she felt Lester line himself up with her.

He grunted and pushed himself inside of her. Sarah gasped, her legs going up reflexively, spreading to give her lover better access. She had to spread further to accommodate his large gut and wide frame, but she managed to wrap her legs around his hips. Pulling him inside of her.

Her lungs still burned, and she couldn't catch her breath.

"Uhhh.....uhhhhh....hmmmmmmhmuhhhhh," her breaths came out in half-moans, half-struggles for air. She blinked, putting her hands on Lester's hairy chest as her brain tried to process everything. Little by little, more oxygen flooded through her veins up into her skull, and she knew Lester was close. He was humping into her with abandon, sweat already cresting his brow. She stared up at his ugly, panting face and for a horrified moment her skin crawled knowing this cretin was inside of her. Until she felt him touch places that no one else had ever touched, besides him. Nerves she hadn't known existed came to life, begging for more. She squeezed his cock and felt him shudder.

She licked her lips, hands running over his skin to grab the back of his head and pull him down into a sloppy, urgent kiss. His fat tongue swirling through her mouth as his hot breath gasped and washed over her skin. Lester broke the kiss, pushing himself up by his flabby arms. His hands pinning her shoulders down to the bed as he rammed himself into Sarah, splitting her open.

She knew what was coming. She'd seen him like this before. She knew he was close to his end. She felt the urgency in his movements, her body desperately slamming up off the bed to keep up with his thrusts, getting herself close. But his cock was impaling her to the mattress, pinning her there for his pleasure. She squeezed around him, feeling his naked shaft. The powering, thrumming veins running up it as his cock head engorged itself inside of her.

"Ohhfuckk," Sarah groaned, licking her lips. Her throat was dry and bruised, and she struggled to suck in more air. "Fuckk. Mhmmmm. Lester."

Lester's eyes flicked to the screen, smirking. Dan had heard her moans. Lester's eyes snapped back to Sarah, intensity burning down into her. He was focused and determined, and Sarah's body responded, arching her back so her breasts pushed against the fabric of her bra, giving her a little agonizing tease. She wanted to feel him. Feel his naked, fat body pressed against hers. She arched, straining, trying to get close to him, but he held her down in place as he power fucked her.

"Uhhhhh...Mhmmmm.....Oh....Uh.....Oh....uh...uh...uh..." Sarah's mind and body were disconnected. Her body was in control, moaning for Lester, moaning for the impending orgasm she was working herself up to, "Lester. Close. So close. Fuck. God fuck."

"Let him hear you cum," Lester growled as sweat dripped off his nose and onto Sarah's lips. Her tongue snaked out and took it into her mouth greedily. "Let him hear how you still cum on my cock, even after everything you learned today."

Lester started to hammer her with abandon, his cock pounding into all her sensitive places, rearranging her insides in the process. Sarah's moans rang out, and she knew her husband could hear her. There was no way he couldn't. No way he couldn't hear her wails of pleasure as Lester pistoned his massive cock inside of her. Her eyes started to roll back, and she wasn't registering the sounds she was making anymore. Her vision started to go white as her orgasm clawed its way up inside of her and thrummed, pulsating and colvusing in her pussy, becomoning Lester's cock further and further into her, radiating out into the rest of her body in hot flashes that seared her irsies.

Lester grunted, loud and purposely, letting himself be known as the conquering lion as his balls burst. He kept hammering into Dan's wife as his cock exploded, shooting load after load of hot, sticky cum deep into her fertile pussy as she milked it out through her orgasm. Her pussy convulsed, pulling more and more of his acrid cum deeper into her.

Her body shook and clenched itself around Lester, tears streaking down her face.

"Ughhh," Lester grunted and pumped two final times into her before collapsing on top of her. His heavy frame was crushing her body while his cock held her in place. Sarah was already struggling to breath but now her lungs were compressed and couldn't inflate.

“Lester...” Sarah wheezed out, “Can’t breathe.”

With a groan of annoyance, Lester rolled off of her, his cock spinging free with a wet pop. Sarah’s lungs fully inflated for the first time in what felt like forever. She blinked back tears, looked at the beached whale next to her, and felt revulsion wash over her. The thoughts of what he’d done were slowly seeping back into her. She sat up quickly and felt the bastard seep out of her.

“I’m leaving,” She said to herself, grabbing her clothes and heading towards the bathroom. Lester didn’t chase after her. He just groaned and turned on his side, watching the cameras as Sarah tried, futilely, to clean herself in the bathroom. His boys were too deep for that to matter.

He watched her rush into the living room and exchanged short, heated whispers with Dan.

“I’ll see you two real soon,” Leste called out.

Dan cast an angry, cuck like glance at one of the cameras before leading Sarah out of the apartment.

Lester laid back on the bed, hands behind his head, enjoying the feeling of someone seeing him for who he truly was. It had been a long time. He smiled to himself. He owned them now, more than he ever had.

To put it mildly, Renee was spiralling. Her gut was twisted into knots about what she’d done. About cheating on her husband. After decades of being faithful to him, she had slipped. Slipped hard in that disgusting bathroom stall and gave in to her base desires like a harlot from the bible.

And she still hadn’t admitted it to her husband. To her growing shame, she’d even pulled him into a lewd reenactment of her time with Lester, making him take her from behind while she bent over the toilet. And thought about him. That disgusting man who had been Dan’s roommate. She wanted to warn Sarah about who this man really was, but...how could she? How could she without admitting to her daughter the things she’d done with the man?

Renee ordered a second glass of wine, resulting in raised eyebrows from some of her friends. One wine with lunch wasn’t something any of them would bat an eye at. But they’d picked up on the way she was drinking like a fish today and not engaging properly in conversation.

They were at one of their favorite lunch spots, a busy cafe by the water where they could sit and gossip for a few hours. This was usually one of Renee’s favorite parts of her week, but her mind wasn’t present. It was back in the dirty bathroom stall with him. And his cock.

The word felt dirty in her mind. She pulled back from it while her body responded to the memory. She took a large gulp when the waiter brought her glass, prompting gentle probing questions from her friends. Renee eased back into her practice social matriarch role and brushed them off, leaning more on simply enjoying their company.

But she couldn't wait to get out of there. Get home and let the thoughts run free, just for a few minutes, while she uncovered the secret toy she'd hidden away from James for years. Let the thoughts run free just for a bit while she took care of herself. Then, like her toy, she could put it back in a secret box and pretend it didn't exist.

That was her plan.

Her plan fell apart when she spotted Lester staring at her from across the restaurant. He was seated, sipping on a dark soda, then raised it towards her. Her mouth dropped open, and she had to force herself to close it.

Her words were colliding. Lester was here. In the same building as her friends. And his slob like appearance made him stick out like a sore thumb. She felt herself slightly shake. This was the worst place he could ambush her. Her friends would ensure that a rumor of her affair with an unkempt, ugly man would spread like wildfire through their close-knit community.

He couldn't be here.

"Are you okay?" one of her friends asked, "You look like you're going to have a heart attack."

"I'm fine," Renee tried to get her breathing under control. She was anything but fine. She spiralled further out of control as Lester stood up and started to stalk over to her table. She wanted to crawl into a hole and pulled the hole closed behind her. The room was shrinking, and she couldn't look up at him. She stared blankly at the white table in front of her, worried that even a glance would give her away to her friends. They look over their shoulder and see this gruff, ugly bottom feeder, then glance back at her, instantly making the connection.

Lester smirked and winked at her. Renee's stomach twisted into knots. She thought she was going to crush her wine stem in her fist; she was clutching it so hard. How did he find her here? How did he know where she was? Heat flushed over her chest with each step closer Lester took.

But then, he broke away towards a side hall where the bathrooms were located. There had been a purpose to that. A message. He didn't want to intrude on her friends. He wasn't trying to blow up her life. But he was here for a reason, and she needed to find out what that was.

"Excuse me," Renee said, rudely cutting her friend off as she spoke, "I'm going to head to the ladies' room."

“Do you want me to come with?” one of her friends asked.

“No, it's okay. I'm sorry for interrupting. I'll be right back,” Renee said, patting her friend on the shoulder. She glanced back, making sure none of her friends were following, then proceeded down the hall into the ladies' washroom. All the stalls were empty, and there weren't any holes in the wall. She swallowed hard, went back into the hallway and ducked into the men's room. The stall at the far end of the room had its door open, and Lester stood there waiting for her.

“I knew you'd figure it out,” Lester said. Before she could respond, question or demand what he was doing, he disappeared into the dingy stall. Renee gritted her teeth and walked after him.

“What the fuck do you think you're doing?” Renee hissed, jabbing a finger into his chest. She waved her hands back towards the restaurant, “My friends are here. They can't know about us.”

“Us?” Lester chuckled, reaching out and stroking a strand of her hair, “You make it sound like we're having an affair. Is that what we're doing here?”

She slapped his hand away, ignoring his question, “What are you doing? Why are you here? What game are you playing?”

“I'm not playing any games,” Lester said, licking his lips. He reached behind her and pulled the stall door closed, locking it. Renee felt the dingy walls begin to close around her. “I had to make a deposit earlier.”

Renee blinked at him, “What?”

“I had to make a deposit, so I didn't finish getting my dick sucked,” Lester said as if that explained anything.

“You're disgusting, and you have another thing coming if you think, for one second, that I'm going to —”

“How many times have you touched yourself thinking about me? Huh?” Lester sneered. Renee's words caught in her throat. Lester chuckled to himself, “Yeah, yeah, I can see all over that pristine little face of yours. Did it hurt? When James couldn't stack up? Felt empty, didn't you?”

“Don't you say his name,” Renee blurted out. Lester just shrugged and started undoing his belt. Renee felt her cheeks heating up and took a step back as Lester's pants dropped. She rubbed what looked like a tube sock through his stained white underwear.

Lester stepped forward, his fingers pulling down the waistband on his undies. His fat, long cock sprang out, flopping towards her. She gulped, her eyes finally breaking from his mammoth appendage. “I.....we.....”

"Sshhh," Lester chuckled, "You knew exactly what was going to happen the second you left that table."

"I didn't," Renee breathed, voice wavering.

"You didn't have to come. You didn't have to come into the bathroom. You didn't have to come into the stall," Lester stepped forward, his cock pressing against her, spearing her back into the side of the stall. His gut followed, pressing into her stomach, holding her in place, "There's only one thing that happens between you and me in a shitty bathroom like this."

A soft, weak moan escaped Renee's lips. Lester's words lanced through her, and she knew, deep down, what she'd been walking into. What she had been walking towards. Lester's grin widened like he could read her mind. Her knees buckled.

Lester's fat hand with its sausage fingers stroked her cheek, and his potato-like head with its greasy hair leaned close to her. She could smell the artificial cheese on his breath before his lips pressed against her, his fat tongue prying apart her lips and salivating into her mouth. He kissed her hard and fast, with wanton desire that Renee craved. He hungered for her as James used to. She craved more of it.

Lester broke the kiss, leaving Renee panting and staring up at him with conflicted arousal. She sucked in a deep breath, her chest rising and falling against Lester's. Her legs were weak, and her head was starting to spin, but she managed to utter out, "Lester...we can't...not here...my friends...I can't..."

"You don't want your friends to see what you look like after you've been fucked senseless?" Lester said. She imagined walking back to the table, her outfit a mess, mascara running down her cheeks, her hair in disarray. She'd be mortified.

Lester's hand left her cheek and played with her hair. His hand settled on the top of her head, and he applied gentle pressure. "That's why you're gonna suck my cock. Then the next time I see you, I'll fuck you rotten."

She didn't know what that meant, but her body responded to him, pushing out from the wall to grind against him. She sucked in more air and let him push her down. She slid down his disgusting, fat body, his gut pressing against her face until she was eye to eye with his dripping manhood, jutting out, waiting for her. She gulped at the sight, not having been this close to it since it had been sticking out through the wall in the other bathroom.

Lester's beady eyes watched her, clearly entertained by what was happening. Renee's knees touched the cool tile floor, and her instincts told her to shower. But a deeper instinct made her bottom lip fall open. Lester wasted no time.

He gently saw his opening and took it, pressing the head of his cock against the small gap in her lips. Her mouth opened further for him, and she buried thoughts of James and the rest of her family deep inside of her and took another man into her mouth.

“Mhmmmm,” Renee immediately moaned around Lester’s cock as inch after inch of him dragged across her tongue. It felt so big in her mouth that she struggled, opening her lips wide to accommodate him. It was awkward, but she continued to moan around it. Her body recoiled at the taste of him, like he hadn’t showered for days. She didn’t know what she should have expected from him but the large cock invading her mouth made those thoughts drift to the back of her mind as his member slid in and out.

Her delicate, married hands gripped his shaft. Neither of them could wrap around him. She opened her eyes to see Lester’s wide grin as he caressed her cheek. It felt almost like a loving gesture, which was at odds with the rough and careless way he was treating her. Intruding on her lunch, invading her personal space. But she didn’t have to follow him back here. He’d been right. She’d chosen to do that. Chosen this.

Her tongue snaked out of her mouth, running it down the length of Lester’s hot shaft. Renee trembled, tasting the bitter, disgusting man, but she felt her panties dampen and cling to her. This was so wrong, but it felt like just what she’d been craving. Her body took over, her mind taking a backseat. A passenger watching herself slobber all over this man, who wasn’t her husband’s cock. Renee stroked and licked Lester, her minty fresh tongue delving down his length, getting lost in the foliage of his ballsack. She suppressed a gag at his coarse pubic hair, pushing through it to find two hefty balls that felt heavy enough to belong on a breeding bull. She trembled at the thought of how much semen they contained. She supposed she’d find out soon enough.

Lester's hand snaked into her hair and yanked her back. She gasped, eyes going wide as he spear his cock into her mouth. Her head hit the stall wall as Lester tried to impale her with his cock. She threw her hands up in protest, pushing against her thighs, but Lester was relentless. Not only did his cock stretch her mouth wide, but he kept pushing forward, nailing the back of her throat.

Renee’s protesting hands turned to iron grips on Lester’s hair, pasty thighs as she struggled to breathe and accommodate his pace. But somehow, her throat let out a guttural moan at the treatment. A deep, unwavering, primal need for more of what Lester was doing. She revelled in the feeling. Of being treated this way. Her body shuddered again, and she realized that at some point, one of her hands had left his shaft and was between her legs, teasing herself. Shame and heat spread onto her face, but she didn’t have time to think about it. Lester was humping against her, battering her forward with his hairy gut while his cock was buried deep in her mouth.

She’s heard the nasty term once. Face fucking. She hadn’t really pictured what it meant then, but she knew what it was now. Lester was fucking her face, the same way he’d fuck a two-dollar whore. And Renee wasn’t even getting paid.

“Mhmm...Mhmmm...Mhmmm,” Renee moaned, unbound as her head thumped over and over against the dirty stall wall. Renee sucked in air through her nose, trying and failing to fill her lungs. She needed to breathe. When Lester reared back before a thrust. Renee pulled her mouth free, gasping. Lester thrust forward, his cock stabbing into her cheek and running against her face before meeting her ear. Lester’s hands never left her. His hips didn’t stop thrusting. He rubbed his putrid Adonis cock against her face, smearing whatever makeup she’d applied. Her own saliva wet her skin as Lester kept up his unrelenting barrage of thrusts. Renee grabbed his cock, as if to slow his face, but all she accomplished was stroking it in time with Lester’s urgent thrusts.

She saw his balls heaving, like some kind of alien sci-fi monster from an 80’s horror classic and knew that her time was short.

“You’re throat or your face,” Lester said through gritted teeth. He redoubled his grip on her hair, eliciting a wince from Renee as her hair struggled to stay in her skin. Renee still struggled to breathe. The one thought running through her head was that she couldn’t go back to her friends wearing a mask of Lester’s cum. She breathed hard, opened her mouth and took Lester back inside.

The oversized head of his cock hit the back of her throat and smacked her back against the stall wall. Her hand reflexively squeezed Lester’s shaft, and she felt it pulse in her palm. Lester drove his cock forward. Renee felt the head expand in her mouth.

Warm cum shot down the back of her throat. Renee tried to pull back, but Lester held her firm, unloading load after load of his virile seed into her mouth. Renee had no choice but to swallow. And swallow. She feared she wouldn’t be able to keep up with it as more and more salty cum emptied out of Lester and flooded her mouth. She swallowed and sucked in a breath around Lester’s cock, cum dripped down her chin. She scooped it up before it stained her clothes.

Lester grunted in satisfaction, and his hips seemed to wiggle. He chuckled to himself and slowly dragged his cock out of Renee’s mouth, letting her breathe properly. He pressed his cock to his upper lip, and more cum oozed out, running down her face.

She knelt there, breathing hard as she wiped his cum off her face. Horrified, she splayed her fingers out wide, seeing a web of cum stretching between them. Lester slumped back against the wall, grinning at her like some maniac pervert.

Renee tried to get to her feet but failed. Her knees had gone to sleep. With disgust, she grabbed onto the dirty stall handle and hoisted herself up and stood on shaky legs.

“Don’t do this again,” Renee said, hating how weak her voice sounded.

“Next time I’m going to make love to you,” Lester said, still slumped against the wall. Renee’s stomach turned at Lester’s words, but she was still acutely aware of her drenched panties clinging

to her pussy. She left the stall in disgust and regret, chastising herself. Her reflection in the bathroom's mirror stopped her in her tracks. Her makeup was a mess; she'd done the one thing she'd hoped to have avoided. She hurried to the sink and washed her face, thankfully she had some makeup wipes in her bag and did the best she could to make herself presentable.

Lester hung from the wall of the stall door, staring at her like he was about to drag her back in and have his way with her. The idea of feeling his cock inside of her again sent a thrill coursing through her that she was barely able to suppress.

"You're an asshole," Renee spat.

"Never said I wasn't hot cheeks," Lester chuckled and started to walk towards her. Renee grabbed her purse and dashed out of the bathroom. She took a deep breath as she walked back towards her table. The air was cooler out here. Less oppressive.

"Are you okay?" One of her friends asked as she sat back down. The other women at the table eyed her, likely noticing her change in appearance.

"Yes, thank you," Renee said, trying to calm her beating heart. She didn't elaborate or offer an explanation, and her friends moved on in conversation. Renee sat there in a lull, her mind trying to process everything. It wasn't until one of her friends made a joke that she tuned back into the conversation.

"Uh, look at that guy. It looks like he hasn't showered in weeks," her friend said. The women were casting conspiratorial glances across the restaurant. Renee looked up in time to see Lester, dressed like the slob he was, sauntering across the restaurant like he owned the place. He looked in their direction and fired finger guns at their table. The women all scoffed and turned away.

"What a creep," one said.

"Like he'd ever have a chance. Such a disgusting man," another said.

Renee sank lower in her seat, trying to hide her reddening cheeks.

Without the prison cell of his hospital job, Lester was getting annoyed with the commute between Middleton and Chicago. It didn't make sense to keep travelling back and forth between the two. He knew he should focus on getting a new roommate. He wasn't playing as much WoW as he wanted; he kept spending time in shitty Middleton hotel rooms, that wouldn't be comped anymore. And he hated that shitty small town.

But he'd invested so much in Sarah and Dan. And he was close. Closer than he'd even come to fulfilling his goal of impregnating that young mother. And she'd allow it to happen willingly. Or, at least as much as Lester was comfortable.

He chuckled to himself as the elevator doors opened and he sauntered out into the hallway. He strode down to his apartment, shaking his head at the thought that even after he'd revealed part of himself to Dan and Sarah, he'd still fucked her and left her leaking with his load of cum. He'd lied about so much, yet they hadn't clued in to the fact that he'd never had a vasectomy. It was right there in their faces, but he'd done such a thorough job of presenting them with evidence and layering the lies that he impressed even himself.

His keys jingled as he unlocked his front door. The apartment was quiet, devoid of life. No Sarah. No Dan. He saw it for what it really was. A set. A trap. A fake slice of domestic life meant to lure in his prey and make them feel comfortable. Drop their guard. Let him in.

He kicked the door shut behind him and went to the only real area of his apartment. His bedroom. He switched on the light, squinted, and shut them back off again. He dropped his bag somewhere on the floor with the other refuse and plopped down at his command center.

Dan had sat in this chair naked. He'd need Ned to come over and clean it for him. Lester shook the mouse, and his screen came alive. Lester's heart kicked into overdrive.

Several windows were open on the screen. Files were moving. Status bars shone, alongside his flashing warning lights. He glanced at his phone; his computer hadn't sent him a single notification.

Someone had breached his system. Breached his state-of-the-art network. *WHAT THE FUCK!* Lester thought. He scrambled, mouse in hand, trying to decide what course of action to take first. How had they gotten in? Who had gotten in? What files were they after?

The images flicked over the screen too quickly for Lester to process. He tried clicking on them, clicking on his Discord, opening his cloud database, but his mouse was unresponsive. So was his keyboard. He kicked his chair back and flopped down hard onto the ground, wheezing at the impact. Lester pushed his large frame under the narrow desk, reaching through the tangled maze of computer wires until he found the power bar. His fat thumbs scrambled around until he found the power button, and he pressed it.

The whirling in the computer's fans slowly ceased. Lester lay on the floor, gasping for breath, sweat running down his forehead as the anger bubbled up inside of him.

"Motherfuckers!" Lester said, pushing himself up. His head hit the underside of his desk, stoking his anger further. He crawled backwards, like a seal with its head stuck in a tree trunk. After a brief struggle, he got to his feet and tore his router out of the wall.

He opened Discord on his phone. He'd been signed out. He tried to log in, but it said his username and password combination were incorrect. He tried again. And again. No movement. He tried to recover his password, but the recovery email never reached his inbox.

"Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Motherfuck," Lester seethed. He booted up his computer, without internet and tried to look through the logs to find out what happened. He needed the internet, though. He needed to check the infrastructure of his dark web operations. His clients. His livelihood.

He spent the next eight hours in a Mountain Dew-fueled fever dream, running diagnostics on his machine and his network. It had all been compromised. Everything. Everything he'd built. Accessed, scraped, and in many cases, he was now locked out of a vital area.

He couldn't abide by that. He started burning down what he still had access to rather than let whoever this was access it. He wouldn't be some puppet on a string. And he still had his hardbacks ups.

"I'll fucking kill them," Lester said, slamming his finger down with each letter on his keyboard.

The attacks were similar to the ones Cronos had attempted before. But much more sophisticated and higher in volume. They'd come from all angles, overwhelming his system's defenses. If he hadn't been out of town playing paddy cake, this wouldn't have happened.

He would have been able to shut them down before they started, live in real time. Was being thoroughly compromised like this worth getting his dick sucked? In the moment he'd wanted nothing more, but he couldn't keep going on like this. He'd fucked up, and now he was paying the ultimate price.

Dan's hands were numb. His knuckles white. Despite the car's air conditioning, there was a thin layer of sweat on his forehead. He just stared ahead, out the windshield in a daze as traffic crawled alongside him.

He kept gripping the steering wheel, afraid of letting go. Even though his car and those around it weren't moving, he couldn't let go. If he let go, he'd spiral back into that dark place again. The place of no control. Of weakness and submission. Where everyone else decided his fate.

The video on the phone played again in his mind. Lester and Sarah. Entwined. He swallowed, trying to push the memory down. He tried to block out Sarah, going again to Lester's room. Going back there, after they'd learned that this fat piece of shit had been recording them since the beginning. Threatened to expose them. Threatened to expose things Dan had done and said in that apartment. There were so many possibilities that Lester could have recorded. And then, her

wails of pleasure. Despite the betrayal and reveal, Sarah was still screaming in pleasure, tucked behind the closed door of that obnoxious asshole.

The car in front of him drifted up a few feet. Mechanically, Dan followed suit. His mind was a million miles away from the snarling traffic jam, embedded in the searing memories of Sarah crying out in pleasure over and over again. He pictured his hands. Staring down at them while on the couch, listening to his wife. He could remember them vividly. Empty, not doing anything to stop the situation.

But what could he really do? Lester had maneuvered around them so deftly. What could Dan have done? He'd thought he was getting an edge on the situation. They'd been so close to being done with Lester for good. But it had all been a sham. Dan thought he was finally winning, but Lester had been playing an entirely different game from the start, and Dan wasn't even on the board.

And now he was back here, mentally tapped. Going through life like a numb zombie, trying and failing to stop thinking about his failures. He'd seen the concern in Sarah's eyes when he'd left. They'd been close to getting back on the right path towards where'd they been. And now...he didn't know where they were. Adrift in the dark.

He hugged the girls and held the emotions off his face, worried he'd break down in front of them. A few more hours and his plane would be taking off out of O'Hare, and he'd be in Washington. Able to breathe again.

The cars ahead of him started to move, and the off-ramp came into view. Traffic stopped again while Dan stared at the ramp sign. He signalled and took it, escaping the slow, immovable traffic. These roads were clear. Dan could move freely again. Decide the destination, not be subject to the whims of others, as he had just been.

But was he really in control? He parked and looked up at the looming apartment building. He took the elevator up, found the familiar hallway and knocked on the door. A beautiful short redhead answered. Dan held her gaze but could *feel* the curves of her body. Her alluring presence was overwhelming.

"You," she whispered, pulling the door to her, hiding the rest of the apartment from Dan. "Get out of here. What the fuck are you doing here?"

"Lester," Dan breathed hard, grasping at the words as they flittered past in her mind.

Her features softened. "Yeah," she breathed.

"He..." Dan felt himself losing his grip. His body was ahead of him. His shoulders rising and falling with his breath as he tried to piece together a sentence. Anxiety crawled through him. "He was recording us the whole time. He...he wouldn't let us leave."

“That’s what he does,” Lizzie said quietly, her hands cradling her pregnant stomach. “He’s always in control. People like us...he traps us, and then it's too late.”

“Why the fuck didn’t you fucking tell me!” Dan shouted, making Lizzie jump and take a step back. “I came to you for help. Why the fuck didn’t you tell me about him?”

“I tried,” Lizzie seethed, pushing towards him, “I tried. What do you think he’d have done if he knew I told you about him? Hmm? He’d destroy me.”

Dan threw his arms to the side, gesturing to the hallway, “You’re already out. I’m the one with him stuck in my life. You’re free of him. Free!”

She craddled her stomach and murmured, “I’m not.”

Before Dan could parse that response. The door flung open, a man about Lizzie’s age strode out and immediately put himself between her and Dan.

“Who the fuck are you?” the man asked. Lizzie tried to grab his arm, but the man shrugged her off. She stepped back, hands still on her stomach.

“I’m Dan,” Dan said, trying to de-escalate this situation.

“Dan. Whatever. Why the fuck are you here, Dan?” the man said.

“Isaac, he’s just,” Lizzie started, but Issac waved her off.

Dan sighed, “I’m leaving.”

“Good,” Issac said, staring at Dan, waiting for him to make a move, “Get the fuck out of here.”

Dan gritted his teeth and slowly backed away down the hallway, not wanting to put his back to Lizzie’s boyfriend or husband. Issac stayed in the doorway, waiting for Dan to turn the corner. When he did, Dan quickly went to the elevator and rode it down to the ground floor. He didn’t breathe until he got back in his car.

It had been dumb to go to her. He didn’t know what else to do. He wanted to be angry at someone, but he just ended up mentally berating himself. The poor girl had been terrified. He’d terrified her. He felt like an asshole, but part of him was still angry at her for not warning him when he’d come for help before.

Not that it would have done any good by then. Dan thought. He had already been well into Lester’s web by then. Sarah under his thumb.

Things were worse than ever. He didn't see how it could get even worse.

Dan slumped in his chair, rubbing his eyes, trying and failing to focus. This wasn't what he needed right now. He couldn't be the guy Gordon and the other execs wanted. He couldn't be the guy he'd convinced them he was. Convinced himself he was.

He was a mess. His new office was new, and the staff was nice. Everything about his new job and his warm introduction had been nice. But Dan was feigning his way through all of it. Going through the motions. His mind back in Chicago in that shitty little apartment listening to his life fall apart as the trap closed around him at the same time Sarah's legs opened for Lester.

The screen in front of him was littered with onboarding documents, welcome emails and plenty of other distractions. He couldn't focus on any of it. Being a bit slow at first would be expected of a new hire, but Dan had been consulting with Sentinel Securities for months. He needed to get his shit together.

Dan was staring, unfocused at the screen, when a knock came at the door. Gordon strolled in with a wide smile on his face.

"First day in the new position and we're already overwhelming you with SOPs and emails, huh? Don't worry so much about it, take it a little bit at a time, and it'll all be fine," Gordon said with a smile.

On reflex, Dan returned the smile, but it didn't meet his eyes. He drifted back into his well-honed corporate small talk persona, "Yeah. You know how it is." He ran a hand through his hair, "Just trying to get all this onboarding done and plan out my next steps."

"Oh, and thanks again for dinner the other night," Dan quickly added, "Saran and I had a great time."

"So did we," Gordon nodded. "Dinner even came with a bit of a show."

"Yeah, that was weird," Dan said, feeling his conversational well going dry.

"That reminds me. I meant to look more into that guy." Gordon rapped his knuckles on the desk.

"Really?" Dan said as dread washed over him, "A random drunk merits that much attention?"

"He got close to my wife and I," Gordon said, "I don't like that. I want to know who he is, in case he ever gets close to use again. That's the line of work you're in now."

“Yes,” Gordon waved a hand dismissively at Dan’s office, “You’re mostly focused on our infrastructure and new builds, but ultimately we’re all about threat assessment and negating it. You understand that, right?”

“Crystal,” Dan said with a nod.

“Good. Well, I just wanted to welcome you to the team. I’ll let you get back to it,” Gordon said, nodding, then disappearing from the doorframe. Dan immediately slumped in his chair and pinched the bridge of his nose, wondering what fresh hell Gordon would uncover about Richard. Gordon was a smart man, and he’d easily connect the dots to Sarah and the hospital.

Dan drifted in and out of bursts of productivity throughout the day. He met new colleagues, was introduced to teams in other offices via Teams, and completed all the onboarding paperwork required by HR. His phone blinked to life, grabbing his attention.

Trisha: Hey, big boy, did anyone give you a proper welcome to the team? I’m talking about a nice, long, warm welcome.

Dan’s heart started to beat faster. This might be exactly what he needed. He stifled the debate over whether this was cheating. Sarah’s screams of pleasure still echoed in his ears.

He arranged for Trisha to visit his hotel room after work. It was just past six when she knocked on his door, wearing a sexy little black dress that she hadn’t been wearing at the office. Dan pulled her inside, slamming the door behind him.

No flirting, no preamble. She was on her back foot as he kissed her, tore at her clothes with his hands until the dress was a crumpled pile on the floor. Tricia gasped, falling back on the bed, dragging Dan with her.

He needed this. Need to reclaim how he felt. He’d felt powerful the last time with her and had gone on a tear afterwards. She was the answer, the cure to what he was feeling. This mouth battled each other as Dan pulled off his own clothes.

He wrapped his hand around Tricia’s panties and yanked them off. Tricia licked her lips and pulled Dan’s belt out of its loops, throwing it across the room. She pulled his boxers down and grasped his dick.

Confusion flashed on her face. Dan’s heart was beating out of his chest. He needed her. Wanted to fuck her so badly. But his dick was soft in her hands.

She gave it a few tugs, trying to will it alive. She moved seductively on the bed, waiting for him. Needing him just as much as he needed her. Thoughts of Sarah and Lester dominated his mind. He stared at his dick, pleading to god to let him get hard.

But it stayed soft. Tricia smirked and got onto her knees and took his dick in her mouth. She made exaggerated and very convincing moaning sounds around his soft cock. Her head bobbed up and down on him.

Five minutes later, he was still soft, and she finally gave up. "What's the matter? First day mess up your nerves?"

"Something like that," Dan said, flopping back onto the bed and closing his eyes. "I don't know."

"Well," Tricia said. Dan creaked an eye open. Tricia was getting dressed. "When your dick is working again, give me a call. Last time was something. This time...not so much."

Unceremoniously, she left. There were no comforting words like Sarah would have given him, no reassurance. Just cold, hard reality crashing down around him. Dan left himself drift off to sleep.

At some point in the night, his phone buzzed, waking him. A notification from the camera he installed in the house. It dawned on Dan just how convincing some of the cameras he'd installed had been.

As he fumbled to open the app, he realized that Lester probably had hidden cameras set up all over the apartment, and they'd never looked twice at any of them.

In the dark room, Dan bathed in the light of his phone. Opening the camera app, his eyes went wide.

"I have five minutes, Niko," Marcus said as he hovered behind his office chair. He poured two glasses of whiskey. He took an appreciative sip, then placed the other on the desk and pushed it towards Niko. The wiry man sat in one of the two plush chairs of Marcus' office.

"I've already read your update on the Marshall situation," Marcus said, swirling his drink and sniffing it. He took a long pull from it, letting silence fill the room and making Niko wait. "What conclusions do you come to, given all the information?"

"Well, I see it like this," Niko downed the entire glass of whiskey in one quick gulp, failing to appreciate the sophistication of the liquid or its subtle notes. "First, we got big ol'tub of jelly, Lester, right? Now looking back, he always has these sexy little roommates that only last a few months. Why's that? Well, because of what he does to 'em. Now there's them, the couple. Up until a few years ago, upstanding suburbanites, right up until Dan loses his job and gets desperate and moves to Chicago and rooms with Lester. Thats then things get interesting. I don't know when or how, but it looks like Lester managed to start fucking the wife and from what I heard, fucks her pretty damn good, making her a scream queen."

Niko put the empty glass back down on the wooden desk. Marcus eyed it, annoyed. There was a coaster right next to where he put it down. The desk was from an old-growth tree. Despite the implied circle the glass might leave, Marcus didn't let his annoyance show. Never let them see what you're thinking.

"Now that's all just dressing, right? Under it all, Lester is some kind of computer whiz. He hacked up even, according to our IT nerds, hacked that hospital Mrs. Williams worked at too. Given that, he's quite an interesting bloke, I'd say. Much more interesting than some of the goons you have me tail."

Marcus nodded along. Niko was great at gathering information and somewhat competent at reaching conclusions.

"That'll be all, Niko," Marcus waved a hand. Niko jumped up from the chair, saluted and left. When the door was shut, Marcus took the glass off the desk and rubbed away any stray liquid. There wouldn't be a ring.

Marcus allotted himself a couple of minutes to think on this issue before his next meeting. Lester had been an annoyance, but could be turned into quite an asset. His corruption of the wife seemed to line up quite well with one of the upcoming projects the Lincoln Group was working on. He'd love to have his team interview Lester and unravel his methods.

Niko wasn't privy to the IT investigation that Marcus' team had performed. Lester had built quite an interesting presence on the dark web. While there was no doubt that the small, beady-eyed man had ability, he lacked imagination and scale. Something that Marcus aimed to exploit in the near future.

The only question on Marcus' mind was what to do with him. Lester needed to be dealt with for intruding on their networks. But the more Marcus learned, the more interesting Lester became. Should he recruit him? Perhaps empower Dan and aid him in regaining a foothold in his marriage, angling Lester where Marcus could exploit him.

Marcus pulled up a picture of Sarah Williams and let his eyes wander over her form for a few seconds. There were other options too. Personal benefits Marcus could reap.

Decisions. Decisions.

Lester kept his entire system dark. They'd gotten in. He didn't know how far. He didn't know what they had taken. But they'd locked him out of servers and accounts. He couldn't get them back, no matter how many exploits he threw at them.

He was hitting a wall, over and over, and there was nothing he could do about it. He'd let himself get distracted, and now everything he'd built had crumbled. He stayed offline, segregating his computers from the World Wide Web.

There was only one thing he could think of left to do. His car whirled into the Williams' driveway. It was late. He hadn't called ahead. He didn't care anymore. There was nothing they could do to stop him. He wasn't playing the nice roommate, the benevolent boss. This was the real him.

He stomped up the driveway and pounded on the door. He grimaced and knocked again, gentler. He didn't want two crying brats awake as he pounded their mother. He didn't need the distraction.

Sarah's beautiful face appeared in the window next to the door, holding a cotton robe around herself. Her blue eyes were wide as she stared out at him.

"Let me know," Lester seethed, nodding towards the door.

She disappeared. The door unlocked. She pulled it open a crack, staring out at him, "Lester, what the fuck are you doing here? It's late. The girls are asleep."

"Is Dan here?" Lester said, pushing the door open and stepping past her. Lester's blood was boiling. He wanted to fuck Sarah in front of Dan, make him watch as his wife moaned for him. He needed to take back control, and this was the only way he knew how.

"No...he...uh...had to fly out for work," Sarah said slowly, looking him up and down, "What's going on, Lester? Are you okay?"

"No. Not even fucking close," Lester seethed, balling his hands into fists as he paced in the Williams' living room. "Not even fucking close."

"What's wrong?" Sarah asked, tying the robe's belt together. Lester's nails were digging into the palms of his hands. He clenched harder, enjoying the pain. It distracted him. He needed to get back into his servers. To take the war to them. Yet he was here. With her. Why?

He flexed his fingers in and out, his breath ragged.

"Lester," Sarah said, tentatively stepping towards him. He could see the conflict on her face. The war going on below the surface. The push and pull of her emotions. His machinations come to life.

Sarah had never seen Lester like this. The strong emotions. He was upset. Was this him showing her another part of himself? A peek behind the curtains? She'd berated herself, over and over, after what had happened in the apartment. How she's so easily gone down to her knees, how she'd let him fuck her. After everything he'd apparently been doing since she'd met him.

How he'd tricked her and Dan. But the more she thought about it, the more she wondered how complicit she was in it all. She gone along with most of it. She'd even let him record her a few times. Maybe it was just Dan he was putting up an angry show for. Competing with him for her. And now he was, visibly upset and pacing in her living room.

She didn't know what to do. Part of her wanted to kick him out. The other part of her wanted to soothe him and try to make everything okay. She barely knew which way was up anymore. She didn't know what was right. But she was glad Dan wasn't here. Not now. Lester needed her. She didn't want them to fight.

Despite the angry voice berating her from the back of her head, Sarah stepped forward and put her hand on Lester's shoulder. He tensed, visibly, his eyes seemingly distant, snapping onto her.

"It'll be okay, Lester," Sarah said softly, in the same tone she used when her girls get upset, "Whatever it is, it'll be okay."

She felt the tension melt from his shoulders, his breathing returning to normal. His eyes shifted from the manic desperation he'd just been pacing with to something she recognized. Hunger. His eyes flittered up and down, over her robe-covered body.

A shiver ran up her spine as she watched his transformation. Lester licked his fat lips, and now it was her turn for her breath to come in fits and starts. He reached out, grabbing her robe's belt and firmly pulling it loose. She didn't stop him. Her white cotton robe came undone, revealing her little silk nightgown underneath. She sucked in a breath as Lester's gaze left a trail of goosebumps over her flesh.

Sarah breathed hard and took a step back. She didn't bother covering herself, "You're sick, you know that? I should slap you for what you did to us."

Lester's chuckle came out like a warm growl. He stepped forward. She stepped back.

"You weren't complaining while my cock was in your mouth. Or when I was buried inside of you," Lester said, "Even after you learned all of it, we still made sweet, sweet music together. I'm sure Dan enjoyed listening to it."

"You're so fucking fucked up," Sarah turned, walking away into the kitchen. Lester shook his head, following after her. She hadn't thrown him out. He knew it was just a matter of time until her facade dropped yet again.

"You lied to me," Sarah spat when he walked in.

"Omitted," Lester said with a shrug, "The rest was true. Well, true enough."

“My marriage is at a breaking point because of you, Lester,” Sarah breathed, “I don’t know if we survive this now, too.”

“Oh, stop,” Lester said, putting his hands up, “Your marriage is at a breaking point because you’re husband is a little cuck, and his wife loves to fuck me. And now he has buyer’s remorse. This has nothing to do with it.”

“You recorded me. Us. So many times, that’s fucking creepy,” Sarah shouted. She winced and in a lower voice, said, “It’s disgusting.”

Something about being called creepy irked Lester. He strode across the tile floor, quickly closing the gap between them. Sarah held her ground, planting her feet. Lester pulled Sarah to him, pressing his body against hers and pinning her against the counter.

“You like disgusting,” Lester said, his tongue sprawling out of his mouth. He licked her neck, and he felt her stiffen under his touch. “You like getting dirty and crawling in the mud with me. Now you can stop feeling guilty about it with Dan. Now he knows you have to go along with it. It’s a win-win.”

“I hate you,” Sarah said. Except it came out as a half moan, Lester grinding his cock against her. Her silk nightgown was riding her thighs. Her perfect bubble butt was pinned against the countertop as Lester ground into her. He shoved his leg between her knees, parting them, and she sucked in breath.

“You fucking love me,” Lester growled. Sarah gasped as Lester’s hands were on her shoulders, tearing her cotton robe down to the counter where it was pinned between the granite and her body. His tongue was already on her collarbone. Her body squirmed against him, half to get away, half to squirm for more. Her hips squirmed against his cock, and she shuddered.

He roughly pushed his leg to one side, knocking her knee away. He stepped in, now firmly between her legs. With one heft, he had her arched back over the counter, her legs spread open for him.

Her grinding against her, his cock already hard as a rock, sliding up and down her little panties. Lester gave an approving growl as he held onto her for support. His body was moving under his. He pulled his head back, staring hard into her eyes. She couldn’t catch her breath.

His shit-eating grin spread. He’d seen her submission in her eyes. Her want and desire for this outcome. He was like Thanos. Inevitable.

Defiance rose inside of her, but it was snuffed out by his fat, greasy lips mashing against hers. She couldn’t breathe. His tongue pryed her lips apart and snaked into her mouth,

“Mhmmmmhmm,” Sarah moaned into him. Her chest arched, pressing against him through the thin material of her nightgown. Her ankles began caressing his thighs, hooking behind them, beckoning

him in. Her soft hands on his hairy biceps. Together, they pulled his shirt off. Her feet pushing down his sweatpants.

Lester humped forward, his cock spearing at her panty-covered pussy. Sarah arched her back, pushing her hips forward to grind against Lester. She quivered, feeling his throbbing cock so fucking close. Whatever angst she felt. Her anxiety and panic at the situation. The cock in front of her would release her from it all.

Lester pulled the rest of her nightgown down to her waist, freeing her bountiful breasts for him. He grinned eagerly and began to lap at them.

Dan gulped and watched the camera feed. Sarah was pinned against the counter. Lester, for some reason, was there, in his kitchen, about to ravage his wife. He could call her. Or call him. Interrupt them, but would they even care?

He stared at the screen and shifted in the bed. His dick hurt. It was hard.

Shame filled his heart, but he couldn't tear his eyes away from the screen.

Ted had seen the SUV pull into the driveway like a bat out of hell. He'd been sitting there hoping to catch a peek of Sarah, but she'd had her windows drawn. He still hadn't worked up the courage again to tell her he knew her secret.

It was this fat bastard with the greasy hair again. Now he was showing up in the middle of the night, on the same day that Dan left for a work trip? He wasn't guilty enough to think it was a coincidence.

The man barged into the house, and the door slammed shut behind him. That's when Ted made his move. He slinked out of his back door and over to the Williams' lawn. Keeping to the shadows, he crept through their yard. The front window curtains had been drawn, so as quietly as he could, he opened the gate latch and snuck into the backyard.

He'd only ever seen their yard from his upstairs window. Never stepped foot in it. But here he was, in the middle of the night as the moon hung in the sky, walking on foreign soil. The thought of catching Sarah in a compromising situation already had his old cock hard as stone. He rounded the corner of the house and came up just out of view of a back patio window. He heard raised voices. Maybe he could rush in and save the day if she were in trouble.

But when he looked in, the greasy man had the voluptuous Sarah Williams pinned against her kitchen counter. The mother of two's body was grinding against the fat man's. Ted thought his heart was gonna stop when the short man pulled down her nightgown, letting Ted's eyes feast on Sarah's naked breasts. He couldn't help himself and started stroking himself through his blue jeans.

This woman he'd lusted after from afar for years was right here on the other side of the glass. Half-naked and getting ready to fuck. Ted watched as the short, fat man reached down and yanked on something. Sarah yelped. Ted heard it through the glass and wondered how her kids hadn't.

His mouth went dry as the big man held up a wad of white panties in his hand. Heat and anticipation was written all over Sarah Williams' face. Her large, bare breasts rose and fell in time as she waited. Ted didn't breathe either. The three of them locked in place.

Then, with an angry glint in his eyes, the fat man grunted and thrust forward, causing the blonde mother to scream.

"AHHFUUCKK," Sarah screamed as Lester shoved his entire length into her without preamble. There was no teasing. No foreplay. Lester punched his cock into her pussy, making her stretch around him.

Her wet walls gripped him as he pulled back, preparing herself for more of him. Sarah held onto him, bracing herself as he thrust his entire length into her again. He pumped into her, his balls slapping the side of the counter, her knees bending to reach behind his ass, hooking her ankles in a desperate attempt to pull him deeper.

Lester licked his lips, and Sarah grabbed him by his thinning hair and pulled his disgusting face down to her chest. He didn't need to be told twice. His swirling tongue danced across her skin until it found her nipple.

"Uhhhhmmm," Sarah moaned as his wet, hot tongue teased her. He flicked it up and down. Then swirled around her nipple. Sarah arched her back further, pulling her head down as his cock pounded up into her. His mouth closed around it, and he started sucking on it, eliciting more guttural groans from the young mother.

Lester was bucking his hips, relentlessly pounding his fat cock into Sarah. She threw her head back, blonde mane flying as she fucked him back. Her hips rocked off the counter in time with his thrusts, legs pulling him in for more. Sarah groaned, chest pushed out into Lester's face. His melon-shaped head getting lost in Sarah's breasts. He changed nipples, assaulting the other, and Sarah groaned her encouragement. This is what she'd been waiting for.

Lester pulled up from her chest, wiping saliva from his mouth. A determined look on his face, his hands grasped her shoulders, pulling her down, her ass pinned against the counter. His fingers dug into her flesh, sure to leave marks in the morning. Lester's cock head drove into her pussy, hitting dangerously close to her cervix. Each time he pulled it back and rammed it forward, it dragged across her G-Spot, sending little shocks of addictive pleasure coursing through her. Sarah's hips rolled with Lester's thrusts; she was grinding herself against him for maximum pleasure like some kind of wanton slut.

"Still disgusting?" Lester grunted, sneering down at her. She stared up at him, a mix of revulsion, spite and love. She grabbed him by the back of the head and pulled him into a sloppy kiss. There was no coordination. Wild tongues splayed out of their mouths, licking and tasting each other's lips and faces.

"Fuck," Sarah gasped as they came apart. Saliva had dripped down their faces and coated her heavy breasts. "Oh god."

"Tell me how disgusting I am," Lester grunted. Punctuating each word with a thrust. "Tell me how fucking disgusting the fat slob who is fucking you is."

"You're fucking disgusting, Lester." Sarah panted.

"And I'm the one whose fucking you, right?" Lester demanded. Cock hitting all the right places inside of her.

"Yes. Fuck. Yes, you are. Don't stop," Sarah whined.

"The disgusting bastard who is going to knock you up?" Lester growled again. Sarah's mind felt drunk. He was loving and leaning into this fantasy so much lately. She didn't know why. She just loved how much it turned him on.

"I'm gonna get knocked up by a disgusting fucking creep," Sarah panted, lost in the moment. Her body shifted, her ass planted onto the counter as she fucked him back. Lester was breathing hard, face red like a tomato.

Suddenly, he pulled his cock all the way out of her and dragged Sarah off the counter. She stumbled to stand, the muscles in her legs having forgotten how to work. He grabbed her by the hair and pulled her out of the kitchen, through the living room and pushed her back onto the couch.

Sarah blinked hard, lying back, looking up at the ceiling. She stared down her naked body, her lean legs. Beyond them, a hairy troll-like monster loomed, getting closer and closer. A giant sledgehammer cock dangled between his legs, already wet with her juices. Her toned knees spread as he approached. Her breathing quickened. He stepped up, kneeling on the couch, her

legs fully open for him. Her lined himself up, the head of his cock tickling her entrance. She bucked her hips off the couch, trying for a connection..

He grinned down at her. Then looked past her to the wall. She couldn't tear her eyes from him. She needed him. Lester looked between her and the wall, licking his lips.

Dan's heart almost jumped out of his chest when Lester looked right at him. At the camera on the wall's outlet. It looked like he was seeing Dan, stroking himself in his dark hotel room. Lester smirked and gave the subtlest of nods. He knew Dan had the cameras. He recognized them. He'd known all along.

Terror coursed through Dan's veins. Lester had always known. Lester licked his lips, his grin spreading. He turned his attention back to Sarah while she buckled beneath him, eager for his cock.

"I'm going to fuck a baby into you tonight," Lester said in a low, serious voice.

"Do it," Sarah whined, desperation dripping. "Do it, Lester. Fuck a baby into me. Make me pregnant."

Lester shook his head, that cocky smile still dancing on his face, "No, you don't understand. I'm going to do it for real. Tell me you want it."

"God, Lester, please do it. Just fuck me. Please," Sarah begged. Dan's stomach twisted, and pieces fell into place. Impossible pieces. No. Not impossible. Improbable.

"I'm gonna fuck you with my disgusting cock. No vasectomy. Just pure superior DNA. You good with that?" Lester said, staring down at her.

"Lester," Sarah said seriously. Dan could see her breasts rising and falling on camera. She was struggling to catch her breath. Her hands went to his, pulling him towards her, "Breed me."

"Breed me," Sarah said, knowing the words were the key to Lester's fantasy. She craved his hungry look. She wanted more of it. She knew the words to say to make that happen. Lester's grin widened, and he looked behind her again. Sarah turned her head to see what he'd been looking at, but at that second Lester pushed his cockhead into her, causing her to jump.

"Breed mee Lester," Sarah cried, filling herself stretch. Feeling so wonderfully full. She licked her lips, the way Lester did, pulling him down onto her. "Breed me, Lester. Fill me. Make me yours."

She pulled his greasy head down, her tongue already out to meet his fat lips. Their mouths collided in a desperate battle of deep hunger. Tongues clashing together. Lester grunted into her mouth, his hips bucking, pumping his cock into her.

“Ohhhhh...mhmhmhmhmhmhmhmhm,” Sarah cried out, clutching him, feeling his entire length burrow into her. Her body stretched to accommodate him, and for the hundredth time, Sarah was amazed she could take Lester's cock inside of her. He spread her open.

“Uhhhmhmhmhm,” Sarah moaned, a tear running down her cheek. His cock pushed in, igniting her nerves, pushing past where Dan could reach. Her body responded, rocking back, pushing off the couch. Making sure he hit all the wonderful places inside of her.

“Lester,” Sarah cried, clutching him hard. His cock felt like a molten rod inside of her. Hot and slick. “Oh god, Lester.”

His tongue wrapped around hers. Sarah sucked on it. Moaned around it. Lester's slow, deliberate speed was driving her insane. She needed more of it. Harder. Faster.

“Lester,” she breathed. “Lester. Lester. Lester. Please. Please Lester. Faster. Please fuck me faster. Lester.”

Lester pulled back, staring into her eyes. He had the oddest smile on his face. It wasn't the usual smirk. He stared at her. Hard. continuing his slow, deliberate strokes into her. Slow and deep. Agonizingly slow.

“Beg me to breed you again,” Lester said, pulling almost out all the way, then quickly pushing all the way in. Quick pull out, fast thrust in.

“Uh...Uhhh...ohh...mhmhmhm,” Sarah's throat responded. Her body seizing up, trying to match the new pace on instinct. Lester slowed back down again. Agonizingly teasing her.

“Oh god, Lester.” Sarah moaned, his mind swirling. She knew what he wanted. What she had to do to get more of him. It was so easy, “Breed me, Lester. I want it. I want you. I want you to pour into me. Fill me. Fill me with your cum. I want to be full of you.”

Lester's eyes grew manic. He pushed up from her so his sloth-like body hovered over hers. Sweat dripped off him, painting her breasts. His pace quickened. Thrusts coming faster and faster. Urgently.

She'd said the right words. Unlocked what she wanted. She needed to keep it going, the words tumbled out of her mouth, “Give it to me, Lester. Cum inside me. Breed me.”

“Gonna. Fill you.” Lester grunted, breath coming out ragged. The couch protested under them as Lester began to power fuck her into it. “My little sperm are gonna be swimming inside of you.”

“I can’t wait,” Sarah’s hands dropped to her breasts, kneading them, pinching her nipples. All thoughts dedicated to the idea of Lester exploding inside of her. “God, I need it, Lester. I need your cum.”

“I’m going to knock you up Sarah,” Lester said.

“I know. Do it,” Sarah begged, arching her back. Breasts pushing into her hands as she did. Her hips flying off the couch, only to be pinned down by Lester’s cock as he impaled her.

“I’m serious,” Lester said. Sarah cracked an eye open, looking up at this hideous troll-like man looming over her. Staring down at her with a manic expression. Dead serious. Eyes ablaze with a ferocity she hadn’t seen. A deep need and desire somewhere there behind his eyes. She gulped, on a deep level knowing he was serious but understanding it was impossible. Her brain was on fire. She felt the embers of an orgasm being stoked in her pussy. She wasn’t about to stop.

“How....god....just do it. I want it, Lester,” Sarah licked her lips. Her legs wrapping around his ass, pulling him deeper.

“Fuck the vasectomy,” Lester barked, making her jump, “Fuck your pills. We’re just two people fucking. You’re fertile. My swimmers are free. Goalie’s out of the next. Completely unprotected.”

Something thrummed inside Sarah. Her hips bucked. Her orgasm was rushing towards the finish line. Her hands flew to the back of Lester’s sweat watermelon head. She pulled herself up and bit his bottom lip, pulling it out. “God. Do it. Cum in me, Lester. Make me yours. Fuck your bastard into me. I want it. Please...”

As the words spilled out of her mouth, Sarah felt it. Her body going into overdrive. She wasn’t stopping for anything. Her hips slammed off the couch to meet Lester’s immovable body.

“Oh god. Lester. Yes...please....fuck.....fill me....fill me...fill me...FILL ME,” Sarah screamed. She dropped back to the couch, hands on her breasts. Lester thrust into her, balls slapping against her ass. “Fuuuckkmhmmmmmm.”

Sarah’s eyes rolled back in her skull. Everything went white. A surging river rushed forth and battered down the dam holding back her orgasm. It rushed into her. Fireworks exploded throughout her body all at once. Warmth spread through her very being, overwhelming her senses.

“I’m gonna cum,” Lester announced, somewhere far away. “My potent, virile seed is going to unleash deep inside –”

“Ohhh...just...fucking...do it...” Sarah whimpered through ragged breath, “Let's make a baby.”

“UGGHHHHH,” Lester grunted. His cock head expanded inside of her. His ball slapped her ass and stayed there. She felt them heave. Sarah gasped. A thick, hot rope of cum blasted deep into her. It ignited her orgasm, punching through an unknown ceiling inside of her, surging to new heights. It dwarfed what came before, melting her brain.

Her head lolled to the side. Another sticky rope of cum exploded into her.

Her vision returned, fuzzy. The first thing she saw was Lester’s ugly, contorted face as he came. Bloodshot eyes piercing her soul. Jowels shaking. Her body seized around his cock. Pussy milking him.

Another thick rope painted her insides. She felt impossibly full. Thick cum filled every inch of her insides.

Lester added another glob of cum. More. Hot and thick.

Sarah’s eyes rolled back as she came again. Her skin was on fire. Her mind drifted from her body. She shuddered as it overwhelmed her senses. Everything was warm and right. Perfect. As it should be.

Lester grunted and collapsed onto her. She felt cum leaking down to her asshole. She sucked in a breath, brain returning to her body. Lester rolled onto his side, cock still embedded deep into her. Exhaustion took her, and her mind faded into sleep.

Dan held his phone in one hand, staring at the sweaty sleeping bodies. Her heart felt shattered. Shame coursed through him. His other hand was covered in a sticky mess. His dick ached. It was still hard despite cumming a few minutes ago.

His stomach turned.

A simple question kept churning through his mind. He couldn’t stop it. He was questioning everything.

What if Lester could knock Sarah up?