

Sarah floated in a warm, heavy haze. The blindfold was still tight over her eyes and the soft cups pressed against her ears, turning every sound into something distant and muffled. She didn't care. A slow current of heat moved through her whole body, making her skin tingle and her thoughts soft around the edges. She felt like she was lying on a cloud, or maybe drifting just above one. Everything felt so good. The sheets under her knees, the cool air on her bare back, even the ache between her legs. She was completely naked, and she didn't care where she was or how she got here.

Lester was behind her. She could feel the heavy, soft weight of his gut resting on the top of her ass, warm and moving every time he thrust. It jiggled against her skin in a way that should have been gross but only made her push back harder. His hands were locked on her hips, thick fingers digging in as he fucked her doggy style. He felt enormous inside her, stretching her open so wide it made her mouth fall open against the soft skin in front of her face. Every stroke dragged along places that made her toes curl and her breath ragged.

God, he feels so big. So fucking deep.

Her face was pressed against something soft and warm. Another woman's breasts. The other woman from earlier was lying under her or beside her, not really moving, just there. Sarah could feel the soft give of them against her cheek and the side of her mouth every time Lester's thrusts rocked her forward. She nuzzled into them without thinking, letting the warm skin drag against her lips. The other woman smelled faintly of sweat and something floral that was almost gone now. Sarah didn't try to figure out who it was. She just breathed her scent in and kept pushing her hips back to meet Lester's plunging thick cock.

The bed was shaking hard. She could feel every jarring movement of his body, the way his gut slapped against her ass, the way his heavy balls brushed her with each stroke. His musky smell filled the little bit of air she could get between the smell of the other woman's skin and her own breathing.

She was lost in it. Time had stopped meaning anything. All that existed was the immense stretch of him inside her, the heat of his moving body covering her from behind, and the soft press of the other woman's breasts against her face. Sarah moaned into that soft skin and thrust herself back harder, trying to take every inch he could give her. Her arms felt weak so she let more of her weight drop forward, burying her face deeper against the other woman's bosom. An erect nipple brushed her lips, and she opened her mouth around it without thinking, sucking gently while Lester kept ruthlessly fucking her.

Lester's grip tightened on her hips, and he started moving even faster. The bedsprings protested under the force. Sarah could feel the soft fat of his stomach rolling insistently against her with every pointed thrust, the way his bulk stuck to her sweaty skin for a second before peeling away again. His barrelling cock was so thick it felt like it was rearranging her from the inside. She clenched herself around him and heard him make a low vibrating sound behind her,

muffled by the ear cups but still clear enough to send another pulse of hedonistic heat through her.

She kept her mouth affixed to the other woman's breast, tongue moving lazily over the nipple while her body rocked forward and back again. The other woman still wasn't moving much at all, just lying there, but Sarah could feel the rise and fall of her breathing under her own cheek. It made the whole thing feel even more surreal and dreamlike. Like none of it was fully really happening. Everything was soft and glowing around the edges. Every nerve ending felt switched on to the fullest. Even the ache between her legs from how hard he was taking her throbbed delightfully.

Lester leaned over her more, his considerable weight pressing her down until her chest was almost flat against the other woman. His gut was fully draped over her lower back and ass now, heavy and hot. He kept thrusting in short, powerful strokes that made the whole mattress shake dramatically. Sarah moaned around the nipple in her mouth and pushed her hips back as hard as she could, wanting him deeper. She could feel how wet she was, some of it was already running down the insides of her thighs, dampening the sheets.

Her arms gave out a little more, and she sank fully against the woman's soft body beneath her. The other woman's breasts were warm pillows under her face. Sarah turned her head slightly so she could press her open mouth against the soft underside of one, her breathing frenzied while Lester pounded into her from behind. His hands slid up from her hips to her waist, then higher, until he was gripping her just under her breasts and using the hold to decisively haul her back onto his cock with every thrust. The force of it made her whole body jolt.

She was getting close again. The irresistible pleasure built in a thick, rolling wave that started deep in her belly and spread outward. Every time his heavy balls slapped against her clit it sent another spark through her. She could feel the way his oversized gut shook with the effort of fucking her. It should've been disgusting. Instead, the jiggling only made her push back harder. She sucked on the breast under her mouth and reached one hand back blindly, finding the softness of his stomach and digging her fingers into it.

Lester made another low sound and somehow fucked her even harder. The bed was really moving now, the headboard knocking against the wall in a muffled rhythm. Sarah's moans were getting louder too. She was vaguely aware of how loud she must've been as her moans spilled out around the soft skin of the other woman's breast. She could feel the other woman's heartbeat under the side of her cheek. It grounded her to the room even while the rest of her was floating away on the heat and the stretch and the thick slide of Lester's powerful cock.

She felt her own orgasming floating besides her like it was its own living thing. Pulsating. Inside of her and outside floating with her. She reached for it. Behind the blindfold, her eyes clamped shut, and the pleasure of her orgasm began to grow larger and larger until she couldn't hold it back any longer.

She came harder than she was ready to, her whole body locking up and then shaking as the orgasm tore through her. Fireworks of explosive pleasure tore through every sense she had; a series of colors burst in the darkness behind her eyelids. Her pussy clamped down around him in tight, pulsing waves and she cried out against the other woman's warm skin. Lester didn't stop. His wonderful awe-inspiring cock kept thrusting into her even as she tried fervently to clench her opening around him.

He kept thrusting through it, dragging the pleasure out until Sarah was whimpering and trembling and barely able to hold herself up. The other woman still lay quiet beneath her, soft and warm, the only solid thing Sarah could hold onto while the rest of the world dissolved into heat and pressure and the thick, relentless movement of Lester's unforgiving body behind her.

When the worst of the shaking had passed she was still earnestly pushing back against him, still trying to take every inch of him. The warmth in her blood made the aftershocks feel almost as good as the orgasm itself. Every small movement of his cock inside her sent another soft gratifying pulse of pleasure through her. She stayed there on her hands and knees, face buried against the other woman's breasts, letting Lester use her however he wanted while the bed kept dramatically shaking under them and the electric heat kept moving through her body.

She had no idea how long it had been. She had no idea where the other man had gone. She didn't really care about any of it. All that existed was the heavy gut pressing against her ass, the massive stretch of Lester inside her, and the soft warm skin of the woman beneath her. Sarah moaned again and pushed back harder, completely lost in the feeling of being taken.

Lester had a giant grin stretched across his face as he fucked Sarah raw. An hour ago he had just finished pumping another load into Renee, and now Sarah's tight warm pussy was clenching around his cock like she was trying to keep him inside of her forever. He loved every single second of it. Her back was slick with sweat, her perfect ass pushing back to meet his every thrust, and the soft fat of his gut kept slapping against her with a wet, heavy sound. His eyes rolled back in pleasure as her pussy gripped his cock, milking him thoroughly. He licked his fat lips and ground into her, savoring all the little sensations. Nobody fucked like Sarah. She was on another level. Her body was built just for Lester.

And to top it off, she was making all kinds of responsive noises. Loud, uninhibited, completely gone.

"Ahh...fuck...ohhh god..."

"Mmmph...yes...yes..."

"Nngh....don't stop...please..."

She couldn't hear him. The blindfold cups over her ears, and the way she was moaning so loud made sure of that. From somewhere in another motel room, a fist banged hard against a wall,

and a muffled voice yelled for them to shut the fuck up. Lester didn't even glance that way. He just kept driving into the married woman, grinning ever wider.

"You know, Dan is right," he said, voice low between thrusts. "I never did get fixed. All this time. All this fucking time. Maybe you should have listened to your husband. You've been getting my sweet unfiltered baby batter. Begging for it..."

Sarah only answered with another broken lustful moan, thrusting back harder. One of her hands was pressed against Renee's chest, fingers digging into the soft flesh there. The other was clenched tightly in the sheets, knuckles white.

"Oh yeah, and your pills don't work anymore," Lester continued, breathing heavier now. "They don't do shit. Placebo or whatever the fuck. Sooner or later... and I'm hoping sooner... I'm gonna be leaving you with Lester Junior. Fuck, I love this."

He watched her body move under him, the way her sexy back arched and her perfect hips rolled to take him deeper. She was completely lost in it, fucking herself back onto his cock like an animal. The bed was shaking dangerously hard. Renee lay quiet beneath Sarah, still half out of it, while Sarah used her own mother for leverage and to muffle her sounds.

"You feel that?" Lester grunted, slamming in harder. "That's pure fucking seed, Sarah. No protection. Just me about to fill up that fertile little body of yours. Dan can call every clinic in the state, won't change a thing. You're already full of me from earlier, and I'm about to give you so much more."

Sarah's moans got wilder, higher, almost frantic.

"Ahhh...fuck...Lester...oh my god..."

"That's it," he growled. "Take it. Fucking take every inch. I'm gonna breed this pussy so good you'll be walking around with my kid and still coming back for more."

He could feel her getting close again. The way she clenched and fluttered around him, the desperate way she was shoving her ass back, the broken sounds spilling out of her. Her hand on Renee's chest squeezed harder. Her fist in the sheets twisted the fabric.

"I'm gonna cum," Lester announced, voice thick. "Gonna fill this fertile pussy right now. Take it, Sarah. Take all of it."

Even though she couldn't hear him, she answered back almost in sync, her voice broken and desperate. "God, Lester...mhmmmfuck...give it to me. Oh god...uhmmhmmyes...Lester..."

He slammed in deep and stayed there as the first thick rope of cum shot into her. Sarah let out an unhinged, loud moan that turned into a near-scream, her whole body almost convulsing under him. Her pussy locked down around his cock in hard, milking pulses, squeezing every solitary drop out of him as he kept pumping rope after rope of thick cum into her. He could feel it

flooding her, the wet heat of it already starting to leak out around his shaft with every small twitch of his hips.

“Mmmhmmm....Gaaamhmmmm...ffuc...Lester.....yess,” she kept cumming on him, body shaking, milking him clean until her arms finally gave out and she collapsed forward, going completely limp over Renee. Her face was buried against her breasts, still blindfolded, still making soft little aftershock sounds.

Lester didn't pull out right away. He stayed buried deep, grinding into her in slow circles, trying to push the flood of his cum even deeper. His hands stayed locked on her hips, holding her ass up while her upper body draped lifelessly over Renee. He squeezed his cock inside her, working out the last few dribbles, watching the thick white mess start to leak out around his base and run down her thighs.

Finally he slid out with a wet sound. A thick string of cum followed, connecting them for a second before breaking. He stood there at the edge of the bed, breathing hard, looking down at the two sweaty, naked blondes curled up together. Sarah was out cold. Renee was still mostly gone. Both of them marked and leaking his seed.

Lester smirked, chest still rising and falling. He felt like a god.

He stood at the edge of the bed in the dark, the only light coming from the thin crack under the bathroom door. It was the early hours, still a long way from sunup. The motel room was quiet except for the soft, even breathing of the two women on the bed. He had a thick fist wrapped around his cock, stroking slow and steady, eyes blazing as he stared down at them.

Sarah and Renee were facing each other, both completely naked, both still asleep. Their blonde hair was tangled across each of the pillows, almost intertwined. Their bodies were shiny with drying sweat. And between their legs, thick white cum was still leaking out of both of them in slow, lazy trails that had already left growing wet spots on the sheets. Lester licked his lips and kept stroking, savoring every second of the view. He knew he had to move Renee soon, but he just couldn't bring himself to ruin this perfect tableau. His masterpiece.

Look at that. Both of them full of me.

He moved his hand a little faster, the wet sound of his fist on his cock soft in the quiet room. He spit into his palm to add a little more lubrication. His heavy gut hung over the base of his shaft as he worked himself. The sight of them like this; soft, spent, marked by him, made his cock throb hard in his grip. He could still smell the sex in the air, thick and musky.

Lester stepped closer until his knees almost touched the cheap mattress. He stared at Sarah's face first, peaceful and asleep, lips slightly parted. Then at Renee's, so similar it still made something dark and satisfied twist around in his gut. He kept stroking, thumb sliding over the

wet head of his cock on every upstroke, spreading the precum that was already beading up there.

I own both of them.

He climbed onto the bed carefully, the old springs creaking under his weight. Neither woman stirred. He knelt carefully between them, close enough that he could feel the heat coming off both their bodies. His cock was fully hard now, thick and heavy in his hand, the head purple and angry. He leaned forward and dragged it slowly across Sarah's cheek, leaving a wet trail. Then he moved it to Renee's face and did the same, rubbing the tip along her soft skin, over the corner of her mouth, then back again.

He alternated between them, slowly and deliberately. Sarah's lips. Renee's lips. The side of Sarah's nose. The soft skin under Renee's eye. Every time the head of his cock touched one of their mouths he felt another thick pulse of precum leak out. He stroked himself the whole time, fist moving in long, steady pulls while he painted their faces with the wet tip. He moved it in lazy circles, dragging across their skin.

He pressed the head of his cock against Sarah's slightly open lips and rubbed it back and forth, smearing the wetness across them. Then he switched to Renee and repeated the gesture, pushing just enough that her soft lips parted a little around the tip before he pulled back. His breathing was getting heavier. The bed shifted under his weight as he leaned further over them, one hand braced on the mattress while the other kept working his cock in tight, focused strokes.

The two women stayed asleep, faces turned toward each other, completely unaware that he was using them like this. Lester could see the dried streaks of earlier cum on their inner thighs, the way their breasts rose and fell with each soft breath. He dragged his cock from one face to the other again, slower this time, leaving shiny trails across both of their cheeks and mouths. His gut hung down as he leaned over, the soft weight of it brushing against Sarah's shoulder.

He was getting close. The sight of them, the feel of their warm skin against the sensitive head of his cock, the knowledge of what he had already done to both of them, it all stacked up until his fist was moving faster. Thick drops of precum kept leaking out, some of it stringing between the tip of his cock and their lips when he pulled away.

Lester kept alternating, rubbing the swollen head over Sarah's mouth, then Renee's, then back again, stroking himself harder the whole time. His breathing had turned into low, rough panting. The quiet room filled with the soft wet sound of his fist and the faint creak of the mattress under his knees. He stared down at the two blonde women with that same blazing look, savoring every second of the power and the mess and the complete ownership of the moment.

He was right on the edge now, cock throbbing hard in his hand, the head shiny and wet as he dragged it one more time across both of their lips. Then he released himself in a torrent of cum.

Renee woke up slowly. Her head felt thick, like her brain was wrapped in cotton. Everything felt heavy. Her limbs, her thoughts, even her eyelids. She tried to sit up, and the room tilted for a second before settling. A dull ache sat low between her legs and a pleasant sort of soreness pulsed through her hips and thighs. For a few blurry seconds she just lay there, staring at a stained ceiling she didn't recognize, trying to slowly piece together where she was.

Memories started drifting back in pieces. Lester. His hands. The way he had talked to her. The heat of his body. Then other things that felt less solid. Another set of hands, softer ones, a woman's mouth maybe, someone else in the room. It all blurred together into something that felt more like a fever dream than real life. She could still feel the ghosts of pleasure moving under her skin, a leftover warmth that made her shift against the sheets even as a fresh bloom of shame started to rise hard and fast in her chest.

What the hell have I done?

She sat up, and the room swam dizzily again. Dirty walls. Dated, cheap furniture. The smell of old smoke and bygone sex still hanging in the air. A door leading to an adjoining room. Recognition hit her like a slap. The motel. The same one from last night. She had met Lester here. She remembered that much clearly. Everything after that got hazy, like someone had wiped half the night away and left only the physical sensations behind.

Light was pouring in through the thin curtains, bright enough to make her squint. Morning. It was morning. Panic cut through her fog. She hadn't meant to stay out all night. James would be wondering where she was. He might already be calling. She swung her legs over the side of the bed and stood up too fast. The floor tilted. She grabbed the edge of the nightstand until the teetering stopped.

Her phone and keys were on the small table near the door. She grabbed them with shaking hands and caught sight of herself in the mirror over the dresser. The woman looking back was a holy mess. Hair tangled. Makeup smeared. There was something dry and white on her cheek and near the corner of her mouth. Her neck had faint marks. She looked exactly like what she was, a woman who had been thoroughly fucked out and left in a cheap motel.

Mortification flooded her. She rushed into the tiny bathroom, turned on the faucet, and scrubbed at her face with cold water and the rough paper towels until her skin felt raw. It helped a little but not enough. She still looked wrecked. Anger at Lester flared hot under her shame. He had just left her here like this. No note. No nothing. Just used her and walked out while she was still unconscious. But he'd never promised romance. Was a little human decency too much to ask?

She pulled her clothes on as best she could. Everything felt wrinkled and wrong against her skin. The residual ache between her legs made her move carefully. When she opened the motel door, the morning light hit her full in the face and made her eyes water. She kept her head down and walked fast toward her car.

Two men were standing near a beat-up truck a few spaces over. One of them looked her up and down. "Fuck, someone had a good night. Hey sweetheart, come here. I got something to show ya. Where ya going?"

The other one laughed and said, "Was that you we heard last night? Fuck, get over here baby and show us how you work it."

Her stomach turned. She ignored them and kept walking, but the comments still sent an unwanted little thrill through her that only made the shame worse. She hated that her body had reacted at all.

Inside the car, she sat for a long moment with her hands on the wheel, trying to steady herself. Her head still felt foggy, and her coordination was off. Driving didn't feel entirely safe, but staying here felt worse. Somehow even more dangerous. Her eyes moved to her phone on the passenger seat. Renee didn't move to turn it over and deal with any messages.

She started the engine and pulled out of the lot, focusing hard on the road. Every stoplight felt like it lasted too long. The leftover warmth in her body kept reminding her of things she didn't want to think about. Lester's weight, the incredible stretch of him, the confusing sense that someone else had been there too.

By the time she turned onto her street, the sky was fully light. The clock on the dash said 7:42. Early enough that the neighbors might not be watching yet. She pulled into the driveway as quietly as she could and killed the engine. Her plan was simple: slip inside, get to the shower, figure out a story later. Her mind was blank, working to conjure one up. She opened the front door carefully and stepped into the entryway.

James was standing right there in the hall.

He looked like he hadn't slept. His eyes were bloodshot and fixed on hers. The silence between them stretched for several long seconds while Renee's heart hammered in her chest and the full weight of the night settled over her like a stone. She thought she was going to be sick.

Sarah sat in the passenger seat of Lester's SUV with her head leaned against the window as he drove through town. Everything felt slow and thick. Her thoughts kept slipping away before she could finish them. Her body was heavy. She told herself it was just the alcohol from last night, but it felt off even for that. A low, pleasant ache still pulsed between her legs and every time the car hit a small bump, it sent a soft reminder through her.

Lester's heavy hand was on her thigh, his fingers moving in slow circles. She didn't push it away. Part of her wanted to. Another part of her just sat there and let it happen while fragmented images from the night before kept flickering behind her eyes. A woman's soft body under her. Someone else's hands. Lester's weight. The feeling of him finishing inside her more than once.

It all felt half-dream, half-real, and the more she tried to grab onto any single memory, the more it slid away.

I can't believe any of that happened. It doesn't even feel like it was me.

She turned her head a little and looked at him. In the morning light, he looked even worse than usual. His thinning hair, ugly jowls that shook as he drove. His large gut straining against the steering wheel. This was the same man who'd blackmailed them, who'd recorded them, who had turned her life upside down. And still her body remembered how he had felt inside her and gave a small, traitorous pulse of heat.

"Lester, what... what happened last night?"

He kept his eyes on the road, hand still stroking her thigh. "I'm not really sure. The details are kind of hazy. I don't usually drink like that. You know that. But I remember you cumming a lot. The sex was crazy, wasn't it?"

Sarah swallowed. "Yeah... I... think so. It felt good. Really good. Like amazing... who were... there were other people, right? I think? A man and a woman? Who were they? Is that why you blindfolded me?"

"I just wanted to heighten your senses," Lester looked at her, concern plain on his face. "Especially after the rough day you had with Dan... I wanted to give you something special. You didn't like it?"

"No, that's not what I meant... I just- it's a lot. When I think about it now, I've never... with a woman before, you know?"

Lester glanced over, testing. "Did you like it? Like her?"

Sarah was quiet for a few seconds. The memory of soft skin and a mouth on hers surfaced and then sank again. "I... I don't know... in the moment, yeah, it was intense, and everything felt good. I just never thought it was something I'd do."

"We've done a lot together you probably never expected," Lester grinned. That irritating shit-eating grin of his.

She stayed silent but gave a small nod. He was right, and she hated how right he was. The hand on her thigh squeezed once and then kept moving higher, slow enough that she could have easily stopped him. She didn't.

The rest of the drive passed in a fog of half-formed thoughts and the steady pressure of his fingers. Shame sat squarely in her chest, but underneath there was the leftover warmth in her body that refused to fully be put out. She kept seeing flashes in her mind. Lester above her, the feeling of being filled, the confusing sense of another woman close by, touching her, being

touched. Another man there too, hands interlaced in her hair, his cock filling her mouth. Every time the images came, she felt both sick and a little turned on at the same time.

When Lester finally turned into her driveway, the house looked the same as it always had. From the outside, no one would know the turmoil they were experiencing or the sexual heights she'd reached. It was just another boring suburban house. He put the car in park but didn't take his hand off her leg.

"Do you want me to stay?" he asked, carefully. "You'll need support when you confront him about Tricia."

The name hit her like cold water. Suddenly she was back in the kitchen the day before, watching Lester answer Dan's phone, hearing that woman's voice, seeing the guilty look on Dan's face when she'd asked if he'd slept with her. The memory cut through some of the fog and left her feeling raw.

She breathed out slowly. "No... I'll be okay. Thank you though, Lester."

She didn't plan the next part. Her body just moved. She leaned across the center console and kissed his lips. It was soft but lingered, a goodbye that felt too familiar, too intimate. When she pulled back, she saw his face clearly in the morning light. His beady eyes, the gross mouth, the way his expression shifted into something pleased and possessive. Sarah's stomach turned. This was the man who'd wrecked her marriage, who still had videos of her, who had filled her repeatedly with his cum only hours ago. And she'd just kissed him like it was the most natural thing in the world. She hated herself at that moment.

Why did I do that? What is wrong with me?

She opened the door and eased out on unsteady legs. As she straightened her clothes, she glanced toward the house next door and froze for half a second. Her neighbor Ted was standing at his living room window, not even trying to hide. He had definitely seen the kiss. Their eyes met for a brief, awful moment before Sarah looked down at the ground and started walking toward her front door. She could feel his stare on her back the whole way, as she did the quiet walk of shame up her front path and into the house.

Sarah stepped into the house and closed the door quietly behind her. The place felt too still. No cartoons, no little voices, no sounds of the girls getting ready. She walked into the kitchen on autopilot and glanced at the microwave.

It was mid-morning, 10:49. The girls were already at school. Dan must have taken them. Guilt washed over her again at the thought. Of missing seeing the girls off. She relished being able to do that, remembering the first days of school for each of them. And now she'd missed another day, and Dan had probably had to lie and cover for her so they wouldn't notice anything was wrong.

Her head still felt full of cotton and slow. Every thought took an extra second to form. Her body was heavy, like she hadn't slept in days even though she knew she'd passed out hard at some point. She kept telling herself it was just the alcohol from last night, but the way the world felt slightly tilted and distant didn't match any hangover she could ever remember.

Footsteps sounded above her from Dan's office. She braced herself against the counter, fingers curling around the edge. Anger and something sharper mixed together in her chest while she waited. The shame from the motel, from the kiss in the driveway, from the foggy memories of a woman's body under hers, all of it sat together with the fury she felt about Dan and the woman from his work: Tricia. She couldn't separate any of it cleanly, it was all helplessly tangled together.

The stairs creaked. Dan came down tentatively, like he wasn't sure what he was walking into. He stepped into the kitchen and stopped a few feet away from her. He looked exhausted. His eyes were red-rimmed, and his shoulders were hunched the way they always got when things were bad. "You're home."

"Yeah," she said flatly. It sounded worse than she meant it to, but she didn't correct it. He looked away, and she got a small bit of satisfaction from it.

He rubbed the back of his neck. "I was worried about you. You just left in a flurry. We didn't get a chance to talk. With him here, I..."

Sarah felt the anger rise fast and hot, cutting through some of the fog before she could get a hold of it. "What? Were you worried I would do something stupid? Because you cheated on me with some whore from your new job? I'd be justified doing whatever I wanted, Dan."

Dan pinched the bridge of his nose and let out a long breath. "That's not... I really don't want to fight Sarah... I'm exhausted from fighting. From all of this." His hands were up in a placating gesture.

"Is that why you've been going to Washington so much?" Her voice came out sharper than she meant. "So your mistress can soothe you from me? From the kids? From your life? So you can just run away from your problems and be with her?"

Dan opened his mouth like he was going to answer, then he closed it. His face had gone tight. He looked like he was weighing every word that went through his head.

"What did you want to say?" Sarah pushed, the anger roiling through her. She felt herself shaking. The fog in her head made it hard to keep her thoughts in a straight line, but the hurt was clear enough. "Say it, Dan. Don't chicken out, tell me what you want to say. Be a man, for once."

Something finally snapped behind his eyes. Anger flooded his face as it reddened. She didn't recognize this new look. "Are you fucking kidding me?"

She started to answer but he cut her off, his voice rising.

“Are you fffucking kidding me? Are you seriously this fucking mad about that? Yes. I cheated on you. Yes, I fucked Tricia a couple of times. I’m not proud of it. I never wanted to break our marriage vows...”

Once spoken, the words landed harder than she expected. It felt like a knife sliding in deep and then deliberately twisting. She had known it was true. She had seen the guilt on his face yesterday. But hearing him say it out loud still knocked the air out of her. For a second the residual heat in her body and the shame of her own night and the image of Lester’s hand on her thigh in the car all crashed together and left her feeling sick.

“But you did,” she said, and her voice came out quieter than she wanted. “A couple times. You were probably planning since the moment you saw her to get what you wanted, to fuck her.”

Dan stared at her hard. The kitchen felt too small. Sarah’s head throbbed. She could still feel the ghost of Lester’s cum inside her from hours ago. The hypocrisy of her own anger sat heavily in her stomach, but she couldn’t stop the words from spilling out. The fog made everything louder and meaner than it needed to be.

She kept her hands on the counter because she wasn’t sure her legs would hold her if she let go. The house was so quiet around them. No kids, just the two of them and the wreckage of everything they had done to each other.

Dan’s face had gone hard.

“Fuck off. No. We’re not doing that. She hit on me from the jump, and I turned her down, repeatedly. It was only because of you and Lester that I finally gave in to her.”

Sarah felt the words like a slap. “Oh, so it’s my fault now? That you couldn’t keep your dick in your pants? That’s rich.”

“Un-fucking-believable. Are you fucking kidding me?” Dan’s voice rose. “Do you know how big of a fucking hypocrite you are right now? You’ve been fucking Lester all the fucking time, barely making time for us. For you and me. He’s taken over our marriage Sarah and you’ve let him cut me out completely.”

“Don’t. Just don’t Dan. This was your fantasy, remember? I did this for you.”

“It stopped being for me a long fucking time ago, and you know it. Lie to yourself but you can’t lie to me. How many times did you go off with Lester without me? Without even telling me? Doing things without letting me know? Huh? You can’t say that was for me Sarah. It was for you. You’ve been cheating on me for fucking months.”

“It’s not the same at all, don’t pretend to—”

He cut her off, his words coming faster now. "You're right. It's not the same at all. I gave in because I was hurt and alone. You left me alone to fuck him. And who else have you fucked? Your old boss at the hospital? I wasn't part of that. That wasn't for me. I don't even know what else or who else you've done. You've been on quite a tear. None of that is for me. Do you even see yourself anymore? Fucking Lester in the house while the kids are still here? What the fuck? You know I had to soothe Ava back to sleep because your wild fucking woke her up? What the fuck are you doing, Sarah? You're out of control."

The kitchen went quiet for a second after he finished. Sarah stood there with her hands still on the counter, the fog in her head making everything feel padded.

Dan's words started to land in a way she couldn't push away. She absolutely had gone off with Lester without telling him. She had done things in this house while the girls were asleep. She had let another woman touch her, and another man use her mouth, and she still didn't even know who they were. The residual ache between her legs felt like evidence now instead of just a reminder of the leftover pleasure.

She couldn't stand up anymore. Her legs felt weak. She slid into one of the kitchen chairs and stared at the table instead of looking at her husband. Everything felt upside down. She didn't know who she was supposed to be angry at first. Dan, Tricia, Lester, or herself.

The realization brought guilt that came in heavy waves. While Dan had been alone in some office across the country trying to keep their finances from collapsing and their family from falling apart, she had been in a motel letting Lester do whatever he wanted to her body. She had kissed him in the driveway this morning like it was no big deal. She had walked into her own house still leaking another man's cum and then turned around and screamed at Dan for cheating. The hypocrisy of it sat on her chest like a weight. Rage at Tricia for taking advantage of Dan's loneliness mixed with a deeper rage at herself for creating the loneliness in the first place. She had betrayed him over and over again and then acted shocked when he finally did the same.

Tears started sliding down her face before she even realized she was crying. She kept her eyes fixed on the table.

"I'm sorry," she whispered. "I..."

The rest of the words caught in her throat as her vision blurred. Guilt coiled tight around her ribs. She'd been a bad wife. A selfish one. A mother who'd woken her own daughter up with the sounds of sex with another man and then left the house without a second thought.

Her whole way of seeing herself started to crack. She sagged forward in the chair, and the sobs came out ugly and uncontrolled. She couldn't catch her breath between them. Snot and tears ran down her face, and she didn't even try to wipe them away.

A warm hand settled on her back. Dan's. He was sitting in the chair next to her now, rubbing slow circles between her shoulder blades while she wept into her hands.

He exhaled, the sound tired and rough.

"Everything is so fucked up. I... I don't know how we got here. I hate this. I just want things back the way they were... before..."

Sarah's voice came out weak and rough from crying, "Lester..."

Dan kept his hand on her back, rubbing slow circles. "Yeah. At first things were okay. Exciting almost, but somewhere along the line... I don't know... we both got kind of lost in the forest and came out on different sides."

She sniffed hard and wiped at her face with the back of her hand. "I'm sorry. For everything. I'm a total hypocrite... I... just the idea of you with her... with someone... I... I can't... It feels like. God, I'm such a hypocrite after everything I've done. It's just.. the idea of losing you..."

"I've been feeling like I've been losing you for months too, Sarah. I don't know how to process it. You keep edging further and further away from me. Me and the girls."

"That's not what I want..." Her voice was quiet now. "I don't want that. Fuck, I can't believe you fucked someone else, Dan."

"I know. I'm not proud of it. It was a mistake. I'm not doing it again," he sighed, his shoulders slumped. "Fuck...I'm sorry, it's just...."

Sarah's heart started hammering. The thought of him getting on another plane to Washington made her stomach twist. She suddenly hated the job even though she knew they needed it. Without it they were still under Lester's thumb. And Lester could keep them afloat too if she just kept giving him what he wanted. Every option felt like a different kind of trap. The anxiety rose so fast it made her start sobbing again, body shaking in the chair.

Dan guided her up and over to the couch. She melted into it, bloodshot eyes still leaking, sniffing hard.

"Is she pretty?" she asked after a minute.

"She's no you. Sarah, I don't care about her. I care about you. You, me and the girls. We need to fix this."

"How? How do we fix it? If I stop with Lester he'll ruin our lives, we won't have lives to go back to. Maybe he won't do what he says...." Sarah said but didn't believe it for an instant. She knew how much Lester liked fucking with people.

"It's just people's opinions. We can leave Middleton behind. Start fresh somewhere new," Dan offered.

"We don't have any money to start somewhere new, Dan. Our parents are here. Our families. If he tells them about us, shares those videos, I'll fucking break. If the girls find out one day. God, how is this our life," Sarah cried.

"I know. I don't want any of that to happen either," Dan stared down at his hands.

"What do we do then? Even if your new job..." She hesitated, the image of what she imagined Tricia looked like flashing unwanted through her mind. "...can support us, he still has his foot on the back of our necks."

"Listen, I'll figure out the work stuff. You don't need to worry about that. Tricia and I. There is no Tricia and I. Okay?"

"It will kill me every time you go to work. Get on the plane, knowing you are out there with her," Sarah shook.

"I know. Believe me, Sarah, I know. That's how I felt when you worked with Lester and every fucking time you went out or were alone with him. Whether I was there or not. I know the fucking feeling. So trust me on this, okay?" Dan said firmly. She could tell he had more anger and more to say, but he was holding back and staying patient.

She tried to check her fresh spike of anger. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean... It's just...fresh. I hate that I pushed you to that. I don't know if I can ever forgive myself. I still can't even... fuck... I'm apologizing for my husband fucking someone else. When did I get so pathetic?"

"You're not pathetic. We're just really fucked up right now. Like really fucking messed up Sarah. Even the girls are starting to catch on, I think."

"God," Sarah cried, fresh tears falling as she buried her face in her hands.

Dan was quiet for a few seconds. Then he said, "I have an idea. Maybe a way to get out of this, but..."

He took her hand and pulled her to her feet. She followed on unsteady legs as he led her upstairs.

"What? Where are we going? Dan..." she didn't know what was happening, where he was taking her. Were they going to the bedroom? Was he going to fuck her?

He pulled her into the master bathroom, turned on the faucet, and set the shower to full blast. The water roared against the tile. He didn't turn the fan on, and after about a minute the mirror started to fog up. He tugged her into the far corner and leaned close, his voice barely above a whisper.

"I have a plan... no, maybe... an idea of how we can get free of Lester. For good," he said.

"How? Why are we in here whispering?" She spoke quietly into her husband's ear.

"Lester has cameras all over the apartment. I put some up here..." Dan said.

"What!?" Sarah hissed.

He grimaced and held his hand out for her to calm down. "I know just... I know, okay. It's not important right now. I wanted to watch and make sure everything... It's really not important right now. I just don't know if he got into them or if he's listening to us here too. We can't be too careful."

Sarah nodded slowly. The fog in her head made it hard to process everything at once. Part of her still didn't know if she actually wanted to cut Lester out of her life. The way he made her body feel, the things he did to her, the way she anticipated it even when she hated herself for it. But she also knew he was a cancer. Something that had to be completely removed if they were ever going to have a real life again.

"What's your idea?" she whispered.

"Through work I already submitted an anonymous tip about Lester. It might get him in trouble with the authorities. But I need more proof. Something more concrete I can give them," he watched her eyes like he was waiting for something. Watching her. Like he was waiting for her to shut down his idea.

She swallowed, "Dan.. you told your coworkers about us? About all the stuff.... I've... we've done?"

He shook his head. "No, not like that. It's anonymous. I just tipped them off about Lester and some of his online personas and stuff like that. Things I suspected, you know?"

"Okay..." she said slowly. It was a relief but still felt too close. Like there were vultures circling them. He should've talked to her about this first. But on the other hand, she couldn't blame him. She'd been a shitty wife.

"Remember when I got that offer to spy on The Lincoln Group? The guy gave me that USB keylogger we tried to put in Byron's office? You tried, but he didn't have a computer?" Dan's voice was racing now.

"Yeah, vaguely, I think so," Sarah kind of remembered something about it but it was so long ago.

"What if I put it on Lester's computer? Find out whatever he's been doing. Get more evidence," Dan was excited about the idea. He'd clearly thought a lot about this. She didn't want to shut him down as she'd done in the past.

"You still think he's doing something illegal?" Sarah asked.

"Besides blackmailing us? Yeah. For sure. I know it. Come on, Sarah, wake up and smell the fucking coffee. I don't think we're the first people he's done this to. I don't think Lizzie was ever

his girlfriend. She looked like a deer in the headlights when I showed up at her place. Like I was about to blow up her life. She was afraid. I think Lester did something like the same thing to her. I think there's more people too. I know there's gotta be more. Things just don't add up," Dan was staring at her, his words spilling out angrily.

Sarah stared at the rising steam from the shower. "It sounds crazy, Dan, but I don't know what to believe about him anymore. Part of me, I admit, a big part, wants to believe you're wrong. But I can't trust myself anymore. I can't..."

"Sarah, you're just drunk on his dick. You need to trust me on this. You aren't seeing it because you're too close to it. He's a manipulative piece of shit. He's probably the one who hacked into the hospital too. And look how that ended up. I just need to know you're with me. I think we're in the shit right now and everything is fucked up, but together we can get ourselves out of this. I just really need you with me. But either way I'm doing this," Dan had made up his mind. He was doing this with or without her. But he was asking her to do it with him because he loved her. If she refused, she knew it would drive a wedge between them forever.

She nodded silently. Inside, the war kept going. The deep, wordless pull toward Lester. The way her body still remembered him, the way part of her already missed the heat and the loss of control, and that part fought against the desperate want to be the woman she used to be. A good mom. A wife who didn't wake her kids up with sex noises or come home leaking another man's cum into her panties. Both feelings sat in her at the same time, and neither one was willing to leave.

"Okay," she whispered. "How do you get that key thing on Lester's computer? What do I have to do?"

Dan steadied himself against the wall. "I have to fly out to work. I know. I know you don't like that. Nothing is going to happen with her, okay? Just trust me. But before I fly out, I'll stop by the apartment and put it on his computer. I just... fuck... I feel like I'm throwing you into the lion's den. Can you keep him busy?"

Ideas started swirling immediately. Ways to distract Lester, ways to keep his attention on her body instead of his screens. The fact that her mind went there so easily made her feel sick and also shudder with anticipation.

"I... yes. I think so. But won't his cameras see you?" She asked, trying not to poke a hole in her husband's plan.

Dan's jaw tightened, "I'm working on that..."

Sarah sat alone on the couch with the television on low volume. Some terrible dating show was playing, people yelling at each other about who slept with who, but she wasn't really watching. The house felt too quiet without the girls. Dan had left an hour ago for the airport. Every time

she thought about him in Washington with Tricia her stomach tightened, but she kept trying to push the feeling down. She needed to stay composed. For the kids. For whatever was left of her marriage.

She still felt a little off from last night. Not as foggy as she did this morning, but her body was tired in a deep way, and her thoughts kept drifting. She told herself it was just the leftover alcohol and the stress from her confrontation with Dan. The day had taken a lot out of her. She needed to get a grip. She had spiralled so far she barely recognized the woman she had become. Her phone buzzed on the cushion beside her. She expected word from Dan. It was Lester.

L: I'm horny

Sarah stared at the message. She didn't want to answer. The smart thing to do would be to block him, go completely dark, protect what was left of her family. But she was still so wrapped up in him it made her a little queasy. And Dan had asked her to keep him busy tonight. Maybe tonight could be the last time. One more distraction so that Dan could plant that little device. Then maybe they could finally get free.

She typed back anyway.

S: You have two hands, go get some lotion.

L: Why? That pretty mom mouth of yours would be so much better.

S: You got enough last night. I still can't remember everything. I'm exhausted and sore Lester. I need a break.

L: you get a break when I say you get a break

S: don't be a dick

She put the phone face down on the cushion and tried to ignore it. She was irritated with him. But she couldn't deny that his persistence and pursuit sparked something in her. That made her even more irritated at herself. Her mind was a mess. She hadn't been lying when she said she couldn't remember everything from the night before. Sarah put her head in her hands and tried to pull all the pieces together. Some woman who Sarah had touched. A lot. And had been touched by in ways she'd never expected. Another man was there and had put his cock in her mouth, his hands on her. And Lester. Lester using her and fucking her so well she had cried from the pleasure.

How fucked up would it be if the other people had been someone she'd known. Richard and Mary from the hospital or someone equally as humiliating. Or maybe just two randos Lester had pulled in somehow. The not knowing made her stomach turn.

The doorbell rang and pulled her out of the nascent spiral.

She sat frozen for a second, dreading who it might be. Ted, after watching her walk of shame this morning. Or Lester himself, already here and pushing for another round. The thought of Lester at the door made her knees feel a little weak and sent a small pulse of heat between her legs. Shame flooded her cheeks at her own conflicted reaction.

She opened the door and stopped short.

Her mom stood there looking completely dishevelled. Her usual polished, motherly look was gone. Her hair was a mess, her clothes wrinkled. Even her eyes were red. She looked nothing like the prim and proper mother Sarah had grown up with.

"Sarah. I'm sorry to... put you in this position, but Lord, I'm sorry. Can I come in?" Her mom took a half step forward, then stopped and looked around nervously.

Sarah felt a small rush of relief at the distraction. "Sure, Mom, of course, come in."

She opened the door wider. Renee stepped inside, and Sarah closed it behind her. "I'll make us some tea. Is everything okay?"

In the kitchen, Sarah filled the kettle while Renee stood near the counter with her arms wrapped around herself. "No. It's not okay. I.. I made a mistake, and now I'm paying for it."

"Mistake? What do you mean, Mom?" Sarah pushed Lester out of her mind and tried to focus on her mother. She was clearly hurting and needed her daughter.

Renee swallowed hard. "I... I gave in to temptation, Sarah. With someone... someone who wasn't your father." She paused. "Your father found out. I'm so sorry, Sarah. I never expected this to happen. I didn't...plan on it...it just happened."

Sarah's anger flared. It came in hot with Tricia still fresh on her mind. "What the fuck, Mom? You cheated on Dad!?"

Renee's face crumpled in defeat. She put her face in her hands and started crying. "I know. I know. I'm sorry. I never wanted to do this. Cheat... be with someone else. We are..we're...we're mostly happy. It just kind of happened."

"How does it just happen, Mom?" Sarah demanded, "Who? Someone from work? Mom, what the hell did you do?"

"You don't... You don't know him. It's not important. He's not important. I messed up Sarah. Really messed up. Your father kicked me out...I don't know what we're going to do." Renee sobbed.

Sarah's fury jarred with a sudden, sick recognition of her own hypocrisy. Another emotional punch she wasn't ready for. She closed her eyes for a second and forced her voice down lower, "Is Dad okay?"

"No. I don't know. He's really angry at me. Rightly so. He was so mad. Called me names I didn't even realize he knew. I've never heard him talk like that in all our years together. I was hoping I could stay here for a little while until we figure out what we're going to do," Renee said cautiously, waiting for an expected rejection.

Sarah was still furious, but her own hypocrisy made it hard to keep her white-hot anger going. This woman was still her mother, standing in her kitchen looking broken and asking for her help. In some ways, this felt like the path the universe intended for Sarah.

"Mom, I'm not happy with this at all. It's too fucked up. I'm mad. I can't..." She sighed. "I can't even wrap my head around it. I'm pissed at you for doing this. Hurting Dad. But of course you can stay with us. For as long as you need."

The alarm on Sarah's phone went off. Time to pick up the girls.

"I have to go pick up the girls."

"Okay. I'll... umm. Tidy up around here until you get home. Maybe after the girls go to bed we can have a long chat about everything."

"That sounds good, Mom. I..." Sarah remembered Dan's plan and the texts from Lester still sitting unanswered on her phone. She really wanted to dig more into this with her mom. Figure out who she had cheated with and why. And more importantly, how her dad was taking all of this. But she had to put Dan first. For once. "I actually have something I need to do tonight. Maybe you could watch the girls for me."

Renee looked like she wanted to ask more questions. The same way she used to dig for details about Sarah and Dan's sex life. But now she kept her mouth shut.

"Okay. Yes. I can watch them. I think that's exactly what I need to do right now," Renee put on a fake smile and wiped her eyes, "They'd be a nice distraction."

Sarah felt the conflict twist harder as she grabbed her keys and headed for the driveway. Angry at her mom. Angry at herself. Everything so fucked up she could barely think straight. She wanted to be with Lester tonight, and she also didn't ever want to see him again. She wanted to stay home and be there for her mother, her oldest friend, but she had promised Dan she would keep Lester busy so he could plant that device. If they were ever going to have a future, she had to follow through. She felt a sharp pang for her dad, left alone and furious.

She got in the car and backed out of the driveway without looking at Ted's house. The last thing she needed was another pair of eyes on her. She pulled out onto the street and headed toward the school.

Dan drove the dark highway into Chicago with both hands tight on the wheel. The city lights were starting to show on the horizon, but the road still felt endless. He was deeply exhausted in a way that went past regular tiredness. The fight with Sarah that morning had drained whatever momentum he had left. Everything had drained him. He just wanted it over. He wasn't sure how much more of things he could mentally tackle. He just wanted to stay away from all of it, everything.

He still couldn't believe Tricia's name had come out like that. He'd never planned on Sarah finding out. He was ashamed of it, but it felt like his little act of rebellion in the face of everything she'd done with Lester. He knew he couldn't have kept it a secret forever. At some point he'd probably have told her, but right now, when things were so fucked up, was the worst timing imaginable.

And he hadn't even asked what she'd done last night. He knew she'd left with Lester and then came home with him. He knew Lester had probably used her anger and turned it into something else. But after the blow-up in the kitchen, after they had somehow ended up tentatively on the same side again, Dan hadn't had the courage to push to find out. Not yet. He would ask later. Part of him didn't want to ask, didn't want to know whatever had happened. Right now he had a different problem to solve.

The USB keylogger sat in his jacket pocket. He could feel it there, feeling heavier than it should. He needed to get it onto Lester's computer without being seen. The cameras in the apartment ran off the electrical outlets. At least, he hoped they all did.

If the power went out, the cameras would go with it. Hopefully long enough for him to get in, plug the thing in, and get out. The idea of finding the maintenance room and flipping the breaker felt risky and a little crazy, but he was all out of good options.

He pulled into the familiar parking lot and sat for a minute with the engine off. The building looked the same as always. Ordinary. He pulled out his phone and texted Sarah.

D: Can you distract him right now?

The reply came fast.

S: Yes.

Dan got out of the car and headed inside. Instead of going to the elevators, he found the stairwell that led to the basement. The air got cooler and damper the further down he went. He found the maintenance room door and tried the handle. It opened and he stepped inside.

A voice behind him nearly made him jump out of his skin.

"What the fuck are you doing?"

Dan spun around. An older man stood in the doorway. He was somewhere between fifty and sixty-five, slim with a small potbelly, wispy salt-and-pepper beard, and a jittery kind of energy. Dan vaguely recognized him as someone who worked for the building.

"Who are you?" Dan asked.

"Who am I? Who the fuck are you? This room is off limits to anyone, residents included. You need to get the fuck out of here before I call the cops," the man said, not taking a step into the room.

Dan's mouth went dry. "I'm... Dan. I used to... I live here. I'm Lester Marshall's roommate."

The man froze for a second. His eyes flicked around the room like he expected someone else to appear. "I'm Frank. I'm the building's super. I don't recognize you, but then again, Lester does tend to go through roommates."

"I bet. He's a piece of shit," Dan said without thinking.

Frank just nodded. Something in his expression made Dan want to push further. He decided to gamble. "I'm actually down here because of Lester. I want to switch the power off to the apartment."

Frank's eyebrows went up. "Why? What's that got to do with him?"

"Because that little creep has cameras all over the place. He's filmed me and my wife. He's blackmailing us. And I got this," Dan pulled the small USB keylogger out of his pocket and held it up. He was gambling on what he'd seen in the man's expression. It wasn't much to go on, but he thought the guy didn't like Lester either. There was definitely something there. Dan knew it. Just like he knew Lester hadn't gotten fixed and that there was more there with Lizzie too.

"I want the power off so I can get in without him catching me and then put this on his computer. So I can get all his details and information and fuck him over," Dan said. Frank looked around the small room again, clearly nervous. Dan pressed, "You hate him too, don't you?"

Frank's jaw tightened. "I'm not a fan. Let's just say I'd like to see him gone too."

"He has something on you as well, doesn't he?" Dad said.

"That's none of your business," Frank frowned.

"I don't need to know what it is. I don't care. I just want to screw him over, and I think I can do it," Dan said, waiting, hoping the old man would give him something. "Can you help me?"

Frank was quiet for a long moment. Then the words came out low and tense. "He's been blackmailing me for over five years. Caught me doing... something. I've been cooking the books to let him live here rent free. Just waiting until I get caught."

Rent free.

The words hit Dan like a physical blow. Lester lived here rent-free. The entire time, Dan had been paying him rent and later trading access to Sarah when the money ran out, and Lester hadn't been paying a single dollar to the building. Dan had been pimping his own wife out to his roommate under the pretense it was to help cover Dan's side of the rent. A favor Lester had graciously extended to them. But it was all a lie. Another fucking deception. Lester wasn't living rent-free. And Dan and Sarah had fallen for it, hook, line and sinker. Even all the way back then, Lester had been spinning lies, and they'd fallen for them. How fucking deep did the rot go? The realization made his stomach drop and his vision narrow for a second. All those months. All that humiliation. And Lester had been laughing at him the whole time.

Frank was still talking. "Go upstairs. I'll flip the switch here and turn the power off and the backup. I'll give you fifteen minutes, then I'm flipping them back on, going upstairs to my kids and never thinking about this again. Got it?"

Dan forced himself to focus. "Got it."

He moved toward the door. Frank's voice followed him into the hallway. "Just get him, okay? Wipe that smug shit-eating grin off the fat fuck's face."

Dan walked to the elevators on legs that felt unsteady. He punched the button for their floor and stepped inside when the doors opened. The car started to rise.

His hands were shaking. The rent-free revelation kept looping in his head, mixing with the exhaustion and the leftover adrenaline from the fight with Sarah and the knowledge that she was somewhere right now keeping Lester busy so he could do this. The elevator climbed. Dan stared at the floor numbers and tried to steady his breathing. This had to work. It was the only real shot they had left.

The second the doors opened on their floor he stepped out and walked straight to the apartment. He stopped in front of the door and just stood there, key already in his hand, waiting.

The hallway lights flickered once and then died. The whole floor went dark.

Dan shoved the key into the lock and turned it. The door opened, and he slipped inside and shut it quietly behind him. The apartment was pitch black. He didn't know if the cameras had fully shut down with the power or if some of them had battery backups, but he couldn't afford to stand there and wonder. He moved fast down the hallway toward Lester's room, one hand on the wall to keep from walking into anything.

The door to Lester's room was half open. The smell hit him first. It was thick and sour, Dan immediately thought of dried cum mixed with the sharp artificial cheese of old Cheetos, but he knew that was probably his own projection. He stepped inside and almost tripped over a pile of clothes and empty crinkled bags on the floor. He took out his phone and turned on the flashlight, keeping it low and sweeping the beam across the mess until it landed on the desk.

The PC tower sat on the floor underneath Lester's desk. Dan dropped to the disgusting floor and crawled under the desk. He felt along the back of the tower until his fingers found an open USB port. The little keylogger went in with a soft click. He held his breath for a second, half expecting something to happen. When nothing did, he got out of there.

Dan didn't wait. He stepped out into the hall, pulled the door back to half open behind him as quietly as he could, and headed straight for the stairwell instead of the elevators. As he opened the door, the lights in the hallway flickered and came back on. He took the stairs two at a time, heart slamming against his ribs.

Outside, the air felt cooler. He walked to his car without looking back, unlocked it, and slid into the driver's seat. For a moment he just sat there with his hands on the wheel, breathing. He looked up at the buildings that had once been his home base in Chicago but now were a monument to all the strife in his life. Frank had come through. The device was in. Now it was just a matter of time.

Thank you, Frank.

Dan started the engine and pulled out of the lot. The highway toward the airport was mostly clear at this hour. He drove with the windows cracked, trying to get the leftover smell of Lester's room out of his nose. Recalling the rent-free revelation made him grip the wheel tighter. He fucking hated Lester.

All those months of paying the man, of trading pieces of his marriage, and Lester had been living there for free the entire time. The keylogger was a small response in comparison, but it was something. A start.

He kept one eye on the road and the other on the clock. Sarah was supposed to be keeping Lester busy right now. Dan tried not to picture what that might look like. He focused on the airport signs instead, not wanting to picture what Sarah might be doing. What he'd sent his wife to do, and how willing she was to do it.

Ted had been crouched in the same spot by the living room window for most of the day, blinds cracked just enough to see the Williams house without making what he was doing obvious. His hand kept drifting down to adjust himself. His erection was constant, stubborn and aching, ever since he'd watched Sarah climb out of that fat fuck's car and lock eyes with him for half a second. The walk of shame. The kiss she'd given the short greasy bastard right there in the driveway like she didn't care who saw it. Ted had almost finished right then just from the way she'd looked at him. He felt like a teenager again. *That body. Those legs. That amazing fucking ass.*

He had watched Dan leave earlier and almost went over then. He thought now that he should have. Sarah had been alone for a while. He could've knocked, said something about the other morning, maybe pushed a little more. But he'd waited too long, and then the mother showed up,

then Sarah left and came back with the two girls, and his window had closed. All afternoon he sat there half-hard and frustrated, shifting in the chair, dirty thoughts looping the same way they always did. Sarah on her knees. Sarah bent over the back of his couch. Sarah looking at him the way she had looked at that fat fuck this morning.

He checked the window one more time, just to be sure.

Sarah was on the doorstep.

She stood close to her mother, talking in a low tense voice Ted couldn't entirely make out. She looked good even from here. A black jacket over what looked like a dress, no doubt clinging to the shape of her body. The mother looked rough, not her usual put-together self. They finished whatever they were saying. Sarah turned and walked to her car, and the mother went back inside and shut the door.

Sarah sat in the driver's seat for a few seconds looking at her phone. Then the reverse lights came on, and she started backing out of her driveway.

Ted's heart jumped. He shoved up from the chair too fast, and his knee barked in protest. Old and slow. He grabbed his keys off the side table and hurried. At the front door he paused just long enough to confirm her car was already turning onto the street. Then he was outside, into his own car, engine turning over with a rough cough.

He backed out fast and swung into the road. Sarah's taillights were already gone around the bend. Ted accelerated harder than he should have, eyes scanning ahead, hunting for the familiar shape of her car. His pulse was up, and the old ache in his groin was back, sharper now that she was moving and he was moving after her.

Don't lose her. Not tonight. She's going somewhere without the kids and without the husband. This might be my chance.

He leaned forward over the wheel, squinting into the gathering dusk, and kept driving.

Sarah pulled into the cracked parking lot of the dirty motel and killed the engine. The place looked vaguely familiar through the windshield, like something half remembered from a bad dream. Her mind still felt fuzzy around the edges from last night. She knew this was the same motel. The same seedy place where Richard had fucked her months ago. Shame and guilt sat heavy in her chest as she stared at the row of doors. The same place Lester had taken her last night with...whoever those people were.

It was getting dark. Through the car windows she could see the usual lowlife types hanging around. Shady-looking men smoking near the ice machine, a couple more leaning on a beat-up truck. The sight sent a small shiver through her. She checked her phone. No text yet from Dan.

She switched apps and opened LinkedIn, scrolling until she found Tricia's profile. The woman looking back at her was beautiful. Professional. Sexy. Blonde. Sarah could see exactly why Dan had been attracted to her. And she could see why a woman like that would be attracted to her husband. He was still a good-looking guy, even better-looking when he cleaned up, and he was sharp in the workplace.

Guilt, anger, and shame all mixed together inside her. Her mom was home watching the girls right now. More guilt stacked on top of the rest. Leaving them again for another night, not being there for her mother or her father when they needed her. Instead she was sitting in a grimy motel parking lot about to go inside and cheat on her husband one more time. Sarah the hypocrite.

She checked the phone again. Still nothing from Dan. She couldn't sit out here forever. Some creep would notice the blonde in the car eventually. She got out. The shady men's eyes moved over to her immediately, running up and down her body. Catcalls started from somewhere off to her left. Her stomach fluttered in a way she hated. She ignored them and walked straight to Lester's door and knocked.

He opened it a crack and looked at her.

"Lester, let me in," she said, hearing the slight panic in her own voice.

"Show me some skin first," Lester smirked, eyeing her up and down.

Sarah rolled her eyes and shrugged off the black jacket. Underneath was a skin-tight black dress that left very little to the imagination. The catcalls from the parking lot got louder and a little more frenzied.

"Let me in now," she said, voice flat, "or you can stand at the window while I let all of them fuck me on the hood of my car."

Lester's eyes went wide. For some reason, that threat landed. Like he actually believed she might. Sarah wasn't exactly sure herself anymore. He opened the door the rest of the way and pulled her inside fast, locking it behind her. He set her jacket on the table. Sarah looked around the room and felt her face twist.

"This is the same room where you fucked me last night?" she asked.

"Yep," Lester shrugged.

"It's disgusting Lester," Sarah's eyes looked over the unsavory bed, the empty cheeto bags on the nightstand and the general lack of care from the motel cleaning staff, if they existed.

"Only the best for my princess," Lester licked his lips.

"God, I hate you," Sarah said, looking at a large water stain on the ceiling.

"Whatever. I know you don't mean that. Deep down you love what I do to you. That's why you're here after all. One text and here you are like that," Lester snapped his fingers.

Her phone vibrated in her hand. She glanced down. A message from Dan. Finally.

D: Can you distract him right now?

Her fingers moved fast.

S: Yes.

Lester leaned in. "Whose that? Mr. Cuck?"

"No." She swiped the message away quickly, and LinkedIn filled the screen again. She turned the phone so he could see Tricia's profile. "Just checking out the competition."

Lester leaned closer, inspecting the photo. "Tricia... well, she is sexy. Knew it."

"Pig," Sarah rolled her eyes and moved away from him.

"Call it like I see it. Still surprised, honestly, that Dan bagged her," Lester chuckled, pursuing her.

"What's that supposed to mean? You think she's sexier than me?" Sarah asked, turning back to him.

"Eh. Dan locked you down early. Probably before you knew how hot you really are," Lester shrugged. "Just saying, surprised he had the skills to take her down like that."

Lester reached for his own phone. Sarah's heart skipped. She needed to keep him off it. "What are you doing?"

"Looking up Tricia's profile," Lester said absently.

"Get on the bed. Now," Sarah snapped. She had to distract him, give Dan the best chance he could.

Lester raised an eyebrow. The shit-eating grin spread across his face. He set the phone down and sat on the edge of the bed. Sarah reached behind herself and unzipped her dress. She peeled the straps down her shoulders and let it fall, revealing the black lace bra, matching panties, stockings, and garter belt underneath. She moved toward him slowly, letting every step carry her full weight. She stopped between his thick, hairy thighs. When he reached for her she slapped his hands down hard.

Her mind was still a conflicted mess. The distraction mission for Dan, the leftover pull toward Lester, the shame, the jealousy over Tricia. But she forced herself to lean into what she knew would get to him.

"Why do you think you can touch me?" Her voice came out sultry.

"Because you're mine." He looked her up and down possessively with his beady eyes.

"Yours? Aren't you the same sad man who's been saying he's gonna breed me?" She rubbed a hand over her still-flat stomach. "My tummy's still flat, Lester. You haven't done it yet. Maybe those big balls of yours just aren't up to the task. I should ask one of those lowlifes outside to come in here and get the job done that you can't."

Lester's smirk vanished. Anger flooded his homely face. He grabbed her hard, yanked her down onto the bed, and flipped her onto her back. His hands went straight to the front clasp of her bra and the thin straps of her panties, starting to tear at the lace.

Lester's fingers hooked into the waistband of her panties and yanked. The lace tore with a sharp sound. Sarah twisted hard, squirming out from under his weight before he could finish the job. She was quicker than he expected. In one smooth movement she shoved him onto his back and swung a leg over, straddling his thick stomach. Her hands planted on his chest and pushed him down into the mattress.

"Not like that," she said, voice low. "Not this time."

Lester blinked up at her, surprised, the anger plain on his face but already mixing with desire. Sarah kept him pinned with her weight and ran her hands slowly up the front of his stained shirt. The fabric was soft from wear and smelled of him. His musk and old sweat and the faint artificial cheese aroma of Cheetos. She gathered the bottom hem in her fingers and started lifting it, inch by inch.

I hate how he looks. And I still want him so bad it makes me sick.

She peeled the shirt higher, exposing the pale, hairy skin of his large gut. She leaned down and pressed her mouth to it, planting slow open kisses along the softest parts of him. His stomach jumped under her lips. She kept going, kissing higher, dragging her tongue in a lazy stripe through the hair that covered him. The shirt came up further. She helped him shrug it the rest of the way off and tossed it aside without looking where it landed.

"You've been talking about breeding me for weeks," she murmured against his skin. "Filling me up. Making my stomach swell. And look at you. You still haven't done it." She kissed lower again, right above the waistband of his sweatpants. "Maybe you need me to help you along. Maybe those big heavy balls of yours need a little encouragement."

Lester made a rough sound in his throat. His hands came up to grab her hips, but she caught his wrists and pushed them back down to the mattress.

"Stay," She went back to his body, mouth moving over the soft flesh, tongue tracing the deep line where his gut met his waist. She could feel him getting harder underneath her. The thick length of him pressed against the inside of her thigh through the thin fabric of his sweatpants.

She rolled her hips once, slowly, just to feel it, and the friction sent a hot pulse straight through her entire body. The conflict in her chest twisted tighter. She was supposed to be distracting him for Dan. She was supposed to hate this. Instead, her mouth kept moving, kissing and licking across the softest, hairiest parts of him like she couldn't stop herself if she wanted to.

He's disgusting...

She worked her way lower, kissing along the waistband, then hooked her fingers into the sweatpants and started dragging them down. The hair on his lower stomach thickened. She followed it with her mouth, slow and deliberate, until the waistband cleared his hips and his cock sprang free, heavy, massive, thick, ugly veins running up it and already leaking at the tip. Sarah sat back just enough to look at it, this piece of Lester that had changed so many things in her life. It always looked larger than she remembered. Then she leaned down and ran the flat of her tongue from the base all the way to the head in one long, wet stroke.

Lester's hips jerked. "Fuck..."

She did it again, slower, tasting him, savoring his flavor. Then she wrapped one hand around the thick shaft and stroked while she kept kissing and licking the soft skin of his lower belly, the tops of his thighs, anywhere her mouth could reach.

Sarah shifted lower, bringing her face level with the heavy cock in her hand. It was thick and flushed dark, the head already shiny from her attention. She leaned in and spoke to it as if it could answer.

"You're supposed to be the one that knocks me up..." she announced, voice low. She dragged the flat of her tongue up its underside in a long, wet slurp. "All that talk about filling me. About making my stomach swell. You certainly seem up for the job....I know how deep you can go...."

She planted an open-mouthed kiss right on the head, then another a little lower, leaving shiny marks along the shaft. Her hand kept stroking in slow, twisting pulls.

"Look at you," she murmured against the hot skin. "So big. So heavy. Fuck...so beautiful. And intimidatating...you look like you'd have no problem getting a girl like me pregnant" She licked a slow circle around the head, then took just the tip into her mouth and sucked gently before pulling off with a wet sound. " But maybe you're all talk. Maybe these..." she cupped his balls with her free hand, rolling them gently "...are just for show."

Lester made a rough noise of protest above her. Sarah ignored it and went back to work. She opened her mouth wider and sank down, taking more of him inside this time, letting saliva spill out around her lips so everything got wet and messy. The taste of him coated her tongue. She bobbed slowly, cheeks hollowing, then pulled off again to keep talking.

"These balls....fuck they're huge....full of cum...you gonna do it tonight?" she asked the thick cock in front of her, kissing it along the broad side. "You gonna pump me full while I beg for it?"

She licked him from the base all the way to the tip again, slower, then focused on tasting his balls. She took one into her mouth and sucked gently, tongue moving against the soft dappled skin while her hand kept stroking the massive shaft in long, steady pulls. The musky smell of him was stronger here. Then she switched to the other side, kissing, licking, sucking, making everything wet.

She went back to the head, taking his cock deeper this time, letting him hit the back of her throat for a second before she had to pull off and breathe. Strings of spit connected her lips to his cock. She wiped her mouth with the back of her hand and immediately went back for more, kissing down the distended shaft, licking the thick pulsating vein on the underside, then burying her face against his huge balls again to mouth at them while she stroked him faster.

“So full of cum,” she whispered against the soft, hair-covered skin. “All this cum you’re supposed to give me to knock me up. But you still haven’t done it yet. Maybe you’re all talk.”

She sucked one testicle into her mouth again, humming around it, then released it and dragged her tongue up the entire length of him in another long, sloppy stroke. Her hand twisted under the gigantic head at the end of every upstroke. She could feel him throbbing. The knowledge that she was the reason for his arousal made a dark heat pool low in her belly even while the rest of her mind kept trying to remind her why she was really here.

Sarah took him into her mouth again, deeper, and started a steady sucking rhythm, wet and loud. She kept one hand wrapped around the base and the other massaging his balls, rolling them, squeezing gently, never letting up. Every few strokes she pulled off just long enough to speak against the shiny head.

“You want to breed me so bad?” Kiss. Lick. Liiick. “Then you better give it to me tonight” Another long, wet suck. “I want it deep. I want you dripping out of me when I walk out of here.” She licked a sensuously slow circle around the head. “You think you can manage that? Or should I go find someone else who can actually finish the job?”

Lester’s hips twitched. Sarah pinned them down with one forearm and kept going, mouth working him in long, messy strokes, spit running down to her fist and over his balls. She kissed the head again, soft and almost tender, then took him back in and hollowed her cheeks, sucking harder. Her tongue never stopped moving. Her hand on his balls never stopped either, massaging them.

The conflict inside her was still there, but it was getting quieter under the steady heat of what she was doing. She liked the weight of him on her tongue. She liked the way he twitched when she talked to him like this. She liked knowing she could reduce him to this with nothing but her mouth and a few filthy sentences.

She pulled off one more time, breathing hard, lips swollen and shiny, and looked at the thick cock in her hand like it had personally offended her.

"Last chance," she said, voice rough. She leaned in and gave the head a slow, filthy kiss, tongue flicking the slit. "You gonna breed me tonight? Give me that filthy seed or...." Am I going to have to get one of those dirtbags from outside to do it"

Then she sank back down and took as much of him as she could, settling into a deep, steady rhythm, determined to keep him right on the edge for as long as she needed.

"Tell me you're gonna do it," she whispered. "Tell me you're gonna fill me with all that thick, nasty cum. Flood me. Breed me. I want to hear you say it while I have all of you in my mouth."

She sank back down and took him deep again, cheeks hollowing, tongue working the underside. Spit ran down the shaft and over her fist.

Lester's voice came out rough above her. "Oh, I'm gonna do it. You already know I am. Been thinking about flooding that tight little pussy all fucking day."

Sarah pulled off just enough to speak against the wet purple head, still stroking him.

"Then say it. Say you're gonna breed me."

"I'm gonna breed you," he answered, no hesitation. "Gonna pump you so full you'll feel it in your stomach. Every fucking drop."

She made a small broken sound and took him back into her mouth, sucking even harder. Her free hand kept massaging his growing balls, rolling them, feeling how heavy they were. The words hit her more profoundly than she wanted them to. Filthy heat twisted in her belly even while the rest of her mind tried to remember why she was really here.

She pulled off again, lips shiny, breathing uneven. "You promise?" she swirled her tongue playfully around the head of his cock while staring up into his half lidded beady eyes. "You gonna knock me up, Lester?"

Lester looked down at her, eyes dark. "I promise. I'm gonna fill you until it's leaking out of you. Until you can't walk straight. That's what you came here for, isn't it? Not just to tease me. You want it. You want me to fuck you pregnant."

Sarah's throat tightened. She hated how true it felt. She hated that hearing him say it out loud made her clench up. She licked a slow broad line up the underside of his cock and French kissed the head.

"Maybe I do," she admitted, voice quiet. "Maybe I hate that I do."

"Doesn't matter if you hate it." His hand came down and rested heavily on the back of her head, not pushing, just holding. "We're doing this. Makes it even better if you do hate it."

She closed her eyes and sank down again, taking him as deep as she could into her massaging throat. The wet sounds of her mouth filled the small room. She kept one hand wrapped around

the base and the other on his balls, stroking and sucking in a steady, messy rhythm while his words kept turning over and echoing in her head.

I'm supposed to be distracting him. I'm supposed to be helping Dan. And instead I'm on my knees begging him to say he'll breed me.

She pulled off with a gasp, "Say it again."

Lester's voice was lower now, thicker. "I'm gonna breed you, Sarah. Gonna flood that pussy until you can't take any more. And you're gonna come back for it again tomorrow. And the day after that. Because you can't stop."

She whimpered against the side of his cock and eagerly went back to work, sucking him in long, wet strokes, spit running down her chin. Her free hand squeezed his balls a little tighter, almost desperate to make him erupt.

Sarah stayed down there at his crotch, mouth working him in long, wet strokes, spit running freely down the considerable shaft and over her pumping fist. She pulled off just enough to speak against the shiny head.

"What about Dan?" she asked, voice rough. "You don't care that I'm his wife?"

Lester's hand rested heavy on the back of her head. "I don't care. He's not the one with his cock in your mouth right now. I am."

She made another small wounded sound and licked a slow circle around the darkened tip. "He's trying to fix things. With his new job. He's trying really hard..."

"And you're still here on your knees for me." His voice was low and certain. "Sucking me like you need it. Asking me to breed you. Begging. Just you and me. Dan is a non-factor in this equation."

Sarah shuddered at his words and closed her eyes and sank back down, taking him deeper into her body. The wet sounds got louder. She kept one hand stroking the base and let the other slide lower, cupping his balls, rolling them, then slipping further back. Her fingers brushed the sensitive taint skin behind them. She pulled off his cock again, breathing hard.

"You really don't care?" she whispered. "Not even a little?"

"Not even a little." He watched her with those dark eyes. "I'd fuck you right in front of him if he was sitting in that chair there. I'd make you thank me for every drop while he watched. You'd do it too. We both know you would. You'd beg me to put a baby in you, and Dan wouldn't lift a finger to stop it. He'd just watch it fucking happen."

The words hit her deeper than she wanted. She leaned in and licked under his balls, tongue dragging over the soft skin and further back to his taint. Lester's hips jerked. She did it again,

longer this time, tasting salt and his musk, while her hand kept ardently stroking his cock in steady pulls.

"Fuck..." he muttered. "Such a good little slut, Sarah."

She kissed the spot she'd made wet, then licked it again, messy and thorough, before moving back up to suck one large ball into her mouth. She hummed around it, still stroking him, then switched to the other side. When she finally returned to the head, it was even wetter, spit shining all the way down to his base.

"You're such a disgusting bastard," she said against the tip, voice almost pleading now. "I hate you, Lester. Fuck...I really hate you... but you make me feel so fucking good. Sooo fucking good. You should be ashamed of how you're treating me while Dan is trying to save us. You're really going to pump me full of your dirty cum while he tries so hard to help me?"

"Yes." No hesitation. "I'm gonna fill you until it's running down your thighs. Dan can't give you this. He never could. You know it. I know it. You need this."

Sarah whimpered and took him into her mouth again, deeper than before. She bobbed in long, sloppy strokes, letting him push against the back of her throat, tears pricking at the corners of her eyes from the extra effort. Her free hand stayed busy under his balls, fingers pressing and rubbing the sensitive skin while she sucked. The dingy room filled with the wet, filthy sounds of her passionate blow job.

She pulled off with a gasp, strings of white spit connecting her lips to his cock.

"Say it again," she demanded, almost angry at herself. "Say you're gonna breed me."

"I'm gonna breed you." His voice was thicker now. "Gonna pump load after load into that married pussy. And you're gonna love it. You're gonna hate how much you love it."

She went back down, sucking harder, stroking faster, licking feverishly under his balls and over his taint between every few strokes like she couldn't get enough of the taste of him. The conflict inside her burned, but it was drowning under the steady heat of Lester's voice and the heavy weight of his filthy cock.

Sarah stayed down there, mouth working and bathing him in long, wet strokes, spit running freely. She pulled off just enough to speak against the head of his cock, voice gone rough.

"Do it while he's at work," she said. "Cum in me while he's sitting in some office in Washington. Fill me up so I'm still leaking when he calls to check on me tonight."

Lester's hand tightened in her hair. "Greedy little thing. You want me to breed you while your husband's off with his coworker?"

Something hot and dangerous rose up in her chest. The anger she felt the night before. The jealousy. That bitch Tricia. She licked a slow path up the underside of his shaft and kissed the tip. "Yes." Her eyes sparkled with unquenched lust.

He watched her for a second, that familiar mean little smile starting to show. "Speaking of his coworker. That Tricia girl. You looked her up. She's pretty. Professional. Blonde like you."

Sarah's stomach tightened. She kept stroking him, mouth hovering close, breathing him in, but she didn't answer right away.

Lester's voice dropped lower. "You want me to take that bitch down a peg for you? Is that why you showed me her profile? You want me to ruin her a little? Make sure she knows she can't just take what's yours?"

Sarah's hand slowed on his cock. The question sat heavily in the air between them. Guilt rose fast and sharp. She thought of Dan's face when he'd admitted what he'd done. She thought of the way Tricia had looked so proud on that LinkedIn page. Polished, confident, everything Sarah was supposed to be before all this had started. Part of her wanted to say no. The bigger, uglier part of her didn't want that same thing.

She hesitated, eyes closed, mouth still close enough that her lips brushed him when she finally answered. Then she nodded. Once. Small and guilty.

Lester let out a low, pleased sound. "That's what I thought."

Sarah made a pathetic little noise and took him back into her mouth, sucking harder than before, like her sucking his cock could erase the nod she had just given him. Her free hand went back under his balls, rubbing and caressing while she worked him into her mouth in deep, messy strokes. Spit ran down her chin. She kept her eyes shut tight, focusing on the meaty weight of him on her tongue and the way he throbbed every time she took him deeper, trying not to think too hard about what she'd just agreed to.

She couldn't wait any longer. Her mouth was still wet from him, her jaw ached, but the need between her legs had turned irresistibly impossible to ignore. She was still sore from him taking her the night before. A deep, lingering tenderness that should have made her stop, yet the memory of how full she had felt him fill her only made her want it more.

She climbed up his soft, hairy body, knees settling on either side of his thick waist. His stained shirt was already gone, his flabby chest covered in sparse patches of salt-and-pepper hair. She could feel the heat of his skin and the way his gut shifted under her as she reached between them. Her fingers wrapped around his cock. It felt even bigger in her hand now, heavy and hot and still slick from the work of her mouth. She rose up on her knees, positioned the thick bulbous head against her entrance, and started to lower herself.

The stretch he provided was immediate and intense. The giant head alone forced her pussy lips apart, a slow-burning pressure that made her mouth fall open. She sank down another inch,

then slowly took another, feeling every heated ridge and bulging vein as he filled her. Her thighs trembled with the effort. She had to pause halfway, breathing hard, before she could take the rest of his inhuman cock. When she finally sat fully on him, the sensation punched the air from her lungs. He was so deep it felt like he was pressing against her stomach. The soreness from last night flared bright and then melted into pure heat. The internal fight she'd just felt evaporated. "Fuck..."

Lester's hands settled on her hips, thick fingers digging into her flesh. Sarah stayed still for a long moment, just feeling the way he stretched her, the way her body had to make room for his invasion. Then she started to move.

She rose up slowly until only his head remained inside, then dropped back down in a smooth, controlled slide. The wet sound of their coupling filled the room. She did it again, and again, finding a delicious rhythm. Her small hands braced on his flabby chest for balance. Every amazing downward stroke made her clench around him automatically, trying to hold his girth as deep as possible. The friction against her sore walls was almost too much yet not enough at the same time.

Lester's greedy grip tightened on her hips. He helped lift her and pull her back down, adding a violent force to every bounce. Sarah's large breasts swung with the motion. He reached up and filled his hands with their curves, squeezing, thumbs brushing over her pert nipples until they hardened under his touch. She moaned and rode him harder, rolling her hips at the bottom of every poignant stroke so the head of him rubbed and prodded against the most sensitive places inside her.

"You looked so fucking hot last night," Lester said, voice croaking with force. His hands stayed on her exquisite breasts, kneading them lasciviously while she bounced. "Blindfolded. Moaning. Letting me do whatever I want."

Sarah kept moving, rising and falling in steady, hungry strokes. The lingering soreness made every thrust feel bigger than before. Sweat was starting to slick the place where her thighs met his ballooning stomach. She could hear how wet she was. She clenched around him on purpose, milking his length on every upstroke, and watched his face tighten with the pleasure of it. She was such a slut, his slut. Shame coursed through her that only fueled how sopping wet she was.

"Uhh... what about the other woman?" she asked between breaths. "Ffuck... nnnh..I kept...getting flashes of her, feelings. Who was she really?"

Lester grinned up at her, hands still working her perfect breasts. "Oh, wouldn't you like to know? It was so hot watching the two of you together. Watching you touch each other. The way you passionately kissed her. The way you sexily rubbed against her while I was inside you."

The words sent a confused pulse of heat through her. Sarah's rhythm faltered for half a second, then she ground down harder, taking him as deep as she possibly could. Her hands slid up to his shoulders for better leverage. She started bouncing herself faster, the wet slaps of her body

meeting his, filling the small room with the tempo. Her clit rubbed against the soft flesh of his lower stomach with every downward motion. The ecstatic dual sensation made her thighs shake.

"Was...there another guy?" she managed. The memory was still fuzzy but persistent. "Mmm... you were in me... and he was in her... and then he was in my mouth. ...fuck..ahh... mmm..."

Lester's eyes lit up with amusement. His hands dropped back to her hips so he could help firmly drive her down onto him. "Yeah. That's right."

A spike of surprise cut through the building pleasure. She stared down at him while she continued to boisterously ride, never stopping the steady rise and fall of her body.

"Don't stop... ahh...you brought another guy in?" Her voice came out thinner than she wanted. "Wh...what if he knocked me up instead of you?"

The playful grin vanished. Lester's voracious fingers dug hard into her flesh. A low, mean growl rumbled out of his chest.

"I'd never let that happen. You're mine to breed. No one else's. Mine."

The possessive edge in his voice sent another rush of heat through her. Sarah leaned forward, hands braced on his chest, and rolled her hips in tight focused circles, keeping his entire slick pole buried to the hilt. She could feel every throb of him inside her. She clenched and released his mammoth cock in deliberate pulses, trying to pull him in even deeper.

"Nnnh....ah...fuck...you can't.. FUCK... you can't watch me twenty-four seven, Lester," she said, almost sweetly, still grinding. "Ohh... ohh... ohhh...who knows what I get up to while you're gone. Who I might let touch me. Who...CHRIST... who I might let finish inside me when you're not looking...right there... nnnh..."

Anger flashed again across his ugly, sweaty face. His grip turned up to bruising. Then he thrust upwards hard, once, brutal and deep, and the force of it punched the air straight out of her lungs. It felt like a direct hit to the softest part of her, overwhelming and perfectly received. Before she could recover, he flipped them both over in one strong movement, rolling her onto her back and driving himself back into her with the same motion. His heavy body settled over her, fat gut pressing her down into the mattress as he started fucking her in earnest.

Lester pinned both of her wrists to the mattress above her head with one thick hairy hand and kept driving his plunging cock into her. His other hand braced beside her shoulder so he could put his full weight behind every thrust. The cheap bed slammed against the wall in a hard, steady rhythm. His heavy gut smacked into her lower belly with wet, meaty impacts that forced the air out of her lungs each time. Spittle flew from his mouth when he spoke, landing warm across her cheek and the side of her lips.

"You're mine to breed," he growled between strokes. "No other man gets to finish inside you. Not last night. Not ever. You understand me?"

Sarah's back arched hard. The stretch of him was brutal on top of the lingering soreness from the night before, but the thick friction against that raw place deep inside her made her vision blur at the edges. She tugged against the hand holding her wrists and only managed to dig her nails into the back of it, leaving half-moon dimples in under his knuckles.

"Then do it," she shot back, voice breaking on every impact. "Stop talking and fill me. Breed me! Or are you just gonna keep slamming me into this mattress until I pass out?"

Lester answered with a sharper thrust that sent a raw animal howl tearing out of her throat. He leaned closer, face flushed dark, eyes locked on hers. More spit hit her mouth when he spoke again.

"I'll fill you when I'm ready. You're gonna take every sssingle, nnngrh, stroke until then. You're gonna feel me in your fucking stomach tomorrow when you're walking, uungh, unngh, limping around with your kids."

She clenched around him on purpose, trying to thoroughly milk him, trying to drag him over the edge with her. The wet, filthy sounds of their bodies in a mating frenzy grew louder. His balls slapped against her ass with every downward drive. Sweat from his chest dripped onto her breasts and rolled down her sides. The pressure low in her belly was already coiling tighter and faster than she expected, fed by the relentless angle and the sheer force of him.

"You liked watching me with her," she gasped between hard breaths. "You liked watching another man use my mouth while you were still inside me."

His grip on her wrists tightened until her fingers started to tingle. He shifted his hips and started fucking her in shorter, meaner jabs that kept the head of his cock grinding directly against the most sensitive spot inside her. The new rhythm made her thighs jump reflexively. She could feel every veiny ridge of him dragging through her sore, swollen pussy walls.

"I decide," he snarled, loose spittle flying again. "I decided last night, and I'm deciding right now. This pussy belongs to me. That womb belongs to me. You're gonna leave here leaking my cum. It's gonna take deep inside of you and swell that fucking stomach."

Sarah's eyes started to lose their focus. Her breathing turned ragged and uneven. She could feel her own pulse throbbing around him and hear the blood rushing through her ears, the way her walls kept fluttering and trying to pull him even deeper, even while the rest of her felt like it was being split open in the best possible way.

"Lester...fuck,...I'm close...I'm...dont...stop...yes..."

He didn't slow down. If anything, he fucked her harder, pinning her arms, crushing her into the mattress with his full weight, dirty promises still spilling out of him between grunts and the wet

slap of skin on skin. The pressure inside her climbed higher, past the point of no return. Her mouth fell open. Her eyes rolled back. The first sharp edge of her impending orgasm started to crest.

It hit like hundreds of fireworks detonating behind her eyes.

Her whole body locked rigid for a split second, then convulsed extremely hard. She clenched down on his cock so tightly her vision went pure white. A raw, fractured scream tore out of her open throat as the incandescent pleasure ripped through her in long, violent waves.

“Fuck...Lester...I’m coming...don’t stop...don’t you fucking stop...ahh....god....mmmhmmm”

Her nails raked down the back of the hand that held her wrists, leaving red lines. Her legs kicked uselessly against the sheets. The orgasm kept rolling, one peak crashing straight into the next, her sopping pussy pulsing and milking him in desperate, rhythmic squeezes while he continued to drive into her without any hint of mercy. Spit and sweat mixed on her unblemished skin. She could hear herself making high, animal sounds between each fresh spike of heavenly sensation. The pleasure was so sharp it bordered on pain, and still it wouldn’t let her go. Her body kept shaking and clenching around him like it was trying to pull every drop out of him even though he hadn’t started to cum yet.

Lester kept fucking her straight through it, heavy and relentless, holding her down while she came apart underneath him. He kept her wrists pinned to the mattress and never stopped moving. Even while the last waves of her orgasm were still rolling through her, he just kept driving into her, as if her cumming repeatedly only made him want to fuck her harder, punishing her for her pleasure. His gut slapped against her flat stomach with every thrust. Sweat dripped from his chest, flowing onto her breasts and rolling down her sides. The wet, filthy sounds of him moving his organ in and out of her filled the small room.

Sarah’s body was still shaking. The first orgasm had left her oversensitive, and the continued feral pounding turned that sensitivity into something almost unbearable. She tugged at the hand holding her wrists but he only tightened his grip and leaned more of his immense weight onto her.

“Still so tight,” he muttered, spittle flying from his mouth and landing on her cheek. “Even after last night. Even after you just came all over me. After all this time...so fucking tight...This pussy knows who it belongs to.”

She tried to answer and only managed another weak, shattered sound. Her head tipped back against the thin pillow. She could feel the head of his unbelievable cock punching deep, the way her walls had to give around him again and again. “Lester...slow down...I just...”

“No.” He cut her off with another hard slam that forced the air out of her lungs. “You don’t get to slow down. After all that shit you talked. Now you just fucking take it.”

She clenched around him without meaning to, and the extra tightness only made him groan and encouraged him to fuck her harder. The bed frame kept knocking against the wall in a steady violent rhythm. She could hear how wet she was. The slick, filthy noises of his cock moving through her were almost as loud as her own ragged breathing.

Another orgasm was already building inside her. It surprised her how fast it came on. The first one had barely finished, and already the pressure was low in her belly again, fed by the relentless angle and the heavy weight of him crushing her into the mattress. Her eyes started to lose focus again.

"I can feel you getting close again," Lester chuckled. "Your whole body gives it away. That little flutter around my cock. The way you stop breathing right before it hits. You're gonna cum for me again. Your body wants me to cum deep"

Sarah's back arched. The second orgasm rose harder and somehow meaner than the first one. It felt like it started deep in her core and then exploded outward in every direction at once. Her mouth opened in a silent scream for half a second before the sound finally tore out of her. "Fuck me...fuc...ohhh god!" she cried out in the small motel room.

Her pussy clamped down on him in hard, rhythmic pulses, milking him while her legs shook and her nails dug fresh crescents into the back of his hand.

"Fuck...Lester...I'm cumming...oh god...don't stop...nnnghhh"

He didn't stop. He fucked her straight through it, heavy body pinning her down, thick cock dragging through her pulsing walls without mercy. The pleasure was so intense it bordered on pain. Dark spots danced at the edges of her vision. She could feel herself gushing around him, making everything wetter and faster. Her wrists stayed trapped above her head. All she could do was take her fucking and shake and try to remember how to breathe. She knew she shouldn't be enjoying this as much as she was, that there was something else she was supposed to do here tonight, but her mind had lost its grasp on it.

When the worst of the shaking finally started to ease, he still didn't let up. He deliberately adjusted his grip, shifted his knees for better leverage, and immediately proceeded to keep slamming into her. The overstimulation made her whimper. Her body felt used, open, and still hungry for more. The conflict that usually lived in the back of her mind felt distant and small under the sheer physical reality of Lester's cock and the way he was using her.

After a long stretch of hard, punishing thrusts, he suddenly pulled all the way out. The sudden emptiness made her cry out in protest. Just as her eyes could once again focus, but before she could push herself up, he grabbed her hips and flipped her onto her stomach in one rough movement. Her face pressed into the thin motel pillow, vision dark. He rapidly yanked her hips up just enough, shoved her knees apart with his own, and drove back into her from behind in a single deep stroke that punched another plaintive sound out of her throat.

This new angle was even deeper than he'd been before. His gut rested heavily against her ass. His hands clamped around her waist hard enough to leave fingertip-sized bruises as he started fucking her in long, powerful, unsparing strokes that rocked her whole body forward on the bed. The wet slap of skin on skin filled the room again, louder than before. Sarah's fingers twisted in the sheets. Her mouth hung open against the stale pillowcase while he took her savagely.

Every thrust forced the thick length of him through her sore, swollen walls and punched against something that made her see thousands of stars.

It hurt. It hurt in the exact way she had started craving the moment he'd first thrust himself into her.

"Beg for it," he said, voice rough. His hands stayed locked on her waist, barbarically pulling her back onto him with every stroke. "I want to hear you plead for it."

Sarah's fingers clawed at the thin motel sheets, twisting the fabric until her knuckles went alarmingly white. Her face stayed pressed into the pillow. Another hard thrust dragged a ruined sound out of her throat.

"Please..."

"Not good enough." He slammed in harder, the wet slap of his gut against her ass filling the room. "Beg me to impregnate you. Say the words."

The size of his monstrous cock was overwhelming. She could feel every raised ridge, every thick inch forcing her open again and again. The soreness from last night and from the explosive orgasms he'd already wrung out of her made everything feel bigger, tighter, almost entirely too much. Her body danced with sexual electricity while teetering on the brink of collapse. She pushed back against him anyway, chasing the deadly burn.

"Please impregnate me," she gasped. The words came out cracked and desperate. "Please fill me up. I need your cum....please..."

Lester made a low, satisfied sound and found it in himself to fuck her harder. The bed frame knocked against the wall in a relentless rhythm. His heavy body covered hers, pinning her upper half down while he kept her hips angled exactly where he wanted them. Sweat dripped from his chest onto her back. The smell of sex and his sour skin filled every short breath she managed to take.

"Again. Louder."

Sarah's nails scraped across the sheets. The thick head of his unstoppable cock kept hitting that deep, sensitive place with a practiced, brutal accuracy. Her slender thighs shook. She could feel herself clenching around him helplessly on every stroke, trying to hold him inside in vain even while he pulled back and drove his whole cock in again.

“Ahhh... ahhh... fuck... yes... ahhh...please..... impregnate me,” she cried out, voice higher now. “Please pump me full...I want it...I need your cum inside me...fuck... fuck... nnnh...please Lester, fill me...”

He growled and again shifted his grip, one hand sliding up to press between her shoulder blades so she stayed flat against the mattress while the other stayed locked on her hip. The new leverage let him thrust even deeper than he ever had. The stretch bordered on too much to bear. It hurt in that perfect, addictive way that made her push back for more instead of trying to get away from the pain.

“That’s it. Keep begging. Tell me exactly what you want.”

Sarah’s mind felt scrambled. The part of her that still remembered Dan and the keylogger and the reason she was supposed to be here felt small and far away under the sheer physical reality of Lester’s cock splitting her open. She clawed at the sheets hard enough to pull them loose from the corner of the mattress. Her mouth hung open against the pillow as the words kept spilling out of her between frail moans.

“Mmm... ohh... yes...I want you to impregnate me...please....flood me with your cum...I want to feel it dripping out of me...please don’t stop....breed me....please...”

Lester’s rhythm turned even more punishing. Every thrust forced a raw, inhuman sound out of her. The absurdly thick length of him dragged through her oversensitive walls and bottomed out so deep it knocked all the air from her lungs. She was so wet, how easily he moved through the slick mess of her previous orgasms, and still the size of him made every stroke feel like the first one all over again.

“Louder. I want the whole fucking motel to hear you.”

Sarah’s voice broke completely. “Please impregnate me! Fuck Lester...mhmm...god...fill me with your fucking nasty cum....I-need it...I’ll do anything...just breed me...please Lester....please...Uhh... yesss... ahh...”

Lester leaned down over her until his chest pressed against her back and his hot, damp breath washed across the side of her face. The smell of him; sweat and sex and old Cheetos, filled her nose with every inhale. He kept thrusting in long, heavy strokes while he spoke right against her ear.

“I’m gonna fill you up,” he muttered. “Fuck Dan. I’m the one breeding his pretty little wife tonight. You’re gonna take every drop and then some. It’s gonna spill out of you just like last night — thick and messy down your thighs. You’ll still be leaking when I pump load after load of cum deep into the darkest places inside of you, and that little pussy is gonna lap it all up.”

Sarah’s fingers stayed twisted in the sheets. The thick length of him kept stretching her open on every damning stroke. Her mind flickered for a second to the things Dan had said about Lester’s

procedure but the thought slid away almost as fast as it came. Her own pills were fine. She knew that for a fact. She had been careful. The only thing that mattered right now was the way his cock dragged through her and the filthy promises he kept pouring into her ear.

“Clench for me,” Lester whispered. His breath was hot against her cheek. “If you really want me to knock you up, squeeze that pussy around my cock. Show me. Make me feel it in your body.”

Sarah obeyed without thinking. She clenched down hard around the thick shaft inside her. The extra tightness made them both groan. She did it again, and again, pulsing around him in desperate little squeezes while he kept driving into her.

“Hah... hah... mmm...Lester...make me pregnant...” The words came out half moan, half wail, wrecked by the force of his thrusts. “Please...”

He shifted his weight and pressed even closer, his gut heavy on her lower back. “Whose baby do you want?”

The question hit her like a slap. Tears pricked at the corners of her eyes. She kept clenching around him in helpless rhythm while the answer tore out of her between broken breaths.

“Mmm... fuck... mmm...yours...Lester...fuck...not Dan’s...no...” Her voice cracked. A real sob mixed with the next moan. “No...yours...god Lester just do it...”

Lester let out a low, sneering sound right against her ear. “You really want it, don’t you?”

Sarah didn’t answer with words. She just kept squeezing around his cock, over and over, tight rhythmic pulses that said yes more clearly than anything she could have spoken. Her whole body shook with the extended effort. The sheets were bunched in her fists. Her face stayed pressed into the pillow, mouth open, tears, sweat and spit mixing on the cheap fabric.

Lester’s hands slid down and spread her ass cheeks wide, opening her even further for him. He drove in harder, deeper, the new angle making her cry out. The head of his cock punched against the farthest point inside her with every rage filled thrust.

“Get ready,” he growled against her ear, fetid breath hot and gross and intimate. “I’m gonna give you exactly what you’ve been begging for.”

He kept fucking her without mercy, thick cock splitting her open, hands holding her spread wide while she clenched and sobbed and pushed back for more. The pressure low in her pussy was growing exponentially again, fed by the relentless depth and the filthy certainty in his voice. Sarah’s mind had gone quiet except for the single, overwhelming need to feel him empty everything he had inside her. She kept squeezing around him in steady, desperate pulses, wordlessly asking for it, while the bed slammed against the wall and his heavy body pinned her down.

Lester's grip on her ass stayed brutally firm as he drove into her without any let-up. The thick length of him kept stretching her open on every dogged stroke, the deep punch of it forcing fragmented sounds out of her throat. Sarah's fingers were locked in the sheets so hard her nails had started to tear the fabric. She kept clenching herself around him in desperate little pulses, still wordlessly demanding what he had promised.

The pressure low in her belly that had been building finally snapped.

"Ohhh fuck...nngh...yes..." The orgasm tore through her like something maniacally violent with a crazed mind of its own. The sensations started deep in the center of her and then exploded outward in every direction at once, a mind-melting rush of white-hot pleasure that wiped every thought clean. Her mouth opened in a silent scream for a full two seconds before the sound finally ripped out of her, raw, high, and completely uncontrolled, "AHH....FUCK..Nnngh!"

Her whole body locked rigid and then started convulsing recklessly. She couldn't catch her breath. Her eyes rolled back in her skull. Every attempt at taking in air turned into another ruined cry as the waves kept slamming through her without any pause. Her vision blurred in a new disorienting smear of neon colors. For a terrifying, perfect second she genuinely thought she might pass out from how hard she was coming.

Lester's rhythm never faltered. He fucked her straight through the biggest orgasm she'd ever had, heavy body pinning her down, thick cock dragging through her pulsing walls like he was trying to carve himself deeper.

Then his voice growled right against her ear, hot and wet and full of dark satisfaction, "I'm about to cum."

The words hit her like a second detonation. The unprecedented orgasm that was already tearing her apart suddenly kicked into an unexpected overdrive, sharper and meaner than ever before. Her pussy clamped down on him in frantic, rhythmic, intractable squeezes. She could feel every detail with horrifying clarity. The way his cock started to swell even thicker inside her, the first heavy pulse that ran up the shaft, the wet slap of his hairy balls against her on every remaining thrust.

Then he buried himself to the hilt and his cock exploded.

Thick, hot, unyielding cum blasted into her in heavy ropes. She felt every single one of them. The first powerful surge painted her insides, then another, and another, and another, drenching her so thoroughly that it already started to leak out around his cock even while he was still pumping more into her. The heat of it, the sheer volume, the knowledge of what he was doing, his intent to impregnate her, drove her completely insane.

Her eyes rolled back. A new orgasm, harder and more devastating than the previous ones, ripped through her without a moment's warning. Her body seized so violently the only sound she could make was a choked, mangled wail. The overstimulating pleasure was too much. It kept climbing past the point where she could hope to process it. Her mind went white and blessedly

empty. For a second or two the whole world simply dropped away, and she blacked out, floating in pure sexual sensation while Lester's cock kept pulsing deep inside her, emptying everything he had into the trembling, clenching heat of her body.

Sarah came back to herself slowly.

The first thing she registered was the weight of Lester still on top of her, still buried deep. His breathing was loud and ragged right against her ear, almost a continuous low roar as his chest heaved. Every small shift of his body sent another warm trickle of his cum leaking out around his cock. The sensation of his cum dominated everything. The thick, liquid heat of it coating her insides, the way it had already started to spill down and pool onto the sheets beneath her. Her pussy felt swollen and oversensitive and completely full. His large, hot cock spewed molten sperm and buried in her.

She didn't move. She just lay there under him, cheek pressed into the damp pillow, and let the reality of what had just happened settle over her in pieces.

After a while Lester finally pushed himself up. He pulled out of her with a slow, sick wet sound that made her flinch. A heavier rush of his cum followed, warm and thick, running down the inside of her thigh. He rolled onto his back beside her with a heavy exhale, one arm thrown over his forehead, still breathing hard.

In the low light she could see Lester's odd shape sprawled on his back beside her. The heavy rise and fall of his pale, hairy gut, the flushed soft face, the thinning hair stuck to his forehead with sweat. He looked grotesque like this, spent and careless, and the sight of him made her stomach churn. Between her legs she felt swollen and raw, every small shift sending another warm trickle of his cum leaking out of her sore pussy and down onto the already-wet sheets.

Sarah stayed on her stomach for another few seconds before her eyes drifted shut again. The room was quiet except for the sound of both of them trying to catch their breath. Her body felt used and heavy and strangely peaceful in the aftermath.

Thoughts of her family started filtering back in at the edges.

The girls. Her mother at the house. Dan.

She hoped he had done what he needed to do.

The thought was the last clear thing that crossed her mind before exhaustion pulled her under again and she drifted off to sleep with Lester's virile cum still leaking out of her.

Dan sat in the narrow airplane seat with his phone in both hands, thumb refreshing the messaging app every few seconds. The last text from Sarah was still the same one she had

sent hours earlier. A short confirmation that she was with Lester and would keep him busy. Nothing after that. No update. No “it’s done.” No “I’m heading home.”

He stared at the screen until the flight attendant’s voice came over the speakers telling everyone to switch their devices to airplane mode. Dan hesitated a second longer, then locked the phone and slid it into the inner pocket of his jacket. The absence of a new message gnawed at him.

His mind went immediately to the places he didn’t want it to go.

Maybe Lester had kept her longer than they’d planned. Maybe the sex had turned into one of those nights that stretched until morning. Maybe she was still in that motel room right now, underneath him, or on top of him, or on her knees again. The images came whether he wanted them or not. Sarah’s face the way it looked when she was too far gone to care who was watching, the sounds she made, the way she had started asking Lester to do things she used to only let *him* do. Dan’s stomach turned.

He pressed his forehead against the cool plastic of the window. The plane began to push back from the gate. He tried to focus on the keylogger instead, on the small chance that the device was already quietly doing its job on Lester’s computer. That was the point of all this. That was why he had asked her to go in the first place. But the rational part of the plan felt thin against the heavier knowledge of what “keeping him busy” actually meant.

The engines rumbled. The cabin lights dimmed. Dan closed his eyes as the plane gathered speed down the runway and then lifted, the ground falling away beneath them. Somewhere below, in a different town, his wife was still with the man who had taken apart their life piece by piece. And Dan had no idea what state she would be in when she finally came home.