

Are we really at the end of June? Alright, well, anyways, here's Chapter 43 of Toxic Attraction. Things are taking a bit of a turn here for Dan and Sarah. Sometimes I feel truly bad for what they are going through, particularly Dan. But alas, that's the story. July should be a productive month. So without further ado, I'll drop this here and spend the rest of the time I have today writing for you all. Thank you, I appreciate your eye balls on the story!

Lester groaned as he rolled over. He wanted to stay in bed, but nature was calling. With some effort, he hoisted himself up, kicking off the sheets, and sat up on the edge of the bed. He blinked and looked around for a few seconds, not recognizing his surroundings.

There was a light snore coming from behind him. He twisted, like a troll peering up from under a bridge, and saw flawless skin on a naked back. A blonde mane and a little bit of her bubble butt peaking out from beneath the sheets.

His sleep-deprived brain waffled on whether it was Sarah or Renee. They both looked so similar. It was only then that the surrounding scenery clicked into place. Dan and Sarah's bedroom. Lester chuckled to himself and grinned, remembering the previous night. How Sarah begged for him to breed her. The way he'd displayed their animalistic breeding right in front of one of Dan's stupid hidden cameras. Did Dan really think he wouldn't notice those? Peon.

Lester kept his eyes on Sarah, tracing the curves of her body. Imagining how it would change once her stomach began to swell with his child. It was a delicious thought. One that he let himself get momentarily lost in. His DNA swirling and combining with hers. Right under Dan's nose. Perfection.

He was happy with himself. He plodded to the bathroom and started to take a leak, not really caring about accuracy as he yawned and stretched. His stream bobbed up and down as he did. Lester drifted blissfully between fully waking and being lulled back to dreamland. He couldn't wait to slide into Sarah again. Maybe he could convince her to come back to Chicago with him for a few days of debauchery. Having her all to himself in the apartment, making sure he got her knocked...

The apartment. He'd come straight from the apartment after he discovered his network had been taken down. That someone had got the better of him and had stripped away his access to everything he'd spent the last dozen years building. The stream abruptly cut off.

He flushed and was about to stomp out of the bedroom, but paused and looked under the sink at the blister package of pills Sarah had there. He allowed himself a moment to smirk before the scowl painted over his face.

Lester retreated to the bedroom, casting one last lingering glance at Sarah's naked form and the promises it held. She sucked him in. Brought him here to this godforsaken town. He couldn't defend his empire from here. He needed a computer.

Down the hallway, Lester found Dan's office and quickly got onto the computer. He didn't bother closing the office door. It would be funny if one of the girls woke up and discovered him. It would create all kinds of delicious chaos.

If he couldn't be back in Chicago at his command center, a computer with a spark of electricity would be the next best thing. Dan's computer was pathetic by comparison, though. It had an old processor and just a bare amount of RAM. Lester wouldn't be able to do anything process-intensive. He itched for his own computer. To be back in Chicago, trying to right the wrongs that had been perpetrated against him. But he was here.

He still kicked himself for running. Running away from Chicago. From his problems. Running to her. For comfort. Like a lost little boy. Lester shook himself and put those thoughts to the back of his head. He needed to focus.

Fingers flew across the keyboard as Lester tried to remote into some of his servers, trying to get in through a backdoor. He didn't have his usual toolkit, but he didn't know if those had already been compromised. He'd have to build everything from the ground up. Again.

Lester tried several different backdoors. Attacked his own servers from different vectors. A bead of sweat ran down his head. Either he'd done too good a job closing these off and building a semi-impregnable system, or Cronos or whoever he was working with had locked things down even tighter.

Lester pounded the keys with his fingers, trying everything he knew. Trying to get back into the system he built.

Somewhere in a dark server room, a script fired on a server. It had one simple purpose. To capture IP addresses of anyone trying to access one of the servers. It filed the information away in a database to be reviewed.

"Jesus fucking christ, relax already, will you?" Lester complained as Sarah hurriedly ushered him down the stairs. She'd barely had time to get her bathrobe wrapped around herself. It was early. But not early enough.

The girls would be stirring soon. She needed to get Lester out of the house before they did. He hadn't been in the bed when she'd woken up. It was a miracle she had a full bladder and forced herself to her feet. Her body yearned for the bed. To rest, to sleep after the night of strenuous activities that Lester had put her through.

She'd found him naked in Dan's office on his computer. Feet away from the girls' bedroom door. If one of them had woken up, they would have discovered him. He was being careless on purpose, and it irked her.

She shoved his broad, flabby back, pushing him down the stairs.

"I get it. You'd think after the orgasms I gave you last night, you'd be a little more grateful," Lester complained loudly.

"Shut the fuck up," Sarah hissed as they took the last step down onto the main floor. She shoved an armful of his clothes at him. "They'll hear you."

"Please, if you didn't hear their mom howling at the moon last night, they aren't gonna hear me now," Lester chuckled. He took the clothes and started putting them on. Agonizingly slowly. Sarah knew her window of opportunity was quickly shrinking. She needed him out.

"Lester, I swear to God," Sarah started, but Lester cut her off.

"Yeah, you were doing a lot of that last night," Lester grinned. "You got quite biblical."

"Lester, it's not funny. Please. For me," Sarah kept casting glances up the stairs, her chest was tight, just waiting to hear a door open and the familiar pitter patter for feet bound down the stairs.

"Alright, whatever," Lester finished dressing in his customary sweatpants and stained shirt. He stretched, loudly yawning as he padded to the door. "Give me a kiss before I go."

"Lester," Sarah said, feeling her blood begin to boil. He was toying with her. He shouldn't be toying with her. She'd already accepted him into her home after everything he'd done. After he revealed he'd been recording her in who knows how many compromising positions. She needed to address that. To make him delete it all. But right now she needed him out.

She angled her head down and planted a kiss on his fat lips. His tongue immediately darted out, and he pulled her in tight, pushing against her. Sarah let him. She let this short, troll-like man kiss and grope her. And her body kissed him back, groaning into his mouth.

Once her mind caught up, she managed to push him off her and wipe the saliva from her lips. "There. Happy? Time to go."

"I didn't say I wanted a kiss on the lips," Lester grinned, lowering the waistband of his pants. His cock was already hard, jutting out as he held it pointed at her. "Come on now, don't be shy."

Sarah rolled her eyes and gulped. She kept the mask of annoyance on her face, but her knees had gone weak at the sight of his dick. What was wrong with her? Why did she respond like this? To

him of all people?

She kept a fiery gaze locked on Lester as she quickly lowered herself and pecked the end of his cock with her lips.

"Come on, that wasn't so bad, was it?" Lester sneered as she got back to uneasy feet.

"Satisfied?" Sarah asked.

"Not in the least," Lester said. Something dark passed across his face before it disappeared just as quickly. "You should show more respect, my dick's the thing that's gonna give you that baby you've been craving."

Sarah's breath caught in her throat. She straightened and shook off the momentary flashback to the night before. That talk of getting knocked up had turned her on. Lester had caught that and wasn't letting it go.

"Yes, Casanova, you caught me red-handed. Please, oh please, I will henceforth show you all due respect," Sarah said flatly. The smile disappeared from Lester's face. Sarah tugged the door open and ushered Lester outside.

She could tell he was annoyed, and part of her was happy about it. He was a manipulative asshole. And he was fucking with her and Dan in a way that she should have gone scorched earth on. But he had his claws in her. In her life.

As he walked to his car, Sarah froze. In the early morning light filtering into the street, Ted was already on his lawn, gardening. And he was watching Lester do the walk of shame. As much as she wanted to dash back into the house, she held her ground, standing uncertainly on her porch. She didn't want him to see her falter.

But Ted didn't look surprised. He had a knowing smirk on his face. Like he'd caught her with her hand in the cookie jar. Lester didn't seem to notice. If he did, he didn't care. The short man got into his SUV and backed out of the driveway.

Ted watched Lester go before his gaze fell back on Sarah. He looked like he was about to say something. Before he could, Sarah gave him a polite wave and headed back inside the house.

She knew he knew. She knew he knew. It was like their own little secret. Their own filthy little secret. Something they shared. It was kind of intimate after all. Ted paced back and forth in his living room, thinking about his encounter that morning.

He stayed up all night after watching them through the window. Waiting for him to leave. He downed the contents of his Red Bull and placed it on the table with the others. He'd timed it perfectly. He'd been there when that fat, greasy man left. Sarah had seen him.

She knew, he knew. She must be going crazy over there. Thinking about him. Wondering what he'll do with that information. What he might try. He was surprised she hadn't come over to try to convince him of some false narrative. That would have been too easy. He would have loved beckoning her into *'talk'*.

But she was probably doing the same thing he was. Pacing. He stopped and thought about that. There was something there that he couldn't quite articulate. Some kind of dance between them. A push and pull only they knew about. Maybe she'd see the beauty in that.

Ted downed another Red Bull and ignored the heart palpitations he felt. He couldn't pace there any longer. He was outside within the minute, crossing his lawn and the Williams' driveway before his brain caught up with him. He was running on instinct. Each step forward pulled him closer to her. Their little game was reaching its crescendo.

He rang the doorbell and shifted his weight from foot to foot. Each second dragged on, and for the first time since discovering their little dance, he realized he had no idea what to say.

The door opened.

Sarah stood there, and Ted couldn't help but stare. His eyes drank in her form, every curve of her body. The long legs, her hips, the way her clothes clung to her curves, and the magnificent rack and those killer collarbones. And her face...

He almost took a step off the porch when he looked at that face. She looked like an angel with that blonde, beautiful hair flowing behind her. She narrowed her eyes, but kept a radiant white smile on her face.

"Hi Ted," she said slowly. It looked like she was doing some mental math in her head. Ted swore she'd felt the pull of their little dance, too. "How are you doing?"

"I'm doing real well," Ted put his hands in his pockets and rocked forward on the balls of his feet. "Real good."

She raised her eyebrows at him and waited. This was supposed to be the part where she begged him. Pulled him inside and begged for his silence. But she just stood there expectantly.

Ted sputtered, "I wanted to apologize for earlier."

“Oh? No need, Ted, but thank you,” Sarah said with a smile. She gestured behind her, where Ted could hear the girls. “I need to run and get the girls ready. Thank you so much for stopping by, though.”

As Sarah was about to close the door, Ted blurted, “That guy earlier. He wasn’t Dan.”

Sarah froze and turned back to him, “No, he wasn’t.”

“Not your husband.”

“No.”

“Okay. Well. I think Dan has a right to know, don’t you? Unless, of course, you want to keep this our little secret.” The words tumbled out of Ted’s mouth, and he hated how it sounded. Those fucking Red Bulls had hyped him up way too much.

“Oh? And what exactly are you proposing?” Sarah held the door close to her. She had a predatory gaze on her face. Purely sexual. Something like a cat toying with a mouse.

“I’ll tell him. I’ll tell him all about what I saw. Unless we can come to some kind of agreement.” Ted steadied himself, trying to project confidence he wasn’t feeling at the moment.

“What kind of agreement, Ted? Spit it out,” Sarah said with a sultry air.

“Well, I think, for starters, we should have this discussion in a more *intimate* environment,” Ted leaned in as he whispered. Sarah raised an eyebrow at him.

“Intimate, hmm?” She half moaned, and Ted felt himself tent in his pants. His mouth was dry, and he desperately wished he’d brought a Red Bull with him.

Sarah leaned closer, and he mimicked the movement. Getting close enough that he could smell her strawberry perfume. Her lips were right there, full and slightly wet. Sarah straightened her face.

“Ted. I say this as a neighbor and someone who respects their privacy. Get off my porch now. Don’t bring this up again. Understand?”

The door slammed shut in his face. Ted just stood there, momentarily flabbergasted, not understanding what had happened. Going from extremely aroused to deep shame and guilt in a matter of seconds. His face flushed with embarrassment.

Ted walked quickly—not running—back to his house and disappeared inside.

It wasn't a great look for Dan to leave Washington so early. In reality, he should have stayed and networked with his new colleagues. Several staff members were still working in cubicles, but Gordon had insisted that Dan receive an office. And now he was back, landing in Chicago.

It was a bad look. He knew that. They had promised to accommodate his position, and he was technically a remote employee first. But he knew the expectations. They wanted him in the office. They were likely just entertaining him during the job's introductory period.

He knew it wouldn't last.

Gordon hadn't let the smile fade from his face when Dan had told him. But his eyes weren't smiling. They were calculating. Dan knew he was fucking up, getting off on the wrong foot with the man.

But he couldn't just sit in his hotel room night after night watching the sordid affair play out on his home cameras. Cameras. One's Lester apparently knew all about. He'd been so focused on fixing his work life that he'd let his family life slip.

And now he was further under Lester's thumb than ever before. The cretin had recorded who knows what on his own hidden cameras throughout the apartment. Whether there were more recordings, Dan didn't actually know. But he needed to find out.

And more importantly, he needed to find out if Lester could actually impregnate his wife. He'd gone along with a lot. Let a lot of things slip. First, it was the sex. Then the condom coming off. But he'd rationalized that all and been okay, because Lester had had a vasectomy. Dan knew that. He'd driven him to the fucking appointment.

But he couldn't shake the image of Lizzie's pregnant stomach. And Lester's insistence on using pregnancy talk during his sex with Sarah. And how enthusiastically she had taken to it. The math just wasn't adding up to him. Or, at least, he didn't like what it was adding up to.

When he got off the plane, he didn't take an Uber to the apartment. Instead, he went to see Lizzie again. It was dumb and probably a terrible idea. But he needed to ask her a question. One she wouldn't like. But he needed her to answer it.

His hands unconsciously balled into fists as he rode the elevator up. When it dinged, and the doors opened, Dan hesitated before stepping out. He was afraid of what he was about to learn. Part of him, the one that stayed still while Lester ravaged his wife, wanted him to just stay in the elevator, let the doors close and ride it back down.

His fingernails dug into the palms of his hands, and he stepped out into the hallway. The doors slid closed behind him. Even with his heart hammering in his chest, Dan strode down the hallway towards Lizzie's apartment. She wouldn't be happy to see him. He swallowed.

Dan steadied himself on the wall, drawing on strength to do what needed to be done. He knocked on the door and waited.

It wasn't Lizzie who answered the door. The man who had yelled at him last time appeared in the doorway, his smile vanishing instantly when he recognized Dan.

"What the fuck are you doing here?" Issac demanded. Dan raised his hands peacefully.

"Look, I just need two minutes. I just need to ask Lizzie one question," Dan said.

"Elizabeth," Issac corrected. "Fuck off, right now, buddy."

"Issac? Whose at the door?" An alarmed woman's voice called from inside. Issac drew the door closer to himself. "You have five seconds to get out of here."

Dan steeled his resolve, "I'm not going anywhere until I talk to her."

From inside the apartment, soft footsteps grew closer. "Who is it?" came a whisper behind Issac.

"Lizzie," Dan said loud enough for her to hear, "Can I talk to you for one second?"

"That's it," Issac grimaced, stepping into the hallway and pulling the door closed behind him. His hands sprang up, pushing Dan back against the hallway's wall. Dan didn't want to fight. He knew he should walk away. But this guy was standing between him and the answers he needed. So Dan shoved him back. Issac was younger than him, but Dan still made him stumble.

The door opened, and Lizzie poked her head out. Her protruding stomach evident. Her eyes went wide when she saw Dan.

"Lizzie, one quick question and then I'll never –"

Issac's fist connected with Dan's eye, and his head snapped back against the wall. The hallway around him spun for a second as Dan sagged back into the wall. Issac was holding his hand. Dan blinked, getting his bearings. Issac stood, favoring his hand and started saying something that Dan's brain couldn't process. As Issac advanced on him, Dan reacted on instinct, a kick snapped out and took Issac in the gut, making him double over.

Dan clenched his fist. Rage boiled over inside him. Months of frustration. It finally had an outlet. One that had started this. He cocked his fist back and was about to drive it down into the man's temple with all his strength.

"No!" Lizzie shouted, "Please don't. Don't hurt him."

Dan hesitated, fist shaking. It would feel so good just to hit something. Instead, he kicked Issac in the shoulder, sending him sprawling onto his side. Dan fell back against the wall, panting. He locked eyes with Lizzie and said, "One question, and then I'm out of your life for good."

"What is it?" Lizzie said, reaching down to try to pull Issac to his feet.

Dan's eyes darted down to her stomach. "It's about Lester."

Lizzie stiffened, but had to know that was the only reason Dan would be here. Dan stepped closer, keeping his voice low. "Months ago, he asked me to take him to an appointment, but now I'm wondering, well, is Lester —"

Issac lunged and tackled Dan into the opposing wall. Drywall crunched under his weight. Before he could shake the stars out of his eyes, another fist connected with his face. Then another pounded into his stomach.

Dan fell onto the hallway floor and spat blood onto the carpet. A kick connected with his ribs.

"Fuck off," Issac shouted, rearing another fist back. Lizzie latched onto his arm, holding it in place.

"Come on," Lizzie said carefully. "He's done. If you keep hitting him..."

She let the words hang there. Issac slowly lowered his fist. "Don't come back," he commanded and pushed their door open. He ushered Lizzie inside. The door clicked shut. Dan rolled onto his side and cradled his ribs. He just lay there on the floor for several minutes before he found it in himself to get up.

He glanced at the closed door, debating knocking on it again. His bruised face told him not to. Having not completed his mission, he slowly slunk back to the elevator and rode it down to the street, and called an Uber.

It dropped him off at his old apartment, where his car was still parked. He winced as he got into it and let his eyes close. Everything hurt. He hadn't been beaten this badly since middle school. He should have socked Issac in the face when he had the chance. He just sat there for several minutes until he stuck the keys in the ignition before pausing.

He craned his neck and looked up at the building in front of him. All the unpleasant memories churned with the erotic desire he and Sarah had experienced here. A thought passed into his mind. He got out and headed into the building.

Like all the other times, Dan wasn't sure if Lester was home or not. The main living space sat untouched, like a sick display in a museum about modern living. He went to the closet and found the small bag of tools and fished out a Philips and a flathead screwdriver. The wall outlet was his

first stop. He took it out and, just like he had expected, it had a camera built into it. Just like the ones he'd installed in his own house.

"Motherfucker," Dan muttered. He went to other outlets in the room, inspecting each one. He found more cameras. He found another in a picture frame. There were some in the kitchen. What about his bedroom? As he scrambled across the living room, he was met with Lester's plodding footsteps.

As was growing increasingly too common, Lester was naked. His flabby, hairy, oddly proportioned body came into view, making Dan stop in his tracks. Lester had his trademark shit-eating grin on his face, and Dan wanted to kick him in the dick that he knew was dangling between his fat roommate's legs.

"What the fuck happened to your face? You try to steal some Girl Guide cookies or somethin'?" Lester chuckled.

Dan wanted to say something smart. To say something like he'd just been visiting with Lester's ex-girlfriend. But kept his mouth shut. Information was power, and Lester had already been six steps ahead of him.

"Cat got your tongue, too? Guess it's for the best then," Lester shrugged and pushed past Dan and grabbed a Coke from the fridge. "You doing some renovating around here?"

"Just cataloging what a creep you've been," Dan retorted.

Lester chuckled again. The sound of it made Dan ball his fists. Lester eyed him, "I seem to recall hidden cameras in your house, too."

"Mine were to monitor my family. Not blackmail people and create sick recordings," Dan fired back.

"Tomato, tomato," Lester shrugged. "And we both know you just wanted to watch me slide into that sweet wife of yours while you jerked off in that sad little hotel room."

Dan didn't respond, which garnered another laugh from Lester, "He doesn't even deny it. So pathetic."

"Pathetic? You're the fat blob that stays in your room all day playing video games meant for kids," Dan snapped.

"And yet still, somehow I am drowning in pussy. Your wife's pussy, to be exact. Even after all of this. Even when she learned the truth, she still couldn't get enough of this." Lester punctuated his sentence by grabbing his dick and waving it at Dan. "The simple truth is, she just doesn't care as long as she's getting her daily dose of Lester."

“That's bullshit, and you know it. She's just going along with this because you're holding it over our heads,” Dan kept balling his hands into fists. His knuckles hurt. So did his face.

“Keep telling yourself that, bud,” Lester shook his head.

“You know it's the truth,” Dan said.

“Whatever you say, boss,” Lester waved Dan off like he didn't exist.

“We both know it,” Dan felt like he was grasping at straws. Trying to throw something at the wall to stick. To hurt him. He ignored the part of his brain that kept bringing Lizzie's stomach to the forefront. “That's why you'll never do anything with that footage. You're too desperate for more of my wife. You'll do anything for her.”

“She's more my wife than yours lately,” Lester gave him a hard look. “And don't try to be brave and test me, Dan. I can do a lot more damage than you can even imagine.”

“Yeah, whatever. You keep telling yourself that, you little incel. Go talk a big game to your gaming buddies. It doesn't work on the rest of us in the real world.”

“I guess we'll see about that then,” Lester shrugged as he plodded back down the hallway. “Oh, and an envelope came for you. It's on the kitchen table.”

Before Dan could say anything else, Lester was back behind his closed door. Some kind of techno-esque music for some game blared through the walls. Dan stared down the empty hallway for several seconds before realizing Lester was probably watching him on another hidden camera. He steeled his expression and decided he needed out. He wouldn't check his room for cameras. He knew they were there. Why wouldn't they be? A creep like Lester probably covered his bases.

The envelope on the kitchen table was a plain manila envelope. It was thin. There wasn't much in it. Dan opened it, and his heart dropped. An attorney on Jesse's behalf had served him with a civil lawsuit. The document talked about the incident that took place at their former employer when Dan had punched Jesse in the face. He was being sued for battery, assault, intentional infliction of emotional distress, and negligence. Dan's stomach dropped as he read its contents. This was the last thing he needed. Another person coming for him. This time, with the legal backing and power of a lawyer.

Dan stared and reread the document several times. It dawned on him that if there were any hidden cameras left in the kitchen, Lester was probably watching him right then and laughing to himself. Dan gathered his things and left the apartment.

It only took him a couple of hours to drive back to Middleton. The girls greeted him at the door and were horrified by his face. So was Sarah. He'd played it off, saying he fell down the stairs at work,

but Sarah was suspicious.

Even though Sarah was in the room and asked about his trip and his new workplace, he could feel the distance between them. Like a boulder rested between them, neither knowing how to remove it. He cringed when the girls sat on the couch where Sarah had been begging Lester to breed her. It had just happened. He suggested they all go into the backyard and kick a soccer ball around.

After they got the girls down for the night, Sarah finally confronted Dan about his growing black eye.

“What happened to you? You didn’t fall down the stairs at work,” Sarah said. Concern touched her voice, and it made him happy to know she still cared about him.

“No, it didn’t happen in Washington. I made a stop after I landed in Chicago. I –”

“Lester did that? He hit you?” Sarah asked.

Dan was surprised that she’d even consider it a possibility. The idea that Lester could physically hurt him. Had the events of the past months really diminished him so much in her eyes?

“No. What? Are you kidding? Lester? You think Lester did this to me? Really? Lester?” Dan asked incredulously.

“I don’t know. I just...I didn’t know where else you’d stop besides the apartment. And Lester can be surprising...” Sarah trailed off, and Dan knew exactly what she meant. But it hit a nerve.

“Oh, you mean like how he’s been a fucking pervert this whole time and recording us? Recording you? Now he wants to blackmail us with it? That kind of surprise?” He fired back.

Sarah sighed and wouldn’t meet his eye. Silence hung between them. Dan caved and apologized, “I’m sorry. It’s just...still a sore subject. I hate that we’re here in this situation and that you and him are still...you know.”

“It’s complicated,” Sarah said. Before he could ask for clarification, she continued, “So what happened to your face then?”

“I tracked down Lester’s ex-girlfriend. You remember her from that one night? Early on in the apartment? Lizzie?”

“Yes,” Sarah said. Dan saw what he thought was jealousy pass over her face, but he didn’t know what she was jealous of. The mention of Lester’s ex, someone else who had been with him or that Dan had gone to see a pretty younger woman. “What happened?”

“Her boyfriend happened. He didn’t like me showing up there to talk to her. We got into a fight. I should have put him down, but I didn’t want to...” He trailed off, thinking of Lizzie’s pregnant stomach. His eyes glanced at his wife’s flat belly. “I could have hit him and didn’t, and he took advantage of that.”

Dan gestured to his black eye and bruised cheek, “And now I have this for being a gentleman.”

“What...why are you there in the first place? Why’d you go to see her? Dan, what the hell?” Sarah said.

Dan gestured around him, “Because of all this. The trap we’re in. We’re under Lester’s thumb. I wanted to know more about him. Remember, I was investigating him? Well, I’ve been back at that. Trying to learn more about it. She hates him. I don’t think they were ever actually dating. She seemed afraid of him and...”

Sarah narrowed her eyes, “And what?”

“She’s pregnant.” He let the words hang there, hoping she’d grasp the weight of them.

“Good for her, I guess,” Sarah said. “What does that have to do with Lester?”

“Lester’s the father,” Dan said.

“She said that? Is that why her boyfriend attacked you?” Sarah asked.

“No, she didn’t, but the timeline fits. I think. It makes sense, doesn’t it?” Dan said.

“Lester’s had a vasectomy, Dan. You drove him to it,” Sarah said.

“I drove him to a building. He went inside. I checked, and it's actually a urologist who has an operating room there. But do we know for sure if he actually got the operation done?” Dan said.

Sarah put her face in her hands, “You sound so paranoid right now, Dan.”

“Yeah,” Dan raised his voice, “obviously. This fucking guy has been lying to us from the get-go, and we keep letting him get away with it. He keeps pushing things past our comfort zone, and we keep letting him. And let's not forget the creep has been filming us without our consent or knowing for I don’t know, since we’ve met him? And now he’s trying to blackmail us with it. So forgive me for being paranoid, Sarah.”

“I get that. I do. I know he’s fucked up. But the vasectomy was months ago. It would have had to have been scheduled before you even moved in. Why would he lie about something like that? It just doesn’t make sense,” Sarah said.

“Because he wants to knock you up,” Dan said, “That fat fucking bastard wants to impregnate you.”

Sarah chuckled. Ice ran in Dan’s veins. It sounded too much like a Lester chuckle. “Dan, that’s just...a role play thing. Part of Lester’s fantasy. It all started after he got fixed. There’s not...” she searched for the right words, “some big conspiracy here.”

“Yeah? Well, we didn’t think my creepy roommate would ever bed my wife, but here we are. And we never thought he’d make secret recordings of everything and threaten to blackmail us, but here we are. We can’t trust anything he’s ever said.

“Well, I don’t know. I mean, okay, even if Lester had this big grand plan to knock me up, he’s still not going to. I’m on birth control, remember? He can fire his little swimmers into me all he likes, but nothing is going to happen.”

“Birth control isn’t always 100% effective, though, right? Still, isn’t it fucked up that he would do that? Aren’t you mad that he isn’t firing blanks into you like he claims?”

“If,” Sarah corrected, “if he is doing that. And that’s a big if. I’m going along with this for argument’s sake, Dan. But I feel like you’re grasping at straws. Even if you’re right, I don’t know what...”

“What? What I want you to do about it?” Dan asked. “It’s yet another fucked-up thing he’s done.”

“I don’t want to argue, Dan. I really don’t. I’m so tired of arguing. Of going around in this circle again and again. It’s exhausting. I’m tired of it. Please. I don’t want to talk about Lester right now. Okay? If you have some proof or whatever, let’s talk about it, but please, can we just drop this for right now? It’s all we talk about.”

Dan stood and paced through the room. He wanted to dig into this, convince her to see his point of view. But she was pumping the brakes, dousing the fire of his argument.

“Okay,” Dan finally said. “Okay. But I’m not giving up on this.”

Sarah sighed, “I know. Just for tonight. Okay? I just need a break from all of it. And I don’t like seeing you get all worked up.”

“I’m not worked up,” Dan said.

“Dan, you went to question your roommate’s ex and got into a fight with her boyfriend. You probably scared the poor girl half to death.”

“You make it sound a lot worse than it was,” Dan said. “I’m dropping this for tonight. But we’re gonna stop Lester. I don’t want him holding this shit over our heads.”

"I know, okay?" Sarah said, "But please, let's just watch a movie or something. I'm going to pour myself a glass of wine."

Dan let Sarah put something on Netflix. He didn't care what. His mind still raced as the movie played, and Sarah curled up on the other side of the couch.

Lester stared at his rig. The former centrepiece of his empire. The computer sat dark in his room, mocking him. He'd disconnected the cameras from it, reducing his visibility. He didn't want someone else tapping into the feeds and identifying him.

It might be paranoid, but he didn't get to where he was without being careful. As far as he knew, they'd only compromised his servers.

Only my servers Lester thought as bile rose in his throat. That was everything. He powered up his computer without connecting it to the internet. Everything seemed fine at first glance.

He spent hours running diagnostics on it. Using his phone, he downloaded toolkits and other tools, then manually transferred them to the computer. He did all he could to ensure it was clean. In the end, he still wasn't convinced.

The breach had shaken him and his confidence in his system's security. He wiped the device and started over. But his irritation and anger at the situation boiled over inside him. He felt out of control. Like he had when he was a child.

He'd sworn to never feel like this again. There was one outlet where he could exercise dominant control. He knew it wouldn't fix his situation, but it would help briefly. He took out his phone and began putting his package together.

Dan wheeled the car onto Sarah's parents' street. The girls were in the back with their headphones on, watching a show. In a low voice, Dan said, "We need to call his bluff. He can't...we can't just let him keep dictating things to us. We don't even know what he has recorded."

"You said you found lots of cameras," Sarah cast a glance over her shoulder to make sure the girls weren't listening. Ava smiled and waved at her. Sarah returned the smile and turned back to Dan. "There's a lot that happened in that apartment."

"We don't know how long they've been there," Dan started but falter, "But you're right. He might have some stuff we don't want getting out there."

“Probably a lot of stuff,” Sarah whispered. “I’m in all of it. All of it, Dan. We can’t let anyone see it.”

“We can’t just let him run our lives, though,” Dan said. “We were supposed to be done with all of this. Not just bending over and letting him...”

Her husband had smartly trailed off, but she knew where he was going. He couldn’t reconcile how, even after Lester had revealed himself and his nefarious actions, she could still lower herself to sleep with him. And not just sleep with him, actively engage, enjoy and participate in the creepy man’s deplorable fantasies.

She’d thought about that many times herself. The rational part of her brain, which she found to be quieter and quieter when it came to Lester, knew it was wrong. She hated him. That made sense. But a larger part of her screamed for more. The more rancid Lester had become, the more it tweaked her Beauty and the Beast fantasy. The more she shouldn’t, the more she wanted him.

But she couldn’t admit that to Dan. It was a part of her that she wasn’t ready to let him see. She certainly didn’t want the world to see. But she suspected Lester already knew. That private connection sent a guilty thrill through her.

“I know,” Sarah finally said, filling the silence that hung between them. “We should be done with him. We tried. He’s just desperate to...keep things going.”

“Yeah,” Dan said, staring hard at the road.

She knew what he was thinking. That Lester had some ridiculous grand plan to knock her up. Sure, Lester had done some sneaky stuff, and he liked fucking with Dan, but she didn’t think he’d do that. Not to her. There was something there between them. A connection. Maybe a fucked up one. But Lester wouldn’t do that. It was just ridiculous. Who faked having surgery? Besides, she was on birth control, anyway. She was safe. Dan had just let his paranoia lead him down a strange path. She hadn’t realized how much this was affecting his mental state. It would be in his best interest to stop things with Lester, or else he might reach some kind of breaking point.

Sarah let out the breath she hadn’t realized she’d been holding. Dan pulled into her parents’ driveway, and the kids flew out of the car, running up to the door and impatiently pressing the doorbell. Sarah gave Dan’s hand a gentle squeeze. He closed his eyes and squeezed back.

Dinner with her parents was uneventful. Her mom had made a Shepard’s pie, and her father was busy doting on the girls until dessert was served. The girls quickly finished their bowls and ran into the basement to watch YouTube unsupervised. Sarah’s mom made coffee for everyone, and they sat around the dining room table talking about Dan’s new job in Washington while Sarah expertly deflected any questions about her own work.

“It sounds like an intimidating place to work,” her father mused as he sipped his coffee, “Its secretive nature. All the important people watching over your shoulder as you work. I’d hate to screw up.”

“It’s not so bad. Everyone’s pretty nice. Serious and all that, but nice enough. We had dinner with my boss and his wife in Chicago, and it,” Dan paused, and Sarah saw the moment the memory crossed his eyes. He quickly recovered. “Well, he said after in the office that he and his wife had a great time. We get along really well so far.”

“That’s wonderful. I think that having a good relationship with a boss is important –” Renee started to say more before the buzzing of all their cellphones made her pause.

The synchronized vibrations rang out across the table, each of them eyeing their own device. They exchanged a quick look, then looked at their phones.

“What the hell...” James muttered. Renee just stared wide-eyed at her phone before James snatched it out of her hand. With a disgusted look, he put it face down on the table. Sarah’s heart dropped. On her screen were two people fucking. There were big emojis photoshopped onto their faces, but Sarah knew the blonde in the video was her. Unfortunately, her sound was on, and her moans of ecstasy echoed into the room. The oddly proportioned, hairy body had to be Lester’s. If that wasn’t evidence enough, well, she knew based on other proportions it was him.

The clip flickered. Sarah caught quick flashes of the action before the big emojis covered the faces again. Her body bent over with Lester’s heavy, hairy frame behind her. His thick cock sliding deep into her from behind, his gut pressing against her back as he gripped her hips, pulling her onto him roughly. Her legs trembled a little in the shot, sweat shining on her skin while he thrust steadily, making her ass jiggle with each push, her hand clutching the sheets tight.

Dan silently clicked his screen off and put his phone down. His face was stone.

“Did we all just get the same disgusting video?” James asked. Sarah’s heart skipped a beat. She didn’t know when the video had been taken. She didn’t remember it. It was in the apartment, but... she reached for her phone and thought better of it. Not in front of her parents. But she was sure her hair had been shorter.

“I don’t know, maybe,” Dan responded to her father flatly, “I turned my phone off pretty fast.”

“Was there some blonde whore on your screen too?” James asked. Sarah’s stomach dropped when she heard her father talk about her like that.

“James,” Renee chastised, “Language, please.”

James held up a hand in apology, "You're right. I'm sorry. Why did we all receive the same video at the same time? What's going on?"

Sarah fidgeted in her seat, biting her tongue. How red was her face getting? Thankfully, Dan cut in, "I don't know. Maybe we all downloaded a virus or something. Maybe the group chat on Messenger?"

"It came in as a text message. I'm going to call the number and read them the riot act," James said.

"I wouldn't do that," Dan said, "It's probably just some scammers from India or something. You don't want to provoke them. Just block them and move on. I bet a lot of people all over just got the same message."

"It's sick," James continued, "It's a good thing the girls are downstairs. For Christ's sake, sometimes they play games on my phone when we're babysitting. What if the message had come in then?"

"Well, thank God it didn't," Sarah finally managed to speak.

"Maybe you can bring this to your boss," James said to Dan. "See if you guys can take down whoever sent it."

"Now that's an idea," Dan said, turning to Sarah. "I'll see what I can do about it."

Sarah's blood ran cold at the idea of him sharing the video at work. "Maybe not share the video. It's porn after all. That's not a good look for a new employee, right?"

Renee eagerly nodded her head, "Yes, that's probably a good idea. Don't want to make a bad impression after all. Don't let this filth stain your new work, Dan."

"Probably right, but still, I don't like that someone could just send this to us. It's a violation," her father said. He didn't know just how much the woman in the video had been wonderfully violated, over and over again.

"I'm going to go check on the girls," Sarah said, rising from the table.

"Oh no, their tablets, you don't think," Renee started. Dan shot her a grave look, like he was going to strangle Lester.

"I'm sure they're fine. They don't have data," Sarah said as she moved towards the basement.

"They're on the same Wi-Fi," Dan said, prompting her father to immediately call their cable provider.

Downstairs, the girls were blissfully unaware of what had transpired. Glued to a stupid doll dress-up YouTube video. She quickly checked their tablets and thankfully didn't find anything out of place. She slumped onto the couch behind her daughters and typed WTF to Lester.

He had more videos. Dating back to who knows when. Worse, he just demonstrated how easy it was for him to send them to people she knew. It was some kind of fucked up power play.

"Mom, are you okay?" Ava asked.

"Yes, honey," her voice came out hurried and half-panting. "Why do you ask?"

"I don't know," Ava shrugged and turned back to the TV. "You're breathing funny like you just ran a race."

Sarah took stock of herself. Her heart was hammering against her ribcage, and her breath was shallow and labored. She was turned on, despite everything. The thought disgusted her.

"Mommy is okay, honey. Go back to your show."

Ted was in the front yard when the Williams pulled up in their driveway. He stiffened, the embarrassing encounter with Sarah still fresh on his mind. It was the only thing he could think about as he was alone in the house. That look she gave him, when she played along, made him erect every time he thought about it.

But now, he had to struggle not to think about it. Not when he was out in the middle of his yard in shorts, tending to his garden. The Williams' girls bounded out of their car, giving him a friendly wave and shouting "Hi, Ted!" before bounding off into the house.

He saw Sarah stiffen. Dan gave him a friendly wave as well and followed the girls inside. Sarah cast a nervous look his way and quickly diverted her eyes. Her steps were quicker than usual, and he didn't get to feast on the sight of her bubble butt for long.

But her demeanor had changed. Was it because Dan was with her? Before she had confidently shut him down, putting him in his place. But now...

She was nervous.

Ted had all but given up hope on ever bedding the beautiful blonde. After their earlier encounter, he'd been worried to even look in her direction and incur her wrath. But now she was nervous. He could work nervously.

‘WHAT THE FUCK’

Renee typed into her phone. That’s how she felt, but the words on the screen made her blush and think about all her Sunday school classes she attended as a child. She erased the words and typed in new ones.

‘WHAT THE HELL’

This still felt morally wrong to send. She erased it and typed in ‘WHAT THE HECK.’

She dropped her head in shame at how unserious it came across. Renee stared at her phone for a long time. Hours ago, the screen had lit up with Lester fucking another one of his conquests. That video had been shared with her husband, her son-in-law, and even her own daughter.

Lester had somehow sent it all to them as a way to send her a message. To rub her face in her illicit affair. What was she doing?

She put the phone down. Then picked it back up. She couldn’t just let him do this. James flushed the toilet, and she tossed the phone onto the end of the bed and picked up the book she’d been reading.

James stretched with a yawn and sauntered into bed. He had been grumbling on the phone with the cable people for hours and had embarrassingly explained the entire situation to some poor, naive girl from India. It felt like Renee’s own private hell.

“I’m gonna hit the sack,” James said. He kissed her on the cheek and rolled away from her. Renee felt the anger boil up inside her. It didn’t make sense. But she wanted to smack her husband on the back of the head with the book. Instead, she closed it and turned off the light, plunging herself into darkness. She stared up at the ceiling trying to sort out her feelings when it dawned on her.

She’d wanted sex. She was horny, and James had rejected her outright by going to bed without so much as a glance her way. The contact from Lester and the video had done more harm to her than she initially realized. It was good that the room was dark. The heat in her face and chest would be evident to James if he’d rolled over and looked at her.

She tried to sleep, but it evaded her. She couldn’t get comfortable. Couldn’t stop thinking about the night’s events in a strange, aroused shame spiral. When she eventually did drift off, her dreams weren’t much better. Lewd images plagued her, along with emoji people and Lester’s giant manhood.

She awoke in the morning, drenched in sweat. James was already downstairs, and the smell of freshly brewed coffee drifted up the stairs. The first thing she did was grab her phone and type:

'WHY!!?'

The response came later when she was forcing herself to enjoy her coffee. Three eggplant emojis. She didn't understand what that meant and had to look it up. Her face went red. James was talking to her, but she could barely pay attention. Her phone was face down on the table, but it was all she could think about.

Tension coiled in her chest, and she half expected James to confront her about everything at any second. At the way she'd broken their marriage vows. How she'd gone into that bathroom more than once. How she'd let Lester defile her.

She shifted her arms in front of her as she forced a conversation with her husband, trying to hide her erect nipples. They hurt, and she had to take several calming breaths to get her heart rate under control.

Her phone buzzed on the table, and James immediately looked at it. She snatched it, maybe too quickly. But she couldn't have James look at it. She feigned a sigh. "It's not one of those disgusting videos," Renee said. James visibly relaxed. On her screen was a close-up picture of Lester's cock.

Renee gulped and glanced at it one last time before putting her phone in her lap.

"The guys said we'd tee off around ten today. I hate going that late, but Roger likes to sleep in. I mean, he's retired, so I don't know why..."

The phone buzzed again. It vibrated in her lap, and she felt herself shudder. She clenched her thighs around the end of it so James wouldn't hear the noise. It vibrated again, and she stifled a small moan in the back of her throat. Each vibration sent a thrill into her, touching against her pussy. And the lewd knowledge of what might be on the screen.

James kept talking about his upcoming round of golf. Renee waited with bated breath for the text message to arrive. She had to get up and get a glass of cold water to calm her system down. She silenced her phone to stop the vibration.

"Well, the boys are probably all making their way there so I'd better head out too," James finished his coffee, got to his feet and kissed Renee on the head. "You let me know if you get any more strange messages today, okay? If you talk to Sarah, tell her I'm sorry again for what happened."

"There's no need for us to apologize," Renee said.

"I know," James said as he headed to the garage door. "Still, though, it's not right. Alright, hon, but I love you."

"Love you too," Renee said brightly. When the door shut, and she heard the garage door begin to rise, she quickly checked Lester's messages.

L: Why what? You didn't like what I sent? I thought you would. Jealous?

L: Admit it, you've been thinking about it all night.

L: You know, I'm in the neighborhood... Maybe you, me and James should have this conversation in person. What do you think?

Her stomach dropped. He couldn't really be close by, could he? Why? Why would he be close by? Clutching her phone, she ran to the front window and peered out. James was backing out of the driveway. There weren't any cars parked up or down the street. Lester couldn't be close by. He was just fucking with her.

She let out a relieved breath. James' car pulled onto the street and disappeared.

L: Was that you or James in the car?

Renee's heart skipped a beat. She swallowed, thumbs trembling over the keyboard.

R: What?

L: The car that just left. Were you in it, or was that James leaving? Did he leave you home all alone?

Renee leaned back against the couch for support. Things were spiralling out of control. She frantically typed, erased, and retyped a message. On the third time clearing it, she heard a car pull up into the driveway.

Behind the steering wheel of the large SUV was a portly, small man with beady eyes. Lester. Renee's stomach flipped. Before she knew what she was doing, she was out of her front door, casting nervous glances across the street and storming up to the man who was just about to get out.

"What? Lester, what the hel—heck are you doing here?" Renee demanded.

Lester smirked, "Just wanted to make sure that little video didn't cause a ruckus. Did you like it?"

Renee ground her bare feet into the concrete. "Lester, you need to leave now."

“Yeah? I mean, sure, but then I wouldn’t be able to explain to James why I accidentally sent that to his phone, too. I’m really sorry about that.”

“And Sarah and Dan’s phones? Was that just an accident, too?” Renee demanded. She felt sick. Her accidental dalliance with Lester was pushing into uncomfortable territory she wasn’t ready for or able to predict. He was here in her driveway for Christ’s sake!

“Oh,” Lester chuckled, “Yeah, that was for a different reason.” Before Renee could press him on that, he continued, “Anyway, do you mind if I just come inside to chat?”

“Yes. I mind very much, actually,” Renee said. “Lester, this is my home. I know....”

She struggled to find the right words. There weren’t any. There weren’t any to convey the quiet guilt and longing she felt. The way that guilt seemed to wrap around her soul and suffocate her. She forced words out anyway, “We can’t do this. It needs to stop. I can’t–”

“Is that really what you want?” Lester pressed, his eyes running up and down Renee’s body. It was only then that she realized he was out in the driveway in his pajama pants and a t-shirt without a bra on. Lester’s eyes were laser-focused on her nipples beneath the material. She crossed her arms on instinct. “It seems like this conversation is having an entirely different effect on you.”

“I meant what I said,” Renee said. Lester sighed like a patient parent. That condescension pissed Renee off.

“Alright then,” Lester shrugged, “I’ll just come back later then. See if James is in then.”

He shifted the car into reverse and slowly backed out of the driveway.

“Why?” Renee said. “Why? Forget about the thing you sent. It doesn’t matter. Lester, enough, okay? This has gone too far.”

“What’s gone too far?” Lester said. His voice carried up the street, making Renee wince. She cast uncertain glances around, just waiting for a neighbor to come out for work.

“I can’t...I don’t...we can’t do this here.” Renee begged. “Please.”

“Well, then let’s go inside and chat like I said,” Lester demanded. Renee knew where that might lead. She wanted to just let him leave, but the threat of him coming back and talking to James at any given time was too much to bear.

“No, not inside, just...”

“Get in,” Lester said.

“What?”

“Get in. Let's go for a drive and talk. Then I'll drop you back off.” Lester said.

Renee looked down at herself. Bare feet, pajama pants, and an oversized t-shirt without a bra. She wouldn't be caught dead going anywhere like this. Lester seemed to pick up on her reluctance, “The windows are tinted. We're not going for a picnic or anything. Just a chat to bury the hatchet. It'll be quick. I promise. I just have some things to say, okay?”

Renee stayed planted in the driveway. Lester nodded, “Okay then.”

The SUV slowly crept backwards again.

“Wait,” Renee seethed, marching up to the window. “Okay, but quickly, okay?”

Lester smirked like he'd expected this outcome all along. He jerked his thumb over his shoulder to the door behind him, “Get in.”

Renee cast one glance up and down the street before hauling the door open and getting into Lester's SUV. It was filthy inside. Fast-food wrappers were scattered across the seat and the floor. It smelled of neglect. She barely had time to pull her belt on before Lester accelerated, the car flying out of the driveway and onto the street. Lester shifted it into drive and took off.

Renee tried to initiate a conversation, but it was awkward sitting right behind Lester. He didn't give her much in the way of responses. She took to staring at the back of his neck, how the hair on his back peaked up over the collar of his old shirt. It climbed up his neck until it reached the base of his scalp, where it became impossible to distinguish what was back hair versus head hair.

They drove through the bad part of town, and Lester pulled into an overgrown alleyway between some deserted homes. Without a word, he turned off the engine, got out, and opened the door next to her.

“Move over,” Lester said impatiently. Renee undid her belt and slid back over the grungy seat. With a heft, Lester pulled himself into the car. The suspension dipped as he did. Lester's face was red as he finally pulled the door closed behind him. He turned to her with a predatory look on his face and said, “Let's talk.”

Renee stiffened. She knew that look. She'd seen it on the faces of men all her life. She swallowed and composed herself. “Lester, I made an error in judgment. I am sorry if I led you to believe this was something more than it was or that it was something that would continue. The messages you sent last night to my family were a wake-up call, one that I can't ignore. Lester, I can't say it's been fun, exactly, that...I'm not sure what to call it, but it's time we stopped whatever this is.”

Lester seemed to chew on her words, then shrugged, "Nah."

Renee blinked.

"Excuse me?"

"Nah. It means no. No, thank you," Lester said nonchalantly.

Lester smirked and turned to her. He pushed his bulk over the seat towards her. She slid back but butted up against the door. He got right into her face.

"Just tell me one thing," Lester breathed his Cheeto breath onto her. "That video got you fucking wet, didn't it? How jealous did you get?"

"I..." Renee started and felt her cheeks get warm. "Just stop, Lester. This isn't funny."

"No, it isn't," Lester agreed. "Did you get jealous of the blonde in the video? Jealous that I might be with someone else? It's an older video, but I thought you'd still appreciate it. What did you think?"

"It was disgusting," Renee said. Lester just leered at her.

"Yeah..." Lester mocked, "Is that why those nips are as hard as diamonds?"

Renee glanced down at her chest, then moved to cover her clearly protruding nipples with her arm. Lester's hand moved to her hip. Renee's breath caught in her throat.

"Tell me what you really thought of the video," Lester said. Renee was about to respond when Lester's lips crashed into hers. His large, rotund body sank onto hers. Renee could feel his gut press into her stomach and thighs. And she could feel *IT*.

She was simultaneously disgusted and turned on beyond belief. If only James had fucked her last night, she wouldn't be such a whimpering mess right now. But he hadn't. And he had left this morning to go golfing while Renee climbed the walls.

She pushed against him with all her might. But he was like an immovable boulder. She pushed again, this time with her hips, and stopped immediately when she pressed herself against his member. A weak moan escaped her lips. He wanted her. Desired her. Was right here. Hard and ready for her.

Something in Renee relented. And Lester must have felt it because he'd tugged her down onto her back and was lying on her, grinding his cock against her. Renee stiffened, her senses overwhelmed by Lester, the reek of the car and his breath. But her body overrode all of that as her hips inexplicably rose off the sticky seat to meet him.

Her throat made a pathetic, weak sound as her lips opened and she kissed him back. Her mind tumbled as her hands went to the back of his fat head, fingers lacing through the hair on the back of his neck as she pulled him deeper into their kiss. She felt him smirk against her lips. It disgusted her, but she was far too out of control to let a feeling like that stop her.

Lester's fat fingers were on her. Pulling at her pajama bottoms. He tugged them down, which was impressive given his bulk, which was pushing them flat. She felt her bare legs meet the air conditioning in the car. Lester's tongue rolled around her mouth. Her chest arched off the seat, pressing into him, her nipples grated against his chest, sending a thrill of electricity through her.

Renee needed more. She was out of control. And she loved how it felt.

Her panties were next, bunched with her pajamas around her ankles. Lester didn't wait. He broke the kiss, bucking back and dropping his sweatpants. This was her moment. The moment when Renee could stop all of this. Stop it before *IT* came out. Before she did something she regretted, again.

The door was right there, along with a million possibilities. She stayed still while Lester dropped his pants. She caught a glimpse of old, stained underwear before they were lost on the floor amongst the takeout containers and old Coke bottles. But her eyes were locked on the hard, girthy cock staring back at her. Pre-cum dribbled out of it. Something inside Renee quaked.

Grubby sausage-like fingers gripped her knees and spread them open. Renee swallowed, and Lester rested his weight on top of her. It felt like taking a punch to the gut when his stomach's weight pressed into her. But she felt his dick rising up her leg and bit her lip. Lester didn't try to kiss her. He just stared at her face. She furrowed her brow, wondering what he was doing, why was he —

The tip of his cock pressed against the pussy. She was already soaking wet. So wet. So desperately wet for him. She cringed inside at how easily she readied herself for him, even at her age. James always needed lots of foreplay before she was ready for him. But here she was, dripping wet for this ugly man.

Lester's grin widened, and she finally realized what he was smirking at. He edged his hips forward, and his cock parted her lips and sat at her entrance. He wanted to watch her face as he entered her. Watch the conflicted arousal and desire on her face give way to pure, undiluted pleasure. And that's exactly what he did.

Lester pushed his cock forward, and he entered her. Slowly. Agonizingly slow. Renee's body quivered, and she felt the mask of her face slip as Lester slowly pushed into her. He was teasing her, tormenting her. Dragging it out to break her will to his. Her hips bucked off the seat, desperately trying to take more of him into her. Lester's ugly grin widened.

"That a girl," Lester said in a low, throaty voice. It sent shivers through Renee.

"You're a bastard," Renee said, but it came out hot and flirty. She didn't want to look up at his ugly, sneering face anymore. She grabbed both sides of his watermelon-fat head and pulled him down into another kiss. She closed her eyes and pretended it was anyone else, but all she saw was that lecherous smirk. She needed this.

Her fingernails clawed at his flabby back. She urged him on. Lester obliged, dipping his hips and sending his entire length into her.

"Ohhmmmm," Renee groaned out the side of her mouth as Lester's fat tongue danced into it. His cock was hot and thick inside of her. Renee's hips pushed back on his, meeting him as he pulled his cock out before deliberately ramming it back in.

Renee's brain scrambled. All it could process was the feeling of his large cock inside of her. In and out. In and out. Their bodies moved in unison, tongues colliding. Their bodies coiled together. She was vaguely aware that the windows had, at some point, fogged up.

Renee's head lolled, and she opened her eyes. Lester was staring down at her, panting. Sweat ran down his face before beading down his chest or dripping onto hers. Renee licked her lips and tasted his salty sweat. His hands were on her shoulders, tugging her down as he thrust up into her.

Lord... Renee thought as Lester's expansive cock touched in places so deep that her nerve endings craved attention. Deeper than James had ever explored. Part of her cried inside at that thought. That she was sharing a part of herself so deeply with some disgusting pig instead of her husband. But it wasn't something she could ever share with James.

Lester leered down at her with his beady eyes. He looked like he was getting off on every subtle movement of her body. Her hitched breathing. The rising and falling of her breasts under her shirt. The quiver of her bottom lip.

Lester grunted and thrust forward. She felt massive, hairy balls slapping against her ass. His stomach burst forward, pushing her knees further and further apart. Renee's legs kicked, trying and failing to wrap around Lester's massive bulk. His jowls jiggled as he fucked her. Renee's stomach turned, but she gripped him with her pussy, milking him. Pulling him deeper. Not letting him go.

That's when she felt it. The undeniable orgasm was quickly rushing up towards her. Her hips slammed up to meet Lester's thrusts. His cock greedily plunged into her.

"Uhhmmhmmm," Renee purred, her eyes closing. She licked her lips. "God...help me."

The only sound that followed was Lester's labored breathing. Renee's soft, little, increasingly desperate moans. Their bodies moved together, back and forth in a dance leading to its inevitable

climax. Renee's body was done waiting. She clawed at him, pulling him to her. Her body pushed back against him, gripped him, pulled on his cock, desperate not to let it go.

And Lester smirked. That disgusting shit-eating grin.

Renee lost control a moment later. Like a teenager in the back of an older student's car.

"Ohgod, Oh. God. Please..." Reene begged, "Oh GOD!"

The car seemed to shudder as an explosive orgasm tore through Renee, sending her eyes rolling back and her mind flashing white. Everything was warm and on fire. Pleasure burned through her, lighting up everything it touched. Her mind melted.

Lester's thrusts grew more urgent. She knew what was coming. Her pussy gripped his cock on instinct. Pulling him deeper, not letting him go. The words rolled out of her mouth before her mind could stop to process them, "God. Lester. Cum...."

The words seemed to snap an awareness into place. Her lazy eyes opened in time to Lester's face contort in satisfaction. She felt him expand inside her and, with a sobering realization, remembered he wasn't wearing a condom.

Lester grunted, and his cum blasted into her. It hit the inside of her walls, rope after sticky warm rope flooding into her. Each jolt sent aftershocks of pleasure coursing through her. She felt lost in the moment, her pussy squeezing him. Intent on not wasting a drop of him.

Her mind was on fire, but little thoughts of doubt raced inside of it but utterly drowned out by the overwhelming sensations coursing through her, radiating out from deep inside her pussy. Lester let out one last triumphant grunt and collapsed on top of her. His sweat-stained skin pressed against her.

She felt full. Not just because of his cock. But because every inch of her was flooded with his cum. She brushed away her blonde hair clinging to her face.

"Get off me," she whispered. Lester groaned in protest, but pushed himself to his knees. His cock plopped out of her with a pop, and she felt a rush of sticky liquid rush out from between her thighs. She clamped her hand down to block it, then felt foolish and let it drip onto the already sticky seat.

Lester languished back against the window, catching his breath, eyes roaming over her with glee. She covered her eyes and tried not to think about the last ten minutes. Without a word, Lester eventually got himself dressed and moved back into the driver's seat. Renee pulled her pajamas back up and waited for him to take her home.

Dan had had it with Lester. He'd gone too far this time. Too far. But he'd shown how far-reaching that hand could be. He showed he could get to their family. And he had the videos to destroy them.

Sarah had sent a dozen furious texts to Lester that had gone unanswered. The not knowing was the worst part. Silence. She'd even debated having Dan drive her up to the apartment in Chicago and confronting him, but he'd talked her down.

Dan racked his brain searching for a way out of this. He felt trapped. Like an animal in a cage with no way out. He spun in his office chair. But no matter which way he looked at it, Lester had them. He didn't know what videos he had. Probably dozens of Sarah in compromising positions. Probably just as many of him, doing something equally shameful, like not intervening as another man took his wife. Or worse, Dan jerking off at the peephole in the wall.

He didn't know what Lester had. When he'd used them against them, or how far his reach could be. It wouldn't be out of the realm of possibility for Lester to reach Gordon or his new work colleagues.

He tried not to focus on Lester. Instead, he tried to focus on things he could control. But then the threat of a civil lawsuit clawed out from the depths of his mind. He needed a lawyer, an expense he couldn't swing at the moment. Not when he was just getting back on his feet. The timing sucked. He knew Jesse had been too quiet, but he'd just hoped things would get better.

Hope. the word tasted bitter. Hope was for fools. He couldn't hope his way out of the situation with Lester. He needed to take action. Dan thrummed his fingers across his desk and reached into his work bag, pulled out his laptop. He booted up the company's VPN and logged in to the limited area of the employee directory he could access remotely. He found his target. The tip line. The company's bounty system was used to draw attention to matters they could sell to their three-letter-agency clients.

Dan began typing a dossier on Lester. Assembling all he knew about the man, his habits and his practices. And his suspicions. And every possible issue he thought federal law enforcement might have against someone like Lester. Most of it he couldn't verify without going on the record as a firsthand witness. But he hoped it might be enough to get someone to look into Lester Marshall.

A knock came at the office door. Sarah was there, standing in her pajamas. "I got the girls down. Took a while, but they are out."

"Why do you look like you want to hurl?" Dan asked.

"Lester finally just responded to me," she said hesitantly. "He's here. In Middleton. He wants to talk."

"Motherfucker," Dan snapped. "What? Are we just supposed to rearrange our whole lives around his every whim?"

"I know. He's...god I can't believe he sent that fucking video to my parents. I want to strangle him, but..."

"But?" Dan pressed, anger simmering.

"I don't want anyone to see me like that," Sarah gulped, "raw like that. If he hadn't put that stupid emoji on my face, my parents would know all about...us...what we've been doing. I couldn't take that, Dan. Just the constant, incessant badgering and questions about me. About our marriage. The girls would pick up on it and...fuck I'm spinning."

"I know. I get it." Dan said.

"I'm sorry, but I don't think you do. It's not you in these videos," Sarah said.

"It might be. He said he had things on both of us. What if..."

"There are no videos of you getting fucked and acting like a slut," Sarah said. That strung more than it should. Lester might have videos of Dan and Sarah together, but they were just a footnote to the events that happened in that apartment.

Dan changed the subject. "What does he want?"

"I don't know. I haven't responded," Sarah said warily.

"Ask him. Then we can deal with it." Dan said. He thought about how much better life might be if Lester just happened to have a heart attack. Maybe there was something at the hospital they could slip him that would do the trick. He'd be doing the world a favor.

"He wants to come over. To 'talk'," she said, making air quotes around the word talk.

Dan steeled himself. He was going to confront Lester about everything. The footage, the Vasectomy. Lizzie. All of it.

"Set it up," Dan rose to his feet. "Let's get this over with. Rip the band-aid off and see what we're dealing with."

"The girls..." Sarah said breathlessly.

"We'll figure it out. Keep it downstairs or something." Dan said.

Sarah's fingers hesitated over the phone. "I don't like this. Part of me likes giving control over to him. Losing control. But not like this. Not when it feels like a guillotine is hovering over our heads."

"We'll figure something out," Dan said.

"You know he's going to try and fuck me tonight, right?" Sarah asked.

"Yeah," Dan replied firmly. Sarah held his gaze for a few seconds before turning away and tapping on her phone.

"It's done," she said without looking at him. Dan settled back into his chair and felt like a bullet train was speeding towards him. Lester was coming. He had a limited amount of time to figure out how to confront him and try to get out from under his thumb.

"Okay. Well, I guess we'd better get ready," Dan said, turning to his computer and pressing the send button on the report. He mentally crossed his fingers, hoping it would result in something happening to Lester. Sarah stayed in the doorway, arms crossed over her chest.

"You okay?" Dan asked.

"Yes...no...I don't know, Dan. I never thought we'd be in this position," Sarah said. Dan thought of all the positions he'd seen Sarah in while with Lester and wasn't at all surprised at this one they found themselves in.

"We'll figure something out," Dan said, rising and pulling Sarah into his arms. She rested her head on his chest and let him hold her. Dan's mind started to turn with possibilities. In movies, assassins cut the brake lines on cars. Was that something he could do? His key to the apartment still worked. Maybe he could grease the shower or put something in one of Lester's Coke cans. He pictured Lester, with a smile on his face, choking on a handful of Cheetos.

"What will we do?" Sarah asked quietly, "It's like he owns us now."

Dan didn't hear the weight that her words should carry. It almost felt like she was already resigned to her fate, but just saying the words for him. That nagged at him. She still wanted Lester. Had Dan ever held that much of a hold over her? The thought made something in him twist and break.

"We'll figure something out," Dan repeated. He held her like that for a while until she broke away and said, "I need a drink. Do you want one?"

It wasn't a good idea. They should be sharp for this. He should be. But a drink sounded like the thing he needed. They headed downstairs to the kitchen. Dan waited for Sarah to pour a glass of wine, but she poured a shot of vodka and slammed it. She slid one to Dan, who eyed it. She slammed another. Dan followed suit.

"We should slow down," Dan said.

"I don't want to do this without this," Sarah said. *You've done it lots of times without it*, Dan thought, but kept it to himself. This time did feel different, but he took another shot anyway. It burned going down, and his chest grew warm. It felt nice after it settled. They didn't talk, just made eye contact with the counter. Eventually, Sarah did pour a glass of wine for each of them. By the time he'd finished his first glass, he felt that comfortable buzz settle on him.

Sarah was outpacing him, and he knew she was heading towards a different inevitable conclusion than he was. Still, he tried to think through the problem. He'd done the tip line. He'd done what he could. Short of killing Lester, there wasn't anything left for him to do. Was there?

His thoughts screeched to a halt when the doorbell rang. Sarah shared a long look with him. He didn't move. With one last long gulp that emptied her glass, Sarah breezed across the kitchen floor and answered the door. Dan didn't get up. He stared down at his glass as the voices drifted to him.

"Why, long time no see sexy lady," Lester's overbearing voice said. Dan finished the last of his wine. "You got a kiss for Daddy?"

He heard the sound of wet lips smacking together. The door shut hard, but the sound of lips still persisted. It lasted longer than it should have. It gutted him how swiftly things had gone from a united front to this. But maybe he was being overly dramatic. Dan pushed himself up to his full height and strode into the living room. *His* living room.

Lester had Sarah pinned against the back of the couch. Her back leaned over it as they frantically kissed. Lester was already grinding away at her. Her white robe had fallen open, revealing her bra and panties underneath, a stark contrast to Lester's grungy sweatpants and stained shirt.

Dan just froze, staring as he was ignored. He was like a ghost in his own house, a spectator watching events unfold. He cleared his throat. Sarah froze for a second, but Lester's assaulting tongue and hips continued.

He cleared his throat again. Louder this time, and stepped forward. He put his hand on Lester's shoulder and forcibly pulled him off, Sarah. Lester stumbled back, eyes wide. Dan clenched his fist and, for a second, almost punched him in his fat, pudgy head. Lester righted himself, and his trademark grin appeared on his face, "Oh, Daniel, I didn't know you were home. Lately, you've learned to leave Sarah and me alone. Which I appreciate."

"Yeah, that's not happening. You crossed a line this time, Lester. There's no going back from it," Dan said. Lester eyed Sarah, who was still leaning against the couch, panting. At least she had the common sense to pull her robe closed around her.

"I've barely even crossed the line so far tonight," Lester said, "Believe me, bud, you'll fucking know it when I do."

"I'm not talking about this," Dan gestured to Sarah and, unfortunately, to Lester, whose pants were sprouting a tent. "You sent a video to Sarah's parents and us."

"Oh yeah," Lester scratched his chin. "That. Well, I did put the emojis over the faces. You're welcome. I didn't have to do that, you know."

"Shut the fuck up, Lester," Dan snapped. "Just shut up. For once in your pathetic life, shut up. We aren't doing this anymore. I don't care. Okay? I told you we're done. You're going to delete everything you have, understand?"

Something dark passed over Lester's face but disappeared an instant later. Then he broke out laughing. And kept laughing. He laughed so hard that he had to put his hand on his stomach, and he doubled over in pain from laughing so much. Eventually, he stopped, standing up and wiping a tear from his eyes. "Did you...did you honestly think that was going to work? That you just demand something and I do it? What are you, a fucking toddler?"

Dan's gaze hardened. Lester checked his watch.

"You know, if nothing else, Dan, you are predictable. Lovingly predictable. You always act with anger, but that flame always dies out into an ember before I snuff it out," Lester chided. His eyes drank in Sarah's bare legs.

Sarah and Dan's phones dinged. Lester pointed at the air, "You might want to go check that."

Dan's eyes burned with fury. He didn't move. Sarah gripped her robe's belt tightly and stumbled away into the kitchen to check her phone. She gasped.

"Lester, you piece of shit," Sarah said. Her chest was still rising and falling as she returned to the living room, but Dan wasn't sure if that was anger or arousal from earlier with Lester. Maybe both.

"What is it?" Dan asked. He hadn't left his spot. Sarah held her phone out in front of Dan. On the screen, Sarah was on her knees in the apartment. Lester lowered the strap on her bra as he stood over her. Dan sitting on the couch, touching himself, watching. It had happened so long ago that Dan barely remembered it. That meant Lester had months and months worth of footage.

"Ta-Da!" Lester chuckled to himself. "Now you're going to stand there and process what this means. Yes, I have more. Yes, there is a lot. No, I'm not going to be nice and delete it all. Yes, I plan to leverage this. And yes, I can keep doing this as long as I want. And yes, I have a long reach. Who do you think would most like to see this? Someone at Sentinel? Maybe the teachers at school? What about your family, Dan? We haven't really explored things there. You have a sister, don't you? I think you should introduce us. I have some things I'd like too.."

“Enough,” Dan sighed and winced at how defeated his voice sounded. The only option he could think of here was to punch Lester in the face and never stop hitting him.

“You notice that I didn’t send that right now, right? It’s on a delay. Like the other messages to the other recipients,” Lester nodded and stepped around him. He took Sarah’s phone and tossed it on the couch. Then he spooned Sarah from behind. She shivered, but Dan couldn’t help but notice the small sway of her hips as she pressed back into him. Was Sarah just faking being upset earlier? It was like all her resistance melted before his eyes. Once Lester got a hold of her, her resolve crumbled, if it was real to begin with. Dan, not for the first time, felt like an outsider. A bystander. Witnessing something he shouldn’t be privy to. It made him sick. The idea that his wife would just lie to him over something so serious like this. Was she even his anymore? The thoughts kept swirling, adding to his paralysis.

“So yeah, like, checkmate,” Lester wiggled his eyebrows. His hands moved to Sarah’s shoulders and pulled the robe from them, revealing her angelically smooth skin. Lester planted kisses along her shoulder, and she sucked in a breath. “Intoxicating, isn’t she?”

Dan’s hands balled into fists, seething. The familiar paralyzing erotic tension washed over him, threatening to douse his anger, just like Lester said. Lester eagerly watched him as Sarah’s robe fell to the floor. His kisses on her skin intensified as he cupped her bra-clad breasts. His tongue lolled out as he kissed her skin.

With a hand, he held her waist, encouraging and directing her to grind against him. She gave Dan one last apologetic look before closing her eyes and leaning her head back against Lester. They swayed together, Lester’s pudgy fingers running down the front of her body until they were buried in her panties. Sarah quivered, and the urgency of her swaying increased until she was actively grinding against Lester’s cock. He shuffled out of his sweatpants and pressed hard into her.

He peered up at Dan over Sarah’s back as he licked the sensitive spot on the back of her neck, “You’ve failed to account for how smart I am. And how much Sarah has fallen for me.”

Dan wanted to punch the smug, monologuing little man. He’d seen too many movies and was trying to emulate a cool villain. But the hero in this story didn’t have some trick up his sleeve to stop him. At least not yet.

Dan had to just watch as Lester ravaged Sarah. She didn’t even spare a glance his way like she used to in these scenarios. Back when it was them doing this for their fantasy. *His* fantasy. Lester watched him tauntingly as he pushed Sarah over the couch and ground into her backside. Her throaty moans escaped her lips, and Lester seemed to revel in it.

“You should really just stay in Washington,” Lester chuckled, “It would be better for everyone.”

“You never got a vasectomy, did you?” Dan blurted out. Lester cocked his head.

"You took me to the appointment," Lester said, "How dense are you?"

"I went to see Lizzie," Dan said.

That got Lester's attention. He narrowed his eyes, "Oh?"

Dan just let it hang there for a second, waiting to see how Lester would react. Lester shrugged and continued humping into Sarah. He pulled back and yanked her panties down to her ankles, making her gasp. Lester licked up her legs until he began tonguing her ass cheeks. Then he plowed forward, his face disappearing between her cheeks.

Sarah's head arched up, her fingers slamming to grip the couch as her hips thrust back on Lester. She wiggled her pretty bubble butt against his face as Lester's tongue swirled around her asshole. Dan watched in horrified fascination as Sarah came undone at Lester's expert manipulations.

"Lizzie's pregnant," Dan said flatly.

Lester ignored him, continuing to tongue Sarah's asshole and making her go wild. One of his hands held her hip, the other was in front of her, playing with her clit. Sarah ground herself back on him, soft little moans emanating from her.

Lester stood up and wiped saliva from his stubble-covered face. He looked at Dan and shrugged, "So? Nice job, Sherlock, you saw a woman with a pregnant stomach and made the logical deduction. Congratulations."

"Is it yours?" Dan said, ignoring the barb.

"I don't see how that's possible," Lester shrugged, then checked his watch. "The next video drops soon."

Ice ran through Dan's veins, his mind losing the script on his interrogation plot.

"What video?" Dan demanded.

"One you really, really don't want anyone seeing," Lester said, "it's too bad it's not just the two of you on that distribution list."

"You...fucking...bastard," Sarah panted, but as she did, her ass still stuck out, looking for more of Lester. A sheen of sweat ran down her back.

"Your turn, lover boy," Lester said. He pushed Sarah flat onto the couch. "On your back."

She listened to his command so easily, flipping over.

“Prep her for me,” Lester said and pointed at Sarah. Her body was already wriggling there in anticipation of more of Lester.

“What?” Dan demanded.

“How fucking dense are you?” Lester snapped, “Go eat her out, and I’ll pause the next drop.”

Dan hesitated. Lester just stood back, looking at his watch.

“I..” Dan started, but Lester cut him off.

“Tick-Tock,” Lester said.

“Please,” Sarah whined, looking at Lester. Then back to Dan. “I need it.”

Dan felt a punch to the gut at how easily Sarah had fallen for this. Was there no coming back?

“Fuck,” Sarah said, hands going to her breasts as she slowly convulsed on the couch, touching herself, thighs running together. Lester wiggled his eyebrows at him. Dan frowned, but thoughts swirled through his head. What was in that video? Who could Lester reach? He couldn’t find a way out of it.

“Fuck you,” Dan spat at Lester, then moved between Sarah’s legs on the couch. She moaned at the contact, pushing her pussy up to meet Dan’s swirling tongue. She put her hand on the back of his head, guiding him as he licked up and down her slit. He found her clit and began to suck on it, alternating between licking it up and down, swirling it in a circle.

Sarah’s elated moans started to flood into his mind. He felt himself get hard, in spite of the murderous thoughts swirling in his head. Sarah’s nails scraped over his scalp, sending a shiver down his spine. He knew how fucked up this was. It was all too fucked up. His buzzed brain struggled to find a way out of this. He knew his confrontation and questioning had been clumsy. He’d fucked up, and now he was eating Sarah out while Lester watched. What the fuck had happened?

But Sarah’s erotic moans lulled him deeper into what he was doing. His hands grabbed her waist, eliciting another moan from her. He dug in, swirling his tongue around slowly. Deliberate. Her hips pushed off the couch into his face. Her juices spread over his lips and onto his cheeks. She was loving this. And Dan was happily obliging as all other thoughts melted away.

Dan went to town, getting lost in Sarah’s body responding to his actions. He ground himself against the couch, his hard dick pressing against the leather as he humped forward with every lick and nod of his head.

Then something tapped the back of his head. Hard. Then again.

Dan pulled his face from Sarah's pussy. She was looking up past him. Dan turned to see Lester about to flick him on the head. Instead, he put his meaty hand on Dan's shoulder and pulled him back. Dan lost his balance and fell to the ground. Lester was already in his place, cock in hand as he lined himself up with Sarah's pussy, pushing her legs wider so Dan could get a view of what he was about to do to his wife.

"This is what you've been waiting for, huh?" Lester asked. Sarah licked her lips and nodded her head. Lester stroked the head of his cock up and down her pussy lips, her ass rising up seeking more of him. Pleading for him to slide it into her.

"Dan seems to think I was lying about my vasectomy. Some grand conspiracy about me knocking up Lizzie, what do you think about that?" Lester asked as he teased Sarah.

"I...I don't know...I think...Ahhmhm," Sarah was cut off as Lester started to feed his cock into Sarah. Her body revelled in the sensation, cutting off all speech. Her fingers dug into his biceps as he towered over her, his flabby gut seemingly dripping off and melting over her skin. He watched her responses eagerly. Drinking them in.

"I mean, even if I did lie about that, you wouldn't stop this, would you?" Lester continued, pushing his hips forward. Sarah didn't respond, but her body coiled around Lester, pulling him deeper. Desperately needing more of him. Dan just gulped from the floor, watching. He was close. The wet smacking sounds of their coupling echoed in his ears.

Lester cast one glance at Dan, "I guess that's a no."

The fucking fat bastard smirked, took Sarah by the chin and turned her face towards Dan. She didn't open her eyes. Her face was a mask of needy pleasure. Lester let his tongue coil out like a snake and possessively licked her lips. She let them open with a moan, her own tongue lolling out to meet his. They collided, wrapping around each other, sucking. Lester forced his tongue into her mouth, eliciting a deep, pleasurable moan from Dan's wife. Then he turned her away from him, Lester's massive, hairy body blocking Sarah from view.

Lester began rutting into her with full abandon. Dan was used to Lester slowly working her up, controlling himself, but he was thrusting like there was no tomorrow. Some small part of Dan told him that he'd already worked her up himself by eating her out. And now Lester was taking full advantage of that.

The balls of his feet dug into the couch as he pushed forward, driving his cock deep into Sarah. Her own body shuddering with each thrust. Her legs were splayed wide around him, heels eagerly digging into his ass, trying to will him deeper and deeper. Dan couldn't see his wife's face, but he

could hear her. Wet smacking sounds of lips. And the unmistakable sound of her moans getting louder and louder.

Sweat covered Lester's skin with just a few minutes of exertion. He broke the kiss and continued his fucked up diatribe, "Do you want me to pull out?"

"No...noooo," Sarah moaned, her head thrashing to the side. Dan gulped. She never made those sounds with him.

"I can put a condom on, if you want," Lester continued.

"Fuck....noo...just fuck me...please Lester," Sarah whined. It was needy and desperate, making Dan's stomach turn to knots. He tried to push himself to his feet. To get away from all of this, but found that the paralyzing arousal had returned. He couldn't move.

"What do you want? Where do you want me to cum?" Lester continued.

"In me...In me...." Sarah seemed to beg. Her fingers clawed at his shoulders, trying to pull him back down onto her. "I want it in me, Lester...."

"But Dan thinks I'm not fixed...." Lester let the words hang there, waiting for her to pick them up.

Sarah didn't respond, so he continued.

"You know what that means, right? What's he implying?" Lester asked.

In a whisper, Sarah said, "Yes."

A smile crept over Lester's ugly face, "Good girl. Tell me."

"It means...ah...it means...uhmmhmm," Sarah licked her lips, "It means your cum wants to fucking knock me up. That's what it means. That you never got fixed. That your sperm is just...going to fill me."

"Mhmmm, that's it. Going to fill you. Flood into you. Find that egg and put a baby in you," Lester growled. Sarah bucked off the couch, fucking him back earnestly. Her breaths were coming in heavy. She was going wild under him. Dan could tell the idea was turning her on. And all he could do was watch. He kept telling himself over and over that she was still on birth control. If Dan's wild theory was right, they were still okay.

"Beg me for it. Right here in front of your fucking husband. Beg me to do it," Lester said.

“Fuck! Lester!” Sarah shouted, “I want it...I don’t care anymore...I just want to feel your cum in me...Jesus...god I need it...I need it all...fill me, Lester...god make me pregnant, you fucking bastard.”

“Atta girl,” Lester licked his lips, “Gonna pump you full until your tummy swells, Sarah.”

“God, just fucking do it, Lester,” Sarah’s head lolled, and her thrusts off the couch became more urgent. Dan could tell she was getting close. He knew the signs, but this was something else entirely.

“Make me pregnant,” Sarah cried.

“You hear that, Dan?” Lester chuckled, “Your wife wants me to breed her. And a gentleman obliges a lady,” Lester grunted as he pumped his cock into Sarah. “God, she feels so fucking tight. But I bet you already knew that, didn’t you, Mr. Detective? You think you’re so clever, don’t you? Trying to figure stuff out.”

“But,” Lester hammered into Sarah.

“It. Doesn’t.” He punctuated the word with another hard thrust into her. Her breasts jiggled, and her body began to tense up.

“God...Lester...I’m gonna..”

“Matters,” Lester spat. Spittle flew out of his mouth and landed on Sarah’s face. Her eyes were tightly closed and her mouth was turned into an ‘O’.

‘Cum...oh...fuckk...’ Sarah moaned as her face contorted. Her entire body went rigid as Lester plowed into her. He power fucked her with several rapid thrusts.

He threw his head back and shouted, “Here is cums, Sarah. Your husband is about to watch you get bred and isn’t doing a thing to stop me.”

“Fuck...give it to meeee!” Sarah whined, her nails digging into Lester’s arms as her body spasmed under him as she came.

Lester roared and tensed. And Dan knew he was unloading his cum into his wife. Sarah’s face reacted in surprised pleasure with each rope of cum. Dan could see her expression change over and over as Lester poured his seed into her.

Dan’s mind picked up on something else. Footsteps. Upstairs. His paralysis lessened, and he threw himself to his feet and scrambled up the stairs as the sound of rutting and wet smacking of lips and desperate moans continued behind him.

He got to the top of the stairs just in time before Ava, wiping sleep from her eye, was about to come around the corner.

"Dad? What's that noise?" she asked. Dan bit his lip, trying to calm his beating heart. "It's...just a movie, honey. Now go back to bed."

"Can you stay with me? That movie...it's scary sounding."

"Yeah," Dan sighed, rubbing his eyes, "It is. It's a really scary one."

"Does it have a happy ending?" she asked quietly.

"I don't know," Dan sighed, "I haven't watched it before. It's not looking good, though."

Dan realized what he'd said and gave his daughter a comforting pat on the back, "I'm sure it will. Most movies do right?"

"Yes," Ava said.

Dan needed to get her back down to bed. He didn't want her wandering downstairs and discovering what was happening. But he didn't want to leave Sarah in Lester's hands. He was torn, but let his daughter lead him back to her room, where he put her in bed and settled into the chair next to her, waiting for her to fall asleep.

He had to steady his breath as the walls threatened to close in on him. What the fuck had happened to his life? He was here, in his daughter's bedroom, while his wife got railed downstairs by his piece of shit roommate. Worse, Sarah was enjoying every second of it. The lines were blurred more now than they'd ever been. Not only could the kids easily discover what was going on, but Dan had completely overlooked Lester just sauntering into their house for everyone on the street to see. He was so worried about the pictures and video of Lester's but he was letting something like this happen?

He'd let it happen. He'd just....stood there passively again like some curse had claimed him. He felt weak and pathetic. And that thought made him cringe, but his heart quickened at the taboo nature of it all. It sent a thrill through him that he wished he could quit.

He closed his eyes and tried to think of anything else. He didn't want to think like this, not right now. He was sure he could hear sounds coming from downstairs, but this was the last place he wanted to think about then. He closed his eyes tight and let the flashes of images of Lester and Sarah drift by, trying to will anything else to take their place. The sounds downstairs persisted as the alcohol and images claimed Dan, and he dozed off trying to imagine what was happening.